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LITERARY.

(For the Voice of Angels.)

MORNING.

BY TRYPHENA O. PARDEE.

FRANK from the land of the great unseen,
The shores of the grand Forever,
Under the shade of the last Hath Been,
With the cool baptismal drops a-quiver,
Rising o'er the purple hills
Dressed in splendors never spoken,
With its mystic whispers of good and ill,
Morning has come with Love's best token—
Light for the earth one day to fill.

Beautiful tints gleaming through the haze,
And soft do the winds come sighing,
Promises telling of best of days,
Like the word of Life without the dying:
Stars are rising out of sight,
And the mountain's gilded edges
Seem to wear the glory of magic light
Beaming from out Heaven's covered bridges,
Where souls are holding flambeaux bright.

Marvellous moments that mark the change
From darkness to light forthcoming—
Pivots on which eternities hinge,
Delicate things for such wondrous summing—
Outgrowths of all passing time—
See the death-dim forms a-swinging,
Some heart-glowing, earth-bound, some heavenward
climb;
Forces of Life's sitting soul-worth flinging—
Beginning—ending—how sublime!

Will we forget that we've lost a night?—
Forgot we this joyous morning?
One hour only our soul's delight,
Then to think no more of such adorning?
Oh, how many mornings thus
God's old thoughts in new webs woven
For the gorgeous vells 'twixt broad day and dusk
Faded with star-lamps hung wonder-proven—
Then turn we grovelling in the dust.

But oh, hath soul been by beauty stirred
And felt its sweet powers refining,
Blest with kind Nature's truth-given word,
That enstamps the Spirit's tender lining,

But is raised in worship aches;
And bird-songs with mild fragrance floating
Lift high praises for Life's recompense
O'er mortal waste—pains not worth quoting.
When death-mists glass life-glorious hence.

Ne'er can we say that the time was lost
That quickened our sensitive feeling;
Spray-rocked the dew-gem by breezes tost,
Taught us trust in God's love thus revealing;
And our wistful gaze repaid—
Dark night-stars will we remember,
Burnished skies, bloom-birth dyes and glooms glad made,
Cheers for the bleakest cold November—
All that is bright was born from shade.
ELLINGTON, N. Y., August 20, 1880.

[From the Cincinnati Enquirer.]

THE SPIRIT WORLD.

ITS MANIFESTATIONS AND ITS PHILOSOPHY.

FROM THE MBS OF "PNEUMATOS."

[CONCLUDED.]

"Doubtless in man there is a nature found,
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."

BUT why, says the caviller, do these high Spirits descend so low as to consent to engage in rapping on tables and other furniture for the purpose of intercourse and communication with their friends of this world? Why engage in so small, so mean a business? Why not Gabriel blow his horn, and the whole world attend? Why not the Spirits descend in clouds of great glory and overwhelm the world with splendor, and blazon, and grandeur, and grandiloquence, and grandloftiness, and so convince and convict the world of the great hereafter and immortalities? Oh! this is not the way to do to accomplish mighty results—this is not God's way of doing. It may be man's way, and it is according to his selfish and toploftical way of thinking; but nothing great ever came, or ever will come, of such thinking or doing. It is not the way of nature or the God of nature. Why, look you, there has not been an event of the world looking to great changing and transforming results but what has had its origin in the very littlest and smallest of beginnings. Look at the great inventions, the great discoveries, the great new lights, the great efficient acts, which have urged the world onward and made its conditions and positions better than they were before, and how openly, humbly and some-

times humiliatingly they begun, and how long they were in manifesting and becoming known and recognized throughout the world, and then look at those great men of genius who have made their mark upon the world, and helped it on in its development and progress, and there will be found not a one of them, from the great exemplar, Jesus Christ, to the great real reformers of modern times, but who was of obscure and humble birth, parentage and rearing; and even in their lives—all their lives—walking humbly and almost alone. Indeed, all these men of genius whom the history of the world, sacred and profane, presents to us, not to speak it profanely, must be regarded in the busy, conventional world's estimation as mere *tramps*, who wandered about and wondered what they were made for, until their inspiration from the Spirit-world took form and being, and thro' them enlightened the gross and selfish mortal world. Take the greatest example of all, Jesus Christ, what was he, even in the eyes of the learned and scientific world, at the time he lived? Was he looked upon or considered any thing else but an adventurer—a wanderer—a *tramp*? The birds of the air had nests and the foxes had holes; but the poor, forlorn wanderer had no place whereon to lay his head. But this theme will be no longer pursued within our limits at this time. The facts stand boldly out before us, and there is reason—great reason and rationale—for them. Indeed, it is not going too far to say that it is the philosophy of God Himself—the divine wisdom of Deity!

"God moves in most mysterious ways
His wonders to perform."

Let us come now to

THE ROCKEATER KNOCKING IN CINCINNATI— THE VISIT OF THE FOX GIRLS IN THIS CITY.

And let us now for a while look at some simple and plain facts. We well remember the visits of the Spirit-rapping Fox girls to this city. It was about the close of the Summer season in the year 1849. The two little girls, Maggie and Kate, came along with their mother, and they took rooms at the Walnut Street House, where they were prepared and ready to give Spirit-rapping *seances* to and for any person who might be sufficiently interested. From

1848—the last of the month of March of that year—the news of the marvellous Spirit-knocks and rappings occurring near the City of Rochester had spread far and wide over the country, and the girls and their mother, after a time, resolved to go abroad from their humble home, and come out to the West, and show us free-minded people of this newer country what the Spirit-world could do and were doing through them as ministers. On their arrival here there was much ado in the papers, for and against them, and our citizens were much exercised and excited. It was resolved finally by some of our respectable citizens that a select Committee of ladies should be appointed to visit the Mediums, and by a most complete and thorough investigation find out, if possible, whether the Spirits made the raps and noises, or the little girls themselves. A Committee of some half a dozen respectable ladies were duly selected and appointed, and they had repeated seances with the girl Mediums. In one of them the girls were requested and required to completely disrobe themselves, and entirely nude to occupy their places at the table, and thus exposed before the Committee, still the mysterious raps came upon the table, intelligently answering all manner and sorts of questions, and convincing the Committee more and more that the girls did not in any way, either by feet, toes, hands, or fingers, do the rapping, and so they reported; and some of the ladies were most thoroughly convinced that the rappings were done by Spirits, and they, of course, soon turned Spiritualists, and were diverted and converted from the usual current of their theological beliefs and thoughts; while others, though agreeing that the Mediums did not do it, were quite loth in the face of their affirmed and confirmed theological education to in any way admit that it was the work of the Spirits of another world. We knew several of the ladies of the Committee, one of them a very intelligent and thorough woman, who, by the repeated seances with the Mediums, was most thoroughly convinced that the Spirits of the so-called dead did communicate with us mortals through these raps, and she began to govern herself accordingly; and soon after the visit here of the Fox girls her own daughter, of fourteen years of age only, became and was suddenly developed as a rapping Medium for the Spirits to communicate through, to her agreeable surprise and that of her family. This occurring, she of course told her friends about it, and with them she held frequent seances with the Spirits, at her own home, the young, comely daughter unconsciously being the efficient Medium; and many, many persons in the city were thus convinced of the fact of direct Spirit-communication through this Medium with us mortals upon the earth. We were among those who were frequently invited to the attractive seances at her house, and by witnessing them, and being a part and parcel of them, we were more and more convinced and confirmed in the fact, that the living dead can and do hold intercourse with us who are left on earth, for a mere length of time, to join those in the other world who have gone before. Lawyers, doctors and clergymen and other professional men used

to sit with select parties at these seances, and most of them, as well as we, were convinced of Spirit-presence and Spirit-communication, and the whole course of their theological thoughts and ideas were turned completely in quite other ways and directions, much for their advancement and improvement.

We had a seance at the Walnut street House with the Fox girl Mediums and their mother, and what occurred there the very first time was so convincing that we went away from the seance thoroughly satisfied that what had been seen and experienced was no more or less than the work of the Spirits of another world. Permit a recollection of some particulars of this our first intercourse with any of the immortals of another sphere. We were ushered into their, the Mediums', rooms, where we found the mother and the two daughters sitting beside the longer side of a large cherry-board table, and we were invited to sit opposite. The Mediums had their hands upon the table, and at once the table seemed to be full of rapping sounds, not only in the immediate vicinity of the hands of the girls, but all about the table, and over at our side, as well as theirs. The mother told us that Spirit-friends of ours were present, and told us to question them. We did so, and found, to make a long story short, that our father, grandfather, our teacher, our old school-mate, class-mate and college-mate and our most confidential friend and other friends and acquaintances, all of whom were long since dead, were present, ready to converse with us; and they did hold interesting converse with us as best they could under the peculiar circumstances. These all gave their names, and the great question with us at the time was, how came these names unless from the very persons themselves who owned them when living upon earth? Surely there was no one present in mortal guise who knew these names beside ourselves. The mother and the Medium were entire strangers to us, and we had never even laid eyes upon them before, and they had never seen us, and we were the only four mortals then present in that room at that hotel. How was this? Mortal ken could not answer otherwise than that these owners of those names were still living entities, as they said they were now in a superior, better and more interior immortal existence. Besides the matter of names, many other tests were given. Our father when giving us his name said he was our father; our grandfather said he was our grandfather; our old teacher said he was our teacher of Latin, Greek and the Mathematics, and our school-mate and class-mate and college-mate giving us his name particularly said he was our old school-mate, class-mate and college-mate; and so with the rest. Now, how could this be? How could this *all* be, without these veritable Spirits being present then and there, and saying so, and doing so, with means they had at their command? Is there any other way to account for it? Any other way—any other credible or rational possible way—to account for it, considering our earthly relations, and possibilities, and probabilities, and practicabilities, would positively have been more marvellous, mysterious and miraculously impracticable than the very

fact itself, that the very Spirits of these persons were present, and were then and there engaged in converse with us through the means furnished them by these little girl Mediums? But we must tell one chief test, just recollected, and of some importance. After the seance was, as we thought, over, our Spirit-friends having appeared and satisfied and gratified us, and we, taking up our hat and cane, and about to depart, one of the Mediums invited our attention to the fact that there were tiny raps, wee, tiny raps upon the table, indicating the presence of a baby child, and the little thing wanted to talk with us and be recognized. We sat down again and intently listened, and, sure enough, there were the tiny raps or seeming little scratches upon the table. But—forgetful for the moment, as we were—we remarked we did not recollect any child in the other world to speak to us, and we departed, leaving the room. We had scarce got out of the door, however, when we called to our mind suddenly our own darling daughter baby, who had passed away to the other world years before. We returned at once, sat again at the table, and now how profuse and diffuse the tiny raps at once became, as if glad and gleesome at our refreshed recollection and return! We commenced conversation with the little Spirit, and she told us that she was our daughter who had died in infancy, and at request she gave us the pet nick-name that she was called by, which was certainly not known to any one in that presence save ourselves and herself. Convinced of the presence of these friendly Spirits and their communications, we left that seance-room with a beginning revolution of most of our Spiritual and theological ideas which had been the results of parentage, pupilage, tutelage, circumstances, conditions and education, and it seemed as if there was something now new in the world to be without doubt the precursor of the most radical changes in all the religious thoughts, ideas and actions of men; and so by these tiny Spirit raps, these apparently insignificant little noises on tables, many a mind, many a heart, many a soul has been convinced throughout the world of the continued existence of those who die in another higher, brighter, better sphere of Spirit-life, and from these small beginnings millions of men and women of earth already have been enlarged, enfranchised and made free from the oppressive bondage of old theological dogmas, canons and creeds, preachings, prayings and preyings, just as we were at this opportunity of this apparently insignificant seance occasion, and this is an example of the great good accomplished by such lowly and humble means, and we may rely upon it, in the course of all nature, that great and most important results ever follow and ever flow from just such small beginnings—just such little things.

Through these tiny raps upon tables and other articles of furniture absolutely a new heaven and a new earth have been opened up to the interior view of mankind. Material has become immaterial. Natural has become Spiritual. Mortal has become immortal! And the world and existence in it, with such great hope and real expectation and realization revealed

and vouchsafed to us, have become greater and grander than ever they were before. Our last enemy—death—even, has been overcome—has been absolutely conquered—and well may we now exclaim from the housetops, and truthfully and loudly proclaim in glee and joy to all the peoples of the earth,

"Oh, Death, where is thy sting!
Oh, grave, where is thy victory!"

And fully and gladly realize with the "Night Thoughts" of the poet of England, that

"Life is the triumph of our moldering clay;
Death, of the Spirit-Infinite—divine!"

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

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

[For the Voice of Angels.]

RAINY DAY.

BY SPIRIT MAY.

SLOWLY, slowly trickling down,
Comes the silvery, shining rain,
Singing in an undertone
This refreshing, sweet refrain—
"We have come to bless the flowers,
Patter, patter all the hours."

Till the gentle, misty rain
Came to cool the parching heat,
All the flowerets drooped with pain
To their dainty, mossy feet;
But the fragrant, silvery showers
Brought a blessing to the flowers.

Little children, do not fret
At the rain that keeps you in,
For the birdies in their nests
Cuddle down and softly sing—
"Tweet, tweet, tweet, it rains so sweet,
We are happy—tweet, tweet, tweet."

Little children, by-and-bye
All the clouds will disappear,
And the golden sun on high
Will shine downward bright and clear;
Then each wood and field and glen
Will be right for you again.

Patter, patter all the day—
Oh, you drops of shining rain!
With your crystal music play
This enchanting, sweet refrain—
"We are here to bless the flowers,
Patter, patter all the hours."

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

HOW TO TREAT THE MOST FATAL FEVER THAT PREVAILS IN THE NEW ENGLAND STATES.

BY JACOB A. SPKAR.

THIS fever used to be called the red or beef-tongued fever; but now, as medical doctors are in the habit of calling all fevers typhoid, (which can be made so by reducing medicines,) we shall have to designate this fever by the symptoms.

It commences generally with pain in the head, back and hips, and sometimes with a steady, continued pain in the bowels. The tongue is not coated all over, as in other fevers, but is nearly as red as a blood beet, being coated between the centre and outer edges with a hard, rather crusty coat, the centre and outer edges being free of any coating. In severe cases, that coat is liable to come off in flakes before the patient is any better. When that occurs, another coat will appear in a day or two, perhaps in a few hours. Sometimes the coat

will come off in flakes the second time; but as often as it comes off in flakes, it will come on again, and when the fever begins to abate, the coat begins to wear off from the end of the tongue first, and continues to keep wearing off, till the tongue is entirely free from it, and the extreme redness is gone.

This fever may abate in a few days, or a week, but is liable to run three weeks, and has been known to run sixty days; and by some it was called the sixty days' fever. But when the patient is severely treated with reducing and irritating medicines, a week or ten days generally closes the scene, when the fever and medicines combined have done their work, and the Spirit leaves the form.

Before we ever had this kind of fever to deal with, we had for our consideration the experience of an old doctor, who had been both unsuccessful and successful in treating it. He said, My first patients whom I treated as my book directed all died, and I hoped I might not have another case of that kind to contend with; but as fate had it, I was called to treat another case of that kind. Being confident that this patient would die if I doctored it as my books directed, I made some small bread-pills, and ordered them given at certain hours, enjoining upon the attendants to follow my directions strictly. That patient got well, being the only one that I had ever doctored in that fever that had not died.

I learned that the brain and nerves were severely affected by that kind of fever, which was the cause of the pulse being very low and frequent, and that the whole spinal column was inflamed and tender.

Bleeding in severe cases was fatal, and a powerful potion of physic was liable to be fatal, and sometimes a blister would be fatal. Every thing that is done for the patient should be soothing, assisting the normal forces of the system to renovate the system by getting rid of diseased matter, carefully avoiding all such treatment as would be liable to irritate or cripple the free action of the nervous system, or reduce the strength of the patient.

Another doctor, who had been successful in treating this kind of fever, said, "All that I do for the red-tongue fever is to give them milk and water, nothing else, and they generally get well."

TREATMENT THAT IS SAFE.

Quiet the system by the use of warm water; give warm water, head-baths, (as I have described in a previous number,) warm sitz-baths, with gentle rubbing downward, cloths wrung from water as warm as can be borne, and applied to the bowels if there is pain; if pain and bloating, use warm salt water to wring the cloths from, changing them as often as they get too cool; use warm water for emetics, if such are needed, also warm water for injections.

If the bowels refuse to act, and are painful when the warm water injection is used, don't give physic, but steep a little tobacco in the water that is used for the injection, and that will make the bowels act immediately, and reduce the pain. Don't use the tobacco unless the bowels refuse to act, when clear water is

used; for in some cases it will make the patient tobacco-sick a few minutes.

To induce sleep, give hop-tea, and rub from the neck to the hips, each side of the spine, with a cloth wrung from cold water, which will feel comfortable to the patient, and be soothing. Support and strengthen the patient with magnetism, especially when the fever begins to wear off, as that will keep the patient from running down when the fever is off.

CLOTHING IN ITS RELATION TO HEALTH.

APPROXIMATELY, the human body when clothed resembles a steam-jacketed pipe; the clothing forms the outer covering, between which and the body there is a layer of steam and heat, which are constantly ascending. The place where this current of hot air and steam passes out into the atmosphere is the narrow ring between the neck and the shirt collar. This opening plays, therefore, an important part in the maintenance of the temperature of the human body. If it is enlarged, the heat and steam escape more quickly, and the skin is soon cooled; if, on the contrary, it is wholly or partly closed by being closely buttoned or by a muffler, then the loss of heat is stopped, and the temperature of the skin raised. Thus there is nothing more injudicious than the constant wearing of a muffler, or the thick neckerchief of our forefathers, because it impedes the evaporation of the matter which ought to pass out of the skin; though for the same reason it is of great value in case of cold.

While the dampness of the atmosphere affects the evaporation through the lungs as well as the skin, clothing by night, as by day, regulates that of the latter. All covering which impedes this evaporation acts injudiciously. Though no material is quite faultless in this respect, there is still a great difference in their structure. The less they are impervious, the more they are to be avoided. India-rubber stands at the bottom of the list, for it does not admit of the passage of any water; leather comes next; less objectionable, but still repellent, is linen, as an instance of which we may mention the blue linen blouses worn by the Belgians and Dutch over their other garments as a kind of waterproof. Cotton has a great advantage over the foregoing, as it is to a certain extent porous; but the best of all percolators is a woollen material. A flannel shirt is more healthy than a cotton one; a woollen blanket at night than a linen sheet.

The action of the skin depends also upon the circulation of the blood under its surface, and the latter is promoted by outward friction. A material which induces the latter is, therefore, more healthy, and rougher underclothing, such as woollen or coarse cotton, is preferable to the enervating finer linen or silk.

Another point to be observed is the keeping of the skin warm, because warmth keeps the pores open, while cold contracts and closes them; and here again woollen clothing stands first.

Thus it is proved that in point of porosity, friction, and warmth, woollen clothing is to be preferred to all others.

But not only the material of the clothing is of importance, but also its cut. In warm climates, where clothing is more a luxury than a necessity, the loosest garments are the best; but in those latitudes where a certain amount of warmth has to be obtained by clothing, the garments must be worn more closely fitting. We have before likened the human body to a steam-jacketed pipe, where this steam is constantly in an ascendant motion; the faster this circulation takes place, the more is the skin cooled; it follows therefore that the most regular and constant evaporation is maintained by closely-fitting garments—*The Canada (Ont.) Weekly Globe*.

DURATION OF HUMAN LIFE.

THE following natural divisions and natural durations for the whole life of man are proposed: The first ten years of life are infancy; the second, boyhood; the third, first youth; the fourth, second youth; from forty to fifty-five, first manhood; from fifty-five to seventy, second manhood, and this period of manhood is the age of strength, and manly period of human life; from seventy to eighty-five, first old age; from eighty-five to one hundred, second old age. These deductions are made from a careful study of the question with all the aids derivable from a thorough knowledge of the sciences of anatomy and physiology. It is not claimed but what these divisions will vary in different individuals, and overlap each other in the same one; but that they are as correct as such a general truth can be stated, we verily believe. These limits are not so arbitrary as they may seem at first sight. At ten years of age the second teething is complete and infancy ought to end; at twenty the bones no longer increase in length, and boyhood naturally ends; at forty the body ceases to increase in size, and youth ends, and so on. After forty, whatever increase there may be of the body is in fat; and, instead of increasing its strength and activity, this latter growth weakens the body and retards its motion. When the growth ceases absolutely, the body rests, rallies, and becomes invigorated. This period of internal invigoration is the first manhood, and lasts fifteen years, and maintains itself fifteen years longer, when the period of old age begins.

OATMEAL IN WATER FOR SUMMER DRINKING.

IN a late issue you invite communications touching the value of good oatmeal stirred into cold water and drank out-doors by the field and garden hands. As I have had several years' experience, I fully concur in the efficacy, provided it be grits (or pearled oats) of prime white oats. A mess set to soak in a cool place over night in an earthenware vessel, better yet in strong bottles, for use during the forenoon, and another fixed in the early morning for the afternoon, so that the strength is fairly extracted, nor too much expected of one mess. One pound of groats to three or four men at most gives a fair beverage. A little nutmeg, mace, or ginger is not objectionable; and some sea-

soning induces persons to fairly try who, being accustomed to spiced food, would call the undorned drink flat. Stir well just before imbibing. This affords strength, revives flagging spirits, and prevents excessive thirst and drinking. I furnished good Canadian oaten grits, and repeatedly heard my *employees* say they were materially comforted. This, together with frequent breathing spells and long noonings in oppressively sultry weather, makes helpers contented, and disposed to extra exertion when urgent. This, according to my own and corroborated experience, is preferable to bites or lunches betwixt regular meals, for a very weary laborer rarely relishes solid food, as increasing a parched sensation, whereas good water fully saturated with prime oatmeal just supplies the then want of light refreshment. Humanity and policy so combined work satisfactorily all around; and it were well if more employers were to do likewise. The lack of considerate usage discourages many a boy and man with life in the country, and drives him to towns and cities already overrun with applicants for employment. By far too many farmers also think much less of human hired help than of their horses and cattle.—*Correspondence Germantown Telegraph*.

A CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.

A LADY handed a reporter of the *Argus*, the other day, a slip of paper, asking him if he would not publish it for the benefit of the public.

It was found to be a simple but effective cure for that dog-day terror, hydrophobia, and it is herewith given to the many thousands of readers of the *Sunday Argus*, every one of whom should preserve it to act upon in case of an emergency that is likely to happen to any one. The cure, which great experience has proved to be infallible, is nothing more than the root of a common weed, known as elecampane, steeped in milk. Elecampane grows in great profusion along many country roads in this and Rensselaer counties. It has powerful medicinal qualities, and milk is well known to be a specific for many poisons. The manner of administering the antidote will be learned by a perusal of the following history of this simple and wonderful cure: In Chester county, Pennsylvania, lived a German named Joseph Emery, who used to be sent for, far and wide, when any one had been bitten by a rabid animal. He went to his patient, carrying something understood to be a root, which he himself dug in the woods. He milked a pint of milk fresh from the cow, put the root into it, boiled it, gave it to the patient, fasting; made him fast after taking it; gave a second and third dose on alternate days, and never failed in effecting a cure. In some way his secret transpired, and the root was known to be elecampane.

The story, current in the country, was that an old German made the discovery in the days of Penn, and applied to the Pennsylvania legislature for a grant of \$300 for making his secret public. His offer was treated with contempt, and he resolved that his secret should die with him, but a drunken son knew it, wrote out the

recipe, making a number of copies, and tried to sell them at one dollar apiece. He only succeeded in selling two, one of these to the man who made such effective use of it. So well did he establish the local reputation of his specific, that in his neighborhood folks were not afraid of mad dogs. This man never failed to cure or prevent hydrophobia. In one case the spasms had begun before the first dose was given, and the patient recovered.

How would Paul or Peter have looked taking drugs from a medical doctor's spoon? Did the early Christians employ medical doctors? Is it not for want of faith in Christ that medical doctors are employed? Can a real Christian employ such?
JACOB A. SPEAR.

A SPIRIT COMMUNICATION.

[THE following was by an oversight omitted in the communication headed "St. John and the Child Spirit," in our last issue; it should have formed the first part of the message signed "Frederic":]

"My ever dear father, I have heard your Spirit cry out for more knowledge of the Spiritual, and led by one whose face is like the shining light, I have reached you, and will as far as possible tell you how I am situated here in this beautiful sphere, where the divine law of eternal life is love. There are many who seek to impart knowledge, and through lack of vision do not see clearly the whole truth. I do not say they are false; I know they cannot see it as it is.

I left you before I had learned to know what immortality meant; now I know it means happiness and eternal progression for all children who are developed in Spirit life. They become more intelligent than those who struggle through weary years, subject to the perplexing cares of earth-life, and early become ministering Spirits to the children of earth.

Humanity needs constant ministration, dear father; they require constant help and comforting. And the angels are always busy on missions of love and mercy. It may be a pleasure to you and my dear mother, if you can realize that I, your son Frederic, am now one of the heavenly workers. Mother cannot realize it, and may not till she sees me at the dawn of the new day, when her Spirit passes from the finite into the Infinite Presence, where the truth appears everlasting and is unveiled, so that all eyes may behold the glory thereof. All who doubt must one day believe that immortality means rest and peace, after a hard struggle on the earth.

You, my dear father, know what it is to be alone and cut off from human sympathy, that can calm and strengthen the inner life. I have been near you in hours

when the waves of bitterness were overwhelming your spirit, and like a storm-tossed vessel you seemed driven about by the waves of contention. I tried to whisper hope, but you could not hear. After a time, you heard the divine voice speaking, 'Peace, be still,' and then you grew calm and obedient to the will of One mighty to save. This one is ever by your side, being St. John himself, under whose guidance I have gained my Spiritual development.

You may wonder where I learned to speak like the ancient Apostles. I have been educated by them, and can tell you, my dear father, that your love of Bible study comes from ancient influences; and when you say I may, I will give you a full history of my life since I left you, and the process through which I gained my knowledge. You will find it interesting, and much after the style of the ancient writers, who wrote by inspiration.

Your own son, **FREDERIC.**

[For the Voice of Angels.]

WAYSIDE BLOSSOMS.

NUMBER THREE.

BY SPIRIT VIOLET.

We gain the measure of our bliss only when we have striven to benefit others and have succeeded. No one can feel happy and peaceful while knowing there are sufferings to be allayed and unfortunate ones to be comforted. Therefore the highest angels who have outlived the earthly taint of selfishness and passion can never gain the fullest measure of bliss until all humanity becomes perfected in purity, happiness and peace; for while one human being suffers, the whole world is affected, and sensitive Spirits feel the vibration of pain.

Can you wonder, then, that hosts of invisible ones return constantly to earth, and by devious means and through countless avenues seek to instruct and benefit mortals? Can you wonder that your own ascended loved ones, who when in the mortal form shrunk from contact with sin and degradation, now return to the haunts of wrong, endeavoring to uplift the fallen and strengthen the weak? Can you feel surprise that the pure and good in Spirit-life seek out the miserable unrepentant souls who leave the body amid scenes of darkness and despair, in order to give them light and knowledge concerning the highest manner and mode of life? If you can wonder at these things now, you will cease to do so when you enter the Eternal World and find that the greatest happiness of the soul is found in doing good, and

that no one can experience perfect peace while another suffers in pain and anguish.

Social distinction in the spheres is very different from that of earth. The truly noble and refined, the educated ones, who gain knowledge because they seek it, those rich in all the soul attributes that make up a grand being, form a class higher than the selfish, careless, ignorant ones, who care not for the internal graces of the soul; but these higher ones do not disdain to mingle with the ones below them, but rather seek to enlighten and instruct them in the higher laws of being. For well they know every soul possesses the same possibilities, the same powers, the same privileges, and only waits the unfolding process which shall develop their highest attributes into life, activity and beauty.

There are no slaves in the Spirit-world, crushed down by "man's inhumanity to man." True, there are slaves of appetite and passion, who have not yet outgrown the carnal desires and propensities they fostered when on earth; yet these may in time be outgrown, and in the interior realm of life there is no oppressor. Consequently happiness and peace rests alone on ourselves, and it depends upon our lives whether or no we attain the beatitudes.

The inhabitants of Spirit-life are rich or poor at will; for the state and condition of the Spirit creates its external surroundings: he who is filled with a noble desire to elevate and benefit others, who aspires to a life of purity and goodness, who loves the true, also loves all which is bright and beautiful in Nature and Art, and is surrounded by all the most exquisite creations of Nature and Art that taste can imagine; while he whose desires are gross and crude, caring only for self, is surrounded by the marks of poverty and waste.

We have no servants, but we are all servants to one another, and they who delight best to perform their mission well are entrusted with the most important work.

Life in the spheres is active, earnest, sentient life—no idleness, no repose, no wasting of natural forces; for the salvation of humanity, which is the glory of God, depends upon the soul's activity.

HIGHWAY robbers kill with powder and ball, medical doctors kill with powders and pills, both classes being eager to get their victim's money. Which is the worst?

JACOB A. SPEAR.

Nothing is harmless when it is mistaken for a virtue.—*Whately.*

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

INVOCATION.

THROUGH JULIA FARR.

Oh, blessed angels! come, I pray,
And with your presence light my way;
I am so weak! Oh, take my hands!
Beneath my feet are shifting sands,
And overhead deep thunders roll,
That would appall the stoutest soul
To you I look for strength to bear
Life's daily crosses and its care;
Oh, come, I pray; I fain would kneel,
As Mary did, could I but feel
That loving sympathy she felt
When at the Master's feet she knelt.
Oh, help me, bless me with your love,
And turn my wayward thoughts above
The world of selfishness and greed,
Unto the world's supernal need.
Divine love in me instill,
Until my every being's thrill
Responsive beats to each sad moan
That to humanity is known.
Dear angels! could I ever know
That you are with me, I could go
So bravely on—unheeding all
That would my spirit here enthrall.
But when I cannot feel you near,
Then hope and faith give place to fear;
And blindly, pleadingly I stand,
And lift to you my helpless hand.

ANAREIM, California, May 1, 1880.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

IN MEMORIAM.

BY ALLIE B. F. ROBERTS, CANDIA, N. H.

CORA has gone, our loved one dear;
Her gentle voice no more we hear,
Her graceful form no more we meet,
Her gentle hand no more we greet.

Peacefully she resigned her breath;
She sweetly closed her eyes in death;
We breathe a sigh and drop a tear
For Cora, whom we still love dear.

The angels breathed upon her brow,
And said to her, "Come with us now,
And leave the world of toilsome care;
Go where the crystal fountains are."

And as she gazed with fond delight
Upon heaven's bright and golden light,
With gratitude her soul was filled,
And happiness her being thrilled.

An angel then said, "Cora dear,
Welcome art thou to thy home here;
Wouldst thou retrace thy steps again
Unto thy home on the earth-plane?"

"Nay, I would not return again
Unto my home on the earth-plane;
The joy that's found in this new home
Mortals on earth have never known.

"Beautiful is this Spirit-band;
In fields elysian now I stand;
Youth and beauty do not decay;
There's grandeur here—I wish to stay.

"Sweet blossoms deck the eon land;
Balmy breezes the brow doth fan;
The gentle air sweet perfumes waft;
From Nature's cup my joys I quaff.

Farewell to earth I once held dear;
Earth's joys are naught to joys found here;
For every sound that forth doth roll
Vibrates sweet music to the soul.

"Farewell, my body in the tomb;
For now I dwell in eon bloom;
With gratitude to God I bow,
That I am thus an angel now."

CANDIA, N. H., March 22, 1880.

TIME strengthens true love, if there be mutual discretion and forbearance; but makes havoc with lust and mere infatuation.

CHANCE is a nickname for providence.—*Chamfort.*

VOICE OF ANGELS.

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L. JUDD PARDEE, Editor in Chief.

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BOSTON, MASS., SEPT. 15, 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.

At the end of a business letter, received a few days since from a highly educated and refined lady, who has had quite a variety of experiences with different Mediums, some of which she cannot reconcile as in harmony with the teachings of modern Spiritualism, after relating one of them somewhat in detail, that turned out badly for her, she asks us to explain the cause why she was so egregiously imposed upon. Here is what she says: "In one of your recent editorials, the inference deduced therefrom was that good people, and especially good Mediums, could not be obsessed or controlled by bad, malicious, evil-minded Spirits; giving as a reason that like always does attract its like. Now, if this is so, how is it that there are so many untruthful communications palmed off upon us, some of which are to our great disadvantage, as I shall show further on—coming, as they do, through honest and truthful Mediums, so-called?" Continuing, she says: "In all my experiences with Spirits, for over twenty years, I have yet to find the first one that ever told me anything of the least importance, that came out as they said it would; and in one case, a Spirit told me, through one of the best Mediums I ever met, that something of great importance was about to transpire through my mediumship—but neglected to state what it was—that would culminate in great benefit, not only to me individually, but to the world at large. Of course, I was delighted to be the channel through which great and wise Spirits could convey their thoughts to a sin-sick world; but I was told to give up my business—by which I gained my livelihood—and do nothing but wait patiently until it came round, whatever it might be. How I should manage to get along, if it was tar-

dy in coming. I could not exactly see; but comforted myself with the thought that, as the dear Spirits had called me to assist them, the least they could do would be to take care of my family while waiting for things to culminate; and I rested on that. I did wait patiently for over a year, as they (the Spirits) told me to; neglected my business and family, which caused me great inconvenience and trouble; and to make a long story short, after waiting all this time, nothing came of it but loss of time and what little money I had laid up for a rainy day, and deep remorse and chagrin at my stupidity. Now, one of two things is positively certain, either the Mediums through whom the communications came—and there were hundreds of them of the same general import—were controlled by lying, deceiving Spirits, or they were grossly ignorant ones; and if the latter, and the Medium was ever so honest, amounted to the same thing as it would if it came through Spirits and Mediums laying no claims to morality or truthfulness. Hence, as far as reliability and truthfulness are concerned, I see not the slightest difference between the sayings and doings of good or bad Mediums. Please explain, if you can, and relieve one at least of some very ugly doubts."

To show our friend that she is not alone in her experiences with Spirits, we will cite the experiences of two honest and truthful investigators, out of many that might be cited, wherein they were taken in and seemingly done for, very much as she says she has been; and after we get through, perhaps she will see a solution to her question. Before doing so, however, we will say that in all of our remarks, from first to last, upon the subject of Spirit-control, we have ever maintained that everybody on the earth-plane was influenced more or less in all their thoughts and acts by good or bad Spirits, and have often cited cases bearing upon the subject, one of which we will reproduce, as a statement of the causes that led to unfavorable results may give our friend an inkling how she was so cruelly imposed upon. A Medium we are intimately acquainted with, who was considered by all who knew him to be reliable and truthful, became completely obsessed, as it subsequently proved, by an untruthful, malicious, evil-minded Spirit, that no power in heaven or on earth could convince him or his friends that this wolf in sheep's clothing was not what it claimed to be. To show how this ignorant, malicious Spirit got control of his innocent, unsuspecting Me-

dium, we gave in detail in a former paper the *modus operandi* of how he (the Spirit) effected his wicked purpose.

The sequel of all this was to the effect, (to make the story brief,) that, after the Spirit had secured full and complete possession of the human citadel, (the Medium,) with all of its approaches well guarded by confederates against a sudden surprise, he showed his cloven-foot by causing the too-willing and over-credulous Medium to commit the most revolting acts of indecency that ever disgraced the name of man, which, as a matter of course, brought him into disrepute and utter disgrace among his friends and acquaintances, and everybody shunned him as they would a moral leper. Now, all this was brought about by no fault of the Medium, unless his over-credulous disposition is considered a fault. Being honest and truthful himself, he took it for granted that everybody was the same, and more especially a Spirit, who made great professions of godliness, as this Spirit did; and by the way, his pretensions to goodness, coupled with the Medium's veridancy and credulousness, made him (the Medium) a good subject to practice his psychological powers upon; and from the time he made his first prayer—for he could out-pray and shout any Methodist clergyman in the land—through the Medium, as he expressed it, "*The game is sure.*"

Although the above is a sad case to contemplate, yet it is not an exceptional one; for precisely the same thing or worse has been experienced by others. We will cite another case, where the Medium was considered to be the most conscientious, philanthropic man in the world, highly respected and loved of all, whose honesty of purpose was never questioned. One day, nearly or quite a quarter of a century ago, a middle-aged gentleman happened to meet this good and philanthropic saint, who straightway was entranced, and a Spirit purporting to be Dr. Franklin gave the stranger a lengthy communication, in which he (Dr. Franklin) eulogized the new-comer in the most flattering language, telling him in so many words that he (the stranger) was the most remarkable man on this planet; also telling him, among other things—as another Spirit told our lady questioner—that he (Franklin) was about commencing the greatest scientific work ever inaugurated on this or any other planet. In fact, it would, he said, revolutionize science itself, naming the work to be done; which, from its ridiculous character, we pass by. Leaving out details, we will more fully add in this conne-

tion that for years scarcely a message came through the lips of this great and good man, but what Dr. F. had something to say about the gentleman and his great prospective work.

Although the recipient of such distinguished honors from the great thunder and lightning controller told both the Medium and the great Philosopher that there must be some great mistake somewhere, for he never had the slightest penchant for scientific discovery, still the thought never entered his thick numbskull to question the honesty of either the Medium or the Spirit controlling him. Dr. F., through the Medium, would meet all such doubts with, "The wonderful scientific faculties you possess now lie dormant, but at the proper time they will show themselves." And they did show themselves, but in a way not unlike our lady friend's experience; for after four years' loss of time, and all the money he could rake and scrape together to help the great (?) work along, all at once, without a moment's warning, the great work to be done fizzled out, and all the dupe got for his unbounded faith and overweening credulity was a costly, but nevertheless a salutary experience; for from that day to this, some twenty-five years since, he has taken nothing for granted, unless it coincides with his own highest reason and best judgment. So that, taking it all in all, it was not so very expensive.

After reading the above-described cases, we doubt very much whether our good lady friend will encounter much difficulty in detecting a solution to her question.

BOOK REVIEW.

"IMMORTALITY, or Our Future Homes and Dwelling-places, and Employments in Spirit-life." Through the courtesy of Colby and Rich, we have just received a new book from the pen of Dr. Peebles, with the above significant title. This elegantly bound volume is replete with Spiritual truths that it behooves every Spirit-unlist in the land to become acquainted with; and we have no doubt but they will avail themselves of the inestimable privilege of perusing its elegant and scholarly written pages as soon as it is known that such a book exists; for it contains many of the experiences of Dr. Peebles in his extensive travels, not only in this country, but foreign lands as well. There is such a fascination and charm interwoven into its pages that it is impossible after commencing to read it to give it up until its entire contents are devoured. At least, that was the case with us. It is bristling with communications obtained in Brahminical, Buddhist, and Mohammedan countries. In it are messages and answers through one hundred of the most celebrated and reliable Mediums in the world. This splen-

did volume is printed on nice paper, in clear type, and its mechanical make-up is unexcelled. It is now ready and for sale by the publishers, Colby and Rich, at 9 Montgomery Place, Boston. Price \$1.50; postage 10 cents.

(For the Voice of Angels.)

OFFERING OF LOVE.

I AM Tunie, Father dear,
With my offering of love;
What shall it be, dear Father, pray,
A garland or a sweet bouquet
Of prettiest and daintiest flowers,
That bloom so sweet in Spirit-bowers.

Oh, take this little gift, I pray,
And love it for my sake away—
A picture that my soul enshrined,
That inspiration hath divined—
That each in sweet accord may blend
As artist, poet, and as friend.

FROM TUNIE.

THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

"FATHER, there is an awful ugly-looking dis-positioned Spirit here, and has been for weeks; and as far as I can comprehend his designs by his actions, he is determined to make trouble for us. For the last month, whenever one whose turn has come to enter here steps in, he rushes in pell-mell, and tries to get by him, swearing in the most terrible language that it is his turn, and if he can't get in, nobody else shall; and for a time he and his confederates block up the passage; but thus far, knowing your feeble state of health, we have managed to thwart their designs, which I think is to break up our Circle. I wish we could get rid of him, on your account."

I told Tunie, the only way to do that was to let him come, and if alone, although weak, I thought I could manage him. So, when he makes another demonstration, bring him along; but let no one in with him, unless those you are acquainted with. This Tunie communicated to the doorkeeper, who said he would take care and follow instructions. It was nearly a week after this before he made another effort, when on Sunday morning, seemingly to take me by surprise, soon after breakfast, and while looking over the *Sunday Herald*, Tunie came rushing into the office, with trepidation depicted upon every feature of her lovely face, saying "They are coming." "Who is coming?" I asked. "Oh," said she, "that terrible man I told you of some time ago; and he has brought thousands with him." "Don't be alarmed, Tute, darling," I said, "for if there were a million where now there is but one, the whole combination could not cause a flicker of the lamp of eternal truth, much less extinguish it." "I know it, Father; but I was fearing that from your weak and feeble condition, you could not withstand the sudden onslaught."

I told the anxious darling that I apprehended not the least danger, as it was a Spiritual, and not a physical battle, and I had a right to expect protection from all harm. I then asked her to find out, if she could, whether this dreadful Spirit, as she called him, intended to make an effort to enter this morning. She went out, and soon returned, saying, "We are surrounded, and from what I can see, they intend to make a rush all at one time, and overpower you, and

if possible, take your life." "Let them come on, Tute, and see how they make out," said I.

A moment after, I saw Obed Raymond enter the room, leading by the ear the one Tunie was so fearful would hurt me. "Here," says Mr. Raymond, "is the captain of a gang of rowdies, who wants to be educated into the governing principles of nature."

I saluted the stranger as cordially as I would a gentleman, and asked him what he wanted. "There," says Obed, "sit down," [helping him,] and down he sat. Then Obed said, "I found this son-of-a-gun prowling round here, and a host of other sneak-thieves with him; and when I ax'ed 'em what they wanted, the rascals cussed, 'Its none of your d—d business; who are you?' By golly, that raised my dander, and I sed, 'I'll let you know who I be'; an' at the same time grabbed one of his ears. He held back a little, at first, but I sed, 'Cum along, you miserable skunk, cum along, or go with one ear.' So, here he is; and you can do with him as you please."

[This Obed Raymond figured considerably in the Voice some four years ago. He was a very rough, uneducated, original Spirit, when I first met him, and I had some trouble in convincing him he was in Spirit-life; but after succeeding, and he had found his wife and daughter, he has been doing good missionary work ever since among the "heathen," as he calls Spirits on the lower plane of thought. He was and still is very crude in his remarks, but he has excellent reasoning powers, and he manages to make folks understand him. He is a great favorite with the lower order of Spirits, and often lectures to them, and is listened to with the greatest interest; and whenever he finds one among them that has been "in hell long enough" to create a desire to get out of it, he takes him in hand and brings him to our "School"—as he calls our Circle—when he takes the first step towards a higher condition.]

To return: After Obed left, I undertook to talk with the would-be ruffian, but couldn't elicit a single word. Thinking he was sulking, I said, "If you want anything with me, say so, or take your leave." At this, he seemed to try to speak, but could not; but by his pointing to his mouth, I found his tongue was paralyzed. I made a few passes over his mouth, when his tongue was loosed again, and he said, "I want nothing of you; I only want to get away." I said, "You and your band have been prowling round here, bent on mischief, for a long time, and threatening destruction to all of us if we didn't let you into our Circle; and now you are here you want nothing." "Well," said he, "I didn't know what kind of a place it was."

Seeing he was sufficiently punished, I told him to go, giving him the privilege of coming again, when he felt doing so would benefit him; for our mission is to help folks, instead of making them unhappy and miserable.

As he was about starting, I offered him my hand, but he refused to take it, giving as a reason, "I'm afraid of it." I asked, "Why?" "Because," said he, "when you touched my head I felt very queer, and I'm afraid I'll get so I can't talk again." So he bid me good-bye, and

left, I think a very happy man, in getting rid of me so easily; for it was evident he was greatly frightened after encountering Obad Raymond.

When he was gone, Tunie asked me what prevented him from talking. I told her it was Obad. "Well," says she, "I shall never be afraid of anybody again, especially those that talk a great deal about what they are going to do." "You can rest safe on that conclusion, I said."

With this, Tunie observed, "This will do for Sunday morning," and bidding me good-bye, left.

There is no particular significance in the above, unless it is to show that the idea of those who are constantly expressing fears that Spiritualism can be trampled under-foot, with impunity, by ignorant, designing Spirits, is an utter fallacy, without a particle of reason or common sense to support it.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

WHEN WE MEET BY THE RIVER.

When we meet by the river,
We will take your precious hand,
And bear you over safely
To that lovely promised land.

Oh, feel no fear in going,
For we will with you stay,
And you shall meet the loved ones
All along the way.

We do not fear you will falter
Or linger by the way,
For we will there sustain you
Beyond the house of clay.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

ANSWERS TO MENTAL QUESTIONS.

QUESTION 1ST.—What are the principal causes of human progress?

ANSWER.—First, the outgrowth of nature from the focus of infinite gravity.

Second, the outgrowth of our planet-sphere from the focus of solar gravity, by subjecting as nutriment the more and more refined substance of the sun's higher atmospheric strata; the increasing number of its different specific interforms, and the increasing complexity of its culminate species, which is *per se* its progress as a whole, being due and proportional to its increasing altitude from the sun.

As the essences or Spirit-germs fruitful to the elements and forms that make up our world's strata are continuously ascending and contacting with like descending essences or Spirit-germs fruitful to the elements and forms that make up the earth's consecutively higher atmospheric stratifications—to us future worlds—and which are continuously combining at every point as the growth of each and all, the nutrient relations between our less mature world of forms and the comparatively more mature forms of those future worlds are inseparable, and their progress equal and contemporary.

QUES. 2.—What is the principal cause

of the present unprecedented intercourse between the denizens of our world and those of these higher or future worlds!

Ans.—First, the outgrowth of the solar system into higher altitudes from the nucleus of its proximate sphere of subsistence.

Second, the present spherical position of the solar system. That is, as regards its orbital revolution around its sun and the axial revolution of the different stratifications of its atmosphere, to which its successively higher planet-spheres are indigent, which determine their seasonal changes during the revolution of their respective equinoxes. Just as the earth's axial rotations, which cause its alternations of light and darkness, are inter-repetitions of the axial rotations of its channel of circulation around the sun, which cause its equinoctial eras of comparative light and darkness; so this axial revolution of its equinoxes is an inter-repetition of the solar system's orbital revolution around its sun, during which it is day in its sunward hemisphere and night in its anti-sunward hemisphere. As the earth attains its present highest altitude within the solar sphere about twelve days after it passes its aphelion npsis, it is, at least, so far advanced toward another equinoctial day or golden age.

JEAN STORY.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

LETTER FROM DR. JACK.

LAKE PLEASANT CAMP-MEETING, 2d, 9th, 1880.

DEAR FRIEND DENSMORE:—I find that your jewelled paper is in great demand, and is inquired for by the eager multitude at our camp-meeting, and is highly recommended by all for its purity of tone and its position towards our Mediums, so true and firm. I am sorry it is not a weekly paper, instead of a semi-monthly.

I have met with such decided success that I am compelled to remain in vicinity of Northampton and Lake Pleasant and Boston, until about the 4th of October, to attend to healing patients and treating disease, and hope to be at Haverhill about the 4th or 5th of October, where all letters must be addressed. No notice will be taken of postal cards, and correspondents and patients, to insure answer, *must* send stamp for return reply.

Quite a number of cottages, beautiful in design, have been erected at Lake Pleasant during the season, and more will be next year.

Our President, Dr. Joseph Beals, of Greenfield, is again re-elected, showing how greatly he is beloved and treasured

by his hosts of friends and the community at large. He is a gentleman and a good man, and I must say a true Spiritualist. May he live long and be happy.

Our friend, and the Medium's friend all o'er the world, Mr. Jonathan Roberts, of Philadelphia, made a flying visit to Lake Pleasant. We were sorry he could not stay longer, for hundreds of our campers were waiting to extend him a welcome there, and a grand illumination and musical reception was in reserve for him, and a welcome from his friend,

W. L. JACK, M. D.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

A SPIRIT MESSAGE.

MR. DENSMORE:—I would like to speak through your paper. I am in the Spirit-land. I am very much afraid to speak, for I am only a little girl. I was ten years old when I passed away. My dear mamma cried very hard when I left her; but if she could only see me now, she would not shed one tear, for I am so happy in my new home. It is a celestial, eternal home, and full of glory. I am surrounded by angels, who are making the heavens ring with their glorious music. I am sitting on the bank of a silvery stream, whose waters ripple to the music of the angels, and keep time with myriads of golden strings, and which falls on the ear as softly as the twilight falls over the tired earth, when covering it for its night's rest.

I shall come to see my mamma some day, and make her happy. She is longing to see me; but I cannot come until she makes me welcome by believing I can come to her. She is trying to believe. She writes, but cannot understand the reason why. I will make her write something for your paper. She writes while I guide her pen, and if she will make up her mind to believe in this beautiful doctrine, she will make a good Medium.

I am not going to give my last name, because my mamma does not want her writing known to the public. She has been writing since the 1st of June, but she does not want her writing to be conspicuous. She is saying to herself now, that is a big word for a little girl to use; but although I am a little girl, I have learned a great deal since I left her, and I can guide her pen with more ease than she can guide it herself.

I must go now; and if you want me to come again, you must tell my mamma, and she will write you again through the Spirit-hand of her little girl.

FLORENCE.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

LAKE PLEASANT, MONTAGUE, MASS.

Oh, beautiful lake, so sweet and so fair!
Sleeping so calmly in mild summer air,
Environed by hills and forests of green,
While just beyond mountain heights are seen.
To tumult and strife you speak peace and rest,
And banish all fear and care from my breast.

Oh, crystal waters, so pure and so clear!
Objects reflecting most truthfully clear,
Dimpling in smiles at stroke of the oar,
Laughing in glee as the breeze sweeps o'er,
Touching thy shores with caressing hands,
As thy wavelets fall over the sands;
On thy fair surface a lesson ye bear,
That fills all my soul with unspoken prayer.

And an earnest cry, not for self alone,
Goes upward to Him who sits on the throne,
That benediction may come from above,
That all human souls may mirror God's love,
And each be as pure, as true and as sweet
As this charming lake, that lies at my feet.

SUSAN A. GAY.

LAKE PLEASANT, Aug. 13, 1880.

BRIEF ITEMS.

PARTIZAN desiring consultation by letter, may address W. L. Jack, at Haverhill, Mass., as usual. No notice will be taken of postal cards. All letters to insure a reply must be accompanied with two three-cent stamps.

The Spiritualists of Lakewood, N. J., held their second Grove Meeting on Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 11th and 12th. Col. D. M. Fox, Mrs. Nettie Pease Fox, and other speakers were expected to be present.

The widow of the deceased Spiritualist, N. B. Starr, needs help. We sincerely hope and trust that the Spiritualists of the country will do what they can to help and assist her. Mr. Starr left no money behind him, but the widow is in possession of some of his Spirit-pictures which she would be glad to dispose of at very reasonable prices. . . . Mrs. Starr is at present sojourning with Mr. and Mrs. Hall, in Cincinnati—489 West Liberty street—where she would be happy to hear from friends.—*Mud and Matter.*

The Theosophists claim that "the Spirit works by will, and its powers are unlimited by physical law. The soul accumulates and remembers facts, the spirit sees and knows all things."

The next quarterly meeting of the Northern Wisconsin Spiritual Conference will be held at Omro, Wis., Sept. 17th, 18th and 19th. Cephas B. Lynn, of Boston, has been engaged as the principal speaker. Other speakers are invited to participate.

The Fourth Annual Congress of the Liberal League will be held in Chicago, the 17th, 18th and 19th of this month. The hall has not yet been designated.

Capt. H. H. Brown was in Central New York and at the Lake George Camp-meeting during the latter part of August and early September, from whence he went to Connecticut, where he will speak during the remainder of the month. After which he goes to Philadelphia, and serves the First Society of Spiritualists for the five Sundays of October.

The *Religio-Philosophical-Journal* entered upon its twenty-ninth volume Sept. 4th last. Long may it flourish and continue the good work it has done in the past.

Rev. Joseph Cook delivered a lecture at Saratoga, August 19th. The next evening Mrs. Emma Hartridge-Britten [replied to him, ably answering and refuting his strictures upon Spiritualism. The lecture will be printed in full in the *R. P. Journal* for Sept. 18th.

The Spiritualists of New Hampshire and Vermont held their Third Annual Camp-meeting at

Hedge's Landing, on the eastern shore of Lake Monapee, in the town of Newbury, N. H. This lake is nearly one thousand feet above tide-water, and is about ten miles in length and from half a mile to two miles wide. The scenery is very beautiful, and it has been called "The Loch Katrine of America, only more beautiful than the Scottish lake." Eminent speakers were present. Gen. A. Keller, of Dover, Mass., is President of the Association.

Mr. Alexander Phillips, the slate-writing Medium, of New York City, continues to astonish both believers and skeptics by his marvellous demonstrations. He was lately visited by Chas. A. Dana, of the *New York Sun*, who probably got more than he expected, as he has said nothing in his paper about his visit.

The well-known Materializing Medium, Harry Bastian, is now in London, where he is meeting with good success.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond is also very successful in her lecturing tour in the north of England.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll has been much appreciated during his recent visit to New England, being invariably favored with large and interested audiences, at his lectures. People have travelled fifteen or twenty miles to attend, and returned after the lecture. He has given some of his reverend critics some hard nuts to crack.

The Shawmut Spiritual Lyceum commenced its sessions for the ensuing season on Sunday, Sept. 5th, at Amory Hall, Boston. The Lyceum has accomplished much good in the past, and has had the moral and material support of many of the Spiritualists of the city, which it has well deserved.

The funeral of Esther Dunning, the last surviving daughter of Thos. R. Howard, the well-known and veteran Spiritualist, took place at Vanclose, his beautiful country place, seven miles from Newport, R. I., August 17th. Rev. Chas. T. Brooks read a poem at her grave. Mrs. Dunning was married by Mr. Brooks, under these trees, but two years ago. During the funeral ceremonies a procession walked slowly through the box avenues of this romantic spot, which was patterned long ago after Versailles. The venerable father, who looks like a mighty King Lear, eighty-four years old, a giant who has survived his race, lowered the coffin into the ground, and strewed it with ferns, plucked from a spot which his daughter had loved.

The children's seances given by Mrs. Esperance in England are so largely attended—sixty-three being present at the last—that Mrs. E. finds herself obliged to limit the number and to furnish tickets, which are free.

A reception was extended to Mr. J. William Fletcher at the cottage of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Lyman, Lake Pleasant, Mass., Saturday evening, Aug. 28th. John Wetherbee presided; Dr. Peebles, Dr. Watson, Ed. S. Wheeler, Dr. Flower, Mr. Buddington, and others were present; speech-making was in order, and Mr. Fletcher responded appropriately.

At Cape Town, South Africa, recently, in the light, in presence of B. T. Hutchinson and ten others, Mr. Eglington, while in a trance state, floated about the room above the heads of the company like a balloon.

The camp-meeting at Lake Pleasant came to a close on Sunday, August 29th, after a long and most interesting and successful session. The meeting has outgrown the most sanguine expectations of its projectors. On some days, fully eight thousand persons were present on the grounds. The meeting next year will be anxiously looked forward to.

The Cape-Cod Camp-meeting closed Sunday, Aug. 29th. It has been characterized by interesting and useful speaking and has done much to advance the cause of Spiritualism. It will be a permanent institution, and a large building is to be erected, the

first floor to be used as a restaurant, and the second as lodging-rooms for speakers and visitors. Cephas B. Lynn delivered the closing discourse, on "The Spiritualism of Today," comprehending the latest scientific conclusions and the best thoughts of philosophy and religion.

The Cascadaga Lake Free Association Camp-meeting had a successful experience, and was attended and addressed by some of our best Mediums and Speakers. O. T. Kellogg gave some satisfactory and surprising exhibitions of his slate-writing.

Mr. W. J. Colville will continue his regular meetings at Berkeley Hall for the season. He will also deliver a course of lectures at Highland Hall, Warren street, on Thursday evenings, the use of the hall having been kindly offered to him by Dr. Kennedy.

The closing meeting of the season was held at Shawheen River Grove, Sunday, Sept. 12th, when addresses were made by Prof. Wm. Denton and others. These meetings have been interesting and successful.

The Brooklyn Spiritualist Society have engaged Mrs. F. O. Hyzer to serve them for a time, and she will speak Sunday mornings and afternoons.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

FROM THE PACIFIC COAST.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., July 20, 1880.

D. C. DENSMORE, Esq.:—Sir,—I send you a sensational caricature of July 14th, and its correction of July 17, [printed in our last issue,] published in the *Chronicle*. The miscreant was introduced as a gentleman into this private Circle, at a private house, by a person said to be of Spiritual belief, and practising as a Trance Medium here. There exists considerable bitterness of feeling here by some or most of the Trance Mediums towards the three Materializing Mediums in this city. Their interference in a monetary sense, it being so much more attractive to the people than the trance phase, has aroused their ire, and with a few of them at frequent periods corresponding attempts are made to destroy these materializations.

It seems to me a church or religion divided against itself bids fair to decline, instead of advancing in the true cause. Cannot the Spiritualists from abroad do something towards healing the discord here, and let the good work (in all of its branches) go on?

The materializations here are not exceeded, if equalled anywhere else in the world. Sixteen Spirits have materialized and been out in the room among the audience for nearly half an hour, all at one time. These wonderful demonstrations go on for awhile, and are then set back by these periodical raids, and many times made at the instigation of Spiritualists themselves; but in every case the Spirit has dematerialized in the miscreant's grasp. Then these false statements are made, similar to that of July 14th, and go unrefuted

to the world, and materialization set down generally as a fraud. The three gentlemen subscribed to the correction of July 17th are of unquestioned veracity. What is to be done? I share the opinion with many others that the world is not quite ripe enough to receive this divine revelation. It is too grand, too sublime, too promising for this age. But I suppose finally all will be right. H. J.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

CHEERING WORDS.

TEKLOCK, Stanislaus Co., California.

N. C. DENSMORE:—*Dear Brother,*—I am much pleased with your paper. It is the dearest sheet that comes into the house, although we take three Spiritual papers. There is so much truthful simplicity about it; its pages as yet are free from that ambition to excel in popularity, which spoils all papers after a time. I watch it with jealous care to detect any such ambition, and pray I may never find it. What is more beautiful than childlike simplicity in life, and how little we find of it after the child becomes a man!

Yet it is a fact that our greatest men are noted for simple ways, manners and habits. The ambition to be thought great shows the lack of the most essential element of power.

May God and all good angels bless you all in your good works, is my prayer.

JANE MERRILL MITCHELL.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

CRITICISM OF JOSEPH COOK.

JOSEPH COOK's teaching that inertia is a property of matter was as contrary to nature as was Rev. John Jasper's moving sun; and the Richmond divine represented the state of science in A. D. 1492, which all the ancients accepted, and from the inertia of the earth they derived the real motion of the sun. Because J. Cook in science is of the school of philosophy of which J. Jasper is so illustrious an example, and the renowned Bostonian admits the inertia of the earth, which demands the corollate, the immobile earth, he is not a safe guide to men in search of Spiritualism. Therefore, when a learned man like J. Cook is by a false education deceived into the delusion of the existence of the Riplerian sidereal revolution of the earth, which fable cannot be due to other than mental aberration, he is not worthy to be a teacher, being so destitute of the forms of true knowledge, so blind to reason, as not to be entitled to the confidence of Spiritualists.

Yours, W. ISAACS LOOMIS.

MARTINDALE DEPOT, Col. Co., N. Y.

[Selected.]

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

"Morn'g, hold my tired hand,
Going up the gloomy stairs,
And, before you leave the room,
Hear me say my little prayers."

"Glad to feel that you are near
In the falling candle-light,
I will ask the Father dear
To protect us through the night."

"I will ask the angels bright
From the world above to come,
In their robes of faultless white,
Just to guard our little home."

"They will watch beside my bed
Till the gloomy night is gone,
And my mother, with a kiss,
Comes to wake me at the dawn."

In the cosy, quiet room,
Where a mother's darling slept,
Darker than the midnight gloom
Stealthily a shadow crept.

Angels watched around the bed,
Angels heard the little prayers;
But the Father held her hand
Going up the "starry stairs."

ANNIE M. CURTIS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE NEW DISPENSATION.

NUMBER THIRTEEN.

THOSE who began to investigate the Spiritual phenomena at first, and measurably so those at present, who, after being fully convinced that they are really reports from human beings who have passed thro' death's door to the realm where all religious beliefs are proved either true or false, and recognizing them as such, the old idea of God vanishes. This leaves the believer of Spiritualism adrift, completely cut loose from all past teachings as to where God, the Creator of all things, is personally located. The millions as they passed death's door expected to see God personally; but lo! a different scene presents itself. No personal God found; seen only in created life, in man or woman, in trees and flowers, etc. Then whence came all this grand display of life? So search and vigorous effort and hard thinking is made to find out, if possible, the First Cause and Originator of this great system of life we find in the universe. The human mind does not seem content without some ideal in this direction, and is ever searching after it, and it feels all adrift, with nothing to rest upon, unless it has that ideal in the mind.

Now, in bringing out to light the various ideals Spiritualists so far have entertained, and giving our own, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we consider ours, as well as all others, *speculation*, and this includes the highest ideals received through Mediums from intelligences in the realm Spiritual, as well as those still in the body of flesh. We do not believe that any and all of these intelligences are capable of solving this question.

But, it will be asked, what is the use of writing, thinking and exploring in this direction? Is it not waste of time to speculate upon a subject that cannot be solved?

Our effort will be, if possible, to cut off from and cut loose from all such speculation, where such speculation rests upon a supposed and assumed basis, a more speculative basis; and why? Because upon this ideal of God, true or false as it may be, humanity in all ages and stages of development build human governments and societary measures. Humanity in their relations one with another find in these ideals such strength that formulas of being and doing in every relationship are shaped to accord with these ideals.

Human welfare is interested in this subject, both as it relates to this sphere and that which it enters at death. If there are any lost souls, (and there are millions,) they are those who have had a belief in God and the religion that grew out of such belief, as such belief is represented in Christianity. Those who leave earth, or rather those who pass out thro' death's door, awake in that other life to find nothing as they expected; hence for a time are confused, confounded, lost, until they are set right by those who have learned their way; and so strong are these earthly teachings that it requires a long time for some to get things straight in the next sphere of existence, rightly comprehended by their intellectual perceptions. And it cannot be otherwise to those still in the flesh, those who have accepted Spiritualism, who have as a previous education and natural hereditary tendencies been born and educated in beliefs vastly at variance with what Spiritualism really teaches. But even these do and must be expected will be for a long time more or less influenced by these previous conditions.

So it is little by little that the veil of error fades away before our vision, until in time we stand face to face with truth and the real facts of this life and that which we enter at death.

It is no wonder, then, that Spiritualists differ so much upon this as well as other matters. All shades of thinkers upon this subject, including the most material of the materialistic, save those who disbelieve in any God as a personality, or any God at all, and who believe that human as well as all other life begins and ends here, that intelligence is the result of organization and an effect and not a cause, in common with those who believe in a God as a personal being, as is the Christ.

than idea, or as it becomes changed and enlarged in many Spiritualists, a Power and Intelligence connected with Nature in all her evolution, or those who place this causal force in an unseen element called Spirit, acting upon matter as a something in and of itself perfectly dead and inert, moved only by Spirit and progressive—all agree upon one point, that law, order, system, harmony and intelligence are displayed in all we see of life. What is, is visible to all. Whence it came and what produces it, is the debatable ground.

The mass of thinkers who have accepted the Christian idea, while they look upon Nature as a grand display of His power and intelligence, have disconnected all that is called natural and nature from things Spiritual, and do not think they have anything in common. Nature by this class has been considered as "all a fleeting show, for man's illusion given," as something defiled and an obstruction to Spiritual good, and has placed man as a child of God, belonging to the Spiritual, and as not a product of this planet, but as something sent here to take form in a material body—all for the special glory of God, its Creator. This was the original design, but of course it was in the main overthrown by the devil in the fall of man.

Now those Spiritualists who believe in a personal God, also believe that man is an offspring of God, sent into the body of flesh for a different purpose, and that purpose was and is growth and development. They accept progress in the place of the fall, and salvation through the atonement, as is the Christian idea.

The progress and continuity of a human being's existence is a revelation of Spiritualism, and stands out plain and distinct in contradistinction to the Christian idea of the atonement, the non-progress of the human soul after death from sin to holiness.

Therefore there can be no such thing as Christian Spiritualism, and it is folly and absurd to attempt it. Spiritualism reveals a different state of human life in the hereafter.

There is great wisdom and intelligence in all we see, and the more we see the grander it is revealed. Those who cannot see intelligence or know of it except it be made manifest through organized form, believe there is a form somewhere in space that is the real projector and creator of things we see. They say there is a great and grand design, and there cannot be a design without a designer. If this be true, there must have been a

time when that design was made, and this makes or marks a point in time and a time when things began. Also we find everywhere law, positive law. Now there must have been a time when law was originated, and there could not be design and law without a mind to originate it. There must have been a beginning in the work of creation, but it is said that the designer and law-maker, God, is without beginning. This may be so; but the Designer and Law-maker is greater and grander than all design and law; whence comes this great and overpowering Intelligence? God is by this class considered the centre of thought and being. If there is a centre, there must be a circumference. Then both eternity and the universe are bounded. Is this so? If there is a Personal God, the source of all things, that "without him not anything was made that was made," then all the outflow from this Source is simply the automatic effect of this Source, and man and all life are mere repeaters of this life; and as effect is like the cause that produces it, and as all we see and all we ever heard of is but the effect of this cause, then all we see or know is of God made manifest. This must include all life and all manifestations of life, all the phenomena of evil as well as good, all the devilry and hellishness and evil, all destruction, all hate and revenge, as well as all good, both in animal and man. We do not gather grapes of thorns nor figs of thistles. God, then, must contain in his compound all there is of all grades of devilry as well as goodness, all there is of impurity as well as purity, all there is of the low and base as well as the high and exalted. I am well aware that God, as thought of by this class of thinkers, is thought of only as the pure, the good, and that this lower estate is of man, and not of God.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Selected by M. J. K.]

FROM THE LIGHT OF ASIA, BY EDWIN ARNOLD.

We are the voices of the wandering wind,
Which moan for rest and rest can never find;
Lo! as the wind is so is mortal life,
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife.

Wherefore and whence we are ye cannot know,
Nor where life springs nor whither life doth go;
We are as ye are, ghosts from the manes,
What pleasure have we of our changeable pain?

What pleasure hast thou of thy changeless bliss?
Nay, if love lasteth, there were joy in this;
But life's way is the wind's way—all these things
Are but brief voices breathed on shifting strings.

As a man's yes and no, so is his character.
A prompt yes or no marks the firm, the quick,
The decided character; and a slow or cautious
The timid.—*Literary.*

[For the Voice of Angels.]

LETTER FROM J. A. BLISS.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 4, M. S. 83.

DEAR BROTHER DENSMORE:—My attention has been called to an article in your valuable journal from the pen of Bro. J. W., (Joseph Wood,) referring to a money-box that was in the room, and that was placed there for the benefit of our little daughter "Sunshine," by a friend of hers.

The text from "Little Helen," through the mediumship of Mrs. E. S. Powell, is correct in every particular, and I know Mrs. Powell never was in the office where the box was; consequently the text is perfect.

Mrs. E. S. Powell is one of Philadelphia's best Test Mediums, and she has borne the burden and heat of the day with many others. Brother J. W. is one of my converts to Spiritualism, and I hope he will live many years to gladden the readers of the Voice with his messages from "Little Helen."

The battle for the right is nearly won, and when all the conflict and turmoil is over, we can rest from our labors. Heaven speed the day! Yours, truly,

JAMES A. BLISS.

FAT AND LEAN PEOPLE.

PEOPLE who come under our hands, professionally, ladies especially, ask what they can do to be less fat or stout, while others again wish to know how they can gain ten or twenty pounds.

Now, the amount of flesh depends greatly on the course of living, though some constitutionally have a fuller habit than others, while some seem to be constitutionally thin. In nine cases out of ten, those who are burdened with obesity, who have red faces and pimples, who are so fleshy that they cannot exert themselves without getting out of breath, who are too plump to be graceful or comfortable—get into this condition by means of what they eat; and a large proportion of those who are thin are so because their diet is not that which is best calculated to produce proper health and a comfortable fullness. Generally, these fat, red-faced people, who are inclined to pimples, are of the blonde order. Those who are of the brunette order, instead of redness and pimples, have brown, rough complexions; but both originate in the same dietetic errors. We caution such people that they should eat sugar very sparingly, that they should exclude the use of butter or other oily matters, and especially puddings and pastry, that are rich with lard or butter and sugar. They generally reply, "But I am very fond of all you mention, and eat a great deal of candy and drink my coffee as sweet as it can be."

When persons can digest starch, or, in other words, fine flour in all its forms—puddings, pastry, also butter, sugar, and oily matter generally—they become loaded with fat, because

