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## VOICE OF ANGELS.

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

D. K. MINER, Business Manager.

D. C. DENSMORE, Announcer and Publisher.

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### LITERARY

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### HAPPY NEW YEAR

THROUGH TRYPHENA O. PARDEE.

HARK! the "Voice of the Angels," most tender and clear,  
Salutes us this morn—"Wish you Happy New Year!"  
Best gem of all time, from God's bosom flung  
On the belt of Forever, by deathless Love strung.

Sweetest mellow-toned voice of our four-year old boy,  
So cheerful and gay with his fond laughing joy;  
His infantile stage is almost outgrown—  
See his jewelled forefinger points up to God's throne!

All the days past and gone were but prophecies given  
Of unfolding cycles, scrolled up in high heaven;  
Every pulse throb of joy a prelude of bliss,  
Falling now like the snow-flakes to decorate this.

Now the golden-winged light that wafts swift on the air  
Brings treasures of glory, whose radiance rare  
Besleek his young breast as never before—  
Fondlest memories of loved ones on Life's hidden shore.

Welcome, halcyon day—eighteen hundred eighty, bright—  
Thine own season-bloom, snowy crystals pure white;  
Fit emblems of Life's incessant supplies—  
Precious gems born of shadows to melt for the skies.

Last October's red crown, with rich diadem set,  
Fell down from the sun's yellow hair at thy feet;  
The whiteness of heaven in feathery forms  
Robes the earth like an angel to weather rude storms.

And this beautiful day proves the clean Jasper seal  
That clasps the Life-ether for joint-realms to feel;  
And though the dull skies gloom over with gray,  
There are loving and loved ones on both sides their way.

And the year that is gone, with its light and its shade,  
Threads away on the chain immortality made;  
We'll look for its lambent flame, blazing afar—  
It hore gleams from our homes for a brilliant love-star.

While the cold snows of fate may enmantle our souls,  
And sorrow's thick ice-shrouds encumbering folds  
Cause tears for release, like snows ere they rise;  
We are charmed by sweet voices that ring in the skies.

We rejoice, little boy, for thy pearl-sealed sphere  
From Life's darkest caves, on this happy new year;  
Hile on, with thy flag of peace-words unfurled—  
Thy kind truth-speaking trumpet is waking the world.  
ELLINGTON, N. Y., Dec. 15, 1879.



L. JUDD PARDEE.

SPIRIT-EDITOR "VOICE OF ANGELS."

### 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 seance 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 Tunic 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.—I was to some extent amused at your mistakes last evening in relation to the motive force used by the inhabitants of Uranus, as you call the planet in your system; and although the mistake was ludicrous enough, yet in your undeveloped condition it was perfectly natural.

Before correcting you, allow me to state a few facts, which, if recollected, will go far to prevent the like again. Several earths (planets) in your solar system, as you are aware, are very superior to ours in beauty and fertility, as well as in the intelligence of their inhabitants; and there are other solar systems in the universe, where the least developed in the race in the series are far superior in intelligence to the savans of the most favored planet in yours. Now this difference is owing, not to any intrinsic superiority in the Spiritual stamina of the race, but rather (so to speak) to local causes surrounding them, over which they have no control. That you may fully understand this, observe, Spiritual intelligence, as well as animal life, requires sustenance; the one vitality, the other nutrition. So long as the Spirit is clothed in gross materiality, these indications are par-



tially fulfilled by what you term the inhalation of oxygen and food. The finer the material organism in any individual, all else being equal, the less food and more vitality is required for their sustenance, and the result is less muscular force, greater intelligence and Spiritual development. Your own experience and observation, Doctor, will make individual examples unnecessary.

This vitality, upon the consumption of which intelligence and development of Spirit in the form depends, is an elimination from *light*, separated by friction of a particular kind; for you will learn that different kinds of friction, when applied to light, produce very different results. This statement is sufficient. You will, therefore, have perceived that the greater the amount of this kind of friction, a ray of light undergoes in passing to any given earth, the greater will be the eliminated vitality on that earth's surface, and consequently an increased intelligence and progression spiritually, with a decreased grossness materially in its inhabitants.

Now the eliminated vitality around any earth will be in exact proportion to the density of that earth's atmosphere; that is to say, when an atmosphere is dense, there will be greater elimination than when it is rare, and the reverse, as the density of an atmosphere depends on the specific gravity of its earth. This proposition will follow, that the greater the specific gravity and size of any earth, the greater will be the intelligence and progression of its inhabitants, and the more remote will that earth be from the centre of that system. Now, as this produces on an earth so circumstanced an increased specific gravity of everything on its surface, and at the same time a decreased muscular force in the race, inconvenience would at first sight appear to be the result; but such is not the fact. Mind supersedes the necessity of muscle by calling in the aid of forces supplied by a beneficent Creator, as the legitimate result of the conditions producing the necessity.

There are many earths, and particularly those in process of formation, so rare, that Spiritual life united with matter as in man, cannot exist on them.

At some future time, I will give you an account of many of the various systems in the universe, (not that I have really been there,) but have received it from those whose embryotic lives were spent upon them.

Now for your mistake of last evening. The various devices employed in your solar system for overcoming inertia are muscular force, water, caloric, electricity, electro-magnetism, electro-Lucidus, and in some of the systems, even, light itself direct. There is no earth in your system, however, whose inhabitants have as yet reached that point. In Uranus, the most recent discovery of a motive force is Electro-Lucidus—that is, Electricity—both influences positive and negative from light. The light is decomposed, its positive electricity (Northern Influence) distributed to one side of the engine; its negative (Southern Influence) to the other. This decomposition is effected by friction in the engine itself. These separate kinds of fluid

(or Influence) are thus accumulated and detained by proper receptacles on either side of the engine, from which they are conveyed by suitable conduits to the centre, where a rapid oscillating movement is produced by appropriate mechanical devices; this again converted into rotation, and thus any desired movement or degree of force obtained. At each vibration a vivid flash of light is produced as the electrical forces unite, resolving themselves again into their parental condition. You have an analogous reunion in combustion of oxygen and hydrogen in my compound blow-pipe, namely, light decomposed produces these gases and also caloric. When these three products are brought together, a parental reunion is the result—the product *light*. I will close for the present by observing that the highest savans can have no conception of the intensity of the light on the earth so circumstanced as Uranus: compared with which your noonday is but the flickering of a taper. Objects on its surface are said to sparkle as diamonds; and eyes unaccustomed to its intensity, in order to see clearly, would require the intervention of shades. Your lungs would labor in such an atmosphere, and premature separation of your present compound being would ensue.

ROBERT HARE.

LANCASTER, PENN., Feb. 20, 1860.

## MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

### HINTS ON DIGESTION.

BY JACOB A. SPEAR.

[CONCLUDED.]

THE intestinal juice aids the action of the fluid of the pancreas. It has the property of changing starch into sugar, and at least assists in emulsifying the fat. Bile stimulates the bowels, causing them to act; without which, the bowels are constipated, or relaxed, and perhaps both alternately; and it neutralizes the acid in the chyme, and with the aid of the pancreatic juice gives the chyle a milky appearance, but it does not dilute the food, nor digest it. It is the natural stimulant of the bowels.

As digestion is completed, the chyle is taken by the lacteals and conveyed to the jugular vein through the thoracic duct, a small vessel, which, in a man, is about the size of a goose quill.

If all the above named ingredients that assist in digestion are good, and in sufficient quantities, and the food such as it should be, the digestion will be done well, and the chyle will be good and will make good blood. A healthy laboring man is supposed to have from sixty to eighty ounces of gastric juice flow into his stomach in twenty-four hours.

#### HOW BLOOD IS MADE.

After the chyle enters the jugular vein, it goes to the *venae cavae*; then to the right auricle, then to the right ventricle; from the right ventricle to the pulmonary artery; then to the lungs, where it meets with the oxygen that changes it from a milky appearance to red arterial blood; and then it goes to the pulmonary veins, then to the left auricle, then to the

left ventricle, and from the left ventricle to the great aorta, and from that to the arteries: from the arteries to the capillaries, and from them to the veins, which carry it back to where the chyle first mixes with it. If the chyle is good, the blood that is made of it will be good; and the blood is a chemical laboratory, manufacturing within itself all of the ingredients necessary to build up the physical form, and supply new matter to take the place of what is worn out, besides making all of those ingredients that are required in digestion. Saliva is formed as the blood passes through the salivary glands, which are under the tongue; gastric juice is made of the blood as it passes through the mucous membrane; and gall is made of the blood as it passes through the liver; and pancreatic juice is made of the blood as it passes through the pancreas; and the juice of the bowels is also made of the blood as it circulates through them. If the blood is good, all of the above named ingredients will be good also; but if the blood is poor, what is made of it will be poor, and deficient in quality, if not in quantity.

Now, as poor digestion makes poor chyle, and poor chyle makes poor blood, and poor blood makes poor ingredients to promote digestion, what shall be done when the blood is poor, and all of the ingredients necessary for digestion are poor? Answer: Eat light, plain food, such as the ingredients of your stomach will digest the best; keep the skin clean; breathe pure air as much as you can; sleep the fore part of the night, and not do all of your sleeping after midnight; and if you take what is bitter, as a tonic to the liver, do it early in the morning, at least an hour before eating; but don't make a drug-shop of your stomach, by taking into it all of the miserable drugs and patent medicines that you hear recommended. Hop-tea, taken just before retiring at night, will quiet the nerves, promote sleep, and is a tonic for the torpid liver. Keep the head cool and the feet warm.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

### MEDICAL HINTS.

BY M. THERESA BURLHAMER.

**BURNS AND SCALDS.**—A burn or scald should be constantly bathed with alcohol, until relief is obtained. If the burn is deep, a poultice of sweet-oil and slippery-elm should be applied, renewing with a fresh poultice whenever the old one gets dry. This will perform a cure in desperate cases.

**CRAMPS.**—Many people, especially the feeble and aged, are at times seized with the violent pains (caused by the contraction of the cords) called cramps. At times those pains are very dangerous, and it is wise for those subject to them to have the remedies for them constantly on hand. For cramps in the feet and hands, they should be rubbed thoroughly and bathed with an elixir made by adding two ounces best cayenne pepper to one quart alcohol. For cramps in the stomach, take three or four spoonfuls of this elixir in a little hot water; if this is not sufficient to relieve, take a great-spoonful more in a wine-glass of hot water. Apply the



tion to the stomach; immerse the feet in warm water, rub thoroughly dry, and apply mustard-poultice to the soles.

**RINGWORMS** may be cured by anointing with an ointment made by simmering together two parts common tar, two parts mutton-tallow, and one part sulphur; spread a piece of cloth with this ointment, and bind round the sore at night, in the day time bathing with a tea made of yellow-dock root.

**FAINTING.**—Persons subject to fainting fits should have some one constantly by them, in order to attend to them whenever the attack comes on. At such times, the patient should be laid on the back or sides, with the arms extended. The extremities should be rubbed with spirits, if at hand; a woollen cloth or flesh-brush should be used; the face bathed in cold water; volatile spirits applied to the nostrils, and a hot brick applied to the feet—if the fainting fit be a protracted one; and a flannel wet with spirits applied to the stomach.

**COUGHS, BLEEDING OF THE LUNGS AND PHTHISIS** may be relieved and cured by simply drinking daily a tea made of Bugle—*Lycopus Virginicus*. Also, discharge of mucus from the lungs may be produced by drinking at discretion a tea made of the common garden Hyssop. This tea—Hyssop—is likewise good for a gargle in sore-throats, and useful in catarrh, especially in old people, or those of debilitated habits of body.

**CHILBLAINS**, so troublesome at this time of year, to those with tender feet, may be surely cured by putting some live coals into an iron pan; sprinkle over them some corn-meal—small quantity—and hold the naked foot over the smoke; repeat a few times.

**WHOOPIING COUGH.**—A decoction of chesnut-leaves is considered a sovereign remedy for the whooping cough. Steep three or four drachms of the leaves in boiling water. To be given when cool, sweetened. To prevent infection in this disease, place about the room saucers containing carbonate of lime.

**DIPHTHERIA.**—"Why don't they use Onions! For goodness' sake, why don't they use Onions! Where do they live? I will go way up there to-day, and tell them to use Onions!" Such were the exclamations of our mother when we reported yesterday at dinner that a child of Mr. G. W. Dudley was dead, and the whole family, including himself, alarmingly sick with diphtheria. Mother was moved to those earnest and interested expressions by a firm belief that she knows several lives saved by the use of onions in diphtheria, one being our sister. In these cases raw onions were placed in a bandage and beaten into a pulp, the cloths containing onion, juice and all, being then bound about the throat and well up over the ears. Renewals may be made as often as the mass becomes dry. In the cases noticed the result was almost magical; deadly pain yielding in a short time to sleepy comfort. We wish this remedy might have a wide enough trial to fully test its usefulness.—*Danvers Mirror.*

**SIMPLE REMEDY FOR SCARLET FEVER.**—The San Francisco *Chronicle* says that Robert Christie, of that city, suggests a remedy for the scarlet fever which he avers has invariably proved successful. It is very simple, and lies within the reach of those whose limited means preclude them from employing the services of a physician. It is this: Take an onion and cut it in halves, cut out a portion of the centre, and into the cavity put a spoonful of saffron; put the pieces together, then wrap in cloth and bake it in an oven until the onion is cooked so that the juice will run freely, then squeeze out all the juice and give the patient a teaspoonful, at the same time rubbing the chest and throat with goose grease or rancid bacon, if there is any cough or soreness in the throat. In a short time the fever will break out in an eruption all over the body. All that is then necessary is to keep the patient warm and protected from draught, and recovery is certain. Mr. Christie says he has been employing this remedy for years, and never knew it to fail when proper care was taken of the patient after its application.

**APPLES.**—It is stated that by a careful analysis it has been found that apples contain a larger amount of phosphorus, or brain food, than any other fruit or vegetable, and on this account they are very important to sedentary men who work with their brain rather than muscles. They also contain the acids which are needed every day, especially for sedentary men, the action of whose liver is sluggish, to eliminate effete matters, which, if retained in the system, produce inaction of the brain, and indeed of the whole system, causing jaundice, sleepiness, scurvy, and troublesome diseases of the skin.

**CURE FOR SLEEPLESSNESS.**—Wet half a towel, apply it to the back of the neck, pressing it toward the base of the brain, and fasten the dry half of the towel over so as to prevent the too rapid exhalation. The effect is prompt and charming, cooling the brain, and inducing calmer, sweeter sleep than any narcotic. Warm water may be used, though most persons prefer cold. To those suffering from over-excitement of the brain, whether the result of brain work, or pressing anxiety, this simple remedy is an especial boon.

#### VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

**MR. D. C. DENSMORE:**—*Dear Brother,*—I noticed in the last number of *VOICE OF ANGELS*, Dec. 15th, a communication from our much beloved Spirit-sister, Juliette Manley, through M. T. Shelhamer, in which she so tenderly remembered her inestimable love to me, which touched the tender fountain of my soul with inexpressible gratitude to God, the angels, you, and the Medium; for oh, how many more I would like to hear from! But I am so thankful for this!

Oh, those precious words of cheer will never be forgotten. Dear Juliette, we shall meet again. I return you my heartfelt love, dear sister.

TRYPERNA C. PARDEE.

[Selected by M. T. S.]

#### A CHRISTMAS PARTY.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

[POOR little Jane Barker, scantily dressed, and with a pale, wan face, pinched with poverty, opened the door of her parents' humble cottage, to admit the good man that was to bring them a Christmas dinner. What was his surprise to see not only Jane, her father and mother, and two little brothers, but six famished dogs and as many cats, ranged on either side of the one low room.

"How can you afford to keep so many dogs and cats, when you are so poor?" said the good Samaritan.

"They don't belong to us, sir," said Jane, in a tender voice. "They are nobody's dogs and cats. But they stay round here in the neighborhood. They all know me, sir; and when I told them we were going to have a real dinner to-day, and they might have the bones and scraps, they followed me to. Don't turn them out, sir; I don't want them to think I've break my promise."

#### THE GUESTS.

Yes, there was the dog with the yellow hair  
And one lame foot, that he nursed with care,  
The wall-eyed hound that had lost his way,  
The poor old cur and the terrier gray,  
With two small dogs that had 'escaped the pound,  
Waiting to have the bones panned round.

There was the cat that had seen her young  
Into the neighboring mill-pond flung;  
And the poor old puss that was left behind  
When her mistress moved, and was now quite blind;  
Two fierce old Toms, and two little kits,  
Willing to dine on the smallest bits.

The dinner over, the feasting done,  
Jane fed her pensioners one by one,  
Gave each a drink from her basin bright,  
While they wagged their tails with sheer delight.  
Or washed their faces till every hair  
Shone like silk in the sunlight's glare.

Then she took the splint from the lame dog's toe,  
And smoothed the blind cat's coat of snow,  
And promised the two little kits a bed  
In her hovel, when she hadn't it on her head;  
And counselled the two fierce Toms to be  
Friends in the future, and quite agree.

Then she told the shivering wall-eyed hound  
That she'd do her best till his home was found,  
And the mother cat, and the poor old cur,  
That they ever would find a friend in her;  
Then she let them out at the rickety door,  
And washed her dishes and swept her floor.

Now many a rich little girl that day  
Had a Christmas party bright and gay,  
But we doubt if one in the whole broad ear  
Had a better time or more real mirth;  
Or made such welcome, kind requests,  
As did little Jane to her poor dumb guests.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### A TEST THROUGH MR. MANSFIELD

VINELAND, N. J., Dec. 16, 1879.

**BRO. DENSMORE:**—You say, write articles and send, etc. I therefore send you the following: On my recent attendance at the festival at Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, for the objects of the *Mind and Matter* paper, Mr. J. V. Mansfield being present at the dinner table, gave the names of two old acquaintances standing by my side, namely, Lawrence Bigelow, of Burlington, Vt., and Joel Holcomb, of Ticonderoga, N. Y. The latter was the most astonishing to me, as after failing to give the final part of the message, he walked to the opposite side of the table from me, and joining his forefinger with mine, he said, "He gives the name Ticonderoga, where he lived, and he says he was the half owner of Ethan Allen."

This was a most remarkable test; for



as Mr. M. stated, I was a stranger to him, and Mr. Holcomb used to attend our Vermont Fairs, he being the half owner of the celebrated horse Ethan Allen, valued at \$10,000, and I was the owner of the reputed sire of him, Flying Morgan, and the two horses looked just alike. Mr. H. went South several years ago, and died there.

Fraternally,

R. M. ADAMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

## THE NEW DISPENSATION.

SUMMER NINE.

In the preceding articles it has been the endeavor of the writer to show in a brief, plain way, that Spiritualism, in all that is understood by that term, has come to us as a something in the form of a revelation and discovery; but so only because the age was ready to receive it and not misuse it, to comprehend it and place it where it belongs in the natural order of revelations and discoveries. It proposes to teach us first, that the phenomena is to attract attention, and thro' that to demonstrate the fact that at death the physical body, which in a great measure in the past has been looked upon as the individual—the I—the *ego*—is not that *ego*, but is only a certain combination through which that *ego* expresses itself, and that the death or disintegration of that combination we call a human physical body is not the destruction or end of that *ego* or individualized identity we call a human being, but that immediately at the death of the physical structure, this I finds itself in another and similar structure, and so far as heard from, it is not known that this I ever ceases to be this individual I. Hence the conclusion is that it is immortal. Therefore, the first proposition of Spiritualism is to demonstrate the fact of a continuity of human life, that death is not the end of a human being's existence.

The second proposition Spiritualism brings is that which relates to the place and its surroundings. Here in this mundane existence we find an earth to live upon, food to eat, water to drink, and air to breathe—all of which are necessities to maintain that existence. Here also we find the I living in and acting through a physical structure, with certain organs and forces adapted to maintain that existence through its relationship to those things we call necessities.

The mind is incapable of understanding human existence in any other mode of manifestation. So Spiritualism steps in to settle this question in its second propo-

sition; and this it does as effectually as it does all the rest. There is but one report, and that is that human life is pretty much the same in all its details that it is before death, with this exception, that it finds both its bodily structure and all its surroundings and relations composed of a material that is in the scale of progress on a higher and more refined state of existence, and somewhat changed in its relationship, because there is not here the outer expression and physical structure fully and entirely, and without the possibility of a mistake, always is and fully represents the mental states which in their wholeness we term individual character.

The third (and the most important) proposition Spiritualism steps in to settle is all of those problems and questions that in their full bearing involve the religious problem. This in its real significance is strictly confined to our mentality in its whole range of action. Therefore it is strictly a metaphysical question, because it has to do with all we call our passions and their forces in action—all our lives and their results—all of our intellect and what it accomplishes—all of our sentiments and their forces—and all motion and action which come from all these combined—in the causes and effects produced that have to do with our relations one with another, which relations, effects and causes involve *moral law* and its action upon us as to our happiness or misery, and our relation to that being we call God. It is affirmed here and now that the intelligence the Spirit-world gives us forever settles this metaphysical question; and in settling that forever settles the religious problem; and to get at this question in all its bearings is one of the main points intended to be reached in these articles. The phenomena presented is therefore a small yet significant and not to be dispensed with figure in Spiritualism and in these articles.

This writing is not produced merely to prove it true or otherwise. It is to the writer a verity and fact, and these writings are intended for that class of minds. Having been through from the beginning, and deeply interested both in the evidence as proving what it affirms to be, and also what intelligence it brings, it is here affirmed that in the list of sciences we now have, and placing Spiritualism among that list, there is no single one among them that comes with so much evidence to sustain its position as Spiritualism does. Its evidence is massive; and still it is no evidence to those who from any cause refuse to examine it. It appeals to the in-

tellect, and it asks and demands careful and critical analysis. If it adjusts itself in the mind as a belief, it must be a belief founded on evidence, and that evidence upon the same standard of power to comprehend and to measure that so far has formed into groups, the sciences we now have. Nothing but pure stupid mulishness and pride, in one form or another, forms the barrier between its full acceptance and its complete rejection. A refusal to investigate comes mainly from long-cherished beliefs which the facts demonstrate have no other existence except in those theoretical ideas, and the mortification of that pride that selfish feelings begets form in a great measure this great barrier.

The influence of these past teachings, woven as they are into our very existence, it cannot be expected will flee away in a moment by such aggressive facts as Spiritualism presents. It will take time to eradicate them and bring them before the world in their full import; for that import means a full and complete reconstruction of our whole social structure, and every part of it. Step by step, these great facts in their aggressive march break the bonds and thralldom mankind in one form and another have been bound and imprisoned by.

In the present and past few hundred ages, the religious forces have had by far the greatest power in shaping human action, and at present is that force upon which rests the basis and structure of all we term society. We may affirm that the American Republic is not; but that affirmation does not alter facts. True, it was a free and independent people idea, that is involved in that significant declaration of independence, that "all men are created free and equal," etc.; but this declaration did not alter the then already existing forces that entered into every avenue of thought, and the controlling force of that thought was the then religious beliefs that existed. This American independence declaration—grand in its conception and mighty in its import—has been a great light, that has little by little dispelled some of the rigidity of those religious forces that burned Mediums and witches, hanged heretical Quakers, and banished a Roger Williams. But still this force exists—exists strong enough to hold our present order still in existence; and we cannot see it entirely gone except in a few even among believing Spiritualists. But this could not be otherwise expected. The fatal blow to this now existing religious force comes in the Spiritualism of



today, which in its finale means the destruction and taking away of the present religious power, and all that is built on it, and the putting in its place a new religion. This new religion and what changes it will inaugurate is what we call the "New Dispensation," a religion founded upon natural law and Nature or God, (both to the writer mean the same,) scientifically understood and arranged, placing human existence in its natural order in the progressive scale in groups, with the necessities of life and associative arrangements adapted to the needs of each group, as their needs become more manifest in and on the plane of their development; and the whole of these groups combined in one united, fraternal band.

Our next will be ideas of God, and our relations to Him as brought out through Spiritualism. S. D.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

### IS SPIRITUALISM A FRAUD?

DEAR VOICE OF ANGELS:—In answer to the above question. I would recommend unbelievers in the true religion to attend Mr. W. S. Roberts' materializing seances at 209 East 62nd street, New York City.

On the evening of December 12th, I attended one of his seances: the Circle was composed of some of the most prominent ladies and gentlemen of our Metropolis, whose names would be a sufficient guarantee to convince the most bigoted skeptic that fraud must be as foreign to them as sin is to the All-Powerful Supreme Being.

The tests received were beautiful, almost every one present hearing from some Spirit-friend.

I myself was taken inside the cabinet, held the Medium by both hands, and got tests which no one could know anything about. The Spirit of a dear departed relative appeared, and the features were perfect.

Spirits materialized outside the cabinet in a beautiful manner. I shall try to describe one as follows. There appeared a waving light on the carpet, which gradually resembled a cloud, and in less time than it takes to describe this, the cloud was transformed into an elegant medium-sized young lady, whose features denoted culture and refinement. After moving around and bowing to all, she dissolved in the same mysterious manner in which she appeared.

Another instance I would like to recite, (out of the many :) a gentleman was called up to the cabinet, and held the Medium by both hands. While in that position,

two Spirit-forms appeared, and gracefully, after bowing to all, retired.

In conclusion I would beg to say a few words about the latter part of the evening.

The control desired all lights to be extinguished; what followed I shall never forget. Several Spirit-forms appeared; independent voices were heard by nearly all present; raps in the cabinet and in all parts of the room; and last, but not least, the Spirit-lights, whose magnificence is beyond description, flashing in every conceivable spot. In fact, the pen is inadequate to describe this beautiful vision.

Trusting that I have not encroached too much on your valuable space.

I remain truly yours,

H. SUTHERLAND.

NEW YORK, Dec. 16, 1879.

### INSPIRATIONAL GEMS

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

#### SPIRIT-PROMISE TO V. L.

WHEN the early morning breaketh, greet us with your sweetest song;  
And as music's warble spreadeth, by your singing desires we're drawn.

CHORUS.

And we join you—and we join you—yes, we join your merry song;  
Then assist you—yes, and teach you in the art you've loved so long.

When the noonday sun is burning, and the herd seek deepest shade,  
Where the cooling stream is rippling gladness music o'er the glade.  
Then we come at earnest wishing, should the task prove too severe,  
And assist again, and teach you in the art to you so dear.

When the evening shadows lengthen, and the hours of toil are o'er,  
Gathered in home's happy circle come the loving friends of yore.  
Then we join them—then we join them—yes, we join the happy throng,  
Once more pleased to give assistance, as you touch the keys of song.

When life's crystal vase is broken, scattered on that shore,  
Loving hearts will haste to greet thee with sweet welcome, o'er and o'er;  
Then you'll join our music circle, there you'll join our happy throng;  
Then we'll teach you, and perfect you in the art you've loved so long.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### LOOKING FOR MOTHER.

BY JOSEPH WOOD.

[HON. DEANSMON:—The following, dated 1873, was composed three years before I became a Spiritualist; and yet, from my present stand-point, I seem to see some gleams of Spiritual truth in the little poem. If you see anything appreciable therein, please use according to your pleasure.]

Two infants, pure in heavenly light,  
Arrayed in beauty, angels bright,  
Had quit this earth, and gained the prize  
Laid up for them beyond the skies.

They sang the praise of God above,  
And basked in beams of angels' love;  
Nor sorrow nor of sadness knew—  
Their love and hopes still brighter grew.

Of earth each had but little known,  
For God had made them, young, his own;  
Yet, from that world of love and bliss  
They looked in Spirit down on this.

Their mother's life they watched each day,  
And hoped, when from this world away,  
She'd meet them on that happy shore  
Where parting scenes are known no more.

Thus happy in this hope they joyed,  
While mother's hope was unalloyed;  
She too had faith that from death's night  
She'd meet her babes in realms of light.

'Twas so; for, in her latest breath,  
She found that in the gate of death  
There was an open way to heaven  
For all whose sins have been forgiven.

To admiring angels what a sight!  
Two babes, supreme in their delight,  
Clasping a mother's loving heart,  
And never, never more shall part!

PHILADELPHIA, No. 1808 North 7th Street.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

### EARTH-ANGELS

BY M. T. SHELHAMER.

[Suggested from hearing it remarked of an infant, "She is too good and bright to remain long on earth."]

ARE there no saints of mortal birth—  
No angels on the lowly earth?  
No gentle souls in mortal guise,  
Who watch us with their holy eyes?  
No tender Spirits, pure and sweet,  
Who tread the earth with weary feet?  
No holy hearts hid safe within,  
Away from evil, vice and sin?

Is earth so filled with pain and woe  
That nothing bright can dwell below?  
Go ask the sun that brightly gleams  
With glory in its golden beams;  
Go ask the stars that shine at night  
And shed abroad their silver light;  
Go ask the moonbeams floating down  
Like some ethereal sheeny crown.

Is earth so filled with wild despair  
That nothing sweet can enter there?  
Go seek the flowers, that brightly bloom  
And shed abroad their sweet perfume;  
List to the sweet melodious note  
That flutters from the song-bird's throat,  
Hear rippling waters in their glee,  
That flow in music to the sea.

Is earth so filled with shame and care  
That nothing pure can linger there?  
Go watch the sheet of pearly snow,  
The sparkling dew, the streamlet's flow;  
For Nature, in her wildest mood  
Or gentlest mien, is ever good;  
And balmy gales and azure skies  
Make earth a perfect paradise.

Is earth so filled with vice and wrong  
That none are good who tarry long?  
Does error lurk with evil eye,  
And starry truth go shuddering by?  
Go watch the noble souls who stand  
Dispensing joy on every hand,  
Who swell the ranks of true reform,  
And boldly breast each rising storm.

Go mark the tender word of cheer,  
The gentle smile, the silent tear;  
The kindly deed to those in woe,  
The balm for those who suffer so;  
The earnest vows for truth and right,  
The cause that struggles through the night;  
Go watch the souls that sweetly bear  
The onsets of sorrow, pain and care.

The lily lifts its snowy head  
Above its darksome, murky bed;  
The flowers, that neither spin nor toll,  
Draw life from out the murky soil;  
So souls as pure as stainless snow  
May dwell in mortal guise below,  
And angel forms in human guise  
May draw us on to paradise.

[Selected by M. J. K.]

### "THE TWO MYSTERIES,"

BY MARY MAPES DOLGE, was written on seeing Walt Whitman by the coffin of a little nephew. He sat near the dead child, surrounded by little ones, and holding a beautiful little girl on his lap. "You do not know what it is, do you, my dear?" said Whitman to the little girl; "we don't either."

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still;  
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill;  
The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call;  
The strange white solitude of peace that settles over all.

—M. J. K.



## VOICE OF ANGELS.

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## EDITORIAL.

## THE PRICE OF LIBERTY.

In the advance of knowledge and the gradual but sure decay of old superstitions, the progress that tolerance has made in the last dozen years, and the ground intolerance has so rapidly lost, is self-evident to all deep thinkers. Yet in these progressive days we may not infrequently observe the formidable and desperate struggles that certain bigots are making to preserve old effete customs and superstitions, hoping thereby to crush out that liberalizing element that would imbue the immortal mind with a desire to inform itself upon all and everything that will benefit mankind. The signs of the times clearly indicate the absolute overthrow, in the not far distant future, of all error that would keep the soul in bondage, and which claims a servile respect from all who are not its chosen tools and leaders. These brazen-faced demagogues show clearly enough, by the strenuous exertions they are making to hold their ground, that the systems they advocate and the falsehoods they teach are so hollow and misshapen that humanity is fast refusing to longer bow the supple-hinged knee before them.

It is also true that liberalism has crept into the pulpits all over the civilized world, a Spiritual element that has uplifted religion out of the old ruts of superstitious theology and placed it upon a broader and freer platform, which embraces the entire universe in its capacious arms, within which it is destined to hold every son and daughter of the human family, in spite of evil and error. And ministers of the gospel, having seen and recognized this heavenly light streaming down upon them, revealing the mysteries and the idiosyncrasies of the past in the blazing light of truth, weave into their sermons ideas and thoughts permeated with the divine revealments of eternal life, the commun-

ion and ministrations of departed Spirits with mortals, and the love of God, the good Father, who cannot err, who cannot be a God of wrath, who is subject to none of the petty passions of men, because He is Infinite; and the teachings of these ministers are replete with new truths for the enlightenment of mankind.

But while this is true, there are other petty writers, jealous of their position, preachers fearful of losing their places in the theological field, priests dreading to lose their power over the people, which they sway through their ignorance, medical doctors, who owe their popularity to the blind credulity of those who think whatever a physician who holds a college diploma prescribes for him must be swallowed unquestioningly, whether it produces a cure or kills the patient;—all these are constantly striving to suppress a free distribution of knowledge among the people concerning the immortal soul, moral responsibility, the exercise of reason, or the laws of health. If it were possible for these to do so, they would taboo the press—that mighty institution for disseminating knowledge to the masses—from publishing anything that contradicted their statements, or which let light into those subjects which they are anxious to keep from the people. Failing in this, they would prosecute and imprison all who dared to print and send out anything of a liberalizing nature through the mails. If they could have a law passed to suit their selfish purposes, they would pry into a man's private correspondence to discover whether or no he had dared to write anything treasonable to *their* expressed views. They would not only do that, but would restrict us in our speech and our very thoughts, if they had the power, lest they should lose their grasp upon the unsuspecting people. Those would-be conservators of the soul and conscience would petition government to legislate upon the expediency of placing God in the Constitution of our Commonwealth, compelling people to bow down before him, as worthy disciples of the jealous, wrathful God they pretend to worship.

Hence it behooves all who prize their freedom of thought, their right as individuals to exercise their own judgment as to what they shall believe, and as to how they shall worship, to keep their watch-fires burning, and to defend their rights with earnest voice and pen, at all seasons. So subtle and insidious is the approach of the enemies of truth, that they would ere this have captured our chief citadels, were it not for the earnest souls who love hu-

manity, and are ever watching to defend its rights and privileges. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," says the patriot; hence whoever prizes it must be ever watchful and guarded, active and energetic, ready at all times and seasons to send forth such a powerful remonstrance that it will make itself felt and heard whenever and wherever their rights are threatened.

Not only are our rights to religious beliefs and worship menaced, but the right to employ whom we please to minister in the capacity of physician to the sick and suffering is threatened. The medical fraternity join together in attacking all those who may not have a sheepskin diploma, who dare to attempt curing the sick—no matter how qualified and successful they may have proved themselves in this department. These medical gentlemen—once at variance—now become united to crush out all, with the iron heel of a despot, who dare to teach mankind the laws of health, the benefit of magnetism, and the direful effects of poisonous drugs, so long considered beneficial to ailing humanity; they would cause laws to be enacted to suppress all that interfered with their practice, and it is only by paying the price of liberty, and exercising our eternal vigilance, that we can expect to defeat these intrigues so fatally that they can never again rally to the onslaught.

We are no advocate of invasion or injustice; we are friends to virtue and morality; we would see no man or woman infringing upon the inherent rights of another. Liberty is not license; but we demand, in the name of all that is true and sacred, to exercise our own judgment as to what we shall believe, how we shall worship, and whom we shall employ as our advisers, whether spiritual or physical. This is the God-given prerogative of mankind; but only by paying the full price of Liberty, and keeping watch upon the battlements of freedom, overlooking the movements of those opposed to him, can he ever hope to retain his privileges, and exercise the rights God has given him.

## VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

CANDIA, N. H., Dec. 22, 1879.

DEAR BRO. DENSMORE.—I was pleased to read in the VOICE OF ANGELS of Dec. 15th, a communication from M. D. Richardson, thro' M. T. Shelhamer. I can verify it as being correct in every particular. He was a native of Candia. His immediate friends prize the communication as a rich treasure, and hope to hear more from him. I too prize his kind remembrance and blessings, and thank him again and again for aiding me in my Spiritual work.



Enclosed please find twenty-four cents for extra copies of the paper containing the communication.

Respectfully yours,

Mrs. A. B. F. ROBERTS.

#### SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE,  
DECEMBER 21ST, 1879.

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELLHAMER.

INVOCATION, BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

Oh, Thou who art Infinitude, the beginning and the end; that comprehends all that we can conceive of in the past, the present and the future! We thy children tonight are made deeply conscious that all we behold are passing away; all must vanish and disappear; but Thou remainest forever and forever, because Thou art God: and beside Thee there is none else!

We thank thee, oh, Parent of good, because everything is passing away in its unripeness, its incompleteness! We thank Thee that everything is passing on to higher and grander conditions of manifestation and light! We thank Thee, oh, Infinite One, for these changes we behold; in them stands revealed thy wondrous love towards humanity. We ask for wisdom to read them aright, and for strength to fulfill thy purpose and to do thy will.

Bless the efforts made everywhere for the dissemination of thy truths, and to spread the light which even now precedes the coming day. We ask Thy special blessing to rest upon those disembodied ones, who delight to render service to Thee and to humanity.

Oh, ye blest ones, we ask you to be ever with us, and pray that we may be made worthy your love and care. And oh, our Father, we ask Thee to baptize every Spirit with energy and power for the great work that lies before!

Mrs. C. M. OLNEY.

I AM anxious to send out a token of love and guidance to those so dear to me on earth. It is very nearly two years since I passed away from earth and went home to dwell with the Angels. I was over forty-six years in the mortal. I left a dear husband and darling daughter, who, although they knew it was well with me, yet felt sad and sorrowful because of my departure. But it has been my privilege to draw near to them, to influence them with my presence, and to calm their spirits in the hours of sadness. I come here to you that I may send out to my home a ray of light, to tell those I love that I am happy with our dear ones on the Other Side.

After I had passed over and got rested,

I used to meet with Spirits happy and joyful, who would thank me because they had found happiness and rest from sorrow. When I looked my surprise, they would say, "I was restless and unhappy, dissatisfied with my lot, and anxious to get back to my old ways of living on earth; a bright being took me to your meeting, and I heard things there that made me wish to be better, and the good Spirits there brought me help to grow better." Or another would say, "I was once wicked, and loved to torment others. All was dark around me; I couldn't see the light the missionary Spirits told me of; one of them took me to a meeting in your house, and after that the darkness seemed to fall away; I began to hate evil things and loathe myself; I was unhappy, but I grew better."

Others who had loved ones mourning their loss told me that at our Sunday meetings they gained strength to reach their friends and comfort them; and I thought I would like to tell my friends of this, that they might feel encouraged, and perhaps induce others to open Spiritual meetings and home-circles, for by them they aid many a poor struggling Spirit into the light.

My name is Mrs. C. M. Olney. My husband is Mr. Newell Olney. Please to say I am ever by the dear old home. I know when changes come; I grow satisfied, for I feel all is for the best; I send undying love. I thank you. I would like my letter to go to Mr. Newell Olney, Nunda Station, N. Y.

JOSIAH T. KIPP.

WILT thee allow me to come, friend? [You are welcome.] I thank thee. Many years I lived in the body, many long years, and I left many friends. I feel all humanity to be my friend. I wish to send out the blessing of peace to all who knew me. I am happy with my beloved companion and all who are dear. We were glad to welcome June over the border. The dear child is still at work for the welfare of others.

To friends in Vineland, I say all is well; though the last wishes concerning my remains could not be fulfilled, I am as happy as though they were. In the worlds above, there is no bigotry; but all the hosts around me, from centre to circumference, comprise one mighty society of friends.

My name is Josiah T. Kipp. I passed home from Brooklyn, New York. I was a blessing of peace and affection to all. Tell William the Spirit-world blesses him for his labors in its behalf; the light of truth streams down upon him, and angels

guide him on his way towards the Celestial City.

I thank thee, friend. Send to Wm. Kipp, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. ELIZA S. HOVEY.

My name is Mrs. Eliza S. Hovey. I wish to reach my children, to assure them their mother's love is theirs. Ever she watches and guards them from her home above. I am happy and free from suffering. I have met my husband and little ones. God is good, and every day we feel his tender care and kindness. I am so glad that I can send out a word in this way. I intended to return to my children whenever I could, when I passed away, to thank them for all their kindness and care, and to assure them we shall meet again in the Spirit-world, where all those they love will meet and welcome them.

I was fifty-six years old. I passed away in Charlestown, Mass. Please tell my dear son, A. H. Foss, I bless him for all kindness.

[Mr. Editor, you had better send to Mr. A. H. Foss, Charlestown District, Mass.]

CHARLES F. NEWCOMB.

SUDDENLY did the summons come to me and I had to go; in the Summer time, when all was sweet and clear, I passed on to other worlds; and now, when winter frosts have come, I return to send out some little word to my dear companion, and to tell her I am by her side to guide her in her perplexities, to shield her with my love, and to guard her and those so dear to us. I know my friends would not like me to say much in public; but I come here to draw their attention to this subject, trusting that they will give me an opportunity to return and speak to them in private. I was not old. I did not expect to go so soon; and for the sake of others, I would have preferred to remain in the body longer; but as I could not, I have some wishes and advice to give those nearest to me, if they will give me a private hearing through some Medium.

I wish this to go to Medford, Mass. I hope the gentleman who will read it, and who knows of me, will send it to my family. I am Charles F. Newcomb.

CHARLIE HASTINGS.

[How do you do?] I don't know; I don't feel very well; I was awful sick. I live in a pretty good place, and I don't want to come back. The old gentleman who came, brought me here to send a letter to uncle George; he lives in Brooklyn. I used to write compositions; I guess I can write a letter. Tell uncle George I'm



best was now, and all his friends are happy because they are doing good to somebody else; and we all want our love to him; and I thank you for all the time he was good to me. I come back real often to see what he's doing, and I try to help him when things go wrong, and then he finds better; but I wouldn't come back here to live for anything now. I didn't want to live a life, but when it was over I was as happy as a child; and I want them to give my hands away to some fellow that hasn't got any, and anything else of mine that will do anybody some good. I want such things to give my love to everybody.

I'm Charlie Hastings. Good bye.

—

—

I have been dead a long time; I never come in this way before. My name is Mary White. I want to get word to Lizzie, in Hoboken, New Jersey. I want to tell her I can come back to her, and she is a Medium; and when she feels as strong, and has such good ~~power~~ come up before her, it is when the spirits are with her, trying to make her understand what they are, and to tell her what to do. We can guide her through the impressions we give, and she knows she always comes out right when she follows her first impulse, and don't stop to question them. We want her to sit quiet a little while every day, so we can develop her, and not to fear, because we won't hurt her, but will only bring her good.

Mother sends her love, and so do we all, and we have a beautiful home and are all together. I am never weak nor sick any more, and I can bring rest and peace to Lizzie when she feels the same and work of earth has much for her.

—

[This Spirit seemed to have great difficulty in controlling.] I can't say much; but I'm so anxious to talk. I've just died. I want on Christmas day. I want to see father and talk to him; tell him to go to a Medium in Boston. A Spirit here says for him to go to Mrs. Kimball; I can come to her. I think I'm going to be happy as soon as I get away from earth. It seems all beautiful.

My name is Charles S. Dean. Tell father all I want to be with him. They tell me by coming here I will throw off earthly conditions, and be able to come to him good, if he will go to a Medium. Father's name is John Dean; he lives in Quincy. This is all I can say.

—

I would like to send a long letter home.

It is over so many years now since I passed away. I have a beautiful home, where the flowers always bloom, for all is love and harmony there. I want to tell father that this is all true. We can come back and comfort those we love. In all the weary years of suffering he has known, his Angel-friends have been with him, and they have brought him more ease than pain than he could ever dream of. And we love to come to the dear earth-home, and comfort the widows of all its inmates. I have been guiding dear sister Mary, and making an earnestly to bring her health and strength.

I have been with Charlie a great deal, — glad to see him growing up good and true; so I loved him and guided him in his whole life. I have been glad to come and visit each one, and now I want father to feel that we do come and watch over him daily. Tell him we have beautiful good and strawberries in our world, and I never see them but I think of my dear father.

Give my love to aunt Ann. Tell her Georgianna sends her love to her and cousin. So do Jennie and Albert; I send my love to all, and tell them we shall meet in a beautiful land, where all are happy and good.

I am Henrietta Parr. My father is Mr. Samuel Parr, of Longwood Avenue, Boston Highlands.

—

My name is W. H. Lauling. I come to send a few words of cheer to my dear wife. She has her sorrowful, dark days sometimes, and I want to say to her, Fear not, I am with you, your protector and guide. I come to you often to dispel the shadows and brighten your way, and it gives me great joy when I feel that you can sense my presence and believe that I am with you. I am working for you, to straighten earthly affairs, and I am encouraging. I think you can recognize the help of Spirits in the last few months, and we are encouraged to go forward in our work.

My spirit-home is good, all that I desired; but I am at work beautifying it against your coming. We shall have a dear little home with garden attached where you may cultivate all that is beautiful to you, surrounded by loving friends. We will dwell in harmony, and work for the good of ourselves and others. There we will have the opportunities to attend soul-inspiring lectures and heavenly concerts, and our love of the beautiful and good will develop together.

I am glad I passed away as I did, and

when my eyes opened on Spiritual things, the first sight I caught was of those dear ones who preceded me and of whom immortality I had long been assured.

My spiritual love and blessings ever attend you, and encircle you with power to defy storms and clouds and to ever see the hand that leads you onward.

I wish my message to go to Mrs. E. E. Lauling, San Jose, Cal.

—

Be glad to see you, Chief. Welcome! Be to Tzucmela; come to send good word to Montgomery leave. Tell she leave, she hand be wild be; come in strong numbers to keep be in good condition. When the blossoms of Spring come forth, we will bring be strength and magnetism from the forest, and make the new blood for be. The Spiritual forces be at work; his Spirit-powers be unfolding; he see and understand quick by-me-by. Tell be, good cheer. Spirit-hand be about to bring good conditions. His sire and spouse send great love. Good cheer come in future. Good man.

#### THE YOSEMITE.

Waiting bright for the dawn to rise  
Over the cliffs that nature's hand has made;  
Waiting for shadows to pass away  
In the clear light of the morning day;  
Waiting to see the sun in a flash  
Above with the light and the rolling clouds.  
— Father Dear

—

#### THE FACULTIES OF LOVE.

THE faculties of love each hold a legitimate place in the economy of human nature, and can by no means exchange place without coming under the penalty of the unpardonable sin. When fraternal love, love for home above, or love for self-interests or for the mighty dollar, or of sensitive impulse, induce people into relations where conjugal love should provide, it matters not how long time-honored, sanctified and venerated the custom and the rite, or how many and solemn the priestly utterances pronouncing them married in the name of God; the true conjugal law of the soul soon awakens the parties to a consciousness of the magnitude of their mistake. They discover themselves to be engaged with each other in nearly or completely a department of their natures. Thus usually is the ceremony that binds them, better without the spirit; and from such relations proceeds no life that imparts inspiration to life domestic or social. Consequently they are weights and shackles or friction to each other. Thus the penalty of this unpardonable sin—

is the number of the law.



Through the discipline of suffering, in the ages of experimental marriage, are coming generations to be born to a knowledge of the divine uses of the faculties of love.

Conjugal, philoprogenitive, filial and fraternal love, expressed in their legitimate sphere, constitute an arch in the human temple, in which philanthropic love is the key.

C. H. R.

## SONNET.

Look ye, ye cheerful, cheerily look away;  
The sweet spring blossoms forth, one by one;  
The snow slowly gleams 'neath summer's sun,  
The autumn, with her robes of chilling gray,  
Sheds their bright petals dotted on sodden clay;  
While her own royal robes grow old and dim,  
As she shrinks back, grim Winter's death to them,  
From her throne, her throne her to reign his gray.  
Yet, as we bury our dead harpings deep  
Beneath the kindly turf and flowers of time,  
We may not forget by their rest to weep,  
Noble as has the past we made never dim,  
To give duty's law, and hand to hand,  
With work and love, make for the better land.

—All the Year Round.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE  
AND OTHER MATTERS.

CINCINNATI, NOV. 2, 1879.

DEAR BROTHER DENMORE:—Our much-loved *VOICE OF ANGELS* of Nov. 1st has just come to hand; and in reading the Spirit-communications I find one through M. T. Shethanon, from my dear Spirit-husband, L. R. Carter; and I can with truth say it is like unto him. It affords me pleasure to acknowledge it, and thereby add my testimony to the actual records of our beloved ones from their Spiritual spheres, giving us the positive assurance of their watchfulness and care for us.

I sometimes wonder what I should have done in my dark hours, without this blessed truth that has come to make lighter life's burdens, and when I know of many like myself, who have been comforted, a thanksgiving goes forth from my soul to that Parent of all good, that He has blessed his earthly children with mediums through whom, because of their sensitive organism, our loved Angel-friends are brought near to us. Therefore, I for one bless and love these Mediums; and the more so, as I see them persecuted day by day, and in most cases unjustly.

And, Brother Denmore, your little paper, the *VOICE*, is gaining favor with the people for several reasons, and I will name a few in the first place, it is small, so it can be read entirely through; second, the printing is clear and distinct; third, because your readers never see the least word of fact-finding with Mediums. I am fully assured that all things false will wither and die, but the truth never.

Had it not been for these instrumentalities called Mediums, I know not what thousands would have done, who were passing their whole life on earth under the old doctrine of a hell of eternal fire and brimstone, and that hell "paved with infants' skulls."

Since the angels gave their first rap at Rochester, N. Y., mark the change in numbers! See the partition walls how they are crumbling,

that have divided all the variously named religious organizations! One society can commune now with another at the Lord's Supper. It matters not so much in our day as it did in the past, if we are a Methodist or a Baptist. Notice how gently and lovingly the Angel-world are moulding the minds of the people. Compare the collections of hymns that are now sung in our places of worship with the hymns of the past, like unto this:

"And there shall be mourning, mourning,  
At the judgment-seat of Christ;  
Parents and children there shall part,  
Part to meet no more.  
Oh, there will be mourning," etc.

Progress, progress, on every hand! This tiny rap has called the attention of the entire world to its sound. Oh, never forget for a moment that these blessings have come to us through mediumship.

Much has been said concerning the unreliability of Mediums. Remember that if a person is so sensitive that Spirits out of the earth-form can have power to portray themselves through a Medium so clearly that they become known to their friends on earth, so also a person going to the sensitive Medium with the idea that he or she is a fraud, will in most cases get what they want; for fraud must have been a part of the sifter's own spirit.

Oh, let us go to our Mediums in the spirit of loving kindness and tender mercy, in peace with ourselves and all the world, desiring only good and truth. No one need fear deception then.

For my own part, I have been in the midst of Spiritualism for over thirty years, and I cannot call to mind one instance when I can say I have been deceived.

I am quite well assured that if we take as much time in seeking for the good in our Mediums, as we do for the evil, we shall find in a very short time quite a different state of affairs. Let the spirit of divine love find a place in our souls. We shall then not only develop ourselves, but likewise develop many a Spirit that is in darkness, thus becoming a beacon-light to guide those who need help in this earth-home or in the spheres beyond.

Since my last letter, we have had very pleasant manifestations through the mediumship of Mr. Fletcher of this city, (Cincinnati.) This gentleman has been many times in our cabinet, and on one occasion a concertina was held and played upon out in the open daylight—the Spirit-hands in full sight—the hands performing on the instrument purely white; while the hands of the Medium were stained from his daily labor.

The angels permit us to have these physical manifestations to attract our attention to things more enduring. They serve as guides pointing towards the reality so many are seeking for.

Dear brother, the *VOICE* is a comfort to all our household. We love to read the messages, and we think you are blessed in having secured the services of such a valuable Medium as Miss Shethanon. May the dear Angel-friends ever be near to guide and inspire her, in the prayer of your correspondence.

Fraternality,

Rev. ARTHUR C. RICE.

(For the *Voice of Angels*.)

## THE BIBLE.

All things outwrought from the human mind become forms of art. What seems boundless space to the natural sight is a boundless ocean of thought-waves, flowing to and from every enformed soul through the channel of mind. They are as fingers of the Infinite ever playing upon the faculties of universal man, as upon the keys of a mighty instrument; manipulating and re-manipulating the nerve-chords of the human life-pulsating harp, as the winds play upon the forest leaves, until every faculty becomes finally attuned and harmonized to the melody of the music of the celestial spheres. Inspiration is receptivity to and spiritual impulsion from minds in the body or out directly, and from that proceeding from the infinite ocean of thought, in the midst of whose waves we live and move.

Every soul in its integral life is a wondrous harp of twelve three-fold chords, corresponding to the "twelve great chords in the solar harp," and every soul is a vibrating chord in the infinite lyre, giving forth tones according to its place in the scale of God's octave bars. Therefore life is continuous inspiration in degrees.

The prophets, Jesus, the apostles and the disciples, in degrees, were divinely inspired, because of their loftier position in the scale of mental unfoldment into the spiritual receptivity. In degrees and correspondences, Jesus was as the sun in light to the apostles and disciples, who were the lesser lights or stars in the constellation.

The Bible is simply the note-book or transcript or record of their inspirational works and prophecies. The prophecies are but indices pointing to realities to come in the destiny of man, to which it is well to give heed for the light that comes in fulfillments.

A book being the production of mind, is therefore a form of art—a shadow of truth only at best, referring to the substance, and can by no possible achievement of mind be made a fountain of inspiration, as the mistaken worshippers of the Bible believe—can never be made an infallible guide, without making the mind, which is superior, subject to that which is inferior.

Let us worship the eternal superior.

The American aborigines needed no Christian's Bible to teach them of the "Great Spirit" whom they worshipped. They knew Him by the works of his creation and by the nearness of their own life to Him. They did not need to know the Christian's language, whereby to know the



"Great Spirit," for his name is written alike in the hearts of all his children.

As the power and goodness of the "Great Spirit" is known by His works, so only, not in words but in works, are his children as to their godliness to be known.

C. H. B.

[Selected.]

### THE VOICELESS.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

We count the broken lyres that rest  
Where the sweet wailing singers number,  
But o'er their silent sister's breast  
The wild-flowers who will stoop to slumber  
A few can touch the magic string,  
And noisy Fame is proud to win them;  
Alas for those who never sing,  
But die with all their music in them!

Say, grieve not for the dead alone,  
Whose song has told their heart's sad story.  
Weep for the voiceless, who have known  
The cross without the crown of glory!  
Not where Loucullan breezes sweep  
O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,  
But where the glistening night-dews weep  
O'er nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.

O hearts that break and give no sign  
Save whitening lip and fading tresses,  
Till Death pours out his corall wine,  
Slow-dropped from Miery's crushing presses—  
If singing breath or echoing chord  
To every hidden pang were given,  
What endless melodies were poured  
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

### A KIND LETTER.

MANITO, Ill., December 15th, 1879.

D. C. DENSMORE:—*Dear Brother,*—Language fails to express my gratitude for the many good things I see in your paper. When I read your appeal for justice, by your patrons remitting their arrearages, it made my aged father wish that he had the power to respond to that reasonable call. I will send one dollar; that is three in 1879, if you have got them; one last year; all back of that I have forgotten. I circulate your papers; (as Thomas Paine said,) to do good is my religion. We were convinced of Spirit-return, through our little Emranda, twenty-seven years ago.

As I have to use an amanuensis, a motherless boy of eight summers, that we are raising, I cannot say all I wish to.

Credit this to A. Rakestraw, now 80 years of age. If you think it worth printing, please do so; it will be a source of pleasure. If my friends should see this, they will know. I have not changed my views for a quarter of a century. If I could get one subscriber for you, it would gladden my heart.

MRS. D. H. MARSHALL.

REMEMBER you cannot be suspicious of others without making others suspicious of you, and you cannot spend time in talking against the honesty of others without exciting the feeling that yourself will bear watching.—*N. Y. Herald.*

### BRIEF ITEMS.

Dr. A. B. Spiney, of Detroit, Mich., has been lecturing at Kalamazoo, on the "Science of Spiritualism."

The *American Socialist*, published at Oneida, N. Y., has been suspended.

The *Independent Age* has been sold to Mr. John G. Garrison, who will change the name to *Alliance Standard*, and probably give less attention to Spiritualism and religious matters than did the previous owners.

The annual meeting of Portsmouth (Ohio) Liberal League for the choice of officers and other business was held Wednesday evening, Dec. 3d, at their hall, corner of Ninth and Washington sts.

At the conclusion of one of Prof. Denton's lectures in Washington, D. C., a resolution was passed cordially thanking him "for his able and eloquent course of lectures," and inviting his return at an early day.

Answers to prayer can be much better explained on the theory of Spiritual agency than on that of the direct interference of a personal God.

Chicago is becoming noted for its Spiritual Mediums—probably more so than any other city in the United States.

Memory never dies, and there can be no new heaven nor a new earth so long as the mind is treasuring up evil thoughts and delights in sowing seeds of discord and inharmony.

Spiritualism throws a flood of light on many dark pages of the past, and affords a rational solution of some historical problems which have hitherto defied a satisfactory explanation.

The *Spiritual Record* says, "Mr. Harry Bastian, Physical Medium, will visit Chicago some time during the latter part of this winter. He is now filling appointments in Western New York."

Mr. J. M. Roberts, of *Mind and Matter* has our thanks for his very appreciative notice of the Voice and of ourself.

G. G. W. Van Horn, magnetic healer, who seems to have been the object here for the persecution of the medical profession (with one or two honorable exceptions,) is in the field again, giving many the benefit of his remarkable healing powers.—*Kansas City Cor. of Banner.*

The next night after the death of Sargeant Cox, the following message appeared on the arm of W. E. Estington, the celebrated Medium, at a seance: "I was mistaken—man is a soul.—Edward E. Cox." He had solved the mystery!—*Cor. of Banner.*

The *Congregationalist* tells of a clergyman who, "on account of continued ill-health, has retired from the ministry temporarily, and gone into the banking business."

A rich Scotchman at the point of death said to his pastor, "Do you think that if I left ten thousand pounds to the Presbyterian Church my soul would be saved?" "I can't promise you anything," answered the good man, after a second thought, "but it's worth trying."

The numerous friends of Eben Sargent, Esq., will be pleased to learn that his physical condition has greatly improved of late, and that he will soon be able to be out again.

We understand that Amory Hall has been engaged by a Committee of the Ladies' Aid Society of this city for the 31st of March, upon which occasion the Thirty-Second Anniversary of the advent of Modern Spiritualism will be duly celebrated.

W. L. Jack, M. D., in compliance with many requests, hopes soon to visit Norwich, Conn., and will after other engagements are filled visit Philadelphia.

The Spiritualists and public of Philadelphia are to be unusually favored during the month of January by having among them two of the most effi-

cient and eloquent advocates of the truths of Spiritualism, in the person of Mrs. R. Shepard, of Minneapolis, Minn., and Mrs. Nettie Pease Fox, of Rochester, N. Y.

Mr. J. Frank Baxter has just closed one of the most successful engagements ever had with the First Association of Spiritualists in this city; and has gone to other fields of labor, to which he carries out most earnest wishes for his happiness and prosperity. The fine singing of Mr. Baxter is of itself an attraction of the finest order. His clairvoyant and clairaudient tests are marvellous, and his lectures are able, instructive and most highly entertaining.—*Mind and Matter.*

Henry Kiddle, Esq., Ex-Superintendent of the Public Schools of N. Y. City, lectured before the Second Society of Spiritualists, at Republican Hall, New York, morning and evening, of Sunday, January 4th, M. S. 31. Morning subject, "Why is Spiritualism Opposed?" Evening, "Spirit Progression."—*Mind and Matter.*

[For the Voice of Angels.]

### EDUCATION IN THE SPIRIT-SPHERES.

WE told you we would take up the theme of education in the spheres, and we are here for that purpose. You must understand that every child born into carnal existence is endowed with so many talents, so much intellect, so much wit, and so many different traits and characteristics of individuality. These are not understood by the parents or mentors of the children, and when a child comes into its second sphere, or the first plane of preparation, it is weighed in the balance, its talents, its calibre of temperament and disposition, and the peculiarity of individuality is all estimated, and there is appointed to it so much room, in which each faculty may have opportunity to expand, and when the vacuum which earthly tuition failed to fill has been set in order, then other courses are taken up, and the new light which Spiritual existence has promoted will be cultivated to meet his capabilities.

The process by which children are regularly initiated into scholastic tuition varies according to their ages, and what they may have acquired while in the body. We will take the case of a child who has a fair mind, who has acquired a knowledge of the rudiments of a university system; and being at fourteen years of age ushered into our Sphere, the first one from the earth,—then he will be received at the open gate, and led to a slab, on which he is laid, and after his guides have determined his status, he is introduced to his relatives and friends, such as can reach him, and his affectional capacity will then and there be made obvious. After that, his relatives, set apart for the purpose, have the privilege of selecting a professor of letters who will instruct him according to what the capabilities of his mind may determine.

Maria Edgeworth is a woman who has



had in her classes millions of children, who have come honorably through their courses, and there are hundreds of thousands of teachers equally as good. After the choice has been made of teachers for one branch, there is another selected—who will take psychology, and psychometry, and this one is the most rare branch of the whole educational *role*, for it initiates him into the experience, without the knowledge of which he could do no man, woman or child on earth any good. He is taught the law of the soul, how much man may be capable of whilst in the migratory condition, and how soon all faculties may be set to a focus—the elements necessary to promote *rapport* with Spirits, and when the soul may be played upon by the disembodied souls.

Bunyan taught the science of sciences, and the whole motive power must be laid bare before them, as the nervous structure must be comprehended by a medical student.

To attain to eminence in art, different minds must be trained according to their bent; and you will find that the child who has the best brain as a mortal, will have the quickest perception as a Spirit. You may beat hard studies into a child at school, but unless he has the mind metal to adapt it, it will be a useless work; and if a child should wish to take its own studies, it should never be thwarted.

I have so far tried to be plain, but it is hard to bring infinite plans into a range with finite comprehension; and we venture to tell you, with the hope of being understood, that a boy will be given courses in all languages, all arts, all proclivities, and when he sees an object upon earth, when he makes his visits there, which he cannot have explained, he is capable of wishing for, and of realizing through the wish, to have a likeness of the very thing presented before him, and from it he can go on to ascertain not only its peculiar mechanism and structure, but the cause of it, and the power of invention which suggested it; and if he has mechanical genius, he can improve upon it, make it perfect, and after his term of scholastic study is out, can return to earth, and impress some man's mind with the improvement; and that man, as well as he may be able to combat human difficulties, set the thing to shape, and get out a patent for it.

Seminaries, colleges, high schools are all existent, and all associate together; no man's mind being considered greater than the woman's, simply because he is a man. Some female minds being greater and better, some less, or inferior to the male, and *vice versa*.

Children who are still-born have much harder study to effect than those who have gained some knowledge of earth-life. I will not set you to puzzling upon the point, I hope, if I tell you that color is of vital importance in determining the status of a creation. At another time we will dilate upon this theme.

Male and female children associate familiarly together in the same schools; there is no form here, which separates the sexes. Innocence predominates; passion is never stirred in any breast, until it meets with its own perfect attraction; this attraction it meets with but once, which lasts forever. There is no chance for collusion, for every male and female in Spirit-spheres has his or her own perfect fit, or affinity, which is applied at the proper time.

The same orgasm which culminates from sexual relations in the mortal exists here; that orgasm being essentially a Spiritual emanation, is rarefied and refined, as the soul is refined—is sublimated, and is the very counterpart of joy itself. There is no necessity for restrictions of intercourse between the sexes, as there is allowed to each one only one true attraction, the knowledge of which has not to be derived from experiment, but is applied at the proper moment. Innocence has fine opportunity, but virtue has no tests, because no temptation. We have said this much, and will continue the theme at our next meeting.

JEAN JAKUES.

(For the Voice of Angels.)

### WHAT ART THOU?

BY VIENNAH L.

A FORM that on the bed doth lay—cannot work and cannot play;  
Cannot sing, cannot shout, cannot fly the dust about;  
Cannot cater to life's wants, cannot seek the woodland haunts;  
Cannot cook the food I eat, cannot run a friend to greet;  
Cannot sew, cannot spin, cannot in games go in to win;  
Cannot hinder woe or wail, friend from danger cannot shield;  
For my fingers muscle's dumb, tunes oft merged in moans or hums;  
Cannot give the hungry food, clothe the naked, bad or good;  
Cannot teach the way to heaven; (don't know myself—on that we're even;—)  
If I cannot work or play, If I am not sad or gay,  
If for earth's needy ones do naught, and all's a superficial sham,—  
Now, you just tell me what I am!

### PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

THROUGH A. A. TANNER, UNION, UTAH.

TO ELIZA ANN VANVALKENBURG.

MOTHER, I have tried often to get a message to you, but my efforts thus far have been in vain. I am not altogether satisfied here; my affairs were left in such an unsettled condition. Could I have lived long enough to have settled my affairs, I should have died contented. You must have felt my presence often, for I

have been with you almost constantly, trying to instruct you for your own good and the good of my family. All that I can say now is, we have parted only to meet again. I have met many of our old friends here, and I would be glad if we could come back on a visit.

Good-bye, but not forever.

PETER VAN VALKENBURG.

TO NATHAN TANNER.

NATHAN, I am glad of this opportunity to send a short message to you, through your son. I found things not altogether as I expected. Though I can say it is not worse than I anticipated. I have seen my old friends here, along with Joseph Smith; and I have listened to him here as I had when on earth. The Medium is not yet sufficiently developed for my purpose. I hope you will give all the assistance in your power to develop Mediums who will be made sufficient for our purposes: that is, to speak through them to our friends living in earthly tabernacles.

I remain respectfully your friend,

AMASA LYMAN.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

(STONEWALL FARM, Lane P. O.,  
Franklin Co., Kan., Dec. 25.)

D. C. Denmore, Editor Voice of Angels:

DEAR OLD FRIEND,—Your excellent paper comes regularly. It is so true and generous, so kind, sympathetic, and gentle, that I wonder that any one can refuse to support or neglect to pay for it. It is indeed the VOICE OF ANGELS, breathing "peace on earth, good will to man," and bringing "glad tidings" from the "ever-green shore." Your "Tunie" has visited us, and talked through our Medium in her peculiar winning way about a letter we had written to a lady of great wealth in your behalf. She followed the communication, and hoped for a favorable response, which she said would be certain, were it not for influences surrounding the lady. How much good some of her great wealth would do, if applied to the promulgation of our ideas and the dissemination of truth! How poor indeed is the rich man who enters the (to him) vast unknown in the darkness of ignorance! Here it is true there is, there must be, a struggle for the Physicalities. But in the Higher Life the end to be attained is undoubtedly mental unfoldment, and all the wealth that we can take with us is such knowledge as will tend to develop the Mentalities. How true it is that knowledge is power. Ideas move the world to a great extent here. There they will be the only levers of power. If, then, you have furnished the only



true wealth to thousands, if through poverty, sickness, and distress, you have sown continually, and if it is true that "as we sow so shall we reap," your harvest in the Summer-land will be magnificent, and your pathway up the sublime heights, lined on either side with the richest fruits and rarest flowers; and who shall doubt that the thousands redeemed by your earth struggle will hail you, "Well done, good and faithful servant," while they sing an anthem that shall forever banish the thoughts of the distress now caused by ingratitude, and all the ills that flesh is heir to in this brief tick of time.

Now, I have written this for my wife, Mrs. Harriet M. Clark, Lane P. O., Franklin Co., Kansas, to whom please continue your paper. I enclose, to be placed to her credit, two dollars.

Allow me to say that I hope all your patrons will, during the holidays, send all their dues, and something by way of cheer in the future.

With kind regards, we are very truly yours,

HARRIET M. CLARK.  
JOHNSON CLARK.

P. S.—Mrs. C. would have written herself, had it not been for a lame hand.

J. C.

DID you ever think what man is, body or soul? Man, indeed, is the true cosmos; he is a microcosm and a macrocosm; a world in himself; and when in his faculties you trace certain elements which you find in the brute-life that underlies you, when in the body you find the likeness to that life which is beneath you, let it become to you a significant fact that man is a microcosm; that in body and in Spirit he is a result of combined activities; he is the blossom of the tree of progression; he is the glorious representation of God's work, and the blending of the material and the spiritual; the material only being the model, the external expression of the divine idea. In looking beneath you, you find that in the wing of the bat, in the flipper of the seal, in the foot of the horse, in the anatomy, or the skeleton form, you find a most astonishing likeness to the skeleton form of the hand of a man or the monkey. One may tell you that they were all formed on the same ideal plan, but that is only an opinion; it is one which weighs less than chaff to the scientific mind. The true idea, as you trace it, seems to be this; that every thing beneath you has been climbing, aspiring, forced by the power of evolution, of natural selection, of progression, until man comes forth upon the stage of existence as a sublime result; not finishing the great work, only finishing it for material things, or for this earth, but holding within himself the promise, the prophecy, the type of higher and everlasting unfoldment.—Mrs. Brigham, in *Banner*.

WHEN I understand my relation to myself and to the outward world I call it truth. Thus each one can have his own truth and yet it is always the same.

#### MONEY-ORDERS.

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

#### "TUNIE" FUND.

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

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

D. Chichester, Bangor, Mich.,	\$0.35
A. T. C., Stockton, Cal.,	0.20
"Cash," New Orleans, La.,	0.35
I. K., Cincinnati, Ohio,	2.00
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A. Friend,	0.25
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Mrs. Mary E. Edwards, Needham, Mass.,	0.35
I. H. Rogers, Dover Plains, N. Y.,	0.50
Mrs. E. C. Reynolds, Boston, Mass.,	1.00
M. B. R., Oregon,	0.50
Robert Clark, Henry, Ill.,	0.35

#### NOTICE.

BURTON, Mich., Dec. 15, 1879.

DEAR BRO. DENNORE:—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. HIGHER, 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 Delineation of Character, answer questions on Hygiene, with Spirit-treatment, or questions on scientific subjects. The person's own handwriting required, with addressed and stamped envelope enclosed to return.

Send age, sex, if married or single, with 25 cents (stamp), to Mrs. A. B. F. ROBERTS, of Canfield, 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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