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LITERARY.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE MYSTERY OF GODLINESS.

THROUGH TRYPHENA O. PARDEE.

NATURE's volume stupendous before us lies,
Whose massive lids countless pages enclose,
Inviting devotional thoughts to arise
To the Infinite Love that its leaves may disclose.
Every question breaks open some mystical seal
That hangs on the mists 'twixt earth and the skies,
Till reaching where starry-limned pictures reveal
Living soul is the worth to whom wisdom replies.

Meditations cleave ethers of glassy day,
Where fleecy cloud-islets welcome express,
Till buoyant wings faltering bend earthward their way
On the veil of soft twilight with mystery's pass.
Sense enraptured treads lightly through sunset dyes,
Then sleeps for fresh views when morning awakes;
Eid visions eluding the wondrous formed eyes,
Seem to laugh at the queries so often it makes.

Quaff we bumpers of joy from sly zephyr-hands—
Oh that the brims at our lips we could see!
And why the sweet floweret its fragrance upends—
Only mystery answers, "Tis all mystery."
Then we ask our own heart, as we feel it beat—
So finely strung with the cords of sweet Life—
We'd know more of thee?—but its pulses repeat,
"There's a beautiful mystery propelling this strife."

There's a voice in the winds, and bees have a rhyme—
Seas solemnly moan over hidden pearl stores;
The forests sublimely breathe whispers to time,
And the eagle and wren fly across the same shores.
We may sing the rare symphonies sung on high,
Strike key-notes of worlds that ceaselessly roll,
And soar on the pinions of harmony's sigh—
Mystery still waves triumphant its chimera over all.

There's intelligent babble in brooks aflow,
And uses in tempests God only sees;
The wild will of man every secret would know,
E'en the will of the Master of all mysteries.
Chasing phantoms of hope till we see them live,
And shadows give way to gleams of pure light—
Oh, God, show Thyself!—Thou'lt the question forgive—
Bless thy children, dear Father!—we're seeking the right.

ELLINGTON, N. Y., Jan. 28, 1880.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

[For the Voice of Angels.]

MESSAGE FROM ROBERT HARE TO DR. FAHNESTOCK.

[THROUGH DR. O., CONTINUED.]

DEAR DOCTOR,—In resuming the discussion of the question, How is the quality of any religion to be determined? permit me to say that I do not wish to reflect uncharitably upon them, but merely to point out to you some of their apparent inconsistencies. I am well aware that there are many persons identified with the various sects, to whom my strictures do not apply; but such exceptions are to be found mainly among those who are said to be tinctured with Spiritual intercourse. If, as I have seen the various religious denominations, they are actuated by a desire for pre-eminence, tolerate among themselves strife and contention, envy each other's position, and practice in their united capacity what would be condemned in an individual, it certainly follows that the quality of their religious faith (or rather want of faith) is evil; because, if we are to know them by their fruits—those fruits being evil—the tree that bears them must be evil also. Should you enter an orchard for the purpose of selecting a peach-tree, you would scarcely think you had discovered it, in one bearing crab-apples; nor would you be likely to recognize their identity, although the owner's eloquence might be exhausted in that direction?

In the same way, thus, the great expounder of God's arcana desired that the rules he gave you should determine the quality of man's religious professions.

You will perceive that I at present fully concur in the great truths of the Bible, when rightly understood; for indeed, the germ of all truth is contained in that book, though so choked by weeds of error, and misrepresented by the practice and teachings of its professed advocates, as to become in many cases disgusting to common sense.

As I never was a theologian, I close with a few remarks. That religion is most like God, and of course the best, which contains the greatest amount of God in it. "He that hath not the Spirit of Christ," (saith the Bible,) "is none of his." A religion which produces no

practical effects on the lives of its votaries, is a dead religion, and of course worse than useless—being calculated to deceive in a relation where deception is dangerous.

That course of teaching which leads to purity, benevolence, meekness, humility and heaven, in time, cannot produce impurity, malice, arrogance, and hell in eternity.

God's immutable laws must first be changed before a life of benevolence and mercy on earth can result in the production of misery in the Spirit-land.

ROBERT HARE.

LANCASTER, Penn., Feb. 22, 1860.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

CURE FOR THROAT DISEASES

66 CHURCH ST., Boston, Jan. 10, 1880.

PERHAPS some reader of the VOICE OF ANGELS may desire brief instructions for the treatment of acute disorders of the throat. Whenever a person, young or old, is attacked with the well-known symptoms of croup, ulcerated sore throat, or diphtheria, place the teakettle upon the stove in order to fill the room with steam. Rub the throat thoroughly with a flannel wet in hot vinegar. Repeat this rubbing frequently. Send to the nearest druggist for two ounces of Labarraque's solution of chlorinated soda. Give from 5 to 30 drops (according to age) in milk, every hour till relieved.

A little of the syrup of ipecac is often beneficial. Support the strength by plenty of milk, beef-tea, and wine-whey, as much as the patient can take.

Desperate cases often recover under this treatment. Give the nourishment in small quantities, at short intervals.

In mild cases of croup, much good results from teaspoonful doses of a mixture containing equal parts of syrup of tolu and syrup of ipecac. The taste is very pleasant, and children take it without difficulty. It may be repeated in 15 minutes, if the first dose does not afford relief.

A. B. WEYMOUTH.

FOSTER the beautiful, and every hour thou callest new flowers to birth.—Schiller.

WHOOPIING COUGH.—A cure for whooping cough—a teaspoonful of castor oil to a teaspoonful of molasses. Give a teaspoonful of the mixture whenever the cough is troublesome. It will afford relief at once, and in a few days it will effect a cure. The same medicine relieves the croup, however violent the attack.

ONE of the simplest and best preventatives of the decay of teeth, and the accumulation of tartar on them, is a gargle of salt dissolved in water, after each meal. The brine should be quite strong, and can be kept in a bottle. It is also one of the best remedies for a sore throat when used as a gargle.

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.

[Selected by M. J. K.]

INCOMPETENT FATHERS.

THE trite proverb runs: "A fool for luck, and a poor man for children." While the first part is untrue—what is called luck rarely comes to fools—the latter part is very frequently borne out by observation. It would nearly seem, indeed, to be a law of nature that offspring is most freely given to those who are least capable of providing for them. But really there is no law about it; it is only a seeming. The lack of intelligence, foresight, industry, and judgment which makes men poor and keeps them so, is apt to render them reckless in regard to the number of their children. More prudent and thrifty men are generally better off, but their very prudence and thrift prevent them from assuming responsibilities which they cannot discharge, and they rightly account children as such.

But the kind of men who are continually suffering from penury, to whom penury appears to be a congenital condition, rarely have any clear idea of responsibility. They let things drift; they drift themselves, they have a weakly amiable way of feeling that they will rub along somehow, without thinking or caring exactly how. They do not understand that paternity involves obligation; that they owe to their offspring support and education at least, and whatever else they can give. They seem to have the spirit, as well as the fortune of paupers.

They expect not only to be taken care of themselves, but to have their children taken care of. Their expectation may not so shape itself, but it practically amounts to that, since they increase their family from time to time in face of the palpable fact that they have never begun to discharge their duty to those already dependent on them.

It is natural, they may say, to have children, but it is unnatural to bring them into the world without the means of maintenance, especially after the fathers have learned, or should have learned, their incapacity, from whatever cause, to furnish such means.

Children are not inevitable, as many people

seem to think, nor is it always a duty to have them, particularly under very unfavorable circumstances, such as pinching poverty necessarily begets. Marriage is not license; it should be the reverse. It should teach prudence, and inculcate self-denial. Any man, young, inexperienced, unacquainted with himself, may be excused for taking a wife, or having one or two children. But he should not be excused, nor is he excusable, if, after finding his inability to get on, to provide for such a family as he has, he continues to increase it, heedless of it and of himself. He may flatter himself with the thought that he has been unlucky—incompetents always take refuge in ill-luck—that he will do better after a while, that he has not yet discovered his opportunity, and the like. But in the great majority of cases this is self-delusion, which should soon become patent.

Any man old enough and tested enough to be a husband and a father, should have sufficient self-understanding to know whether he has any business faculty, whether he is likely to succeed in any ordinary undertaking; whether, in short, he can make both ends meet. If he has not demonstrated it at or before 30, he may conclude, with ample probability of correctness, that he will not possess it at 40 or 50. But there are plenty of men, here and every where else, who have shown most clearly that they cannot cope with the world, that they are disqualified for the struggle of life, and yet who are too sensual and too selfish to refrain from having all the children that it is possible for them to have.

They may pretend that they are of too fine a mold, too severely intellectual, too full of high concerns and aspirations, for sordid money getting. This is usually mere cant and fustian; but granting it to be true, it tells powerfully against them. If they cannot make money enough to provide for their children, comfortably, they have no right to have children, who never have been and never can be supported by pretence of paternal superiority, by rant and talk of aspiration. Fatherhood is neither a necessity nor a virtue, but a privilege to which they alone are entitled who are prepared to sustain it at least with decency and independence. There are thousands, many of them lofty in assumption, who are not fitted for, and never should have been, fathers; who wrong their offspring and the community, who commit a politico-economical sin by increasing population without contributing their quota to its sustenance.

These are likely to be of the class whose members claim that the world owes them a living, (they seem to be unconscious that they have never lent anything to the world,) and owes, besides, their children a living. Instead of being ashamed of their improvidence or incompetency, they actually make, if not a merit, an excuse of it for many meannesses, and not a little mendicancy. When they wish to borrow—their borrowings are to lenders usually permanent loans—they often say that they would not ask it but for their children. If somebody should reply, "What business have you, being in good health, to have children unless you can take care of them?" they would probably con-

sider it brutal. But it would be rational. Are not children rather luxuries than necessities? Has any man a right to children whom, except in case of actual misfortune, he does not support? Does not his failure deprive him in some sort of his right? Should not every man be obliged to take care of his children on pain of confiscation?—*Editorial in New York Times.*

[Selected by A. D. F. R.]

WHAT DOES IT MATTER?

It matters little where I was born,
Or if my parents were rich or poor;
Whether they shrank at the cold world's scorn,
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure;
But whether I live an honest man,
And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,
I tell you, brother, plain as I can,
It matters much.

It matters little how long I stay
In a world of sorrow, sin and care;
Whether in youth I'm called away,
Or live till my bones and pate are bare;
But whether I do the best I can
To soften the weight of adversity's touch
On the faded cheek of my fellow-man,
It matters much.

It matters little where be my grave,
Or on the land or on the sea;
By purling brook or 'neath stormy wave,
It matters little or naught to me;
But whether the angel death comes down,
And marks my brow with his loving touch,
As one that shall wear the victor's crown,
It matters much.

THE following, which we clip from the *R. P. Journal*, is so substantially true in the life-experience of many struggling with disappointments on every hand to keep soul and body together, and as it shows most conclusively that all difficulties of every name and nature may be overcome by a well-directed intelligent will-power, and with a hope that its perusal may convince some parents that "breaking the will" kills the child for usefulness, we could not resist the temptation, (although at the expense of other matter,) to print it entire.

Pub. Voice of Angels.

CULTURE OF THE WILL.

THE will power as a cure of bodily ills has been assigned a prominent place by A. J. Davis, and many have been disposed to carp at the great influence he has given it. He would have us will disease away, and those who are suffering, attempting this and miserably failing, at once conclude that the method is false. Had Mr. Davis said that the true office of the will had been so misunderstood and so little had it received of proper culture that it was weak, and his statement referred to its possibilities when properly balanced with the other mental faculties, his position could not have been gainsaid. As it is, the will in the child is thought to be a decidedly bad thing, and parents set about "breaking the will" so as to make the child obedient and yielding, while every effort should be made in exactly the opposite direction, that a strong and vigorous will, directed properly, may be developed. No wonder that those who have been reared in the belief that the will is the seat of "moral depravity," and to be broken with severity, find it powerless. A vicious

system of theological training through many generations, has made it a weakling.

The child whose will is "broke," has no character, and becomes the tool of the strongest willed. Parents are responsible for a terrible crime when they adopt such a course of training. Nothing but ignorance of the result can in the least excuse them. Of the countless pliant men and women, modified by this system begun at home and continued at school, where are they? Of the few rebellious children, who have been "black sheep" in the family, and defiant of discipline, where are they? You will find the latter lead in the avocations they have chosen, the pulpit, the bar, the press, or the arts and sciences, while the former form the indistinguishable mass following after. Not that being "black sheep" or "rebellious" is praiseworthy, but better to rebel against an unjust system than to yield, when yielding is destruction.

By strong will is not meant violent passion or unrestrained energy of feelings or emotions, but persistency of purpose, a measure of one's capacity, and going straight forward to an object. This is the result of the harmonious culture of all the faculties of the mind and functions of the body.

Parents should regard the plans and purposes of their children with the greatest tenderness, and whenever these are proper they should encourage them in carrying them out to completion. To illustrate: When the little six-year old boy rudely attempts to make a kite and fails, do not tell him he cannot make one and ought to know he could not, and so make him feel his inferiority, but say to him, "Of course you will fail at first, for it is difficult to balance a kite; all you want is to be told how, and you can make one that will fly the length of your string." Then explain the principles on which it is made, help him put it together, and give him the proud consciousness of success in flying it at last. The child may have plans which to an adult are of little interest, yet to it are of vital interest. If such plans can be carried out without decided detriment, it should not only be allowed to do so, but if need be, assisted. A case in point comes to my mind of a little eight-year old girl, desiring to accompany her father to the village. This was somewhat inconvenient, and he at first refused, saying there was no object for her to go. She began to cry, and then by questions it was drawn out, that she *had* an object. She wanted to buy ten cents worth of transfer pictures. You may say that was nothing. To her it was a whole world! She had collected the money and patiently waited for days the time when she could go and buy the dear objects, which she wanted to select herself. Her father understood, happily, the wants of his child. He was not so far removed from childhood that he could not remember, and at once placed her in the carriage, and went with her after the little pictures. When she came home and vainly attempted to transfer them to her album, he told her exactly how it must be done, and watched over her until she perfectly succeeded.

Thus in the very beginning, the will should be trained, and the child made to feel that there

need be no such thing as failure—that everything is possible. Thus trained, the will becomes all that Mr. Davis claims for it. It is the sovereign of the body as well as the mind.

Facts fully sustain the statement made in "The Ethics of Spiritualism" in relation to the power of the will; "not only can it gain mastery over the body, defying the pangs of hunger, and the fever of thirst, and the keenest arrows of pain, it treads the desires beneath its feet, and shows how much stronger is the spirit than the body. When such control is gained and directed by the knowledge which will be its accompaniment, the body will no longer be a fetter to the spirit. It will be built up beautiful and perfect, and the most poisonous substances—the venomous fang and sting, the malarious atmosphere, the changes of temperature, and all forms of disease will be harmless against the strongest force in nature, the human will."

It is well known that in sickness a determination to get well, is of more avail than medicines. If the will yields, the case is well nigh hopeless.—Hudson Tuttle.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

PLACES I HAVE SEEN.

NUMBER ONE.

BY SPIRIT VIOLET.

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

I THINK I would like to speak to you of scenes and places I have witnessed in the Spiritual Spheres, and convey to you as best I can through mortality an idea of life in different places outside of materiality.

I have said that it is a Summer-land where I dwell; that soft breezes blow and fragrant flowers bloom perpetually in the sphere of the Spirit-world, the centre of which is Zencollia, City of Light; that we have no need of wintry blasts and storms, and that when moisture is needed to refresh and invigorate the soil and its productions, it comes in the form of sweetly falling dew, or in clouds of glistening mist, that settle upon the trees and flowers in tiny globes of rain.

But I have visited spheres, which to my vision presented no such scenes of luxuriant growth and summer-like splendor, devoid of its heat and dust; spheres where all appeared cold, desolate and barren; where a chilling wind fluttered the few scant leaves on the stunted bushes, and where no flowers bloomed in fragrance and beauty; where the habitations presented an appearance of poverty and neglect, and where the inhabitants were clad in patched or tattered raiment, looking forlorn and dreary enough. And although all this was subjective only, typical of the mental and moral condition of those who lingered there, yet it brought sadness and pain to my heart, for I knew it to be a spiritual reality.

There no flowers could bloom, for the soil is devoid of those elements necessary to the life of the higher forms of vegetation. Here and there, a few bushes seemed striving for existence, but no one appeared to care for them, and neglected to train or nurture them.

The heavens were overcast by a seeming cloud, which, however, was formed by the dark emanations proceeding from and surrounding the forms of those who dwelt here, wrapped up in their own thoughts of self interest; and it was easy to discern who and what they were—individuals, who, when on earth, developed their most selfish propensities; possessing wealth, yet sought greedily for more; pressing down to the dust the poor laborer, who toiled early and late for the mere pittance they were pleased to bestow—misers, who hoarded their gold and would not part with it—individuals who had been haughty, vain and selfish, unmindful of every one but themselves; hence, fostering the weeds of sensuality, and neglecting the flowers of spirituality. When they arrived in another life, they found themselves devoid of beauty, poor in spirit; and having neglected to build a heavenly home, they are obliged to remain here for a time, surrounded by all that is typical of their wasted lives, their barren spirits, until they grow to loathe the present mode of living, and feel to repent and to seek for better things.

Here the discontented abide for a while, and they speedily learn to regret their past dissatisfaction, and to long for the conditions and surroundings once so distasteful to them.

There are no children in this place; for little ones, passing out under conditions of poverty, want and crime, are taken and cared for by bright teacher-souls, and they never develop the unseemly traits that have blackened the Spiritual life and repressed the inner powers of the souls who are dwellers here.

One cheering thought in connection with this sad state of human beings, however, is the conviction that these Spirits will not long continue to grovel in this sphere, but, through the opportunities here given for reflection, and the deprivation of wealth, homage, beautiful surroundings, indulgent friends and adulation, they speedily awaken to a realization of the follies of the past, and feel a desire to retrieve that past by becoming better; and they look around to see if they cannot find some one more in need than themselves, whom they may assist. This causes the darkness around them to gradually disappear, and at last they emerge out into a brighter, purer, more beautiful condition.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

AN INSPIRATIONAL MESSAGE.

THROUGH MRS. C. BAILEY, AT GOLDEN CIRCLE,
LOTTSVILLE, PENN.

"Sound the alarm, beat the drum; freedom's battle has begun;" and the hosts of heaven are marshalling to complete the emancipation of the human race from all kinds of serfdom, from everything that belittles and degrades human thought and endeavor.

The world moves, and if the examples of outrage and cruelty perpetrated in the past, according to the past history of the world, be true, the future bids fair to outdo the darkness of her evil deeds by her noble generosity and magnanimity of sentiment and ideas.

Religious opinions have undergone a change; we have the old dispensation and the new; both are in practice by the present generation; but the advocates of the old system are quite a different class from the advocates of reform. Progressive and non-progressive ideas are bro't fairly and squarely against each other, and thus the spirit of the age is the propelling power that is guiding mankind on to sure and certain victory. Unconsciously to our human perceptions, the heavens have opened, and the angels of love and peace sit brooding over the calamities of the world. The air of the upper heavens has ceased to attract them further, until they have done what they can to regenerate the earth, and make it productive of greater good, of greater happiness to human souls; and so voices are heard speaking out of the clouds, telling mankind to beware of falsity and cunning, of false gods, and to base their principles upon the rock of fidelity and truth, and not trust to the idle sophisms of the world to build them up in spiritual greatness.

The seed of eternal growth is in all, but how to cultivate its growth is a question handed down through the ages. Immortality is the greatest fact that can be made known to mankind; it is the fact of all facts, the idea upon which everything else is builded. This principle once known and recognized, will lead mankind to inquire of a future state of existence, and to profit by the advantages derived from such holy and sacred communion as exists between the so-called dead and those who inhabit the mortal form. They are not dead to any of life's great purposes and plans, but they see with a clearer and less obstructed vision; hence their desire to benefit the world of humanity, to be of use and to be instrumental in removing the dark stain of slavery and oppression that now rests as a stigma upon all nation-

alities and peoples. Mankind must be freed from tyranny of any and every form, and must ultimately be governed by the growth of principles within the soul, and the universality of all laws must be recognized as a grand deific principle emanating from the Divine Life, which is in all and above all.

CORROBORATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE

NORTHAMPTON, Mass., Jan. 8, 1880.

DEAR EDITOR VOICE OF ANGELS:—In a recent issue of your beautiful little paper is a communication from Adin French, through the mediumship of Dr. W. L. Jack. It is true to the letter. He was an uncle of mine, and passed on as he describes.

Abbie was a sister of mine, and passed on to Spirit-life many years ago.

Many thanks for your kindness in publishing the message, for it has done us all so much good.

Dr. Jack was the first to lead me and mine out of darkness to the perfect day. May the blessings of God and the Angel-world ever be with him and thee!

Dr. Jack has been to me a brother, when all around was dark, and is indeed to me far more than I could express. He has in Western Massachusetts, as well as wherever else he is known, many very dear friends.

When our circumstances permit, you will have a remittance from us for your paper. I think it a perfect gem. May its voice never be less.

Very respectfully,

D. W. FRENCH.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

A SPIRIT MESSAGE.

How sweet it is to linger amid scenes that once we loved; to hear sweet echoes whose music once thrilled us with supreme delight; after the lapse of years to revisit the dear familiar places that we loved in childhood; to listen again to the birds of the wild-wood. What an irresistible charm pervades everything. The very flowers seem to greet you with their bright faces. The birds warble as sweetly and naturally as in years ago. I hear the chime of music, sweeter and softer than Sabbath bells at eventide. It is the hum of the spinning-wheel—home-like music! It is the voice of my mother, trilling the cradle-song; that voice I loved so well, that soothed my pain and made me forgetful of every sorrow.

Wayward child that I was, I intended to be gentle and good, but my abstraction was considered sullenness, and my poetic dreaming as idiosyncrasies. Thus misunderstood and misinterpreted, my sensitive nature shrank from contact with the outer world, and sought its affinity in what it most adored—the worship of Nature, green glades and flowery banks. I loved the flowers; I loved the birds, the hills and dales, the mossy vales. My inspiration was to love; my aspiration to live for a

purpose; to gratify not the selfish whims of life, but to live the passionate yearning of the purer sense of the holier emotions. I could not be restrained; I could not be disciplined to method or to system.

I loved to ramble in some sweet spot, unheeded and unknown,
Where I could think and meditate alone;
In the first dawn or in the soft twilight,
The gleam of day that veiled the sombre night,
The rapture of the hour I may not see,
The magic hour of love's mystery;
The raptured moment that was wholly mine,
The tender pathos that I now divine;—
Oh, hush ye not as stars unto the night!
Oh, make my spirit just as free and light!
Oh, make me joyous while the truth I glean,
That I may know it is not all a dream!

Now, dear friends, I bid you adieu. May the perfect peace that is mine pervade your bosoms, and may the charm of the new life that I now realize so impress me, as to shed a ray of sunshine into your souls, that I may be received as a welcome guest to your hearths and homes.

As ever, yours in Spirit,

FANNY FORRESTER.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE REVIEWER.

STORY'S SUBSTANTIALISM.

FRIEND DENSMORE:—The above named book, which is among the latest placed upon the shelves of Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, Mass., and which you designate as "remarkable," presents certain assumptions that are truly entitled to especial remark. From the well-established fact that the advent of the animal series must have been in the order of increasing complexity in their modes of moving, the author assumes that this progress, which necessitated a like progress in the motive tendencies of the elements, the compounds, and the complex forms upon whose essences they subsisted, was *per se* the progress of the terrestrial organism within whose successively developed strata they were commensurably gestated.

In tracing this order of development, the author clearly illustrates the assumption that the evolution of every organism necessarily involves the repetition of its successive stages or strata of outgrowth within itself, as its successive organs, its successively needed vito-mechanical instruments.

For example, the author assumes that during the carboniferous era, the elements predominant on the earth's surface were carbon and oxygen; its immediate atmosphere being predominantly carbonic acid gas; and that its priorly developed animal forms became extinct from inability to breathe this gas.

On the same principle, the author assumes that when this stage or stratum of our world was inaugurated, the aqueous

stratum became gradually interposed between the earth's solid stratum and its atmosphere of carbonic acid gas; the animals priorly breathing it becoming gradually extinct from inability to breathe the aqueo-vaporous atmosphere of their successors; and that when this stratum was inaugurated, the stratum of aerial compounds became gradually interposed between the earth's surface water and its atmosphere of meteoric water.

Regarding the aerial stratum as intermediate between the two denser strata and their atmospheric counterparts, the author illustrates this growth of our world or strata of subsistence by showing conclusively that the bronchio-sanguiferous system of circulation in air-breathing animals is actually interposed between the more inner and more outer departments of the alimentive and lymphatic systems inherited from their past and prior past ancestors. Thence regarding the cranial system of man's organism as the representative of our world's highest stratum or super-meteoric system, in the sense that there are no lymphatics in the human brain, the author assumes that human reason is our world's most complex fruitage, but least matured; and that the prior development of these lower strata of animal forms, and their inter-repetition as traits in succeeding higher forms, and their long reign as the animal appetites and passions in humans during the immaturity of the reasoning faculties, are inevitable consequences of our world's immaturity and its necessary progression into higher and more mature conditions.

Now, as a reviewer, we take the liberty of regarding these theories and those presented by Darwin as identical in principle. That is, as I understand Darwinism. Although not so clearly presented, he illustrates the gradual progress of the terrestrial strata in illustrating the gradual development of their interforms.

In our next article, we purpose to continue our review of this principle of repetition, which we have come to regard as an endless continuity of complexity in modes of motion.

AN INVESTIGATOR.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THAT Christian charity, with every individual, consists in his performing faithfully the duties of his calling; for thus, if he shuns evil as sins, he daily does what is good, and is himself his own particular use in the common body; thus also the common good is provided for and that of each individual in particular. The other works are not properly works of charity, but are either its signs, or benefits, or debts.

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE LOVER'S TOKEN.

BY HANAH K. PALMER MACKLEY.

[CONCLUDED.]

THEN the Spirit smiling brightly,
With the old time tender smiling
O'er his radiant features beaming,
Softly answered: "Daily, nightly,
Oh, beloved, am I near you,
As of old to soothe and cheer you.
Cease your weeping;
Life's fond ties are sundered never,
And your loved and lost are neither
Dead nor sleeping.

"Not in far-off fields elysian
Do they wander all unhooding
In their joy, the fond hearts bleeding,
But unseen by mortal vision,
Oft they come with fond caressing,
On your bowed hearts breathing blessing—
Life's evangel;
And you call them, half believing
What you say—but half believing
Guardian angels.

"Thus we find our joy, in breathing
Blessings on the heavy-hearted,
Soothing those in sorrow parted;
Flowers of fadeless beauty wreathing—
Blooms in mortal—
For their Spirit-brows who wander,
On the earth-land sally wander,
Ere the portal
Of the gateway death uncloses;
Ere the bloom of snow-white roses
Greet them from the land immortal.

"So, beloved, when the shadows
That my coming here has lifted,
That the light of love has rifted,
Round your mortal vision darken;
When you waken,
On your breast observe the token;
Be your faith in what I've spoken
Then unshaken."

As he spoke, from rose-tree bending
O'er her couch of ferns and mosses
Dropped the brightest of its roses,
Lightly through the gloom descending,
And her vision
Quick to mortal seeing started,
Drifting like a boat now parted
From the shores of love's elysian.

From delicious rest upspringing—
Breaking from the chains that bound her,
Wonderingly she gazed around her;
Listed to the wild birds singing,
Chirping dreamily and sweet,
In the linden branches swinging;
Heard the river's silver flowing,
Saw—oh, joy! the red rose blowing
'Mid the mosses at her feet.

Like some rare and long-sought treasure,
To her heart she pressed the blossom,
Clasped it to her heaving bosom,
Heart and soul aglow with pleasure;
And the maiden
Homeward turned, no longer weary,
In the tender twilight gloaming,
Through the grand old forest roaming,
Rapture laden.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

INSPIRATIONAL POEM.

THROUGH MRS. SUSAN GOODHUE WAGNER.

Oh, wail that ye could gao wi' me,
Bonnie Larkie, O loch lowrie;
Frae twain we are thugither.
The hill-locks that we used to climb,
The meimory o' the olden time,
Do make me lo'e thee ever.

Fain I wad that ye could coime to me,
To see how lovin' I could be,
E'en to the softer wooin';
That I might trust me een to thine,
And read their poetry divine,
Or know o' my undoin'.

Oh, that hearts frae weal or woe
Could keep the world they treasure so,
Wi' every throb unbroken!
The dullest sounds are oft heard—
The rapture that the bosom stirred
O' sweetest words unspoken.

Oh, lassie o' the highland green,
Ye canna tell the lo'e I woen
O' joy an' awent and tender;
Ye canna still the throbbin' breast,
Or gie the weary spirit rest,
To lo'e and to remember.

We'll weave the garlands o' to-day,
And lay the withered ones awa'—
As faithless vows and broken—
Wi' every throb to be ane—
Whatever good or ill may come—
True lo'e to be the token.

[This claimed to be the control of Robert Burns. I am not Scotch, and therefore you can make the best of it.—a. n. w.]

[For the Voice of Angels.]

TRUST IN GOD.

BY MRS. J. A. CAMPBELL.

WHEN all things else shall fade and die,
Oh, let me feel that Thou art nigh;
Thy love can cheer my aching heart—
Therefore from Thee I'll never part.
Oh, give me hope and strength each day
To bear my lot as best I may,
That when my work on earth is done
I may rejoice in victory won.

Oft when I hear of others' woes,
My heart is pained—my soul outgoes
To lift them up, to help them bear
Their trials here; I'll point them there
To that bright world of light and love,
Where those they've lost they'll find above,
And with them share a home in heaven
That angels have prepared and given.

God lets his creatures suffer here
Ofttimes to teach them His great care:
If we but put our trust in Him,
He'll guide us through this world of ain;
And when our race on earth is done,
He'll take us to our heavenly home,
And give us rest from all our care,
With all the dear ones "Over There."

CLEVELAND, Ohio.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

FAITH.

Oh, Faith, thou art the jewel
That the soul of man doth find,
Thou art faithful in thy mission,
Thou art ever, ever kind.

Thou dost many a weary soldier,
Many a weary man set free—
Thou art ever of God's kingdom
And of Life's infinity.

Of the wisdom and the glory
Of thy works, O Lord, we see;
Of the blessed future union—
First of virtues of the three.

Truly, then, we hail thy presence—
What were life without you here?—
Trusting, faithful, precious, noble
Faith—oh, Faith, we cling to thee!

Faith, Hope and Love are bound together in one chaplet,
and with them we continue to work on for good.—J. M. H.

WAUKESHA, Mich.

THE true hero is the great wise man of duty—he whose soul is armed by truth and supported by the smile of God; he who meets life's perils with a cautious but tranquil spirit; gathers strength by facing its storms, and dies, if he is called to die, as a Christian victor at the post of duty. And if we must have heroes and wars wherein to make them, there is no so brilliant war as a war with wrong, and no hero so fit to be sung as he who has gained the bloodless victory of truth and mercy.—H. Bushnell.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

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EDITORIAL

THE following is an extract from a long letter we received a few weeks since from a lady of deep thought, an earnest believer in, and, as she says, "a strict follower of teachings coming from the Higher Life." We had received several letters from the same lady, before this came to hand, but, as they contained some severe criticisms upon others equally candid, but differing from her in sentiment, and were, withal, somewhat personal—which we are not permitted to indulge in—they were laid aside; but as the last one is more lenient and charitable than any of its predecessors, we think best—partly out of deference to our fair friend, and partly with a hope of benefitting her, and may be others—to devote a short space to its consideration. Here is the extract referred to: "How is it, friend Densmore, there is so much wrangling and inharmony, and so little charity, among those claiming to be exceptional advocates of the Spiritual Philosophy, and especially among public Mediums? the latter, with hardly an exception, manifesting a spirit of envious jealousy towards each other, using all their influence to either discredit the medial powers of their coadjutors, or darken their names with blighting insinuations as to their honesty? How is it, I repeat, that people professing so much love, charity, and toleration for mankind as they do, can so stultify and belittle themselves as to be constantly picking flaws in the sayings and doings of those of like belief with themselves, to that extent that the cause they represent has become a laughing-stock to outsiders, and a blot on the fair name and fame of Spiritualism? And when one thinks he has found a weak spot in some brother or sister, to show their great love and charity (?) towards the unlucky wight, hold him up between the thumb and finger, as they would a piece of fetid meat, and lustily proclaim to a gossiping crowd—with the poor culprit dangling in mid air—'Look at this putrid specimen of humanity, and judge for yourselves of its rottenness.'

"Now, supposing these over-zealous people are faultless themselves, and what they say about others is strictly true, if they really wanted to redeem the offenders from their evil ways, would it not be more

in harmony with their professions to hide their faults and misdeeds under the broad, capacious mantle of charity, and by precept and example, teach them a better way, instead of holding them up to public scorn? Wouldn't such a course be more likely to draw out the finer sentiments of their uncultivated natures, which might cause them to halt in their reckless career long enough to take a second sober thought as to the course they are pursuing—always supposing the charges are based on truth—than by rousing into activity all the worst elements and vindictive passions of their excitable natures, by denouncing them as a set of sinful vagabonds, unfit to dwell among decent people, which such a course is sure to do? It certainly seems so to me.

"Now, Mr. Editor, if you, or any one else can reconcile these gross inconsistencies as being in accord with a Divine, or any other law, except that of self-conceit and dogmatic assumption—to which everybody outside of their own precious circle must yield quiet obeisance or be counted in the category of frauds and cheats—I would be made most happy to see it."

RESPONSE.

Dear friend H., although we agree with you in the main, yet, with all due deference to your sensitive nature and extreme anxiety to promote and foster all the good in Spiritualism, and weed out the fraud mixed up with it, nevertheless in responding to your remarks and severe criticisms upon the sayings and doings of those who fail to see things as you do, we are compelled to say, that, taking into account the exceptional privileges you have enjoyed over most mortals in acquiring a Spiritual education, they are entirely out of place, and quite as much uncalled for as were the intolerant, uncharitable remarks of those you denounce in such unqualified terms.

To illustrate, we cite your own argument as proof. You ask—when speaking of a better way for reclaiming the erring, than by denouncing them—"Wouldn't it be more in harmony with their professions to hide the faults of the erring under the broad and capacious mantle of charity, and by precept and example teach them a better way?" This has the right ring, as a rule; but we will suppose—to illustrate the point aimed at—that those you take exceptions to, are *really* as intolerant and uncharitable as your language implies—where, we ask, is *your* charity for them? In other words, if they are as bad as you say they are, have they no claims upon your kind indulgence and compassion?

If they have not, then of what mortal use is charity, or what good is Spiritualism in redeeming mankind from error?—when every one of its teachings is *en rapport* and in sympathy with the Golden Rule, namely, feed the hungry, assist the weak, be humane and lenient to the erring, and above all, and over all, "Love thy neighbor as thyself, and do unto him as ye would he should do unto you."

Now, it seems to us that these sentiments ought to be not only applicable to those you are criticising, but to yourself as well. It may be that the people—whoever they are—you so unsparingly denounce, are laboring under a mistaken idea; but did it never occur to our over-anxious sister that she, too, might be working under a similar delusion? Although loth to do so, yet after carefully comparing the pretensions of the critic with the sayings and doings of the criticized, we are compelled to admit that, so far as charity is concerned, we cannot find the line of demarcation between them, as both seem equally honest and earnest in promulgating what they consider the laws and principles underlying the philosophy of life.

We do not wish to lay down rules for others to run by, yet, as an individual Spirit, it occurs to us that, if both the critic and criticized possessed in fact, what they claim in words, namely, "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," as revealed by the spirit of Spiritualism, they would be less inclined to use opprobrious epithets or damaging suspicions of dishonesty towards those differing from them; and on the contrary, would willingly allow pure "charity"—the greatest of the Christian virtues—to have its full and perfect work."

In the last paragraph of her article she says: "If you can reconcile these gross inconsistencies as being in harmony with a Divine, or any other law, except that of self-conceit and dogmatic assumption, I would be made most happy to see it."

In response to this, we will say, that if time and space permitted, nothing would be easier to prove than that all acts of every name or nature, in all forms and grades of animal life, from the tiniest insect up to man, are in complete accord and harmony, not only with natural, but a Divine law. But as we have neither time nor space, we will merely say in passing, that as harmony is an outgrowth of inharmony, and all high conditions are outgrowths of lower ones, and are dependent upon them for their existence, so all the jarrings, bickerings, and wranglings among

mankind today are just as necessary to develop and unfold higher Spiritual conditions as were the conflicting elements of nature, in constant agitation for countless ages, necessary to bring the earth and its surrounding elements into a condition whereby it became possible for animal life to exist upon its surface. Progression or unfolding means if anything to grow out of, or unfold, or progress from a low to a higher condition; hence, if there were none of the former, there could be none of the latter, and consequently there could be no growth or progression, for the simple reason there would be nothing to progress from.

To make our argument still stronger, we will state—what everybody knows—namely, it is only by comparing one thing with another that we can see the difference existing between them; so if there were none of these objectionable conditions, no illiterate, wicked people in the world, how would one ever know whether he was good or bad? If all edifices were built exactly of one size, how would people know whether they were large or small? So also if all mankind were just alike, with none to compare themselves to, no one could tell whether he was good, bad or indifferent. If the above reasoning is conceded correct—and we don't see how it can be questioned—then these low ones are the *real fathers and mothers* of all higher conditions, and instead of denouncing them as unnecessary adjuncts in the body politic, they ought to elicit a share at least of our charitable consideration. Then, again, if they are really and substantially the foundation out of which all high conditions owe their existence, then they are the most important factors—in fact, the *only* factors—by which and through which the great and mighty problem of immortality can be solved.

As to our friend's statement that "Spiritualism has been and is now suffering loss by its enemies—ignorance and superstition—and will ultimately be trampled under-foot, unless its friends rally to its support," it has, as we see things, not the least foundation in fact. The idea that a movement gotten up and engineered by God Almighty, assisted by countless millions of the highest unfolded Spirits that roam o'er the ethereal atmosphere of the Great I Am, can be trodden under-foot, and finally demolished by the very ones it came to save, is so supremely absurd and ridiculous, that it does not merit a moment's serious consideration of any thinking, sane mind. If all the dark and ignorant Spirits that roam through the arid, bleak

realms of pandemonium, combined, working in unison and harmony with their earthly confreres, could retard the mighty car of progress one iota in its onward march, then it is not worth the having, much less fighting and wrangling about.

Hoping the above will do no harm, if it does no good, and that our friend will accept our excuse for not responding sooner, we bid her God speed in every good word and work.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

WHY SOME GOOD MEDIUMS FAIL IN GIVING SATISFACTION TO ONE INVESTIGATOR, AND FIND NO DIFFICULTY IN SATISFYING ANOTHER.

SOME time since, we received a long letter from a subscriber, giving in detail his experiences in the Spiritual phenomena, which he thinks—and so do we—that, as it answers the question heading this article most conclusively, it will not be uninteresting to the general reader; more especially to those who may have failed to obtain favorable results from some Medium, and condemn him at once as a fraud and cheat, it will be particularly interesting, and may prove of some practical service to investigators generally. And as it is written in a clear and lucid manner, we think it best to copy it verbatim. Here follows his experience:

It was about three years after modern Spiritualism made its *debut* upon the ever-changing scenes of life, in the rudimental world, that I found out for the first time that I was a Medium for various phases of Spirit phenomena, the most important of which, as I thought, was mechanical writing; and in which I subsequently became quite proficient. Leaving out many interesting details as to how I was used by the invisibles in the incipient stages of my mediumship, suffice it to say, I got a great many tests as to its reality in the privacy of my own house, sufficient to satisfy any one with a spark of reason or common sense, of the reality of my mediumship. And although I had no doubts of its genuineness, yet I wanted its truthfulness and practicability tested through others. Up to this time—some three years of my mediumship—I had never consulted, or even seen a single professional Medium; but I determined to do so at the earliest opportunity.

Having occasion to visit the metropolis of New England often upon business matters, and having plenty of time at my command, I took advantage of the opportunity in one of my visits to consult many Mediums, some of whom I visited several times; and although they had the reputa-

tion of being reliable, to my astonishment and great surprise, not one of the scores I consulted could give me a single test of the reality of Spirit-control, either through my own Medium powers or others claiming such powers. At last I got discouraged and disgusted with myself, for spending so much time and money upon a subject, the reality of which was to me doubtful.

Finally, one day, I found myself wandering listlessly through the streets, not knowing or caring where I brought up, regretting my stupidity, and cogitating upon the unreliability of mankind in general, and pretended Spirit-Mediums in particular. I chanced to look up, and saw on a door in Eliot street the name of the only Medium of any repute I had not visited, and whom everybody said, as they did about the others, was truthful and reliable. Involuntarily and without a thought of what I was about doing, I stepped to the door and rang the bell. Almost immediately the door opened, and, as I then and there ascertained, Mrs. Little, the Medium, stood before me. I feigned ignorance of all knowledge in Spiritual matters, telling her I desired to look into its claims, asking her at the same time if she could give me a seance. She replied, "This hour is engaged, but you can sit down, and if the party comes, you will have to wait." I sat down, subject to these conditions.

Wanting to get something, if possible, and knowing that passivity, with both Medium and sitter, was essential to best results, I kept myself in accord therewith. After waiting some thirty minutes, and no signs of anything whatever, I chanced to look up, and found the Medium very nervous. I asked the reason of her disturbed feelings, when she said, "I fear I have lost my mediumship altogether," and burst into tears. I tried to pacify her, but she seemed inconsolable at the turn things had taken; "For," said she, "I always get something, either raps, tipping the table, or writing; and here I have been sitting near an hour, and feel not the slightest influence."

Finding I could not change her mind, I desisted, and started to leave the room, when she requested me to call the next morning at any time I might specify; "For," she observed, "perhaps the cause of my failure came from your taking the hour set apart for another." I couldn't see it in that light, as the party hadn't put in an appearance. However, to please her, I promised to call the next morning at 9 A. M.

The time fixed upon found me at her door; Mrs. L. let me in, and before we got seated, she said, "By the time you were

fairly out of the house, Dr. Fisher—my control—came and explained how it was I couldn't be controlled. Here," she said, "is what he wrote about it," at the same time handing me a sheet of foolscap, one side of which was nearly covered with his explanation. He began as follows: "You," referring to the Medium, "are one of the brightest, glittering mediumistic stars that twinkles in the constellation of mediumship; but, as the rising sun by its great brilliancy puts out all the stars in the material firmament, so this man, by the brilliancy and wonderful magnetic powers constantly surrounding him—although unconscious of it himself—puts out all the stars and lesser lights in the mediumistic firmament. This holds good with all Mediums, that, just in proportion as their powers are greater or less than others, will be the result. If you should visit a Medium whose Medium powers are just equal to yours, a balance of power is produced, and you get nothing; but if yours are less than the Medium, he or she will have no difficulty in being controlled by your Spirit-friends. This you ought to have known years ago; because you know there is but one Medium in the city that can give you anything of a marked nature when in your presence, for the same reason you could not be controlled in the presence of that man."

This revelation was of marked significance to me at the time, and has served as a guide ever since, to judge correctly of the status of Mediums when I am present. If this was generally understood, there would be less cause for questioning the medial powers of Mediums, when they failed to give satisfactory results; and a desire that my experience may be of some service to the investigator, in his search for truths underlying the Spiritual Philosophy, must be my excuse for writing this lengthy article.

J. C. B.

MONTHLY REVIEW.

THE above interesting little paper changed from a quarterly to a monthly came too late for notice in the February 1st issue of VOICE OF ANGELS; hence we are obliged to defer the pleasing task until the next issue. Although the same size, yet its change from eight to four pages is a great improvement; and we hope our youthful and talented friend, its editor, will be enabled to continue making improvements until its size and general make-up will compare favorably with the best and more experienced enunciators of the Spiritual Philosophy. It is published at Spear's Corners, Milan, Ohio, by R. P. Willcox, its editor and proprietor. Price, one copy per year, 20 cents; less time in proportion; a price within the limits of all. Send for it, friends, and help sustain the hands of the youngest editor and publisher ever recorded in the annals of newspaperdom.

SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE,
JANUARY, 18TH, 1880.

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELLHAMER.

INVOCATION, BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

OH, Thou who art a God of Infinite Wisdom, and who enjoyest the adoration of thy intelligences throughout thy vast dominions! We would join this evening in offering to thee a fitting song of praise, as an expression of our gratitude and love. We would offer tonight praises for the blessings we enjoy, day by day and hour by hour, convincing us as they do of thy protecting care. Conscious of the ministrations of thy Spirit, who hast led us out of the darkness of doubt, and will lead us to thy home of glory, where with those gone before we will sing a nobler sweeter song of praise, we bless thee for this communion, this continual ovation by those who dwell beyond the stream of death.

Bless each soul in mortal! May they sing in harmony with those who come to greet them from the other side!

We bless Thee for those influences we receive, and for the promises of future revealments. May thy benediction rest upon this Medium! Oh, let the light through her penetrate the darkness, where human hearts weep in sadness for those who have gone before. Scatter the light before her, sustain the physical, and oh, direct her mind that she may lead in the way we should go.

JOSEPH BRADLEY.

I LIVED to a good old age. I have not much to say—not acquainted with this at all; and yet I am drawn back to send out a few words to my friends. I want to tell William that I am sound and strong over here; I hope he will always do right as far as he knows how. It will not be long before he too will come over to us. I have nearly all my friends with me. My wife sends her love, and Sarah sends hers also.

I am not interested in earthly things now; only I would like William to know about this before he dies.

My name is Joseph Bradley. I am a stranger here. I come from Cleveland, Ohio. John Morton comes with me, and hopes to be able some time to identify himself to his friends.

If the folks want to hear from Maggie, she would like them to go to a Medium, and let her come and talk to them.

WILLIAM MILLS.

I WISH to reach my sister Fannie, sir. She is in Buffalo, but I do not think she will stay there long. I want her to know

her. We will aid and bless her in the change she will soon make; we will be with her in her journeyings, and impress her where to go. We can guide her for her own good unconsciously to herself. She knows that much joy has been hers, that threatening clouds have passed away, and sunlight always come instead. I want her to know this is the work of her Spirit-friends, and to recognize a higher power than any earthly one, guiding her on and making her path straight.

I was in the prime of early manhood when I left the body. Fannie grieved and felt it very hard, but it was best. Tell her I am happier now; I do not wish to come back, but am content to go ever onward.

We all send our love.

WILLIAM MILLS.

GEORGE DAVIS.

My name is George Davis, sir. Excuse me for intruding. I am busy building a new home for those who are to come after me. But although I shall try to make my home substantial and beautiful, hospitable for those to enter in who will; and although its doors will be ever open to welcome my friends; yet, if they desire a separate home for themselves, I shall not be able to build it; for each one must rear his own. I want to get my word to George or Henry Davis of Boston.

I have been in the other life a long time; but I take an interest in what is going on round about the earth. All that is of interest to them—my friends—is the same to me. I look over George's writings sometimes, and I am glad to find him getting on in life. I am glad all are so well situated. I am not an old busy-body, but I am interested, that's all.

I am much obliged to you, sir. I thought I would step round and let the folks know I am active still.

MARY HURD.

THE Winter snows have come, mother,
The birds have hushed their song,
And chilling winds of night, mother,
Go trailing sadly on;
But o'er them all the sunbeams glow,
And Heaven's eternal blue
Reflects the splendor of the spheres,
So peaceful, calm and true.

The Winter soon will pass, mother,
And Spring will come again,
With all her blushing buds and flowers
And showers of silvery rain;
And birds will waken music sweet
Upon each leafy tree,
And human life will softly beat
With Nature's harmony.

So from thy mortal life, mother,
The wintry storm will glide,
And e'en your yearning heart, mother,
Shall then grow satisfied;
A perfect peace will bloom again
Amid the flowers of truth,
And you will gain 'mid heavenly climes

Three blossoms came tonight, mother,
To shed their rich perfume
Across the pathway of your life
And brighten up its gloom;
Three jewels shine for you, mother,
In mansions up above,
Where every soul is guarded well
By God's eternal love.

Mary to Luseba Hurd, Willoughby, Ohio.

JOHN PETERS.

I HAVE friends in Mount Carmel, Pennsylvania. I want them to see my message. I was very old when I died. I have been gone a good while. My name is John Peters. Many of my friends are with me, but a few are left on earth still. I love the flowers of Spring, and I love the snows of Winter, for they are all sent by the good God who rules all things wisely. I suppose I was considered pious when I was here, and I feel the same now in regard to religion that I ever did; only I have broadened my religion to meet the wants of my spiritual nature.

I want to see John, and have a talk with him, if I can. I wish he would write me a letter and send it to Mr. Mansfield. I would be glad to answer it. I am comfortably off, and don't want to come back. I will never come again unless John sends for me; because I think an old man like me is out of place here, where every thing rushes along so fast. You can't get time to feel yourself think.

MARIA L. DUNBAR.

I WOULD like to send a word to my husband, sir. It is now many months since I passed away from the body, and I have learned much that I desire to convey to him, if I can do so. I have met many dear ones who died before I did. They gave me welcome; they took me to a pretty home, where all that is beautiful in nature bloomed; there they gave me rest, tranquillity and joy. I heard sweet strains of music, and children singing, and father told me it was in welcome to me—to me, who had solved the mystery of death and gained life eternal. All was beautiful, and I was happy. But as I had left dear ones on earth, I was eager to let them know of my joy, and to tell them that, whatever should come to me, I would always remember them with my undying love. And so I was led back frequently to strive to minister to my loved, and to seek to make my presence known. And I wish to send out my remembrance and affection from here, and to assure them I shall be with them at all times, and at last meet them in the land beyond the tomb.

My name is Maria L. Dunbar. My husband's name is Melzar Dunbar. I lived at the South End, Boston.

AUSTIN KENT.

How do you do, my friend? I am glad to be here. Oh, it is a blessed relief to the Spirit to find itself free from the restraints of the material body and at liberty to travel where it wills. And to me it was more than a relief, for I suffered so terribly for years with physical pain and torture. Why, at times, I would be drawn up nearly double, and if I had occasion to write, would be very apt to have to do it while lying on my back. And so you can believe me when I say I was glad to leave the old body and be at rest.

Oh, I find Spirit-life beautiful, practical, and natural. Tell my friends, though my voice is silent, I am not idle. I am busy; I find enough to do. And yet I am glad to return and send out a word to friends—to look around and see how the world is progressing, and what Spiritualists are doing to help it along.

I found many good friends, who lightened my path and filled my soul with thankfulness; and I say to them, God bless every one of you! Your good works have not been wasted; your kindness was appreciated, and you will find a recompense for every good deed you do on earth, for every kindness you bestow upon a fellow-being.

My name is Austin Kent. The years are passing since I stepped out of the old body. Life daily grows more beautiful and bright to me. Tell my brother all is well, and I greet him with love and peace. My friends everywhere are remembered, and those in Stockholm, New York, are not forgotten. I am glad to be here; it is a feast to my soul.

MARY A. GOODRICH.

My lungs were terribly sore. I was not sick long, but the suffering was intense. I am anxious to send my love home, to say I am happy, and my dear brother and sisters with me are happy. They too send love. Death to us was a dear friend, who opened wide the gate of life, and gave us joy and peace. But oh, it was sad for our dear parents to see one after another loved child depart from the earthly frame. But life and happiness are ours, and some day we shall all meet where partings are unknown, and where peace and rest remaineth forever.

My name is Mary A. Goodrich. I have been gone nearly three years. I left one dear sister, the only remaining child to bless the pathway of parental care. I wish to send my love and the love of all who are with me. I thank you, sir.

I lived in Bristol, Illinois. I wish this to reach J. A. Goodrich.

BLACK HAWK.

BLACK HAWK, comes to the council to send talk to the pale-faces. Black Hawk brings strength, brings blessings to those who feel for the red-man and would make him happy. Black Hawk say to the old chiefs high in power, Look well how you act towards the Indian. We come with help or we come with destruction. Deal justly, if you would keep your own wigwams safe. Do right, if you would be happy in the hunting-grounds above.

The Great Spirit does not sleep. His eye is upon you when you feel it not; and in the coming time He will say, "As ye done it unto my red children, ye have done it unto me!" Look well, if you would have Manitou's blessing. Be just, if you would be at peace.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

VINELAND, N. J., Jan 24, 1880.

BRO. DENSMORE:—Allow me to give you the verification of the message through Miss Shelhamer, in the VOICE of Jan. 15th, from Josiah T. Kipp.

I was acquainted with Mr. Kipp while living in Vineland, a few years ago, and heard of the denial at the time of the body's interment by the Society to which he belonged (Quakers) to comply with his children's wishes to have it placed by the side of that of his wife, to which fact he alludes.

I knew also his daughter Jane, whom he speaks of, who left the form soon after his exit.

Mrs. Vanciliff, with whom they both lived, (the sister of Mr. Kipp,) our near neighbor, wishes me to say to you that the message is correct, with the exception that the name "William" should have been "Abram," (his son's name,) and the letter T., the middle initial of his name, should have been F.—perhaps a typographical error of the compositor; and may-be the former too.

Faternally thine,

R. M. ADAMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

LETTER FROM IOWA.

DES MOINES, Iowa, Jan. 18, 1880.

D. C. DENSMORE:—*Dear Brother,*—The writer is in the sere and yellow leaf of time—almost three-score years and ten—and of course must soon expect to change this for the next sphere of life. Beautiful life! oh, the joyful anticipation of soon meeting the loved and dear ones who are waiting for us in the beautiful Spirit-land! Thank the All Father, the Spirit does not grow old, if the body does! How beautiful the heading to your good little paper! What a pleasant scene opens to your clairvoyant vision! How sweet to you must be the presence of dear little Tunie, your Angel-daughter! The writer too has two Angel-daughters—the one named Mattie, the other Emma. Oh, how much I want to hear from them!—and I

have a favor to ask of Tunie—that she will try to see Mattie and have her send a message to father, as I think she would be the most likely to communicate.

There are other loved ones that I should be very glad to hear from, among them an Indian maiden, and another, dear Fannie. I think some of them will speak to me through the VOICE at my request.

I think Bro. Judd Pardee must be an excellent loving Spirit, if the countenance is an index to the mind; and who is Tryphena C. Pardee? Is or was she his wife? If not, she ought to be. What a sweet writer! I have never read anything more beautiful than the Happy New Year in your last number.

Now, dear brother, please read this little note at your next Circle or Seance, and say to Tunie that I mean soon to contribute to the Tunie Fund; and God's choicest blessings rest on you all.

Fraternally,

E. MOORE DAVIS.

[NOTE.—Mrs. Pardee was not the wife of L. Judd Pardee, nor in any way related to him, while occupying a material body. Pub. Voice of Angels.]

[For the Voice of Angels.]

SPIRIT COMMUNICATION.

[Given to us Jan. 27, 1876.]

THE government of your country is rotten; almost ready to fall to pieces. The laws of the land are bought and sold for gold. Blood must be shed, and freely too. The nation will soon be called to mourn for one of her noblest sons. The dawning of a stirring time; all shall wonder. Everything political is rotten to the core. Presidents will hold office at the cut of the sword and point of the bayonet. The people will be called upon to bear arms, both white and black, to overthrow the Popish power.

Then shall the Spirits rejoice and all nations be made glad.

STEBEN.

ANOTHER VERIFICATION.

MIFFLIN, Jan. 3, 1880.

DEAR BROTHER DENSMORE:—In our beloved VOICE OF ANGELS of Jan. 1st, 1880, I notice a communication from Eli Bickford, my grandfather, which was thankfully received by me. He has described my condition as well or better than I could myself. He says my father, brothers and children all send through him their promises of better things, which will be thankfully received.

I have two brothers who passed to Spirit-life within the last two years. I should be pleased to hear from them, as they did not hold an orthodox insurance policy against the warm place.

Truly yours for the cause of truth,

HIRAM BICKFORD.

WHEN firmness is sufficient, rashness is unnecessary.—Napoleon.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY SPIRIT MAY.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

THE snow still rests upon the earth,
King Winter reigns supreme,
And pencils pictures on the pane
While children sweetly dream;
The shining crystals brightly glow
Upon the lofty trees,
And flash like jewels as they swing
Beneath the morning breeze.

No path leads straightway to the wood
Through all that field of ice,
And master squirrel dwells alone,
Left to his own device;
He cuddles in a tiny heap,
Safe from the cold and storm,
Within his burrow, where he keeps
All happy, snug and warm.

He cracks the chestnuts that he stored
When Autumn days were fine,
And takes a peep from out the wood
When golden sunbeams shine;
He knows that God is ever good,
And keeps him free from harm,
And that the Winter bears for him
No cause for dread alarm.

Oh, little children, when the snow
Lies close about your door,
And you, who like the squirrel small
Are blest with ample store,
Remember there are little ones
Not very far away,
Who shiver through the wintry winds
Through all the chilly day.

Will you not take from out your store
Some little warmth and food,
And give to those who suffer so
In need of something good?
For God, who reigns in heaven above,
Will bless you night and day,
When you remember those in woe
And wipe their tears away.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

WINTER PEARLS.

BY SPIRIT VIOLET.

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

WINTER's frost and snow covers a large portion of the earth's surface at this time. The beautiful mantle of fleecy snow, so pure and white, speaks a language to the thinking spirit; for, as it covers up all that is unsightly and impure, as it beautifies the bare spots and purifies the murky atmosphere, it suggests thoughts of that divine charity which spreads its spotless robe over the unsightly spots in the lives of others, and purifies with its kindly feeling the corrupted atmosphere which others may exhale.

Beneath the Winter's snow, sweet buds and blossoms lie sleeping, and in their deep repose they gather new strength and vigor for the coming Spring-time, when they shall put forth their newly-acquired powers in developing the beautiful promise of perfected bloom and fragrance. Oh, indeed, the Winter season is a blessing to Nature and to Man; for while its falling snows and keen blasts sweep away miasma and corruption from the earth, and beneath

them all the glories of Summer gain new power and beauty for their resurrection day, the physical part of man gains new strength and vigor, and while he parts with the weary lassitude which the heated term has imparted to him, he steadily inhales with the bracing air of Winter, new relays of vigor, that shall serve him for the coming time.

Who but the very poor, does not appreciate and bless the beauties of Winter? In the freshly fallen snow, glittering in the golden sunlight, in the delicate tracery of frost-work upon the panes, which a mortal artist might sigh in vain to emulate, or in the icy branches of the trees, which sparkle in the brilliant light like countless jewels, or like drops of imprisoned fire, we can behold a scene of matchless splendor, such as indeed might fill the measure of a poet's dream.

And likewise, while winter months should invigorate and refresh the physical structure of man, they should also be to him teachers of good; for they bring to him golden opportunities to cultivate and expand those Spiritual graces that beautify and adorn the soul, and they present to him an opportunity to open a grand account in that bank of Heaven, "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal." For around and about him, misery and want abound, and in the chilly hours of Winter, when he can appreciate the comforts of home and shelter, it is given him to feel for the wants of others, and it is his duty to see that those in need are assisted and made comfortable; and if he or she, who, having the means, neglect to aid those suffering for the necessities of life, they will find that they have left life's golden opportunities to slip by unnoticed, and in the great Future they will become bankrupt in that wealth that alone can enrich the soul.

In the Summer-land proper, all is sweet and beautiful; flowers bloom and birdlings sing; soft breezes blow and tinkling waters flow. We do not need wintry gales and storms to invigorate our frames; we find rest in our work; and, should we need repose, we can gather strength and magnetism from the grand old forests or the ocean-waves. And it does not take the blasts of Winter to arouse sympathy and interest for the suffering in the souls of those who are all sympathy, all tenderness for the weary and miserable. Every purified soul is a missionary of cheer to those in need, and they go forth daily to encourage, aid and comfort the distressed.

Winter pearls! We come back from

our Summer-land home to pluck them from the human heart, and to bear them aloft to shine in royal homes. They are good feeling, love, sympathy, and benevolence; and they shine down into the souls of the weary and comfortless. Oh, we pray you, mortals, do not lose sight of those gems, but wear them upon your souls forevermore!

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

THROUGH C. E. WINANS.

JOHN M. MARSH TO JONATHAN MARSH, POSEYVILLE, POSEY CO., IND.

AGAIN I intrude, Mr. Winans, to send a message to my brother. I come, John, through every source tendered to me, to give your heart a cheer. The last few months have been months of waiting. The past few weeks have been weeks of care. Yet let us ever remember that it is darkest before the dawn.

Years may go by; but you will not come to us until joy and brightness have come to your heart. I want you to know that I do not forget you, and that we are with you often in spirit; that to strengthen you in all your weak points, brother, there is yet another who brings harmony sometimes, and that is Jennie; and yet she does not come without she brings the golden key of love. There is our sister Mirca, too, that comes to you. But we cannot approach our old homestead so often as we wish for fear of the devil and bad spirits, who influence our loved ones there. They are not to blame; they don't understand the coming back of the Spirits. So we come to you in all love; for you haven't closed the door against us, but we find the door ajar and partly open for us. So, John, don't get discouraged; we will stand by you in the hour of need.

Your little boy is here—Harry, I mean—and he sends much love to you and Jane. He says ma has to be schooled to the belief of the ability of Spirits coming back.

I was at home a short time ago, and I find father growing weaker and weaker. It won't be a great while before he will be with us.

Now, I must say this coming back has done me good, and I say again to John, Persevere and all will be well.

Good day, sir.

THROUGH DR. W. L. JACK, HAVERHILL, MS.
AUNT GERTRUDE.

LIVES are volumes, and human experiences are but a part of the history of the universe. But with all our sobbings and convulsions of soul, we are never left en-

tirely alone. If we but look over the pages of our earth-life, we will see, indeed, many pleasant sentences—lines here, and lines there, where some good deed has been done, and some sweet, angelic influence has marked it—noted it, that each succeeding angel who should come into the library of life's doings, to look over the pages of the past, will trace there the influence of a familiar Spirit's sympathy, thus leaving a record for them to trace in the future the good intentions of our souls when here on earth.

Then be very careful how you write on life's page, that it may be free from blots and imperfections. Let every day's actions be a duplicate of the copy that is set by angels, that you, with them, may write the sweet running band of the joys of the Infinite Spirit, the Lord your God, your best tutor in life's school.

Beloved ones, be exalted in the teachings that are given you at home. Listen always to the music that rings with melody in the every day's admonitions of your own familiar spirits and angelic influences. These are they that testify of me, and of such is the realm where the soul finds wisdom in all that is necessary to make eternity bright.

I have kept my word, and have come unto you as I left—satisfied, redeemed, glorified. We do live, Hattie and Clarke. It is true that the bridge is arched, whose grand key-stone is truth, and I come with this message from my celestial home, bringing sweet messages, cheer and comfort for you from all the dear ones who abide with God and in God.

In remembrance of the past of life's pleasant associations, and the joys that will greet you in the future of your soul's life, do I await you all. I come often to your dear home, and see you both, and likewise Friend, whom I still love and cherish in my happy home. Good day.

From your aunt Gertrude. To my friends, C. B., and H. L. G., and F. H. G., Beverly, N. J.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

FORT DODGE, Iowa, Dec. 28, 1879.

BROTHER DENSMORE:—Enclosed please find two dollars, which place to my credit, and oblige. Please send statement of my account, as I have lost track of it. If I am your debtor, I wish to pay up at once. Put me down as a life subscriber to your little paper.

In the VOICE OF ANGELS for Dec. 15, I find a short message from my wife to her family. Although brief, we accept it, and bless her for it. We have looked a long time for a more extended message from her, and are still in hopes to receive one in due time. I hope the conditions may be such that we may soon hear from her again.

From your friend and brother,

C. F. WESTON.

BRIEF ITEMS.

THE Annual Meeting of the Ouset Bay Grove Association was held in Boston, Jan. 14th. The President, Mr. Geo. Hosmer, declined a re-election, and Wm. F. Nye, Esq., of New Bedford, was chosen President for the ensuing year. The other officers were all re-elected. The Association is in a very prosperous condition, and is greatly enlarging its accommodations at the Grove. At a meeting of the Directors, it was voted to hold a Camp Meeting this year, extending over four weeks and five Sundays.

E. V. Wilson closed a successful ten weeks' engagement with the Second Society of Spiritualists of New York City on Sunday evening, Jan. 25th. Prof. Henry Kiddle occupied the platform Sundays, Feb. 1st and 8th.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond's engagement for the month of January in Boston proved so successful, that the Parker Memorial Society of Spiritualists have secured her services for the five Sundays of February also. She will speak Sunday mornings at Berkeley Hall, and in the afternoons before the First Society of Spiritualists at Parker Memorial Hall.

Spiritualism is making good progress at Toronto, Canada. The hall where the First Society of Spiritualists hold their meetings is crowded to overflowing. Mrs. H. N. Hamilton, a Trance Speaker, has for some time been doing good service on their platform.

Pleasant social receptions have recently been given to Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond by Mrs. Ella J. Kendall, Berwick Park, Boston, and by Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Smith, Dorchester District; on both of which occasions Mrs. Richmond gave remarkable manifestations of her mediumistic powers, and much enjoyment was experienced.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten is meeting with great success in San Francisco, where she will remain until Spring, when she will make a farewell tour of America, prior to her final departure for Europe.

Mrs. Nettle Pease Fox, of Rochester, New York, closed a month's engagement with the Co-operative Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia in January, and was re-engaged for three months longer; but her Rochester friends put in a vigorous remonstrance, and she felt compelled to cancel the engagement, much to the regret of the Philadelphia Society.

Mrs. R. Shepherd lately closed a very successful engagement with the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia, and speaks in Washington during the month of February.

Dr. Samuel Watson is getting his private business so far settled, that he contemplates entering the lecture field at an early date.

Thomas Walker, a Trance Medium, who lectured in this country previous to going to Australia with Dr. Peebles, is agitating the people of England by his profound thoughts. He lately delivered a lecture at Macclesfield on this subject: "England in Danger."

Col. Ingersoll delivered an oration in Chicago, Thursday evening, Feb. 4th, in honor of Thomas Paine, it being the anniversary of the birthday of that noble patriot and progressive thinker.

J. Frank Baxter will lecture at Bangor, Me., during the month of February.

Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn is attracting large and intelligent audiences by her lectures. She speaks in Vineland, N. J., during February, and New York City in March.

Alfred Tennyson is a Spiritualist.—*Chicago Trib.*

The meetings of the First Society of Spiritualists of New York, held at Tremor Hall, under the ministrations of Mrs. Nellie T. J. Brigham, have constantly increased in numbers, until the audiences

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 locate