



VOL. V.

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NO. 1.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

Enlarged from 8 to 12 pages, formerly issued from No. 5 Dought Street, Boston, Mass., will after this date be published at *Fair View House, North Weymouth, Mass.*, the 1st and 15th of each month.

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

" D. K. MINER, Business Manager,

D. C. DENSMORE, Amanuensis and Publisher.

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The sun and the moon and the light of a smile
Set the sense-gifts athrob to fond life-blooms beguile;—
Oh, that smile!

Impartial to bless, not once stops to curse,
Nor asks which of these is the best, best, or worse;
But each in its sphere attract- by kind force,
To measureless light of God's love all the while.

Hark!—God and young Nature are talking pure Love—
"Dearest, let us make man my own beautiful dore;"
Oh, that Love!

So equal in spirit chase controls,
Whose whitening fumes issue live thinking souls,
Whose time-serving genius forever unfolds,
Unflinching to Life everlasting they move.

Dissolving by Reason all doubtings inclined
To linger chaotic o'er wisdoms' highway.

But give us, oh, give us the light of sweet Life—
God's image we love so fades away from our sight;—
Oh, that Life!

Like dewdrops that shine, like hues of bright flowers,
How transient our claim, then they're lost like the hours,
Oh, give us the proof that those insolent towers
So bleak may not prove long eternity's night.

"Life never can die;—its phenomenal flame
Whether seen or unseen, serves God's law just the same;
Oh, that flame!

Illuminating thought that flies through vast space—
The bountiful order whose quickening grace
Stems on to perfection in every place—
The light of the soul sternest that can't tame."



JENNIE SPRAGUE.



MISS M. T. SHELHAMER.



"TUNIE" DENSMORE.

LITERARY

[For the Voice of Angels.]

CHAOS.

THROUGH TRYPHENA O PARDEE.

ALL shapeless afloat in the fathomless deep,
Overspread with dense darkness unrolled it lay—
Oh, that deep!

Oh, who on its brink of marvels hath stood,
And learned, as its limitless gloom was o'erviewed,
'Twas Nature's great work-house not yet understood,
But feels himself lost in those surges that leap!

Now "Let there be light!" was the firm voice of God,
And the darkness rose up from the turbulent flood;—
Oh, that God!

Whose word was obeyed by nothing in form,
Ere something was fashioned from out the black storm
Of struggle between the fierce cold and the warm,
And light so unequal to darkness withstood.

Faint gleamings were first the obedient flow,
Dipping down to hid caverns most dismal below,—
Oh, that flow!

That concaved the skies bespangled with stars,
And rounded the earth to roll on the rich bars
Of azure and gold, whose mild tint never wars,
High laden with endless progression to go.

RESIDING MEDIUM AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE.

EXPLANATORY OF THE THREE PICTURES.

[The central figure represents Miss M. T. Shelhamer, the efficient and highly-gifted Medium who presides at the VOICE OF ANGELS Circle. Miss S. was born in South Boston, Mass., May 6th, 1853. There she first began to show signs of development as a Trance Medium, when in her fifteenth year. Since then her medial powers have been steadily increasing. The one on her right is my Angel-daughter "Tunie." The other, on the left of the central figure, is Jennie Sprague. The two latter are efficient and effective workers in ministering to the needs and wants of those wrapped in the mantle of ignorance and superstition, and have entire control of the free-list.]

How fair is the face of God's image in clay,
Whose keen eyes full of light all creations survey;—
Oh, that clay!

Enclosing intelligent powers of mind,
Whose action o'er matter Life's tangles unwind,

"Know thou by thy Love's ever-burning soft beams
That thy day-labors cheer and by night gild thy dreams;—
Oh, those beams

Are cords never broke by death's vacant glare;
Their manifold workings dispel grim despair;
Thy title supernal—thy oft-answered prayer—
Assurance divine that Life's more than it seems."

"Since God wavel his Spirit of Light o'er the deep,
When dread thunders and lightnings were awakened from
sleep.) (Chaos deep)—
Its blazes have borne man's innate desire,
From light unto light, wafting higher and higher,
Till reads he by light of the star's twinkling fire—
The light of 'sweet Life' owns infinitude's sweep."

"The universe proves the great chaos-wave nest,
Under Time's incubating pearl day-feathered breast;—
Oh, that nest!

What countless-hued shells of mystic belief
Are breaking each hour for some Truth-bird's relief,
A fledgling of knowledge, whose song says in brief—
'I soar off with science all nations to bless.' "

"Each speckled faith-nestling is brooded with care
Till its plumage is cultured and glossed for the air;—
Fitting care!

Those pinions as flush in others unfold,

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That thy day-labors cheer and by night gild thy dreams;—

Oh, those beams

Are cords never broke by death's vacant glare;
Their manifold workings dispel grim despair;

Are minds cleft apart from creed-customs of old—
Free Thought independent in heaven's true fold—
Our Father's hands clasping, who welcomes his betr."

Oh, Father in Heaven! our poor hearts melt with praise,
As we feel thy pulse beat in all Life's varied ways;—

Thine the praise
Of glorious visions—promise unknown—
Sweet joy-strains immortal fresh flung from thy throne
Thy Kingdom is coming, thy will to be done!
What world-swells arise on the Light of thy face!

ELLINGTON, N. Y., Nov. 28, 1879.

EXPLANATORY.

THAT our readers may understand our heading, I will say in the first place, that it is a scene I witness at every regular *séance* for Spirit-communications. As will be seen, I am represented sitting at a table, writing out what each Spirit has to say. Mr. Pardee, Spirit-editor of the VOICE, is sitting at the other side of the table, directly in front of me, with his left hand resting upon some books; while D. K. Miner, Business-manager, is seen standing at my left, some distance back, holding in his right hand a roll of paper; between the two latter, my angel-daughter Tunie is in the act of introducing a Spirit from the lower planes of Spirit-life, who is anxious to communicate; while directly back of them are two Spirit-friends of the communicating Spirit. All the other Spirits witnessing the scene compose the band of young ladies, often referred to in these pages, who employ their time in hunting up those needing aid, and assisting them to take the first step to a higher condition; many of whom are very low in Spirit-development; and not a few find out for the first time that they are disconnected from their earthly bodies, who think they are dreaming, and will soon wake to consciousness. Everything looks so natural, it is useless to tell them they are in Spirit-life, without giving them proof of it, which sometimes takes several sittings. When their Spirit-eyes are opened in reality, they then wake up to their true condition, and see things do go on; if not as before, they go on in accordance with natural law.

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

[For the Voice of Angels.]

MESSAGE FROM ROBERT HARE TO DR. FAHNESTOCK.

[THROUGH DR. O., CONTINUED.]

DEAR DOCTOR,—Absolute evil (*per se*) is necessarily the entire absence of all good, and cannot exist in a universe recognizing the omniscience of its Creator, whose essential identity is Goodness and Love; for if we could conceive of a place or condition in which evil in this sense exists, then we could conceive of a place where goodness was not present, and, of course, where there was no God. Evil, then, can only be misdirected good; and as all misdirection implies the absence of Wisdom, or an undeveloped condition, it therefore follows that in every condition where wisdom is wanting, comparative evil must exist. Good being misdirected by its recipients from a want of wisdom, produces misery instead of that happiness for which it was intended. Take a few examples

from your own earth's sphere. See the golden waving grain, the juicy apple, the luscious grape. Can you mistake the object of Infinite Goodness in such gifts? What has been the result of their prostituted employment? Let the withered intellect, the crushed parental hopes, the widow's sighs, and the tears of the orphan, be the answer!

Again. Infinite Wisdom, to soften the disappointment and instability of mundane enjoyment, by raising the hopes of the soul to lasting felicity beyond the grave, gave through chosen Mediums a revelation of Immortality, in an age when man's undeveloped condition constituted the necessity for types and shadows, figures and allegory. Ignorance in the past has misdirected even this mercy, and converted it into a source of fire, faggot and sword to those whose Spiritual convictions happened to be at variance with the dogmas of its self-constituted expounders. And even now, in the light of the nineteenth century, ignorant arrogance, assuming the robe of priestly sanctity, claims to be the Omniscient's keeper, and thunders the anathemas of a man-made orthodoxy against all revelations which have not paid the license of pew-rent.

The silver shrines of the Goddess Diana constitute the spectacles through which the reverend gentlemen have discovered this much-to-be dreaded scheme of darkness.

Are you wise? Then pity the ignorant, instruct the erring, raise the fallen, rescue the mercies of heaven from their misdirected channels, until one eternal day of light and harmony shall burst upon your earth.

ROBERT HARE.

LANCASTER, Penn., Feb. 20, 1860.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

HINTS ON DIGESTION.

BY JACOB A. SPEAR.

DIGESTION involves three series of operations; the first takes place in the mouth, the second in the stomach, and the third in the intestines.

In the mouth the food is masticated, mixed with the saliva, and then swallowed. That is the first process, and if the food is well masticated, and thoroughly mixed with the saliva before it is swallowed, digestion has been commenced well, if the saliva contains all of the chemical ingredients, and in sufficient quantities, to supply the demand in the first process of digestion.

A man, when in health, swallows from eight to twenty-one ounces of saliva in twenty-four hours, most of which is water; but this water contains three chemical ingredients, which are saline matter, alkali and ptyalin, (pronounced ty-a-lin). The saline matter seasons the food and makes it more palatable, the alkali softens it, and the ptyalin changes what the chemist calls the starch, that the food contains, to what the brewer calls sugar, the sweetening process, or first degree in decay. Only about one twenty-five hundredths of the whole weight of the saliva is ptyalin, and that is enough to do the work designed for it to do.

The next process of digestion is in the stomach, where the food meets with the gastric juice, which flows into the stomach through the mucous membrane, or inner lining of the stomach. Gastric juice is water, containing a little saline matter, a little free acid, and a peculiar compound called pepsin. The pepsin dissolves the gluten, and the fibrine of the meat, while the ptyalin changes the starch, first to sugar, and afterwards partially into lactic acid. The pepsin, with the free acid contained in the gastric juice, reduces the fibrine of meat to a liquid state. The curd of milk, and the white of egg, are also readily changed by the gastric juice into soluble forms.

The fat undergoes no known chemical change in the stomach, but is subdivided into exceedingly minute globules, and mixed with the half fluid portions of the food.

Food that is swallowed in a liquid form requires no digestion, but is taken up by the absorbents and carried into the blood, some of which never passes down through the pylorus. When the stomach is fevered, so as to prevent the gastric juice from coming into it, all of the food taken into it then should be in a liquid state.

The feeling called hunger is caused by gastric juice in the stomach, when there is no food there for it to digest. As the fevered stomach does not call for food, it is evident that the gastric juice is prevented by the fever from flowing into it through the mucous membrane. As gastric juice contains a little free acid, which with the pepsin reduces the fibrin of flesh to a liquid state, it is evident that the free acid is necessary in the second process of digestion; and if that acid is destroyed, or neutralized, before it has done the work designed for it to do, digestion is retarded; and as bile does neutralize acid, it has no right in the stomach, and it is reserved to neutralize the acid, after the acid has done its work, and the chyme passes down through the pylorus into the duodenum, at a little distance from the outlet of the stomach, after the second process of digestion has been finished. When the chyme meets with the bile as it enters the duodenum, it loses its acidity, is changed in color, and is then called chyle. The chyle then meets with the pancreatic juice, which in appearance resembles the saliva, and, like the saliva, contains a little saline matter, and a peculiar compound very much like ptyalin, and, like ptyalin, it changes the starch to sugar, and continues the work in the bowels which ptyalin had begun in the stomach. It also exercises a peculiar action upon the fat of the food, reducing it to a more minute state of division than before, converting it into a more perfect state of emulsion, and giving to the chyle its milky appearance. Its special duty is believed to be to promote the digestion of oily and fatty food.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

I THINK, however, the religious people of your State, instead of wasting words upon me, had better spend their time in inducing God either to stop and stay the yellow fever, or divinely inspire some physician to ascertain a cure. I remain, yours truly.—Robert Ingersoll.

LAST MOMENTS OF BEETHOVEN.

HE had but one happy moment in his life, and that moment killed him.

He lived in poverty, driven into solitude by the contempt of the world, and by the natural bent of disposition rendered harsh, almost savage, by the injustice of his contemporaries.

But he wrote the sublimest music that ever man or angel dreamed. He spoke to mankind in his divine language, and they disdained to listen to him. He spoke to them as Nature speaks in the celestial harmony of the winds, the waves, the singing of the birds amid the woods. Beethoven was a prophet, and his utterance was from God.

And yet was his talent so regarded, that he was destined more than once to suffer the bitterest agony of the poet, the artisan, the musician. He doubted his own genius!

Haydn himself could find for him no better praise than in saying, "He is a clever pianist." Thus was it said of Gericault, "He blends his colors well" and thus of Goethe, "He has a tolerable style, and he commits no faults in orthography."

Beethoven had but one friend, and that friend was Hummel. But poverty and injustice had irritated him, and he was sometimes unjust himself. He quarrelled with Hummel, and for a long time they ceased to meet. To crown his misfortunes he became completely deaf.

Then Beethoven retired to Baden, where he lived isolated and sad.

In the midst of his solitary dreaming a letter arrived which brought him back, despite himself, to the affairs of the world, where new griefs awaited him.

A nephew whom he had brought up, and to whom he was attached by the good offices he had performed for the youth, wrote to implore his uncle's presence at Vienna. He had become involved in some disastrous business, from which his elder relative alone could release him.

Beethoven set off on his journey, and, compelled by the necessity of economy, accomplished part of his journey on foot. One evening he stopped before the gate of a small, mean-looking house and solicited shelter. He had already several leagues to travel before reaching Vienna, and his strength would not enable him to continue any longer on the road. They received him with hospitality; he partook of their supper, and then was installed in the master's chair by the fireside.

When the table was cleared, the father of the family arose and opened an old clavocin. The three sons took each a violin, and the mother and daughter occupied themselves in some domestic work.

The father gave the key-note, and all four began playing with that unity and precision, that innate genius, which is peculiar only to the people of Germany. It seemed that they were deeply interested in what they played, for their whole souls were in the instruments. The two women desisted from their occupation to listen, and their gentle countenances expressed the emotions of their hearts. To observe all this was the only share Beethoven could take

in what was passing, for he did not hear a single note.

When they had finished they shook each others' hands warmly, as if in congratulation on a community of happiness. Then they appeared to consult together, they resumed their instruments; they commenced again. This time their enthusiasm reached its height, their eyes were filled with tears, and the color mounted to their cheeks.

"My friends," said Beethoven, "I am very unhappy that I can take no part in the delight which you experience, for I also love music; but, as you see, I am so deaf that I cannot hear any sound. Let me read this music which produces in you such sweet and lively emotions."

He took the paper in his hand, his eyes grew dim, his breath came short and fast; then he dropped the music and burst into tears.

The peasants had been playing the allegretto of Beethoven's Symphony in A!

The whole family surrounded him, with signs of curiosity and surprise.

For some moments his convulsive sobs impeded his utterance; then he raised his head and said, "I am Beethoven."

And they uncovered their heads and bent before him in respectful silence. Beethoven extended his hands to them, and they pressed them, kissed them, wept over them; for they knew that they had among them a man who was greater than a king.

Beethoven held out his arms and embraced them all. All at once he rose up, and sitting down to the clavocin, signed to the young men to take up their violins, and himself performed the piano part of the chef d'œuvre. The performers were alike inspirited; never was music more divine or better executed.

Half the night passed away thus, and the peasants listened. Those were the last accents of the dying swan. The father compelled him to accept his own bed; but during the night Beethoven was restless and fevered. They sent to Vienna for a physician; dropsy on the chest was found to have declared itself, and in two days, despite every care and skill, the doctor said that Beethoven must die.

As he lay upon his bed, pale and suffering, a man entered. It was Hummel—Hummel, his old and only friend. He had heard of the illness of Beethoven, and he came to him with succor and money. But it was too late; Beethoven was speechless, and a grateful smile was all that he had to bestow upon his friend.

Hummel bent toward him, and, by the aid of an acoustic instrument, enabled Beethoven to hear a few words of his compassion and regret.

Beethoven seemed reanimated, his eyes shone, he struggled for utterance, and gasped, "Is it not true, Hummel, that I have some talent, after all?"

These were his last words. His eyes grew fixed, his mouth fell open, and his spirit passed away.

EVERY man hath within himself a witness and a judge of all the good or ill that he does; it inspires him with great thoughts, and gives him wholesome counsels.—*Seneca*.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

BROWNSTOWN, Ind., Dec. 6, 1879.

MR. D. C. DENSMORE:—*Dear Brother,*—I don't know whether my subscription for the past year has expired or not; be that as it may, I will enclose you two dollars for renewal of subscription for another year, the balance to be placed to the credit of the Tunie Fund. I would be glad if I could spare a larger amount for that fund, but circumstances will not permit.

The VOICE OF ANGELS is a very welcome visitor, anxiously looked for at its stated periods. I am glad the VOICE has not entered the fighting arena, seeking to tear down its neighbor to build up self.

In the bosom of the gentle Nazarene, were not purity, gentleness and love the controlling influences? Did he not come as a light into the world, to lift mankind out of darkness into light, teaching us to love God and our neighbor? If the angels teach less, or would lower the standard that Christ set up, then it is time the gates were closed.

It is high time for Spiritualists to get up higher. If each one would look to his own hands and heart, seeking to cleanse and purify, grasping for that love that was recommended by Christ, and so strongly enforced by the Angel-world, we would not find much time to pick flaws in our neighbor.

I was glad to see in the VOICE for Oct. 1st, 1879, a communication purporting to be given by Hetty Benton, through the mediumship of C. E. Winans. I recognize the same earnestness that would burn in her words, and glow in her countenance, while in love she would exhort her classmates to take a higher stand in a divine life. She longed to see her loved ones and her classmates encircled with the golden chain of love, that would lift them to that stand-point where they could realize more fully the baptism of the Holy Spirit, and have communion with the comforter promised by Christ.

Thanks to C. E. Winans for the communication, and to you for the publication.

Yours for the truth,

A. BENTON.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

EXPERIENCES OF AN INQUIRER.

DEAR SIR:—I like the tone and moral of your paper very much. I have from its infancy been in favor of Spiritualism, but have never been able to get in my own case any satisfactory test to prove the fact of Spirit-communication. The theory of progression is the most rational of anything I have ever given thought to. I have tried to test Spirit-communication. I asked Mansfield to give me a sitting, and if satisfactory, would pay him; but he would do nothing without cash in advance. Flint advertises to return money, if letters not answered; so I feed Mr. Flint, but not the first question was answered, or attempted to be answered, that I wished to

know. My questions were simple, and ought to have been easily answered by any Spirit. I asked him to give me another sitting, but he would do nothing without another fee. A long time after, he wrote me he had another communication for me. I told him I was not satisfied with the former result, and he might do as he pleased about sending it: so he destroyed it.

Next I feed Mansfield, thinking I would be sure of something reliable. Not a question answered: but as requested, said he would report through your Circle, and thoroughly identify himself. This was a long time since; but still no report.

Next I feed "West Ingle." One question only was attempted to be answered; that was that a brother of his was still living. I have written to him at the place designated, but thus far can get no reply.

You and others may be satisfied that Spirits commune with mortals, but as far I am concerned, the question still remains—Is death an eternal sleep, or are men immortal? Respectfully,

S. L. WOOD.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

ANSWER TO QUESTION.

THE following is an answer to the question asked by the Spirit of Robert Harrison in VOICE OF ANGELS, No. 24, volume 3, 1878:

Question.—How is it that this life, which is continued on after death, is not made plainer to men?

It comes to my understanding that it is from the past false teachings from those who claimed to be called of God, who, when called upon to prove Immortality, failed to do so from the fact that they could not produce a demonstration, and could only refer to faith; and as faith is that which is hoped for, not seen, therefore we as Spiritualists prove immortality, the perpetuity of the Spirit, by manifestations to our God-given powers, namely, seeing, hearing, feeling—and last, but not least, a positive knowledge that our loved ones, once of earth, can and do return in Spirit, and assure us of the continuation of life, of the Spirit immortal.

A SUBSCRIBER.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE

THROUGH M. T. SHELLHAMER.

VINELAND, N. J., Dec. 7, 1878.

DEAR BRO. DENSMORE:—I write in behalf of my dear friend, Mrs. Kirklittle, of this place, who desires me to say that she is truly grateful for the message from her daughter Anna, through Miss M. T. Shellhamer, which she says "is true in every particular, and is a source of great comfort to her." I would also

say it was very pleasing to me, as she (the Spirit) mentions my name, and also a dear little niece of mine.

Your friend,
MRS. HARRIET ADAMS.

[Selected.]

AT CLOSE OF DAY.

BY MRS. MARY E. KAIL.

ABOVE the towering, snow-crowned hills
I lift my enraptured eyes;
For angel hands are painting there
Heaven's drapery on the skies.

The sun has waved a proud "farewell,"
And bowed his golden crown;
It seems to me that angel arms
From heaven are reaching down.

The river silently and slow
Is drifting to the sea;
A holy calm, like Spirit-rest,
Is brooding over me.

How strangely sweet the silence falls
O'er field and wooded hill;
No spoken words of gifted tongue
Could thus my being fill.

Bright thoughts and beautiful appear,
My soul is all aglow;
I heed not wail of winter winds,
Nor touch of winter's snow.

Thus, when the day of life is done,
And death's pale mystery here,
The soul that trusts the Master's love
Shall neither faint nor fear.

No poet's words can paint the scene
That waits our enraptured eyes
When angel-hands shall open wide
The gates of Paradise!

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

LETTER FROM ALLEN PUTNAM.

FRIEND DENSMORE:—Almost as often as the VOICE comes to my desk, thought takes me back to the time, a little more than four years ago, when you came to confer with me in reference to starting your paper. That was a dark and dismal time in the business world, and no gleams of a revival were to be seen in any direction. If memory serves me faithfully, my statement then to you was, that, viewed simply as a business matter, or judged of from common business bases of calculation, it would be impossible for you to succeed in starting and sustaining a new periodical publication: and that from such a stand-point I must advise you to refrain from any attempt in that line. Still, said I, if you feel deeply that supernals are calling you in that direction, and that they can and will sustain you, go ahead, and God speed you. You did commence, and through four years of business depression have put forth your sheet promptly, and in very acceptable form; though you doubtless have often been very much cramped for pecuniary means, and unable to see whence even the absolutely needful supply of funds could come. The old saying, that "man's extremity is God's opportunity," frequently receives verification in those who yield themselves to be led by the Spirit. Often, apparently,

mortals cannot be efficiently helped by supernals, till the pressure of want, and consciousness of personal inability to meet existing emergencies, so subdue the mortal as to make him let go hold upon self and grasp the supernal exclusively. Then he becomes receptive, and is so conditioned that those in other realms can reach and assist him. Do not facts indicate probability that the controls of most Mediums prefer to keep them in straightened circumstances pecuniarily? And this, because such circumstances keep them more reliant upon supernal aid than they otherwise would be? Looking back upon a long life, experience shows, in one case at least, that its seasons of trial and privations have been more conducive to Spiritual growth than those of relative prosperity and ease. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." Spiritualism in its higher forms never seeks the accumulation of material riches.

Your VOICE is more *Spiritual*, or is better adapted to meet the wants of the great mass of but moderately educated people, than are those periodicals which rank higher as literary, logical and scientific productions. But the Spiritual are the higher faculties. The fashion of this world rates reason higher than intuition—rates the external and perishable above the internal and incorruptible. This fashion or habit of the world is not based on accurate knowledge of man's nature and destiny. Reason is partly of the earth, carthy—is an outgrowth upon earth—designed mainly for use in this life—and its acquisitions are not as enduring as those of the immortal Spirit. In addressing the Spirit more specifically than the reason, you aim to teach intrinsically higher faculties than do those who labor to be more literary and scientific. Each class of publications is good—has a befitting place—and is worthy of support; but those which wisely address the Spirit are the most beneficent.

I think I have read the greater part of every number of your paper from its commencement four years ago, and have received therefrom much valuable instruction and Spiritual food. May the VOICE long continue to sound, and ever more and more forcefully, and more widely over the world; for it teaches many valuable lessons, cheers many hearts, and lures many souls along an upward course.

ALLEN PUTNAM.

426 DUDLEY ST., BOSTON, Dec. 10, 1878.

Be kind to your "hoss" feed to the full, water often, drive slow, never strike.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE LIGHTS OF SPIRITUALISM THAT WANT TO SHINE.

BRO. D. C. DENSMORE:—In the investigation of Spiritual phenomena, in my thirty years of the examination of the subject, I find in my experience many drawbacks and failures in my ideas of what they should teach. I mean the "Spirits." Now, because one poor, undeveloped soul has given me an idea below what it should be, as I view it, shall I say the Medium is fraudulent, or shall I say that soul has given me a truthful message according to the highest light he has been able to receive?

The Spirits do not propose to prove the immortality of the human race by any rule adopted by Scientists of the present day. They come as best they can, through the only channel that is open to them. They do not come with square and compass, rule and plummet, to prove they are not dead, but alive. But they do come, and by proof positive to you and me, that they are the identical persons that we once knew in earth-life, and therefore are living still.

But I am satisfied that all leaders will fail, who seek to make a religion out of Spiritualism. According as I read the history of past ages, it has been a failure. So it will in all the ages to come. The phenomena of Spiritualism lacks dogmas and creeds to bind mankind down in mental bondage. Look, and even in this nineteenth century, all the churches are practising on the same dead level, of not thinking only as your church prescribes you must think, or being turned outside of churchdom. Do you suppose the Angel-world, who have this matter in charge, are going to suffer a failure at their hands? Verily they are not.

Now, coming down to our time, Bro. Densmore, when you and I have been upon the stage. Where are all those leaders that sought to take us by the nose, and lead us where they would to our destruction—the Woodhulls, and Hulls? The former, it is said, has joined the "mother of all women who have a spotted reputation." Then came Emma Harding Brittan, who sought to give us a liturgy according to the Episcopal ritual. It ended her ritual in a dark oblivion, where the "woodbine ever twineth." And now in the present cometh A. J. Davis and Joseph R. Buchanan, each giving his own views of what foundation our religion should be built upon. But they, like their predecessors, are to signally fail and come short of what they propose to do.

Spiritualism is not a religion in any

sense—only as we apply the teachings of our Spirit-friends in a philosophic manner to our daily life. Therefore, you see it is a philosophy of this life, and the one to which we are all tending, founded on facts of every-day occurrence. All religions, so-called, are founded and believed by what is called faith, held together by "creeds and dogmas." Spiritualists can have no fixed "creed or dogma," for every investigation brings out something new in our researches; and how can you make a church of such lively materials? And I want all thinking men and women to understand that the wise Spirits on the other side of life, who have control of this phenomena, are not going to let you make a church hierarchy out of Spiritualism. They can disintegrate a great deal faster than we can bind together by the bonds of blind faith and leadership, saying to us very plainly, Apply the lessons as rigidly as you may, that we have sought to teach you, but leave your brother man free to investigate for himself, without any creed formulated by you to stop him; for it is a personal thing and a personal investigation that brings the truth home to our conception of Spiritual things. "Seek and ye shall find," investigate and ye shall know of the immortality of mankind. And they teach us, emphatically, another thing; if we do a wrong to any man, woman, or child, no vicarious atonement can wipe out that wrongful act. But we, on the other hand, must answer for it to the uttermost farthing. Spiritualism lacks that easy way of shifting our sins, which would be very generous to us, upon the shoulders of an innocent person. You see that is a fatal objection to our making a religion out of it.

I know indeed the voyage the investigator must make in Spiritual things, subjects him to loss of reputation and standing in the church and society to which he or she may belong. But what of that? Has not every new truth had to do the same, in all ages? And do we not carry a consolation or recompense which heals all wounds, and makes our spirit whole, and in unity with the truth of all ages?

Therefore, I say to all would-be leaders in Spiritualism, Beware! There are Spirit-"chiefs" above in the Better Land, who will spoil all our best laid plans to build a church out of our Spirit-friends' endeavor to give us the truth of the Spheres, as they understand it, leaving every child on earth free to judge of its truth, and so apply in their daily life, in making them better men and women. So mote it be.

Yours, fraternally,

JOSHUA H. RODGERS.

DOVER PLAINS, N. Y.

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS,

[For the Voice of Angels.]

LIFE POEMS.

BY VIENNAH L.

THE world's a grand poem, and often outdoats
From its denizens varied many true and false notes;
These music-bells chiming bring chord or discord,
As the musician's knowledge is perfect or marred.

There's beauty and rhythm and melody rare,
When touched are the keys with an amateur's care,
Uprise as by magic the soul's higher power
To do and to dare in emergency's hour.

If thus the world rises where harmony blends,
The eye, faith-illumined with hope, courage lends
To make life a marvel of beautiful growth,
Then live the sweet poem of dwellers of earth.

If each life a tribute would pay to its own,
Renovating each act with all life-flowers known—
Would dare to be honest and true to each heart—
Such a life would bring "poems" to all, without dart.

Progression and growth is natural life,
And use it with caution—the criticist's knife—
Commended the phrases to all seeking good,
Or the poem will leave thee alone in the wood.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

BY SPIRIT MAY.

THROUGH M. T. SHELEAMEE.

THE pretty flowers are nestling down
Beneath the earth so cold and brown;
But in their tiny beds they sleep,
Unmindful of the winds that sweep
Across the bare and wintry ground,
For well they know that safe and sound
The dear God keeps them, and will bring
New morning to them in the Spring.

The snow comes softly floating down,
And lays its gleaming, pearly crown
Upon the bed where flowers rest,
All cuddled in their lowly nest;
And little children run and play,
So glad to see the snow today;
While flowers murmur in their sleep,
"We know the angels watch will keep."

So little children when the light
Fades slowly at the coming night,
And safely tucked in snowy beds
You rest your little weary heads,
The angels o'er you vigils keep,
And softly singing you to sleep,
They guard your slumbers through the night,
And wake you at the morning light.

For angels watch you night and day,
In hours of sleep and hours of play;
When you are gentle, good and bright,
They smile in gladness at the sight;
But if you're naughty or unkind,
The angels watch you, grieved in mind,
For you have hurt them with a pain
That lasts until you smile again.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE WISH.

BY VIENNAH L.

LET me pass from the form when the morning is breaking,
To the realms, on a bright, sunny day;
With a cohort of angels to guard and to guide me
To that Summer-land far, far away.

Let me pass from the form with my reason unclouded,
No fear of some great judgment day;
Let me pass from the form with my loved ones surrounding
And wishing me joy on life's way.

Let me pass from the form ere old age dims the vision,
And earth-scenes a burden to me—
My usefulness gone, my friends all a weary—
Let me go from the bright world—and *thoe*.

Let me pass from the form when from weakness unable
To cheer some lone heart on life's way;
Let me pass from the form with dear friends surrounding
To my home in the bright land for aye!

VOICE OF ANGELS.

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EDITORIAL.

FRIENDS AND PATRONS:—Again, for the fifth time since our little paper, VOICE OF ANGELS, was launched upon the turbulent waters of her native element—to combat superstition and ignorance—we find her gliding quietly out of our port of departure, where we anchored two weeks ago after a most successful and profitable year's cruise, as detailed in our last. After allowing our gallant and faithful little crew a run "ashore" for a few days, to recruit their Spiritual and physical energies—in the mean time refitting our staunch little craft for another cruise, adjusting her instruments of observation and replenishing our Spiritual larder with abundant supplies of the bread of life, the principal constituent of which is the milk of human kindness—we find ourselves with a fair whole sail breeze, once more bounding over the tempest-tossed, "hobbly" sea of inharmony, and as usual a good look-out at each mast-head, if perchance we might rescue some poor unfortunate cast-away, who, having neglected to take out an insurance policy against fire in the next world, feels alarmed now that he is rapidly nearing the confines of that "bourne from whence," it is said, "no traveller returns," and being too late to make amends for his delinquency, as a *dernier resort*, with hopeless despair depicted upon every lineament of his ashen countenance, clings with an air of desperation to the stranded, fast breaking up bulk of theology, with a feverish, sickly hope of escaping an eternal residence in that exceedingly warm mythical region, said to have been expressly prepared by the father and mother of all good, for the devil and his angels to disport themselves in—"where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

To rescue such from their perilous position, and place them out of his Satanic Majesty's clutches—as we have often done before—is our sacred duty; and as we

take a retrospective view of the past, and realize how much has been done in such extreme cases, our inmost soul lights up with that joy known only to those who are conscious of having done some substantial good to their fellow-beings, by catering to the needs and wants of their Spiritual stomachs.

Then again, when we realize the grandeur of the work in hand, and its potency for good, and that we have been entrusted to carry on a portion of the work in unison with beneficent Spirits from higher realms, no words can express our unfeigned gratitude for the honor vouchsafed us. Hence, as the great dial of time proclaims that, at the advent of the first moment of this bright New Year's Day, a new epoch in the history of the rolling years has begun, the thought arises that this is a fitting and proper time to review the past somewhat in detail, and see what good has been accomplished in the four eventful years just ended. In accordance thereto, these questions intrude themselves, asking for a careful consideration, namely, Is the world of humanity made better by our efforts? Has it gained sufficient light to guide it to a higher comprehension of its duties? Have sorrowing hearts, bowed down with grievous burdens incident to life in the world of effects, been made more restful and happy by our ministrations?

These questions we have thought proper to ask ourself, inasmuch as they relate directly to our labors performed through the VOICE OF ANGELS, and we respond to them not for outward display, to gratify a morbid feeling of pride, that we have done better than others in the same field of operation, but from an interior view from our inner life. First, then, what have we done to ameliorate the burdens of humanity? In other words, what practical good has the VOICE OF ANGELS done in the four years of its existence? Answer: It has entered the darkened homes of superstition and ignorance, and convinced the inmates of a life beyond the earth-plane; also convinced their understanding that every human being is in fact an angel in embryo, and that some time in the great coming future, they will become highly unfolded in all the laws and principles underlying the Philosophy of Life. Not one of the human family will be left out. This knowledge has blessed and comforted thousands of earth's children, and given them a new lease of life; who otherwise might not have employed the blessings of poverty, sickness, and distress, (for they are really such,) to prove to the sin-sick soul of a higher and more glorious life beyond the tomb.

But this is not the only good our little paper has done: for it has lightened the burdens of those on the lower planes of Spirit-life, by pouring, as it were, streams of light into their darkened minds, showing them that although their conditions are sad and deplorable, yet that was no reason why they should always remain so, as they had been made to believe; and which they still retain. To prove this, only one way is possible, and that is, by bringing them once more in contact with denizens and things of material life, the first effect of which is to open their understandings to their true Spiritual condition, and that this condition was but the result of ignorance; when a little more light, at this juncture, shows them that no vicarious atonement can lift them out of their condition up to a higher one; but it can, and must be done, if done at all, by and through their own individual efforts. This revelation naturally kindles a spark of remorse for their earthly misdeeds, and at the same time awakens a feeling of hope, and a desire for knowledge, that will make them better and better, until all traces of impurity are erased from the scroll of memory. This desire, if followed up, strengthens at every step, and finally lifts them into higher and purer conditions than they had ever known or dreamed of before.

Our experiences on the lower planes of both mundane and Spirit-life assure us that humanity, in all stages of existence, thirsts for knowledge, when once they realize its possibility, and are anxious to learn more and more about a higher and more exalted condition. For in our peregrinations up and down the highways and by-ways of both states of existence, we have heard times without number the plaintive cry go forth in earnest prayer, "Help us out of bondage; give us faith in an eternal life; give us *that* knowledge, and the assurance that our loved ones live and love us still, and we will wait and work patiently until our redemption from error has been attained." To bring about this harmonious state of things, we have worked "in season and out of season," for four eventful years: and from all we can learn, we feel assured that a small fraction of humanity, at least, has been the gainer through the teachings of our little paper: that sorrowing hearts have drawn peace and comfort in its perusal we know; for those "gone before" have spoken through it to loved ones on the earth-plane, and given positive proof of their continued existence and undying love and sympathy.

Although we have our trials and perplexities, yet we are not disheartened or

discouraged: but on the contrary, our vigor seems renewed a hundred-fold to press forward the work so auspiciously commenced in 1876, trusting to the "Rock that is higher than I," to uphold our hands and give us added strength to be of still more benefit to those most needing it.

NOTE BY PUBLISHER.

FOR the benefit of those who may not have seen it, I herewith print a brief account of the origin of the VOICE OF ANGELS, where and by whom it was first suggested, and why and how it came before the public. In 1871, while a resident of Philadelphia, healing the sick by laying on of hands, to increase my business I determined to get up a circular in the form of a miniature newspaper, and issue it monthly. No sooner than the thought got fairly fixed in my mind, I sat down to write a prospectus for it. While thus engaged, and before I had written half a dozen lines, Mr. Pardee, an old and esteemed friend of mine, who had been in Spirit-life some five years, put in an appearance. I felt not a little pleased and gratified—as I always was—whenever he made me a friendly call.

Almost instantly, seeing what I was about doing, he took advantage of my willingness to allow him the use of my hand whenever he wished to converse with me, and wrote these words: "Why not get up a paper that I can speak through to the hungry multitude?" Upon reading what he had written, I jocosely said, "I will, if you will edit it." After waiting a few moments, seemingly thinking the matter over, or talking with his friends about it, he said: "I accept the offer, will do the best I can, and with the aid of others on our side of life, (some of whom he named,) I have no doubt of its ultimate success."

After writing this, we continued our conversation for an hour or so upon the incidents connected with each other's history, prior to his vacating his physical body, when bidding me good-by in his usual hearty manner, he left, and I thought no more about the newspaper project for the time being.

For weeks subsequent to this conference, Mr. Pardee's question would occasionally flash through my mind; and whenever a favorable opportunity offered, he would write something relative to "our novel enterprise," as he then characterized it. Nevertheless, whenever he alluded to it, I treated it as a thing of not the slightest importance, for even talking about it I considered a waste of time. Notwithstanding all this, the more I tried to keep it out of my mind, the more it intruded itself, until at last I could think of nothing else. For weeks I kept it to myself; but eventually it occurred to me that if I ventilated it among my friends, may-be I could get rid of it altogether. This ruse did not work as I hoped it would; for the more I talked about it, the more it got possession of my thoughts; and I fancied—if it was fancy—I could hear some one constantly whispering in my ears, "If it is once started, it will culminate in success;" but I could not see it

in that light. At first, I only thought of it as a pleasantry; but when I saw Mr. Pardee was in solemn earnest, I felt not a little alarmed at his earnestness, and expostulated with him as to its practicability; telling him—as he already knew—of my total ignorance of journalism, that I never wrote an article, or even a line for publication in my life; also that I had no pecuniary means, even to start with, to say nothing of keeping it afloat long enough to ensure its success, even with fair prospects at the beginning. But in spite of all my protestations to the contrary, its claims for a respectful consideration acquired a monopoly of my thoughts. To gain my confidence as to its practicability, Mr. Pardee said—and so did other Spirits interested in its birth—that he could write out his thoughts through my hand, with almost the same ease and facility he could when in his physical body.

Finally, the pressure became so great I determined to test it through some other Medium—for up to this time everything relating to it came through my hand. With this determination uppermost, I wrote a series of questions relative to the affair—the thought of which annoyed me exceedingly—enclosed them in a closely sealed envelope, and sent them to Mr. J. V. Mansfield, who answered such letters—or rather, the Spirit to whom they are addressed answers them through him—and see what my friends in Spirit-life had to say about it. In accord with this determination I wrote the questions and enclosed them in an envelope, so secured it could not be tampered with, without instant detection, and sent it off. In about a week, I received a package from Mr. Mansfield containing not only the sealed letter intact, but an elaborate answer to each question asked, in regular order, as propounded from first to last; and not only Mr. Pardee, but all my other Spirit-friends, with a few exceptions, were in favor of the enterprise, and said if once started, it would culminate eventually in success; cautioning me, however, about embarking in it without sufficient means "to float it until it could take care of itself;" significantly hinting, at the same time, that "many projects of the kind had been started, but failed for want of sufficient funds to go on with;"—concluding with "We are not bankers, but we can give you matter for its pages, upon the philosophy of life, that will not only be instructive and entertaining to Spiritualists in general, but will elicit favorable criticisms from outsiders."

This, to say the least, was sensible; and, considering I was an utter stranger to Mr. M., knowing him only by reputation, and that there was no common way by which he could have known of even the drift of the questions, to say nothing of their substance, somewhat staggered me in my opposition, and I began to consider the project more favorably, although with not the vaguest thought that it would ever amount to a practical reality, at least as far as I was concerned.

To put a quietus upon the possibility, as my skeptical mind suggested, namely, "that he might read the questions clairvoyantly, and thus be able to give pertinent answers," I

looked over the questions and answers, and saw many things mentioned in the answers which were not even alluded to in my questions. For instance, he gave the names of several Spirits interested in ameliorating the condition of mankind, not mentioned by me, some of whom I had never heard of.

Finally, to ascertain some of the details as to its get-up, if I should ever find myself in a condition financially to start it, I sent another set of questions, under the same test conditions as the first; and to these the answers came in the same regular order and preciseness as did the first.

Seeing no possible way open then, for conveying the project forward, Mr. Pardee ceased to refer to it, only once in a while, as I afterwards learned, to keep the subject fresh and green in my mind.

Time rolled on, until the first of October, 1875, when the subject, attended by its projector, came knocking at the door of thought, asking admittance. Ever ready and pleased to receive a friendly call from my old-time friend I cordially welcomed him for a pleasant chat, forgetting for the time being all about the paper project. After the first friendly salutations were over, to my astonishment, he immediately brought up the subject of the long-ago-talked-of paper, arguing very earnestly of "the importance of at once making the necessary preparations for starting it."

To show how much in earnest he was, he told me he had been unremitting in his labors, night and day, from the time it was projected to the present, in developing and preparing me for the work.

Although at this time I could command sufficient means to start it, and keep it going a short time, yet, considering my lack of all practical knowledge in the business, and that I was getting well up in years, and as all the matter must necessarily come through me, I hesitated; knowing that once in, there was no retreat. That is, if it succeeded, as most, but not all, of my Spirit-friends thought it would.

Thus for weeks I hesitated between doubt and fears, whether I should take for granted what Spirit-friends told me and go ahead, or listen to the universal disapproval of earthly friends. Things were coming to a crisis, and if it was to be started at the time designated, January 1st, 1876, I had no time to lose; and, as in the first place, the more I tried to get rid of it, the more it troubled and perplexed me. Before deciding however, one way or the other, I concluded to consult Spirit-friends again through Mansfield, and see, not only how it corresponded with what they had told me, but to get their best thoughts upon its practicability. Accordingly, I wrote the letter, and sent it off, and in due time received answers to all the questions. Leaving out all details as to questions sent and answers received, suffice it to say, that with few exceptions, my Spirit-friends gave it their unqualified approval. Some thought, from the depressed condition of the country, it was not the best time to start it; while more thought it was the right time. And although they disagreed as to the best

I bring my little bird, and it sings; mamma heard it one night; she thought she was dreaming. Spirits come close. Mamma is with them in spirit, and silently they talk to her.

My name is Jennie Ross. My mamma is Lizzie N. Ross, of Walpole, N. H.

REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

How glorious are thy works, oh, Father God! In the budding blossoms we behold all the lavishment of thy tender care and matchless power. How much more may we not behold thy tenderness extended to every child of humanity, however low and humble he may be! Oh, we should learn a lesson from the beautiful flowers; for if He has given them their sweet perfume and exquisite color, if He has drawn them up from beneath the dark soil, and stripped them of their outer husk, that they may grow in loveliness and beautify the earth, shall he not likewise draw the undying soul up from the cold, dark soil of material passion, and strip it of its outer husks of selfish desire, that it may grow in beauty under the light of purity, and become a fragrant blossom in God's wonderful garden of souls?

Oh, humanity! Thou who, composed of many parts, yet complete one perfect whole! from the crystal heights of Immortality, Spirit-voices call to you to look above. The chiming bells of heaven ring out an anthem of peace for you, and if you will but heed their tones, they will bear to you a new strength, a new power for the healing of the nations. Then be up and doing; despise no one, protect the weak and pity the sinful; and work, oh, work for the good of all!

JOHN PIERPONT.

MESSAGES GIVEN DECEMBER 14TH, 1879.

LITTLE HELEN.

I'm real glad to see you. I am in a hurry, because I'm going to a meeting to-night in Philadelphia. [Are you? you'll have a stormy time of it.] Oh, the rain can't hurt me. I come to send a New Year's kiss to grandpa. I'm having first rate times, because I can come to all the Mediums and help the Little Spirits to come to their friends. My teacher helps me to come. She was a little baby when she went to Spirit-life, and so she knows all about taking care of the little waifs that have no mother over here. I'm going to be a teacher too when I grow up. Grandpa will be with me then, and we'll have splendid times coming back and waking the folks up.

Tell grandpa I send him lots of love,

and his mamma and papa send their blessing to him. I wish him a Happy New Year, and I'm going to bring him a basket of flowers. The Spirits are with little Emma all the time; she attracts Little Spirits, and they take care of her. If she was under the right conditions for development, she would make a splendid Medium. I love her dearly and am her little guide.

I send my love to everybody, and especially everybody who lets me come back to my grandpa.

There's a blessing floating downward
From above;
And it bears a royal treasure,
Full of love;
Comes on tender, hopeful missions,
Floating down from heaven's dominions
On the snowy, peaceful pinions
Of a dove.

And it falls in gentle touches,
Sweet and calm;
Soothing grandpa's loving spirit
Like a charm,
That is full of tender healing
For all sad and painful feeling,
All the love of God revealing
In its balm.

LITTLE HELEN.

IDA STEVENS.

I'm a little girl, too, and I come way off here to send my love to my darling mamma, and to wish her a Merry Christmas. Tell her I am growing fast, and am learning all I can. I am real glad I can come close to her. I impress her what to do sometimes. I whisper to her spirit, and she answers me in spirit. Most all she loves are over here with me—so many—and they all send her great love; and we are guiding her. I am with papa a great deal, and it makes me strong. He is with mamma too, and we try to take all sadness away from her.

Grandpa sends his love. We are all happy. I am going to bring good things next year, so it will be a happy year; and whenever we can, we will come and make ourselves known.

My name is Ida Stevens. I have been away years now. I was a little girl. My mamma is Mrs. S. R. Stevens. She lived in Eau Clair, Wisconsin.

WILLIE KNAPP.

I DON'T know any of you. I come with that little girl. I want my letter to go with hers. We are together a great deal; we are growing up together. I want to send my love too. We are having splendid times over here; but we come back real often to bring our love. We don't play all the time, but our work and studies are not dull a bit. It's just like play, and we don't get tired. I tell you, I was glad to see Ida, and she was glad to know me, too; we found each other right off.

Please send my love with hers to every-

body at home. I wish 'em all a Merry Christmas, too. I'm a little Spirit-boy. My name is Willie Knapp. Good bye. [Good bye; come again.]

HARRY WOODARD.

PLEASE, can I come? [Yes, indeed.] Please, I want to send love to mamma. I was close by her last night. She didn't feel very strong; I put my arms right round her neck, and papa gave her strength. We send her heaps of love; we come to her real often; and please, mamma, don't feel alone, because there's troops of us right by you. You like to feel sometimes that we are there, and so we are; and when you feel these quiet moods, if you'll talk inside to us, we can answer back in the same way, and you will know we are there.

My uncles send their love. They are real kind to me, and I think they are splendid. They come to see mamma, too; and grandpa sends his love. He's got a splendid big place, where the flowers grow, and I'm down there a great deal. I live with papa. He comes here too, and tells mamma he takes care of her.

I'm a little boy—Harry Woodard; and I want my letter to go to Hattie Woodard, in Wheatland, Colorado.

FANNIE HAMON.

A GOOD many years have passed since I lived on earth. I too am a little girl, like others here; and I want to send a message of love to my mother. She has had strange experiences, has had many sorrows and cares; but the angels are guiding her through them all. I want to say I am always with her; whatever comes to her, whether joy or sorrow, I know.

The Spirit-world does not judge as mortals do. We who live there know the causes and conditions of many things surrounding our earthly friends, and we look upon them all as blessings in disguise.

Dear mamma, the clouds are rolling away from your life; you can see the silver lining that tells of something bright in store; and I come here to bring you the blessing of your band, the love of all who are dear to you, at this time, when earth and heaven ring with the thoughts of Him who came to bring "Peace on earth, good will to men."

My mother is a Medium. She will understand my words.

I am Fanny Hamon. Please send to Mrs. B. Hamon, San Francisco.

It is not surprising that we are all more or less pleased by the mediocre, because it leaves us in peace and gives the quiet feeling of association with our equals.

MONEY-ORDERS.

All Money-Orders for the VOICE OF ANGELS should be made payable at the BOSTON POST-OFFICE.

BRIEF ITEMS.

There are now three societies of Spiritualists in New York City—one at Tremor Hall, Broadway, presided over by Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham; one at Steck Music Hall, where A. J. Davis officiates very acceptably; and the Republican Hall Society, which is the largest, and has had a variety of speakers. The first two are free, but the last mentioned charges an admission fee of ten cents, and find their hall too small for the throngs who desire to attend.

The meetings of the five Spiritualistic Associations in Philadelphia are all well attended, and often there is not even standing room for those who wish to hear the expositions of the truths of our New Philosophy. The meetings have lately been favored with interesting addresses by Prof. Kiddle of New York City and J. Frank Baxter.

The lectures before the Spiritualists of Parker Memorial Hall, Boston, by W. J. Colville, have given great satisfaction. Prof. S. B. Brittan of New York City was announced to speak Sunday, Dec. 21.

Mr. Epes Sargent is confined to his house in the Highland District, but is not dangerously ill.

The Ponca Indian Committee reports, through its Treasurer, E. D. Jordan, that the total receipts up to date, of funds in aid of the project of carrying the test case of Standing Bear before the United States Courts, is \$4,096.90.

The meetings in Rand's Opera House, Troy, N. Y., during November, were largely attended, nearly one thousand people being present at each service. C. B. Lynn's discourses were highly appreciated. Sunday evening, Nov. 30th, he was presented with a gold watch.

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THE DEPARTED.

OFF may the Spirits of the dead descend
To watch the silent slumbers of a friend;
To hover round his evening walk unseen,
And hold sweet converse on the dusky green;
To hallow the spot where once their friendship grew,
And Heaven and Nature opened to their view!
Oh, when he trims his cheerful hearth and sees
A smiling circle emulous to please,
There may these gentle guests delight to dwell,
And bless the scene they loved in life so well!

—[Rogers.]

TRUE FAITH.—The eye of true faith is so quick-sighted that it can see through all the mists and fogs of difficulties. The faith of man that is grounded on the promises of God must believe that in prison there is liberty, in trouble peace, in affliction comfort, in death life, in the cross a crown, and in a manger the Lord Jesus.

EVERY one sees material before him; he only discovers its worth who has something to do, while form is a secret from most persons.

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

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TO D. C. DENSMORE, FROM "PINKIE."

FATHER DENSMORE,—You are the instrument being used by the Angel-world to do a great and good work in giving light to the people of earth through your talking sheet, the beautiful VOICE OF ANGELS. The trumpet has been sounded by the Spirit-voices through it. Work diligently, not disheartened nor discouraged because the wampum comes slowly. But look up to the Spirit-world more and more in your lonely hours, for the Spirits that are interested in your work are laboring very hard to help you meet current expenses.

Me, Pinkie, the Indian maiden, was in your office this morning, and smelt the beautiful bouquet of flowers on your table. Another Spirit was with me, whose name is Isaac, an old Quaker gentleman. He says you knew him, and some time, with your daughter "Tute's" help, he will talk to you.

Me see that every year the paper will be more beautiful and interesting for the people of earth to read. Me say this because me likes to.

To the Chief, Father Densmore. Put it in the talking sheet if you want to.

THROUGH DR. W. L. JACK, HAVERHILL, MS.
ADELAIDE GRACE WESTON.

WITH the breath of Deity, that wafts on the waves of divine harmony the result of golden deeds that beat in unison with those sweeter chords that emanate from the soul, that should make every part of its life musical to the strains of charity, do I write these notes, beloved one, upon the page of your soul's life; that in my coming to you, you may be enriched in some joy, and your soul tuned anew to the sweet strains of the harmony of your future.

Oh, listen, beloved husband, to the sweet response of angelic ministrations that are wafted to you, time and again, with successions of joy. Now, beloved husband, with good deeds and kind words ever make happy the saddened hearts and downcast souls, with benevolence and spiritual gifts, by those deeds that relieve the wants of suffering humanity; and by so doing, you are tuning the heart in perfect harmony, and angels will play upon the chords of your life the sweetest songs of your welcome home.

Beloved, still yours in Spirit, as ever I was in the body; wedded here on earth, united above all earthly sorrows and cares. I am still yours.

ADELAIDE GRACE WESTON.

I bring my little bird, and it sings; mamma heard it one night; she thought she was dreaming. Spirits come close. Mamma is with them in spirit, and silently they talk to her.

My name is Jennie Ross. My mamma is Lizzie N. Ross, of Walpole, N. H.

REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

How glorious are thy works, oh, Father God! In the budding blossoms we behold all the lavishment of thy tender care and matchless power. How much more may we not behold thy tenderness extended to every child of humanity, however low and humble he may be! Oh, we should learn a lesson from the beautiful flowers; for if He has given them their sweet perfume and exquisite color, if He has drawn them up from beneath the dark soil, and stripped them of their outer husk, that they may grow in loveliness and beautify the earth, shall he not likewise draw the undying soul up from the cold, dark soil of material passion, and strip it of its outer husks of selfish desire, that it may grow in beauty under the light of purity, and become a fragrant blossom in God's wonderful garden of souls?

Oh, humanity! Thou who, composed of many parts, yet complete one perfect whole! from the crystal heights of Immortality, Spirit-voices call to you to look above. The chiming bells of heaven ring out an anthem of peace for you, and if you will but heed their tones, they will bear to you a new strength, a new power for the healing of the nations. Then be up and doing; despise no one, protect the weak and pity the sinful: and work, oh, work for the good of all!

JOHN PIERPONT.

MESSAGES GIVEN DECEMBER 14TH, 1879.

LITTLE HELEN.

I'm real glad to see you. I am in a hurry, because I'm going to a meeting to-night in Philadelphia. [Are you? you'll have a stormy time of it.] Oh, the rain can't hurt me. I come to send a New Year's kiss to grandpa. I'm having first rate times, because I can come to all the Mediums and help the Little Spirits to come to their friends. My teacher helps me to come. She was a little baby when she went to Spirit-life, and so she knows all about taking care of the little waifs that have no mother over here. I'm going to be a teacher too when I grow up. Grandpa will be with me then, and we'll have splendid times coming back and waking the folks up.

Tell grandpa I send him lots of love,

and his mamma and papa send their blessing to him. I wish him a Happy New Year, and I'm going to bring him a basket of flowers. The Spirits are with little Emma all the time; she attracts Little Spirits, and they take care of her. If she was under the right conditions for development, she would make a splendid Medium. I love her dearly and am her little guide.

I send my love to everybody, and especially everybody who lets me come back to my grandpa.

There's a blessing floating downward
From above;
And it bears a royal treasure,
Full of love;
Comes on tender, hopeful missions,
Floating down from heaven's dominions
On the snowy, peaceful pinions
Of a dove.

And it falls in gentle touches,
Sweet and calm;
Soothing grandpa's loving spirit
Like a charm,
That is full of tender healing
For all sad and painful feeling,
All the love of God revealing
In its balm.

LITTLE HELEN.

IDA STEVENS.

I'm a little girl, too, and I come way off here to send my love to my darling mamma, and to wish her a Merry Christmas. Tell her I am growing fast, and am learning all I can. I am real glad I can come close to her. I impress her what to do sometimes. I whisper to her spirit, and she answers me in spirit. Most all she loves are over here with me—so many—and they all send her great love; and we are guiding her. I am with papa a great deal, and it makes me strong. He is with mamma too, and we try to take all sadness away from her.

Grandpa sends his love. We are all happy. I am going to bring good things next year, so it will be a happy year; and whenever we can, we will come and make ourselves known.

My name is Ida Stevens. I have been away years now. I was a little girl. My mamma is Mrs. S. R. Stevens. She lived in Eau Clair, Wisconsin.

WILLIE KNAPP.

I DON'T know any of you. I come with that little girl. I want my letter to go with hers. We are together a great deal; we are growing up together. I want to send my love too. We are having splendid times over here; but we come back real often to bring our love. We don't play all the time, but our work and studies are not dull a bit. It's just like play, and we don't get tired. I tell you, I was glad to see Ida, and she was glad to know me, too; we found each other right off.

Please send my love with hers to every-

body at home. I wish 'em all a Merry Christmas, too. I'm a little Spirit-boy. My name is Willie Knapp. Good bye. [Good bye; come again.]

HARRY WOODARD.

PLEASE, can I come? [Yes, indeed.] Please, I want to send love to mamma. I was close by her last night. She didn't feel very strong; I put my arms right round her neck, and papa gave her strength. We send her heaps of love; we come to her real often; and please, mamma, don't feel alone, because there's troops of us right by you. You like to feel sometimes that we are there, and so we are; and when you feel these quiet moods, if you'll talk inside to us, we can answer back in the same way, and you will know we are there.

My uncles send their love. They are real kind to me, and I think they are splendid. They come to see mamma, too; and grandpa sends his love. He's got a splendid big place, where the flowers grow, and I'm down there a great deal. I live with papa. He comes here too, and tells mamma he takes care of her.

I'm a little boy—Harry Woodard; and I want my letter to go to Hattie Woodard, in Wheatland, Colorado.

FANNIE HAMON.

A GOOD many years have passed since I lived on earth. I too am a little girl, like others here; and I want to send a message of love to my mother. She has had strange experiences, has had many sorrows and cares; but the angels are guiding her through them all. I want to say I am always with her; whatever comes to her, whether joy or sorrow, I know.

The Spirit-world does not judge as mortals do. We who live there know the causes and conditions of many things surrounding our earthly friends, and we look upon them all as blessings in disguise.

Dear mamma, the clouds are rolling away from your life; you can see the silver lining that tells of something bright in store; and I come here to bring you the blessing of your hand, the love of all who are dear to you, at this time, when earth and heaven ring with the thoughts of Him who came to bring "Peace on earth, good will to men."

My mother is a Medium. She will understand my words.

I am Fanny Hamon. Please send to Mrs. B. Hamon, San Francisco.

It is not surprising that we are all more or less pleased by the mediocre, because it leaves us in peace and gives the quiet feeling of association with our equals.

MONEY-ORDERS.

All Money-Orders for the VOICE OF ANGELS should be made payable at the BOSTON POST-OFFICE.

BRIEF ITEMS.

There are now three societies of Spiritualists in New York City—one at Tremor Hall, Broadway, presided over by Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham; one at Steck Music Hall, where A. J. Davis officiates very acceptably; and the Republican Hall Society, which is the largest, and has had a variety of speakers. The first two are free, but the last mentioned charges an admission fee of ten cents, and had their hall too small for the throngs who desire to attend.

The meetings of the five Spiritualistic Associations in Philadelphia are all well attended, and often there is not even standing room for those who wish to hear the expositions of the truths of our New Philosophy. The meetings have lately been favored with interesting addresses by Prof. Kiddle of New York City and J. Frank Baxter.

The lectures before the Spiritualists of Parker Memorial Hall, Boston, by W. J. Colville, have given great satisfaction. Prof. S. B. Brittan of New York City was announced to speak Sunday Dec. 21.

Mr. Epes Sargent is confined to his house in the Highland District, but is not dangerously ill.

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ADELAIDE GRACE WESTON.

ADIN FRENCH.

You see it was rather a sudden way for me to leave; but after I had been restored to my senses, that is in the after life, and had acquired a sufficient amount of fortitude of spirit to look upon the scene as it presented itself to my Spirit-vision, I found that the shock was produced by my sudden debut into another world of action, caused by the bursting of the boiler of the locomotive. It was a condemned old one, anyhow, and why I give these incidents is that my people may know that it is me. I ran as engineer of a locomotive on the Vermont Central Railroad.

I want my brother Chester, and the rest of them, to know that I am happy, and able to return, and shall make myself known to them up at the house there. You see, he lives at Vernon, Vt., and he takes the *Banner of Light*, too, for I have seen it there.

I have seen Abbie, and she is a beautiful, bright angel. Well, I would have them all know that I have placed a light in the window of heaven for them, and I wave the signal from the platform of light to their boy, who runs upon the railroad, that he may be safely conducted over the road of life, and its duties so arduous, free from danger, and blest with prosperity and health. This is my best, at present, to them.

Oh, how glorious this truth you are in possession of, whose beams of light are gems of wealth, fraught with golden rays of immortal truth, which illuminate the head-light of that grand locomotive force that carries you safely to the end of the journey of life, where, at last, you will find the Superintendent of all souls ready to receive you home. Be brave, be true, and you are the possessors of life eternal. I am, sir, Adin French.

UNCLE PETE HORNER

WELL, I would just like to put in a word or two, but not a long letter. You see, I didn't have much of an education, but something taught me, after all, how to read. I learned to read when I was quite old, you see. I used to read the Testament and the Bible. I tried to be awful good—'deed I did. You see that these loads of hay did the job; and when I woke up, it made me feel kind of queer. I wasn't out in the harvest-field, and couldn't see any barn around; so I found out, after all, I had gone over. I don't have to work now, but I get good pay for doing good, by coming back. Well, tell 'em all, down there by the creek, that old uncle Pete will welcome them to the grand harvest home.

UNCLE PETE HORNER.

MONEY-ORDERS.

Remember and make all MONEY-ORDERS for the VOICE OF ANGELS payable at the Post Office at BOSTON, MASS.

HOME.

HOME's not merely roof and room;
It needs something to endow it.
Home is where the heart can bloom,
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it.
What is home with none to meet,
None to welcome, none to greet us?
Home is sweet—and only sweet—
When there's one we love to meet us.

He who can be patient has everything lofty in his original nature.

"TUNIE" FUND.

We have been requested by the Board controlling the delivery 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:

Rev. John H. Brewer, Franklin Grove, Ill.,	\$0.35
Joseph Kinsey, Cincinnati, Ohio,	1.00
Mrs. L. F. Mason, Baldwinville, Mass.,	0.71
Mrs. M. Swallow, 85 Quincey st., Springfield, Mass.,	0.17
Mrs. S. R. Crane, 122 Walnut st., "	0.17
A Friend, Woodland, Cal.,	0.42
I. W. Ames, South Thomaston, Me.,	0.35
John Horn, Council Bluffs, Iowa,	0.35
Julius A. Willard, Chicago, Ill.,	0.20

NOTICE.

BURTON, Mich., Dec. 15, 1879.

DEAR BRO. DENMORE:—Allow me to call the attention of your excellent paper, VOICE OF ANGELS, to the new Almanac of Prof. J. H. TICK, of St. Louis, Mo. He gives a new system of "Weather Forecasts" for every day in the year, based upon planetary movements and positions. I have tested it three years in succession, and find it wonderfully correct and easily learned. The Almanac is large, contains much of value in regard to rains, clouds, cyclones, tornadoes, earthquakes, the coming perihelion of the large planets, &c., and will benefit every family ten times its cost. Send 20 cents and get it.

D. HIGGINS, M. D.

Send fifty cents, with sex, age, if married or single, to JERE D. GOODRICH, PORTSMOUTH, N. H.,

and receive Spirit-communications.

For one dollar will give Determination of Character, answer questions on Hygiene, with Spirit-treatment, or questions on scientific subjects. The person's own handwriting required, with address and stamped envelope enclosed, to return.

Send age, sex, if married or single, with 25 cents (stamps) to Mrs. A. B. P. ROBERTS, of Canalia, N. H., and receive a Spirit-communication, or questions answered on business, development and future prospects. (The person's own handwriting is required.)

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Medical Medium, 493 E. 7th St., between H and I Sts., South Boston, Mass.,

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Terms for Examination, Advice, and Prescription, \$1.00.

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Parties writing, enclose fee, stamp, and statement of symptoms.

C. E. WINANS,

Test Clairvoyant and Business Medium.

He can diagnose disease, read the past and future by a lock of hair; also give advice in business matters. By remitting one dollar and two three-cent stamps will insure prompt attention. Direct all letters to Edinburgh, Ind.

LUTHER PAINE,

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