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LITERARY.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

BY TRYPHENA O. PARDEE.

ELLINGTON, N. Y., May 19, 1880.

[MY DEAR FRIEND D. C. DENSMORE:—The last number of our precious paper brought me the gladness of a communication from my late husband, Augustus Pardee. I am perfectly satisfied as to his identity. His statement in regard to his age was correct, also that his age in Spirit-life was twenty-seven months; and the general tenor of the message was unmistakably like him. I trust he will be able to introduce some of the Spirit-friends who are with him, for the sake of those of his relatives who are doubtful.

Thanks are feeble expressions of gratitude to the Medium and yourself. Precious opportunities these afforded by and through the ministrations of the VOICE OF ANGELS. Wave on! Wave on!]

Oh, 'tis sweet to be remembered by friends far, far away;
But oh, how sweet the message from Life's eternal day!
So full of joy immortal, replete with love and cheer,
While we linger still in darkness, poor wanderers here.

Such appreciative language that flows from lips inspired
By coals from off the altar of heavenly feelings fired,
Where rest from pain and sorrow has awakened blissful
thought;
Oh, 'tis sweet to think our labors are not in heaven forgot.

We are cheered beyond expression by angels good and bright,
Who hover o'er us daily, to lend us Truth and Light;
Who try to bear us upward, relieving every woe,
Reminding us of glory, where they are living now.

That they know the bitter trials that compass us about,
And are seeking for some true hearts to safely lead us out;—
Oh, we thank thee, Mr. Pardee, for words so kind as these,
And rejoice for thy unfoldings beyond the troubled seas.

DID any one ever hear of a person, who, because there is counterfeit money in circulation, would have nothing to do with money? Why, then, reject Christianity because there are bogus Christians in circulation?

[For the Voice of Angels.]

MESSAGE FROM ROBERT HARE TO DR. FAHNESTOCK.

[THROUGH DR. O. CONTINUED.]

DR. HARE'S FINAL ANSWER TO DR. J. C. B.

DEAR DOCTOR,—It is scarcely necessary to say more to J. C. B., by way of reply, than merely to call his attention to the glaring discrepancy upon which his doctrine of original depravity is predicated; which, added to what I have already advanced on the subject, I think will be amply sufficient to upset the whole superstructure, namely: If God created man perfect, ("very good,") how could man do that which was ("very bad") very imperfect?—which he must have done had he wilfully broken divine laws, and thus become a "fallen creature." It is an old maxim that "*Nihil est, nihil veni,*" "out of nothing, nothing comes."

It were vain to talk of any Spirit called a Devil producing such a result, for such a supposition pre-supposes that this devil, in order to succeed in destroying the new-made creature, man, must have possessed a greater power than the Creator himself. If J. C. B. is desirous of hanging on this horn of the dilemma, I have no very great objection to giving him his way.

ROBERT HARE.

LANCASTER, Penn., Feb. 23, 1880.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

A REMEDY FOR SCARLET FEVER.

DR. E. WOODRUFF, for nineteen years a practicing physician at Grand Rapids, Michigan, furnishes the Springfield (Ill.) Journal, the following: "Wash the child from head to foot with strong sal soda water, warm, then wipe dry. Then immediately bathe freely with oil from beef marrow or oil from butter, applied freely. Then give freely catnip tea, or some good sweating article, pennyroyal, etc. Repeat every half hour, or as often as they get worrisome or wakeful, and in one or two days they will be entirely cured. I have been called to cases where they have been fully broke out, and in this way entirely cured them in twenty-four hours. I have had thirty cases on hand at a

time, and never lost a case in my life. But now I am old and about to give up my business, and seeing from the papers that your town is infected with the epidemic, I wish to do all the good I can. It is so simple. You do not need to call a doctor. A good nurse can attend to them. If by opening the pores of the skin and sweating you can let off the poison, which is an animalcula, or animal in the blood, the cure is complete. The same is equally good in fevers of all kinds, hard colds and coughs. I take the ground that all diseases are caused by a stoppage of the pores of the skin, retaining the poison, or living animals, in the blood, and all you have to do at first is to open the doors of the system and let them out, or drive them out. All people know a warm bath is good. But you apply the oil to the skin, and it keeps the pores open for a long time and gives the enemy a chance to get out. I hope all will try it, and they will soon be convinced."

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE REVIEWER.

STORY'S SUBSTANTIALISM.

[CONTINUED.]

THE author's assumption that the sphere of nature is continuously repeating within itself its outer mechanical powers as consecutively more interior and more static or immature spheres, whose more numerous outward bearings are manifest by movements in a corresponding number of directions, is corroborated by the fact that in the animal series, the more numerous limbs of the simpler species, which are double acting levers, the counter-fulcral points being on the body where they originate and at their poisonings, decrease in the order and ratio these mechanical powers become duplicated and re-duplicated by reversions and re-reversions of the sensor-motor nerves that control their direct and reflex actions.

These repetitions are consecutively more interior currental systems, which react as more and more static fulcra. Their increased outward bearings are manifest in the lessened number of locomotive organs in more and more complex species as *acquired* ability to move in a number of new directions.

By bearing in mind that the essential germs, whose combined mechanical powers constitute man's sentient organism on the pre-natal or intuitional plane, which germs inherit the motive tendencies or modes of moving that symbolize the tangible, the rapid, the odorous, the luminous, and sonorous qualities of the entities, whose combined mechanical powers constitute our world's sentient organism, are re-molded by condensation within the maternal organism, one of our world's culminate organs, as the nutrient, thence as the ex-nutrient or fruital germs of its nerves of general and special sense, it is readily perceived that their outward bearings or expansive powers are correspondingly increased. This is especially apparent when we take into account the innumerable duplications of these nerves in the human organism as manifest in the convolutions of the currental systems they successively build up to fulcrate the movements of the organism's external appendages.

All the ganglia of the sympathetic and spinal nerves, those of general sense, are simply convolutions, reversions and re-reversions, which duplicate and re-duplicate the number and power of the anastomosing neural currents that tend to and from the peripheral and central axes of the organism.

The convolutions of the alimentary canal not only increase the number of mouthlets that culminate in the outer mouth as the organs of taste, but so complicate the outward bearings and expansive powers of these internal fluid entities, that their representatives within the outer mouth are able to recognize the modes of motion that symbolize different flavors. The same is true as regards the olfactory nerves that culminate in the nasal tubes as the organs of smell, by which different odors are recognized. These nerves not only extend as the lining membrane of the lungs in all their innumerable foldings, but extend as inter-repeated bronchiæ between the inner and outer coats of the blood-vessels, whence the air-breathing entities of the blood obtain their "breath of life."

The same is true of the nerves that constitute man's organs of vision and hearing, by whose combined mechanical powers and consensual modes of moving—which were determined by their inherited spacial and timal conditions, the sentient entities within these organs are able to recognize the varieties and intensities of light and color, and of sound and tone.

The greater complexity of structure and lesser functional range of the sentient entities within man's nerves of sense, whose vascular embodiments, including the vessels within which they circulate, constitute his objective organisms, are the counter-condensed repetitions or miniature representatives of the lesser complexity of structure and greater functional range of the entities, whose vascular embodiments (elements *in ovo*) constitute nature's objective organism.

The ability of man's sense-perceptive entities to recognize those that constitute nature's sensibly-expressed entities is in virtue of their prior transformations and conformations as the

nutrient and ex-nutrient germinal substance of the elements and interferins that constituted its consecutively more interior, more immature, and more complex inter-spheres, by which genetic process all the spacial and timal conditions, forms and motions of these parent-spheres become inherent as their *acquired* abilities, just as they acquire the structural proclivities of the human species by transformation within and conformation to the organs of their counter-sexual human parents; first as the nutrient, thence as the ex-nutrient or fruital germs of their respective elements. Hence, when these counter-sexual germs are essentially conjoined as the human soul *in ovo*, an infinitude of insulated spherular nuclei reciprocally nutrient, they inherit, not only the ability to embody themselves on the pre-natal or intuitional plane of sentience, by assimilating the ova of like elements constituent to the maternal organism, but the ability to ascend and re-exist, in their organic relations, within every sphere within which they have been segregately gestated, by assimilating, thence parturiating when ripened, the ova of their constituent elements as consecutively more mature and more refined vascular embodiments.

Being an epitome of the spacial conditions or form of nature—the sum of formation—the human soul intuitively aspires to re-ascend to corresponding altitudes, which aspirations are continuously satiated by the inspiration of essences fruital to or molded at every higher step in its eternal progress toward the primordial atmosphere or over-soul of nature; the never-ceasing inspiration of whose exhaustless essence is *per se* ETERNAL LIFE.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[For the Voice of Angels.]

ANSWER TO J. C. B.—"IS MAN A FALLEN BEING?"

BY JACOB A. SPEAR.

IN answering that question, we say, emphatically, No! for he was created so low that there was no chance for him to fall; therefore man is a progressive being, and ever has been.

As no one on earth knows where the garden of Eden was, and angels report that they do not know where it was, we think what was said about it in Genesis was figurative language, describing religious, political, social and moral organized societies, with their creeds, platforms, rules and articles of faith; considering themselves in possession of all that is true and useful, being the transcendentalists, or godly ones; and whoever goes beyond their prescribed limits, is driven out of their society or church as a heretic, or transgressor. It always has been so, and is liable to be so as long as people continue to progress. Every advance step in knowledge, and every reform, has been treated by the self-righteous formalists as being the work of the serpent, Satan, or the devil.

But we will consider the story of the garden of Eden as a reality, and see what it proves, or amounts to. If Adam had been created pure and holy, like the God, that cannot be tempted, or like Jesus, who resisted temptation, he would

not have yielded to the first temptation that was presented to him. How much lower can any one be than the one who yields to the first temptation? Adam was as low as humanity could exist before he disobeyed, or ate the forbidden fruit. Grapes do not grow on thorns, nor figs on thistles; but the tree is known by the fruit that it bears. If Adam had been created pure and holy, he would have proved it by his fruit, or works. If he was perfect, his perfection consisted in perfect ignorance. It is but very little that any one can ever know except what they learn from their own and others' experience. When Adam began to act, he began to learn, and took a step up—not down. If he was innocent, he was so in the same sense that a block of marble is innocent.

It has been argued long and loud that Adam was created in an intermediate state between the mortal and immortal, being neither, but would have become immortal if he had not sinned; but by sin he became mortal, therefore must die, and go down to the grave; and there was no way that God could get him out till Christ's mortal form was restored to life.

How Adam could exist, and be neither mortal, nor immortal, we don't know. We suppose he was both; his physical form mortal, and the power within it that made it alive and active, must have been immortal. If his physical form had not been mortal, he could not have eaten material food, and such could not have been desired by him. The fact that he desired and could eat material food, proves that he was created a mortal, physical being, which was destined to die; while the immortal was deathless.

We do not understand that Christ's mortal form was restored to life after it died on the cross, for that could not vanish at will, nor enter an upper chamber when securely fastened.

How much lower was Adam after he ate the forbidden fruit than he was before, when he had a desire to eat it? How much lower was Cain, after he had killed his brother, than he was when he was laying his plans how to kill him? How much lower is the thief, after he has stolen, than he was when he was laying his plans how to steal and not be detected? The disposition is the real standard of the man, and shows just how high or low he is.

If Adam was as low as humanity could exist before he ate the forbidden fruit, and was moved by that act, he took a step upward; and that is just what all progressive minds have ever been doing, though driven out of sectarian and political gardens.

As there is no account of any tree being in the garden of Eden except the fig-tree, the leaves of which Adam sewed together for an apron, we think it was a fig that he ate, (if he ate any fruit,) and that is a healthful aliment, that would not be likely to generate a disease that would be transmitted to the issue; therefore, such a transgression could not be visited upon Adam's posterity. We think if we were hungry and found some good figs, we would eat them, rather than starve to death; therefore, we will not blame Adam for eating a fig.

But as he was told that he would die the very day that he ate thereof, therefore it must have

been poison fruit that he ate; and after he had eaten it, and was dead of course, God drove him out of the garden. It must have been a curious sight to see God driving a dead man and woman out of the garden. Dead ones are generally carried out. Then, after they were both dead, they raised up two sons, Cain and Abel. That was another curious and very singular affair.

Who but lazy ones ever thought labor was imposed upon mankind as a curse? If mankind did not have to labor for food and clothing, they would not rise higher than the lower animals; the idle brain being the devil's workshop. What did the earth produce before Adam sinned, except the coarsest plants and weeds imaginable?

All that has been said about Adam's fall and man's redemption by the shedding of literal blood, and the vicarious atonement, is truthless nonsense, and calculated to encourage sin, and sink and debase humanity. Christ was a Redeemer, in that he came to redeem mankind from error and superstition, teach them how to live, and how to find heaven, and make a heaven for themselves; but not in his death on the cross, which was caused by wicked ones. We are saved by his life—by living as he did—not by his death.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

[EDITED BY SPIRIT MAY, THROUGH M. T. SHELBAUM.]

JAMIE, THE GENTLEMAN.

THERE'S a dear little ten-year old down the street,
With eyes so merry and smile so sweet,
I love to stay him whenever we meet;
And I call him Jamie, the gentleman.

His home is of poverty, gloomy and bare,
His mother is old with want and care—
There's little to eat and little to wear
In the home of Jamie, the gentleman.

He never complains—though his clothes be old—
No dismal whinnings at hunger or cold:
For a cheerful heart, that is better than gold,
Has brave little Jamie, the gentleman.

His standing at school is always ten—
"For diligent boys make wise, great men,
And I'm bound to be famous some day, and then"—
Proudly says Jamie, the gentleman.

"My mother shall rest her on cushions of down,
The finest lady in all the town,
And wear a velvet and satin gown"—
Thus dreams Jamie, the gentleman.

"Trust ever in God," and "Be brave and true"—
Jamie has chosen these precepts two;
Glorious mottoes for me and for you—
May God bless Jamie, the gentleman!

Mabel C. Dined, in April Wide Awake.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

BIDDEFORD, Me., May 11, 1880.

BRO. D. C. DENSMORE:—Dear Sir,—In the VOICE OF ANGELS of April 15th is a message, through Dr. W. L. Jack, Haverhill, signed Moses, whom I recognize as my Spirit-husband. Very glad to receive the message.

MRS. M. T. S.

THE sweetest life is to be ever making sacrifices for Christ; the hardest life a man can lead on earth, the most full of misery, is to be always doing his own will and seeking to please himself.

[From the Cincinnati Enquirer.]

THE SPIRIT-WORLD.—ITS MANIFESTATIONS AND ITS PHILOSOPHY.

THE SPIRIT AND SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS OF THE BIBLE COMPARED WITH THOSE OF MODERN TIMES.—THE NEW TESTAMENT.

[From the MS. of "Pneumatology."]

"Doubtless in man there is a nature found
Beside the senses, and above them far;
Though most men, being in sensual pleasures drowned,
It seems their souls but in their senses are."

"Is God asleep, that He should cease to be
All that He was to Prophets of the East?
All that He was to Poets of old time?
All that He was to hero souls, who clail
Their sun-bright minds in adamantine mail
Of constancy, and walked the world with Him?"

We shall continue, in this article, the examination of the Spirit manifestations of the New Testament, comparing them carefully and truthfully as we briefly can with those of modern days, because we consider this a most important work, and of intense and immense interest to all of us—those in orthodoxy, and those out of it; those bound by the theological fetters and trammels of the past ages, and those living free and unincumbered in the light of the new age; and we express the hope that all who herein read will be much enlightened and edified, and by that fact those of the old musty creeds and dogmas will come clear out of them, and those clear out of them will maintain their standpoint of freedom and independence. Oh! what a blessing to be free, to be independent, to stand here on this earth as individuals, with our religious faith pinned to the sleeve of no man, or no set of men, with our individual responsibility to God alone, and, cleanly and clearly feeling and appreciating that responsibility to God, to say to all others—to all the world, like the cynic Diogenes said to Alexander the Great—stand out of the way between me and the sun! Oh! we pray for all mortals, that they will permit no one to stand between them and the light of the bright and luminous sun of Spiritualism; but let each human being look and see for him or herself in the light and glowing glory of that sun, and admit of or permit no sort of human obstruction to intervene, interrupt or interpolate.

We are heartily tired of following the sayings and doings of others. We are sick even to nausea of the old malaria of the deceased theological teachings of the past, and we desire most vehemently something fresh, new and inspiring from God and the angels, and, rely upon it, we will have it, if we seek for it with a loving heart and a wise head. Oh! we are so tired and so sick of authority. Let us be ourselves alone! "Let the dead bury the dead." As an incentive and an encouragement, let us pursue our inquiry into the records of the New Testament to see what of Spirit manifestation is further recorded there, and compare it with that which is now occurring, and trusting that God, the Giver of all, every good and perfect gift, is the same yesterday, today and forever, we will rightly and properly conclude from our own hearts and minds that He is still with us in the Spirit manifestation and revelation of today, and means thereby still to instruct us from his original school, and thus better prepare us for our future

existence in another and better world; and all this without the help of anything of old theology or orthodoxy, which have been ruling the hearts and minds of this world for centuries upon centuries—alas! so long.

In our brief review of the pages of the New Testament, we can not hope to repeat or refer to all the Spirit manifestations there recorded, but we will take a more cursory view, and single out those which may, on the occasion, strike us as food for comment. Christ himself was continually—through His superior and Supreme Mediumship—performing so-called miracles, and the record is full of His sayings and doings, and we can not refer to but a very few of them. For them all, however, we have the fullest confidence in saying that they can be accounted for as Spirit manifestations, and when so accounted for, in the light and knowledge of present times, they appear to be the works of God through the natural spiritual laws, which ever have and ever will command and control the universe and all things therein.

In the eleventh chapter of the Gospel according to St. Luke, fourteenth and fifteenth verses, we have this recorded:

14. "And he was casting out a devil, and it was dumb. And it came to pass, when the devil was gone out, the dumb spake, and the people wondered."

15. "But some of them said, He casteth out devils through Beelzebub, the chief of the devils."

Now, here was one of Christ's miracles—miracles to the common mind of men and women—but in truth and in fact a performance in accordance with the natural law, or natural spiritual law, if you please, through Christ by the power of the holy Spirits or Angels, whose complete and perfect medium, mortal and immortal. Jesus Christ was, living upon this earth and moving to and fro among the people—doing good from God. And what did some of the people in their wonderment say? That he did the marvel through Beelzebub, the chief of the devils. Oh! what a common resort this was, and is, among common, stupid and inane minds, when something out of their comprehension and reach is done! What a resort of the common minds of the present common teachers of old and mildewed theology this is as against the Spirit demonstrations of today! Say the preachers and their echoing flocks, "These Spirit manifestations are of and from the devil," and, so saying, they blindly and perversely continue in their old ways to nurse and nurture that curse of bigotry which continually and continuously shuts out the light from all things fresh and new, and leaves the nursing bigots in the benighted darkness and blackness of the night and nights of the past. We can only think and say, if Beelzebub, the chief of the devils, or if Satan or the Devil himself does these things of making the dumb speak, the blind see, the sick restored to health, the halt and lame to walk, the broken whole, and all those other things of good and mighty Spirit power, he is a very good and proper devil indeed, and deserves our gratefulness and love, and admiration, if not our positive adoration and prone

worship. If this be so, our language of petition should be, "Come, good devil, or Beelzebub, or Satan, and do these good and proper things for us?" Shall any of us be placed in the category of preferring our prayers to the Devil?

In the second chapter of the Gospel, according to St. John, is recorded the miracle of Christ turning the water-pots of water into wine-pots of wine, in Cana of Galilee. This, of course, surprised all the party present at the marriage feast; this turning of water into wine seemed to be out of the order of nature, and it certainly was out of the order of nature as then understood by the learned and the unlearned. But this sort of miracle is readily and easily performed by the Spirits of the Spirit-world through media of the present day. It has been performed in our presence, and in this city. Water was turned into good Malaga wine through a Medium in our presence by the power of the Spirits gathering natural chemical elements of the atmosphere through the Medium—of making water into wine. We have seen also water changed into medicines, to be taken inwardly and applied outwardly. This in numerous instances in the City of New York, and it can be done by the Spirits, through proper Mediums, in any other city, in any other place, anywhere and everywhere. It is no longer a miracle, out of the order of nature. It is a performance of the Spirits, in total agreement with natural law and laws, in harmony entirely with natural spiritual laws. It is now of God and nature and from God and nature as it was too in those ancient days of Christ, and always will be.

We have time to refer to one more miracle or Spirit manifestation of Christ in the Book of St. John, and this was a most remarkable one. It is recorded in the eleventh chapter of John, and is known and celebrated as Christ raising Lazarus from the dead. We invite the close and particular attention to this full account of this great Spirit manifestation—contained in the record from the first verse to the forty-seventh—and it will plainly be perceived that the particular friend of Jesus, and brother of Mary and Martha, had been buried as if dead, but not really dead as a corpse. He was to all intents and purposes in a comatose or comatous condition produced by a trance or enchantment, and thus mistaken for being dead; he was buried, and lay in the burial vault for four days, when being called forth by Jesus, he came forth in his grave-clothes and napkin around his face. He was in a state of trance, and so buried, and Christ awakened his friend Lazarus through the powerful aid and help of the Spirits, from his Spirit entrancement and death-like condition, and he came forth restored to his normal condition of usual life, and free individually from his dead entrancement. He was asleep, and sleeping in trance, and not dead; there was no corpse, was not and had not been. The trance condition of sleep was mistaken by his friends and relatives for death, and he was buried so, and so was raised up by Jesus—to show the power of God through Spirit manifestation to the people—and that they might believe and trust in Him. We have numerous instances nowadays of dead entrancement, and sometimes the victims, like

Lazarus, have been known afterward by unmistakable evidence to have been buried alive, but not so fortunate as to be raised out of the vault by a Jesus Christ. We have, however, numerous instances of dead entrancement, and, knowing it to be such, the victims have been not buried, as Lazarus should not, perhaps, have been, and were raised up by good Mediums through the power of the Spirits of the Spirit-world. Entrancement has become to be known nowadays as quite a common condition of our Mediums, and when it occurs—even unto the appearance of death—we wait now and see before we take measures to bury the live, entranced body, of the living Spirit within. This raising of Lazarus from the dead was no miracle. It was a Spirit manifestation, done and accomplished through the great Medium Jesus, by the spirits of the Spirit-world, and can be and is accomplished nowadays.

The Book of the Acts of the Apostles of the New Testament contains many accounts of Spirit manifestations. We shall in our proper course refer to some of them for the purpose of comparison and comment. In the first chapter we find that, after Jesus, in his materialization, dematerialized and went up, "behold, two men stood by them in white apparel."

11. "Which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven."

These were materialized Spirits who thus appeared in white apparel to these astonished people of Galilee; and this materialization of these two Spirits occurred just after the materialization and dematerialization of the Spirit of Jesus before the people. It was a wonderful Spirit manifestation.

In the third chapter we have an instance of Spirit-power through the Mediumship of the Apostle Peter, and he seems to have been one of the best of the Mediums, who were the followers and chosen ones of Christ. It is recorded that, in company with the Apostle John, he completely restored a lame man to wholeness and to his feet.

8. "And he leaping up, stood, and walked, and entered with them into the temple, walking and leaping and praising God."

Manifestations like this have been and are quite abundant and plenteous nowadays. There are a great many of blessed healing Mediums—some very remarkable ones everywhere. We know of one particularly, who, through the power of the Spirits upon him, has effected more cures upon faithful patients than any doctor of the land. We have ourselves been healed of ailments by a Medium, and we know of an instance of a friend of ours being completely and forever healed of an eight years' paralysis of his right arm—by a single stroking by the hands of one of our remarkable healing Mediums. But the country is full of evidences of these facts, and the allopathic, homeopathic, and, I am sorry to say, eclectic doctors of the land, have become so frightened and alarmed for their pockets, and their bread and butter, on account of the tremendous number of cures of

disease and disturbances effected by Mediums, that they are endeavoring to have laws passed in every State of the Union to drive out these holy Mediums from the land and retaliate themselves!

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

[For the Voice of Angels.]

SOMETHING ABOUT OUR SPIRIT-SISTER, EMMA

DEAR DENSMORE!—Since her departure, we have heard several times from our sister Emma, now bright and blooming in the Spirit-world. It was but a few days after her decease, when in the midst of a Circle, the good Medium, Mrs. Anna C. Rall, being entranced, Emma, who in this life was her dear friend, took possession of her, and told how singular her transition from this to that was. Emma said it was a remarkable circumstance that for some time she did not realize her presence in the Spirit-world. She knew there was some great change, but what to make of it she could not tell. She said she saw her body before her, and was sure that that body was not herself; for she felt and knew that she who was looking upon that body was Emma herself. But the body was a great attraction to her, and was a sort of magnet, that held her spell-bound and attentive to it. She looked again and again at it, revolving in her mind how it was she stood there some place separated from it; and she saw the friends prepare it for and put it into the casket; and she witnessed the funeral exercises, and she followed the body to the grave in Spring Grove Cemetery; and just as the body was being lowered into the grave, she beheld her Spirit-mother, who had gone some months before her, and her mother called her, and she went to her blessed mother; and then it was for the first time that she fully recognized that she, Emma—she, herself—was in the Spirit-world!

Then her mother took her away from the grave and its mournful scenes, and led her to beautiful places; and on the way she looked back, and saw black specks in the distance in the atmosphere, and her mother told her that these black specks in the air, a long way back of her, represented the mourners she had left behind; and now she must go to scenes of blessedness and happiness. And they pursued their beautiful and pleasant way, and finally they came to a great colonnaded, bright and beautiful mansion, and her mother led her into it, and then in a great room she found hosts and hosts of friends to welcome her and do her honor, and they did welcome her and they did honor her.

Emma said through Mrs. Rall, that among the first friends she recognized was her old and dear friend, Mrs. Alexander Drake, who came forward and kissed her, and embraced her, and welcomed her with heartfelt, earnest and true sympathy, and angel sincerity.

You will remember, brother Denamore, that you published a long time ago, in the *VOICE OF ANGELS*, a long communication given by the Spirit of Mrs. Drake, the once celebrated actress, through Emma as the Medium. Well, this was the loving and loved Spirit who first welcomed Emma in the beautiful Spirit-mansion, among the hundreds of Spirit-friends. Oh, what a joyous time she had among those friends, and what kissing and embracing, and love-words and love-doings!

Into the great hall, Emma was taken by her mother, and there was a great table and a glorious feast spread; and meek and humble Emma did not know what all this was about, and she ventured to ask her mother, and her mother said, "Why, dear daughter, all this is for your welcome to the great Spirit-world. These are your friends, and this is your feast, and this is the ovation which we all prepared for you, so loving and so beloved among us." And then Emma thought that it was quite too much for poor little her; but being assured and confirmed by her dear mother, she earnestly reciprocated all the love, regard and esteem bestowed upon her by her friends in Spirit-life, and thanked her God and the angels that so much blessing and blessings came to her, after so much trouble and suffering. Blessed indeed are they who mourn, for they shall be comforted.

I could tell a great deal more that Emma said through Mrs. Rall, but I have told enough for this once. Do we not all rejoice in the supreme happiness of our sister Emma? Do we not all rejoice with her, dear and pure woman?

We have heard from Emma through other Mediums. I have particularly heard from her through my dear and beloved wife; and we can safely say to you that our gifted Medium-sister is now an angel in heaven, and is blessed, and is engaged in bestowing blessings upon those she has left behind her.

We feel assured that she will not forget the *VOICE OF ANGELS*, but will speak in it in due time, when she obtains the opportunity.

Yours, truly,

A. G. W. CARTER.

CINCINNATI, May, 1880.

SEE, listen and be silent, and you will live in peace.

INSPIRATIONAL POEM.

(For the Voice of Angels.)

THE OUTCAST.

BY VIRGILIAN.

Today the wind is cold and chilly,
And frost-flakes flying fast
 Pierce every crack and crevice,
 Kissing swift before the blast.

Yes, it enters out and oasts,
 Numbing life wherever it goes,
 Life with even the roofs and towers,
 Conquering all as it onward goes.

Now it enters calm and lonely—
 What it finds we'll look and tell;
 See, a straw couch in a corner,
 On its form of one known well.

On the hearth in ashes crumbling
 Just a few live embers are seen;
 On her breast a babe is lying,
 Cold as marble but I ween.

"Ah, my darling!" moans the mother,
 "What is kinder than earth's kin;
 In his arms there's warmth, my loved one,
 In his sight thou'rt free from sin."

"Wait a little moment, darling,
 And I'll bear thee to his court;
 There we'll find love, food and raiment,
 Not this heart-false friendship brook!"

Shrieked the wind, and entered fiercely,
 Chilled the heart, that love once warmed,
 Walling low, and moaning left them—
 Happier now—two angels born!

No more cold and biting blasts, all the storms of life are past;
 Safe at rest, my babe and I, in the golden by-and-by;
 Nor more starving felt, I ween, in our home of sunlight
 shown;

The Master of Life has welcomed his child,
 And shields her from cold and the tempest wild.

(For the Voice of Angels.)

ROBERT BURNS.

Ow, Robert Burns!
 Wee Scotland's bard;
 There no man spurns—
 Ordained of God!

A lowly wight
 Of honest heart,
 A worldly light
 Which darkness part.

A poet inspired,
 A plowman chilled,
 A man admired,
 A mind well drilled!

The world hath had
 Such men before—
 Its farmer lads,
 Its men of lore.

They tilled the ground,
 They moved the pen,
 They thought profound,
 They bettered men.

By day employed—
 Engaged by night;
 This, well enjoyed—
 That, deemed as right.

But Robert Burns,
 Wee Scotland's pride,
 Came last in turn,
 The world to chide.

No doubt the knoll
 Where he oft sat,
 And framed his scroll—
 "A' that—a' that!"

Is chanting still
 That self-same strain;
 Some heart doth fill,
 Doth stamp some brain.

LEO. M. KOHN,

1304 Olive St., Philadelphia.

[MR. DENMORE—I have written a poem for the *VOICE*. Think you will like it. It was a subject given Mrs. Watson for extemporization, and I felt an unavoidably strong impulse, while she was extemporizing poetically, to write on the same, which I did.—L. M. K.]

(For the "Voice of Angels.")

INSPIRATIONAL POEM.

THROUGH MRS. ALEX. DRAKE.

Peace is here, as you may see,
 The evil past the good to be,
 You soul must rise to higher spheres,
 As given through the lapses of years.

What does it matter for the eyes
 Of mortal life, as given to men?
 It is the higher life we claim,
 Only in present, not in dream.

The highest inspiration given
 For every soul to make its heaven,
 Thus the philosophy of angels
 Is leading unto noble deeds.

The science of the living soul
 The inner nature to control,
 Not warped by passion, pride or hate,
 As priests and bigots would.

The depths of thought ye cannot sound,
 The truths of space ye cannot bound;
 Yet every tree doth bear its fruit,
 And Nature's harp is never mute.

Then do not be restrained, I pray,
 But solve the problem of to-day;
 Each heart-throb counts the beating hour
 Of falling leaf or opening flower.

Then let the heritage of art
 New beauties to the soul impart;
 Make for yourself no goal or shrine,
 But perfect Nature the divine.

[I wrote this poem in Dayton, Ohio. A lady friend, a most charming woman and excellent Medium, at whose house I was a guest, while lecturing in that city, one morning put a pencil and paper in my hand. She said, "Please to write me a poem and describe you to write," describing him; when I wrote the foregoing lines, not ceasing until they were finished.—M. D. K.]

(For the Voice of Angels.)

SOURCE OF HUMAN LOVE.

THROUGH JULIA FISH.

In vain you seek to trace the source
 From whence these deep affections spring
 Like foaming rivers in their courses
 When swollen by the breath of Spring
 Restlessly you're borne along,
 Deprived of strength to stand alone,
 By an unseen, unheeded throng—
 The silent "power behind the throne."

Though now you may not comprehend
 The secret workings of a power
 Which causes in the bud to blend
 The lovely tints of fairest flower,
 And gives the pearly shell its hue
 While hidden in the ocean's bed,
 And paints the rainbow in the blue
 When blackest clouds are overhead,
 In every action we can trace
 A purpose wise you may not see,
 And what seems evil oft the cause
 Proves good, though clothed in mystery.

Love works no evil; "all his ways
 Are wisdom's ways," and only those
 On whom descends his heavenly rays
 The blessedness of loving knows.
 It lifts the soul above all else,
 And doubts and fears no longer come
 When th' white-winged dove comes in
 And makes within your hearts its home.

ANAKIM, California.


There appears to be in every man's nature, first, an instinctive idea that existence may be prolonged even after the fleshy tabernacle falls, and also a latent desire, sometimes amounting to intense anxiety, to know what that future will reveal as it affects the individual consciousness. And it is from this standpoint that man needs to be educated and his wants supplied. What is termed "the new dispensation of Spiritualism," in its purer and higher aspects, has contributed a basis on which to attain such a realization.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

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EDITORIAL.

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

WHAT untold horrors mark the history of the human race, all the way down the corridor of Time, from the remotest antiquity, to the present day—all arising out of an innate disposition among men to make war upon and slay each other. All along the valleys of the past we find unsightly piles uprearing their hydra heads like mile-stones, marking the eras of war and unseemly strife. Blood has flowed like water, and men have fallen beneath the stroke of others, like fields of grain before the whirlwind. Misery, want and desolation have sprung from the battle-fields of the past. Widows and orphans have sent forth their piercing, heart-rending wails because of the loss of some loved one upon the sanguinary field of battle. Anarchy, ruin, and the most revolting crimes have reared their hideous heads among the masses—all of which are but the legitimate offspring of cruel, barbarous war.

In the dark ages, when mankind was merged in the darkness of spiritual and mental night; ere the brilliancy of his own intellect had been kindled, or the higher instincts of his nature—sympathy and justice for humanity—had been awakened; when just arousing from the animal state of savageism, his only wants were those of a physical nature, his only delight to gain the mastery over those below him in physical brute force;—in these days, such a state of things as war, despotism and spoliation might have been expected. But in later times, when reason is supposed to rule the brain, and the finer emotions of the soul to sway the heart, such ghastly exhibitions as man warring against man, nation arrayed against nation, brother at enmity with brother, and the whole world ablaze with the fire of discord, presents a spectacle at once not only humiliating, but positively revolting to a thinking and progressive mind.

In recent times, how often has the torch of War blazed upon the hearth-stone of some one or more of the nations! How

often in this enlightened age—enlightened in the arts and sciences—have mankind been called upon to lay down their lives for the settlement of some trivial question at issue between neighboring nations! How many homes and hearts have been made desolate by the death of those nearest and dearest, ruthlessly stricken down in the full strength of manhood, simply because some high official functionary prefers to settle each and every dispute, great or small, at the point of the sword, when his is the stronger party, rather than by impartial arbitration; and to throttle those into subjection who may chance to differ from him as to what is fair in the premises.

And still this state of affairs goes on, and man calls himself a civilized being! Still the fair green footstool of the Creator runs red with the blood of slain humanity, and the nations call themselves wise, and their rulers pure and good. Still poverty, want and ruin stare the working people in the face, because wild, ruthless speculation runs riot in war times, and then capital pits itself against the laborer or producer, and calls itself master.

And so the tide of misery flows on; and yet the lesson must again be conned over, which will reveal the fact that never until man unites with man in concord and peace, willing to submit each and all differences to impartial judges, and quietly acquiesce in their decision, can humanity become prosperous and happy, and the earth "blossom like the rose." Then will the millennium have come, when every man "can abide under his own vine and fig-tree, with none to molest or make afraid."

While pondering over this sad state of affairs, and witnessing the constant recurrence of barbarous war all over the fair earth, the tendency to fly to arms at the bugle's call, when any differences occur between nations, it is impossible for an unreflecting mind to reconcile such a state of things as in accord with truth and justice; but when he fully comprehends that such conflicting elements in humanity are just as necessary to the unfoldment of higher and more harmonious conditions as are the conflicting elements in nature—earthquakes, thunder and lightnings—necessary for the purification of the earth and its surrounding elements, he will realize and see that all is in harmony with the Divine plan, and that in just the right time war will cease to be, and peace will fling out her white banner over a united and harmonious world. This contemplation will also show him that all conditions are

necessary to evolve higher and better ones; that, in fact, there could be no such thing as progression, were it not for these seemingly sad conditions. Knowing this, and reasoning from analogy, he will also know that when the earth and its elements shall have become harmonious, man will become reconciled to all things. This is the testimony, not only of progressed minds on earth, but of all who tread the paths of a Higher Life.

They whose Spirit-garments trail along the walls where Supreme Justice and Wisdom rule, assure the aspirant for Spiritual knowledge that by-and-bye, when all these conflicting elements have performed their allotted work, which they assuredly will in God's own time, harmony will supplant discord and strife in all departments of nature; and man having learnt his lesson well, will no more desire to crush his weaker brother into submission, nor rebel against the wiser powers who guide him on his way. Then violent revolutions will give place to silent growth; then old ideas will give way to new ones as gently and quietly as ice melts before the genial rays of the noonday sun, and hies away to the laughing ripples of the mountain streamlet. Then the spectacle of a bereaved mother, weeping over the remains of a beloved son or husband, slain by cruel foes, will be a thing of the past; for love will rule among individuals and the nations of earth, in whom only hate now abides.

The Angel-world are working in unison and harmony with natural law to open the eyes of man to the beauties of universal peace, by showing him the horrors of war; thus preparing him to keep even pace with the developement of nature and the general progression of all things in accordance therewith.

CRAYON PICTURES FROM PHOTO'S.

WE have just learned that CHARLES H. L. HUNTING, the Crayon Artist, has located at 27 Jay St., Cambridgeport, where he is drawing life-size Crayon Pictures from photographs, that must be seen to be appreciated. Mr. Hunting is a young man, and acknowledged by connoisseurs to possess rare artistic qualities, worthy the attention and encouragement of all lovers of the fine arts.

We are personally acquainted with Mr. Hunting, and advise those of our patrons who are desirous of obtaining life-sized pictures of themselves or friends, executed in the most finished and artistic manner, at a mere nominal outlay, to avail themselves of this exceptional opportunity. In his advertisement on our last page, it will be seen that he makes these pictures for ten dollars each, and from our knowledge of the man we can guarantee that he will make good all he claims. Give him a trial, friends.

Pub. Voice of Angels.

MONTHLY REVIEW.

THE fifth number of the above little sparkling paper has just come to hand, and we feel to congratulate our young friend for making so good a paper, and are confident that it will be enlarged ere long to meet the wants of the inquiring public. Long may its youthful editor wield the pen of truth. Although small, yet the paper has sufficient force innate in itself to raze the mud forts of the enemy to the ground. Single copy one year, 20 cents; six months, 10 cents. These rates should induce every progressive mind in the country to subscribe.

THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

DEAR FRIEND DENSMORE:—Once again I put in an appearance, as per invitation—not particularly for any selfish motive, as heretofore—but to have a chat with our Orthodox friends touching the merits and demerits of that old cloven-foot fellow, they have dubbed the devil. It seems to me that, according to what the dignitaries, the churches, say about him, he is maliciously vilified and abused; for they say but for him all would be peace and harmony on the earth; thus admitting that if it were not for his Satanic Majesty, there would not be a church in all the wide world to-day, which would have saved untold millions of treasure in building them.

It is said in the Hebrew Bible that God made everything that ever existed; that there was nothing in heaven or earth that did not owe its existence to Deity. Although brought up to fully believe the above, yet one day, not long since, in contemplating the suffering and misery I saw in the world, the thought occurred to me what a pity it was that God, after he had made a devil, hadn't have known enough to kill him, before he came to maturity, thus saving all the fuss and trouble the old long-tailed monster has caused him and everybody else since he came to his majority, and besides all the immense treasures it has taken to build all these churches to worship God in, just to keep out of a place called hell, over which this old relentless cuss presides.

Nevertheless, with all the evil deeds charged to his account, he has been the direct means of all the piety and goodness in the world; for it is evident that without him, as bad as he is represented to be, people would never know whether they were saints or sinners; and for this reason, if for nothing else, I take his part, and will try to do him justice, whether he thanks me or not.

It is said that the greatest proof of success is to succeed. If that is true, the Almighty has failed in his expectations, while the Devil has succeeded in his; because the former endeavored to gain the hearts of all his children to himself, and failed in his efforts; while the latter, working for the same end, succeeded. According to the best authority—the Christians themselves—the Devil gets about fifteen where God gets but one. Hence, reckoning things upon democratic principles, the Devil is the smarter of the two, and ought to be sustained. There, that will do for the old cloven-foot. I

hadn't thought of pleading the cause of the old scamp, when I entered, but something far different. But as it is getting late, and others are waiting, I will leave it till I come again.

D. M. S.

BEECHER ON PUNISHMENT.—In the course of a recent sermon, Beecher remarked: "There are but two objects of punishment above and below. One is the preservation of society, the other the reformation of the criminal. The infliction of infinite and endless punishment for any other object is a token of demoniac cruelty. It is demoniac and not divine to inflict pain for the sake of pain. If I thought that a God stood at the door where men go out of life, ready to send them down to eternal punishment, my soul would cry out, 'Let there be no God.' My instincts would say, 'Annihilate him.'"

SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE,
MAY 16TH, 1880,
THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

INVOCATION, BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

OH, Thou who art ever receiving the thanksgiving and praise of all thy intelligent creatures of the higher spheres of being, we who tabernacle upon the earth endeavor to present to Thee our offerings of grateful praise for the blessings of this holy hour, for the associations it brings to the soul, and for this innumerable company of thine Angels, thy messengers of love and light.

For the lessons of this hour, and for the responsive souls who look not forward to a home of idleness, a life of endless quiet, which would not unfold the grandeur and glory of the Spirit, but who rejoice in a consciousness of the divine power and purpose, and who live in anticipation of still continuing to work in obedience to law, forever, we bless Thee, oh, our Father; and we ask thy benediction to rest upon all work that tends to elevate humanity; we ask that the avenues of Spiritual labor be multiplied; we ask that Mediums in thy hands and the hands of Angels may understand and comprehend the grandeur of their work; may their physical be endowed with strength for the work, and may Angels lift their souls in harmony with holy Spirits, and lead them on to purer heights.

We ask thy benediction to rest upon all who are cast down; give them to see in Thee a power to lift them up into the light and glory which may be seen and enjoyed by all thy children.

PURBE CART.—TO THE CIRCLE.

We come with joy this happy hour,
To greet you, friends, so dear,
And bring you Love's imperial flower,
Perfumed with hope and cheer.

The chain of sympathy entwines
Each heart that warmly beats,
And here upon Affection's shrine
We lay our heavenly sweets.

Dear friends, accept the fond caress
Of Angels pure and fair,
Who come your inner lives to bless
With counsel sweet and rare;
And as you on your journey move,
May we together grow—
Angels who dwell in heaven above,
And mortals here below.

The work goes bravely on, good friends,
And truth triumphant swells—
Each soul in concord calmly blends
As sweet as chiming bells;
The corridors of heaven resound
With royal tones of cheer,
For LIFE the conqueror is crowned,
And LOVE o'ercometh fear.

Your true friend and sister,
PURBE CART.

OTTAWA.

OTTAWA big chief; bring heap magnetism; come to the wigwam with chieftain and stay. Ottawa want to send talk to chieftain; say, Ottawa work for good; help pale-face; take away bad feeling; bring strength from Indian forest; help chieftain form strong band for big work.

Ottawa want chieftain to move on; all going right; good power coming to our wigwam; want music; want to 'velope chieftain, to see Ottawa and squaws. Come in the swift canoe with blessed light for wigwam. When pale-face come in feel better; feel good; throw off bad shadows; Spirits bless chief, and say, Go on; we never leave; we guide always; live pure, live free, do good, and big light from hunting-ground fill wigwam with glory.

Indian spirits here help Ottawa to speak; feel good. Ugh! strong influence! mighty power! Ottawa carry back power. Ottawa has spoken. Good Moon.

[Mr. Densmore, our guide says you are to send the above to Mr. J. H. Foss, Hudson, Mass.]

FLORA B. CARTMILL.

How do you do? [Nicely; how do you do?] Oh, so well; it is beautiful to come back; it is so sweet to feel that our words of love are accepted by our dear parents and friends; whenever we think of it in the Spirit-world, it makes us happy; the flowers seem to bloom more brightly, and the birds sing more sweetly; for everything catches a gleam of beauty from the happy spirit, and when we feel deeply that those we love on earth know we live in a beautiful world, where we are preparing a sweet home for them, it makes us glad indeed.

I want to send the deep abiding love of our Spirits home, and say we are so pleased and thankful for all their kind thoughts about us, it draws us close to their Spirits, and we sometimes make home feel as peaceful as heaven.

Oh, I am so glad we are in the Spirit-

world! It develops the love element so, and now, our greatest pleasure is to guide our dear parents and brother, and bring them love. Tell them, we are often at home, and it is no fancy when they feel we are with them.

I am Flora B. Cartmill, daughter of Dr. W. F. Cartmill, Tulare, California.

JOHN WILLARD.

My name, sir, is John Willard. I was something of a business man when here; I desire to reach my friends in Springfield, Ohio. I desire them to give me a sitting through a lady Medium named Maynard. I want to come and talk about certain affairs of theirs, which were mine. I have been dead a number of years, but I am living still.

MESSAGES GIVEN MAY 23RD, 1880.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT OF THE CIRCLE.

FRIENDS, as the Medium is not strong tonight, we shall not allow the Spirits of strangers to control her organisms; but will ourselves receive and transmit their messages. The first Spirit is that of an elderly lady, who has spent more than seventy years in the body. She says, "My name is Nancy C. George. I feel tired and weak, as I come here; but I want my friends to know I am strong and well and happy in my new home. I am so glad to be here and send my love to them! Tell each one I thank all for their kindness and affection. I live in a bright world, where as yet I have seen nothing but peace and pleasure. I have only left the body a short time—not many days. I lived in Haverhill; I come back to say I am well, and the other life is beautiful."

The next Spirit approaching is that of a young lady, who gives the following:

MARY JACKSON.

"I PASSED away early in life, at the age of nineteen; it is a few years since. I have been anxious to reach a friend who lived in Lynn; her name is Lizzie Clark. I want her to know I can come back and see her. I love her just the same as ever, and I want her to let me come and talk to her about old times. Her friends send their love to her; they are happy and satisfied. We all live together in a beautiful home; but we are not idle; we can only keep our home bright by working for others, and helping them to do right. I am glad Lizzie had the hair-chain made; it draws me to her.

"My name is Mary Jackson. I died with consumption. My parents also died with the same disease, when I was small. I belonged to Boston."

DAVID PIERCE.

A GENTLEMAN approaches with this message:

"Many years have passed, sir, since I entered the land of Spirits. I did not pass away in ignorance of future life; I was glad to believe in your beautiful philosophy, and my knowledge assisted my advancement in the Spiritual Spheres. I am strong and vigorous; I am not restless nor unhappy; I find happiness in my work. Changes have taken place on earth since my time. I have welcomed dear friends and neighbors to the Spirit-world. Still, to those who are left, I would like to send my greeting; to tell them I have forgotten none, but remember each one with love. Although I have gone on in Spirit, yet I sometimes return to influence and bless my friends and associates.

David Pierce of Belfast, Maine."

A young lady, beautiful and sweet, robed in white, and bearing a basket of exquisitely blooming flowers, roses and lilies, says:

"I am Lilla Morse. I bring this offering to my darling mother, Susan E. Morse. Tell her they are the lilies of peace and the thornless roses of love. From my Spirit-home I waft the spicy fragrance of these immortal flowers over her Spirit, that she may feel the perfect rest that comes to satisfied souls. I am growing in Spirit-knowledge, but I return ever with love and sympathy to the dear ones at home. I know they never forget their own Lilla, and the knowledge makes me happy. All our friends send love. I lived in Hopkinton, Mass. I thank you for taking my message."

MESSAGES GIVEN MAY 30TH, 1880.

SARGOEWATHA.

RED JACKET comes to send the good word to the pale-face Chief; he comes to tell his friend all is well. Sargoewatha's forces are gathered for the protection of the white chieftain's lodge. Let the storm-clouds come; let the great war-king send forth his battle-cry; let the tones of thunder roll; they can do no harm. Sargoewatha has spoken in council; he has sat by the lodge-fire of his people, and filled their hearts with power; they are strong, and they bring their forces to ward off the arrows of the white chieftain's foes.

Now the evil powers centre for work, but the Great Spirit is more mighty than they. He sends forth his eagles to smite the wrong-doer. Fear not, oh, great Chief who sits in council, for the Spirits work for good. Like the forest-leaves your words are scattered; like the clear sun-

light, that blesses all with its light and warmth, the high and the lowly, the mighty and the weak, so your influence goes forth alike to the powerful and the humble, gilding all places with its beams of Spiritual truth.

Red Jacket gives greeting. He sends forth the greeting and assisting force of the great white Chief Channing, who is here this hour.

REV. ARTHUR FULLER.

My friends, we gather together at this time with a feeling of joy and gladness; our hearts are attuned in harmony with the work in which you are engaged; our souls are glad to perceive so many Spirits all over the land who are earnestly engaged in disseminating the truth to humanity. Tonight, more than ever, we feel to rejoice at the advancement of liberalism in this country; we find intolerance losing its hold upon the hearts of mankind, and a general sentiment of brotherly kindness permeating humanity.

At this time we would speak to you, not with mere words, but in the language of the soul, which is earnest love, of the necessity of dwelling in unity together; of living in such tender relations of sympathy one with the other, that no opposing force may rend the chain which binds you together. Each human being has a mission to fulfill; a glorious destiny awaits every soul; no one can take the place of another. Therefore, it is well to go forward in affectionate harmony, each one striving for the good of all. Although two or more may work together for a time, and then diverge, let it be in love; for their work may lie in separate ways, and ill-harmony will only destroy the usefulness of each.

Oh, Spiritualists, if you will only realize your power for good in the world, working together in love for the elevation of mankind, presenting a spectacle of perfect concord to humanity, you may draw around you a charmed circle of purity and light, which all will delight to enter.

We assemble here this night to send forth a harmonizing power, a purifying influence, trusting it will uplift weary souls into an atmosphere of aspiring goodness and worth.

REV. ARTHUR FULLER.

OLIVER KINSEY.

I FEEL to speak a few words, sir. I have dear friends on earth, who attract me back to this sphere of existence. I would like them to feel that I am with them; that matured in mind and stature, I await their coming to a better world. My broth-

ers are dear to me; the fraternal tie binds us together, and it is a source of much pleasure to me to send them out a word of affectionate love and sympathy.

I do so rejoice that Joseph can realize the presence of his Spirit-friends; it gives me power to come to him, not so much for his own benefit, as to gain assistance from him, to pursue my work for the enlightenment of humanity concerning things Spiritual.

I believe no higher truth can come to man than the tangible, indisputable evidence that the dear ones he mourns as dead, live, and can return to him. I believe no greater blessing can be bestowed upon humanity than a knowledge of the life it will live hereafter, and I am earnestly engaged in experimenting in the realm of chemistry, in investigating the laws of affinity, that in the future I may work understandingly to assist Spirits to manifest their tangible presence to their mourning friends. In my work, I have been aided by my brother, though he knew it not; for, by attending Circles in a receptive mood, he afforded me conditions whereby I could come and pursue my studies and my experiments, with some of the mediumistic beings of earth.

My nephew John associates with me in this labor of love, and we are happy in our work. We all send our love, and the blessing of each dear one to my brother.

I passed away many years ago. I am Oliver Kinsey. My brother is Joseph Kinsey, of Cincinnati.

LAURA ETON.

Oh, I feel so weak! I never came here before. I want to reach my friends. Please tell them I love them. I want them to know I am happy, and I can come back to them. I have been dead over two years. I was very ill for a long time. I seem to feel it now; but I think it will soon leave me.

My name is Laura Eton. My father's name is James. I send my love to father and mother. Tell them not to feel bad, I am happy and well.

I lived in New York.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

PLACES I HAVE SEEN.

NUMBER NINE.

BY SPIRIT VIOLET.

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SUELMANER.

I CANNOT begin to enumerate to you the beautiful cities of Spirit-life, and the sweet outlying country places; neither can I hope to convey to you a description of the peaceful, glowing valleys and woodlands of the Better Country. But there are two beautiful valleys of which I feel to speak, and

which may give you a conception of the many fertile spots, rich with luxuriant growth, that adorn the Land of Souls.

Floralia, or Valley of Flowers, is charmingly situated between two ranges of massive mountains, which glow in the sun with more than roseate brightness, or deeper into purple as the cooling shadows ascend their gleaming sides.

Long and wide the valley stretches out sweet and fair, dotted here and there with groves and clumps of trees; a clear and limpid stream of water, reflecting the azure sky, runs through the midst of the valley, which is fed by living springs from the mountain. Clusters of snow-white cottages abound, whose inhabitants are composed of little innocent children, with their guardians, teachers, or Spirit-parents; for little ones coming to our life, who have no father and mother to greet them, are at once adopted by kind Spirits, who devote their lives to the care and guidance of such little ones.

But the most remarkable feature of this valley, and the one from which it derives its name Florialia, is the lavish profusion of flowers on every hand.

The green sward, so like velvet in softness, is literally covered with flowers—flowers of every type, degree and color—the whole forming a magnificent scene of beauty and fragrance; so exquisitely do the colors blend and their odors harmonize. This you will believe is the home of honey-loving insects and singing birds, and the whole presents a perfect picture of delight.

To this flowery home, little children are brought, who pass out from earth in childhood's hours; here they are borne by loving, ministering angels, and tenderly reared and cherished. Many of these little ones knew not the meaning of care and tenderness on earth, but all are lovingly tended at this place.

Here they attend the school of Nature, learn of flower and bird and rippling rill; and are instructed in the lessons of life, and the laws of being, by their gentle guardians.

Only purity and peace abound here, and the little ones develop all their sweetest attributes of soul.

The other vale of which I have spoken is called the Valley of Delight. This valley is somewhat depressed and nearly round; nestling between gigantic hills, it resembles a great green basin set with flowers of many hues. No scorching wind, no battling storm ever sweeps across this valley; all is mild and balmy. The crystal water flashes from many fountains and gurgles from leaping springs.

In this sweet spot more than one poet abides, more than one artist makes his home; but the great attraction of the place is a massive, white, academic looking structure, which is erected in the centre of the valley. And this building is indeed a college of learning; within its lofty walls, lessons are given and learned, not only in the arts and sciences, but best of all, in the art of teaching, of becoming competent to guide, instruct, and to develop all the best powers of the little children.

And from this college in the Valley of Delight, Spirits—men and women, youths and maidens—go forth to Florialia to become teachers and guides for the little children who gather there.

In this college school, even elderly men and women are entered as pupils; those who, having experienced earthly life without the advantages of education, or who have passed through mortality confined to one department of learning. In our world, every Spirit receives the opportunity for acquiring an education, and all, at some time, avail themselves of it.

There are many such schools of learning in the Spiritual World, and they are of untold benefit to the inquiring soul.

[Selected by M. T. S.]

FOOTFALLS OF THE DEPARTED.

WHEN the sacred wings of night
Hover o'er the dying light,
And the portals of the day
Close upon the lingering ray,

Then in memory's silent hall
Forms arise and shadows fall;
Noiselessly they come and go,
Passing dimly to and fro.

Some with faces sad and grave,
Some with faces calm and brave;
Sunny locks with golden sheen
Glance and flash and pass between.

And they tell their history o'er
As they pass my soul before;
Tales of sorrow, tales of care,
Oftenest are spoken there.

Yet at times, with noiseless tread,
Come the saintly ones long dead,
Holy calmness on their brows—
Then my soul before them bows.

For in life they trod the way
That's lit alone by Bethlehem's ray,
With bleeding feet and garments torn,
Up the rocky way to the heavenly bourne.

At times, when this restless heart is still,
They come, and with holy fragrance fill
Memory's dimly lighted hall;
I listen, but no footsteps fall.

And I know the message they bring to me,
Yet no movement of the lips I see;
But their souls speak to my soul in love,
"We are waiting for you in the home above."

Oh, that they may not wait in vain!
The thought is filled with keenest pain.
While they from sin and sorrow are free,
Oh, God, in thy mercy forget not me!

[Saturday Evening Express.]

If you don't wish to get angry, never argue with a blockhead. Remember, the duller the razor, the more you cut yourself.

BRIEF ITEMS.

Dr. Fessenden closed his engagement in Springfield, Mass., on Sunday, May 30. He has accomplished much good and had a pleasant time himself.

Senator Dawes presented the report of the special committee to investigate the removal of the Pocon Indians to the Indian Territory. After careful investigation of the subject, the committee recommended that the Pocon be allowed to go back to their old homes, from which they were removed much against their will.

Two pleasant receptions were tendered to Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond and husband, by friends in Boston, on the evenings of May 28th and 31st, previous to their departure on an extended tour to Great Britain. Many of their friends and prominent Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity joined in making both of these occasions pleasant, and a good time was enjoyed by all present. Mr. and Mrs. Richmond sailed from New York June 5th, and expect to be gone about six months.

The press and public of St. Louis, Mo., are just at this time greatly interested and somewhat excited over the remarkable manifestations by slate-writing and otherwise of Dr. Henry Slade and Mrs. J. W. Edridge. Under the severest tests, all observers are compelled to admit that everything is done as claimed, without suspicion or chance for anylegerdemain. A *Times* reporter has examined the whole thing critically and at much pains; he went a confirmed skeptic, but came away a full believer.

Mr. W. J. Colville continues to meet with good success in his ministrations at Berkeley Hall, Boston. On Sunday, May 30, Decoration Day, a pleasant service, suitable to the occasion, was held, and Mr. Colville's guides lectured on "The flowers that adorn the soldiers' graves."

A new and powerful slate-writing Medium has been developed in New York City. His name is Alexander Phillips, and the genuineness of his claims is vouched for by J. L. O'Sullivan and J. Bodes Buchanan.

A reception was given to Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, in New York City, Saturday evening, May 29th, at the residence of Mr. Henry J. Newton. The rooms were well filled with prominent Spiritualists, among whom were Mrs. Hollis-Billing, Taos, Gales Forster, J. V. Mansfield, W. H. Powell, J. L. O'Sullivan, and many others. The time until midnight was pleasantly occupied in addresses, literary exercises and refreshments.

The Children's Lyceum, of Amory Hall, Boston, celebrated 'Motto Sunday,' the fifth Sunday of the month, May 30, by a pleasant meeting, at which singing and recitations by the children were interspersed with addresses from honorary members. The Lyceum holds its first annual Pic-nic June 29th, at Highland Lake Grove.

Mrs. Emma Brigham, the well-known Medium, was recently badly injured by falling down the stone steps of her residence, in Hudson, N. Y., striking the back of her head. She remained insensible several days, but is now rapidly recovering.

E. V. Wilson lectures in Chicago, Sunday, June 13th, and attends the Northern Wisconsin Spiritual Conference, June 18th, 19th and 20th.

We are glad to learn that *Spiritual Notes*, of London, England, is growing rapidly in favor in that country. It is well worthy of an extensive circulation and patronage.

D. D. Home is at Montreux, Switzerland. He hopes to return to America after a while; but for his precarious health he would have done so ere this.

The total Catholic population in the United States is 6,143,222, distributed as follows: Eastern States 836,000; Southern States 833,000; Middle States

1,910,000; and Western States 2,514,222. The increase in the past twenty years has been upward of 8,500,000.

Mme. Blavatsky and her fellow Theosophist are no longer subject to the espionage of the police in the cities of India. At first they were followed wherever they went. The government finding that they had no designs against the welfare of India, withdrew the watch, greatly to the relief of the pilgrims.—*R. P. Journal*.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten (accompanied by her husband, Dr. Wm. Britten) has left San Francisco, Cal., and is now journeying toward the eastern shore of the American continent. Correspondents assure us that Mrs. Britten's discourses have created a profound impression on the Pacific slope. On the evening of May 23d Mrs. B. spoke in Salt Lake City. The party were to leave Salt Lake City for various places in Nebraska, bringing up in Cleveland, O., about the first Sunday in June.—*Banner*.

J. Frank Baxter closed his present engagements at Worcester, Sunday May 30th. The Sundays of June he lectures in Springfield and Gloucester; July is appointed for Massachusetts, including Shawshen and Onset Bay Camp-meetings.

P. C. Mills spoke at St. Louis Springs, Sunday, May 31d, also May 30th.

Information reaches us that Dr. W. L. Jack is now recuperating in Western Massachusetts previous to his going to Lake Pleasant.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten will speak for the first Society of Spiritualists of Cleveland, O., at Hallie's Hall, 333 Superior street, the four Sundays in June, commencing the 6th.

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE. THROUGH DR. W. L. JACK, HAVERHILL, MS.

EMILY WILLIAMS.

I WOULD have, sir, if you please, this message reach my friend, Dr. J. W. Hitchcock, who lives in Illinois State, that he may know, by this method, I am enabled to correspond with him. I would have him ever bear in remembrance that the correspondence of the soul never ceases, but, like the bright memories of unalloyed joys, ever continues.

Do you not remember, dear friend, the joys and the delightful experiences of your beloved angel-wife, and that they are but the sweet notes of joy that you shall sing in the coming days of your declining earthly career? You have passed through a sea of great trouble, and have suffered much, indeed, for righteousness and truth's sake; but in all of your troubles we have been with you.

These are your golden years, dear friend, linked with the silvery cords of light, that act as a beacon to guide your bark over the rough seas of life. I have been near you, and with you, and have sought this method of reaching you, that you might know that you are not alone in your over three-score years. Yours has been a useful life, with adversity and reverses; but with them all your efforts have been crowned with triumph, and like these beautiful flowers, [referring to a] bouquet of

flowers on the table,] would we place you, with loving care, and watch you with devotion, that your dear soul may not only mingle with the pure, but with the holy also.

I am happy, Dr., to greet you, and will meet you again.

To my friend, Dr. J. W. Hitchcock.

EMILY WILLIAMS.

EDDIE AND MAMIE.

PLEASE, sir, I want to send a letter. I've been hunting all around, with my little sister, and through the golden streets, to find him, and I haven't seen anything of him. [Referring, undoubtedly, to a friendly policeman, concerning whom he had previously communicated.] Neither has my little sister, and we think, if this could reach him, that it would enable him to grow stronger in his old age, if he is still down here on earth—and I don't know but what he is; for I've asked so many of the beautiful angels if they had seen anything of the police up there, and they've said No. And, you see, this makes us feel sorry, because we love him so much that we want him to live with us in our beautiful home. I want him to know that we've found the golden streets that we were hunting for down on earth, and that they are beautiful, shining streets of glory.

Well, you see, sister and I went out to hunt for the golden street, when we lived on earth, hoping to find my big brother and sister, and father, because they had gone on to the Golden City. I thought if I could find them, they would come home to mamma, and give her something to eat, because she was starving and dying of the cold. We went out, and saw a policeman, and asked him where the golden streets were, and he told us they were nowhere about there, but further on. So we went on, hoping to find them, and we got so cold and weak that we had to lie down. I took little sister's head in my lap, and took off my coat and wrapped it around her. Then I saw she was asleep, and I was so tired that I fell asleep too. I dreamed that I found the Golden City, and that my dear mamma came and took me inside the beautiful gates, and sister with me. And would you believe it, it was my dear mother. And there were my dear father and big sister—and oh, they were so beautiful!

But, sir, I wanted to go back and see that policeman who patted us under the chins, and called us little chicks. But they told me I was in the Spirit-world. I told them I didn't care, for I wanted to see the good policeman, and tell him I loved him. Oh, so much, for the interest he took for

our bodies, when they were at the station; for he got some flowers for us both, and a nice box for our bodies, and put them in the boxes. Then he lifted up sister's hand and mine, and kissed them, and cried.

I want you to tell him we love him, and he'll find his two little chicks, when he comes to our house, in heaven; but he won't find us frozen. [Taking a bunch of violets from the table.] Won't you send him these, please? [I would, if I knew where to find him.]

Tell him the flowers don't fade with us, and that his two little chicks will show him their golden home. With joys and silvery threads of light we'll weave for him the grandest suit he ever had on his dear old body.

Good morning, dear papa policeman. We love you, and take this as our bouquet to you. We now grow in the golden streets of the Golden City, where you shall wear a brighter star than you wear now, and your bright, morning-stars shall be, all through your life, your two little chicks, Eddie and Maunie.

[The spirits communicating the foregoing came in the earlier part of the day, and expressed a strong desire to find a certain policeman. They wished to reach him, but couldn't tell his name or place of residence. From what I could learn, it seemed the little boy, accompanied by his younger sister, left his home, where his mother lay starving and freezing, in search of his father, brother and sister, (who had gone to the Spirit-world,) with the childish idea in his mind that, if he could only find the golden streets, he would find them, and that they would immediately come to the relief of his mother. On his way, he inquired of a policeman, who spoke pleasantly to them, calling them his little chicks. They passed on, and becoming tired, sat down to rest, the brother taking his sister's head in his lap, and putting his coat around her. In this position they were frozen to death, and the next the boy remembered was seeing their bodies in the station-house, and being cared for as described in the communication. His anxiety was so great to reach the friendly policeman, that I consented to write the foregoing for them, in hopes he might see it. If the circumstances, as related, are recognized by the policeman, or any one else, I trust they will acknowledge the fact through the VOICE OF ANGELS, or privately to the publisher, and greatly oblige THE AMANUENSIS.]

COCHECO.

[To the Amanuensis.] Put it down, brave, Cocheco come. I want to send a scratch. Cocheco sends friendly greeting

to the pale braves and squaws, with bright sunbeams kissing the dew on the beautiful flowers, who offer up their perfume and their prayers to the Great Spirit, in the wet moon short run. Cocheco says to Cocheco's squaw, the Great Spirit smile on her and on her brave. Great Spirit send blanket of love to squaw. Fold herself in it, and grow strong. Blossom day brings strength; strength brings life. Cocheco loves squaw. Cocheco loves brave. Cocheco loves all. Great Spirit bless all in the wigwam. Good moon.

THROUGH C. E. WINANS.

MRS. JANE HOWARD, CLAYTON, MICH.

I WANT to warm me. Oh, how cold! My head? my head! It's so cold! It was too warm; now it's too cold. I don't want you to bother me; I'm not dead. [You don't seem to be.] Yes, I am; I stuck my head under the water, and I died. It's awful cold out. Is the snow deep?

I'm not crazy; only I don't know what is the matter. I am Jane Howard yet, and I want you to know that I am not crazy. [Where do you live?] I live here in Clayton, Mich. [This is not Clayton.] Well, I live there, anyhow. I want to go home. If I ain't dead, I don't know what is the matter with me. Good-bye.

HETTY B.

DEAR SON ALBERT:—Again I come, hoping to reach you with a few words of love. I want you to know that I am still with you, and that the coming back is true.

So you think it strange that Dr. P. can locate and diagnose disease, by simply laying on of hands. It's not strange, when you once understand the ways of the loved ones; and if J. would have him attend to her throat, he could relieve her. Do not be discouraged; things will turn out different, after a little.

Say to John all will be righted on the other side. Elizabeth sends love to you and Walter. David is here, and will send message soon. Accept our love and blessing. Good day.

HATTIE BENTON.

MAGGIE A. DRAKE TO CHAS. DRAKE, PRINCETON, MO.

WILL you say that Maggie A. Drake wishes to speak here? I believe all can speak that come here. I come here today that I may better understand myself, and to better my condition. I was directed to come here, so I might understand that Spirits can return, and that there is no death. I find that I am alive, anyhow,

and who says that I am dead don't know anything. I know I was awful sick, and they said it was consumption.

I want Charlie to know the going out of the body is not so terrible as the seeming. Let not your heart be troubled. I am happy to say, Charlie, that I am just what I made myself. I never wronged any one; I was above reproach. Oh, how can I describe this beautiful Summer-land? how can I tell you of these things? I cannot now, for I am too weak. You were so kind to me while I occupied the body; and you have been kind and thoughtful; you have endeavored to perform a moral duty to man and woman. I love you for this, and cannot more faithfully describe my sentiments than by giving you some manifestations through your own impressions. I will give you thoughts which you will be able to read. I will send you my lasting gratitude and love. Charlie, follow out Christ's teachings, and you will be guarded through the dark valley of the shadow of death.

Send message to Charles Drake, Princeton, Mo.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

A VISION.

EAST PEPPERELL, MASS., Feb. 3, 1880.

FRIEND DENSMORE:—I am an old man and quite an old Spiritualist, and have had some rather unusual experiences during the last twenty-five years, some of which I would like to describe as nearly as I am able, that others may judge of their cause.

First, there seems to be some power, independent of my own will, acting at times upon the brain, and through that upon the whole system. Many times have I been debarred from food, (which I am very fond of,) even after it is upon my plate, by my stomach rebelling against it. In the same way, I am deprived of different articles of diet, one at a time, for weeks or months; then all will come right again.

I have been warned of danger, in time to prevent the crash; of mistakes of importance in mechanical operations, in time to remedy the evil.

Often when in company I have been taken with pain or lameness in some particular locality, and on making it known, some one would say, "I have had such for hours or days, but it is all gone now."

But what most interests me is mental figures or visions which I have seen. I will try to describe one of many:

I seemed to be standing on ordinary looking ground, nothing very interesting, excepting a high hill or mountain close at hand, which all desired to ascend. On

looking around me, I saw a good, broad, substantial flight of stairs, reaching from bottom to top; but not a solitary individual could be seen upon them. Why was this? At that moment, a little way off, I beheld quite a different spectacle. There were a host of men, hard at work erecting a monster, huge, conical-looking tower, with winding stairs, to reach to the summit of the mountain, and avoid the before-mentioned stairs. The whole thing looked dark and smutty, workmen and all.

Then I turned my attention to the stairs, and thought I would try the ascent. I progressed but a little way, when, on looking up, I saw in the centre of one of the stair-risers an eye, resembling in shape the human, but many times larger; and such an eye! I never could describe the piercing brilliancy, and the kindly, benevolent expression. I was not at all startled; but after admiring a few moments, started again for the top, which was reached in good time. There I beheld a fine landscape, with shrubs and flowers, and almost touching the top step of the stairs was a beautiful couch or bed, all made up, ready for occupancy.

What is the meaning of this vision?

GEORGE HOBART.

EVERY human being has a soul which, while not separable from the brain or nerves, is *mind*, or *jeratma*, or sentient soul, but when regenerated or spiritualized by *yoge*, it is free from bondage, and manifests the divine essence. It rises above all phenomenal states—joy, sorrow, grief, fear, hope, and in fact all states resulting in pain or pleasure, and becomes blissful, realizing immortality, infinitude, and felicity of wisdom within itself. The sentient soul is nervous, sensational, emotional, phenomenal, and impressional. It constitutes the natural life and is finite. The soul and the non-soul are thus the two landmarks. What is non-soul is *prakrit*, or created. It is not the lot of every one to know what soul is, and therefore millions live and die possessing minds cultivated in intellect and feeling, but not raised to the soul state. In proportion as one's soul is emancipated from *prakrit* or sensuous bondage, in that proportion his approximation to the soul state is attained; and it is this that constitutes disparities in the intellectual, moral, and religious culture of human beings, and their consequent approximation to God.—*Spiritual Stray Leaves*, Calcutta, 1879.

LIBERAL CAMP-MEETING, BOONE CO., ILLINOIS.

THERE will be a Liberal Camp-meeting on the Boone County Fair Grounds, at Belvidere, Boone Co., Ill., commencing Thursday, June 17th, and ending Monday June 21st, open to all phases of Free Thought; and all of the Liberals and Spiritualists of the country, and

especially of the North-western States, are earnestly requested to come and take part in this meeting. Moses Hull, of Boston, Mass., E. C. Walker, Florence, Iowa, and Dr. A. J. Clark, of Indianapolis, have already promised to be there, and other speakers who have been written to, yet to be heard from. Opportunity will be given to all Mediums to give seances or other manifestations of their mediumship, and everything that can be will be done to make this a pleasant, enjoyable and instructive meeting. Come one, come all.

For particulars, address F. F. FOLLET, Managing Secretary, P. O. Box 263, Rockford, Ill.

MAGNETIZED PAPER.—Invalids, send two three-cent stamps, to pay postage and test its virtue. J. S. SCOVEN, Kokomo, Ind., P. O. Box 624.

"TUNIE" FUND.

WE have been requested by the Band controlling the destiny of this paper to call upon those of our patrons who are able, to contribute to a fund for sending the VOICE OF ANGELS free to those unable to pay for it. To any and all our patrons who can send any amount, if ever so small, for the above purpose, we will credit the amount they may send, in the next issue of the paper.

Since our last, we have received the following donations to the "Tunie" Fund:

Mrs. Emma Seeley, San Diego, Cal.,	\$0.35
I. S. Drake, Dixon, Pulaski Co., Mo.,	1.00
J. W. Batchelor, Butteville, Marion Co., Ore.,	0.25
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