



VOL. V. { D. C. DENSMORE, PUBLISHER. } NO. WEYMOUTH, MASS., SEPT. 1, 1880. { \$1.65 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE. } NO. 17.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

Enlarged from 8 to 12 pages, formerly issued from No. 8 Dwight Street, Boston, Mass., will after this date be published at Fair View House, North Weymouth, Mass., the 1st and 15th of each month.

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" D. K. MINER, Business Manager,

D. C. DENSMORE, Amanuensis and Publisher.

Price yearly,	- - - - -	\$1.65 in advance.
Six months,	- - - - -	.85 "
Three months,	- - - - -	.42 "
Single copies	- - - - -	.08 "

The above rates include postage. Specimen copies sent free on application at this office.

All letters and communications (to receive attention) must be directed, (postpaid,) as above, to D. C. DENSMORE, Publisher.

LITERARY.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

NOT KNOWN.

BY TRYPHENA O. PARDEE.

UNDER the shade of the "Beautiful Gate,"

A budding unnotices with bended head,
But the sunlight shone there both early and late,
Till its meekness dissolved into blushes of red.

Only the light knew aught of its worth,
So hidden that only its fragrance waved;
But how many were cheered by a flower's sweet birth,
That the dew-drops of night very kindly be-laved!

Shadows on shadows of clouds wave a veil,
Yet trembling in frailty responding low,
Still its tender voice moved with the light in the dale,
But the sensitive heart only angels could know.

Mists in the gateway—the Beautiful Gate—
Where messengers passed with their choice bouquets—
Holds the loved one all safe from worm, blight, or hate,
To complete lovely garlands for heaven's highways.

Love that was true in the trying dark hour,
Nor faltered when falling alone, unseen,
But to zephyr and breeze lent the best of its power,
And the Life-land immortal is glad it hath been.

Hurricanes sweeping the forests and dells,
Up the rocky-bound, steep and sterile heights,
Never knew the rich gum in their bolst'rous swells
Found release from their folds in eternity's dights.

ELLINGTON, N. Y., July 30, 1880.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

MESSAGE FROM ROBERT HARE TO DR. FAHNESTOCK.

[THROUGH DR. O., CONTINUED.]

DEAR DOCTOR:—From this exalted, but deeply humbling position of gloriously progressive humanity, I would again, with increasing love and purity, greet you. I would gladly describe to you the beauties of the sixth sphere,

were it possible to convey the smallest idea through the meagre vocabulary of earthly language. I am compelled, therefore, to adopt the course of Paul under similar contingencies, and sum up by exclaiming, "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, the glories God has in reversion for those who love him" Conceive, if you can, an expansive landscape, stretching out as far as the Spirit eye can reach; clothed in eternal verdure; fountains as clear as crystal gushing from every hill-side, sportively chasing impinging shadows on their bosom, as they meander through the valleys; trees, whose foliage sparkles like diamonds in the rose-tints of an eternal morning's light; while balmy breezes, pregnant with heavenly odor and soul-subduing harmony, fan the Spirit's brow, and stamp but one desire unsatisfied—*Excelsior*; palaces raising their stately domes towards heaven, streets covered with golden pavements, becoming vocal with melody at every Spirit's footstep! Now multiply your strongest conception of all this by ten thousand times ten thousand, and then remember that even this is only the ante-chamber of heaven.

ROBERT HARE.

LANCASTER, Penn., April 5, 1860.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

THE TREATMENT OF DIARRHŒA BY ICE-WATER INJECTIONS.

DR. C. A. Ewald, of Berlin, states, in a recent monograph, that he has employed this plan of treatment for more than a year in those forms of diarrhœa, especially of children, which depend on some alterations of the colon. After each stool he injects from 200 to 300 ccm. of cold water, which is caused to run out again by slight pressure on the abdomen; then he injects 50 ccm. to be retained. The effect of this treatment is surprisingly good, and the mothers readily give their consent to it.

The author has only had the opportunity twice to make use of it in treating adults, but in both cases with equally good results. Whether this is due to the removal of irritating substances, or to a diminution of peristaltic motion,

remains as yet unsettled. The author points out its great advantage in army practice—it costs nothing.—*Medical and Surgical Reporter*.

SEA-SIDE DANGERS.

IN the expectation of enjoyment and of increased health, the multitude who throng the sea-side resorts during the summer season, rarely stop to consider the dangers which they incur; even the disappointed expectation and impaired health of one season is often forgotten as the next approaches. A glamour has been thrown over the idea of the sea-side, so that its sands seem to be sought as if there resided in them specific virtues, powers of healing which contact alone was sufficient to communicate. A thoughtful observer, however, will acknowledge that the outlet to the sea-shore which the railroads to Coney Island, Rockaway Beach, Long Branch, Atlantic City, and Cape May have afforded to the people of New York and Philadelphia, has not been a blessing wholly unmixed with evil. The benefits and delights of the sea-shore remain undiminished, but it is in the way in which they are enjoyed that the evil consists. The cottage or the permanent hotel residence by the sea-shore is a luxury to be enjoyed by but few; to the great mass the sea-side means a hasty scamper to the beach, a few hours of mixed sand, surf, and sunshine; an indigestible basket-luncheon, or a still more indigestible meal procured at hotel or restaurant; an unduly prolonged stay in the water, if it is entered at all; an exciting and confusing mingling with a throng of similar pleasure-seekers; and, finally, a late return home, wearied and unrefreshed. Haste, excess, and excitement are the special dangers of our present great sea-side resorts. The benefits of the pure and cooling breeze, the tonic properties of the surf bath, are entirely nullified by the manner in which we rush to seize them. The sick child, the weary woman, the exhausted man, needs, first of all, in city or country, mountain or sea-side, quiet and rest; otherwise, relaxation becomes dissipation and recreation exhaustion.

Repeated attention has been called to the more evident dangers at many Summer resorts

from imperfect sanitary arrangements. Evidences of typhoid fever, diphtheria, diarrhoeal and malarial diseases have been the most frequent results of such defects. The Summer-fitter ought always to take heed lest he be exchanging a healthy home for a nursery of disease. The possibilities of yet other dangers, and the disasters from failing to guard against them, have again been lamentably exemplified by the recent death of an eminent and brilliant young English surgeon, Samuel M. Messenger, F. R. C. S. Not only was this gentleman a skillful surgeon, but his general scientific attainments were great; he was moreover accomplished as a linguist, as a musician, and as a painter. He was a successful teacher, a brilliant conversationalist, and a prolific writer. Having repaired to Ramsgate for rest, he caught cold after his arrival and developed a pleurisy which rapidly proved fatal, causing his death at the early age of thirty-nine.

SUMMER HYGIENE OF INFANTS.

BY HORATIO R. BIGELOW, M. D.

To cover thoroughly and in detail so large a field as the present subject demands would require an especial monograph. It is my purpose to suggest some practical hints only, in connection with hygienic treatment of a class of little patients that form a large proportion of a physician's Summer clientele. Infants need judicious care and nursing more than they do physic. The failure to observe these conditions is the exciting cause of their diseases, and if it be axiomatic that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," then an article upon prophylaxis will be as valuable as one upon the developed complaint. Too often the physician is utterly ignorant of the duties of the nurse.

WASHING THE INFANT.

The question as to whether the child should be washed immediately after the tying of the cord is one admitting of argument. Dr. Wm. F. Cragin, writing in this journal, under date of January 3, 1880, deprecates, with all the logic at his command, the common practice of washing the child in warm water at its birth. "Now is it not probable that this exposure to cold and chilling of the body is the initial or starting point, the foundation and the cause of that train of numerous evils and ills which lead to such a fearful mortality? Is it not more than probable that serious injury to, or structural changes of, the delicate molecules and tissues are produced, which lead to disease, present and remote?" The Doctor advises that we should anoint the infant with lard, envelope it in a soft, loose flannel gown, wrap it in a blanket and place it beside the mother, who may suckle it when she feels inclined. In twenty-four or thirty-six hours the infant, being accustomed to the change of temperature, may be washed by the nurse. The practice seems founded on scientific principle, and is a good one. But there are many who cannot cut adrift from time-honored custom, and should the child be washed at once, the following precautions are necessary: There should be close at hand a soft sponge, Castile soap, sweet oil, and an abundance of

warm water, (96°-98° Fahr.) The first washing should not be protracted. By oiling the body with sweet oil, the *vernix caseosa* will be removed readily. The cutaneous surface should be gently handled, lest abrasion occur, and should be dried with a soft towel. The only powder which may be used is one composed of equal parts of powdered chalk and carbonate of zinc. The nurse should be instructed to watch for any bleeding of the cord, and should know how to treat it.

DRESSING OF THE INFANT.

Churchill enjoins this simple rule: "As regards the dress, the infant requires softness, looseness, and warmth, and as regards handling, gentleness and dexterity. The child's neck and arms should be covered at all times, despite the vanity of mothers who would leave them bare. Never will the child have so little power of generating heat or of resisting cold. But, neither should we fly to the other extreme, and after enveloping the little one in endless flannel wraps and fine lawn skirts, surmount the whole with a gauze dress, an embroidered sack, and a woollen shawl, to be placed in a cradle covered with blankets and another shawl, with "Baby" embroidered in large letters, to subserve the same purpose, perhaps, for which druggists write "poison" on some of their labels. We desire an even bodily temperature, and not superlative heat. The napkins should be removed as soon as soiled, and the baby should be carefully cleansed before reapplying them. These must never be washed and dried in the mother's sick-room; neither should we use a napkin which has been dried, but always a clean one. Flannel should be worn next the skin at all times. There should never be made any change of clothing which would engender a decided reduction of bodily temperature, and it is criminal to remove a child's warm clothing to dress it, as an after-dinner show, in purple and fine linen.

PHYSIC FOR THE CHILD.

By a wise provision of nature, the colostrum found in the mother's milk for forty-eight or seventy-two hours not only affords ample nourishment for the child, but acts as a purgative, cleansing the bowels of meconium. If absolutely necessary, we may administer the half of a tea-spoonful of sweet oil at a dose. No other physic is desirable, except in congenital disease.

How soon shall the infant be put to the mother's breast? If the mother shall have passed through her labor without any bad symptoms, the child should be given to her to nurse three or four hours after the labor. This is equally necessary for the health of both. If it be impossible for the mother to nurse her infant, we must substitute one part of cow's milk to two of water, with a little sugar, the temperature of the mixture being 95° or 96° Fahr., and no child should be allowed to nurse oftener than once in two hours.

SLEEP.

The child should be placed in a cot by itself, and warmly covered, that it may not inhale a vitiated atmosphere, or suffer from any contaminated bodily exhalations. It should not be

rocked, or carried in the arms of its nurse. Once accustom it to good habits, and its sleep will never be a matter of inconvenience. Never awaken it suddenly, the more it sleeps the better it will be.

THE HYGIENIC TREATMENT OF INFANTILE DIARRHŒA.

When a child at the breast is seized with an attack of diarrhœa, we should, in all cases, examine the stools, and should curd be found, it is well to alternate a little barley water with the breast milk. Or if the milk be white and heavy, we should keep the child on barley water alone. In some cases we may adopt the excellent suggestion of Dr. A. Jacobi, and make use of the following: Mix the white of one egg with four or six ounces of barley water, and add a small quantity of table salt and sugar, just sufficient to make the mixture palatable. If the strength be greatly reduced, we may administer brandy, from one drachm to one ounce in twenty-four hours. In very extreme cases, complicated with persistent vomiting and gastric catarrh, we must enjoin absolute abstemiousness. Let the child eat or drink nothing for from three to five hours, and even for a longer period. Beef tea, or any food containing salt in concentration, is, of course, contraindicated. Any undigested masses in the intestinal tract should be gotten rid of by a dose of castor oil. Of the necessity of fresh air, I may not do better than quote from a very thorough paper, written for the *American Journal of Obstetrics*, July, 1879, by Dr. Jacobi:

"I need not here say, that, in addition to the dietetics for the digestive organs, it is necessary to supply the patient with as much cool, fresh air as possible. The worst outdoor air, when cooler, is better than close indoor air. The undeveloped condition of the nerve-centre in the normal infant; the relaxation of the inhibitory nerves by heat; the absence of radiation from the surface—the lacking stimulus, during hot weather, of the cutaneous sensitive nerves; the diminished metamorphosis of tissue; the diminution of the powers of digestion, not only by shortening digestion, but by directly lowering the secreting powers of the digestive glands in the stomach and intestines, are just as many factors in the production of the very worst forms of infant diarrhœa. I have kept very bad—desperate—cases out all night; upon the bluffs over the East River. The windows must not be closed. If possible, the children should be sent immediately to the country, and into the mountain air."—*Medical and Surgical Reporter*.

DISINFECTANTS.

As the warm weather appears, disinfectants will be needed. Lime, plaster, charcoal, dry earth, and sifted ashes have value, chiefly to be tested by the rapidity with which they correct odors. Fresh-slaked lime should be scattered in all places of foul odor. It or charcoal or plaster may be scattered over heaps emitting foul odors. Calx powder is made by pounding one bushel of dry fresh charcoal and two bushels of stone lime and mixing them, and is of great practical

use. All these substances absorb foul gases and dry up moisture, and so help to retard decomposition or else absorb its results. Where lump charcoal is used, it may be refitted for use by reheating it. Quicklime and ground plaster should not be used where they may be washed into pipes and form lime-soap or obstruct by hardening.

COFFEE FOR TYPHOID FEVER.

Dr. Guillaume, of the French navy, in a recent paper on typhoid fever, speaks of the great benefit which has been derived from the use of coffee. He has found that no sooner have the patients taken a few tablespoonfuls of it, than their features become relaxed, and they come to their senses; the next day the improvement is such as to leave no doubt that the article is just the specific needed. Under its influence the stupor is dispelled, and the patient rouses from the state of somnolency in which he has been since the invasion of the disease; soon, all the functions take their natural course, and he enters upon convalescence. Dr. Guillaume gives to an adult two or three tablespoonfuls of strong, black coffee every two or three hours, alternated with one or two teaspoonfuls of claret or Burgundy wine—a little lemonade or citrate of magnesia to be taken daily, and after a while, quinine.

WOMEN AS PHYSICIANS.

In an article in the *International Review*, Dr. Chadwick makes the just observation that the question is no longer, Shall women be allowed to practice medicine? They are practicing it, not by ones and twos, but by hundreds; and the only problem now is, Shall we give them opportunities for studying medicine before they avail themselves of the already acquired right of practicing it? It is clearly the interest of the community to give to women the fullest instruction, in accordance with the most improved systems, and under the most eminent teachers; and also that their proficiency should be tested by the most rigid ordeals before they finally receive certificates. By a recognition of these certificates and their comparative values, the community would be able to protect itself from the impositions of ignorant or fraudulent pretenders to medical knowledge.

REMEDIES IN NIGHT SWEATS OF PHTHISIS.

Dr. Kohnhorn states, in *Berliner Klin. Woch.*, January 5, 1880, that in two cases, in which he had tried all other remedies in vain, he met with the most surprising success in treating the profuse night-sweating of phthisis by means of the powder which is employed by the Military Medical Department of the War Minister for the treatment of sweating of the feet. This is composed of salicylic acid three, starch ten, and talc eighty-seven parts. The entire body is to be powdered with this in the evening, the patient protecting the mouth and nose by means of a handkerchief, lest the irritation from the salicylic acid might induce coughing.

[Selected by M. T. S.]

PRAYERS I DON'T LIKE.

I do not like to hear him pray,
Who loans at twenty-five per cent;
For then I think the borrower may
Be pressed to pay for food and rent;
And in that book we all should heed,
Which says the lender shall be blest,
As sure as I have eyes to read,
It does not say, take interest.

I do not like to hear him pray,
On bended knees, about an hour,
For grace to spend a right day.
Who knows his neighbor has no flour.
I'd rather see him go to mill,
And buy the luckless brother bread,
And see his children eat their fill,
And laugh beneath their humble shed.

I do not like to hear him pray,
"Let blessings on the widow be,"
Who never seeks her home to say,
"If want o'ertakes you, come to me."
I hate the prayer, so long and loud,
That's offered for the orphan's weal,
By him who sees them crushed by wrong,
And only with his lips doth feel.

I do not like to hear her pray,
With jewelled ear and silken dress,
Whose washerwoman toils all day,
And then is asked to "work for less."
Such pious shavers I despise!
With folded hands and face demure,
They lift to heaven their "angel eyes,"
Then steal the earnings of the poor.

I do not like such soulless prayers;
If wrong, I hope to be forgiven:
No angel's wing them upward bears;
They're lost a million miles from heaven.

[From the Cincinnati Enquirer.]

THE SPIRIT WORLD.

ITS MANIFESTATIONS AND ITS PHILOSOPHY. FROM THE MSS. OF "PNEUMATOS."

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

We can not find fault with the world being as it is. Whatever it is, it is the plain result of what has gone before, and this present day we owe to all what has passed, whatever that has been. We are literally *built up* thus far, and our building up contains all the elements of construction furnished by the times and events of the age, and ages gone before us. Of course we have, on this account, necessarily, though perhaps slowly, been progressed, and from smallest beginnings, as it were, we have grown and grown to a status and to conditions of much consequence and importance. The experience of the past is the massing wisdom of the present and the future, and so the present, in turn, becoming the past of the future, and entering as a matter of course into its structure and construction, those who live after us may look for greater and better things in this world, while those of the past will have gone to a higher Spiritual plane of existence, to aid and keep on with more thorough wisdom and better work, the progress of this world or mundane life, for the superior comfort and enjoyment and happiness of its future denizens—for earth's inhabitants are but denizens of it, occupying and dwelling in it but for a time, and that a brief one—

"Out, out, brief candle."

In looking back at the history of the past, as it has come to us even from the records of the

Old Testament onward through the New, and from the records of almost all secular works, we find that the Spirit-world, as it seems to have had opportunity, has every once in a while vouchsafed a glimpse of itself to some few of the inhabitants of this world. Here and there, scattered throughout the old Hebrew Scripture, we have accounts of the appearance of the immortals of the superior existence to the mortals of this lower existence, and what is most remarkable to observe, however, these accounts of Spirits are not blazoned forth as anything very extraordinary, but are recorded in the ordinary manner, as all other occurrences noted in the old Scriptures, showing us beyond cavil that Spirit-ministrations and Spirit-manifestations, in long days of yore, were not a matter of marvel, wonder and awe, but, in some way or other, a sort of matter-of-course. So, too, in the records of the New Testament, even up to and down to the appearance of the Angel of Revelation upon the Island of Patmos to John the Revelator, the last Spirit-manifestation recorded there. The facts are stated not in any high sounding, blazon or extraordinary manner, but in plain and simple words, and ordinary narrative, as if there was nothing remarkable about them, but rather as if they belonged to the record as a matter of common occurrence. There is no doubt that in the early days of the Christians and the Christian fathers, Spirit-manifestations, even as we have many of them now, were quite usual and common among them, and from the testimony of the Apostle Paul himself, we find the existence in his day of the very sorts and kinds of Mediums, with their different and various gifts, who present themselves to us at this day. Then going through the centuries, here and there and everywhere, we find records of ghosts, Spirits, goblins, fairies, genii, gnomes, and what not also, visiting the glimpses of the moon and warning and comforting or frightening the people of the world. The authentic stories of ghosts and Spirits, as in a thorough search of records, sacred and profane, we might glean them—might form whole libraries. And then how many, very many, Spirits and ghosts have appeared—and appeared without being recorded or remembered, without being preserved for the knowledge of those who might come and live after! This much we can say, that, in all the history of the world, at no time has the knowledge of the Spirits of another and better world been permitted to have been entirely obliterated or lost to the world; and, even if their actions and doings have failed of being recorded in permanent form, story and tradition among the people have maintained and preserved them; and these are great and excellent, and perhaps the best continents and conservers and preservers of truth and facts. If story and tradition failed to keep in mind the visits and ways of the Spirits in mundane experience, we find that the poets, the story-tellers and the so-called fiction writers, and even dramatic writers, have had a very important mission to perform in keeping alive, for the benefit of the world, the knowledge of Spirits and their ways and doings, and from Homer to Shakspeare, and from Shak-

spear to Longfellow, we find almost all the poets of the world thoroughly impressed, even as Mediums we would like to say, with the fact of the supernatural and natural existence of Spirits, and their occasional or permanent intervention in the affairs of this world. As for the story-tellers and fiction writers, from the lady of the Arabian Nights to the Strange Story of Lytton Bulwer, we find the knowledge of Spirits obtained and preserved by them, and it would almost seem they could not get along without them. The dramatic writers also have kept up steadfastly the knowledge of the existence of ghosts and Spirits, and the stage of the centuries has been full of them, until we come to the dramas of today, when it would almost appear that the stage and drama would be a failure without their pertinent and impertinent ghosts, fairies, gnomes, goblins, hobgoblins and Spirits. We can not close this review reference without alluding to the oft-repeated existence of *haunted houses* from time to time, throughout the length and breadth of the civilized world. Who is there that has not heard of haunted houses? And who made or caused these same haunted houses but *Spirits of the other world*? Yea, verily; who else, notwithstanding all theology and philosophy? From the days of John Wesley's haunted habitation in England to the present day, when so many of these haunting manifestations occur in almost every city, town and village in the land, who but Spirits have caused them?

If the preacher John Wesley and his family, when they were in the habit of hearing those thundering knocks, raps and noises about their dwelling, instead of being frightened and scared at them, had had the requisite intelligence and acuteness to inquire into them, and question and interrogate the authors or makers of them, as did the little infant Fox girls in the year 1843, in their humble one-story, wooden cottage at Hydeville, in the State of New York, the world might have been not so long in finding out that these veritable Spirits made these unearthly and marvellous noises for the purpose of instituting, if possible or practical, direct telegraphic communication from themselves with the denizens of this world, whom, when they died and had departed hence, they had left behind them; and the great start that the world got in its progress from the acute, ingenious and intelligent questioning of the Spirits by the mere infants of the "Rochester knockings," would have commenced quite a century ago, and we had now been so much more advanced in our career and the progress of the ages. The beautiful and anxious Spirits, though dumb to the preacher, John Wesley and his family, on account of their want of Yankee acuteness, spoke readily (and not as spooks, though,) to the Yankee children on this side of the waters, because they were cute, and from that day we note and date a new era in the history of the world—the era of fixed and established intercourse between the inhabitants of this world and the world to come—the consequence and importance of which can not by any possibility or impossibility be overestimated or magnified.

Great heaven! just think of it, those two

little girls hearing those raps on the head-boards of the bedstead and the walls of their diminutive bedroom, just at eventide when they were about going to bed and to their sleep, and one of them suggesting to the thundering rapping Spirits to knock *three* times for "*yes*," and *twice* for "*I don't know*," and *one* rap for "*no*," and thus establishing question and answer, and direct and affirmed and confirmed intercourse with the Spirits of the other world, not only for the temporary benefit of their little wee selves, but for the great and everlasting benefit of all the nations and the people of the whole earth,

"From Greenland's icy mountains
To Africa's sunny shore,"

And we may justly and properly add the Spirit-world itself.

Is this not the truth and the fact? Who is there now to deny it? *Who?* The world has long since accepted the fact of the Rochester knockings—the tiny raps of the Angels for the little girls—and now, after thirty-two years from this small beginning, not only the intelligent answering raps have spread out over the whole world, but from the hold of the Spirits thus first obtained, fixed and established by their Spiritual-intercourse with the Fox girls, they have also fixed and established all sorts and methods, and manners of daily and nightly intercourse with the people of this world, in every part or parcel of it, so that he who runs may talk and have converse with the Spirits, and learn from them the ways and doings of the angels of the better world to which we are all bound, whether we will or not, and from whose bourne we all now know that travellers every day and night do return, notwithstanding the one false and inconsistent fanciful utterance of the poet of nature, and the repeated prosaic affirmations of the theologians of the pulpit, not of nature—or nature's God!—another so called rooted, rutted and grooved "scientism" of the learned and erudite world!

But how is this, that the Angels so condescended in so small a beginning even with the little ignorant baby-girls, instead of beginning matters of such high import and consequence with the great wise men of the world, the learned, scientific and reported erudite of the world, the Solons and the Solomons, the law-givers, scientists and the philosophers? The answer is a plain one, and it is for the very same reason that a Jesus Christ was born of an obscure mother, in a manger, and became the Father of Mercies for the whole Christian world; and it is for the same reason that all things and matters of import and consequence have had their origin in obscurity and humility; and all men and women whose genius has adorned and elevated mankind, found their birth and beginning amid the humblest, plainest, obscurest walks of life. Out of the mouths of suckling babes hath and doth wisdom come. So knew and said the Son of Man and the Son of God, and so is the fiat of God Himself in and throughout all nature and her manifold domains.

"Tall oaks from little acorns grow,
Great streams from small fountains flow."

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

[Selected.]

NATURE.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leaves his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please him more:
So Nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently that we go,
Scarcely knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

WAYSIDE BLOSSOMS.

NUMBER TWO.

BY SPIRIT VIOLET.

In all this vast universe, with its glowing worlds teeming with the ever-varying manifestations of life, what can be found more sweet, beautiful and divine than the element of Love? We perceive this emotion expressed by the animals around us, in the care and attention they bestow upon their young. The birds in Spring-time build their nests for each other, and woo their mates in loving tenderness; even the very flowers of the field seem to bend towards each other and blend their fragrance in harmonious sympathy; while each tiny drop of the wondrous sea blends in unity, one with the other. All things in Nature love their kind.

But in humanity we look for something higher, broader, grander than this. In the human love welling up in the soul for parent, sister, wife, or offspring, we behold the germ and possibility of that divine love that makes no distinction between man and man, but floweth out free to all people. We believe there is a heavenly love, so broad and universal in its capacity, that it can embrace all creatures, high or low, bond or free; a love that works through sympathy for the welfare of humanity, and expresses itself in a tenderness of spirit towards every one; love that is limitless, but, like the mighty waves of light, blesses all alike; such a love as the gentle Nazarene came to earth to express to mortals; a love of which he was the living example and exponent; for although he hesitated not to rebuke sin and oppression, and to scourge the evil-doer, yet were these things done in love and for the eternal good of others.

Love is the grandest element of existence, beginning in the germ to reach out towards parental heart, budding out towards fraternal sympathy and friendly care, and at last expanding into the fragrant blossom, whose perfume and beauty is for the healing of the nations. And it

is true that every Spirit possesses the attribute of love, which may be fostered and cultivated at will. Where love abides, we behold no selfishness, no injustice, no oppression, no tyranny exercised towards the loved one; we behold only self-abnegation, generous giving, and the endeavor to make the path of the beloved beautiful and bright.

When the attribute of love becomes fully unfolded in the soul of humanity, we shall find it spreading out unto all mankind, linking all in one band of fraternal sympathy. Then shall want and poverty cease to exist; there will be enough for all, for no man will delight to accumulate wealth at the expense of his neighbor; injustice and oppression will be known no more, for he who is ruled by love encroaches not upon the rights of others. War shall disappear, and nations will sit down in amity together; for who will desire to wage battle with those they love? Crime shall become a thing of the past; for who shall wish to sin against their best affections? When Love becomes perfected in humanity, ignorance will flee from earth, and error be known no more; the learned will delight to open the storehouse of knowledge to those who sit in darkness, and point the weary feet to fields of light and truth.

Bards and sages have sung and prophesied of the Millennium; they have longed for the golden age. When Love unfolds her fullest power in the hearts of men, that brilliant day will have dawned, and humanity will realize that a higher dispensation has come to earth. By cultivation, the love principle will unfold; water it well with kindly thoughts and actions; begin by sympathizing with those around you; suppress the idle tale of gossip, strengthen the faltering hands of the weak; let your affections flow out towards your fellows. Thus shall you perform your part in hastening the golden age of love.

AUTHENTIC CORRECTION.—A TUG WITH A SPIRIT.

THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN "STAR EYE" AND MR. HANNAH.

ON Wednesday there appeared in the *Chronicle*, under the heading of "A Spirit Cast Out," the account of Mr. Hannah's tussle with the materialized Spirit "Star Eye," according to that gentleman's version of the affair. He, however, appears to have been the only person present at the seance who is of the opinion that the advantage rested with him in his tug with the Spirit, as may be seen from the subjoined communication from J. P. Dameron, J. F. Shaffer and Judge John A. Collins:

To the Editor of the *Chronicle*—SIR: We feel that it is our duty, in justice to Mrs. Crin-

dle, to make the following statement in reply to an article that appeared in your paper of July 14th, entitled "A Spirit Cast Out." We say that the whole of the statement therein is false, and that neither Mrs. Crindle nor any other person was pulled out of a cabinet or dark room by Mr. Hannah and exposed; that he did attempt to pull some one, or some Spirit, but that it got loose and disappeared in the dark; that at no time was there an exposure of any one or any person; that we were astonished at the effort made and the power of resistance, and the ease with which it jerked away; that there was no wig or mask or faces exposed; that Mr. Sleeper, who, he says, was pulled out with her, has been dead many years, and that Mrs. Sleeper is a lady of high standing and of wealth, and we believe she would not lend herself to a fraud intentionally. We took all precautions to prevent any fraud. We admit it to be a phenomenon beyond our power of detection.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE TEMPLE WITHIN.

THROUGH JULIA FRIEL.

Will you go with us, child, to a temple,
To a temple that is not far away?
Will you enter it, patient and humble,
And earnestly, fervently pray,
That the bright light of truth may illumine
Every object that's pictured within
The temple we would wish kept so holy
And free from a shadow of sin?

Will you carefully search every corner,
To see that no shadows are there?—
But thoughts that are pure and lovely,
Be painted in pictures most fair,
Lighting its charms with their glory,
And forming a prominent part
Of the make-up and build of the temple,
The temple within your own heart?

ANAHIM, California.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

TESTS OR NO TESTS.

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

I HAVE said heretofore that the most apparently insignificant tests are in many cases the strongest. The sitter or recipient is required to exercise patience in examining or taking the messages or communications, for it frequently happens that the interpretation or explanation, particularly if it is in symbolic modes or representations, does not come for days and weeks, and even for years, in some cases. Let patience have her perfect work. I remember once of getting a message or communication, and in it an answer or reply to a question by me, which question in terms I had utterly lost, but it finally came to memory, and made all plain to my understanding.

In my experience I have been sent by Spirit direction to find certain persons and deliver verbal messages or written communications to them, and quite a number I have visited whose Spirit-friends had given their messages at the public Circles, with the request that they should be forwarded. All this was a work of love, and proved to me in every instance a double satisfaction, inasmuch as in all this

incidental intercourse the persons here were pleased or made happy, and those on the other side of life most surely benighted. They were all tests to me and needed nothing but their simple details and their confirmation to exemplify to human intelligence the "ministry of angels." The errands were in the main errands of mercy, and so much the better for that.

Some things communicated to me prophetically are in suspense, very important to me as to my physical condition and social relations. They may never come to pass, and yet I shall not feel inclined or called upon to denounce the thing a fraud. Several names were given me once by a Medium, of whose existence I could not reach the remembrance. Concluding that I would obtain valuable information from some individuals whom I had known in a distant city, calculated to make the matter of names, as given to me by the Medium, plain as to some matters of social life, I resolved to pay them a visit. I mentioned the intention to no one; of this I am sure. A friend of mine on the other side took occasion through the same Medium, to say to me, "Don't you go on that journey; save your money; you'll get nothing; it will be, 'I think, I think,' and nothing certain." I went, however, and at the same Medium's, and from the same Spirit-friend, on my return home, I got the following message, "So you did go on that journey, did you? and you got nothing? It was 'I think, I think,' and nothing certain. I told you so; now, have patience, and you'll get all." This was plain enough to me after it was all over, and I required no theologian to explain to me the angelic mission.

Little Things from Little Spirits are crumbs of comfort to me, and therefore I shall conclude this article with something from Little Helen.

Some time ago, at Mrs. Powell's during a sitting, little Helen, among other things, told me that Mrs. Bliss had a baby (girl) and they called it "Sunshine," and that it was going to be a great Medium; "that they had a box in the room where people put money in for the baby, and I must put some in it."

To make a short story of this matter, I found it just as Helen told me, and the confirmation of her child-like story, so confidently and pleasingly repeated by her, cost me a quarter of a dollar extra, which I put into "Sunshine's" money-box without any grudging on my part.

So much, then, for "Tests or no Tests," with the hope that the future contributions of your humble servant may be more instructive, or at any rate more interesting than this.

Yours, truly, J. W.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION:
FAIR VIEW HOUSE, NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS.
Spir. It. L. JUDD PARDEE, Editor-in Chief.
D. K. MINER, Business Manager.
D. C. DENSMORE, Amanuensis and Publisher.

NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS., SEPT. 1, 1880.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

On the 15th of this month, (September,) the VOICE OF ANGELS' CIRCLE WILL BE REMOVED FROM NO. WEYMOUTH, MASS., TO NO. 5, DWIGHT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.,

After which date all letters and matter for the paper must be directed there.

Pub. Voice of Angels.

EDITORIAL.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

MR. EDITOR:—*Sir*,—I wish to ask you a question or two relative to Mediums, and you can answer them or not, as you may elect—one of which is, "How far can an immoral, unreliable Medium's messages be relied upon?" I know of one of the best Test-Mediums in the world, and yet he is a swearing, ill-mannered, lying profligate, and with all the rest, he is badly addicted to strong drink. My next question is, "How can Spirits from the higher realms tolerate such unconscionable vagabonds long enough to give a message through them?"

ANSWER.

The first question, viz., "How far can a lying, immoral Medium's messages be relied upon?" answers itself. For, if he gives reliable messages and good tests, it is proof positive that, however bad and unscrupulous he may ordinarily be, according to our friend's own showing, as far as his mediumship is concerned, he tells the exact truth. What more can he expect? For if the tests and communications are truthful, they are just as good as if they came through the greatest saint in Christendom.

As to his second question, "How can Spirits from the higher realms tolerate such unconscionable vagabonds long enough to give a message through them?" we answer: For the same reason that, supposing you were one of the most moral men in the wide, wide world, and had a difficult, complicated piece of mechanical work that you wanted done—work requiring the best skilled workman to perform—although you would naturally prefer a person of good character to do it, yet you are bound to employ the best talent you can find to perform the difficult task, ignoring or shutting your eyes as to his shortcomings and moral obliquities. Just so with Spirits desiring to transmit their

thoughts to earth's children: they are bound to employ the best Mediums they can find to convey those thoughts in the clearest and most lucid manner possible.

Hence our friend will see that Mediums of all phases of manifestation are at best but instruments for conveying thoughts of Spirits from the higher to the lower world, without the least regard to their moral status. Consequently, it will be seen that, as far as mediumship is concerned, it is a constitutional development, and has no more to do with the moral code than in the case of a first class mechanic in the performance of *his* work.

If our friend will ask himself the question, "Does the power to think or act depend at all upon the moral attributes?" his answer will be, "Certainly not." If, as he says, the Medium he speaks of gives conclusive evidence of Spirit-communion, all he has to do, in order to acknowledge such messages, without any misgiving on account of the Medium's immoral acts, is to *separate entirely* his mediumistic powers or qualifications from his moral status before the world.

Weakness of the physical prevents further remarks at this time.

STORY'S SUBSTANTIALISM.

AS THE Review Notes of Story's Substantialism are about being published in pamphlet form, they will no longer be continued in our paper. We however have the promise that articles, written by the dictation of the band of ancients in the Higher Life, under whose influence the book was written, will supply their place.

There is ample evidence that the influence of more and still more ancient Spirits is reaching our plane of life through medial agents of greater and still greater moral courage; their object being, not only to correct the mistakes and misrepresentations of their earthly lives, but to benefit humanity by communicating to them the truths discovered during their progress in Spirit-life.

The author writes, "I am irresistibly impelled to obey their dictates, in consequence of my intense desire to know the truths they so clearly present to my mental vision. They reveal the fact that medial power consists in organic adaptability to learn specific truths. Spirits correspondingly organized are able to quicken into active life the germs of truth latent in the constitution of the Medium under their control. This, because their plane of life includes, hence is parental to ours; their thoughts being impressed upon their

correspondents on our immature plane, in like manner as parents impress their thoughts upon their specific offspring.

"More and more ancient Spirits are the more and more remote ancestors of humanity on our comparatively embryonic plane of maturity; their interest in us as such being purely parental. No fear that any, however remote, will so far forget their own best interest as to neglect doing all in their power to elevate their mundane offspring, although the experiences of those in different stages of maturity necessarily differ, as do their specific organization. It is the especial wish of the higher developed to show the necessity of accepting the truth in its pristine nakedness, by casting aside the garments that have so long disguised its native goodness, and to show the true order of nature as revealed to humanity through the senses, here and now; thereby induce them to reject utterly the so-called miraculous revelations in past ages.

"Being *per se* truth and goodness, nature's revelations are simply what its forms and forces express, unclothed and uncolored by any outside agency. As nature operates for its own good as a whole, there are no outside agencies to worship, no friends to aid or foes to fear, beyond the pale of humanity, on its various planes of Spirit-life, including ours. Hence they regard the destruction of every species of idol-worship, and every phase of pandering thereto, as the initiatory and most important step towards the harmonization of human society."

EXPLANATORY.

FRIENDS AND PATRONS:—It is with no little regret that I am obliged to crave your kind indulgence a little longer, as it will be some time yet before I can respond to your many unanswered letters.

The reason of the seeming neglect arises from the fact that for the past four months I have been prostrated with a slow intermittent fever, which all medicines failed to reach, culminating about ten days since in congestive chills. For weeks before this took place, it was not expected by my friends that I could ever rally, and after congestion set in, and knowing that that state was the most dangerous condition an invalid could be placed in, it was still more doubtful; for a few days, whether the life-currents would still continue to flow. But by the most vigorous treatment, and the timely aid of Angel-friends, the crisis turned about a week ago in favor of continuing life indefinitely. Since last Monday, at which time the crisis took place, I have been gradually improving, with a fair prospect, if I can avail myself of the necessary means, that I shall be able to regain my former health and strength; and although I am a great deal better, yet I am weak and feeble, and to

better facilitate the recovery of my wasted vitality, it is absolutely necessary that I should have some relaxation from the cramped, pent-up condition I have been in for the past five years. To do this, it is necessary to go into the country, and ramble over the hills and dales of the inland towns, and drink in the fresh and life-giving magnetisms from the great laboratory of Mother Nature. This is what is needed. But in order to carry it out, I must have means; and the thought occurred to me that if those of you who are behind in your dues for this year would pay up promptly, I could avail myself of the pleasant Fall months to recuperate the flabby muscles and weak nerves, and be ready to meet the approaching inclement Winter season with a strong and healthy physical body.

I thought the above explanation regarding my delinquency in my correspondence was due to you, and also the little dun for your delinquency was due to me; and now hoping that you will feel the necessity of contributing your mites—some of them long due—and help me get well, I remain your friend and co-worker.

D. C. DENSMORE,
Pub. Voice of Angels.

A NEW AND NOVEL ENTERPRISE.

We have just received the second number of *Miller's Psychometric Circular*, a monthly journal, devoted to the comparatively new science of Psychometry; its office of publication being at No. 17 Willoughby street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Its price to regular subscribers is 25 cents for six months; single copies, 5 cents. Although debarred from attending to much office business of late, having but just emerged out of a long and tedious illness, nevertheless we managed to look it over cursorily, and from the great importance of the subject on which it treats, coupled with its beautiful mechanical make-up, its fine, nice paper, and clear type, we predict for it a long course of usefulness. God and angels bless you, brother Miller, for presenting it to the world, is the hearty response of not only the Editor of the *VOICE OF ANGELS*, but its Publisher as well.

BLISS' MAGNETIZED PLANCHETTE.

A tripod-shaped instrument, designed to develop Writing Mediumship, so that a person can receive perfect and satisfactory communications from Spirit-friends. The advantages claimed over other instruments of the kind are, first, pasteboard top, instead of varnished, oiled or stained wood. Second, each instrument is separately magnetized by a powerful Band of Spirits. Address JAMES A. BLISS, 713 Sansom street, Philadelphia. Price 50 cents each or \$5.00 per dozen.

Through the kindness of Mr. Bliss, we received one of these useful little instruments some time ago, but as we were suffering with a greatly diseased body, we could neither read nor write, much less test its genuineness; and if Mr. B. will take into account the above, he will have ample room to exercise charity at our not noticing it at the time.

We also received this morning a little book, called "Bliss' Collection of Spiritual Hymns" for

Camp-meetings, Circles, and for home use. The compiler has made a careful and judicious selection of the most popular hymns sung at Seances and public meetings, and it should be in every family in the land, Spiritualist or not, as it is bound to do much good. Price 10 cts. Send for it, friends.

THE LYRE HATH MUSIC STILL.

THE lyre hath music still—though Love
No longer bids its notes unfold;
Though harsher hands its numbers move
To ruder themes and cold;
Yet is there something in its tone
Which bends not to the coarser will—
A beauty undefined, unknown:
The lyre hath music still.

The lyre hath music still—though years
Have robbed its strings of many a charm,
Some unexpected grace appears,
Not even Time can harm.
The echo of forgotten song
Through every pulsing chord doth thrill,
As lovely, though neglected long:
The lyre hath music still.

The hand that once was wont to fling
Enchantment o'er its trembling frame
Is cold; yet will its pathos bring
Remembrance of her name;
Of hers whose gentle fingers taught
Its yielding strings their wondrous skill—
A magic yet from memory caught:
The lyre hath music still.

—[Tinsley's Magazine.]

THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

A SPIRIT BABY LEARNING TO WALK.

WHILE sitting one evening lately, cogitating upon the ups and downs of mundane life, I heard distinctly some one say, "Look, father, look!" Turning my head in the direction from whence the sound came, I saw Tunie pointing to a little child toddling along, with Jennie Sprague bent over the little one, holding its skirts tightly, to prevent its falling in case it made a misstep. just as I have seen parents and larger children do when teaching "the baby" to use his locomotive powers.

I wish I had the power to describe this Angel-baby's attempt to walk—for I doubt whether it ever attempted the feat before it left its puny body. There it was, stubbing along, sometimes a step sideways, and then backward, and then it would make a lunge forward, supported by darling Jennie's watchful care; its tiny arms and hands stretched forth, and its little fingers spread out, to balance its body; its great lustrous brown eyes looking at everybody and everything; with the room full of loving Spirits, watching the baby's antics in trying for the first time to walk.

It was a scene fit for an Angel-artist; and then to see Jennie lean forward, and ask, What does baby want? and to hear it say, in baby language, what the girls all said was "Mamma," was enough to draw tears from the most obdurate and corrupt heart. And then, after the wonderful pedestrian feat was over, to see the little angel pass from one to the other, the great crowd of Spirits devouring it with kisses, (an ordeal that all babies have to undergo,) was a fitting finale to the enchanting scene.

I learned afterwards that the baby's name was Jennie Houghton, whose parents live somewhere in New York City. I could not get the street or number.

After chatting with the little stranger in its own baby language, which was Greek to me, but which every one of the girls claimed was as clear to them as the noonday sun, the whole enchanting scene passed from view, and left me struggling with the realities of the lower world, fighting off disease.

There does not seem to be enough merit in this to occupy space in the paper; but I enjoyed it so much, that I wanted others to enjoy it the same; but the description is so clumsily done, I fear I shall miss the mark aimed at.

WELL, friend David, here is your old friend, D. M. S., again, to tell you some of my experiences in Spirit-life; also to tell you something about the sayings and doings of the inhabitants of the unseen world.

In my last visit you will remember I tried to give that long-tailed, cloven-footed cuss, dubbed the Devil, his due, by calling particular attention to the many good things he has done, first and last, in building up the Orthodox Church; stating at the same time that but for him there would not be a church of any kind in all the land. For doing this I have been soundly trounced by some of the white-chokered gentry on this side of the river; for it must not be forgotten that as a tree falls so must it lie. So, as a man is on entering here, he will remain a longer or shorter time in the same faith as before death ensued—each one occupying a position corresponding to his or her peculiar traits of thought before dissolution of the physical body. Hence we have religious bigots and fanatics in all their earthly gush and glory. They have churches here corresponding to their religious training before they left the scenes of earth, presided over by ministers and deacons, precisely as on earth, who follow out precisely the same selfish programme to get into heaven that characterized their efforts in that direction while inhabiting earthly bodies, and they are just as set and bigoted and intolerant, and more punctilious in observing the rules, ceremonies and religious dogmas laid down in their church creeds, than before they left the mortal. They pray, exhort, sing and shout as lustily as ever they did on earth, and, as before stated, are just as bigoted and intolerant.

Oh, I must tell you a little incident that transpired not long since, in which I played a small part:

The other day, I was speaking by invitation to a large, rough-looking crowd of undeveloped, though thoroughly honest-minded men and women, upon what I considered the only way by which a person could prepare himself to enter higher realms, which was to reconcile himself to all things, with a sincere, heartfelt desire, free from all selfish motives or thoughts, to assist the weak, cheer up the desponding, and give hope to those suffering from the effects of a misspent life. This was, as I understood things, the only avenue to reach higher conditions.

At this juncture, a stranger in the audience, who proved to have been a minister in the M. E. Church, fresh from the scenes of earth, interfered and said, "If the speaker had told his

hearers that the only way to reach those scenes he speaks of was through the blood of Christ, he would have hit the mark nearer." "The idea," said he, "that a person could get into heaven through good works is as false and as far from the truth as heaven is from hell."

He went on in this strain for a long time, no one interfering. At last, I heard an ominous dissenting voice, which I knew preluded trouble to the intruder. But the irate speaker paid no attention to the warning voice, but kept on in his blustering, dogmatic harangue louder than ever.

After listening to the tirade of abuse hurled at me and those to whom I was speaking as long as they could stand it, he was told to desist further talk, by one of the prominent men in the association. But he paid no heed to it: and finding moral suasion would not stop his abuse, two large, powerfully built men, one on either side, led him quietly out of the hall, without the least noise or fuss. He kicked and squirmed a little at first, telling them he was a minister of the Lord Jesus, but finding it useless, he wilted, and walked quietly along until he reached the street, where he was told not to invade their premises again.

After this little episode was over, I finished my remarks, and received the gratulations of the listeners, and was requested to speak again a week hence.

I have seen such occurrences on a lower plane of thought than the foregoing, where they handle the intruders without gloves. I recollect on one occasion, soon after coming to this life, when a crowd of these partially developed people were listening attentively to a discourse being delivered by a Spirit from a more harmonious sphere, and while he was speaking to the thousands listening with rapt attention to every word uttered, a rough, uncouth Spirit made some harsh remarks upon what had been said; persisting after being told to desist by the committee having charge of the affair, one of them said, "Put the ill-bred intruder out!" No sooner said than done, for a couple of strong men grabbed him by his neck and heels, and hustled him towards the door, as easily as they could a three-year old, and threw him, neck, scruff and heels, into the street; after which the lecture proceeded as though nothing had happened.

Although rough in their appearance, yet these Spirits are kind and genial in their treatment of strangers; but they never brook an insult from any one, and when the attempt is made they never mince matters or stand upon the order of doing things, but, as in the above case, take the most summary way they can think of to rebuke an intruder's insolence.

Except on the lower planes, Spirits live together in associations not unlike an earthly co-operative institution, and some of them are as old as humanity itself. The one first referred to seems to be a sort of half-way house or tavern, where people arriving from earth, broken down and tired can rest and recuperate their wasted energies, preparatory to taking up future labors, and is in reality what its name implies, viz., "THE WAYFARERS' LODGE." I am told that there are thousands of these beneficent in-

stitutions or associations scattered all over the Spirit-world, where people arriving from earth take up their temporary abode, either with relatives or friends, whose "latchstring is always out," and who are ever ready to render aid to the needy. They are governed by no laws but those implanted within the breast of every human being at birth; and although ignorant of the refinement existing in the higher spheres, yet they are a law unto themselves, and live in the most perfect harmony with each other.

John Young has just called for a moment, and is off again. He sent his kind regards to you, and said, "Tell David to keep a stiff upper lip, as all things are working in harmony with natural law."

Thanking you for this opportunity, I bid you good-bye.

D. M. S.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

A VISION.

SHOWN TO ALVA A. TANNER, UNION, UTAH.

SOME time in June or July, in the year 1877, I was one day passing over a range of high mountains, which are situated between Park City and Alta City, in Utah Territory. Both are mining camps, and are about fifteen miles distant one from the other. There was at that time snow on the north side of the mountain, where the sun did not strike fairly upon it. In such places the snow never gets entirely off until the last of July or the first of August. I was then travelling on foot and alone; it was about two o'clock in the day; I had yet three or four miles to go to reach the town of Alta, when I saw in a vision before me a man who was neither standing upright nor was he lying down. I could not well describe his true position—he seemed to be in a stooping posture. His hair was very white, but was not gray. I should take him to be about 30 years of age. But what attracted my attention most was the blood which I saw flowing from his head, and passing down over the side of his face, which in a few minutes had almost completely covered him with blood. I tried to talk to him, but could get no answer whatever, for he seemed as if he did not hear what I said to him. I wondered why it was so, and could not imagine what was the reason of it.

About four hours after, when I was in company with some miners, some of them just come from working in some of the mines near the town of Alta, I saw with my natural eyes all I had seen in the vision four hours before; for it was now six o'clock, or a little after. A man was struck over the head with a Colt's six-shooter, with such force that the pistol was broken to pieces, the barrel and cylinder dropping to the ground. The man

staggered and fell to his knees, but was soon supported by his friends. He was the foreman of a mine, and had got into some difficulty with one of the roughs of the town, about a mining claim. I was not acquainted with either party, but by inquiring I learned the facts in the case. I had a desire to talk with the assaulted party, but his friends gathered about him so closely that I had no opportunity to do so. He was the same man I had seen in my vision, having very light hair; a gash was cut in his head, and he was covered with blood.

When we are permitted to see events before they happen, what is to hinder God from knowing everything from the beginning of the world? Though I saw in a vision that which happened after, I could not have dictated the event before it took place, for I knew not that what I saw in a vision I should see with my own natural eyes, neither should I have been able to have told the time it should happen. But my vision was all interpreted when the event took place.

[From the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*.]

SOLILOQUY OF FULVIA AT SICYON.

BY MRS. KEMMA R. TUTTLE.

["She died at Sicyon, A. U. C. 712, through chagrin and wounded pride, as was believed, at her husband's attachment to Cleopatra of Alexandria."]

WRETCHED and weak and dying, I cry in the gathering darkness,
The sun sinks low on the plain, and the red fires of sunset
flame upward,
Painting the beautiful citadel glittering scarlet.
Time was in my life when such gildings and flashings had
pleased me;—
When the bloom of my lips and the light of my eyes were as
vivid
As aught ever shaped on the earth, or hung up in the heav-
ens,
Albeit they are now but ashes of roses and arrows.

Beholding me now, in the night of my turbulent grandeur,
Eclipsed and forgotten, or only remembered with curses,
One scarcely would dream I was ever a stranger to weakness;
But Cleopatra knew, and Antonina, and so knows Marc Antony,
If aught he yet knows, save Cleopatra's subtle enchantment.

I would I had died ere my soul was starved out to a shadow,
Unable to flash up the skies when the death pangs are over!
The blushes of shame flush the face of me, though I am dy-
ing,
At thought of this wreck floating up past the gods in the
heavens,
And hearing them say each to each, "That is Fulvia from
Sicyon,
Who mourned herself dead that a woman was fairer in
Egypt."

But I must crush back all my dreams of magnificent ven-
geance;
Must die unavenged in the impotent moanings of sorrow;—
And still will my husband grow rapturous, meeting her
kisses,
And still will her beauty blaze brighter because of the meet-
ing,
And still I shall sleep in dumb patience, no longer complain-
ing.

The keen edge of vengeance is turned, and I wrestle no
longer
'Gainst dumb heart and dumb lips, and strong eyes frozen
and tearless,
But yield me blindly, yet hopefully, up to the keeping
Of death, who is calmer than silence and stronger than ven-
geance.

BRIEF ITEMS.

ELIZUR WRIGHT gives notice that the Fourth Annual Congress of the National Liberal League will be held in Chicago, Ill., September 17th, 18th, and 19th next.

Mr. Thomas R. Hazard has a lengthy and caustic letter to Prof. S. B. Brittan, in the *Banner* of Aug. 14th. Mr. H. takes issue with the views expressed by Prof. Brittan on Form Materialization, in a lecture delivered in Brooklyn, N. Y., not long since.

The Onset Bay Camp-meeting this year proved as useful and interesting as any of its predecessors. Miss Lizzie Doten was in her best mood, and gave a grand lecture upon "Human Nature," and a beautiful poem, and John Wetherbee gave one of his characteristic and interesting "Talks," one evening, and there were many other entertaining episodes.

A complimentary solree was held in Steinway Hall, London, July 27th, on the occasion of the departure of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Fletcher for this country. Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald presided, in the unavoidable absence of Mr. Stalton-Moses, the Chairman, and in behalf of those present, in a very complimentary address, presented Mr. Fletcher with a handsome silver cup, suitably inscribed. Mr. Fletcher made a few feeling remarks, and Mrs. Fletcher said a few words, in acknowledgment of a number of beautiful bouquets.

The New York State Free-thinkers' Convention meets this year at Hornellsville, N. Y., Sept. 1st, and closes the 5th.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, during her visit to England, is meeting with much attention. At a meeting called to publicly welcome her in London, presided over by Mr. Stalton-Moses, much appreciation was expressed of her past labors, and Mr. Burns, of the *Medium and Daybreak*, related many interesting reminiscences of her previous visit to England; after which, Mrs. R., under influence, gave one of her interesting addresses and delivered a characteristic poem. Mrs. Richmond has lectured several times in London, and her services are in great demand.

Mrs. Nettle Pease Fox has gone to Moberly, Mo., to visit her parents, where she will remain a month or more, returning to New York City the last of September.

A strange story comes from Worth Co., Georgia. It is that a woman recently became deranged at a revival meeting, and now goes about raving, with a bucket of water, baptizing everybody she comes across. Though wholly uneducated, she reads chapters from the Bible, and expounds and discourses upon them in the most lucid style, displaying much native eloquence and knowledge. She also exposes all the mysteries of Masonry, and it is said many of the craft have gone and seen her and come away greatly astonished.

The Camp-meeting at Lake Pleasant, Montague, Mass., has continued successfully to an interested throng, and many able and talented speakers have taken part, among whom were Prof. H. Kiddle, Mrs. N. J. T. Brigham, Dr. Anna M. Middlebrook, Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, and others. Horatio and William Eldy have held Seances, with marked success. August 1st, was given up to Elder Evans and his band of Shakers, from Lebanon, N. Y., who entertained the audience with the Shaker ceremonies and sweet music.

The First Annual Camp-meeting of the Michigan Spiritualists and Liberalists was held at the Lansing Central Fair Grounds, extending from August 20th to the 30th, and was so successful that it will probably become a permanent thing each year. Dr. Henry Slade, the celebrated slate-writing Medium, was present during the whole meeting, and also his niece, Miss Agnes L. Slade, who is a fine vocalist. Giles B. Stebbins and other noted Mediums and speakers were also present. Excursion trains

were run at reduced rates, tent-room was furnished free of charge, a restaurant at reasonable prices, and much liberality shown by the management of the Camp-meeting.

Mr. Alexander Phillips, the Slate-writing Medium, of New York City, continues to give surprising manifestations in his way—a reporter for *Truth* having recently visited him with new slates, bought on the way, thoroughly cleansed, wrapped in paper, and placed in a drawer—after which names and messages were correctly written on the slates.

The meetings in Pythian Hall, Boston, continue to grow in interest and usefulness, with able and eloquent speakers.

The Lake George Camp-meeting will commence Sept. 3d, 1880, and continue through the month. The grounds consist of fifty-nine acres, bordering on the lake, most of which is a beautiful grove, and including the old historic "Fort George."

The Conference meetings of the Everett Hall Spiritualist Society, Brooklyn, N. Y., have been continued regularly every Saturday evening, through the Summer, doing much good. Mr. W. J. Colville spoke August 22d.

The Twenty-fifth Annual Meeting of the Friends of Human Progress will be held at Collins Station, Erie Co., N. Y., Sept. 8d, 4th and 5th, 1880.

The cause of Spiritualism is growing in Denver, Colorado, and quite a number of able and honest Mediums are located there.

Mr. E. V. Wilson, the well-known veteran Spiritualist, "passed over" August 9th, while sitting in his chair, peacefully and without a struggle.

The Fourteenth Annual Meeting of the Cape Cod Spiritualists was inaugurated Sunday, August 22d, at Nickerson's Grove, Harwich, by an address by Dr. H. B. Storer, of Boston, in the morning, and another by J. M. Peebles in the afternoon, together with improvised poems by Miss J. B. Hazen. It was estimated that two thousand persons were present, and much interest was manifested. The meeting continued through the week, including Sunday, the 29th.

The *Banner* of August 21 contains an interesting report of the Memorial and Birthday services held at the Banner of Light Free Circle Room, May 6th last, on the occasion of the birthday of Miss M. T. Shelhamer, the Medium connected with that paper. These services were also commemorative of the inestimable services to the cause of Spiritualism of the late Mrs. J. H. Conant. John Wetherbee made the opening address, and was followed by W. J. Colville, who spoke at some length. Miss Shelhamer replied, and was followed by Spirit John Critchley Prince, who gave an eloquent poetical tribute to Mrs. Conant. Some remarks were then made by Mr. Robert Anderson, Chairman of the Circle, when the meeting closed.

J. Frank Baxter has been laboring with good results in the towns of Central and Western New York.

The regular Sunday services in Berkeley Hall, Boston, (which has been newly decorated and much improved during the Summer vacation,) will be resumed Sept. 5th.

Dr. Henry Slade gave some wonderful—even for him—physical manifestations at Battle Creek, Mich., recently, in addition to slate-writing, of which correspondents of the *Banner* give full and interesting accounts.

The last surviving daughter of the Hon. Thos. R. Hazard, of Rhode Island, passed to the Higher Life at Santa Barbara, Cal., July 29th, 1880, aged thirty-two years.

Thomas Walker, the trance Medium, has commenced the publication of a Spiritual paper at Cape Town, Africa, called *The Reflector*. His labors in Africa are exciting considerable interest.—*R. P. Journal*.

W. J. Colville lectured in Republican Hall, New York City, Sunday morning, August 22d, on "Spiritual Food and the case of Dr. Tanner."

The *Parsons Daily Republican*, of Parsons, Kansas, of the 6th and 7th ult., contains a very interesting account of a Seance held in the presence of the editor by Mr. George D. Search, of Wichita, Kansas. It appears that Mr. Search is a physical and slate-writing Medium, and that most positive and convincing manifestations occur in his presence. The editor says: "On taking the slate from under the table and opening it, words were found in the handwriting of our mother and her name signed to it. We know Mr. Search did not know her name, as we never met him until last night, and no person in Parsons knew her or ever heard us say a word about her. It was utterly impossible for fraud to have been committed. Who can deny that it is the work of Spirits?"—*Mind and Matter*.

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

SARAH SLEEPER.

THERE is always something to pleasantly entice us to our friends on earth, in order that we may, with them, reap a mutual benefit of Soul and Spirit. Now, my coming back, beloved friend, to you, is that you may reap that Spiritual benefit for which you are craving so ardently. In love's channel I come to you, bearing in my hands that jewelled cluster which eclipses the one that encircles your finger, and which will prove to you a guiding influence of the panacea of life, that you may impart to earth's children a healthful and magnetic current, whose restorative powers will bespeak its source.

Dear loved friend, I am happy to see you engaged in the work of healing the body of its infirmities; but bear in mind, also, that the soul at the same time should be benefitted. Forget not occasionally to speak comfort to the afflicted, for a word of sympathy unto such as need the soul's administering powers in this direction is only setting your crown of immortality with jewelled deeds that shall gladden with success in your earthly career.

I am happy to be able to communicate to you through this avenue, as I have done through Mr. W. C. T., of Somerville, and at whose home my Spirit oft loves to linger, in order that I may better reach you, and communicate through him to you. My life is no longer burdened with sadness, but the hope of once again greeting you in my beautiful angel-home makes me more than happy. And the good work that you are now engaged in enables me to advance your cause with greater rapidity, and

The love we cherished here below
Will bloom in heaven above,
In hollower soil, for each shall grow
Together there in love.

And there you will meet Sadie, and know from my own lips that I have more than once communicated to you, through

our friend at Somerville, and have reached you again through the avenue by which I now communicate to you.

And there our souls at last will meet,
With joy our Spirits blend,
And soul to soul our Spirits greet,
With thought to greet our mental.

For there the diamond clusters shine—
Love, Joy and Peace—forever;
And there will souls in love entwine,
Beyond life's flowing river.

There will we sing, beloved friend,
The songs we sang to you,
While Angel voices will attend,
And swell the chorus ever new.

To my friend, J. N. Maffitt C., of Clarendon street.

SARAH SLEEPER.

HAREBELL.

WELL, say; I'd just like a word or so. You see my gal, she's been here, and sent word to her friends, through the *Banner of Light*, and I want a word to reach her friends and mine through the VOICE OF ANGELS, to let them know that my gal, Lizzie, is hard at work for them. And tell the pale-faced lady and the two braves that they will come out all right; we are bound to work for it. And let them know that I have been at their wigwam, and heard them wish that the Medium would only come there. I mention this that they may know that I have called around.

My gal sends love to them, and so do I. To my friends in Springfield, who live on Vernon street.

HAREBELL.

SARAH.

CALEB, it is but a few words I shall say this evening, but I say them in love to you and Sarah, and mention your name with kindness to angels; for we know what you have done and are still doing for the Angel-world. It brings you very near the Spirit-world, and it also brings me nearer to you. I have been at home frequently of late, and noticed all the improvements made at the old house, and endorse all that you have done.

Tell Sarah I claim her as my sweet sister. I am glad that your motto is, as it should and ever may be, "Nearer, my God, to thee." And may this ever be your prayer, as well as your song. With love, and angel guidance and protection, I am

SARAH.

To Caleb H. Osgood, Amherst, Mass.

MRS. WHITTEN.

HA, HA, HA! Put a word in there, to let them know that this old woman has come. How funny that a great big woman like me can come through this little fellow! Don't have to cut the door away, now, to let me in or out; but I can come with ease and comfort in this temple of God, and talk with my friends, and send them a despatch from the Spirit-world, through

this Spirit-telegraph, that reaches from the ocean of love to the sea of life. Tell them when they come this way I shall come down to the shore of life and meet them, and take them to my Spirit-home, where they can bathe their weary souls in seas of heavenly rest.

Gracious senses! Just think of it! Here I've got somebody else to do the writing for me, and one might think I was a queen. Oh, well, I am so happy to get back. But never mind, so that I can reach you some way. Well, I am really happy, and I hope soon to see my mamma. God and angels bless the dear old soul!

Well, I love all my friends, and want them to come and see me.

Your friend, Mrs. Whitten, of the Adams House, Old Orchard.

JOHN JACOB FULLENHEIMER.

WELL, goot evening, mine goot frient. Vat you write there mit me for mine Carrie vosh all right, for you tole her dat I vas mit mine leetle one, vhat vas mine leetle Jacob, de one vhat Got reached down and plucked out der garden of our souls, und planted it over dere in dem gardens of his, in Paradise. I vish, dear wife, dhat you could come dhis vay, leetle vwhile, some time, und see de glory; und so help me, gracious! you wouldn't vant to come back no more to live mit der husband vhat you got now. I vas so happy und so glorious dhat no more I wants to come back to live mit you, on earth; und if you vphants to live mit me, come vhere I vas, und vith the dear child live mit us, und be a angel. Und no more sell some of dhat lager beer; for if you do der angels vill smell it all on you, und you cannot come vhere I vas. So, my love, mine goot vife, goot night.

From your husband, vhat vas mit Got in heaven, John Jacob Fullenheimer. I lived in New York.

PATRICK SCULLY.

GOOD EVENING, SUR. Just drop a word to some friends what I've got. I am very happy, indade, and suffer no more with the terrible cough, nor with the disease that carried me away. I want my friends to know that Spirit-return is true. Sure, Mr. Loomis knows it, and so does Mr. Banks. Just give them my regards, and tell them they'll be welcomed when they come where I am. Tell them I've got a good home, and a rest, and blessed peace. Say to my friends at Haydenville, it is all right, and well with me.

PATRICK SCULLY.

[NOTE.—Through oversight, while suffering from illness, these messages, received Feb. 16th, 1880, were unfortunately overlooked. I accidentally came across them today. I hope friend J. will overlook.—PUB. VOICE OF ANGELS.]

THROUGH A. A. TANNER, UNION, UTAH.

A MESSAGE FROM HEAVEN.—COLONEL W. L. JOHNSTON.

FRIEND TANNER, I am happy of this opportunity of sending a message through your Mediumship to earth. You know I was a member of no religious sect, and therefore am not prohibited from returning to earth at any time, to impart such information as will be useful to humanity. No one can offend God in doing good, and I have no desire to do anybody harm. No religious sect can be perfectly right while they accept some things as true and others to be false. The reason is that a thing seems true at one time and false at another. All the intellectual faculties must be alike developed to understand and see alike.

Religious sects have held that no one can return to earth, except first being commissioned by God; but every soul can return, and all are commissioned by God who come with the intention to do good. The only religion that can or will stand is that all good is from God, whether they who do good are conscious of the good they do or not; and that class who are willing to accept new truths every day are more acceptable to God than those who close their ears against everything because it is new to them. That class of people who have spent a life-time in advocating certain doctrines have also spent as much time in rejecting others, many of which were greater truths than those which they had spent years to establish.

That which the ancients called Heaven is no other than a place of rest, where the soul departed to after death, and is now called the Spirit-world; though the good and bad Spirits do not go to the same place, and this is in consequence of their having no desire to be in each other's presence. That part to which the virtuous go is called Heaven, and that part to which the wicked go is called Hell. The virtuous make their Heaven, and the wicked make their Hell. Those who are in Hell are satisfied to stay there, and would not change it for Heaven, except they could gratify their evil desires in Heaven as in Hell.

Some of the ancient Spirits have greatly developed in power and knowledge and others are yet in great ignorance, and have no desire for greater knowledge. Some of the modern Spirits have also become very learned, and are in possession of great wisdom. All those who are in possession of great wisdom receive light from each other; but those who are in ignorance cannot receive the greatest intelligence, which is the wisdom of those who are most

wise; for they have not the capacity to understand.

Those who think God has a church on earth are greatly in fault: for God has never had nor never will have a church on earth; but those who teach the most truth are nearest God.

Send this message to the press. Give my respects to all my friends. Many are waiting for the chance to send a message to their friends. Give them an opportunity as soon as you can. It is the work of God, and not the Devil. Time will prove it, and every one will know it; not one for another. Farewell, but not forever.

SECTS IN HEAVEN.

TALKING of sects till late one eve,
Of the various doctrines the saints believe,
That night I stood in a troubled dream,
By the side of a darkly flowing stream.

And a "Churchman" down to the river came;
When I heard a strange voice call his name:
"Good father, stay; when you cross this tide,
You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind,
And his long gown floated out behind,
As down the stream his way he took,
His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book.

I saw him again on the other side,
But his silk gown floated on the tide;
And no one asked, in that blissful spot,
Whether he belonged to "the Church" or not.

Then down to the river a Quaker strayed;
His dress of sombre hue was made:
"My coat and hat must be all of gray,
I cannot go any other way."

As he entered heaven, his suit of gray
Went quietly sailing—away—away;
And none of the angels questioned him
About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts with a bundle of Psalms
Piled nicely up in his aged arms,
And hymns as many, a very wise thing,
That the people in heaven "all round" might sing.

And after him, with his MSS.,
Came Wesley, a pattern of godliness;
But he cried, "Dear me, what shall I do?
The water has soaked them through and through."

And there on the river, far and wide,
Away they went down the swollen tide;
And the saint astonished, passed through alone,
Without his manuscripts, up to the throne.

Then gravely walking, two saints by name,
Down to the stream together came;
But as they stopped at the river's brink,
I saw one saint from the other shrink.

"Sprinkled or plunged, may I ask you, friend,
How you attained to life's great end?"
"Thus, with a few drops on my brow."
"But I have been dipped, as you see me now;

"And I really think it will hardly do,
As I'm 'close communion,' to cross with you;
You are bound, I know, to the realms of bliss,
But you must go that way and I'll go this."

And now, when the river was rolling on,
A Presbyterian church went down;
Of women there seemed an innumerable throng,
But the men I could count as they passed along.

And concerning the road they could never agree—
The old or the new way, which could it be?
Nor even a moment paused to think
That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a sound of murmuring long and loud
Came ever up from the moving crowd:
"You're in the old way and I'm in the new,
That is the false and this is the true,"—
Or, "I'm in the old, you're in the new,
That is the false, this is the true."

I watched them long, in my curious dream,
Till they stood by the borders of the stream;
And all who in Christ the Saviour died
Came out alike on the other side.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

ST. JOHN AND THE CHILD-SPIRIT.

KIRTLAND, Lake Co., Ohio, Jan. 26, 1850.

D. C. DENSMORE:—Dear Sir,—By your request, I send you a communication from my son, who left earth about thirty-three years ago, at about two and a half years of age. As he refers to St. John, I will give you my experience with him.

About twenty-five years past, I called at Mrs. Harper's, a perfect stranger. The first Spirit that she announced was St. John. She said he had with him a little boy of mine, whose name was Frederic.

Soon after that, I called on Mrs. Roper, in Painesville. When I opened the door, she exclaimed, "Oh, what a bright light!" and was soon influenced, and gave me a beautiful address, she said by St. John.

At another time, I was with Mrs. Thomas, in Perry. She said my Guardian Spirit was one of the ancients, who belonged to a Circle in which St. John was a member.

The following is from "West Ingle," of Washington, D. C., who sent me the communication: "Holding your letter in my hand, I see before my eyes a man of grand and beautiful features. His face is beautiful, and shines like the face of the sun. He carries in his arms a little bright-eyed boy, whose beautiful face forms a perfect picture of childish innocence."

As my son would be now almost forty years old, I wrote to "West Ingle" to explain, when I received the following: "The little boy which I saw in the arms of the Evangelist was your son, and was presented to me to show when he passed over, and also to show how tenderly he was cared for by those who have been your Angel-guides. Now today I see your son walking arm in arm with the Apostle, and Frederic is tall and beautiful. He shows under what divine influences he grew and developed, and the infinite love which glows upon his face tells of a sunny, loving Spirit."

The following is from St. John, too: "The one white lamb of thy love, the sinless and pure, I will bear in my arms till the day when thy Spirit becomes disembodied, and then I will restore him to parental care, and the knowledge taught him by angels shall be a beautiful light leading thee and his Mother-Spirit to higher courts of love and to nobler temples of harmony."

In another communication he says that Frederic is very dear to him.

If you think the communication worthy of a place in your beautiful sheet, please send me thirty-five cents' worth of extra papers, and when I send my subscription I will pay for the extra papers.

A. PEPOON.

The following is the message referred to from my son: "Many persons while living on the earth-sphere do not show any capacity for right or usefulness. They are not capable of reflection, and when they pass over the boundary lines of time, eternity compels them to develop by established laws, and they cannot refuse to obey.

"The ancient writers filled the Bible with tales of fiction equal to any writers of the present-day romances, of the ancient kings, in some parts of the Old Testament. For many of their lives were not an honor to themselves nor the generation in which they lived.

"I think I shall have to give you many messages before I can tell you all your soul desires to know. I will ask St. John to tell you the grand mystery of Bible-making.* Does it not seem, as you open your eyes thoughtfully to the light of the material world, that you were placed where you are for purposes worthy of the powers which God has given you? According to the faculties with which you have been endowed, does it not seem that you may do more?

"I want you to develop all the good in your nature, my dear father, become earnest and God-like, and when the hour comes for the great change called death, you will be prepared to take your place among the highest and best. I know you have often been perplexed. Losses and crosses have been your portion. But after the storm comes the sunshine, and after life's fitful fever there is an eternity of rest. When you are weary, think of this; and if there are contentions where you might expect calm, cultivate the spirit of charity, consider the conditions of birth and inherited evils, and say to yourself, I am better endowed by nature with forbearance and temper of a calmer quality, and let the offender pass, be it man or woman, and whether in business or otherwise, and you will soon find yourself surrounded by harmonious influences.

"You may wonder why I speak as I do, dear father. My love for my own dear ones is great and pure; I desire you all to be happy, and worthy of the blessings bestowed upon you. Let your own minds

* I have since received a long communication from St. John.

be to you like a royal kingdom, wherein you may love to reign a good and noble king.

"I will come to you again. Let your guides speak to you, and remember I am now and evermore your faithful Spirit-soul.

"Grandfather, and brother Porteus, and also many other friends, aunts and uncles, and Joseph and Silas will speak to you, as soon as they can get a chance.

"I have filled up my appointed time, and can only add, all the dear friends here, mother's and yours, send love and good will to you.

"I am affectionately your son,
"FREDERIC."

NO TIME LIKE THE OLD TIME.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THERE is no time like the old time, when you and I were young,
When the buds of April blossomed and birds of spring-time sang;
The garden's brightest glories by Summer sun are nursed,
But oh, the sweet, sweet violets, the flowers that opened first!
There is no place like the old place, where you and I were born,
Where we lifted up our eyelids on the splendors of the morn!
From the milk-white breast that warmed us, from the clinging arms that bore,
Where the dear eyes glistened o'er us that will look on us no more.

There is no friend like the old friend, who has shared our morning days!
No greeting like his welcome, no homage like his praise!
Fame is the scentless flower, with gaily crown of gold;
But friendship is the breathing rose, with sweets in every fold.

There is no love like the old love, that we courted in our pride;
Though our leaves are falling, falling, and we're falling side by side,
There are blossoms all around us, with the colors of the dawn,
And we live in borrowed sunshine when the light of day is gone.

There are no times like the old times—they shall never be forgot!
There is no place like the old place—keep green the dear old spot!
There are no friends like the old friends—may Heaven prolong their lives!
There are no loves like the old loves—God bless our loving wives!

[For the Voice of Angels.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

WATERFORD, Aug. 13, M. S. 33.

D. C. Denmore, Editor Voice of Angels:

My friend, a Spiritualist, presented me a copy of your journal, the VOICE OF ANGELS. Reading it with care, I was impressed to subscribe for it. I have received two numbers; it is a valuable journal, worthy being sustained.

Although I am at the advanced age of four-score years in earth-life, and forty-two years devoted to the influence and teachings of the Higher Intelligences from the Spirit-world, I still think it my duty to give my influence to promote the truth. I freely administer, as my Spirit-guide

leads the way. I welcomed the dawning light of Modern Spiritualism.

Being favored with the association of Angel-visitors, I am often prompted to make further efforts to sustain the glorious truths which angels, by their arduous efforts, have succeeded in bringing to humanity. Thanks to the angels.

Respectfully,

MARY S. LLOYD.

As the deepest hate may spring from the most violent love, so the greatest ingratitude may arise from the largest benefits. It is said that Cicero was slain by one whom his oratory had defended when accused of his father's murder.—*Beaumont.*

"TUNIE" FUND.

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

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

Miss Rebecca Bowker, Boston Highlands,	\$0.20
A Friend, Montana,	1.70
A Friend to Humanity, Mass.,	0.35
Dr. D. Ambrose Davis, Chicago, Ill.,	0.25
Joseph Kinsey, Cincinnati, Ohio,	1.70
Charles Thompson, St. Albans, Vt.,	0.35

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