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## VOICE OF ANGELS.

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

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### KEY OF THE BOTTOMLESS PIT.

THROUGH TRYPHENA O. PARDEE.

LIGHTLY, lightly touch the wire  
 Whose faintest echoes charm the most,  
 Till Life's eternal, full-toned lyre  
 Has every human heart rejoiced.

Sweetly, sweetly quaver on,  
 Thoughts ringing into words of joy,  
 From Life's immortal fountains drawn,  
 As dancing moments time and fly.

Gently, gently breathe the tone  
 Whose key-note murmurs swell to heaven,  
 Life chording life with God's high throne  
 Shall be the key to mortals given.

Breaking, breaking olden seals  
 Of superstition "bottomless,"  
 Where myth her mystic legions tells,  
 And calls it Christian righteousness.

Saviour! Saviour Jesus Christ!  
 The echoes of thy life still flow,  
 And Angel-teachers still draw nigh,  
 As thou wast taught to teach us now.

Angel, Angel-truths of Life  
 Shall Error's darkness chase away—  
 All pits and beasts and fathoms of strife  
 Forever cease before thy way!

Jesus', Jesus' Spirit-power  
 Controlled St. John on Patmos Isle  
 To point to man time's ripened hour,  
 When Higher Life should o'er earth smile.

Fainting, fainting, death now dies—  
 Supernal Life's bright Angel comes,  
 Weeds Life to Life 'twixt earth and skies,  
 And Life with Christ forever blooms.

Knowledge, knowledge God reveals  
 Of Life in Him through Life in man;  
 And when man Life's high science feels,  
 Christ's saving grace we'll understand.

Music, music sweetly rolls  
 Through all the boundless halls of Life,

When Christ-taught harmony of souls  
 Sings triumphs o'er cold Death and strife.

Warble, warble trembling chords  
 On the strings of mortal Life,  
 Touched by powers from Spirit-worlds—  
 This is our Christ, our Living Light.

Heavenly, heavenly visions break,  
 TRUTH spills the seals of mystery,  
 And men no more like slaves will speak—  
 Thanks to Free-Thought's diamond magic key.  
 ELLINGTON, N. Y., Feb. 10, 1880.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### MESSAGE FROM ROBERT HARE TO DR. FAHNESTOCK.

[THROUGH DR. O., CONTINUED.]

DEAR DOCTOR,—In a communication which I gave you some time ago, I stated that evil was only misdirected good, and that all misdirection was the result of ignorance. You will therefore perceive that in reality there is no evil primarily, but all may be resolved into wisdom, and its opposite, ignorance. Wisdom being good, ignorance evil. Now, it is manifest that as God has placed within the reach of every one the means of progressing in wisdom, any ignorance that may exist, and of course evil, is the fault of the creature; inasmuch as that condition of ignorance, producing the evil, they themselves had the power to alter; they failed to use that power or progress, therefore the existence of the evil may be attributed to themselves.

Question.—Will Doctor Hare please solve the following question, which Churchmen use as an argument in favor of their faith: "If the Spiritualist is right, then the religionist will be safe; but if the religionist is right, then the Spiritualist is lost." Is this so?

Answer.—No, it is not so; and for this reason: I have stated that ignorance is evil. Now, if the Spiritualist is right, then all else are in ignorance, and of course evil. They, therefore, have all these evils to overcome somewhere; if it is not done on earth, it must be done here. The Spiritualist being in wisdom, has overcome the evils resulting from ignorance, and is of necessity more progressed than others.

Question.—But the religionists do not take it for granted that the Spiritualist is right, and argue that if wrong, he will be lost?

Answer.—The contrary of the aforesaid proposition is as false as the view disposed of, because, according to the Bible—which they profess to believe—"Every man will be judged according to his works;" and again: "Faith without works is dead."

The Spiritualist, believing that his condition in the next life will depend upon his works on earth, strives to live right; while the religionist thinks that his faith alone will save him, and judging from their contentions, puts very little faith in works. Is it not evident from the whole tenor of the Bible teaching—upon which religionists profess to rely—that the final condition of all men will depend upon *their works*, not their belief? If this be so—and who dare deny it?—then who stands the best chance, according to their own creed, the man whose belief induces him to be pure, merciful, humble, or the man who depends on the life of somebody else to save him, and neglects his duty to his fellows in his own person?

Question.—Many quibblers ask us whether God did not know from the beginning that all things would take place, just as they have taken place?

Answer.—The doctrine of God's foreknowledge is a deep, mysterious subject, which the most advanced Spirits can by no means understand fully; because if they did, they would comprehend God; and of course, as they can comprehend nothing greater than themselves, such an assumption would prove there was no God.

You may, however, silence all such quibblers on their own ground. For instance, if God foreknew who was to be saved, and who lost, then he also foreknew whether the individual quibbler would be saved or lost. If he is to be lost, where the necessity of praying, or of the performance of any duty, for no act of his own could alter God's knowledge? If he is to be saved, why refrain from all and every act, however sinful, for saved he would be? In a word, there could be neither merit nor crime in human actions; and as the Bible, on which they rely, teaches human responsibility, the sentiment referred to must be false.

ROBERT HARE.

LANCASTER, PENN., Feb. 24, 1880.

## MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

(For the "Voice of Angels.")

## HOW TO TREAT INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS.

LUNG FEVER, OR PNEUMONIA, BRAIN FEVER AND PLEURISY.

BY JACOB A. SPEAR.

ALL of the above named diseases should be treated alike in one way, and that is by the use of the tepid half-bath, continued from ten to thirty minutes, as the case may be, with much rubbing with the wet hand downward, to induce free circulation of the blood to the extremities, and put the skin in a condition to relieve itself by free perspiration, which carries off diseased, or worn-out matter; but, as these diseases require different treatment, we must consider them separately.

After the tepid half-bath, the patient suffering from inflammation of the bowels should be wiped dry, rubbed so as to produce a warm glow on the skin, and allowed to drink a good portion of composition tea, or something that will warm and make the stomach act; and free perspiration should be induced without delay.

After a few hours sweating, wipe the patient all over, commencing at the head, with a cloth wrung from cold water, followed with the dry towel. Wipe thoroughly; and the pores and nerves being stimulated by the cold, wet cloth, and the skin being made clean, and then wiped dry, the patient is not liable to take a chill or a cold by getting up. Then move the bowels by injections of warm, soft water. In some extreme cases, when the bowels refuse to discharge the injection, a little tobacco-tea used as an injection will induce the bowels to discharge their contents very soon. If the tobacco-tea is used too freely, it will make the patient tobacco sick; therefore, it should be used only in a small quantity at first, and if that does not make the patient tobacco sick, or induce the bowels to act, an increased quantity may be considered safe to give. The tobacco injection relieves pain in the bowels, and is the best, safest, and most certain known remedy, for bilious cholera, also for "stitches," in sheep, which is the same as bilious cholera. If the injection is given before the bowel intercepts, and reaches the inflamed spot, the sufferer feels comfortable, and is free of pain, generally, in a few minutes.

Opiates are very dangerous when given to abate the pain of inflamed bowels, as they paralyze the nerves, and retard, rather than accelerate the general action of the system.

Physic is often unnecessary, and worse than useless, as it is carried into the blood before it reaches the bowels, and being rejected by all parts of the system, it is at last forced into the bowels through the capillaries; but when the bowels are inflamed, the capillaries are so congested that the physic cannot get through them, so as to produce any influence on the bowels. Therefore it remains in the blood, till it is disposed of through the lungs, pores or kidneys, like other effete matter. Not long ago, a young lady had an attack of inflammation of the bowels, and a medical doctor was called, who

gave her an opiate, and in a short time after she took it she was insensible, and died in a few hours. Another died because her doctor was afraid to use the warm water injection.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**BROWN PAPER AGAINST THE COLD.**—The "old woman's" remedy for a "cold on the chest," a sore throat or a bruise, which consisted in an application of brown paper steeped in beer or vinegar, owed its efficacy to the heat-retaining properties of the paper. A wet pad of this material, as far as the surface next the skin was concerned, acted almost as well as a layer of wet linen rag protected with a thick covering of flannel. In short, stout paper of the commonest sort is an effective non-conductor, and may be advantageously employed as a covering for beds or to eke out scanty clothing. A piece of thick paper inserted between the lining and the cloth of a waistcoat or in the back of a thin coat will render it warm as well as light. The suggestion is a small one, but it is simple to carry into effect, and will be found effective.

**BENZOATE OF SODIUM.**—The inhalation of the benzoate of sodium in phthisis continues to attract attention in Germany. Professor Rokitsansky of Innsprück was the first to advocate it, and Dr. Winternitz and others who had visited his clinic report upon it very favorably. They aver that nearly all cases improve upon it, at least at first. This result is categorically denied by many other observers. Its success as an agent in diphtheria is attested by Dr. Letzerich of Berlin. The pseudo-membrane is dusted with powdered benzoate, applied through a glass tube or quill, two or three times a day. Older children may use a gargle of one part to twenty. The temperature and pulse together decline under this treatment. The pseudo-membrane contracts and becomes thinner and more transparent.

**THE FEET.**—Never wear rubbers in dry weather or for any length of time in any weather, but change your shoes and dry the feet, wet by the retained perspiration. Let your boots and shoes be plenty large, and thus avoid corns and discomfort. Tight boots retard the circulation and produce a coldness. Never go to bed with cold or damp feet.

**REFRESHING DRINK IN FEVER.**—Put a little tea-sage, two sprigs of balm, and a little wood sorrell into a stone jug, having first washed and dried them; peel thin a small lemon and clear from the white, slice it, and put a bit of the peel in, then pour in three pints of boiling water. Sweeten and cover close.

**CALIFORNIA** is a wonderful State. In addition to her gold, fruits, grain and silk, she is now to present us with rice of the first quality. The swamp land of the Lower Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys, heretofore regarded as worthless, are now to be turned into rice fields. The desert is becoming fruitful.

WHO delegated "the scholars" to revise the Bible? Can any intelligent theologian inform us?—*Banner*.

## AN EXTRAORDINARY APPARITION SEEN BY AN EMINENT ENGLISH ANTIQUARIAN.

REV. Dr. Augustus Jessopp, who is known in England as an eminent antiquarian, publishes in the current *London Athenæum* an account of an extraordinary apparition of which he affirms that he was the witness in Lord Orford's library at Mannington Hall, Norfolk, last October. He had dined at Mannington Hall on a certain day in that month, and when the party broke up at half-past ten, he went into the library to take notes of some of the rare books which it contained. His experience while there is related as follows:

By eleven o'clock I was the only person downstairs, and I was very soon busily at work and absorbed in my occupation. The room in which I was writing is a large one, with a huge fireplace and a grand old chimney; and it is needless to say that it is furnished with every comfort and luxury. The library opens into this room, and I had to pass out from where I was sitting into this library and get upon a chair to reach the volumes I wanted to examine. There were six small volumes in all. I took them down, and placed them at my right hand in a little pile, and set to work—sometimes reading, sometimes writing. As I finished with a book, I placed it in front of me. There were four silver candlesticks upon the table, the candles all burning, and, as I am a chilly person, I sat myself at one corner of the table with the fire at my left, and at intervals, as I had finished with a book, I rose, knocked the fire together, and stood up to warm my feet. I continued in this way at my task till nearly one o'clock. I had got on better than I expected, and I had only one more book to occupy me. I rose, wound up my watch, and opened a bottle of seltzer water, and I remember thinking to myself that I should get to bed by two after all. I set to work at the last little book. I had been engaged upon it about half an hour, and was just beginning to think that my work was drawing to a close, when as I was actually writing, I saw a large white hand within a foot of my elbow. Turning my head, there sat a figure of a somewhat large man, with his back to the fire, bending slightly over the table, and apparently examining the pile of books that I had been at work upon. The man's face was turned away from me, but I saw his closely cut, reddish-brown hair, his ear and shaved cheek, the eyebrow, the corner of the right eye, the side of the forehead, and the large, high cheekbone. He was dressed in what I can only describe as a kind of ecclesiastical habit of thick corded silk or some such material, close up to the throat, and a narrow rim of edging, of about an inch broad, of satin or velvet, serving as a stand-up collar, and fitting close to the chin. The right hand, which had first attracted my attention, was clasping, without any great pressure, the left hand; both hands were in perfect repose, and the large blue veins of the right hand were conspicuous. I remember thinking that the hand was like the hand of Velasquez's magnificent "Dead Knight," in the National Gallery. I looked at my visitor for some sec-

onds, and was perfectly sure that he was not a reality. A thousand thoughts came crowding upon me, but not the least feeling of alarm, or even uneasiness; curiosity and a strong interest were uppermost. For an instant I felt eager to make a sketch of my friend, and I looked at a tray on my right for a pencil; then I thought, "Up stairs I have a sketch book. Shall I fetch it?" There he sat, and I was fascinated; afraid, not of his staying, but lest he should go. Stopping in my writing, I lifted my left hand from the paper, stretched it out to the pile of books and moved the top one. I cannot explain why I did this—my arm passed in front of the figure as it vanished. I was simply disappointed and nothing more. I went on with my writing as if nothing had happened, perhaps for another five minutes, and I had actually got to the last few words of what I had determined to extract, when the figure appeared again exactly in the same place and attitude as before. I saw the hands close to my own; I turned my head again to examine him more closely, and I was framing a sentence to address him, when I discovered that I did not dare to speak. I was afraid of the sound of my own voice. There he sat, and there sat I. I turned my head again to my work, and finished writing the two or three words I still had to write. The paper and my notes are at this moment before me, and exhibit not the slightest tremor or nervousness. I could point out the words I was writing when the phantom came and when he disappeared. Having finished my task, I shut the book and threw it on the table; it made a slight noise as it fell—the figure vanished. Throwing myself back in my chair, I sat for some seconds looking at the fire with a curious mixture of feeling, and I remember wondering whether my friend would come again, and if he did whether he would hide the fire from me. Then first there came upon me a dread and a suspicion that I was beginning to lose my nerve. I remember yawning; then I rose, lit my bedroom candle, took my books into the inner library, mounted the chair as before, and replaced five of the volumes; the sixth I brought back and laid upon the table where I had been writing when the phantom did me the honor to appear to me. By this time I had lost all sense of uneasiness. I blew out the four candles and marched off to bed, where I slept the sleep of the just or the guilty—I know not which—but I slept very soundly. This is a simple and unvarnished narrative of facts. Explanation, theory or inference I leave for others.

**LAWS RELATING TO NEWSPAPERS.—1.** Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered wishing to continue their subscriptions.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their periodicals, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their periodicals from the office to which they are directed, they are responsible until they have settled their bills, and ordered them discontinued.

4. If subscribers move to other places without

informing the publishers, and the papers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

5. The courts have decided "that refusing to take periodicals from the office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud."

6. Any person who receives a newspaper and makes use of it, whether he has ordered it or not, is held in law to be a subscriber.

7. If subscribers pay in advance, they are bound to give notice to the publishers at the end of their time, if they do not wish to continue taking it; otherwise the publisher is authorized to send it on, and the subscribers will be responsible until payment of arrears is sent to the publisher.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

ANGEL PROMISES.

THROUGH MRS. JULIA FISH.

We would not urge you, dear; to plead with you were sin—  
To beg you open your soul and let the Christ come in;  
You must desire the cross, if you the crown would win.

We'll lead your aspirations to the source of light above;  
We'll thrill your soul with longings for perfect truth and love;  
We'll bless you with our blessing, which eternity will prove.

We only ask you, darling, to be true to truth, and we  
Will guide and safely guard you in dire adversity,  
Till through the gloom of earth the light of heaven you see.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

IN MEMORIAM.

DEPARTED TO THE SPIRIT-WORLD, THE GIFTED MEDIUM, MRS. EMMA CARTER.

DEAR DENSMORE:—On Saturday night, Feb. 28th, at about eleven o'clock, the Spirit of the gifted Medium, Mrs. Emma Carter, of Cincinnati, Ohio, took its flight from earth to the Summer-land. She had been in physical suffering for a long time, on account of a cancerous ailment, until at last the all-pervading affection and affliction reached her brain, when the Spirit calmly and silently left her body. She was attended in her last moments by her best earthly friends, who saw the casket of her beautiful Spirit left cold and empty upon the bed, and knew, all of them, that her real life was still continued, and that this death here was but a Spirit-birth there.

Yesterday, Tuesday, March 2d, commencing at eleven o'clock, her funeral took place, the remains being buried at Spring Grove Cemetery. The services were beautifully administered and conducted by the Rev. John Goddard, the good and eloquent Spiritual pastor of the New Jerusalem Temple of this city; and his address was eminently characterized by the Spiritualism taught and promulgated by Emanuel Swedenborg, in which he distinctly impressed upon the many relatives and friends present that Emma was now a Spirit, with all her Spiritual being full and ready to grow and expand, although her

cold clay body lay in the casket before us. This casket was most profusely covered with flowers in white and green leaves, and many beautiful blue violets and white lilies, with tender yellow petals; and the show of this beauty much corresponded with the show of the beauty of Emma's life in this world; for she was always a good, sweet, pleasant, joyous woman, and so liberal and generous that none knew her but to love her, none spoke of her but in praise and laudation. She had many, many friends, and no enemies; for she never gave offence. Her nature was so gladsome, gleesome and joyous.

She lived as maiden, wife and mother to the age of fifty-four years, and left behind her two married daughters and grandchildren and sisters and brothers.

It was but a month or two ago, when she herself attended the funeral of her aged good mother. Now she has gone to be reunited with her Spirit-mother, herself a Spirit-daughter, an Angel-minister.

Emma Carter was a good and beautiful Medium for the good and beautiful Spirits. She was developed as such, soon after the visit of the Mediums, Kate and Maggie Fox, and their mother, to this city, in the year 1849. She never was a public Medium, and would never consent so to be; although she was profuse in the use of her Spiritual gifts to her friends, and delighted to be a Medium through whom the Spirits of the Spirit-world could hold communion with their friends upon this earth; and she liked to sit alone by herself, and under influence write communications from the Spirits. Formerly, when in comfort and ease in worldly affairs, she did this a great deal, and she has written volumes of manuscript, from time to time, about almost everything. Certain Spirits have oftentimes controlled her, through whom she has written some half a dozen dramatic plays, and one of these, called "Eugenia, or the Spirit-Mother," a romantic drama, in five acts, with tableaux and beautiful scenery, was performed for several nights at the National Theatre in this city. This capacity of hers for writing good plays has been most remarkable. She herself was a lover of art, and particularly of the drama, and the Spirits made use of this remarkable love of hers.

She was also gifted and learned in music, and when she was young, and before she was married to my brother, she was the leading soprano for several years in old Dr. Lyman Beecher's church of this city. Her fame as a great singer was all over this city in former times, and reached

beyond it over the West. She was truly gifted in music, in singing, and playing upon the piano, which used to be her favored and favorite instrument; and because of this she was cultivated and sought for everywhere by hosts of friends.

Her mediumship was versatile; but she was mostly a clairvoyant and a writing and speaking Medium, and frequently personified Spirits so that their friends here would easily recognize them. She could describe Spirits for their friends with much ease and facility, and she herself was in the habit of conversing with Spirits *ad libitum*.

She used to be a Trance Medium, but of later years she at her own desire became a conscious Medium, preferring always to be herself, with her own consciousness, rather than an unconscious instrument of the good Spirits.

She delighted in knowing what the Spirits were doing about her and with her. She must know them, as well as they her, and with this she was always satisfied.

With the character of the Spirit-written communications through her, the readers of the VOICE OF ANGELS are well acquainted. The last one, from the Spirit of Salmon P. Chase, whom she plainly saw and conversed with, was published in the three numbers of the VOICE of Nov. 1st and 15th and Dec. 1st, 1879; and the strength and force and breadth and comprehensiveness of that communication are a good example of her Spirit-powers and gifts. The wonderful communications of Spirit Matilda Heron and the Spirit Charlotte Cushman, through Emma, published in the VOICE some time ago, will perhaps be particularly remembered.

The communication of the Spirit Salmon P. Chase was the last one ever written through the Mediumship of Emma Carter. Soon after that was written, her affliction took such hold of her that she could not attend to the control of the Spirits. But they have got her with them now, thank God! and her sufferings and afflictions are all over, and she has been welcomed as an Angel Medium among them, a blessed angel! Farewell, sister Emma, fare thee well!

"So fare thee well, and may th' indulgent Spirits Grant thee every wish thy soul can form!—  
Once more farewell!"

Yours, truly,

A. G. W. CARTER.

CINCINNATI, March 3, 1880.

[NOTE.—Knowing the subject of the above appreciative notice was out of health, I was somewhat prepared for the sad news. But still hoping she might rally and throw off the insidious disease, the reception of the above communication threw a solemn gloom over everything, although I knew

she was far better off by making the change, and for a while I could think of nothing but the loss the world had sustained in the departure of this gifted Medium. I never had a personal acquaintance with her, but I had come to love her for her mediunistic talents, through her spontaneous contributions to the VOICE OF ANGELS, which were never excelled by the most favored in the mediunistic firmament. And now that she is freed from her earthly conditions, and reaping the full fruition of a well-spent life, may she continue the work there, so well begun in earth-life, and favor us often with her inspiring and elevating messages.

*Pub. Voice of Angels.*]

### CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### TO GENEVIEVE.

BY SPIRIT MAT.

I know a little maiden,  
So pure and sweet and fair,  
There's roses in her smiling face  
And sunbeams in her hair;  
Her voice is soft and pleasant,  
And rings with notes of love;  
Her eyes are bright as starry gems  
That shine in heaven above.

This happy little maiden  
Possesses jewels bright,  
With mines of wealth and splendor,  
Adorned with brilliant light;  
The wealth of priceless tenderness  
Affection's soul imparts,  
The gems of love and kindness  
That shine from parent hearts.

Her path is strewn with blossoms  
Of kindly smiles and words,  
That break in sweetest music,  
Like song of summer birds,  
From those who dwell about her—  
Dear brothers, sister, true—  
And crown her life with gladness  
More sweet than morning dew.

Oh, gentle little maiden,  
The angels love you well,  
And bless your life with holier joy  
Than human tongue can tell;  
They whisper to your Spirit  
In accents pure and clear,  
"Be gentle, pure and loving,  
For God has placed you here

"To bless the souls of mortals,"  
And fill their hearts with love,  
To lead them o'er the starry heights  
To holier worlds above:  
He gives you words of kindness  
To scatter as you go  
Along the way that leads to heaven  
From earthly fields below."

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### ALICE CARY'S LETTER FROM SUMMER-LAND.

THROUGH MRS. SUSAN GOODHUE WAGNER.

DEAR CHILDREN:—The day is so bright and pretty, and I have had such a delightful ramble, I thought I would tell you about it. There is a pretty flower grows here called the star-flower; it is shaped like a star, and is very beautiful. I wish I could give you a description of the different kinds which I have just gathered, and am now twining into a lovely wreath. Such moss, such ferns, and such lilies and roses! you cannot imagine how lovely they are, how brilliant they look. What a charming blending of colors! They remind me of beautiful little girls in bright

pictures, with laughing eyes and glowing cheeks.

Dear children, how I love you!—little girls and boys both. I wish you could catch a glimpse of the Spirit-bower. Imagine it is May-day; the grass green, the sky blue, and the birds singing merrily, with a profusion of flowers about you; sweet sights and sounds of tripping feet, and joyous laughter of little children like yourselves, all intent on enjoyment and having a good time.

But now my garland is finished; and that reminds me I must have a queen, a real regal, crowned queen. Who shall it be?—Rose the blonde, Daisy the brunette, or Lily the meek-eyed?—all pretty and all clever, all loveable, gentle and good.

Would you not enjoy it, such a party, and such a funny little queen? Her name is Myrtle, the little Guardian-Spirit of the band; a dainty morsel of lace and ribbons, buds and blossoms, fluttering about in her gauzy robes like a humming-bird, extracting sweets from every flower; as the children sing—"Pretty Myrtle, happy queen!"

"A song! a song!" they all exclaim. "What shall it be?" I ask. "Oh, tell us something pretty, about a fairy or a queen." When I recite this little poem:

THERE was a queen I remember well,  
She lived alone in the leafy dell;  
She could neither read nor write nor spell;  
But this queer little woman fortunes would tell.  
She told me once I would wed a king,  
And wear on my finger a diamond ring;  
That the wedding-cake would be made of gold,  
That I would always be young, and never grow old;  
In riddles and rhymes my fate she told.  
She told me of castles built in the air,  
All studded with jewels costly and rare;  
Of servants and maids to come at my call,  
And beautiful pictures to hang on the wall;  
Of a grand little carriage, and footmen too,  
In gaudiest dresses of scarlet and blue;  
Of the grandest things that ever you heard,  
And she warbled and sang like a mocking-bird.  
But she told me a fable—it never came true!  
What a silly old woman she must seem to you!  
I waited and waited for all the fine things—  
For diamonds and jewels and pictures and rings;—  
But she was a fairy, I really believe—  
If there are such creatures to cheat and deceive.  
So I tell you, dear children, to ever beware,  
And never build castles so high in the air.

#### VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

THROUGH M. T. SHELLHAMER.

MOUNTAIN COVE, West Va., Feb. 25, 1880.

DEAR BRO. DENSMORE:—Yes, I wish to continue the VOICE. I like it, and think it a good little paper. I wanted to write you a long time ago, and tell you I was well pleased with the communication from my darling Charlie, which appeared in the VOICE of Aug. 15th, through Miss Shellhamer, by Tunie. I have no doubt it was from him, though there was no great test connected with it. Tunie says, "A very pleasant Spirit." He was generally so in the form. He answered a question I had mentally asked, and was anxious to know. I am pleased with his answer, namely, "He is striv-

ing to grow in knowledge and to be an active worker for the good of others."

We shall meet again. Happy thought  
Many thanks to Tunie and her Medium, and also to Bro. Densmore, for waiting on me so long for what was due him. I often thought of it, but did not have the money to send; but still hoping to have it soon, I delayed writing on that account. I have some money now, and I enclose two dollars, which you will please place to my credit.

I hope when the year is up I shall be able to settle up and renew at the commencement of the new year 1881.

Yours, truly, NANCY P. HUNT.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

A TEST THROUGH MATERIALIZATION.

AUBRY, Johnson Co., Kan., Feb. 24, 1880.

MR. EDITOR:—Being particularly anxious to sustain Materializing Mediums, I wish to state a few facts concerning some phenomena I witnessed at John Harvey Mott's, nearly five years ago.

Several of my Spirit-friends had given me unmistakable evidence of their presence, when a cousin of mine gave his name, (Frederic Edwards.) The very name was a test of his identity to me; for I had not even thought of seeing him there, as he had been a Spirit for I think thirty years. Still, we had been children together, and it was perfectly natural that he should come.

I was a perfect stranger to every person in the Circle; indeed, there was not a person within two hundred miles that I knew of ever having seen before. After greeting, he said, "My mother is still on this side; is she well?" I answered as well as I knew how, when he continued, "I want you to get her to come here; I want to talk with her." I told him I thought it would be about impossible; she was in years, and her religious ideas would prevent. "Oh," said he, "I am so sorry."

He then wished me to get his other relatives to come and learn the truth, and added, "I must go now; first, let me introduce you to a young man, who helped me to materialize. This is Mr. Ira Thomas." The curtain of the cabinet window parted in the centre, and he bowed, and simultaneously the curtain raised at the corner, and Ira Thomas bowed. I saw both at the same instant. Mr. T. said, "I wish to see my father." I turned to the Circle and said, "Ira Thomas wants to see his father." You ought to have been there to see that father get up and go to his son. Mr. Thomas was a perfect stranger then to me, save barely an introduction. Who will gaily say this?

When I hear a person talking about

Materializing Mediums being deceivers, and saying that two-thirds of Mediumship is fraud, I think to myself, What contemptible thing have you been doing, that you want to throw back liar to the Spirit-host who labor night and day to teach the blessed truth of immortality?

To such persons I will say, "If you have committed crime, the Materializing Medium is the only friend you have on earth, or in the heavens, and the only place this side of eternity where you can get forgiveness from your injured subject." Go humbly and seek to know what to do, to free yourself from your thralldom of sin; and cease to do evil, and there learn to do well.

MRS. DR. M. P. HENDERSON.

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

RETURN OF THE SONG THRUSH.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

AGAIN, dear bird, I hear your joyful note  
Through all the orchard and the meadow float;  
Again my heart is gladdened by your lays,  
As in the well remembered summer days,  
You went away in clouds and coming gloom,  
When wailing winds sighed over Autumn's tomb,  
And on the forehead of the dying year  
The damp was changed to snow, the brilliant aere  
To funereal ropes, and over all the plain  
The Winter-King came down and held his reign.

You left us for a clime where never blow  
The harsh north blasts with blinding clouds of snow;  
Where all the air is fragrant as in June;  
Where rose and lily shed their sweet perfume,  
And rarest fruitage tempts the finest taste,  
Profusely scattered through the endless waste.  
And with you went away another one,  
Whose life ebbed with the south-receding sun.  
Beside her grave, bewailed with many a tear,  
We stood, and as her casket on its bier  
Rested the time, a snow-flake like a star,  
A tear of angel bending o'er heaven's bar,  
Fell on the calls, in the wreath which pressed  
By loving hands above her gentle breast;  
And soon the snow on all the desert field  
Spread an unbroken and protecting shield.

On that dear mound the storms of rain and sleet  
Have like relentless Spirits ceaseless beat,  
And in our hearts no bud of joy will bloom,  
Draped as they are with cypress of the tomb.  
Oh, bird that sings so sweetly, tell me why,  
If you remember still our lowly sky;—  
To come again and from your swelling throat  
Repeat the old-time love in every note,  
Our child may not remember and return  
To her home-altar, where love deathless burns?

She did not die! I know the thickening cloud  
Our vision blinds, is but its earthly shroud;  
I know her timid feet trod not alone  
The pathway upward to the Spirit Throne;  
That those we loved, who walked the way before,  
With tender hands oped wide the pearly door  
And bade her welcome to their home of bliss  
With deep Affection's all-assuring kiss.  
Ah, if you, little bird, can come again  
Across the trackless forest of the plain,  
I know our darling finds not heaven so sweet  
As not to wish with us again to meet.  
Across the dark abyss, however wide,  
Her eager Spirit on light wings will glide,  
And if we listen, we shall hear once more  
Her voice of song in accents as of yore.

In the life that we inherit,  
All degrees of worth we find;  
But the soul of truest merit  
Is the helper of its kind.

DR. D. AMBROSE DAVIS.

HONOR and shame from no condition rise;  
Act well your part—there all the honor lies.

A SPIRIT COMMUNICATION.

FROM L. R. CARVER, TO HIS WIFE, NOW MRS. ANNIE CARVER RALL, BY MEDIUM IN CINCINNATI, OHIO.

OH, Annie, my dearest wife! My Spirit hovers near you, with all its deep and undying love, thy lonely hours to cheer. Dear wife, let these soothing words thy stricken heart console, for you shall not be left alone amid life's heavy toils and cares; for I shall be with you, and our dear darling boy. I am with you in the still hours of night; I am seated in that vacant chair, which, as you look upon it, brings so much anguish to your heart.

Now, farewell, dear Annie; be cheerful as always, for I will be with you and make myself known to you in due time.

Dear Annie, when you stood by my form and gave me the farewell kiss, did not you feel my presence? Do not wish me back, for in a few years we shall both be where parting is not known. Tell my dear boy to be all I desired him to be, when I was on earth.

Good-bye, dear ones. Know that I am near to bless you.

From your beloved husband,

L. R. CARVER, Cincinnati, Ohio.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

BRISTOL, ILL., Feb. 18, 1880.

MR. D. C. DENSMORE:—The VOICE OF ANGELS for Feb. 15th came in good time. It contained a letter through M. T. Shelhamer from my daughter, Mary A. Goodrich, and was given at your Circle of Jan. 18th. Every word was true in the communication. It will be three years in May since she passed on to the other shore. She has with her the only brother and three sisters; there is one sister left for us. This is the first letter from friends over the river to us, and we shall look for more.

Yours, truly,

MRS. M. GOODRICH.

ANOTHER VERIFICATION.

SAMMON'S LANDING, Feb. 20, 1880.

D. C. DENSMORE:—Dear Sir,—In the VOICE OF ANGELS of Feb. 1st, there was a message to me through C. E. Winans, from my darling little boy. I am perfectly satisfied it is from him. My darling knows how happy I was to receive it, and how glad I would be to hear from him again. Many thanks to the Medium for his kindness. MRS. NELLIE J. SESSIONS.

P. S.—Enclosed find stamps for a couple of extra copies. N. J. S.

THE best way to winter geraniums is to cut off every leaf and bud and set the plants into a box of sand, or sandy loam, in the cellar. If put into pure sand, an occasional watering afterward may be needed. If loam is used, the watering given when first put in will do for the winter.

## VOICE OF ANGELS.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION:  
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NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS., MARCH 15, 1880.

## MONEY-ORDERS.

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

## EDITORIAL.

FRIENDS AND PATRONS OF THE VOICE OF ANGELS:—As it has been but a few months since I called upon those behind in their dues to liquidate them, it is exceedingly painful and unpleasant to again ask you for help, and I would willingly forego the humiliating task if it was avoidable; but as it is not a matter of choice, but one of actual necessity, I am obliged to do so. In looking over the situation a day or two since, the thought occurred to me that possibly, if you knew exactly how things were with me, it might be an incentive to use a little extra exertion to help me carry on my almost thankless task. For that purpose I determined to lay the matter before you in a social, friendly chat.

To begin with, you know I have no means for carrying on the work in hand but what comes from you; and just in proportion that you fail to keep paid up, just in that proportion do you cramp me for funds to carry it on. If a majority on our mail-list had fulfilled their obligations, as I had a right to expect, I should have had ample means, not only to make improvements that would greatly have enhanced its usefulness, but should have been relieved of all uneasiness about meeting current expenses. But unfortunately this has not been the case; for with the exception of about twenty per cent. of the whole number on our mail-list, none have paid anything for from one to three years. Hence you can see that I have been furnishing the VOICE to at least fifteen hundred families all these long weary years, without the least compensation whatever.

About two years ago, finding so many behind, with no signs of their ever paying anything, on account of hard times, and knowing I could not carry the constantly increasing load much longer, in consulting its Spirit-managers upon the situation, I was advised to strike out the names altogether of those who were the most behind. I did so; and from that time to this, I have scratched out a little over fifteen hundred names, owing me in the aggregate

over \$3500. This of course is a dead loss, so far as money is concerned; and all I have in its stead is the consoling thought that the VOICE may have been of some practical benefit to some wrapped in ignorance and superstition.

If the above suggestion had not been acted upon promptly, and I had continued to send the paper to nearly four thousand names now on our mail-list, the VOICE OF ANGELS would long ere this have foundered in the turbulent ocean of adverse circumstances, and sunk forever from view beneath its dark, murky water. But by pursuing the above course, and practising the strictest economy in everything, even to my diet, and doing two days work in one, aided by new subscriptions constantly coming in, with help from a few noble souls, who kept paid up, and by their liberal contributions to the "Tunic Fund," I have been able to pay current expenses as they matured.

Notwithstanding all these discouraging drawbacks, I am not down-hearted or discouraged as to the future usefulness of the VOICE; for I believe it is a legitimate offspring of the skies: and being such, it cannot fail in performing the work laid out before it saw the light of day. But such embarrassing thoughts, coupled with hard work, keeps me tired to death all the time, night and day. Not a moment for recreation or exercise, or even time to glance at the daily papers, is at my disposal; but work, work, unceasingly, year in and year out, with no other incentive but to assist beneficients in the Higher Life to supplant the darkness of the past with the calcium light of the present.

I do not wish to excite your sympathy in my behalf, as though I were a beggar; because I am only asking for what is legally my due; but just picture to yourselves an old man, fast verging upon "three-score years and ten," with health impaired, his aged form bending under a heavy load, which he is tugging with might and main up a steep hill, with thousands looking on, without offering any assistance to lighten his aching back,—and you will see a true picture of the writer of this article, tugging the VOICE OF ANGELS up the craggy sides of the Mount of Hope, whose sunny top he feels sure of reaching, sooner or later, with his loved though burdensome load, safe and sound, ere the Angel Death calls him from the scenes of earth.

In writing thus, I do not feel that I am like a mendicant, begging for a few copers; but on the contrary, as before stated, I am only asking for my legitimate and rightful dues, just as any other business

man would ask of his delinquent creditors.

The hope that, now you know just how I am situated, you will make a little extra effort to help me carry the heavy load, by promptly paying up back dues and renewing your subscriptions for a year, or part of one, must be my excuse for writing this dunning article.

In conclusion, I will say that, notwithstanding all of the above loss, the VOICE was never in such a healthy condition as today; for there is not a day passes that there are not more or less new subscribers added to our mail-list, and I feel more sanguine than ever before, that all that is necessary to increase its circulation many-fold its present size, is to get it more generally known; for everybody speaks of it in the highest terms, wherever it finds a lodging-place. So, friends, one and all, come forward and give me a helping hand; so I shall not be obliged to rub out a familiar name, whenever a new subscriber is added to the list.

If in writing the above I have caused one needless pang in your sensitive and over-tasked souls, with your efforts to sustain your dependent families, I humbly ask your forgiveness; for I know by fatal experience the value, at times, of even a few cents. I don't mean by the above that in case you wish to renew I expect a whole year in advance, unless convenient; but you can, after squaring old accounts, pay a little at a time, so as to keep paid up; or, if it is inconvenient to pay anything in advance at the time you pay up arrears, and you can do so soon after, tell me so by postal or otherwise, so that I can work intelligently. This is all I ask.

With a heart full of generous impulses flowing out to you like a great river, I bid you God-speed in every good work and word.

*Pub. Voice of Angels.*

## VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE.

WORCESTER, March 1, 1880.

MR D. C. DENSMORE:—Dear Sir,—In the VOICE OF ANGELS of March 1st, I recognize a communication from my mother, Sallie Amidown, through M. T. Shelhamer. Joy is mine to acknowledge it as characteristic of her, and I endorse it heartily; thanking you for your kindness, and hoping that ere long many will rise up to encourage and sustain you in your good work. Kindly yours,

MRS. A. A. JORDAN, 51 Lincoln St.

Mr. W. J. Colville closed his two months' engagement in this city on Monday last. Mr. Colville's success in Chicago has been very gratifying; he succeeded in filling up the empty pews and created a new interest in the cause.—*R. P. Journal.*

SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE,  
FEBRUARY 15TH, 1880,  
THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHEL-  
HAMER.

INVOCATION. BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

Oh, Thou Infinite One, whom the Angels worship and adore, we come to Thee on this occasion realizing the many obligations Thou hast laid us under; and oh, we praise Thee for thy watchful care, thy protecting love and kindness, with all the teeming blessings Thou hast conferred upon us.

We thank Thee, oh, God of all goodness, for this sacred hour, that has brought together a goodly company of Angels and mortals, who unite in songs of gratitude and praise.

We thank Thee for the blessings of this sacred day, because we can realize this truth, that thy children everywhere behold, that thy Angels gone before, not only can but do return; that the footstep of the departed is heard on the stair, their sweet voices ring in our ears, with words of consolation and love. Oh, for these sacred truths we bless Thee, and we can indeed join in the beautiful song we have sung; for well do we know that we are "Nearer our home today, than we have been before."

SOPHIA HEATH.

I LIVED in Lowell. My friends, most of them, are there; I want them to know I have come back, and that I come to see them every day. I want to thank them all for their kindness. Tell my family I send my love. I am often back to the old home, for I am drawn to those near to me. I would like to come, and talk to them somewhere, if they would like.

I am happy now, and reconciled with my change. All is beautiful and pleasant in the Angel-world. I am glad now to be free from the body, and to live where there is no weariness or sadness to come and wear us out. I can't say much here; I am not used to having what I say put in the papers; but I want my friends to know I can come back to send my love. I am over seventy years old. I was in the flesh. I feel young now in the Spirit.

My name is Sophia Heath. I come from Lowell, Mass. I left my husband there. His name is William Heath.

CLARA E. STAPLES.

I PASSED away with consumption. I was ill and weak a long time; I knew I could not recover, but I was happy in the thought that I should not only pass to a beautiful world, where I would regain health and strength, and where I should

meet dear, dear Spirit-friends, who had passed on before me, but also I should be able to return and minister lovingly to my dear children and my husband, who were to be left upon the mortal side. And I have done so, even as I believed. Although possessing a beautiful Spirit-home, surrounded by loving friends, and beautiful forms, yet I daily return to guide and bless my dear ones, and to guard them with my undying love.

My name is Clara E. Staples. I wish to be remembered to all my friends. It gives me great pleasure when I can manifest and make my presence known to those I love; but whether they know it or not, I am daily by their side. I know the changes that come, and the events that pass by; and oh, I want them ever to live so pure and true that they can truly say, "The angels have blessed me in my life, and led me up to an elevated plane of thought and action. Spiritualism has been a light to lead me above the pitfalls of life, on to the heavenly shore."

I was mediumistic myself. I felt the presence of Spirit-friends, and received interior evidences of their ministrations, which brought me sweet consolation and strength in hours of weakness and sadness.

I would be nearly thirty-nine years of age at this time. I think it is about fifteen months since I passed away from my home in Charlestown, Mass. I left two dear sons, and a well loved husband. His name is James S. Staples.

JOHN KELLY.

GOOD EVENING. [How do you do?] I don't know; I feel bad. You see I was at work, and the dirt caved in on me and buried me alive. I had to struggle a good deal to get out, and I feel bad yet. A good man told me if I came here, I'd feel better. I hope I will.

My name is John Kelly. I don't think it's a great while since it happened. I was digging, and it fell in. I feel bad because of my folks; but if I can get better, so I won't feel hedged in like, perhaps I can come near them and help 'em. [I hope so. You'll feel better now you can get away from the place where the accident happened.] That's it. I keep hanging round, like as though a string pulled me there. Well, if I can get away from that place, I'll be very thankful to ye—that's all. I believe I feel better now, at any rate.

EVA MAY CLARK.

I'VE come again to send a letter. I want to send my little Spirit-song for the children; it's one we sometimes sing in the Summer-land, and I think it'll be good to

give the children to read. I wish I could give them the tune, too; but I can the words, any way, on paper. First, I want to send all our love to papa, and tell him we are all right, and the Doctor is helping him with his limb, making it stronger; and the Doctor—uncle Columbus—goes home with me every day, to help some one else—he knows who. The Doctor can do good there; but she would'n't believe it. I am sorry there is any pain and accidents in the world; I don't like to have anything happen to anybody.

I'm first rate, I tell you; and I'm getting along nicely. I send my love to everybody, especially papa. I guess he'll get this; but any way he will, if it's sent to 53 Church street, Boston. Now for the song:

EVA'S SONG.

CHILDREN, let your voices raise  
In one song of joy and praise;  
Sweetly sing your roundelays—  
God is everywhere!  
In the sunlight, in the breeze,  
In the clear and sparkling seas,  
Even in the leafy trees—  
God is everywhere!  
Glory! glory! God is everywhere!

Little ones, that sweetly sing  
Praises to our Heavenly King,  
They a floral offering bring—  
God is everywhere!  
In the fairest, sunniest bower,  
In the tiny opening flower,  
In the solemn, sacred hour—  
God is everywhere!  
Glory! glory! God is everywhere!

Little feet that go astray,  
He will guide them on their way,  
He will lead them home today—  
God is everywhere!  
In the softly-falling snow,  
In the depths of pain below,  
In the hour of saddest woe—  
God is everywhere!  
Glory! glory! God is everywhere!

Children, then your voices raise  
In one song of joy and praise,  
Sweetly sing your roundelays—  
God is everywhere!  
Even through the depths of shame  
Burns a holy, peaceful flame;  
'Tis our Heavenly Father's name—  
God is everywhere!  
Glory! glory! God is everywhere!

He who reigns in peace above,  
He who rules our hearts with love,  
He protects the cooling dove—  
God is everywhere!  
From the shades of endless night  
He will bring eternal light,  
And will keep it pure and bright—  
God is everywhere!  
Glory! glory! God is everywhere!

MESSAGES GIVEN FEBRUARY 22ND, 1880.

LIZZIE WEST.

My name is Lizzie West. I never came back in this way before. I was very weak when I died; my friends felt sad because I suffered so long. I want to tell them I am happy now. I do not feel weak any more.

I am so glad I can come back and bring my love and watch over my friends. Tell them I remember them, and I will be with them often. I don't want any one to feel

had about me; I am satisfied now every thing happened as it did, because it has given me a beautiful home. I didn't want to die, but I would if I had known it was like this. I had rather be where I am now than to be in the best position on earth.

I lived in Bangor, Maine. I feel I can guide my message to my friends. I want to send thanks for the flowers. I saw the white rose, and understood its meaning; it made me very happy. I saw the violets, too, and the spray of myrtle, and I was pleased; so I send my thanks. I cannot say any more this time; I am much obliged.

WILLIAM HASTINGS.

How do you do? [Nicely; how do you do?] I reckon I am tip top. I come from Savannah, Georgia. Name, Will Hastings. Have not been out of the body long; went down to Memphis on business, caught "Yellow Jack," as the sailors have it, and popped over. I did not want to die; I was young, and life had a good many charms for me, and then I knew nothing of what was to come after; so you see where I stood. Now, I have no relations on this side I care anything about; but I have friends I would like to reach. A party lives in Memphis who will see my message, and I want him to send it to one of the boys—George Hatch—and tell him to show it to the crowd. Tell them I have turned up again, just as I told them I would when we last met; although not exactly in the way I intended. You see we were a pretty gay crowd, and had many a good time together. Two days before I went to Memphis, we met as usual for a social time; the boys were not quite as lively as usual; they knew the fever had broken out in Memphis, and they tried to dissuade me from going. But it was no use; I was not afraid, and my last words were, "Fear not, boys; I'll turn up again all right; be sure of that."

Well, here I am; and I want my friends to believe I am as friendly to them as ever. I hope they will tone down a little, and try and live as well as they can; for the better one lives on earth, morally speaking, the happier he will be over here.

I am not given to preaching; so that is all I have to say; only if any one or all of my friends wish to hear from me, let them form a Circle among themselves, sit regularly once a week, and remain quiet, and I think I can be with them, and make myself known. I thank you, sir.

DAVID A. EDDY.

ALTHOUGH not in need of investigating this philosophy, sir, as I had tested its

merits while in the body, and accepted its teachings, yet I rejoice at this opportunity to send a few words of affectionate greeting home to my family. I lived in the mortal form sixty-eight years, and although I was confined by illness for a few weeks before my departure, yet the end was to me calm, peaceful and happy. I think it was the Wednesday before my death, that I was stricken with paralysis. I have been in Spirit-life two years. In my early life I was a resident of New York State; but for many years I lived in Cleveland, Ohio.

And now, I wish to send my love and blessing to my family; to say I remember each one with tender sympathy and affection. The Spiritual world surround them with blessings; and although the gates of death open to admit one from their midst, yet it is not loss, only infinite gain to the ascended one.

I bear my testimony to my friends as to the truth of Spiritualism, and bid them investigate for themselves. It was a lamp to my feet when here; it is a guiding-star to my soul now, leading me back to loved ones on earth.

I send my greetings to all friends, and to Dr. Parker particularly. My name is David A. Eddy.

I would like my message to go to Mr. J. L. Thayer, Cleveland, Ohio.

V. A. LAKE.

You will please pardon me for coming. I am very anxious to send a message to my family, and tell them I am anxiously looking out for their welfare. The struggle for existence is sometimes hard, and it is often cheerless enough; but it seems that a word from the loved who have gone before may be of cheer. I bring my love and the love of the many who are with me. We watch over and guide those who are dear to us, and we will lighten the material pathway all that is in our power.

I would like to tell my neighbors I have not forgotten them. I wish they would turn their attention to this Spiritualism, and form Circles among themselves for investigation. I am sure I could come, and so can many others, and convince our old associates of our identity.

It will not be two years until next Summer since I passed out. I would like to have stayed longer, for the sake of those on earth; but it is well. I thank you for allowing me to come again.

W. A. Lake to S. M. Lake, Buckton, Illinois.

MESSAGES GIVEN FEBRUARY 29TH, 1880.

EMMA FOSTER.

My name is Emma Foster; I haven't

many relatives on earth, but I want to try and get a letter to my brother William Foster, who is in New York City. I want to ask him to go to a Medium, and let me and mother come to him; we have a great deal to say to him. I have been dead some years. I was nineteen years old. I will tell William here, that we know what change he made last year, and we were glad he did make it. We were with him when he was sick, too, and that night, when he thought he saw mother by him, he did see her, and the light on her forehead was a Spirit-light, that caused him to see her. Tell him it wasn't fancy, and we—mother and I—helped him to get better, because there were so many duties for him to attend to here on earth.

I remember the flowers he brought me just before I died, and how pleased I was with them; and I knew they were preserved with my hair. Now, if he will go somewhere privately, we will come and speak a great deal to him, and tell him many things. We all send love, and little Jennie sends hers, too.

MARION S. GOUGH.

GOOD evening. [How do you do?] I feel rather weak in controlling this organism; I felt weak a long time before I passed home. I presume if I had given up, and taken rest some time before, I might have tarried on the earthly side a little longer; but I felt it my duty to myself and others to remain at my post as long as possible. And the home I have found is so sweet and beautiful, the rest so complete and unbroken, since I have met my dear husband and have entered my spiritual home, that I cannot regret. But I have many dear ones here on earth, in the sweet old home, and I return every day to bless and guard them with my love. Oh, how I watch over them, tenderly and truly, and with what delight did I influence my beloved mother with my presence. The home circle is not broken; the links of love bind it fast and true; and although I have passed the pleasant valley, yet I am with them still. I had one dear child, and it is my privilege to care for and guide that loved one as I could not do when in the form.

I wish to remember with love and gratitude those dear friends who were so kind and faithful to me in my New York home. I love and bless them, and some day, when Spirit meets Spirit, face to face, I will express my thanks in more fitting terms. I might say, New York was my abiding place; but dear old East Princeton was my home; for there those dear to my heart lived, and although far away in body, my Spirit was frequently present with them.



My name is Marion S. Gough. I was thirty-three years in mortal. My father is Charles Stuart, of East Princeton. I thank you for your kindness.

[Mr. Densmore, you had better send to Mr. Charles Stuart, East Princeton, Mass.]

DR. THOMAS M. BREWER.

BUT a short period of time has elapsed since I entered the eternal world. I am not yet prepared to state any convictions of the life existent there, as I have not learned its laws sufficiently to do so. However, I am attracted back to mundane scenes and material labors, and it is a privilege to find myself once more expressing my individuality through mortality.

I am deeply interested in the progress of a certain petition now before your Legislature in regard to the regulation of medical practice. Whatever my opinion upon that subject may have been when in the form, it is decided enough now, and I tell the members of the medical faculty, they had better desire oblivion to swallow them than to desire the passage of a law, curtailing the rights of individuals to exercise their own reason and judgment concerning whom they shall employ to serve them when they are ill, and debarring gifted, *natural* physicians from exercising their powers. I find the physician is made so by Nature, rather than education, and therefore, while I would supplement the natural gifts with a thorough education upon the laws of physiology, and concerning the structure of man, yet I would not disqualify one of these *natural* physicians for practice, simply because he lacked the so-called essential education of college or academy. I come to speak my mind freely, because I feel an irresistible impulse to do so, and I know I shall gain power to go forward for coming in this way.

I would not send any special word to personal friends thus publicly, except my greeting and affection. I am quite prepared to meet them in private, if they desire to give me a hearing.

I was known as Dr. Thomas M. Brewer. Many in Boston know of me; I was also a member of your School Committee.

AURELIA SARGENT.

It is my desire to reach a dear friend of mine, who, I think, is in Bennington, Vermont. Her name is Mary Parker. Many years ago, I told her I would always remember her kindness to me, and if ever I could repay it, I would do so. I also promised her, if I could do so, I would return from beyond the grave, and manifest to her; for I always felt assured I

should die before she did. I went away to California, but died before I reached my new home. I remembered my promise, and I appeared to my friend, as well as I could; and I want to tell her the noises she has heard, and the strange lights she has seen, are caused by Spirits around her. I want her to sit alone quietly every day, at a certain time, for she is a good Medium; and we want to develop her to do a great deal of Spiritual work.

If this does not reach my friend, I want Jonas Parker, who I am told regularly reads the paper, to send it to her, as he must know where Mary is.

My name is Aurelia Sargent; my husband is with me; he passed away soon after I did. I send my love to all.

[From the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*.]

THE UNSEEN CITY.

BY MRS. EMMA R. TUTTLE.

I THINK of a city I have not seen,  
Except in my hours of dreaming,  
Where the feet of mortals have never been,  
To darken its soft, soft gleaming;  
A glimmer of pearl and glint of gold,  
And a breath from the soul of roses,  
With a brightness and beauty all untold,  
Steal over my calm reposes,  
As I dream of the city I have not seen,  
Where the feet of mortals have never been.

I think of that city; for oh, how oft  
My heart has been wrung at parting  
With friends all pale, who with foot-falls soft  
To its airy heights were starting.  
I see them again in their raiment white,  
In the blue, blue distance dwelling,  
And I hear their praises in calm delight  
Come down on the breezes swelling,  
As I dream of a city I have not seen,  
Where the feet of mortals have never been.

That beautiful city is home to me;  
My loved ones are going thither;  
And they who already have crossed the sea  
Are calling, "Come hither, hither."  
Oh, the tender eyes that I worshipped here  
From the golden heights behold me,  
And their songs enchant my raptured ear,  
When the wings of slumber fold me,  
As I dream of a city I have not seen,  
Where the feet of mortals have never been.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

PLACES I HAVE SEEN.

NUMBER THREE.

BY SPIRIT VIOLET.

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELNAMER.

IN the Spirit-world, there are many beautiful places, and there are also scenes which present a wild, unpleasant, even gloomy appearance to the beholder. The places I have described to you are as real to their inhabitants as are the dark alleys and gloomy by-ways in your own large cities. But, while city lanes and alleys have been built in and made so unpleasant and unsightly by carelessness and neglect of physical comfort, these spiritually dark spots have been prepared, hedged in, and rendered squalid and barren because of the sin, neglect, and selfishness gathered around the inner life of those who linger

here, to the detriment of the beautiful qualities of soul, that would shine out and make all places bright.

And so for a time, these Spirits passing out from the flesh find themselves surrounded by darkness, gloom, and wild disorder; the objective scenes before them representing the wild, chaotic state and barren results of their own misspent lives; but as soon as they realize their terrible condition, and begin to mourn over their past follies and errors, then the darkness begins to vanish—light dawns upon them, they find sweet fields where before appeared sterile rocks and sand, and they dimly feel and perceive the presence of Ministering Spirits, where before all appeared lonely and desolate,

Then begins the struggle to break from old ties and associations that fetter the soul; then repentance and reformation commence, and the Spirit pauses not until he or she has arisen out of old errors and gained light and knowledge and peace.

Spirits like these, who have passed through the waters of suffering and trial, who have felt the fires of tribulation and remorse, do not pause with their own deliverance from evil and temptation; but they invariably become grand co-workers with those sweet missionary Angels who delight to do good, and like messengers of light, they spend their time in seeking to aid some other unfortunate out of the slough of error or despondency.

But there is something connected with Spiritual surroundings which would puzzle one very much, were it not for this fact kept constantly in view—the fact that the surroundings of any one Spirit present an appearance typical of his inner condition. For instance, a Spirit grovelling in the lower condition, whose chief delight is to minister to and cultivate the appetites and passions, at the expense of the nobler attributes of the soul—be it in the body or out—surrounded by blooming gardens or sunny fields—appears always as though surrounded by a dense, dark cloud, which envelopes him and obscures the brilliant light above and around him from penetrating to his inner life. And if he is devoid of a material body, though hosts of higher intelligences surround him, their white garments lighting up the gloom, their snowy arms filled with sweet-scented blossoms, yet while he remains indifferent to his soul's welfare, he can perceive nothing of their presence; he can neither see the flowers they bear, nor hear the songs they sing, until his soul becomes quickened by a strong desire to rise above the darkness and the gloom.

In company with that Angel missionary of whom I have before spoken—a dear aunt, who passed away from earth many years ago, a sweet, innocent maiden—I have many times visited these dark by-ways where undeveloped Spirits, surrounded by gloomy clouds, remain—many of them perhaps indifferent to their condition. Yet we are always sure of finding some one or more among them, who has grown weary, and become anxious for more light and goodness; and when we find them in this frame of mind, it is a beautiful task to talk to them, show them how they may grow better, and little by little lead them up to more pleasant conditions of existence.

But to go on with my description of places I have seen: A thick, almost impenetrable forest, stretching out far and wide before us, its deep, dark undergrowth of shrubbery growing up in great thickets; tangled vines covering the trunks of the trees, and interlacing with each other, so that no sunbeams strayed through the leafy covert. No sound of singing bird, no scent of beautiful flower, could here be found. All was so dark, so lonely, so impenetrable, that it seemed not even a Spirit could enter the depths of that gloomy place. But as we approached, the seemingly objective wood became subjective only; I found that we could pass through readily. In the depths of this forest, we came upon a female Spirit, seemingly asleep; wan, pale and haggard, she presented an appearance of deep suffering.

My companion explained to me the meaning of this scene. The Spirit before us had shortly before inhabited a mortal form. Tossed about here and there on the waves of poverty and misfortune, scorned and neglected and despised, she had felt herself an outcast from the human family, and in a fever of despair she had ended her mortal life by poison.

Her wild longing for solitude, the hatred of society of any kind, her dislike to the city, and her desire to bury herself and her griefs in some uninhabited spot, had surrounded her Spirit with this deep forest, where no step disturbed her in her lonely vigils. She had realized that she could not kill the soul; she had found herself in this wild spot, alone and unclaimed, and for a time she was thankful that no eye could look upon her.

But the silence, gloom and solitude, produced such an effect upon her Spirit, that a terrible reaction set in. She had had time to reflect, to realize her past life, and the cause of much of her misery.

She had wept, and at last even prayed; and here alone with herself, she had recognized her dependence upon humanity, and the duties she owed to herself. Then came a longing for companionship, a desire to leave this dreadful place, and a wish that she might go away where she could begin a new life, happy, innocent, and good like others.

Weary with contending emotions, she had sunk down exhausted, and her Guardian Spirit, who was no other than her own mother, and who had never left her, threw her into a deep trance, in which we found her, still attended by that Mother-Soul.

Raising the stricken being in our arms, we three Spirits bore her away from the solitude, gloom, and darkness, out into a beautiful valley, where the sun shone warmly, the birds warbled in the branches of the trees, the blue waters of the stream gurgled playfully between green banks, where flowers bloomed in fragrance and beauty, and laying her gently upon one of these mossy beds, we assisted the Mother-Spirit in bringing back the senses of her child.

Soon the blue eyes opened, and as they began to take in the scene around her, filled with a happy light, and a peaceful smile played around her pallid lips. Very weak was this child of God, and we left her upon the fragrant couch, where the balmy breezes bore new healing to her weary frame.

But not for long; again and again we visited her, and found that she had been taken to a tiny white cottage by her mother, where she was constantly growing stronger and better.

At times, thoughts of the old life would cause her cheek to blanch and frame to shudder; but as she was so thoroughly regretful for whatever had been wrong in her life, and was filled with such a desire to atone for past errors, and to learn the laws of her being, to perform whatever work my friend and teacher appointed her to do, she was so willing to learn and so anxious to aid others, that the memory of earth has at last ceased to pain her, and it only serves to deepen in her soul a tender sympathy, and gentle, helpful love for the suffering and sin-tried souls who dwell on earth.

We call her "Charity," and she has become a tender helper wherever a poor soul is in need of strength or encouragement; she goes out alone into the darkness, where others are suffering, and with her Spirit-love dispels the gloom, and sends a ray of hope and mercy into the lowly depths of degradation and sorrow.

## BRIEF ITEMS.

The First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia propose to celebrate the ensuing anniversary of Modern Spiritualism on the 31st inst., by conference meetings in the morning and afternoon of Wednesday, and a sociable in the evening, and then resume the celebration services on the succeeding Sunday.

They have also entered into a contract with the proprietor of Neshaminy Falls Grove for the occupancy of that beautiful place for a Camp Meeting, from July 16th to August 18th, 1880. This is the site occupied by them last year, when their camp was considered a success in every respect.

Dr. W. L. Jack, of Haverhill, who has been spending some time in eastern New Hampshire and Maine, wishes to express his grateful thanks for the kind reception extended to him by his friends at Biddeford and Portsmouth, and for the many valuable and useful gifts presented him on his successful visit to those cities; for they are the links that bind our hearts and souls in relation forever, and in God's fields of glory will prove flowers of immortal worth to bloom in friendship's garden forever.

We have just received from Colby & Rich, a beautiful picture in cabinet size of that talented and remarkable Medium for Spirits to speak thro', who is getting to be—and rightly, too—widely known and celebrated for her Spirit-ministrations, Miss M. T. Shelbamer, who is now extending the field of her usefulness by giving weekly sittings at the *Banner of Light* Circle Room, in addition to her weekly contributions to the *VOICE OF ANGELS*. Thanks, gentlemen. *Pub. Voice of Angels.*

The Free Circle connected with *Mind and Matter* is still continued at the office of that paper, in Philadelphia, every Monday afternoon, at three o'clock—Alfred James. Medium.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond closed her late successful engagement in Boston on Sunday, Feb. 29th, when she started westward, speaking in Rochester, N. Y., March 2d, and in Cleveland, Ohio, March 4th. Mrs. Richmond never was more successful than during her recent lectures and addresses.

Mr. W. J. Colville met with much appreciation during his recent visit to Chicago, and his addresses in the Third Unitarian Church in that city. He held a reception on his return to Boston, at Kennedy Hall, Warren street, and has resumed his place in Berkeley Hall, where he spoke Sunday morning, March 7th.

The Spiritual Association of Toronto, Canada, have engaged the services of Mrs. C. Lawson, Coxlive, England, for the month of March.

The Brooklyn (N. Y.) Spiritual Fraternity, who occupy Downing Hall in that city, will be favored with an address from Andrew Jackson Davis, on Saturday evening, March 20th, at 7 o'clock. Mrs. Mary F. Davis is also expected to be present. The next Saturday evening, March 27th, anniversary exercises in commemoration of the advent of Modern Spiritualism. Henry Kiddle will deliver the opening address.

The opposition to the proposed unfair and partial "Doctors' Law," now before the Massachusetts Legislature, grows stronger every day, and there is but little danger of its becoming a law.

Spiritualism is attracting a good deal of attention in Australia at the present time, and the anniversary of the rise of Modern Spiritualism will be celebrated at Sydney, March 31st, by a grand Convention, to be followed by speeches, music and readings.

Mrs. Hollis Billing, that reliable and excellent Medium, is about returning to the United States, after a long absence in Europe. She contemplates visiting the Pacific Coast before long.

Capt. H. H. Brown has been engaged by the

First Society of Spiritualists of Willimantic, Conn., to speak for them one-half of the Sundays of the coming year, and he has removed his family there.

A bill was recently presented to the Assembly of the State of New York, authorizing women to vote for school officers of all kinds. It passed the Senate unanimously, and the House by only three dissenting votes, which shows a universal sense of justice in our law-givers.

J. Madison Allen has been doing a good work at Battle Creek, Mich. He closed his series of lectures there Sunday, Feb. 22nd.

The Spiritual Fraternity of Portland, Me., is in a prosperous condition, and will hold their meetings for the future in Rossini Hall, Exchange Street.

Mrs. S. A. Byrnes is very acceptably filling the rostrum of the First Association of Spiritualists (an incorporated religious body) of this city, this month to good houses.—*Mind and Matter.*

The Spiritualists of Rochester, N. Y., will celebrate the Thirty-second Anniversary, Wednesday, March 31st, commencing at 10 A. M., continuing through the day and evening until 9 o'clock, then closing with a social festival.—*Mind and Matter.*

The fourteenth annual meeting of the State Association of Spiritualists and Liberalists will take place at Stuart's Hall and Hamlin's Opera House, Battle Creek, Michigan, commencing Wednesday, March 24th, and closing Sunday, March 28th. Some twenty-five or thirty of the most distinguished speakers and Medlums are expected to be present.—*Mind and Matter.*

Dr. J. M. Peebles has been invited to deliver the opening or valedictory address in the hall, 124th street and 3rd avenue, in New York City, recently secured by the Spiritualists for their regular meetings.

Hiram Powers, the distinguished sculptor, was born in Woodstock, Vt., where they are about to erect a monument to his memory. It is well-known to both Americans and Europeans that Mr. Powers was a devoted Spiritualist. Dr. J. M. Peebles met him in Florence, Italy, and had a pleasant interview with him in regard to the Spiritualistic movement in Italy.—*Mind and Matter.*

Mrs. Emma Harding Brittan is lecturing to overflowing houses every Sunday in San Francisco, Cal., and to accommodate the public, is announced to give lectures on Thursday evenings. Her Sunday evening meetings are closed by a test seance by Mrs. Ada Foye.—*Mind and Matter.*

**PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.**

THROUGH C. E. WINANS.

MRS. ELIZABETH MINNS.

I AM Mrs. Elizabeth Minns, from Decatur Co., Ind. I passed away some time in October, 1872. Can I manifest myself here? I am following the example of others by coming back to prove to the world that I am not dead, but am living, and that there is a life beyond the grave; and oh, how many hallowed associations come thronging upon my mind, as I look back to my life in Kentucky, in my childhood's home. The very word stirs the deep fountains of feeling within my breast, and warms even the death-chilled heart, and strengthens my aged Spirit with a glow of unwonted emotion; and my memory is strong as it ever was of mother and father, whose counsels and examples taught me that wisdom's ways were ways of

pleasantness, and who were to me the prototypes of all earthly nobleness and excellence; and while I was on the earth-plane I tried to instill the same thoughts into my children's minds.

I can come now in Spirit into the family-circle of the dear children I left, though they cannot see me, or hear the voice of their mother only in this way; and the unwearied love of their mother can bring sunshine to her children's hearts, and still share the joys and sorrows of those she loved.

I rejoice in the warmth and brightness of our family-circle. Children and husband, you must throw off all the cankering fetters of care, and rejoice in the knowledge that those whom you have given up in death still live and can be with you in Spirit. How bitter is the thought that many of us might have done far more to contribute to the happiness and improvement of those so dear to us, if the Spirit of Christ had dwelt uniformly in us. There are a thousand instances where our waywardness or thoughtlessness give additional pangs to the warm hearts that beat only for us.

And now, dear children of earth-life, let the Spirit of Christ dwell in you. Repentance, however deep, is unavailing. No sorrow or remorse can give you and the rest back the golden hours of childhood, or restore to you embraces the loved and lost.

I am still a Methodist, and my faith is as strong in the goodness of God as it ever was; and the ways of God are made plainer to me, and I understand things now better, and the mystery of the coming back of the Spirit is simple and plain. I rejoice that the great being has not forgotten to grant us this blessing, of letting us return to earth to communicate to our earthly friends. Praise God! Good-bye.

ELIZABETH MINNS,

From Decatur Co., Ind.

THROUGH DR. W. L. JACK, HAVERHILL, MS. CHIPPEE.

PALE-FACES, Chippee sends this greeting unto you—hoping that the beams of the bright sun will throw its genial influence around you all. Like the spark of fire that falls off the altar of truth, may it be formed into one great blaze, which will melt the coldness in your hearts, and warm you anew to dwell together in unity—the grandest condition, in whose harmonious unison the greatest and best results are found.

In this Council of Peace, you will find the great blanket of love always suspended

from the happy hunting-ground, where the grand laws of harmony originate with the mightiest of all Chiefs, who sits there enthroned in his majestic wigwam, and unto whom ascends the sweet incense from loving and grateful hearts; whose ascension grows higher and higher, until it obtains those grand altitudes on whose plains they will drink from the springs of Everlasting Peace and the wells of Universal Knowledge, whose depths have never yet been fathomed by any pale-face.

Oh, Spiritual pale-faces, be a unit in Spiritual things. Deal in holy numbers, and not in fractions; so that the Great Spirit can throw his bright blanket around your forms, and in its folds of peace you will be embraced by the great Chief of Light, in that Lodge which holds its Councils in the happy wigwam of that hunting-ground where all the tribes of earth finally meet in the one Council of Peace.

THROUGH A. A. TANNER, UNION, UTAH.

JOHN TANNER, SEN., TO NATHAN TANNER.

NATHAN, I am willing to communicate to you through this channel, if it meets with your approval. My experience here is small in comparison to those who have been longer in Spirit-life. Some make greater progress in this life than others. I have made more progress here since I have been here, than in earth-life. My experience is that when we enter this life, we are at first as infants, who are born in the natural world. We learn gradually; no one can understand his or her surroundings at once. Yet the time required to learn is comparatively short here, to the time required on earth. Besides, no one can attain to a full degree of knowledge on earth. I am with brother Joseph some of the time. He says that things on earth are going on about as he expected. No more at this time.

THROUGH WEST INGLE.

CALEB HUTCHINSON TO HIS DAUGHTER.

My ever dearly beloved daughter, I find it pleasant conversing with you through the mediumship of our friend "West Ingle." I have long desired to give you the particulars of my advent into Spirit-life, and let you know of the dear friends I have found here. I did not understand the real truth when I came here; I had some idea of immortality, but did not know how far the soul retained its identity in the Spirit-world. You know I was not ready to die when the hour came; I did not think I was passing away, till I looked down upon my body and realized that the old shattered garments had been forever thrown aside, and henceforth I was free. Then I soon

found myself surrounded by our dear friends—my own dear ones, some who passed away in infancy, and others who fell by the wayside as I journeyed along through life.

My grandfather was the strongest to help me at the time; my own dear ones came next; and all gave me a glad welcome into Spirit-life. Now I am supremely happy. My living friends demand all my love and care.

My dear children, how my soul clings to loving living friends left on earth! I am satisfied with all that has been done since I left the earth. I know you have all done your best, and are living up to your highest ideal of truth; and brighter days are in store for you, my darling child. You have suffered silently many heart-aches, and few can read in your bright, cheerful face that your inner life is beyond the gaze of friendship, deeper, holier, and better than your surrounding conditions. A calm, sweet, womanly life yours will ever be, my daughter, and notwithstanding the past has a few withered joys and blighted hopes, the future will bloom and bear fruit of rich and golden quantity.

You wonder at my manner of speaking; but, my child, I am where bonds are broken, and the gifts of the Spirit can be used in their broadest and richest capacity. You will understand this better in our future communications, for I shall continue to commune with you and our other friends.

This is but the commencement of a long and happy intercourse with those of my loved ones on earth. I will tell you all you would know. Remember me in love to all. Tell your mother all is well, and Elwin Rideout says he will surely communicate with you, and tell you of love that never fades away from true hearts.

I see differently than I did, my dear child, and am happy; I am contented. I am realizing in its fullest sense what endless peace and progression means.

God and the angels bless you, my dear daughter. I am still your father, Caleb Hutchinson.

SPIRIT MESSAGE

FROM LITTLE SARA CANFIELD TO HER MOTHER IN CASTLETON, VT., THROUGH A. E. FLAGG, PAW PAW, ILL. CO., ILL.

S. H. FLAGG brings a little girl, who wants to tell her mother she isn't dead. She says: "Grandma brought me home, and Grandma says if ma could get a letter, saying that her little Sara—that's me—had gone to Grandma, she wouldn't cry any more. Ma's name is Carrie Canfield, and she lives in Castleton, Vt. Grandma

says, Give the letter to Mr. D. C. Densmore, for he loves little children, and he will put it in his Spirit post-office, and ma will see it. Good-bye, I will come again some time. SARA CANFIELD.

Do or do not the churches generally worship the same man-made God that Moses did, instead of worshipping that Infinite Spirit that Christ claimed as his Father?

The true symbol is when the special represents the general, not as a dream and shadow, but as the living momentary manifestation of the Unsearchable.

SPECIAL NOTICE FROM "BLISS CHIEF'S" BAND.—"Me, Red Cloud, speak for Blackfoot, the great Medicine Chief from happy hunting ground. He say he love white chiefs and squaws. He travel like the wind. He go to circles. Him big chief. Blackfoot want much work to do. Him want to show him healing power. Make sick people well. Where paper go, Blackfoot go. Go quick. Send right away. No wampum for three moons."

Those who are sick in body or mind will be furnished with magnetized paper for the space of three months without other charge than three three-cent stamps to pay postage. From what we know of the power of these spirit friends we feel warranted in encouraging the afflicted in seeking their services in the way suggested. Circles sitting for development will find their object promoted by sending for some of the prepared paper. Address, James A. Bliss, No. 713 Sansom St. Philadelphia, Penn.

"TUNIE" FUND.

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

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

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James Hart, Avar, Ill., . . . 0.35
A. B. Nott, Fairhaven, Mass., . . . 0.35
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