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LITERARY.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THOUGHTS.

BY TRYPHENA O. PARDEE.

THESE delicate threads from the spindles of Life
Are drawn by an unseen hand,
And the wheel whirls steadily through joy or strife,
Nor stops at a wish or command.

And woven in fabrics of numberless hues
They drop from the looms of time,
All bestarred with spangles of Love's soft dews
From mists that enshroud the sublime.

They twine on the shafts of the opening morn,
They talk with the queen of day,
And surcharge the lightning before 'tis born
With pleasures of innocent play.

Attired in the tints of all Nature's soft dyes,
They wander enwreathed with flowers,
Chase the snows of Winter through Summer skies,
And question the Maker's vast powers.

They dip in the mystical Infinite Mind,
And blend as in twilight there,
With a faith and trust that all else combined
Can't frighten with fear or despair.

They feel their inheritance in this grand Home,
And laugh at all quibbling creeds;
Like the unchained winds in freedom they roam,
God-sanctioned for all human needs.

They stray with the comets and systemized stars,
And seek out all science known;
Trample down immortality's priest-listed bars,
And bask in the light of God's throne.

They chime in rich waves from the Omniscent Soul,
They sing in those dark breasts of ours;
And the angels are wafting from pole unto pole,
To sift them on earth in mild showers.

They thrill through the bosom of measureless space,
They dance on the crest of "To Be"—
From loved friend unto friend in distance apace
They echo like sound o'er the sea.

Their forces are felt when dark night lies a-hush,
And slumber unfolds us in dreams;
And the marvellous gates of death are a-flush
With their fresh re-quickening gleams.

They breathe of the beautiful, beautiful Life,
Where sorrows ne'er touch the bright shore,
Where our souls shall arise on Truth's ne'er-quenched light,
And think free as God evermore.

[BROTHER DENSMORE:—"Unheeded Whispers," through Julia Fish, seemed spoken especially for me. What a world of consolation in them! No doubt there are many more hearts that will be just as much cheered by them as mine. Sweet voices echo through your little sheet continually. Praise the powers of Life!—T. C. P.]

ELLINGTON, N. Y., June 1, 1880.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

MESSAGE FROM ROBERT HARE TO DR. FAHNESTOCK.

[THROUGH DR. O., CONTINUED.]

DEAR DOCTOR:—You ask me about the position of animals in the Spirit-world. I will try to give you an answer; (but this was not the question to which I alluded.)

Now observe that your world is merely a miniature of this. All the various animals exist here, and sustain the same relations to man there as they do to Spirits here.

That is, man with you is material as well as Spiritual, and so are animals, vegetables, and everything else.

Here man is Spiritual, and so are animals, vegetables, etc. There is one difference, however: with you, animals are made subservient to man's selfish ends; that is, their material part.

Here there is no selfishness, no materiality, in the gross sense of that term.

ROBERT HARE.

LANCASTER, PENN., Feb. 26, 1860.

DEAR DOCTOR:—I would really be glad to give you all the information you want, or at least all that I am at present capable of giving, if I had the opportunity; but there are so many things preventing, that I find it very difficult. Can you not try to receive impressions yourself? If you do, I will do my best to assist you.

ROBERT HARE.

March 9th, 1860.

CHILDREN are the to-morrow of society.—*Whately.*

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

DRINKS FOR THE SICK.

IN speaking of the annoying thirst of fever patients, Dr H. H. Kane in his "Sick Room" says, "Thirst is a very prominent and annoying symptom of fever, and one that requires a little consideration. Plain water when taken beyond a certain amount is very apt to disorder the stomach and bowels, especially in fevers where much fluid and but little solid food is taken. Enough water to quench the thirst would certainly be enough in most cases to disorder digestion, or rather, further disorder it, and so important is the little that remains of this function, that we cannot afford to abuse it. Small pieces of ice held in the mouth, and allowed to dissolve, sometimes answer the purpose, but not in the majority of cases. Up to a certain point, the action of water taken internally, in fevers, is excellent; aside from allaying irritation by quenching thirst, it flushes the kidneys, carrying off much of the effete material produced by the high temperature. It has been found that the addition of certain substances to water greatly increases its powers to quench thirst. This is especially the case with acids. One drachm of hydrochloric acid added to a quart of water will give it sufficient acidity to accomplish the desired purpose, while at the same time it adds to its pleasantness, and sometimes relieves nausea. The use of acids in fevers is highly commended by some authors, and this is, I think, the best way in which to administer them. The same amount of sulphurous acid may be added to a quart of water when the bowels are loose or there is a tendency that way. In these cases acidulated barley water is pleasant and nourishing. The same may be said of toast water. In constipation, oatmeal water may be used in the same manner. A few tamarinds added to a glass of water will often assuage thirst and open the bowels gently."

Dr. Ringer, speaking on this subject, says, "Although, perhaps, not strictly relevant to our present subject, a few remarks may be made here conveniently on the drinks best suited to fever patients. To them, thirst is most import-

ant and distressing, often causing much restlessness and irritability, these in their turn often increasing the fever. The urgent thirst must therefore be allayed; but if left to themselves to satiate their craving, patients will always drink to excess, which is very liable to disarrange the stomach, impair digestion, produce flatulence and even diarrhœa. Theory and experience both show that drinks made slightly bitter and somewhat acid slake thirst most effectually. A weak infusion of cascarrilla or orange peel, acidulated slightly with hydrochloric acid, was with Graves of Dublin a favorite thirst-allaying drink for fever patients. Raspberry vinegar is a useful drink. Sucking ice is very grateful. Sweet fruits, although at first agreeable and refreshing, must be taken with care and moderation, for they often give rise to a disagreeable taste, and are apt to produce flatulence and diarrhœa."

HINTS AND RECIPES FOR THE SICK ROOM.

FROM an interesting paper on this subject in the *Christian Union*, by Miss E. R. Scovil, of the Massachusetts General Hospital, we cull the following hints and recipes:

The pure juice may be extracted from beef in two ways: First, by cutting the meat in small pieces, putting them in a tightly corked bottle, immersing it in hot water, and boiling for several hours. Second, by taking a thick piece of juicy steak, broiling it on a gridiron over a clear fire for a few moments, then cutting it in strips and pressing it in a lemon squeezer. The juice thus obtained may be given either cold or hot. It may be frozen, broken into lumps, and given like cracked ice. A little salt should be added before using it.

An invalid who is tired of hot beef tea will sometimes drink it cold or iced with great relish. Enough isinglass or gelatine may be added to the juice to make a jelly, which can be flavored with sherry, essence of celery, or anything the patient may fancy.

Raw meat is very nutritious, and may be prepared by shredding the beef extremely fine, removing every particle of skin and fat, and mixing with cracker crumbs. A little salt and pepper may be added, and the mixture rolled into tiny balls.

In convalescence after typhoid fever the greatest care is necessary with regard to the food, and no article of diet should be given without the express permission of the doctor. Even so slight an imprudence as eating a raw apple has been known to cause death.

While roast, boiled and broiled chicken, mutton chop, and beef steak have long held a recognized position in the invalid's bill of fare, the merits of a veal sweetbread have been sadly overlooked. When properly cooked it is a delicious dish, and may tempt a capricious appetite that has grown weary of other viands. A sweetbread should be parboiled for a short time until quite soft, and then fried in a little butter to a delicate brown. It may be served with gravy or white sauce.

Delicious oatmeal gruel may be made by stir-

ring a cupful of oatmeal into a bowl of water, allowing it to stand for a few minutes until the coarsest particles have fallen to the bottom, pouring off the water, and repeating this once or twice. The water must then be boiled, stirring it constantly until it is sufficiently cooked.

Few persons understand properly the art of making lemonade. The lemon should first be rolled between the hands until it is quite soft, the skin removed with a sharp knife, and every pip extracted, the lemon being held over a tumbler that no juice may be lost in the operation. The pulp should then be divided into small pieces, and the sugar thoroughly mixed with it. Last of all the requisite amount of water should be added. Orangeade may be made in the same way as lemonade, using less sugar. They both should be iced. Imperial drink is made by adding a small teaspoonful of cream of tartar dissolved in boiling water to each pint of lemonade.

In some diseases it is impossible to give anything containing acid, and then the ingenuity of the nurse is tested to provide some beverage at once cooling and palatable. Iced tea and coffee are excellent when they are liked, and may be taken either with or without milk. Barley water is made by boiling two ounces of pearl barley, previously well washed, for twenty minutes in a pint and a half of water. It is then strained and flavored with lemon peel and sugar to taste. This may be alternated with flaxseed tea. Steep half an ounce of unbruised flaxseed in a pint of boiling water. Let it stand in a covered jar near a fire for three or four hours; then strain and flavor.

THE TREATMENT OF CONSUMPTION BY "THE SALISBURY METHOD OF DIET."

DR. E. Q. Norton, of Cleveland, in the *Virginia Medical Monthly*, October 1879, having suffered from consumption, gives report of the methods he adopted to secure relief. It would seem all methods—regular, irregular and defective, such as the best and worst medical advice, proprietary medicines and specifics, climate and travel—were tried without benefit. At length, when in a deplorable condition, the Salisbury method of diet was tried, and resulted in cure. Quite a number of illustrative cases are given at the close of the article. The "method of cure" is as follows: The patient must be restricted to a meat diet. One mouthful of bread or boiled rice to six of meat, and a cup of tea or coffee, without sugar or milk, may be permitted. Not less than an hour before each meal and at bedtime the patient should drink one half-pint of hot water. This is to wash out the stomach and bowels, and remove the unhealthy ferments that may be in them. It is an excellent appetizer, and does more good than medicines. On retiring he takes a hot-water bath containing a tablespoonful of ammonia, and finishes with brisk rubbing. The meat diet may not be very pleasant at first, but in a few days the patient becomes accustomed to it and rather relishes his new mode of life. It is well to have the supervision of a competent physician

to direct the amount of exercise, recreation, etc., and to strengthen weak resolutions in those who have not perseverance to continue the treatment alone.

DRINKING ICE WATER

THERE is no more doubt that drinking ice water arrests digestion than there is that a refrigerator would arrest perspiration. It drives from the stomach its natural heat, suspends the flow of gastric juice, and shocks and weakens the delicate organs with which it comes in contact. An able writer on human diseases says: Habitual ice-water drinkers are usually very flabby about the region of the stomach. They complain that their food lies heavy on that patient organ. They taste their dinners for hours after it is bolted. They cultivate the use of stimulants to aid digestion. If they are intelligent, they read about food and what the physician has to say about it—how long it takes cabbage and pork and beef and potatoes, and other meats and esculents to go through the process of assimilation. They roar at new bread, hot cakes and fried meat, imagining these to have been the cause of their maladies. But ice water goes down all the same, and finally friends are called in to take a farewell look at one whom a mysterious Providence has called to a climate where, as far as is known, ice water is not used. The number of immortals who go hence to return no more, on account of an injudicious use of ice water, can hardly be estimated—*Baltimore Sun*.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

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

[For the Voice of Angels.]

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

BY SPIRIT MAY.

ALL day long the leafy branches
Of the stately maple-tree
Waved their banners in the breezes,
Bold and fearless, strong and free;
All day long the golden sunshine
Bathed the pretty flowers in light,
As they peeped above the grasses
And revealed their faces bright.

All day long a merry songster
Warbled in the leafy tree,
Waking all the air with music,
Thrilling all the hours with glee;
For he held a happy secret
'Neath his crimson mottled coat,
Cause of all the liquid gladness
Bubbling from his downy throat.

Let me tell to you the secret—
In a dainty, pretty nest,
Hid among the leafy branches,
There were cuddled down to rest
Little tiny, cunning birdlings,
Three in number—to you see,
This was why the merry songster
Warbled in his happy glee.

All day long the birdies wondered
What this strange, bright world could be,
While their gentle-hearted mother
Hushed them with her tender "Wee";
And the happy, singing father
Brought them goodies fresh to eat,
As he told them famous stories
Of the flowers pure and sweet.

What a happy, joyous Summer
Came to bless the maple-tree,
As the birdies grew in beauty,
Strength and vigor, full and free;

And they filled the earth with music,
Charmed the sunshine, woke the flowers,
As they brought a peaceful blessing
To the golden-hearted hours.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE REVIEWER.

STORY'S SUBSTANTIALISM.

[CONTINUED.]

ALTHOUGH as tenacious in the belief that "all knowledge comes through the senses," yet the author of "Substantialism" differs materially from the author of "Positive Philosophy" in defining the relations between the senses and that which they sense. Comte virtually ignores any relationship; while Story shows conclusively that the *substance* of the senses and the *substance* of what they sense are counter-forcitive, in virtue of being in counter-spacial conditions, which render them essentially combinable and organically co-operative. That is, man's physical ideals, those on the ovum plane, that constitute his objective organism, are as inseparable from his metaphysical ideals—their prototypes, diffused within Nature's objective organism—as are the elements nucleated as the earth from the elements diffused as its atmosphere, whose relatively minus and plus motility or maturity they respectively represent.

Story recognizes the empyreal fluids that circulate with the speed of thought within the nerves of general and special sense as the *soul* of man's objective organism; their counterparts that ensphere the objective universe being the *soul* of his universe of conceptive creations. His prime organs of general sense are the mouthlets and analets of the afferent and efferent nerves, whose reticulations constitute the inner, or "mucous," and the outer, or "serous," layers of the "germinal membrane," between which their common offspring, the middle or "vascular" layer, becomes developed.

All the nerves that control the internal and external organs are introverted and extroverted from these parent layers; and from the middle layer that subsequently becomes the sanguiferous system.

For reasons too intricate to itemize in a review, the author of "Substantialism" assumes that Articulates are the basic progenitors of Vertebrates; thence assumes that the "ventral cord" of Articulates becomes repeated as the sympathetic nerve of Vertebrates, as the basic counterpart of their "dorsal cord."

The next change in this "germinal membrane" is the formation of the alimentary and spinal canals by foldings in the mucous and serous layers along their medial lines on the ventral and dorsal hemisphere of the nascent embryo.

This doubling over of the nerves reverses their currental relations. Instead of flowing as before in one direction, their fluids now flow in opposite directions. Thenceforth they are anastomosing—"looped," in the sense that those out-tending from these canals are mouthed at the analets of those tending thereto, in like manner as the lymphatics and capillary blood-vessels leading thereto and therefrom, anasto-

mose within the cutaneous and pulmonary air-cells.

These canals being respectively interior and exterior as regards their common offspring, the intermediate currental systems which their nerves build up from germs external to both, (being simply molded *in transitu* through the former,) the genesis of the latter is assumed to be intertypal of the genesis of our world's intermediate strata; the nutrient substance involved being molded *in transitu* through its aqueo-earthly and super-ærial strata—the assumed prototypes of these canals.

This process is now clearly revealed in the conduction of earthy or negative electricity, and of super-ærial or positive electricity, thro' the sun's direct and reflex empyreal rays; and through ascending and descending aqueous vapors, our world's counter-tending nerves and counter-tending lymphatics.

These changes in direction, like "breaks" in a battery, duplicate the motive power of the nerves, by whose insulating fluids the embryo becomes discreted from its surrounding pabula. Recognizing the genesis of the human organism as necessarily intertypal of the genesis of our world—its strata of subsistence, within which it is both pre-natally and post-natally gestated—the author assumes that inasmuch as the last-named change is prior to the development of the "amniotic membrane," by means of which the embryo becomes completely surrounded by a dual stratum of amniotic waters, between whose inner and outer folds the "allantoic membrane" becomes developed, thereby surrounding the embryo with an intermediate stratum of ærial compounds, its condition represents the condition of our world prior to the development of its dual stratum of surface and meteoric water and its interposed ærial stratum. That the outgrowth of our world's strata of different compounds, all of which are currental, is the growth of their inter-subsistent entities as the constituent traits of its organism, and that its vitality, its sentience, and its self-consciousness is but the sum of theirs, is unquestionable. By parity of reasoning, the outgrowth of the different currental systems of man's organism, within which the essential representatives of the mechanical powers of all our world's priorly developed entities are repeated as the constituent traits of humanity, is the ingrowth of the essential offspring of our world's present entities, (assimilated as nutriment,) into corresponding forms; his vitality, sentience, and self-consciousness being simply the sum of theirs.

To pure Reason, which is essentially archetypal, there can be no *formula* of reasoning showing why man's pre-natal organism should grow into the same specific structure as that of its pre-natal matrix, the maternal organism, that will not as clearly show that it must needs grow into the same general structure as that of its post-natal matrix, our world's organism. The effect in both cases is the result of the transformations and conformations of the essential germs involved, which were priorly nutrient to our world's different strata of entities, thence nutrient to the world of entities within corresponding strata of man's organism.

[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 "Pneumatos."]

"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 Past?
All that He was to Poets of old time?
All that he was to hero souls, who clad
Their sun-bright minds in adamantine mail
Of constancy, and walked the world with Him?"

[CONCLUDED.]

We now call attention to the remarkable physical Spirit manifestation in reference to this same Apostle and Medium Peter, recorded in the twelfth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. This is the release of Peter from prison by an angel, or Spirit. Peter had been placed in close, hard prison by the wicked King Herod:

6. "And when Herod would have brought him forth, the same night, Peter was sleeping between two soldiers, bound with chains; and the keepers before the door kept the prison."

7. "And, behold, the angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shone in the prison, and he smote Peter on one side, and raised him up, saying, Arise up quickly. And his chains fell from off his hands."

9. "And he went out and followed him" (the Spirit.)

And the Spirit opened the iron gate, and Peter went forth in the streets, and the helping and releasing Spirit disappeared—in other words, *dematerialized*, and was no more seen by the Medium Peter.

How does this ancient Spirit fact compare with modern data? Have we any thing like it? Yes, we answer, almost exactly like it. We have heard of several Mediums being released from prisons and other confinements; but we can tell of one instance, authentically conveyed to us, of a Union soldier being confined in a hard and close prison, and in fetters and shackles, too, by the rebels in the late war, and when they thought they had him safe enough, in the night, like Peter, his fetters and shackles were thrown off of him, his ponderous cell-door was thrown open, the great door of the jail was unlocked and opened, and the Medium walked forth in his own person in the streets of the city, to the complete astonishment and amazement of the rebel citizens next morning when he showed himself among them. This Medium we knew well. He was more than once imprisoned in the jails of the rebels, and every time he was so imprisoned he was released by the Spirits who controlled him in his Mediumship. This, of course, was a remarkable instance of recent Spirit-manifestations, but it is authentic and credible and creditable! It is true.

But who has not seen or heard of the many Mediums on exhibition before the public being relieved from ropes, shackles and fetters by their Spirits? Why, in recent times, it has been an almost every day and night occurrence. Believe them or disbelieve them as you may, and fight

for them or against them as so many there are to take sides, and do!

We wish to call attention to another thing about Peter, in this very same chapter, of some import and consequence. When Peter felt himself entirely relieved from prison, fully recognizing the aid and help of the Spirit-angel, and came to his normal position, he went to the house of Mary, the mother of John, where many were gathered together praying, and he knocked at the gate. The damsel, Rhoda, reported his (Peter's) knocking, and his presence at the gate to those who were within the house, and they thought she was mad.

15. "But she constantly affirmed that it was even so. Then, said they, it is his angel."

Now, is not this a full recognition upon the part of these disciples within the house of Mary of the capacity of angels or Spirits to be engaged in knocking or rapping? And when Peter came in, they still continued to think it was his Spirit, for it was their belief, no doubt, that Herod had made way with Peter, and Peter, in *propria persona*, had a hard time in persuading his brethren and sisters that he was Peter himself, yet in the body, and had been released from prison by a Spirit, and was not a Spirit himself. This Spirit-manifestation altogether furnishes much food for serious and consequential meditation and reflection, and its like occurs in many instances in modern times!

We allude to and refer to one more Spirit-manifestation of the New Testament. This is in the Apocalypse, or the Book of Revelation. Indeed the whole Book of Revelation, in all its twenty-two wonderful and marvellous chapters, is but a series of clairvoyant and clairaudient Spirit and Spiritual-manifestations; or, taken altogether, it is one great and most remarkable clairvoyant and clairaudient Spirit-manifestation. Let us look at the beginning, the first chapter of this Revelation, and first and second verses:

1. "The Revelation of Jesus Christ which God gave to him, to show unto his servants things which must shortly come to pass, and he sent and signified it by his angel unto his servant John."

2. "Who bore record of the word of God, and of the testimony of Jesus Christ, and of all things that he saw."

Again John says—that being "in the isle that is called Patmos—

10. "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day and heard behind me a great voice as of a trumpet."

11. "Saying, I am Alpha and Omega—the first and the last; and what thou seest write in a book," etc.

Here we have it from his own testimony, the Apostle St. John the Evangelist, a clairvoyant and clairaudient Medium; a Spirit seer and hearer, like many Mediums of this very day! And then John recounts at length the visions that he saw, and the voices that he heard; and these, of all that is in the Bible, are the most wonderful, marvellous and miraculous, and have not been understood and appreciated, perhaps even unto this day; and when they will be, nobody knows. It will require the Spirits of

highest degree to rightly interpret the Apocalypse, without a doubt; it does seem beyond—quite beyond the power of mortal man to compass it. We know it has been repeatedly tried of compass, but who knows that it has been successfully done? Our Mediums of today see many symbolic, and allegorical and figurative visions—some of them incapable of interpretation and explanation, and in this they are like St. John on the little Isle of Patmos! We have Mediums, then, after the manner and style of St. John, although they are not yet sainted and sanctified by name or in the hearts and minds of the people.

But hear what John says in his last chapter, and upon this let us look and reflect somewhat:

8. "And I, John, saw these things and heard them. And when I had heard them and seen, I fell down to worship before the feet of the angel, which shewed me these things."

9. "Then saith he unto me, 'See thou do it not; for I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren, the Prophets, and of them which keep the saying of this book; worship God.'"

Here is a complete showing that the author of the visions manifested to John was an angel or Spirit; the Spirit, indeed, of one of his brethren, the Prophets—the Spirit of a brother Medium! John himself fell down to worship, as he thought, the person of God Himself. But it was not so; no one hath seen God at any time; it was but a brother Spirit, who had been a human being like John upon the earth, and he desired no humiliation to himself, no worship. He said to John, "Worship God!" Does not this all prove that Spirits did communicate in ancient days through their Media? Where there was a holy and proper Medium like John, there there would be holy and proper communion and communication. And if this was so in ancient times, why not now? Why, why not now? If God is always the same—and to be God, He must be—there are Mediums today, and the Spirits of the Spirit-world, holding and taking their advantage and opportunity, communicate to their friends, and if proper and necessary through these Mediums to the world, as they were in the habit of doing in days of yore, and as they will continue to do in the present, and all future time, thank heaven!

We can not close our New Testament review reference without alluding to the twelfth and fifteenth chapters of First Corinthians, wherein it would seem that the wise and intellectual St. Paul well understood Mediums and Mediumship, and the Spiritual and material bodies, and his understanding of them corresponds, in an inferior degree, however, to our better intelligence of these days. Hear what Paul says, twelfth chapter, first verse: "Now, concerning Spiritual-gifts, brethren, I would not have you ignorant."

4. "Now, there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit."

7. "But the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal."

8. "For to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge by the same Spirit."

9. "To another faith by the same Spirit; to

another the gifts of healing by the same Spirit."

10. "To another the working of miracles; to another prophecy; to another discerning of Spirits; to another divers kinds of tongues; to another the interpretation of tongues."

And elsewhere in his Epistles he refers to some of these various gifts—these God-gifts to Mediums. It will be readily seen, that Paul enumerates only some of the many and various classes of the Mediums who are now instructing the world from the Spirits, but all those he does mention are to be found today, and many others who in the great light and progress of this age—this *beginning new age*—are made use of by the Spirits of the Spirit-world to show us denizens of the earth what we are and what we are destined for.

Paul in the fifteenth chapter prophesies and predicts that "the last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." Eighteen hundred years have elapsed, and now the prophecy and prediction is being fulfilled. Death is fast losing all its terrors, and the enlightened of the world are beginning to see and appreciate the grand words of the great Apostle. We now know that, heretofore horrible and terrible, death is but the *ordal of a new birth*. We know with Paul, who says in the same chapter, forty-fourth verse: "There is a natural" (or material body) "and there is a Spiritual-body," and we know that death is nothing but throwing or casting off this material body to take on in clearness and cleanliness our true, eternal Spiritual-body. We know now, with Paul, in the same chapter, that "Death is swallowed up in victory," and we can well exclaim in solemn gladness with him: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

Thus then we have given a brief cursory review of the Bible, both the Old and the New Testaments, to cull therefrom, and collect together, the Spirit-manifestations recorded within its sacred pages. We have not gathered them all, but we have presented enough to show that Spirits and Spiritualism are no new things under the sun, for there is of a truth nothing new under the sun, God being the same always. We have shown the miracles of former times to be of the same God's works as those occurring to revive and bless the world today; and we solemnly and seriously invite the attention of those who have not heard or seen as yet the great feast that is set before them: Come ye hungry and thirsty and ye shall be fed, and drink shall be given you, and that copiously and abundantly. Oh! God is the Great Spirit, and his angels are ministering Spirits, and the gifted Mediums of this world are their earthly instruments, through whom the true gospel of real glad tidings comes to the world, to bless us and prepare us for another and a better world, where

"There's perpetual spring, perpetual youth,
No joint benumbing cold, nor scorching heat,
Faint no nor age have any being there."

MONEY in your purse will credit you—wisdom in your head will adorn you—but both in your necessity will serve you.

CANDOR is the brightest gem of criticism.—*Disraeli*.

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

TO L. S.,

FROM JOSEPH SIMMONS' SPIRIT, THROUGH MRS. JULIA FISH, IN ANSWER TO A SPECIAL REQUEST.

Why ask of me, when you are fed
Each day with soul-reviving bread
From abler hands than mine—whose rhos
I feel unworthy even to unloose?
Trust all to them. A master-hand
Is at the helm, and he will land
Your storm-tossed but life-saving boat
In harbor, where serenely float
Majestic ships that once did brave
The fury of wild wind and wave.
Securely anchored, heavenly calm is now
Upon them resting, while, from stern to prow,
The golden sunlight lingers with a touch
Of radiant glory—benediction such
As shines on martyr, who for truth's dear sake
"Will mount the scaffold or embrace the stake."
Such is the place, my brother, that awaits
Your coming hence. Bright pearly gates
Will open before you, when your work is done,
And you, like weary pilgrim, seek your home.
Then sweet the words of welcome that begin:
"Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter in
To joys long since prepared for those who do
The Master's will in all things here below!
Who neither seek for worldly fame nor gold,
But strive the laws of justice to uphold."
Good angels guide and guard with tender care
Both you and all your loved ones—never tear.

ANAHAIN, California.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

NOVA LUX.

I HAVE found it! I have found it!
"The Philosopher's Stone,"
Sought for by all, yet searched for by none;
The depths of broad ocean
Are fathomed in vain,
And earth furrowed deeply
Throughout her domain.

I have found it! I have found it!
"The Philosopher's Stone,"
The magic of hope from subject to throne;
The light of the world
For all time that has passed,
The hope of the world
The while time shall last.

I have found it! I have found it!
"The Philosopher's Stone,"
Its virtues benign shall hallow the zone;
'Twas lost in the Garden
Of Gethsemane;
The key to all greatness—
God's Word—is with me!

W. DEG.

[From the Religio-Philosophical Journal.]

WHITE SOULS.—WHITE ROSES.

BY MRS. EMMA K. TUTTLE.

If half our dreams of holy days,
When once we gain Heaven's holy highlands,
Could melt into a shining haze,
To beautify earth's barren islands;
If half the lilies floating sweet
Upon the waters over yonder,
Could gladden hearts, too faint to beat
With joy, were it not well, I wonder?

If loving words we think to say,
In silver accents, up in glory,
Were uttered by us, day by day,
How liquid sweet would grow life's story!
How many faces, worn with care,
Would brighten to the call of duty;
How full of music were the air,
How redolent this world of beauty!

If half the noble deeds we know
The blessed angels do above us,
Began on earth, less cold and slow
Were we to think the dear dead love us;
We should not look for moon-like eyes,
Pearl-cold to shine in heavenward distance,
But near and far the bending skies
Would lighten with our friends' existence,

If half the beauty, which we pray
May garment us in lands immortal,

Might bud on earth, and shape the clay
We wear this side the crystal portal;
If Love, the artist most divine,
In moulding human clay to beauty,
Could over rule Ambition's shrine,
And thus make loveliness a duty;

The world would have more radiant heads
Fit for a circlet of white roses,
So many sleeping in white beds,
Where come no daybreaks or day-closes.
'Twere better that we meekly wear
The pure white flowers on foreheads holy,
Making our lives a fervent prayer,
Than don them with our grave-clothes lowly.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

NO CROSS, NO CROWN.

ANSWER TO "SPIRIT ANSWER TO PRAYER."

BY MISS JOSIE HUTCHINSON.

WHAT were life without its crosses?
What were life without the storm?
God in heaven heeds the losses,
Man material is up-borne.

Hills and dales make up the landscape,
Lights and shadows for the mind;
Truth inwrought with sweetest patience
Make the wealth of human kind.

At the cross we lay our burden,
All for Love we give to thee;
May the holy aspiration
Guide our lives from error free.

Crown of Peace! We hail thy presence!
Pass not by our hearth-stone here;
Give us of the sweet assurance,
God is Love; He dries the tear.

CHICAGO, Illinois.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

PLACES I HAVE SEEN.

NUMBER TEN.

BY SPIRIT VIOLET.

IMAGINE, if you can, a magnificent temple built of a kind of white translucent stone, which, as the sunlight falls upon it, glows and sparkles with the bright, prismatic hues of the rainbow; imagine this temple to be so vast and spacious in its dimensions that its brilliant dome seems to pierce the snowy clouds, while in length it extends as far as the eye can reach; imagine delicate vines, wreaths and pictures carved exquisitely upon the outer walls of this building, while a magnificent garden, blooming in the rich luxuriance of Summer, surrounds it on every side; and after you have imagined all this, you will have a faint idea of that massive temple of Harmonial City, where artists of every grade congregate to pursue their favorite studies.

The interior of this splendid palace is hung with richest drapery, and adorned with rarest works of art, creations of those Artist-Spirits whose delight it is to give outward expression to the ideals of beauty within their souls.

Mortal eyes have never witnessed such forms of skillful, beauteous art, so life-like in every sense, so soul-thrilling, as are gathered here. Mortal ears fail to catch the celestial tones of harmony, the divine notes of melody, that are uttered

here by Spirits who appear to be all music, all harmony.

The interior of this beautiful building is divided into four spacious compartments, with one vast hall over all.

The lower halls are devoted to sculpture, painting, music and poetry. Each one is fitted up grandly, hung with shimmering drapery, and adorned with forms of peerless beauty. Here the student lingers, his soul entranced with the glory of his work, his being illuminated with the divine inspiration he gathers in this place.

The whole edifice, with its splendid appointments, is like a divine poem, a completed strain of harmony, a perfect picture, or a finished statue of grace and symmetry. And the forms and faces of the masters who dispense instruction to the student give glory and benignity to the whole.

The vast hall above is the most beautiful place I have ever seen—paved with white and gold, the walls hung with exquisite paintings, adorned with gleaming statuary, save here and there where openings admit the balmy, perfumed air; the ceiling of white and azure, gemmed with golden stars; the shining fountains in the floor, which send up sprays of crystal water, the baskets of richly blooming flowers, swinging here and there; the grand stands of shining gold, where the favored children of genius gather; the silken couches and dais for the visiting company—all present a scene of richness and beauty hard to be excelled.

In this place grand entertainments are given. Here the denizens of the city and elsewhere are admitted, to feast the intellect upon the wondrous creations of artist, poet, sculptor and musician, and to listen to instructive lectures upon the arts. And it is indeed a feast to the soul to attend one of these receptions; it is an experience which draws the Spirit upward, and elevates it into a purer, more refined condition; for purity and goodness are the themes of the artist's inspiration, and love broods over all, manifested in the desire to instruct and bless every life.

This is the largest temple I have ever seen, although many smaller ones, erected for like purposes, are scattered throughout the higher spheres of Spirit-life.

GENERAL J. W. Phelps of Brattleborough, Vt., attributes the present violent tornadoes to the cessation since 1873 of the northern lights, which for more than ten years before had been of almost nightly occurrence. He believes that the tornadoes are electrical, and that their direction is almost invariably from the southwest, and he thinks that they can be in a measure arrested by small magazines of powder or by making a towering flame of fire upon their approach.

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EDITORIAL.

ARE ALL CONDITIONS NECESSARY?

AT the end of a business letter, the writer says, among other things: "Now, Mr. Editor, although I see much in your little paper to admire, yet there are some things I cannot understand. For instance, you advocate the idea that all conditions, of every name and nature, in which people find themselves surrounded in this whirling, bustling world, are not only in accord with a Divine order of things, but positively necessary to the unfolding and growth of the possibilities of the human soul. Now, this may be all true in the abstract, but I confess my inability to understand it; and if it is not asking too much, I wish you would tell me, either privately or publicly, through the **VOICE**, by what rule of logic you arrive at such conclusions. I am a novice in these things, which may account for my obtuseness. I have just begun to look into the claims of modern Spiritualism, and as I see things now, it is the grandest and most comprehensive philosophy ever advocated in the annals of the human race, and I would like to see all boulders removed that can retard its advancement.

Truly, A. J. K."

REMARKS.

We have dwelt so much upon the above simple, though all-important and comprehensive question and cognate ones, first and last, that to most of our readers it will be but a rehearsal in substance, if not in words, of what has already been commented upon scores of times before. Yet, notwithstanding all this, with a hope of benefitting our friend, and maybe others in like condition, who are trying to solve the problem of mundane life understandingly, we will do the best we can to satisfy him that our premises are tenable. The subject is so vast and comprehensive in all its length and breadth, that we shall not attempt an exhaustive reply, but merely touch upon some of its main features, to show it is in accord not only with natural, but Divine laws; and we start out with the unqualified assertion

that, however objectionable the lower conditions are to almost everybody, they are absolutely and positively necessary, not only in unfolding the possibilities of the human soul, but the unfolding and up-building of everything throughout the boundless realms of Mother Nature. This, in short, is the substance of our thoughts upon the subject; and it remains to be seen whether its validity can be sustained or not.

To begin with, progression means, if anything, to grow or unfold from a low or small condition to a higher or larger one. This no one will attempt to question. Hence it follows, as a logical sequence, that as all conditions in heaven and earth, including man, are subject to this universal law of unfoldment and growth, there must be, in the very nature of things, a common starting point from whence every living thing commenced its incipient life. If this is conceded—and we do not see how it can well be questioned—then it follows as an inevitable and indisputable fact, that the highest unfolded angel, that the most flighty imagination can conceive of, roaming through the celestial fields of higher conditions, took its start from the very lowest earthly condition, the clodhopper of today; and from that low or small beginning, through the slow process of unfoldment and growth, became in proper time a welcome inmate of the higher abodes.

From this it will be seen that the lower conditions, whether they apply to the physical or Spiritual part of man's nature, and which our friend seems to deplore as unworthy of serious thought, are in reality the fathers and mothers of all conditions, from the very lowest, and the only means by and through which the soul—or in fact anything else, as to that—can progress at all; for the simple reason that the higher or larger is always an outgrowth of the lower and smaller. Hence, if there were none of these lower conditions, there could not, in the very nature of things, be higher ones, unless everything that crawls, creeps and walks on the face of the broad earth was made full-sized, as the Bible tells us men and things were produced in the first place. In that way, and no other, is it possible to do away with the lower conditions, either in a Spiritual, moral or physical sense.

If the biblical account of man's first appearance in the Garden of Eden was literally true, and the process had been kept up all down the ages—that is, if all living things had been made as the Bible tells us men and things were produced in the first

place—there would be no prattling babes or happy, playful boys and girls to greet the ears and eyes of loving parents with their joyous, rollicking mirth, on returning from school; for in that case there would be no need of school-houses or teachers, as everybody would come into the world, as did the first man Adam, full-grown adepts, not only physically, morally and Spiritually as he did, but well versed in all the fine arts and scientific attainments of the age, and full fledged in all the finer accomplishments and literature of the day. But this process of creating things ceased with the first set, God having taken the precaution to so construct them that they were self-producing, thus saving himself an immense amount of hard work and trouble.

The moment that this new process of manufacturing men and things was inaugurated, the lower conditions came into notice, and became all at once the most important, in fact, the *all-important* factors in the production not only of the *genus homo*, but everything else, in all departments of nature. For instance, the water-lily, the most beautiful aromatic flower in God's floral kingdom, which, before the new order of things was in operation, was made full-grown, after that important event took place, was obliged to take its starting point in the mud and filth of stagnant pools, filled with loathsome insects and repulsive reptiles; and as these beautiful productions of nature started from those low conditions, so the highest Spirit we can conceive of takes its start amid the mud and filth of ignorance and superstition; and not unlike the lily, through the slow process of unfoldment and growth, becomes free from all earthly adherents, and eventually pure.

From the above imperfect deductions, our friend can but see and acknowledge that all conditions are necessary in unfolding not only the possibilities of the human soul, but everything else over the broad, broad earth.

If we have not made things intelligible, he must pardon us. We have been over the same ground so often, and the facts in the case are so self-evident—to our mind, at least—that it is difficult to bring forward any new arguments to prove the justice and truth of our deductions.

Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character. —*Jeremy Taylor.*

THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

TUNIE.

DARLING FATHER:—Do you recollect that rough, coarse, unhappy man we introduced to you some two or three months ago, who acted so ugly towards you and all the rest of us? [I told her I did, but I didn't want to see him again; to which Tunie said:] Well, he is here, father, and he told me if you would let him into your Circle this evening, (and I believe he was in earnest,) he wouldn't speak a bad word, and would behave himself like a gentleman.

[I told her that although I would do almost anything she requested, yet to this I emphatically demurred; to which she replied:] I fear if you refuse to see him, father, he will grow worse than ever, and his poor patient, suffering wife will lose control of him entirely. So, not so much to please him, although he really wants to come, but to gratify his anxious wife, I wish you would allow him an audience. I will tell him what the consequences will be if he forgets his promises on this occasion, as he did the last time. What say, father mine, shall I bring him in?

[Well, Tute, there's no getting rid of your importunities, and I might have known that in the first place. Yes, bring him along.]

Thank you, she says, and off she darted. A moment or two after, I saw her and all her band coming towards me with the object of her solicitude and his wife in the centre of the group, and enter the room. When near to where I was standing, the band opened to the right and left, when the man I so much dreaded to meet stood face to face with me. To my utter astonishment, he saluted me in the most fraternal and cordial manner, and at once made an apology for his insulting language and bombastic behavior on his first entrance two or three months before, and begged me in the most humble manner to forgive him, which I was only too willing to do. He then said that he was aware of what he said and did on that occasion and wanted to do differently, but in spite of all his efforts to the contrary, he was forced to do and say just what he did; "and after I left you," said he, "I found I was under the influence of a powerful, malicious Spirit, who was trying to prevent me from coming here, and besides he wanted to break up the harmony existing here. And now that we understand each other," continued he, "I will not monopolize more of your time, as there are many others waiting to take the first step towards a higher condition. But before doing so I wish to say that I have seen this very Spirit since then, and with a mock pretension to goodness, by praying and exhorting through two of your best Mediums, has gained the reputation of a pure, high, and holy Spirit from his credulous listeners; and when the latter would be ejaculating 'How beautiful!' and 'How grand!' at the same time he would put his thumb on his nose and wiggle his five digits, and wink to his chums, as much as to say, 'See the dupes; how easily they are gulled!' etc.; and by pursuing such a course he has ensconced himself so completely in the affections of his Mediums—at

least one of them—that no power on earth can make the Medium and his particular patrons believe the wily Spirit is anything else than what he claims. He (the Spirit referred to) is highly educated and intelligent, and to carry on his duplicity and deception, he finds out the general characteristics of some one in Spirit-life, which the Medium nor any of his friends ever knew or heard of, and gives a communication through the Medium, purporting to come from the stranger Spirit, and requests it to be sent to the Spirit's friends, it may be in a distant town or city, with a request that it may be given to a certain person living there. By due course, a letter is received by the now jubilant and honest Medium—for he was as true as the sun—from the party the message was for, telling how correct it was in all of its details, with such beautiful tests, winding up with, 'It must be from my brother John,' or whatever relative it might be. Now, although such messages are always correct in detail, and the tests perfect, yet, as far as its coming from the Spirit it purported to, it was an absolute fraud. Although such cases do occur, yet they are exceptional compared to thousands of true ones. My object in stating this is only to put people on their guard, and not accept anything upon the *ipsi dixit* of any one, whether in a mortal body or out of it, no matter who it purports to be, unless it tallies with their reason and best judgment.

"When lauding the above Spirit for his goodness, at one time, some one said, 'Dear Spirit, what can I do to assist the glorious cause?' he said, sarcastically, 'Dear Spirit, indeed! I wonder why in h—l they didn't *dear* me before I left the body, and not turn the cold shoulder on me when I needed their sympathy! If they had done that, instead of lying about me, it would have shown their sincerity, and been the means of keeping me out of hell, where I am now. Dear Spirits! Bosh! I'll fix some of them yet, and especially one hypocrite, who delights in nothing so much as living on the downfall of others; and he a great Spiritualist, and pretending to almost infinite goodness, and who was and is still looked upon as such.'

"Now, such things are constantly transpiring every day, and no wonder at their—the tabooed Spirits—sensitiveness.

"Thanking you for your kindness and patience to me, and with a sincere desire to be of some little service in the great army of progression, I bid you good night.—A. B. O."

DR. W. L. JACK.

WE are happy to inform our friends and patrons that Dr. W. L. Jack has entirely recovered from his late illness, and is busy in attending to his patients and patrons at his usual locality at Ivy Dell Place, corner Winona and Honto streets. We are also informed that Dr. Jack will attend the Lake Pleasant Camp-meeting, where we trust he will busy himself in curing the sick in both soul and body. Dr. Jack is not only one of the best healers in the land,

but one of the best Mediums for Spirits to commune through to their friends still in earth-life that can be found.

[Selected by M. J. K.]

GOD AND HEAVEN.

Oh, I would live away! I am willing to stay
Where sunshine and flowers enliven the way;
The bright, rosy mornings that dawn on us here
Are full of God's beauty and blessings to cheer.

Who would not live always in his world of light?
Death is but a change, as the day follows night.
Away with the doctrine of hell and the tomb!
The light of God's truth shall disperse all the gloom.

We do not, we can not live far from our God,
Away from some heaven, some blissful abode—
Some far-away dream-land, some region of air;
We must live where God is, since he's everywhere!

Where'er we find Beauty, Truth, Goodness and Love,
There's heaven! Whether here, or beneath, or above.
There celestial symphonies ceaselessly roll,
And the goodness of God is the feast of the soul.

[Olive Branch.]

SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE,
JUNE 13TH, 1880,
THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

INVOCATION, BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

Oh, Thou whom we delight to worship
as our Father who art in heaven! we approach Thee with confidence, to make known to Thee our requests, knowing that Thou wilt receive every soul tenderly, knowing Thou doth listen to the beseeching, sorrowing spirit with kindness and love.

We thank Thee that Thou art the Comforter, the Consoler, in every hour of distress; that Thou art the Aid and Sustainer of all who look to Thee.

Blessed Father! while we can say the past experiences of life have brought us nearer to Thee—although there are times of darkness when we cannot see the way—yet, where we cannot comprehend, we can trust Thee as the Infinite One whose ways are ever just, too wise to err, too good to be unkind.

We bless Thee that in the midst of sorrow we can come to Thee, laying our burdens at thy feet, and receiving of thy strength and succor.

Holy Father! we bless Thee that thine angels are permitted to return and join with thy earthly ones in the so dear sweet song "Nearer to Thee!" We bless Thee for their grand revealments of life; we thank Thee for the flowers of peace; may they grow and expand, until we shall cull them at last in thy own sweet home.

FANNY RANDALL.

I'm a little girl; I come away off from Salt Lake; I've been in the pretty Spirit-world three years. My mamma felt awfully when I died: but I came right back to her, 'cause she's a Medium, and I

could make her feel me after a while. I'm growing fast, and learning lots of things. My auntie takes care of me, and she is just as pretty and good as she can be.

My name is Fanny. [Fanny what?] Randall. My mamma's name is Lizzie. It was just about this time when I died. Oh, my mamma did feel so bad!

I want to send my love home. I go home every day, and the Spirits have happy times at our home. There have been clouds and sorrow. Please say the angels love them all, and by-and-bye they will meet us every one in the dear Spirit-home we have got for them. That's what auntie wants Fannie to say.

I have got a birdie; I bring it home sometimes, and I bring flowers too. I like you for letting me come. I came here once before, but couldn't speak.

I have a dear good papa, too, and he's kind, and there's lots of us here who want to send love, and to bless them all and the little ones. That's what they say.

JOHN HARTLEY.

GOOD EVENING, sir. John Hartley was my name; I was engineer for a time in New York. I have friends there I want to meet—Jones by name—William and Thomas. I want them to give me an opportunity to come and speak to them on private matters, particularly about the old mill out of town.

I never knew much what it was to be ill; I was pretty strong and robust. I died from an accident; had not much time to prepare myself; but I find myself pretty cleverly off. I did not know much concerning these things, but I am willing to learn. I am picking up information here and there, bit by bit, as I go along. My friends can tell you I was in the habit of doing that when on earth.

I left no family. I have a sister, who is the wife of one of the men I have mentioned. I think she would like to hear from me; I send her my love. I have met mother and father, and they are united in a good home. Little Willie is with them.

I am not settled, but knocking around in search of something new.

SARAH A. LEONARD.

I AM a stranger to you and to this thing. [You are welcome.] I am from Milwaukee; my name is Sarah A. Leonard. I was very weak when I died; and I seem to feel it now. I died and was buried away from home, but I want my family to know I was with them soon after. I tried so hard to make some of them hear or see me! I could see them, but they did not know

I was there. It seemed so very strange, I knew not what to make of it. Since then, my daughter has married and moved away. I would like her to know her mother approves of her choice and blesses her with love.

I send my love to all my family and friends. My husband's name is James Leonard. Some time I would like to have him visit a Medium, and let me come to him; I think I can do so after coming here. They will be glad to know I am happy and well.

I have met my friends; my parents and little Susie are with me. All is good here for the soul who seeks to do right, and tries to love its neighbor and envy no one.

I thank you. [Come again.] I would like to.

MORNING STAR.

How DO, good pale-faces? [How do you do?] Me good. Morning Star comes to speak through talk paper; she comes from far East to speak to pale-faces. Morning Star say, Be good, pale-faces; be good and kind; speak well to the squaws and braves; be gentle to little papposes; let the Good Spirit shine through your hearts in warm gladness upon every one you meet. Then will the Spirits come from the Happy Hunting-grounds to bless your way and bring you good cheer.

Morning Star's Medi will be glad she come. She say to Medi, Fear not; the light from the hunting-grounds shines around your wigwam; the blanket of love covers you; new friends come to you when the Morning-Star breaks in the East and tells the coming of a new day. Be strong and true to the good Spirits, and all will be well.

Morning Star likes you, pale-faces; likes this wigwam—pretty, pretty, with the Spirit beauty. She gets strength here to carry far off. Morning Star loves the blooming flower; it is the smile of the Great Spirit, shining everywhere in field and forest and by wayside to bless the poor Indian and the pale-face.

FATHER TAYLOR.

AS WE sail along the voyage of life, good friends, finding here and there a precious pearl, or sounding the deep to solve its mysteries, we find ourselves at times returning to familiar ports; and so I am glad to cast anchor for a time in this fair haven, and in company with that brave soul, Sebastian Streeter, (here present,) give you greeting.

I am Father Taylor. [Father Taylor, we are indeed glad to meet you.] And I am glad to be here. I find you still ahead, and it is good; there is much work to be

done, drift-wood to be picked up, and to see what use can be made of it. I never yet found any being adrift but what I found good in him, found her of some use. We have wrecks to explore, and to determine what good may be brought out of them. There is work enough for us all to do, and woe to him who is idle, having the light and power; ill betide him, if he use them not for the salvation of the race from bondage.

I feel to send out my heartfelt greeting to all friends, and to tell them I hold all in deep remembrance. Each year brings some valued friend up aloft, and the time is not far distant when all who knew Father Taylor will greet him once more in that land where worth not lucre makes the man.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

CANDIA, June 6th, 1880.

D. C. DENSMORE:—*Dear Friend*,—In the VOICE OF ANGELS of March 15th, I read a communication from Clara E. Staples, through M. T. Shelhamer. I have been waiting for her husband, James S. Staples, to acknowledge the communication; but as he has not, and does not take the paper, perhaps he has failed to see it. I was acquainted with Mrs. Staples, and visited her at her home in Charlestown, a few months previous to her passing away, and can testify to the truthfulness of her communication.

Yours, kindly,

MRS. A. B. F. ROBERTS.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

A CHAPTER OF STARTLING INCIDENTS.

SPIRIT PROPHECY, HAUNTED HOUSES, ETC.

THERE is nothing oftener exemplified in everyday life than the old saying that "truth is stranger than fiction," a solemn fact which I would like to impress very forcibly upon my reader's mind, if he, she, or they should feel inclined to doubt in any degree the probability of the story which I am about to relate—a story somewhat difficult of digestion for weak stomachs, but which happened under my own personal observation, and which, therefore, I feel an undoubted right to put forward as an illustration, adding nothing by way of embellishment, and keeping back only the real names of the actors concerned, from motives of consideration.

It was during the summer following the close of the Rebellion that I first became acquainted with the remarkable person, whom I shall introduce to you simply as Ellen S—. She was a young married lady, a visitor in our neighborhood at the time, accompanied by her husband—a clairvoyant, it was vaguely rumored, but of whose powers nothing could be intelligently affirmed.

A chance meeting, in company with my special friend, Viola Brantley, resulted in the friendly intimacy of the three families and the

close companionship of ourselves, during which we had frequent opportunities to prove the truth of her reputed faculty for prophecy. Of course, this suggested the kindred topics of Spiritualism, Mesmerism, etc., and as we had all some little experience in that line, we determined to establish a Circle for further investigation.

Accordingly, the evening was appointed, and the first seance held in the parlor of my father's house. The results were such as to surprise us all. We joined hands, with the lights shaded into semi-darkness, and after a few moments sitting, Ellen passed into her customary trance, evidently induced by the magnetism of the Circle, as she was extremely susceptible.

Her husband, Mr. S——, soon became violently agitated. Leaning back in his chair, he threw up his hands, gasping and struggling as though in the act of drowning. Indeed, so perfect was the agonizing portrayal of the scene we could even hear the gurgle of the water as it filled the body, and breaking away from the Circle, we stood in awe-struck silence until the last faint gasp was over and all seemed to settle into the calm of death. Then slowly rising to his feet, he addressed us with the voice and air of a stranger, proclaiming himself as the brother of the lady then in trance, and that his death had been occasioned by the upsetting of his boat upon the Potomac River. Said he, "It is now three days since the occurrence, and they are still looking for the body; but it will never be found, having become entangled among some sunken drifts further down, near the shore. I am glad it will not, since its recovery would only serve to deepen the grief of my friends, and necessitate a useless expense. I am satisfied now, and I have come here tonight hoping to be able to prove my own identity and establish the truth of Spirit-communication by announcing my own decease."

Meantime, Ellen had awakened from her trance during this recital, and now sat gazing at her husband with a look of mingled anxiety and astonishment, which, as he proceeded, gradually gave way to one of dawning terror and recognition.

"My brother!" she ejaculated in a tone of agony, springing to her feet, and then sinking back upon the sofa with a burst of passionate weeping, as though comprehending the whole.

Her unrestrained grief seemed to disturb the Spirit's control, and after a few words of affectionate entreaty, Mr. S—— suddenly found himself conscious of his surroundings, expressing great surprise at the unwonted scene, as well as doubt, when informed of the revelation which had been given through him. But his unconcealed anxiety for his wife, in view of the painful intelligence, was not without good cause. Of a naturally delicate and sensitive constitution, grief long continued and unrestrained soon entirely prostrated her physical forces. In this condition, one of the members of our Circle, a married brother of mine, having had some experience in the art of mesmeric healing, volunteered his services for her relief, which were promptly accepted. The treatment thus commenced proved so beneficial to her, it

was continued even after she had regained her wonted health and cheerfulness, finally monopolizing the chief portion of our investigations, and seances were held every evening, so intensely interesting did they become.

Ellen, subject to the will of her magnetizer, was often sent upon long journeys, deputed to look up missing documents, peer into old love-letters, and reveal their contents, which she would do, to the laughing confusion of the writers or receivers, who could but acknowledge her correctness. Often she would be sent to the post-office, some two miles distant, and going through the expressive pantomime of taking out letters and reading their superscription, would correctly inform us of any which might be destined for members of our Circle.

One strange feature of these progressive experiments was that often in the midst of her automaton-like obedience to her mesmerizer, she would suddenly cease, remaining perfectly indifferent to command or entreaty. Her manner would change, form and features seeming to undergo some inexplicable, though perfectly palpable transformation, and then in a low, thrilling whisper would come some direction or information entirely unlooked for and unsuspected.

Of these communications she was entirely ignorant, unless informed of them afterward, only taking up her conscious identity after the control was withdrawn, exactly where it was dropped when the interruption occurred.

Sometimes she would start independently upon long ærial voyages, describing as she passed the beautiful panorama below of lake and forest and river, still winging her flight upward into the glories of the sphere, where beautiful symbolical visions would be presented, deeply interesting to all. I have some of those delightful visions now, taken down as she described them, which I should like to give here, did not time and space forbid.

But the strangest experience of all was yet to come, the one which seemed to illustrate the truth of the old superstition that what is to be will be; I confess since that time I am almost a believer myself in the doctrine, call it fatalism, predestination, or what you will.

One night, after the other members of the household had all retired, and I was preparing to follow their example, Ellen, who in the absence of her husband happened to share my room that night, and whose deep, regular breathing told she was already asleep, suddenly spoke to me in that mysterious whisper I have described, but without waking or moving a muscle. Bending over her quickly, my blood ran cold with horror as I listened. The communication was a prophecy concerning herself, to the effect that the child whom she waited to welcome would be prematurely born, alone, in the drifting snow and storm, and there devoured by a troop of black and white spotted pigs, the mother herself escaping with her life, through the aid of Spirit-intervention and mesmerism. The cause of the catastrophe, fright at being chased by a vicious horse. "Watch over her closely, poor girl," continued the pitying whisper, "but do not tell her; the event is inevita-

ble." This prophecy, horrible as it seemed, was subsequently repeated in the presence of my mother and others. Again and again we questioned, if by strict diligence and care the calamity might not be averted. But the inviolable answer was, "Alas, no! what is to be will be." Still we inwardly determined that it should be, if human care thus forwarned could avail.

In the meantime, Mr. S—— had rented a small house in an adjoining town and furnished it for their occupancy. It was a desolate looking house, built of gray stone, standing apart in an old field, at least half a mile from the public road. As her husband was obliged to be absent much of his time, Ellen insisted that I should remain with her a few weeks, to which arrangement I reluctantly consented, as it seemed unavoidable, and Viola had also volunteered to accompany us.

Being thus fortified within ourselves, we took up our living in the new home, receiving many strict injunctions from our good mothers at parting, to use all diligence and care in our watch over Ellen. And truly we were faithful. Did she leave the house for a short walk, Viola or I had always some ready excuse to accompany her; and above all was she doubly guarded against any attempt to cross the adjoining field, where, strange to say, was pastured the veritable horse of the prophecy, or vicious black colt.

SARAH E. PALMER.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE SYMBOL OF A RISING SUN,

OVERTOPPING a half-buried world, sent to the "West Ingle" Medium by Mrs. H. A. GLOVER, Mt. Pleasant, near Charleston, S. C., has a deep and beautiful interpretation, and is as follows:

"After a long night of darkness, the South is rising into a new and glorious day. Her burdens of the past, like a great mountain, will soon disappear forever. There are three new States to be added to her constellation of stars in the future. The South will yet give birth to statesmen and philosophers, whose strength of will, truth and integrity will cause the past to be remembered only as historical events. The graves of her noble dead will become shrines where the good and true will love to linger, knowing they stand on hallowed ground, and may hold Spiritual communion with those who gave up life willingly when inspired by motives of the most genuine love and patriotism.

"The sun of prosperity is rising for the sunny South. Her crosses and heavy losses are lying like a buried mountain at her feet, while the Spirits of her departed sons hover around her, their noble deeds of love and patriotism crown her forehead with a wreath of stars. Lift high the silken banners of prosperity! Let the rising sun be a type of her coming glory!"

No one has any right to be cheerful who does not do something to make others so.

OUR passions are the only orators who are certain to persuade us.

BRIEF ITEMS.

We learn from *Mind and Matter* that the arrangements for the Mediums' Camp-meeting are in a forward condition, and everything promises a pleasurable and profitable time. Parties will come from Vineland, N. J., and Brooklyn, N. Y. It is also expected parties will be present from Baltimore, Tennessee and North Pennsylvania. Mediums are coming from all parts, and the best talent the country affords. Among the speakers will be Mrs. Nettie Pease Fox, of Rochester, N. Y., Mrs. Ophelia Samuels, of St. Louis, Mrs. Juliet Severance, of Wisconsin, Dr. R. C. Flowers and Mrs. Katie B. Robinson, of Philadelphia. Expenses of those attending will be made very light. Steamers and trains will leave every hour, landing passengers in close proximity to the grounds. Further details will be given hereafter, and all needed information furnished by Jas. A. Bliss, President, 713 Sansom St., Philadelphia.

The *Banner* contains an interesting address delivered by Wm. Emmette Coleman, at the dedication of Ixora Hall, San Francisco, by the First Spiritual Union, May 2, 1880. We regret that our limits will not allow us to make extracts of some of its brilliant passages.

Mr. W. J. Colville continues to minister to the Societies at Berkeley Hall, Boston, and at Kennedy Hall, Boston Highlands, to the profit and satisfaction of both audiences. At the former, all the seats are free Sunday afternoons, and at the latter, seats are always free, and strangers cordially welcomed. Mr. Colville has lectured within the past two weeks in Astoria and Brooklyn, N. Y., and New Bedford and West Scituate, Mass.

The Children's Lyceums at Paine Hall and Amory Hall, Boston, are still well attended, notwithstanding the warm weather. Many interesting exercises are held, and the children show a commendable disposition to please, both by deportment and recitations and singing. The arrangements for the annual picnic are well along.

The issue of *Mind and Matter* for June 19th is one of the most interesting numbers we have ever perused. We have made several extracts from it.

The Fourth Annual Camp-meeting at Lilly Dale, Cassadaga Lake, Chautauqua Co., N. Y., will commence Friday, August 13, and close Sunday, August 22. Many eminent Mediums and speakers will be present, and good music will be furnished. The location is one of the pleasantest, and easy of access. Further particulars hereafter.

The Spiritualists of Northern Iowa and Southern Minnesota will hold their Third Annual Camp-meeting at Seneca Park, near Bonair, Howard Co., Iowa, commencing June 30 and closing July 4th. Dr. J. M. Peebles and other speakers will be present.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten lectured during the month of June in Cleveland, Ohio.

On Monday, June 7th, Mr. W. J. Colville held a Reception at 1601 N. Fifteenth St., Philadelphia. About sixty ladies and gentlemen were present, many of them young persons, who are becoming interested in Spiritualism.

John Buchanan, of Philadelphia, the man who has sent hundreds of bogus medical certificates throughout Europe and this country, has been arrested by the U. S. authorities, and it is probable this nefarious traffic will be stopped.

The new Postmaster General of England, in Mr. Gladstone's cabinet, Prof. Fawcett, owes most of his success in statesmanship to his able wife. Soon after marriage, Prof. Fawcett accidentally lost his eyesight, and Mrs. Fawcett became his reader and amanuensis, faithfully mastering every point in which he had interest.

The Ninth Anniversary of the New England Woman's Suffrage Association held a very interest-

ing meeting in Boston in May. Rev. J. W. Bashford gave an eloquent address, followed by Mrs. Livermore, who, as a speaker, is always above praise.

Giles B. Stebbins attended the meeting at Sturgis, Michigan, June 19th and 20th, and spoke at Flint, Mich., on Sunday the 27th.

Dr. Eugene Crowell speaks in the highest terms of Giles B. Stebbins's new book "After Dogmatic Theology, What?" saying among other things that: "It will sustain the reputation of its author as a writer and thinker."—*R. P. Journal*.

The Spiritualist camp-meetings at Lake Pleasant, Onset Bay and Neshaminy Falls bid fair, this year, to surpass in size and interest anything in the past.

Hon. Percy Wyndham, M. P., as President of the Cumberland Association for the Advancement of Literature and Science, recently delivered an address on "Psychology, Spiritualism and Clairvoyance" before that body, in which he testified to the remarkable powers of Mr. J. W. Fletcher, and openly avowed his belief in the reality of the phenomena of Spiritualism. So says *Spiritual Notes*, London. We learn from the same source that Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher propose to leave England for this country toward the end of July, making a home visit of three months.—*Banner*.

Burnham Wardwell has had quite a successful lecture campaign in the Granite State.

Since Mrs. E. H. Britten's departure from San Francisco, Mrs. Ada Foye has continued regular Sunday services in Charter Oak Hall. A Conference Meeting is held in the morning, and in the evening short addresses, followed by test seances.—*Banner*.

Dr. J. M. Peebles closed his engagement in Springfield, Mass., on Sunday, May 30th. He lectured during the month of June for the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia.

W. Harry Powell, the wonderful slate writing Medium, of Philadelphia, is meeting with grand success in Rochester, N. Y., being compelled to hold two and three seances a day. Mr. Powell left Rochester June 19th for Buffalo, stopping at intermediate towns.

The spirit of tyranny and oppression against Spiritualism is not alone confined to the United States. According to the *Licht mehr Licht* (Light more Light,) which were the last words of the great Goethe, a bigoted Dr. Hedler, of Hamburg, Germany, called on the magistrates to take proceedings against some Spiritualist schoolmasters.—*Mind and Matter*.

Mr. F. O. Matthews is now lying in the jail at Wakefield, Eng., where he was sentenced to three months' hard labor as a rogue and vagabond for having conscientiously, as he had a right to do under the laws of nature, practiced and exercised his gifts as a Medium. Under the stupid law of George IV. he was convicted of using "subtle means or devices by palmistry, or otherwise, to deceive or impose on" Her Majesty's subjects. Dr. Slade came near being caught in the meshes of this same unjust and tyrannical law.—*Mind and Matter*.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

DR. CHARLES MAIN AS A HEALER.

D. C. Densmore, Editor *Voice of Angels*:

Through your paper, I wish to get a word to those suffering with sickness and disease, and tell them where they can find relief, and if unable to pay, without money and without price. I had been suffering more or less with an ugly sore on my ankle for fifteen or sixteen years, until at last it became so bad that I could get scarcely a moment's respite from the most ex-

cruciating pain. Everything was tried, but without avail, and many of my friends thought my foot would have to be amputated; and as I had employed the services of many physicians without the least benefit, I had no confidence in them. Finally it became almost unendurable, and as a dernier resort I sent for Dr. Main, who upon examining it said he thought he could cure it. Knowing it could be no worse if he failed, I let him try it, and without going into minute details, I will say the moment he commenced it felt easier, and after three weeks treatment it was entirely cured.

Wishing to be of some benefit to those in like condition, must be my excuse for writing this communication. Dr. Main's office is at 60 Dover street, Boston, Mass.

Fraternally, MRS. M. B. SPRAGUE.

[Selected by A. B. F. R.]

A CONCEIT.

I'VE somewhere read in olden tales—
Such as the Persian poets sing—
That in the fragrant Eastern vales
Are birds with but a single wing;

And hooks and links of solid bone
The want of missing wings supply;
And thus, when either bird alone
Essays through boundless space to fly,

Each lacks its other, better part,
Which being by its mate supplied,
They linked together, heart to heart,
With hopeful wings can upward glide.

Each bird depending on his mate,
Thus feels the need of loving care;
Each bears in part the other's weight,
And thus is formed a perfect pair.

And so I've thought the human heart
Will silent in its bosom dwell,
And languish till its counterpart
Is brought within its subtle spell.

Like those rare birds of Eastern clime,
It strives in vain to leave the earth,
Until at fate's appointed time
It finds a mate of equal worth.

And then, bound fast with bonds of love,
More lasting far than hooks of bone,
The twain can soar to realms above—
Two souls in form, in love but one!

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

THROUGH DR. W. L. JACK, HAVERHILL, MS.

INVOCATION.

OH, Infinite Spirit of love and mercy, who speakest in tender accents to all thy children, it is to Thee that souls are turning, in their upward flight, in order that their songs may reach thy divine lute, and be reset to the grand key-note of holy songs divine. And we would have earth's children ever sing, from the depths of their souls, peace and good will on earth toward all mankind; and the charms of the song to be caught up by earth's children, and sung to the divine accompaniment of God's love to all.

ICHABOD T. KENDIG.

WELL, I thought I'd just step in and say, How do you do? and wish you all well. I'm happy, and would have Bertram know that Ichabod has got along, at last,

and wishes him to tell Mary that he is satisfied with what she has done, and has come to endorse it all. This is all I have to say now. They will comprehend.

ICHABOD T. KENDIG.

PARKEZENE.

Oh, grand pyramid of Truth! that has stood the test of all ages, through all time, sending forth volumes of truth of thy supreme mystery in the speech of thy powerful acts! All those that look upon thee indeed shall live, for they look upon thy noble structure with the eye of beauty, and with a soul filled with holy desires for a knowledge of thy wondrous birth.

In the secret of thy powers of construction alone is the mystery of life. In the grand union of the two great soul principles is the consummation of strength. 'Tis the shaft of that column that gives strength to the weak, and the vital spark that illumines the soul's chamber from within thy secret places.

Oh, illuminated souls, keep the light burning. Old age and time shall not write upon your life with the wrinkles of decay and death. Behold the Sphinx; it tells to the illuminated souls that not comprehended by those of the outer creations. Symbols their signification—pyramids their purpose—columns and shafts their work, and the Sphinx adorning all in beauty. Know all things of all men: and in knowing them, let them know you as you only are to be known. Silence and mystery are light and wisdom, and to the illuminated these rays of thought, from gems of light, are given. Unto you, and only you, who worship and journey at this pyramid, are these words given, and these songs sung.

From Parkezeneo.

JOHN ALBERT DRESSER.

Lives opening to each other are like doors opposite each other, one opening to receive the other soul into all the joyous relations of each other's divine companionship, where their associations will be on a more extended scale, with love's blessed family. How many outgoings and incomings there are in the earth-life! The vicissitudes through which one may be called to pass are but the frost that enables the bud of the future, through the raging storms, to unfold the hidden beauty, and reveal the sacred trust that has been hidden there by angel-hands, to enable the dwellers in these sacred chambers to go in and out, and all up and down the peaceful streets of the City of the Living God, hand in hand, and soul linked to soul, and dwell forever with God. This, indeed, should be an incentive

for every mortal to press onward and upward, for there, and only there, is rest for the weary. Oh, I am so strong, and so satisfied to know that, in this strength of spirit and satisfaction of soul, my mother and sister dwell secure. It is well with my soul; it is well with my soul.

JOHN ALBERT DRESSER.

SISTER HATTIE.

Out of the body to God; out of the prison into the bright sunshine; out of darkness into light, wending my Spirit to those I love, and making haste to reply to the query and interrogation of "Who is your Spirit-guide?" Dear brother, I am one, myself; rather the other. And bear in mind that a mother's love and influence is still surrounding you. We come, brother Ed., together with John, to let you know we are still interested in you, and love you. We send our greetings of love and Spirit-recollections to you all, and we are so glad that through Emily so many bright and celestial Spirits can reach you; and it is a comfort to you, I know, to be in possession of such a gift from the Heavenly Ones, and to be in possession of this truth, made so manifest and satisfactory to you through her.

Your guides are many, bright, pure and holy, and they have led you safely through a sea of troubles, and o'er mountains of difficulty. Accept only of sacred things, through holy and pure channels, and your soul shall be fed with the heavenly manna that descends from above.

Sister Hattie, to Capt. E. C. Clark.

LOUISA, TO EMMA.

Be strong and of good courage, dear sister. Light is breaking from on high. Darkness is disappearing, and a brighter day of success has already dawned upon you. I will soon commune with you again, other ways, and make it more manifest to you.

LOUISA.

TO GRANDMA.

You please tell grandma, for us, that we go down there often, and that she did see us and Margie, and we are going to let her see us again. Tell her we went up to York, and then we came on this way, and we are going down again. Tell grandma we love her. Well, we will go now.

To our grandma Low, from her nephew and niece.

PETER ROWE HALL.

I SHALL be as brief, my friend, as possible, and in a business-like manner would proceed with what I have to say. I have a sister living down East, and I would like her to know that I have made an appearance here. Tell her that I am happy

and satisfied, now, and have found out that this thing called Spiritualism is true, and that she is right. Tell her to keep up; all eventually will come out right. She has been looking over the paper for a long while, and wondered why I haven't communicated, so now I will make myself known to her in this way. Well, I must go. Just sign me, if you please,

PETER ROWE HALL.

LIZZIE OSTRANDER BLISS.

WHAT a sweet swelling tide of heavenly influences will accompany your soul's transit over the ocean of life, as it wends its way to those grander, loftier heights, at whose acmes, dear friend David, you shall drink in from the plains where flow the rippling streams of affection those refreshing draughts that shall keep your soul ever afresh! Press ever onward and upward, and be, as you ever have been, brave and true. You have your work, and it none other can do; and through all the vituperations that are heaped upon you, none whatever shall have any effect; but they shall fall back upon those who cast them. A cloud of living witnesses surround you, and innumerable shafts of holy light cast their illumining rays in your path, making you strong, and making us to be ever near you. Pursue your straightforward course, as you have ever done, and not one star of the dear VOICE OF ANGELS, shall ever grow dim, or set in oblivion, but shall shine on more and more unto the perfect day.

LIZZIE OSTRANDER BLISS.

THROUGH A. A. TANNER. UNION, UTAH.

SARAH BOYCE.

I AM so happy to have a chance to send a message to father and mother and all the rest; for I am anxious to have them know I can send them a message from my Heavenly Home. I have been a long time here, and they have never had a chance to hear from me. They must have known I would come back to tell them about things here, if I could find a chance. I wanted to tell them more than I did before I died, but now I can only tell them by another way.

I knew I was a Medium, but I had never heard of Mediums then. Uncle Henry is with me, and he wants to send his respects to all. He is waiting in hopes to get a chance to send a message through some Medium. He is troubled about his earthly affairs. If it is possible for him to send a message to his folks, he would like to do so. We are in hopes there will be more Mediums after a while, and better chances to send to our friends; for there are so many who want to send and testify that

