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SPIRIT L. JUDD PARDEE, Editor-in-Chief.

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LITERARY.

[For the "Voice of Angels,"]

ON THE DEATH OF IDA SCOTT,

[Youngest Daughter of JESSE and ELIZABETH SCOTT, of Poland, Chautauque Co., N. Y., aged 14 years, which happened on the 13th ult. A few hours previous to her exit, she said, "Oh, mother, I've had a dream! Oh, how beautiful! A charm! Oh, it was so beautiful!—so beautiful!"]

BY TRYPHENA C. PARDEE.

I was charmed in my sleep with a tender-hued gem,
And it held me entranced like a spell;
If a fairy had chosen from the rainbow's gleam,
Its colors no more of beauty could tell.

And it seemed that my soul was a diamond of light,
That appeared to blend dyos with the charm,
Till the place where I stood was twinklingly bright—
"Twas wonderful sweet, my beautiful charm.

Dearest father, and mother, and sister most dear,
It was only a dream of the night;
But I thought, when my pain was so very severe,
That soon like a charm I'd pass from your sight.

But the charms of sweet life that the Spirit illumines
Never vanish from memory's core;
Ev'ry word, act and smile flings a light on your glooms
That banish your grief, and bless o'ermore.

You oft think if I now in my heavenly home
Ever cast a loved glance down below—
If the angels of glory can spare me to come
To lighten your soul of bitterest woe.

Oh, the charms of home-love I can never forget,
In those gardens of glorified bliss;
Like a bird full of song, I will meet with you yet,
And charm you with heaven's affectionate kiss.

Now the charm of your souls is an angel above,
Who will heal all your desolate pain,
Bringing pleasures immortal, by which you shall prove
Your Ida's pure love by my coming again.
ELLINGTON, N. Y., July 2, 1880.

HEALTH is the condition of wisdom, and the sign is cheerfulness.

[For the "Voice of Angels,"]

MESSAGE FROM ROBERT HARE TO DR. FAHNESTOCK.

[THROUGH DR. O., CONTINUED.]

DEAR DOCTOR:—I have just leisure from other engagements at present merely to refer to the subject you were conversing about last evening, and will most candidly admit, that I am really ignorant in relation to it; that is, comparatively so. You are aware of the sentiments I held while on the earth-sphere in relation to Christ. Previous to my departure, however, through the influence of Spirit-friends, I was induced to believe that there might be more in his character and mission than I had been willing to admit. I, therefore, became more cautious in relation to the use of words referring to him, than formerly; and although by no means convinced that he was God, as well as man, I was satisfied to wait for the light of the Spirit-world to reveal to me the truth. I find that even here the same diversity of opinion exists; but one thing I have observed, that those Spirits here who acknowledge his divinity, are certainly in advance of others who do not. Upon what *this* depends, I am unable to say—whether as a result of their sentiments, or upon a greater degree of advancement while on the earth-sphere, I have hitherto been unable to determine.

In relation to myself, I owe my present condition to a life devoted, as you are aware, to the advancement of others, in a direction which kept me at a distance from theological investigation, against which, in early life, I became embittered.

I was sincere in my views on those subjects, and instead of spending time in such investigations, I was persuaded I could do more good in instructing others in those sciences, which presented to my mind demonstrable results.

I may have been, to some extent, in error; and although it would certainly be very unpleasant to be compelled to live my earth-life over again, I am to some extent persuaded that I could improve it in this direction.

As I advance, I will keep you advised of my sentiments. I would advise a careful examina-

tion, on your part, and a cautious acceptance of the sentiments of either Spirits or men in relation to Christ or his mission.

ROBERT HARE.

LANCASTER, Penn., March 20, 1860.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

WARM WEATHER DIET.

THE first warm days are fruitful of complaints about the failure of appetite. Breakfasts are no longer relished; dinners afford but a languid interest, and suppers seem superfluous. Only vigorous workers out of doors, or young people who are so blessed as not yet to have made the acquaintance of their stomachs, come to the table with a real zest for food. And it is no wonder, considering how few people have yet learned the art of altering their diet to suit their own conditions and the state of the seasons. The Spring appetite fails and ought to fail, before ham and eggs or a great piece of steak, on these enervating first warm mornings of the year. soups, heavy meats, and all stimulating and blood-making articles of diet, that met a real want in the nipping and eager air of Winter, are as much out of place now as the furs and ulsters. And yet many a person who would think it a sign of lunacy to dress in the December style in May, does not appear to see any incongruity in eating in the December fashion. Food and coal create heat, and thick clothing and tight houses preserve it for the comfort of the body in Winter. Yet men who know enough to dump their furnaces, open the windows and lay off their overcoats on the advent of Spring, are stupid enough to keep on stoking their stomach at full blast, and consider themselves "out-of-sorts" and ill if nature resents the abuse.

It is time to let up on the cold weather diet—especially for persons doomed to live in-doors. A mold of well-cooked oatmeal, served cold with cream and sugar, with two or three oranges and a cup of coffee, makes an adequate and appetizing breakfast. All fruits and vegetables attainable fit in well at this season. The many preparations of the small grains afford a variety which it is well to study. Milk and eggs and

fish contain all the needed food-elements for a diet of a month or two, with such sugar and starch as the housewife combines in toothsome light puddings or other desserts. Whether we eat to live or live to eat, we ought to be rational enough to dispense with food when not hungry, and to tempt rather than force the appetite.—*Golden Rule*.

THE CURE FOR HAY FEVER.

"HAY Fever Convention be blowed!" remarked an old telegraph operator, when asked if he was going to attend the gathering which meets in Bethlehem, N. H., every year. "The only remedy I believe in is the one that Ralph Waldo Emerson sent to Henry Ward Beecher: 'Eight feet of gravel taken on the top.' I am now forty-nine years of age, and I have had the disease ever since I reached the age of manhood. I had it a few years before I knew what it was, supposing it simply a cold; but in 1854 or 1855 I picked up a *New York Tribune*, and in it I found the same symptoms described that annoyed me. The funniest thing about it is that mine breaks out precisely by the clock at three o'clock on the morning of the 20th of August, without any regard to leap-year, and keeps on for six weeks right straight along. If I go to the mountains or sea-shore a week or so, it is only worse when I return. It begins with a clammy sweat and fever, and then a chill, when I can't get enough covers to pile on me. Then comes the headache, and I feel next day cross as a bear with a singed head. There is no particular reason for calling it 'hay fever.' It was vulgarly termed the 'hay fever,' because it was supposed the irritation came from the cutting of hay; but that is over before many catch it. As for cures, I have spent about \$200 in quacks. One regular physician gave me carbolic acid, and it acted as a counter-irritant. It cured the hay fever, but nearly killed me. I have made up my mind that resignation is the only relief, and that the only cure is the one suggested by Emerson; but no one wants to take that, even if he has the hay fever.—*Philadelphia Record*.

PUT THIS IN YOUR PIPE.

TOBACCO, like those who smoke it, is credited with many sins of which it is guiltless. The "loss of health," so often laid at its door, is probably due in many instances not to tobacco itself, but to some villainous compound bearing its name. A story told by the principal of the laboratory of the Inland Revenue Department, in his report for the past year, shows how easily this may happen. The Supervisor at Birmingham, observing that an article was being sold at a very cheap rate in packets, under the name of "Smoking Mixture," sent a sample to the Inland Revenue Laboratory for examination, and it being found to contain a large proportion of vegetable matter, resembling the broken up heads of camomile flowers, further inquiry led to the discovery of the manufactory. The process of manufacture consisted in exhausting the bitter principle of camomile flower-heads with water, and then dying and sweetening

them with a solution of logwood and licorice, which brought them, when dried, somewhat to the color of tobacco. The heads, when broken up, were then mixed with from twenty to thirty per centum of cut tobacco, according to the price at which the mixture was to be sold. The mixture was supplied to retailers in packets, labeled "The New Smoking Mixture, Analyzed and Approved;" and as agencies had already been established in several towns, an extensive trade would no doubt soon have arisen, had the manufactory not been suppressed at an early stage of its existence.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

TIGHT-LACING.

THE circumference of the waist in a woman of medium height and dimensions measures, on an average—when not cramped and distorted—about thirty inches; but in those who have long adopted tight-lacing, it may measure no more than twenty inches, and sometimes even much less. Now, what becomes, in these latter cases, of the several organs contained within the chest and abdomen? They are, of course, compressed and pushed and squeezed out of their natural shapes, and made to protrude into places in which they have no business, because never meant to occupy such places. It was intended by nature, as a matter of course, that the chest and abdomen should respectively hold their various contents in their allotted and relative positions, occupying certain portions of space, and having ample room for the due performance of their individual duties, without that jostling and interference with one another which necessarily accompanies disorder and bad arrangement. But, on the other hand, there is no vacuum or empty space in either of the two cavities—there is no region without its own particular organ or part; and each organ or part, though provided by nature with ample room for the needful and unobstructed discharge of its special function, has not yet much to spare. When, then, any one particular organ is, by the system of tight-lacing, etc., unduly pressed upon and pushed and squeezed, it must, like a man in a crowd—since it cannot get out of the way—be seriously hampered in its movements, and its important duties imperfectly discharged, to the no small injury and suffering, sooner or later, of the foolish self-torturer. And this in proportion to the unnatural pressure and squeezing to which the organ has had to submit. The excessive crushing, however, which results from this much-to-be-deplored custom, as well as the consequences arising from it, is not confined to one organ only, but it is transmitted to those lying in its immediate proximity—those having to bear the pressure from the organs which are directly implicated, though they themselves may be entirely removed from the direct load. The practice of tight-lacing brings about this crushing and displacement of organs most completely and effectually—hampering and thwarting them in the performance of their assigned and indispensable duties, and with the consequent production of a whole host of very serious troubles, and not a few real and grave diseases. There are few natural diseases, indeed, which

so thoroughly displace and jam and wedge together so great a number of the internal organs, and so generally disseminate among them incapacity for the discharge of their multifarious duties, as does this positively sinful practice of tight-lacing. Shortness of breath, congestion, and even inflammation of the lungs, congestion of the liver, of the kidneys, etc.; palpitation and subsequent disease of the heart; faintings, bronchitis, indigestion, jaundice, obstruction of the bowels, rupture, etc., are a few only of the many evils arising from the custom which we are so emphatically condemning.—*Good Words*.

A NEW SOURCE OF LEAD-POISONING.

A FRENCH physician, M. Malherbe, of Nantes, has recorded an interesting case of lead-poisoning from the prolonged use of slow-matches for lighting pipes, matches which are saturated with chromate of lead. He was called to treat an old baker, who had for some years been troubled with colics, with constipation. One day he was seized with dizziness, and lost consciousness. Paralysis of his limbs, permanent flexion of the hands, upon the forearm, atrophy of the posterior muscles of the shoulder, blue lines along his gums, etc., all the symptoms of lead-poisoning were presented by the patient. It remained to discover the source of the poison. After having vainly analysed the water, the wine, etc., it was discovered that for eight years at least the man had been using to light his pipe yellow slow-matches, containing a very notable quantity of chromate of lead. He often hunted, and during the days of the hunt would smoke all day long. Often on his return he would experience weakness and pains in his limbs, which he was wont to attribute to the walk and to rheumatism. Under proper treatment, he notably improved. In 1875, at the meeting of the French Association, M. Lancercreaux had already noted the danger of using matches impregnated with chromate of lead. It is probable that often the sufferings entailed by lead-poisoning have been experienced without this source of lead infection being suspected.—*Revue Medicale Francaise et Etrangere*.

REMEDY FOR NEURALGIA.—Edison's celebrated prescription for the cure of neuralgia is as follows:

EDISON'S POLYFORM.

2 ounces chloroform.
2 " chloral hydrate.
1½ " alcohol.
1 " camphor.
1 " sulphuric ether.
6 grains sulphate morphine.
2 drachms oil peppermint.

Shake thoroughly. For outward application only.

EVENTS do not seem so great when we are passing through them, as in the retrospect. The last war, with its immense armies, its terrible loss of life, its frightful waste of treasure, looms up in memory and history far more impressively than when we were reading its incidents in the morning and evening papers.

[Selected.]

WAITING ON GOD.

BY SAKK HOLM.

I CANNOT think but God must know
About the thing I long for so;
I know he is so good, so kind,
I cannot think but he will find
Some way to help, some way to show
Me to the thing I long for so.

I stretch my hand—it lies so near;
It looks so sweet, it looks so dear;
“Dear Lord,” I pray, “oh, let me know
If it is wrong to want it so?”
He only smiles—he does not speak;
My heart grows weaker and more weak,
With looking at the thing so dear,
Which lies so far, and yet so near.

Now, Lord, I leave at thy loved feet
This thing which looks so near, so sweet;
I will not seek, I will not long—
I almost fear I have been wrong.
I’ll go and work the harder, Lord,
And wait till by some loud, clear word
Thou callest me to thy loved feet,
To take this thing so dear, so sweet.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE REVIEWER.

STORY’S SUBSTANTIALISM.

[CONTINUED.]

ON the principle of repetition, the author assumes that the formation of the chick by the essential transformation of its ovum of evolution is intertypal of the formation of the universe by the transformation of the substance of the sphere of nature on the ovum plane—the universe *in ovo*—which is still in process of development; its nutrient substance being the correspondent of the heat or thermal essences involved in the development of the chick. If so, the development of all organic forms consists solely in the combination of substance expanded as free thermal essences with quantitative equivalents of like substance condensed as ova, which is simply the equalization of their counterpart spacial and timal conditions, in the sense that their conjoined counter-tending activities are modified by their intermediate spaciality.

This is the ground of the author’s assumption that when the centermost substance of the sphere of Infinite Being became nucleated at the focus of infinite gravity, it attained its first re-creative power, power to move divergently from this focus, in addition to its primordial convergence under the pressure of superjacent substance, that compelled its condensation as form.

The assumption that the solar sphere is a nucleated cell, and that its inter-spheres are nucleated cells in process of development between its nucleus and cell wall or atmospheric encasement, is not an imaginary *modus operandi*, but is licensed by the actual series of changes in a chick *in ovo*. The first step in chick life is the formation of the “primordial vesicle,” (little cell,) between the “yellow yolk” and the “white,” which grows by absorbing the innermost and outermost of the “food ovum.” Next the contents of this vesicle becomes minutely subdivided into what is termed the “mulberry mass,” which divisions, the author assumes, are intertypes of the primordial stomachs or first organs of every preceding or less complex species of structure.

The next world of changes begins by the formation of the “embryonic vesicle,” the primordial stomach of the nascent chick, on the surface of the mulberry mass. This in turn grows by absorbing the primordial stomachs of all its predecessors or parental structures, each of which was a culmination of the mechanical powers of our world at the era of its advent. Hence each preceding complication must needs become incorporated in each succeeding complication, by *essential transformation*, not by special changes in structures.

Next these former-world stomachs become essentially organized as a more complex world of forms. Thence by commensal gestation—by absorbing each others’ counter-mature fruital essences as the bases of the external thermal essences absorbed through the shell, they grow into the chick’s specific structure, as a *seriatim* embodiment of all the vito-mechanical powers of nature up to the spherular status of our world at the era when its increasing porosity (vacuous void of needed fulcra) conditioned its becoming existent as our world’s most complex internal organ.

Like all other organic forms, and like the world to which it was constituent, the embryo chick grew its consecutively more complex internal organs and external appendages between its primordial stomach, which remained intact as its atmospheric encasement, and its specific stomach; its atmosphere being included in that of our world’s objective organism.

By parity of reasoning, our world is an organ of the earth-sphere, just as the earth-sphere is an organ of the solar sphere; so on *ad infinitum*; their growth being *one* growth. Perceiving the must-be so that all organic forms grow by growing, as their consecutively more complex organs, the representatives of those of their consecutively more remote ancestors—nuclear and atmospheric—past and future, or descended and ascended, the author assumes that the earth and its three atmospheric stratifications are not only repetitions of the sun and its three lower atmospheric stratifications, but that the empyreal spherules and their elemental embodiments, that constitute the earth and its atmosphere, are repetitions of the sun and its three lower planets, Mercury, Venus, and Earth. That is, each spherule has a central nucleus or sunule, and three super-central nuclei or planetules; the rapidity of their orbito-axial rotations being as much greater than those of their prototypes as their quantitative values are less; difference in quality being due to the specific altitudes and latitudes at which they combine, which determines their structural proclivities.

Perceiving the inevitability of their bi-equatorial and bi-polar reversions as the earth’s lower and upper air-currents, the author claims that all transformations within the sphere of nature are effected by periodic reversions of the spacial conditions and spherical positions of the nuclei and atmospheres of empyreal spherules, which are *per se* reversions of the counter-sexual principles or counter-forces involved in the growth of every species of form, from the lowest cell to the highest sphere. Although this genetic process is less readily demonstrated by

spherical reversions of the expanding and condensing essences that represent the flow of negative and positive electricity and magnetism, yet the interchangeability of heat and light is readily shown by forcing igneous essences *from* a focus and forcing luminous essences *to* a focus. This, because these counter-tending essences are continuously contacting and combining with like countertending essences of the surrounding atmosphere.

Hence the orbito-axial rotations of the spherular nuclei the former become, increase from decreasing friction—decreasing heat and increasing light, in the ratio the glintings of the illuminated hemispheres of the spherular nuclei the latter become, decrease from increasing friction—decreasing light and increasing heat.

[ERRATUM.—In the previous number of the “Reviewer,” (July 15,) “solls and water” should have been printed “*sails* and water.”]

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[For the Voice of Angels.]

LETTER FROM MRS. RALL.

CINCINNATI, July 30, 1880.

DEAR BROTHER DENSMORE:—I enclose some stamps, for which please send to me some numbers of VOICE of August 1st.

I was happy to see the message from my dear friend, Mrs. Emma Carter. I shall be a willing Medium for so loving a Spirit. She was pure and lovely while in the form. a universal favorite with all, and a most beautiful Medium. In life, she did all that in her power lay to promulgate our glorious philosophy; and in her quiet and inobtrusive way made many a heart happy. No matter however dark the cloud might be that surrounded her, she always had a sweet smile on her face.

We did not know how precious the angel was, until deprived of her earthly presence. Surely her Spirit-home must be beautiful, if a pure and self-sacrificing life on earth has any thing to do with it.

Be brave, dear brother. Sometimes you get down almost to low-water mark; but it is then that the unseen hands are doing the most for you. Fear not; you are safe. A pilot has charge of your craft, that can be relied upon. He knows the change of the winds and the tides. Keep your flag at mast-head, and all will be well with you.

Yours, in the cause,

ANNIE C. RALL,

482 West Liberty street, Cincinnati, O.

HONOR to him who first, “through the impassable paves a road!” Such, indeed, is the task of every good man in one or the other sphere, since goodness is greatness, and the good man, high or humble, is ever a martyr and a “spiritual hero that ventures forward into the gulf for our deliverance.”—*Carlyle*.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY SPIRIT MAY, THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

FLOWERS.

BY SPIRIT MAY.

SWEETLY the lilies bloom in the dell,
Fragrant and pure as the heart of a rose,
Bending with sweetness, each shimmering bell
Bright with the dew-drops of morning still glows;
Flinging their perfume far out on the air,
Gracefully banishing darkness and gloom,
Shedding a halo of peace everywhere—
How the white lilies in happiness bloom!

Down in the valleys and out in the dells
Tiny sweet children are playing in blue,
Bright as the flowers that Summer time yields,
Glad as the song-bird so happy and free;
Flinging their happiness out on the air,
Chasing away every sorrow and woe,
Sweet as the lilies that bloom everywhere—
How the dear children in loveliness grow!

Lilies and roses and all the dear flowers
Blossom in fragrance to bless every life,
Blooming in gladness through all the long hours,
All undisturbed with earth's turmoil and strife,
Dear little children, how sweet to the sight,
Crowning each heart with their blessing of love,
Drawing each weary soul out from the night
Up to the home of the angels above.

THE LEAVES AND THE WIND.

ONCE on a time a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. And the twig said:

"What's the matter, little leaf?"

"The wind," said the leaf, "just told me that one day it would pull me off, and throw me to the ground to die."

The twig told it to the branch, and the branch told it to the tree.

And when the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent back word to the leaf:

"Do not be afraid, hold on tightly, and you shall not go off till you want to."

And so the leaf stopped sighing, and went on singing and rustling. And so it grew all Summer long till October. And when the bright days of Autumn came, the leaf saw all the leaves around become very beautiful. Some were yellow, and some were scarlet, and some were striped with colors. Then it asked the tree what it meant. And the tree said:

"All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on these colors because of their joy."

Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it. And when it was very gay in colors, it saw that the branches of the tree had no color in them, and so the leaf said:

"O branch, why are you so lead-colored, and we golden?"

"We must keep on our work clothes," said the tree, "for our work is not yet done, but your clothes are for a holiday, because your task is over."

Just then a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go without thinking of it, and the wind took it up and turned it over, and then let it fall gently down under the edge of a fence, among hundreds of leaves, and it never waked up to tell what it dreamed about.—*Albany Argus.*

[For the Voice of Angels.]

A BRIEF LETTER FROM JUDGE CARTER.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 1st, 1880.

DEAR DENSMORE:—I am much pleased with the contents of the VOICE OF ANGELS of today. They are indeed very interesting. That message from Robert Hare is truthful and edifying. Your extract about poisoning of wells is timely, and its lesson should be followed. Then your poems are all good, and have something of the smack of real poetry about them. I am especially pleased with Spirit Violet's description of the Indian's Happy Hunting-Ground in the Spirit-world. What a happy, happy place, to be sure, and how worthy of "Lo, the poor Indian," and how deserving he of it!

The Great First Cause knows how to do things, and no mistake! The chapter of startling incidents is intensely interesting, and that letter from Mrs. Anna C. Rall, as long as it is, will repay a careful perusal. She writes well. Then the editorial, to show that absolute soul, an emanation from Deity itself, is all pure and equal, is good, very good. Tunie's School-room, on suicide, and the young girl's sad and sorrowful experience, is quite instructive in more ways than one. And as usual, you have your Spirit-communications through that splendid Medium, Miss Shelhamer, and other Mediums.

I am interested in them all, and especially, of course, with the communication from "Sister Emma." All the paragraphs of that communication sound like Emma Carter, and particularly the second one, which is so full of her bright, free fancy and figure. I sincerely hope and trust that she will have more for the columns of the VOICE OF ANGELS—that her voice, angelic as it now is, will loudly and frequently proclaim in its columns.

I regret that you did not give all of her communication. I would like to have seen what she particularly said to the members of the Circle.

Is it not, brother Densmore, occasion of exceeding great joy to us privileged ones, that we can at once hear from our Spirit-friends after they leave this earth? Oh, how valuable to me has been this right and privilege, now these thirty years! All other things of life are as nothing to this—"all the world to nothing," as Shakespeare has it.

Ever since Emma's departure we have been hearing from her, and now, as we fondly anticipated and expected, she speaks in its columns to the readers of the VOICE OF ANGELS. I know full well that she

loved Miss Shelhamer, and loved the Circle; and I know, too, that she loved the VOICE OF ANGELS; and now, Spirit that she is, she comes to declare and prove that love.

I could write a great deal more, but brevity is better. *Au revoir.*

Your friend,

A. G. W. CARTER.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

TESTS OR NO TESTS.

No. 1506 NORTH 7TH ST., PHILA., Pa.

BROTHER DENSMORE:—The perusal of the VOICE of the 1st inst. had the effect to awaken me from the drowsy and listless state in which for several weeks past I had been thrown. The weather may have had much to do with the condition.

Little Helen's message, and also that of William Fisher, brought me out of the fog; for I realized that while I was doing little or nothing, they were at work, and that neither the state of the weather, or any other conditions capable of being overcome, would deter these good and happy Spirits from pursuing the line of work in which they were engaged. It was then for me, in view of their Spiritual operations, to feel somewhat abashed at my supineness, and to arouse myself and co-operate with them.

Indeed, for the past two or three weeks, I had heard nothing from Little Helen, and it provoked a feeling of sorrow that I had not afforded her an opportunity to commune with me. So you may be sure the message was a welcome messenger to my spirit.

I feel like thanking her and the kind and loving Spirits that aid her in prosecuting her work of love. I need not express my thanks more forcibly than to say, Thank you, little Angel Birdie, and your friends; all of which will be received by them, in advance of reading it in this communication; for, bear in mind, that they on the other side of Jordan read our papers, among which there is no greater favorite than the "ANGEL VOICE;" so Helen has said to me.

I am not a seeker or clamorer for tests, and never was; yet they have been furnished so plenteously and so demonstrably that I can well call a halt, but still, for other minds, to awaken thought and instigate to inquiry and investigation, it is a duty to present facts which cannot be ignored, and which intelligent men and women will not gainsay.

Small tests, or those considered trifles, are very often quite significant. Suppose for one moment that I had never received any in the direct sense and design of a

test, yet the moods, modes, manners of the communications and messages I have been the recipient of have been sufficiently veracious to satisfy me of their genuineness, and they have been accepted as truthful.

Yes, but says some doubter or skeptic, may not you, notwithstanding all your assurance, be deceived? Such a thing is not impossible, indeed is not improbable. But after all the external evidence, if not reliable, may we not realize the verity of a message or communication from intuition or an irresistible conviction of its honest and truthful character?

My experience has been such, that I can rely upon the verity of my Spirit communications to the word and letter of each and every one of them. Little Helen has given me so much, and although she has grown in Spirit-experience and knowledge and changed, as naturally she would, yet I detect *Little Helen* in every communication and message purporting to come from her.

Might she not be personated? Yes, she might; but she is not so to my sense, and I am free to affirm that I have not been deceived by her, or any other Spirit, either relative or stranger.

It is only a few weeks since I went to the residence of a Medium to attend a Circle in the day-time; and there was to be none, as I found out from persons at the door. I then went to the musical entertainment at the Asylum for the Blind, and spent the afternoon there. The fact of my visit to the Asylum was not known to any one, not even to the members of my family.

The week after, while at a Circle, (Mrs. Powell's,) the Medium was controlled by Little Helen, and she related the circumstances in detail—my coming to attend a Circle, and it did not come off—my going to "the place where the blind people are"—the playing of the piano by a fat woman, and singing by her, and also by a young girl. The narration was perfect, and uttered so confidently, and with the evident satisfaction that a little girl ten years of age would tell a story of the kind, that to doubt the truthfulness thereof would be to treat with contempt, and unwisely condemn the spirit of truth and life, which I am not prepared to do.

J. W.

Mrs. H. H. Simpson has been in Colorado, giving the people there interesting evidences of Spirit power, consisting of slate-writing and the materializing of flowers in a glass of water. The reporter of the *Denver News* says the questions, written on bits of paper and placed between the slates, were then sewed up; when opened, correct answers to every question were found written on the slate. The reporter, who is not a Spiritualist, says that "without any regard to Spiritualism as a belief, Mrs. Simpson is a remarkable woman."

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

(For the Voice of Angels.)

THE AMERICAN INDIAN.—LINES TO UNCLE SAM.

BY CHARLES THOMPSON.

(DEAR BRO. DENSMORE;—While sitting by my window at twilight, it occurred to me that you had asked me to write short poems for your excellent paper, and I sent up a wish for my Spirit-friends to give me a subject. "The American Indian" was the next thought that crossed my mind. Well, I thought, that is a subject that requires looking after, and our red brothers need a more eloquent advocate than myself; yet will I speak according to the best of my ability. And the following verses are the result.—C. T.)

I COME the Indian's cause to plead—
He who is made to starve and bleed,
To pamper your ambition;
No navy lies his tent behind,
No Gatling guns to speak his mind—
So helpless his condition.

That eloquence that cowards hear,
And cringing kings and despots fear,
Is not at his command;
But on the justice of his cause,
All natural rights and honest laws,
He rightfully doth stand.

His heritage was fair as Hebe,
The antelope roamed o'er his glebe,
And countless mines of wealth
Lay hidden in his wide domain,
From Oregon to starry Maine—
You've taken all by stealth.

In name of justice, I demand
You now protect his scattered band
From further depredation;
Protect by arms, but never fight—
Use never force, save in the right
And honor of the nation.

The wealth you've taken, now make good
By best of shelter, clothing, food—
'Tis cheaper than to fight;
Yes, do it; 'tis your duty to;
In justice you no less can do—
For nothing less is right.

'Tis not a favor at your hand,
But simple justice I demand,
And warn you your reward
Will constitute your heaven or hell,
For doing well or basely ill;
Dare say me nay—not God!

ST. ALBANS, Vermont.

(For the Voice of Angels.)

WAYSIDE BLOSSOMS.

NUMBER ONE.

BY SPIRIT VIOLET.

BEAUTIFUL and sweet is the golden melody of a Summer day, trickling thro' babbling brook or rippling rill, which go dashing over mossy stones to the silver sea, trilling from birdling's throat or insect's hum, swelling into divine harmonies through the swaying branches of the trees, and sinking into perfumed murmurs of praise from the budding flowers.

Life is sweet and glorious; so full of beauty, so full of praise; and as the thinking mind receives the delight of these things, it expands in gladness and grateful thanksgiving to the Creator of Life and its teeming blessings.

If this is so with mortals on earth, how much more is it true of disembodied Spirits, they who have broken the shell of materiality and soared aloft on pinions of holy aspiration and pure desire! Truly the liberated Spirit can gaze around, about

him, on glowing field, and blossoming flower, on sparkling wave and lofty height, and feel all his noblest impulses stirred in unison with the grand psalm of praise, which he can understand as it rises from the haunts of Nature up to Nature's God.

At this season and hour, we feel our being thrilled with a new comprehension of the meaning of Life; we feel to realize more fully the deep significance of that great change called Death, which is the grand leveller of all caste, the refiner of all creeds, and the benefactor of humanity. Oh, why should we not sing a noble song of praise for the blessed gift of Death, the divine privilege extended to lonely mortals of dying, of casting off their poor, worn-out, disease-smitten bodies, and receiving new opportunities, new powers, larger scope to realize all the highest aspirations, and develop all the possibilities they have dreamed of?

As the years roll on, and we as Spirits turn our gaze backward over the track we have gone, we begin to realize the fact that mortal existence is but a preparatory school, which we must attend in order to learn the rudiments of life and be fitted to enter a higher department of knowledge; and although many of its pupils learn their lessons and perform their tasks but indifferently well, although mistakes and failures are often made, yet the rolling years must bring to each one some needed experience which shall prepare him or her for the next grade which they shall find.

Life is a series of gradual developments; none of us can rise to the eminence of perfection by a single bound; slowly and steadily must we climb each round of the ladder of improvement, grasping each new resolve with a firm hand, and working out each noble aspiration with true endeavor. Thus do we see hope for all, the lowly as well as the exalted, the ignorant as well as the learned; for progression stops not at the portals of the tomb; reformation is not checked when the coffin-lid is closed; but very often they are only just begun when the funeral service is over, and the disembodied Spirit finds itself an active, conscious, responsible being, alive to the duty set before him, and supplied with power to arise if he will.

Then, my friends, be not cast down and discouraged at the failures of life; be not dismayed by the obstacles before you; begin again and again, if you must, with perseverance and patience; fear not to meet the Angel Death, when he comes to call you home; remember that he is the great Teacher who comes to welcome you to another school, to teach you wisdom concerning the ways of life, and fail not to bless your Father above for the bliss of passing away.

JULY, 1st, 1880.

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EDITORIAL.

Chicago, Ill., June 2, 1880.

MY SPIRIT-BROTHER PARDEE, EDITOR OF THE VOICE OF ANGELS:—Thou deserving object of my special regard—From your present stand-point of knowledge and perfection, taking into consideration all the circumstances and conditions attendant upon God's children, while upon their pilgrimage through the varied phases of mundane life, do they not really, one and all, do the very best that they possibly can, at all times and at all seasons? Please don't lose sight of conditions, and the real authorship and origin of them.

With the esteem that truest merit demands, this query is submitted in the spirit of earnest and candid inquiry by

Your ever fraternal

DR. D. AMBROSE DAVIS.

DEAR BRO. CO-WORKER, FRIEND:—In response to the question you propound relative to the laws and principles underlying the philosophy of all life, we answer without any qualification, absolutely and positively in the affirmative; and we feel justified in doing so upon the universally conceded fact, if we had no other reason, that the stronger always did and always will control the weaker, whenever there is a conflict between them. As we have dwelt upon this momentous subject many times and oft, we can add but little if anything more to substantiate its claims to popular recognition, unless we should go into exhaustive details, which our health will not permit. Nevertheless we will go over the ground again slightly, and if no benefit follows, it is hoped no harm will be done.

We start out with the fact, that none will question, namely, when one organ becomes largely developed, its corresponding organ becomes proportionally depressed. Now, when one organ—the acquisitive, for instance—becomes fully unfolded, and the moral and intellectual ones are depressed, the former will always carry its point, however much the latter may object.

To illustrate: A thief never contemplated stealing from his neighbor, that he did not know it was morally wrong before committing the act, because the organs

that prevent doing the wrong, no less to himself than to his neighbor, told him so; but being weak and puny, compared to the great acquisitive bumps on either side of his unevenly balanced head, he has no moral or spiritual power to resist the temptation. To expect a different result, considering that the organs of the brain control every act of the body, would be just as unreasonable as to expect that one pound weight in one scale would balance a ten pound weight in the other scale, or expect a three-year old boy to shoulder and carry off a hundred pounds, as easily as a full-grown, strong, healthy man. If this is not the case—that is, if the weak can compete successfully with the strong, either in a moral or physical sense—then the words strong and weak have no mortal significance. It may be asked, if this is so, of what possible use is it for erring ones to try to mend their ways? To which we answer, they can no more do so, until they know the cause that produced their evil deeds, and where they originated, than a physician can cure a patient before he knows the cause and what produced it. When that is ascertained, the cause can be easily removed, and of course the disease goes with it. So with the mentally and morally diseased. If they know the cause of their moral obliquities, and from whence they originated, and have a desire to be cured of them, they can do so by working with might and main to remove the cause of their disease, and after a long hand to hand struggle with the demons of inharmony, will succeed in depressing the organs that caused their lapse from virtue, and at the same time unfold and bring forward the moral and intellectual faculties, which, if sufficiently unfolded, will exercise the necessary influence over the bad ones, to prevent further raids into the domains of inharmony.

Hence it will be seen that just in proportion that an organ that tends to lead one astray is depressed, just in that proportion will its corresponding organ, or what was intended as a balance to hold in check the vicious one, unfold and bring out its innate beneficent powers; and if persisted in until it balances the bad one, no more trouble need be apprehended from it; for, instead of exercising an antagonistic disposition towards each other, they will work in perfect harmony, like the different parts of a well-adjusted time-keeper, when sin will be impossible. This is what we call true conversion, or being born again.

We are aware that this mode of reason-

ing trenches somewhat upon the orthodox plan of salvation; that is, in making saints out of ignorant, malicious sinners, almost in a moment of time, as they say they can. But when sinners are converted by the above process, they never backslide; whereas as a general rule, those converted through church organizations are short-lived, and have to go through the process two or three times a year; for the simple reason that the cause that compelled them to do evil is not removed.

A better way, however, than either of the above processes is to be born right in the first place, and so save the trouble and perplexity of converting sinners into saints altogether. This can easily be done; for if parents would expend half as much time and money in raising healthy, well-developed children as they do to improve the brood of their cattle, horses, sheep, and hogs, our word for it, in less than a quarter of a century an entirely new and more perfect race of beings would people the earth.

To bring about this happy state of things, that is, to show the causes of all the inharmony there is and has been since the *genus homo* was first evolved out of the animal creation upon this globe, and that the only practical way of remedying existing evils is through eternal progression, is the divine mission of Modern Spiritualism, but for which it would never have made its appearance.

Hoping Bro. Davis will deem the above imperfect deductions a sufficient answer to his question, we leave it without further comments.

FREE THOUGHT.

THE May number of a monthly journal with the above caption, printed in Sydney, Australia, devoted to free thought and the Spiritual Philosophy, in all the meaning those words imply, has just reached us; and from what we can gather from the number before us, not unlike that grand old pioneer in the cause of human progress, the *Harbinger of Light*, of Melbourne, Australia, is destined to become a power for incalculable good in supplanting the darkness of the past with the electric light of higher and still higher spheres of thought, until the Millennium so long prophesied shall have been inaugurated, when every soul can worship God as seems to him best, "under his own vine and fig-tree, with none to molest or make afraid." Price ninepence.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will parties writing to us be careful and give date and signature? In some cases, one, and occasionally both are omitted by our correspondents. We have just received a letter from a person in Bridgeport, asking why his paper does not come, with no signature attached.

THE RISING SUN.

THE first volume and number of a new paper with the above heading, devoted to the elucidation of the laws and principles underlying the Philosophy of Life, has just reached us, and if succeeding numbers compare favorably with the one before us, we predict for it a long and useful career. The *Rising Sun* is published monthly, at Portland, Oregon, by Lucy L. Browne, to whom all communications intended for the paper should be addressed. Terms—Single copies, in advance, 10 cts.; 3 months, 25 cts.; 6 months, 50 cts.; one year, \$1.00. Business letters and remittances should be addressed to Walter Hyde, Cor. Sec. and Business Manager, Portland, Oregon.

HERALD OF PROGRESS.

No. 1, vol. 1, of a new twelve-page weekly publication, with the above heading, has just reached us. It is published by W. H. Lambelle, at 29 Blackett st., Newcastle-on-Tyne, E. It is gotten up in first-rate style, printed on fine paper, and from the number before us, we think it is destined to do much useful work in promulgating the laws and principles underlying the Spiritual Philosophy, for which it was inaugurated. Single numbers one penny; 6s. 6d. per year. Go on, Bro. B., and may the angels sustain your noble efforts to benefit suffering humanity.

LIGHT FOR ALL.

THE first number of a new paper with the above caption, published by the *Light for All* Publishing Co., A. S. Winchester, Manager, has just come to hand. The *Light for All* is an eight-page paper, got up in good shape, and compares favorably with the best Spiritual papers printed. We predict for it a long and brilliant career. Rates of subscription, invariably in advance, one copy one year, \$1; three copies to one address, \$2.75; five do. do. \$4.50. Additional copies at same rate. Address all communications to P. O. Box 1997, San Francisco, Cal.

A NEW BOOK BY J. M. PEERLES,

CALLED "Spiritual Harmonies, or Spiritual Teachings, Songs and Hymns, with Appropriate Readings for Funerals," has just been received. It is in pamphlet form, and contains one hundred pages of solid reading matter, gotten up in a workmanlike manner at the *Banner of Light* Publishing House, 9 Montgomery Pl., Boston, Mass., where it can be purchased at wholesale or retail. Price not stated; but we presume it is reasonable, like all their works.

THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

EXPERIENCE WITH AN INSANE SPIRIT.

WHILE resting on a couch, waiting for the time to come around to commence the evening's work, and my mind in deep thought upon the ever-changing scenes of life, darling Tunie and her band entered the room, having under escort a young lady of not more than twenty-five or thirty years of age, whom Tunie introduced as Charlotte Cushman. The moment the name

was announced, I whispered to Tute, telling her if the stranger was intending to palm herself off as the great actress by that name, she was a fraud; for she did not look any more like Charlotte Cushman, the great actress, than I did.

It appears the stranger heard what I told Tute, as she said, "Charlotte Cushman is only part of my name. The other part I prefer to keep secret for the present;" continuing, "My parents were great admirers of Miss C., and they named me for her."

This explained all. Seeing she was quiet and harmonious—an unusual thing for one coming for assistance, as I supposed she did—I asked her if there was anything in particular she came for. "Oh, yes," said she, "there are many things I came for, and among them, although not the main one, I came to see and get acquainted with you, and judge for myself whether you were doing as much for humanity as report says you are; and if so, to ascertain by consulting you, whether or not I could do some practical work in that direction, in conjunction with you; also to ascertain whether or not I could benefit you physically, as I see your health is very precarious. These are some of the things I came for, but not all, as you will learn as I proceed."

[At this she ceased speaking, and perceiving she was waiting for me to say something, I asked, "Well, what do you think of the outlook?" to which she answered,] "I think it looks propitious, and besides, I think I can help you regain your wasted vitality." [I assured her it would be highly appreciated if she could help me to more strength, and as there was a great harvest to be gathered into the garner, and comparatively few laborers to do the work, if she would take hold of it with a will to do, she could be of inestimable service in the spiritual vineyard. At this juncture she said,] "Before we proceed further, I wish to say I have a very dear friend whom I wish you to see. She is very aristocratic in her notions, although a good meaning woman in her way, but so full of her pompous, earthly, autocratic notions, that make her very uncomfortable and unhappy, and everybody else who comes within the range of her influence; and besides, she is very pious, and clings to the ceremonies and dogmas of the Catholic Church with great tenacity. But the worst of it all is, she can't be made to believe she has changed worlds. Now, do you think you can disabuse her of the great mistake she is laboring under?" [I told her I didn't think there was the least chance of getting her out of her unfortunate situation, at least for the present. I asked if Tunie was acquainted with the lady; if so, she could tell better than I could, without seeing her, whether it was best to make an effort. She said Tunie was slightly acquainted with her. At this I beckoned Tunie to me, who said, in answer to the above question, "No, father, I don't think it would be of the least use to attempt it now." I then asked Tute if it would do any harm to let her into our Circle-room? She answered, "It might not do any hurt, if you can put up with her imperial airs." I told her I didn't care for them; and as I felt anxious to see her, and have it off my mind, I

thought it best to make her acquaintance at once, and told the young lady referred to to bring her friend along.]

At this she left, followed by darling, anxious Tute. They were absent so long I began to think they were not coming back. At last, Tute came in alone, and said, "The lady positively refuses to come. She is very exacting and hard to please, and it will take years before she can be induced to look at things in a natural way. However, seeing Lottie was so disappointed, I took the liberty of telling her if she could induce her friend to come, she might introduce her early the next evening, and if not then, whenever she could. This pleased her, and desiring me to give you her kind regards, I left. Did I do right, father?"

"Yes, darling Tunie, you always do right; at least, I think so." Tunie then said, "When she does come, father—if she ever does—she will not probably stop but a few moments, and while she does remain, you must give her all your attention; else she will allow herself to get into a raging fever of excitement."

THE NEXT EVENING,

Some half an hour before the usual time for opening our Circle, and while anxiously waiting the debut of the strange lady, I saw Tunie enter the room, nodding her head to me, as much as to say, "She's coming." A moment after, I saw Lottie—the name she wished to be called by—enter, followed by a tall, light-complexioned lady, with high cheek-bones, very poor in flesh, with small gray eyes, her head flooded with false hair, done up in the most gorgeous and fashionable style, and elegantly dressed in a dark satin dress—and they advanced towards where I was standing to receive them. After saluting me, Lottie took the tall lady's hand, and said, "This is my friend, Mrs."—at this point, the strange lady grasped Lottie's arm, saying, "No matter about my name." Of course this left us all in an awkward position, except the crazy creature before us. What to do next I could not tell, but to break the awful, monotonous silence that followed, and for an excuse to say something, I told them to be seated; for all seemed to be perfectly paralyzed at the ridiculous turn things had taken; and for five or ten minutes all hands sat in ominous silence, twirling our thumbs.

At last, the strange-acting lady blurted out, "Let us pray!" and without more ado, she fell on to her knees and prayed lustily for half an hour or so; and among other things she told the Lord to have mercy upon these deluded Spiritualists, and especially her particular friend. She took especial pains to tell the Lord that she (her good friend) was a good soul, but had allowed herself to get inveigled into the company of these crazy fanatics, who had robbed her of her reason.

She went on in this strain until she was exhausted, when she stopped. After resting a few moments, in the midst of profound silence, she beckoned her friend to her side, and putting her hand to the side of her face, apparently to prevent being overheard, she whispered something into Lottie's ear, which I soon found out

was something about me, as she turned around facing me, and said, "I understand, sir, that you are constantly laboring to get converts to your peculiar belief, and that you print a paper exclusively in its interests?"

At this time, when she stopped speaking, I undertook to say something, when she waved her hand majestically, saying, "It is very impolite, and shows a want of gentility and good breeding, to interfere, when a lady is speaking, until she gets through."

Of course, I was compelled to obey. She then went on denouncing me and my work, in the most scathing manner, and said that I was instigated by the Devil himself, and begged of me in the most piteous tones to desist before it was everlastingly too late. Among other things, she said, in order to influence me to give up "my nefarious work," as she called it, was the most vivid description of hell and its torments that ever issued from mortal or immortal lips.

After she got through that, she said that if I didn't give up working for the Devil, I would be plunged into this seething mass of liquid brimstone at death, there to remain until time was no more.

At last she got through, and we all felt relieved; but it was evident to all that she was not only not aware she had changed worlds, but was spiritually insane at times as well.

She kept on talking at intervals in the above strain for half an hour longer, not allowing one of us to "put in a word edgewise." Finally, she took it into her head that I might speak, if I had anything to say apropos to the occasion, but if not, to keep silent.

Taking advantage of her wondrous liberality, I suggested that as I was quite unwell, and needed rest, and as it was getting late, it was best to defer further comments until another time. "Well," said she, "that is a very polite way of telling a person their room is better than their company;" and without saying another word, she started for the door, not even waiting for Lottie, who felt terribly at this ending of what she had hoped would result in good. But I told her she must not get discouraged, but continue her good offices, and in just the proper time her friend would come out all right. I told her I often had such cases to deal with, only not such extreme ones; when, after thanking me for my patience, she with the Circle passed out of sight.

Thus ended one of the most trying and perplexing seances I ever attended, and I hope it may prove the last of the kind. Its extreme length would prevent printing all of it, and would only show how tenaciously old habits, derived from false teachings, cling to a person, even after the death of the body, and the great need there is of getting rid of these before dissolution takes place.

THE late Dr. Bethune asked a morose and miserly man how he was getting along. The man replied: "What is that your business?" Said the Doctor, "Oh, sir, I am one of those who take an interest in the meanest of God's creatures."

[Selected by M. T. S.]

THOUGH DEAD SHE HAD NEVER DIED.

[This sweet, wonderful poem is sent to us by a friend. We should like to know who is the author.—*Liberal Christian*.]

"She is dead!" they said to him. "Come away;
Kiss her and leave her; thy love is clay!"

They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair,
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair;

Over her eyes, which gazed too much,
They drew the lids with a gentle touch;

With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell;

About her brows and beautiful face
They tied her veil and her marriage-lace,

And drew on her white feet her white silk shoes:
Which were the whitest no eye could choose;

And over her bosom they crossed her hands—
"Come away," they said: "God understands!"

And there was silence, and nothing there
But silence, and accents of eglantare,

And jasmine, and roses and rosemary,
And they said, "As a lady should lie, lies she."

And they held their breath as they left the room
With a shudder, to glance at its stillness and gloom.

But he who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately and the beautiful dead,

He lit his lamp and took the key
And turned it. Alone again—he and she.

He and she—yet she would not speak,
Though he kissed, in the old place, the quiet cheek.

He and she—yet she would not smile,
Though he called her the name she loved erewhile.

He and she—still she did not move
To any one passionate whisper of love.

Then he said, "Cold lips, and breast without breath!
Is there no voice—no language of death?"

Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,
But to heart and soul distinct, intense?

See now; I will listen—soul, not ear—
What was the secret of dying, dear?

Was it the infinite wonder of all
That you ever could let life's flower fall?

Or was it a greater marvel to feel
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?

Was the miracle greater to find how deep
Beyond all dream, sank downward that sleep?

Did life roll back its record, dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?

And was it the innermost heart of the bliss
To find out so what a wisdom love is?

Oh, perfect dead! Oh, dead most dear!
I hold the breath of my soul to hear!

I listen, as deep as to horrible hell,
As high as to heaven, and you do not tell!

There must be pleasure in dying, sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet!

I would tell you, darling, if I were dead,
And 'twere your hot tears upon my brow shed.

I would say, though the angel of death had laid
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.

You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes,
Which of all death's was the chiefest surprise:

The very strangest and saddest thing
Of all the surprises that dying must bring."

Ah, foolish world! Oh, most kind dead!
Though he told me, who will believe it was said?

Who will believe what he heard her say,
With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way?—

"The utmost wonder is this—I hear,
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear;

And am your angel, who was your bride,
And know, that though dead, I have never died!"

[For the Voice of Angels.]

A NARRATIVE OF MRS. S. M. STOW- ELLS SPIRIT-LIFE EXPERIENCES, THROUGH MRS. H. T. STEARNS, MEDIUM.

[Dedicated to Mrs. H. SMITH, Medium, Lottsville,
Pennsylvania.]

WITH much satisfaction I avail myself of the kindly invitation given me by the Spirit-Control of the VOICE OF ANGELS, to write for its readers some brief outline of my Spiritual experiences, or of my life since I left the form six years ago. The intimacy existing between myself and the Medium I am to use allows for a clearer relation than I could make to a stranger, admits of a fuller reciprocity, through which some details may be unfolded, that to the reader may not at first view be altogether acceptable. If the interested reader will bear in mind the fact, we were a Medium for Spirit-control, having read to fit ourself for medical practice, and sought and found help from Spirit sources to heal the sick, and by much help from such life added daily to our magnetic forces, by which we imparted life to the weak and suffering, and our clairvoyant vision was opened, and home life on earth made visible, Spirit-forms seen and known, and we realized thus the Angel-power among men, doing its work of enfranchisement and consolation, and welcomed it with great happiness. So death reached us in its own good time. The great law opened its environments, and we walked out of the body full clothed and in our right mind.

It is from this hour of life we start to open a few facts, to review our life of the past six years. We have no home as a Spirit, only such as we have made among our earth-friends. We have had our abiding place with you.

Spheres and Circles, as pertaining to the heavenly life of earth's children, as yet we know but little of; cannot tell you of its combinations, as we can tell of the combinations which are dwellers amidst your every-day existence.

You have read of a Jesus preaching to Spirits, Spirits in prison, for three days, before ascending to heaven. Now, from my experience it should read, "Jesus having been let out of prison, tasted death, was preached to for three days by Spirits from heaven." Then he was ready to meet his Father in heaven, his Guardian Spirits, also the Guardian of the Mary. In his Father's home were many abiding places; in that home of his Father, Jesus was to have rest, home-life, preparation for his work of Spirit-life.

Now I have here, around with earthly

friends, been taught of earth's laws a little, and of the roads and walks which lead from its surface life to the next sphere of local existence, which exists in its atmosphere as related to itself.

We had been connected as a Medium with a Circle at Lottsville, near our own dwelling-place. Here our hopes centred; here we met congenial spirits, mortal and immortal. We were seeking as one object to be gained by our work of Spirit-investigation the so-called materializing phase of the phenomena; we were all desirous to know of the law of control. Messages were written by the Medium, writer of this, from Sunlight's band of Spirits of the Golden Bands. To me they were marvels. Mrs. Manley's guides gave us messages of beauty and consolation: her writings were a wonder to us all. For myself, I asked of Spirits to unfold to me, so it would be complete in all parts, the doctrine of re-incarnation, the processes of life. I wished to understand, more, I asked for a knowledge of, those talked-of existences—"the elementaries," magic mirrors, their use as aids to sight, crystals, their forces;—all claimed my attention in the realm of the occult. We all were receivers of more or less influx, but no one question was solved or settled. We were about this time convulsed by Mrs. Woodhull's exposé of the life of Henry Ward Beecher, and so the question of hypocrisy, of social degeneracy, of moral cowardice, was of prevailing topics the uppermost; and here we will say as Spirit, what we said as mortal, we looked upon her crusade as against sexual immoralities. Not for such is the light of higher truth. He who is filthy will be filthy still. "To the pure all things are pure." We must learn to discriminate between the commands of Nature and the commands of society. Social rebellions are social evils and traitors to established usages, till by numbers they become ascendancies, and are then the accepted methods of communities at large. So the doctrine that love should hold always as marriage, whether sanctioned by priest or magistrate or not, that parents and society should care for children as the common property of the commonwealth, was received as the doctrine of devils; but being agitated, it brings us to the question which is uppermost today. In a scientific sense, what is love? Love and magnetism are the same—one ruling force manifested in all departments of life alike.

So we entered Spirit-life full of these vital questions. In this we have said our home was right here, among the circle

of relatives and friends of earth-life. We have found in Spirit-life our day to be your night, for we rest or change to action from the inner to the outer consciousness. So we dwell for a time among the home limits, watching and controlling earth-minds more or less. From three to four hours at midday we are more alive to all the activities, as what you term sleep of the body makes alive to the soul the forces and laws of growth and inter-relation with all being. We spent those hours, most of them, for three years, at the house of our loved friend, Mrs. Lott. There we oft met travelling artists or lone Spirit-workers, new-born to Spirit-life. There we arranged plans with the congenial forces of the bands of workers who had interest in such unfoldment of thought as was to be agitated among the universal life of earth—war, pestilence, famine, health, wealth and poverty, Spirit-law and earth-intercourse.

The night with you being our day, we watched a part of it with the sick and suffering and tempted, in city and at home. Where we found needs we had work. But we must give some of the details of these years of labor, explain the systems and methods of the Golden Bands, of which we found ourselves a member, with keys in our hands for use as we entered Spirit-life. Yes, my dear earth-friends, the golden keys given me by Sunlight, unlocked the doors to you, to others for me, from Spirit-life. My first visit to the home, to the Circle, that I might manifest my love to you, let you know the joyous news that I could be seen and felt, let you realize that I was free from the long pains, the many hours of sleeplessness. I knew the kindly words spoken by the writer for herself. The inspiration given at the church had set its seal upon all, upon my children and companion, upon their life for a little time. Rest must come. To you who met for some token from Spirit-life, I was attracted, and that hour stands out in my memory the guiding hour of a new existence. It was a pleasure to you, a solace and hope to me, the beginning of a new life-purpose, with paths made straight.

You, dear Mrs. Lott, were the keeper of the home, and I learned then I was of that home a dweller—not to go to far-off evergreen shores, not to find high or low spheres—but to take the hand of a loving soul, to be at rest in good works, and find a kindly home-sphere of sheltering love; to hold counsel with other loving souls of Spirit-life, who were inspirators, healers, and benefactors to earth-life, Angel-messengers from the homes of Spirit, from the heavens above for certain seasons.

Yes, your night is our day; then we are quietly reclining on your couches, or in our own chosen nooks in your dwellings. You realize often in the morning hours our intentions, our purposes; our forces come upon you to direct, to charge with life and health forces. Then it is the twilight hour with us, dawn with you, early morning; such interblending comes then as can come no other hour, and health forces may be given to sick and sleepless lives from our wills and sympathy, that will encourage the home and fill with new energy the weak and nerveless, also the doubting and degraded. It is called the hour of dreams; but they arise from the moving forces of our energetic life, as it is breathed on earth from Spirit-life.

Our dawn is your twilight: so then when we arouse to renewed action, we can give courage for your new-born enterprises; those which the activities of the day have borne out we can help form; we are full then of the influx from the soul-life taken in by our rest and attracted from the sources which have imparted to us new thought-germs, new forces of growing life from the heavens above us, from the earth beneath. The law of exchange we would unfold to you in these reciprocities. Now those of you who feel more and more the power of Spirit-tho't, live in and for it, must use these same hours for such exchange as we here tell you of, and at times those of you who dwell most with Spirit must use the night hours for clearest converse with them.

Only one or two of us were with you at your home—your dear mother, myself, and another I may not speak of at this time; others were visitors or Circle-managers, who came at duly appointed times, when lecturers or Mediums were with you, then their guides; and when manifestations occurred, then strangers came to take part in such work, to be instructed.

My first journeys around instructed me in the knowledge of earth's natural roads or routes of travel across the oceans, over continents, through or above valleys, by the mountains, as they form ranges over the earth. To explain this to the apprehension of the reader, I will have to explain briefly something of the nature of our Spirit-forms, as relates to locomotion, which we use instinctively. The elements magnetic within the earth-life form are held after the dissolution of the flesh, or more changed elements of our form, called by us intermediate elements. So we have *ourselves*, without this bulky form; therefore without this we can, being elastic,

flexible, pliable, compressible, holding attraction to a centre, (being a centre,) and to a limited circumference—the properties of a body so complete in itself, that elongation and compressibility occur at will. So change our forms. Thus our attenuations are to your comprehension not solvable, but to the chemist possible; and with this form its placements in the atmosphere are readily seen; it can take its place within it, above it and through it. Our density is merely nominal; by will we increase it, apparently; magnetically we can attract certain amounts of matter, to make greater weight, if we wish to infest or locate in denser atmosphere. So a traveller I became, to learn something of the geography of the earth, to know thereby of the roads which lead up to the zone-life of the heavens, where the second sphere of earth's children dwell. Little did I think when in earth-life of this joy; for I have intensely enjoyed my travels in all parts of the earth and in the upper air regions, on a level with the mountain heights, above the cloud region. What I have seen there will unfold in part in this narrative, as I proceed with it. I have made some visits in the second sphere, and they must be related.

As the wonderful economy of life's manifestations came home to me, the all and in all of all degrees of existence as one harmonious whole unfolded itself to my soul, I wondered no longer that Spirit-life workers had patience, zeal, love unflinching, will unconquerable, through which they reached the life below them in its infancy, to awaken them from the torpor of fear and uncertainty to the glorious realities of an ascending existence, as the unflinching law or process of nature.

The perfected conjugalities of life are not understood; in animated life they stand revealed; in the animal, in the human, are before us more apparently than elsewhere. But not so, if we would with the scientist establish the laws of life; we will see that it is the base of all growing forms of existence, as means to ends. And as I am to relate my experience, I must tell you of this principle, as I came to see its work with Soul or Spirit-life. In the manifested life of Spirit, as guardian power or saviour to earth-life, all souls who work with you for the knowledge of truth to be born on earth, as it exists or is known by the higher unfolded, are joined souls, related by the law of conjugality, are men and women.

The varied magnetic forces which centre in polarities for varied functions, when so used as to attract in each several one, oth-

ers like themselves, in an opposite sex, complete the circuit which makes completed union of two opposites in any kingdom, and in man of man and woman makes completed marriage, so souls so joined as co-workers for the unfolding of light bring power to you as guardians; friends come as one or many; but such as these reach you all at times, as the guardians of the ascending soul-life of earth.

We know men and women produce phantom forms of themselves, by law of inspiration and expiration; produce by law of gestation children; produce thoughts as entities, subject to form of various kinds; and we find Spirits can do some work in their sphere, and have control of ponderable matter.

The light we have obtained in our six years of experiences with some of the guardians we wish to impart, and in taking our place as a contributor to the VOICE OF ANGELS, we do so, not that we can do better than another, but that we are available.

TITUSVILLE, Pa., Dec. 27, 1879.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[The foregoing interesting communication has been in type, but reluctantly crowded out, for a considerable time. We are gratified to be able to find a place for it in this issue.]

[From the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*.]

SEEING JENNY HOME.

BY MRS. EMMA B. TUTTLE.

THE snow is sparkling 'neath the moon, as if she poured the brightness

Of all the silvery Summer eves upon its white expanse,
While on the hill, past Eagle Creek, the school-house gleams
In whiteness,
And on its top the gilded spire is flashing like a lance.

The distant windows glow like eyes; the clanging bell is
swinging
And calling to the boys and girls, as it has called before
To boys now men, to girls grown old, to some now angels
singing,
In that sweet home where fall no snows upon the starry
floor.

I stand a moment on the porch, and dream an old dream over
As precious as a robin's song, poured on the air of spring,
As heavenly as violets, as sweet as early clover,
And wonder at the honey stored in such a little thing!

Come, Jennie, leave the rosy fire, come tell me you remember
The very night I saw you home and kissed you at the door;
Your lips were worth a kingdom, and my heart glowed like
an ember!—
It has not burned to ashes yet, but loves you more and
more.

You wore a sombre velvet hood, brightened with scarlet lin-
ing,
And far the prettiest style of cloak I ever yet have seen;
Your ringlets flashed and darkled, and your brown, brown
eyes kept shining,
Till I vowed if you were placed at court, you'd shade the
jewelled queen!

It was a little walk, my dear, the road too soon gone over,
From where the old bell rings tonight, beneath the shining
dome,
And so we took the road of life. Few bees sing in the clover
Along our way, and to the end I'll see you safely home.

He who freely praises what he means to purchase, and he who enumerates the faults of what he has to sell, may set up a partnership with honesty.—*Lavater*.

BRIEF ITEMS.

THE fourth annual Camp-meeting at Lilly Dale, Cassadaga, Chautauqua Co., N. Y., will commence August 13th, and continue till Sunday, the 22d. Prof. Denton, C. Fanny Allyn, Mr. E. L. Watson, Judge McCormick, Lyman C. Howe, and other prominent speakers will be present; and good music, vocal and otherwise, will be furnished by James G. Clark. Good board and accommodations at reasonable rates.

The Camp-meeting of the Spiritualists of Western New York is also in session on an island in Cassadaga Lake, and will continue until August 30th. Good speakers, music, Test Mediums, and other attractions are engaged. O. P. Kellogg, Mrs. Pearsall, Mrs. Watson, of Titusville, Pa., Judge McCormick and others are present, and Frank Baxter, and Messrs. Colville, Stebbins and H. H. Brown are expected. Board 75 cents and \$1.00 per day.

The Spiritualists of Iowa will hold a Camp-meeting at Cedar Rapids, Linn Co., commencing Thursday Sept. 2d and closing Monday, the 6th. Eminent speakers are engaged, and Rev. Samuel Watson, of Memphis, Tenn., Rev. J. M. Peebles, and other prominent Mediums and speakers are expected. A good dining-hall, dancing floor, hay and wood, will be provided, and a general invitation to Spiritualists all over the United States is extended to come and have a good time.

Mr. S. B. Nichols, of Brooklyn, N. Y., gives an interesting account of his experiences at an interview with Mr. Phillips, the Slate-writing Medium, of New York City. He carried his own slates with him, and was fully convinced that the surprising manifestations he witnessed were produced by no mortal means. He says: "During these various experiments the Medium did not touch my slates unless in my presence, and then only casually. . . . If this writing was not produced by conscious individuality disembodied, whence the power, and whence the individuality?"

Mrs. H. Morse writes from Alliance, Ohio, that she was present at the dedication of their new brick church, which is nearly paid for, with favorable prospects for the future. She says Alliance has the most prosperous Society she has met since she has been in Ohio.

The *Banner*, in an appreciative notice of the *Harbinger of Light*, a Spiritualistic magazine, published at Melbourne, Australia, speaks very hopefully of the future of our cherished belief in that far-off country.

J. Frank Baxter, who has been speaking of late successfully in Duxbury and Plymouth, and at Onset Bay and Shawsheen River Camp-meetings, has left in a westerly direction, and will speak at the various camp-meetings now in progress in New York and other States, returning East early in September.

Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook, M. D., of Bridgeport, Conn., was married in that city, July 20th, to H. V. Twiss, of Manchester, N. H., in which latter city she will hereafter reside. We tender our congratulations to our former correspondent. Mrs. Middlebrook-Twiss will speak at Lake Pleasant, August 20th.

Senator H. L. Dawes, in the *Springfield Republican*, ventilates the unjust action of the Interior Department towards the Ponca Indians, which he characterizes as one of the greatest outrages ever yet perpetrated towards the red race, and says if "Mr. Schurz would lift a finger to redress this acknowledged wrong, he would greatly relieve many of his friends. Some one is making up an Indian record for this Administration which will take rank by the side of the blackest which have gone before it."

The Onset Bay Camp-meeting, now in session, will continue until Sunday, Aug. 15th. Some of

the most interesting speaking and incidents are yet to come, including Rev. J. M. Peebles, Mrs. R. Shepard, etc.

The Eleventh Annual Camp-meeting of Spiritualists and Liberals, at Shawshen River Grove, Ballardvale, Mass., is now in successful progress. There has been and is yet to be some of the best of speaking. Tuesdays and Fridays are picnic days, with good music for dancing.

The *Banner* has an account of some wonderful manifestations and materializations by Harry Bastian, at Lockport, N. Y., which were satisfactory to all who had the good fortune to be present.

The camp-meetings at Lake Pleasant and Neshaminy Falls are both progressing favorably, with excellent music and speaking, and a large attendance. The Lake Pleasant gathering will close with the current month.

The Annual Grove-meeting of the Spiritualists of North-western Ohio will be held in Wentworth's Grove, four and a half miles north-west of Antwerp, Ohio, commencing August 27th and closing Aug. 29th. Good speakers will be present and address the meeting.

The National Liberal League Congress will probably be held in Chicago, in September.

Mrs. Hattie E. Davis has been elected Conductor of the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Chicago, and Mr. Eugene Gilbert, Assistant.

Dr. W. L. Jack, of Haverhill, Mass., will be at the Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting, where he will diagnose diseases, treat the sick, and give private sittings, only, until September 1st.

"You might as well try to drive a railroad spike with a tack hammer as to run a nonparell newspaper in a small picnic town," remarked a country editor recently, when announcing the proposed discontinuance of his paper "from this date," etc.

Under the headline, "Spiritualistic Studies," the *Chicago Times* of the 11th, publishes a three column article from Van Buren Denslow, L. L. D., detailing his experiences with Dr. Slade and Mrs. Simpson, which establish the genuineness of the phenomena and on the whole favor the Spiritual hypothesis, although the writer says he has not as yet formed a theory.—*R. P. Journal*.

The late meeting at Omro, Wisconsin, was addressed by Messrs. Barrett and Lockwood and Mrs. S. E. Bishop, formerly Mrs. Warner. Mr. Lockwood, Dr. and Mrs. Phillips and the Misses Phillips rendered the instrumental and vocal music.

Max Muller has remarked that of religion as well as language it may be said that every thing new is old, and everything old is new; and that there has been no entirely new religion since the beginning of the world.

A writer in the *Psychological Review* well says, "We have yet to learn that God has sent his teachers unto every age, to every clime and to every race of men; that revelation has not been committed to the care of a single people or period of time, but that it has been fitted to the growth of man, unfolding as much of knowledge, goodness and right as humanity has been able to perceive."

Speaking of Mrs. R. Shepard's address lately delivered at Neshaminy Falls Camp meeting, the *Philadelphia Record* says, "The lecture was instructive and one which most mortals would be proud to own as their production, but Mrs. Shepard only claimed to be the mouth-piece of angels."

Nine-tenths of all disease and crime known among men are the result of intemperance.

Bishop Bedell says that, if ministers would only speak the truth in funeral sermons, the demand for such discourses would be rapidly diminished. It would be a bold man who should undertake the experiment.

A reporter of the *Denver (Col.) Daily News* visited Mrs. Simpson, the test and flower Medium,

and gives a very favorable report of his experiences. After receiving some wonderful tests, he tried the following:

Mrs. Simpson handed two slates to the reporter, also a needle and some thread, then leaving the room requested him to sew the two slates together through the binding on the border. This was done effectually, the two slates being securely sewed together and the out-ides marked to show that they could not possibly be separated without the fact being known. After a few seconds, during which the writer never let go of the slates, he was requested to cut them apart. When this was done, writing was found upon the inside slate in answer to a question that had been put in the usual way, by writing and folding it up in a paper.

Evidences of slate-writing were given over and over again, that surpassed anything that has been done by the most famous of Mediums in this respect. The test of sewing up the two slates is the severest test that has yet been applied to this writing form of Spiritual-manifestations.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

MORNING BELLS.

BY MRS. J. M. HUTCHINS.

Ring out, ye glad bells! ring in the true!
Ring forth the welcome for me and for you!
Ring forth with peals that 'verberate o'er and o'er;
Ring for justice, that ye sleep no more!

Ring for the good deeds, ring for the new!
Ring for the bright deeds laden with dew!
Ring for the noble men of earth!
Ring for freedom and joyous mirth!

Ring for the golden moments to come!
Ring for action—yet undone!
Ring for freedom, like hum of bee;
Ring for the innocent, who now are free!

Ring, then, ye bells, from shore to shore!
Ring for battles fought, o'er and o'er!
Peal forth your notes in echo long;
Let anthems peal the victory won!

MILFORD, N. H.

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

THROUGH A. A. TANNER, UNION, UTAH.

P. P. PRATT.

DEAR FRIENDS ON earth, it would be a pleasure to me to know this message from me would be acceptable to you, which I send through this channel of communication. I am Parley P. Pratt; I was one of the Twelve Apostles in the Mormon Church; was connected with Mormonism from its infancy; was a friend to Joseph Smith, who was chosen of God to restore the gospel to earth in its purity; helped to spread it to the nations of the earth; have borne my testimony hundreds of times to what I believed to be the truth. I believed in the divine mission of Joseph Smith; wrote several books on Mormonism, which are standard books in the church yet.

But now I have passed into Spirit-life, where I can only be heard as one speaking from the grave, in a gentle, low voice, as the faintest whisper, to be heard only by a few who are watchful.

I come like one in answer to prayer, to be felt easier than seen. Many have heard my voice when among you, but do you know when my Spirit is with you? If you did, you would know what message I have to deliver to you. I know it is the will of God that I should send a message

to you, and open up the way for further instructions hereafter, which will be given; for the Almighty has an end to accomplish, which is not known but to a few; and they are those whom he has seen fit to reveal it to.

Do not reject truth, let it come from where it will; for the Almighty hath moved in a mysterious way, and his work is sure, for his plans are laid, and they cannot be overturned; for the time has come, and the hour is near, which has been spoken of by the Prophets, and now is the fulfillment of that which has been promised.

Open your hearts, and rejoice and prepare yourselves to receive the promise which is the glory of God, which shall come forth from Heaven, and prepare yourselves to discern between truth and error. For this is the time when there should be many false prophets, and they are false prophets who cannot discern between truth and error; which means the good and bad.

God is merciful; God is just; God is love; God is a principle unchangeable, to exist through eternity. By his coming to reign upon earth a thousand years is meant a time when justice, truth, love and peace, should be upon the earth for a thousand years. This is what is meant by the Millennium.

But those who will not believe in the Spirit are to be cast off. By this is meant separated from those who do believe in the Spirit. God is meant by the Spirit, for God is Spirit, and he has revealed himself to the children of men by his Spirit. He is full of wisdom and knowledge and everywhere present among the children of men, and he reveals his will to the most sensitive men; for the Spirit of God quickens the understanding and giveth knowledge to men. Knowledge is power; therefore God is a God of power; he is powerful to the degree of knowledge he possesses. Wherefore his power is infinite to man. Therefore he is all powerful beyond the understanding of men.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

SUMMITT, June 18, 1880.

MR. EDITOR:—It is a lovely morning; all nature is teeming with beauty. If any one ever feels the power of inspiration, it seems to me it must be aroused on such a morning as this.

I find many little messages and communications in your paper, which makes me often circulate it around among my friends.

We have formed here a Spiritualists' Union, which meets once in two weeks, to hold an afternoon meeting and Circle in the evening. We first started our meet-

