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## VOICE OF ANGELS.

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### LITERARY.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

## HEART-STRINGS.

THROUGH TRYPHENA C. PARDEE.

[CONCLUDED.]

Though silence claims the voice sublime  
That blast them with such touching ties,  
Its last low cadences will climb  
The heights of Life's eternal skies;  
And the wreathing swells through clouds of care  
And deep affliction's storm-cracked chords  
Hang on the moon's pale-lighted air  
With Life's enduring holy words.

When the twisted love-line parts in twain,  
One-half to string a heavenly lute,  
Its lingering measures thread the chain  
Adown the stars to lone hearts mute.  
And our burning spirits fondly glow,  
Repeating Love's immortal themes;  
Fresh visions of the heart outflow  
Our morning rainbow's radiant dreams.

'Twas the nicest work of all God's ways—  
So delicate the human heart—  
To tune so many rhythmic lays  
With tones to meet each varied part;  
So that every light and shade that plays  
Finds pathos in the realms of thought,  
That highest symphonies of praise  
May claim each mystic sense inwrought.

And we feel fond Nature's murmurs steal  
Deep in our being's oft-scarred core,  
Where soul-felt harmonies reveal  
True heart-strings blent forevermore;—  
Though we listen to the falling tones  
That falter in the long-lost past,  
They are not dearer than the ones  
That hum in spite of death's cold blast.

ELLINGTON, N. Y., March 7, 1880.

Much will always wanting be  
To him who much desires. Thrice happy he  
To whom the wise indulgence of Heaven,  
With sparing hand, but just enough has given.—Cowley.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

## MESSAGE FROM ROBERT HARE TO DR. FAHNESTOCK.

[THROUGH DR. O., CONTINUED.]

FROM THE SPIRIT OF REV. J. C. B.—

*Reply to Dr. Hare's Article upon "Is Man a Fallen Being?"*

"As by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, so death passed upon all—for all sinned."—Paul.

DEAR DOCTOR:—In the above quotation from the Apostle Paul, we have a synopsis of the doctrine of man's fallen condition as contained in the Bible. Laying aside all theologi-



D. C. DENSMORE,  
MUNDANE EDITOR "VOICE OF ANGELS."

cal expositions, and taking the Apostle's plain statement of the fact, let us endeavor to arrive at the true Bible import of the statement.

We are told that the result was the effect of "one man's sin." Now sin is defined by John to be "transgression of the law." Then we have the proposition "that by one man's transgression of the law," etc.

If we recollect that this "one man" was the federal head, or parent from whom the entire race descended, we can easily understand how

his transgression of a given law might affect his whole posterity. This position receives additional strength from the reflection that the laws of God, whether moral or physical, are not the arbitrary expression of his will, but grow out of the nature and fitness of the condition permitted or prohibited. That is to say, the laws of God prohibit a course of action, which course of action, if indulged in, would injure the being to whom the prohibition is given. Almighty wisdom seeing from the beginning, prohibits to his creatures things hurtful in themselves, while he permits the enjoyment of those which are innocent.

God's laws, then, being based on this immutable principle, it clearly follows that the infraction of any divine law, whether physical or moral, must produce as its result the state or condition in the creature against which that law was intended to provide, and that this state or condition will be transient or permanent, affecting only himself or capable of being transmitted to his offspring, in proportion to the extent of the infraction, or nature of the law violated.

Even human philosophy recognizes this fact, by teaching the doctrine that a slight exposure of the person, contrary to the physical laws of health, will result in a transient cold; while recklessness in this direction must eventuate in consumption, capable of being transmitted to subsequent offspring. And again, that the moral influences surrounding the mother, while *en ventre*, will form the basis of the child's character. Hence natural warriors are said to be born in camps, upon which the unenviable greatness of Napoleon Bonaparte was said to be predicated.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

A WOMAN has no natural grace more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It leaps from her heart in a clear sparkling rill; and the heart that hears it, feels bathed in exhilarating spring. It turns the prose of her life into poetry; it flings flowers of sunshine over the darksome wood in which we are travelling; it touches with light, even sleep, which is no more the image of death, but is consumed with dreams that are shadows of immortality.



## 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.

PLEURISY.

PERHAPS the reader will understand what to do in a case of pleurisy better by knowing how a severe case was treated, than by many directions.

A lady had an attack of pleurisy, called a medical doctor, but got no relief; then called another medical doctor, and he doctored her till he gave her up to die, and went home; and three days after, the general report was that she was beyond hope of recovery.

I was called upon, being a hydropathist, and the case being one in which I could not do any injury, I suppose it was considered perfectly safe to set me to work; for she was surely beyond receiving any help from medical doctors.

When I first saw her, after I had ascertained, as near as I could, how she was, her neighbors, being very anxious for her recovery, kept asking me if there was any possible chance to cure her; and as I was afraid that mortification had commenced, I was obliged to tell them that I did not know.

I ordered a full injection of soft warm water, to make the bowels act, and draw or attract the blood from the pleura, or diaphragm. After that had done its work, and the lady rested awhile, I furnished a bath-pan, made of sheet iron, which, being over four feet in length, and nearly two feet in width, she could be put into in a sitting posture, being supported by her husband and nurse, while the pan contained tepid water, to the depth of nearly three inches, before she was put into it. She was supported and rubbed downward with wet hands ten or fifteen minutes, then taken out, wiped dry, and rested in bed an hour or more; then put in the bath again, as before; but I do not remember whether she was put in more than twice, before she was free from pain, and perfectly comfortable, except having a very sore mouth; and her feet were so warm that she put them out of bed.

I prepared a powder to cure her sore mouth, and she got well without any more difficulty, and said she knew that I saved her life; when I thought it was the water that saved her life.

All pain, except what is caused by a physical injury of the nerves, is caused by the circulation of the blood being retarded by some means, so that it is not free in all parts of the system. The tepid half-bath equalizes the circulation.

All that is taken into the stomach, except woody, or solid matter, is carried by the lacteals into the blood, and then passes through the right ventricle of the heart into the lungs; therefore oil may do much in overcoming tightness of the lungs.

MANY young persons believe themselves natural, when they are only impolite and coarse.

## NERVOUS EXHAUSTION.

BY CHARLES KELSEY, M. D.

[CONCLUDED.]

INSTEAD of the brain, it may be the heart which first suffers, and then, without any headache or sleeplessness, there begins to be an irregular action of that organ. At first it is too slight for the patient himself to appreciate, but after a while it begins to be very troublesome. At the slightest shock he feels a sudden commotion in his breast, as the heart stops its pulsations for a moment, and this is attended with a constant sense of foreboding, a conviction of impending dissolution, which cannot be reasoned away. A knock at the door, an unexpected message, a noise in the house at night—which in health would not excite a flutter—are now enough to cause him to put his hand to his breast and catch for breath. Such men will give up business, sacrifice large interests, prepare for sudden death, and then spend years in the search for health. All the time they are firmly convinced that any moment may be their last, and it is generally useless for a physician to try and convince them to the contrary. The affection is not nearly as serious as the former, but the mental suffering is much worse, and the only way of laying the spectre is by bringing such a man back to health. It is a part of the disease as much as the overaction of the heart, and the two are cured together.

It is unnecessary to follow the ramifications of this affection through all the train of digestive troubles, the paralysis of certain muscles, the spasm or trembling of others, and the peculiar sensations in all parts of the body. An hysterical woman is a sufferer with whom most people have some experience at one time or another, and she gets little sympathy, due to the foolish popular idea that no woman has any business to be hysterical, and needn't be unless she chooses. An hysterical man is a rarer sight, but by no means an uncommon one. These troubles are confined to no class. They come to the young girl surrounded by every comfort of life, from some sudden shock or long continued impropriety in living; and they come where they might with more reason be expected—to the sewing woman toiling for her bread in her garret. The professional man, the student, and the man in active business suffer alike.

In every case there is a cause to be sought for, and it will generally be found in the violation or one or other of the cardinal rules of health. Sometimes it is hidden, and may require all the skill of the most skilful to ferret out; and sometimes the cure has to be wrought on general principles, and may consist in the establishment of certain rules of daily living which are sure in the end to lead to health, without our ever being able to tell which ones were violated in the outset. The task is harder in women than in men, inasmuch as the nervous system of the former is more delicate than in the latter. In men the cause will more generally be found in overworry than in legitimate overwork—for work will not often of itself bring a man into the condition we have hinted

at. Nine times out of ten, some palpable impropriety in the way of working, some infringement of the two prime essentials of health, regularity and rest, will be found at the bottom of it. Few of us know the amount of actual work, either mental or physical, these bodies of ours are capable of; and fewer still have come to apply any such careful training to our minds as is done to the body when it is to be put to a trial of force. How many men in the legitimate trade are overworked? Year after year, for a life-time, they go down town in the morning and come back at night; never take a vacation, and seldom feel the need of more than a good night's sleep. Steady, easy-going, hard workers, they smoke their one cigar after dinner, and have a certain rule of daily living from which it is difficult to move them; late hours they seldom keep, and late suppers do not allure. But they manage tremendous enterprises, and carry heavy responsibilities, and they make up the back-bone of the business world.

There is another class of business men who are much more frequently "overworked" than they. They are generally young, and their business is done on much less capital, and consists in taking chances. They risk their all on the difference of one per cent., and they do not sleep easily while waiting to see whether they have lost or won. They are not overworked, but they are in a constant state of overtension and excitement, and are glad to drown the thought of business in conviviality. They are bad patients, and they suffer from a train of symptoms peculiar to the life they live.—*Christian Advocate and Journal, N. Y.*

## REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION AND CATARRH.

WITH the hope of doing some service to those afflicted with catarrh, permit me to bear testimony of the relief to be derived in this complaint from the use of Mullein. Smoking it in a pipe, when the catarrh is most troublesome, always secures relief; and patiently continued, effects a permanent cure. A decided improvement is very soon noticed in the tone of the lungs and voice in speaking and singing. It can be obtained of botanic dealers at twenty-five cents per pound.

The following statement (which I find in a weekly journal which has fallen under my notice) of its virtue in consumption, may also be trusted and tested:

"CUT THIS OUT AND SAVE IT.—A correspondent writes as follows, about the flower of a well-known plant; I have discovered a remedy for consumption. It has cured a number of cases, after they had commenced bleeding at the lungs, and the hectic flush was already on the cheek. After trying this remedy to my own satisfaction, I have thought philanthropy required that I shall let it be known to the world. It is common mullein, steeped and sweetened with coffee sugar, and drank freely. Young or old plants are good, dried in the shade and kept in clean bags. The medicine must be continued from three to six months, according to the nature of the disease. It is



very good for the blood-vessels, also. It strengthens and builds up the system, instead of taking away the strength. It makes good blood, and takes away inflammation from the lungs. It is the wish of the writer that every periodical in the United States, Canada, and Europe, should publish this receipt for the benefit of the human family. Lay this up, and keep it in the house ready for use."—*Boise City Republican*.

### THE FEAR OF FAT.

No doubt it is unpleasant to be excessively obese; but the morbid dread of fat which has in recent years become fashionable has no foundation in physiological fact. Fat answers two purposes—it acts as a non-conducting envelope for the body, and protects it from too rapid loss of heat, and it serves as a store of fuel. In the course of exhausting diseases it not unfrequently happens that the life of a patient may be prolonged until the reserve of fat is exhausted, and then he dies of inanition. Fats supply the material of the heating process on which vitality mainly depends. In great excess it is inconvenient; but the external layings on of fat is no certain measure of the internal development of adipose tissue; much less does a tendency to grow fat imply, or even suggest, a tendency to what is known as "fatty degeneration." It is time to speak out on this point, as the most absurd notions seem to prevail. Again, it is not true that special forms of food determine fat. That is an old and exploded notion. Some organisms will make fat, let them be fed on the leanest and scantiest and least saccharine descriptions of food, while others will not be "fattened," let them feed on the most "fattening" of diets. The matter is one in which it is supremely desirable and politic to be natural, adapting the food taken to the requirements of health rather than substance. Simple food, sufficient exercise, and regular habits, with moderation in the use of stimulants, compose the maxim of a safe and healthy way of life.—*London Lancet*.

### WHOOPIING-COUGH.

#### CAUSE AND PROPER TREATMENT OF THE DISEASE.

FUNGOID growth, the cause of the whooping-cough, was the subject of a lecture delivered last evening by Dr. Henry A. Mott, before the Academy of Sciences. This disease, which is so prevalent in the cities, deserves a careful study, remarked the lecturer. In cities in this country, the disease was most prevalent in Charleston; then followed Philadelphia, New York and Baltimore.

Much diversity of opinion existed as to its cause. Some regarded it as a bronchial inflammation, while others held that it was a disease of specific character, and that the bronchial inflammation was only a concomitant. The remedies prescribed were as numerous as the opinions about the disease. Patients were given purgatives, emetics, astringents, expectorants, narcotics, tonics, etc. Dr. Letzerich first discovered, by aid of the microscope, the existence of fungi in various forms in the expectorated

mucus; and subsequent investigation proves that this fungoid growth was the direct cause of the whooping-cough. He showed that if the expectorated mucus is whooped up during the first catarrhal stage of that disease, there will be seen, besides a portion of the phlegm, small, elliptically shaped, brownish-red, fungous spores, some of which have partially germinated and brought into existence mycelium. The lecturer showed an illustration of the fungus in its various stages of development—spores, mycelium filament, and other forms. The spores in whooping-cough differ in appearance from those in diphtheria, and the growth of mycelium and thread fungus is very rapid, while the expectorated mucus becomes thick, and in drying, is glassy, although tenacious. Dr. Hamilton, the lecturer said, was of opinion that the spores were received by the individual in the saliva, which attached itself to the under side of the tongue, where the mucous membrane is thinnest and softest. Here they germinate and spread to the larynx and pharynx, where the whooping-cough is established. Elevations or lumps are often seen under the tongue before the whooping, but catarrhal symptoms are quite prominent then. There is also discharge from the nose, suffused eyes, head-ache, some fever, and great lassitude. Quinine is considered the best remedy for the disease. It arrests the alcoholic fermentation caused by the fungi, prevents their development, and generally acts as a poison to them. The best way of taking quinine for whooping-cough is by placing it in the form of powder upon the tongue, and letting it dissolve there. The doses are 2 to 5 grains for children, and 3 to 5 grains for adults.—*N. Y. Times*.

THERE is a kind of conscience, some men keep,  
Is like a member that's benumbed with sleep;  
Which, as it gathers blood, and wakes again,  
It shoots, and pricks, and feels as big as ten.—*Quarles*.

### CORROBORATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

BUFFALO, N. Y., March 21, 1880.

D. C. DENSMORE:—*Dear Friend*,—It is with pleasure that I comply with the request of my friend, Mr. Cobb, to write and acknowledge a communication in your issue of March 1st, purporting to come from the Spirit of John T. Blakeney, of Dunkirk, to S. B. Cobb, through the mediumship of M. T. Shelhamer.

Mr. Cobb feels the force and truthfulness of the message; says he has not a doubt but that it came from his old friend, Dr. Blakeney.

I was acquainted with the Doctor about eight years; have spent many pleasant hours in conversation with him. He often spoke to me (and with much feeling) of his gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. Cobb, for their great kindness to him, in giving him every opportunity when they held Circles at their own home, to investigate with themselves the truths of immortal life. He was truly one of God's noblemen, and passed to the Higher Life in the full belief of Spirit-communion.

In the message it says, "To S. B. Cobb." There is a slight mistake here, as his initials

are A. S., instead of S. B. Mr. Cobb thinks it possibly may be only a typographical error.

Yours, fraternally, M. A. SWAIN.

### REMARKABLE STORY.

WE have been requested by a contributor to publish the following remarkable story, printed in the *Banner of Light*, April 9th, 1870. Although we cannot vouch for its truthfulness, yet as it corroborates many incidents of the same sort recorded in the current events of the world's history, it has at least the color of possibility, if not probability.

*Pub. Voice of Angels.*

NORTH CORNVILLE, Me., Jan. 14, 1870.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT:—The enclosed manuscript was copied from the original in the hands of Mrs. Wingate, daughter of Com. Tingy, who received it from the hands of Mr. Tuck, surgeon on board of U. S. frigate President, about the time of the occurrence. Seeing your notice calling for the same, I have copied it for the benefit of the readers of your valuable paper.

Yours, truly, MRS. JACOB JEWELL.

ALTHOUGH the events, now for the first time recorded, occurred ten years since, they are still fresh in my recollection, and have made so strong an impression upon my mind that time can never obliterate them. They partake so much of the marvellous that I should not dare to commit them to paper were there not so many living witnesses to the truth of the facts narrated, some of them of the greatest respectability—even sanctioned by Com. Rodgers. The story is considered by all who have heard it too interesting to be lost. I therefore proceed to the task while those are in existence who can confirm it, living in an enlightened age and country where bigotry and superstition have nearly lost their influence over the minds of men, particularly as regards the citizens of this republic, where knowledge is so universally diffused. I have often been deterred from relating circumstances so wonderful, but facts are stubborn things, and the weight of testimony in this case cannot be resisted. Unable for want of time to enter as far into particulars as I should wish, I will give, to the best of my recollection, the most prominent and striking occurrences in the order in which they took place, without comment or embellishment.

Some time in the latter part of December, 1813, a man by the name of Kemble, aged about 23, a seaman on board the U. S. Frigate President, commanded by Com. Rodgers, on a cruise then near the Western Islands, was brought to me from one of the tops, in which he was stationed, having burst a blood vessel in his lungs, being at the time in great danger of instant death, the blood gushing with great violence from his mouth and nostrils. With much difficulty I succeeded in stopping the discharge, and he was put upon the use of remedies suited to his case. I visited him often, and had the best opportunity of becoming acquainted with his temperament and intellectual attainments, and under all circumstances during his illness



found his language and behavior such as stamped him the rough, profane and illiterate sailor. It is my belief, though I cannot positively assert it, that he could neither read nor write. It is certain that his conversation never differed in the least from that of the most ignorant and abandoned of his associates, constantly mixed with oaths and the lowest vulgarity. Had he possessed talents or learning, he must have betrayed it to me during his long confinement.

In the early part of January a vessel bore down upon us, with many appearances of being an English frigate. All hands were called to quarters, and after a short and animated address by the Commodore to the crew, all prepared to do their duty. When I descended to the cockpit, well knowing Kemble's spirit, and how anxious he would be to partake in the glory of the victory (defeat never entered our thoughts), I thought it best to visit him. I entreated, nay, ordered him not to stir during the action, which he promised to observe. We were soon after obliged to fire. At the sound of the first gun he could restrain himself no longer, but regardless of his own danger, he rushed upon deck and flew to his gun, laying hold to help run her out. A fresh and tremendous discharge from his lungs was the consequence, and he was brought down to me again in a most deplorable state. I apprehended immediate death, but by the application of the proper remedies I succeeded once more in stopping the hemorrhage, by which he was reduced to a state of extreme debility. Being near the equator, and suffering much from heat, his hammock was hung upon the gun-deck, between the ports, as offering a circulation of air. He continued some time suffering hemorrhage, but was under the constant use of medicine, and was confined to a particular diet. This made him fretful, and he would frequently charge my mates with starving him, at the same time "damning" them in true sailor style. After some time, being again called to quarters at night, he was necessarily removed to the sick berth below, commonly called "Bay." This was followed by another discharge of blood from his lungs, which was renewed by intervals till his death, on the 14th of January, in the afternoon.

Dr. Birchmore, my first mate, came to me on deck, and reported Kemble to be dead. I directed him to see that his comrades did what was usual on such occasions preparatory to committing his remains to the deep. About two hours after this, Dr. B. again called upon me. He said Kemble had come to life, and was holding forth to the sailors in a strange way. I directly went down, where I witnessed one of the most remarkable and unaccountable transactions that had ever fallen to the lot of man to behold. Kemble had awakened, as it were, from a sleep, raised himself up, and called for his messmates, in particular, and those men who were not on duty to attend to his words. He told them he had experienced death, but was allowed a short space of time to return to them, as well as the officers, and give them some directions for their future conduct in life. In this situation I found him, surrounded by the crew, all mute with astonishment, and paying the most serious at-

tention to every word that escaped his lips. The oldest men were in tears; not a dry eye was to be seen, or a whisper heard; all was solemn, silent as the grave. His whole body was as cold as death could make it; there was no perceptible pulsations in the wrists, temples or chest; his voice was clear and powerful, his eyes uncommonly brilliant and animated. After a short and pertinent address to the medical gentlemen, he told me, in a peremptory manner, to bring Commodore Rodgers to him, as he had something to say to him before he left us. The Commodore consented to go with me, when a scene was presented truly novel and indescribable, and calculated to fill with awe the stoutest heart. The sick bay, or berth, is entirely set apart to the use of those who are confined to their beds by illness.

Supported by the surgeons, surrounded by his weeping and astonished comrades, a crowd of spectators looking through the lattice-work which enclosed the room, a common japanned lamp throwing out a sickly light, and a candle held opposite his face by an attendant, was the situation of things when our worthy Commodore made his appearance; and well does he remember the effect produced by so uncommon a spectacle, especially when followed by the utterance of these words from the mouth of one supposed to be dead:

"Commodore Rodgers, I have sent for you, sir, being commissioned by a Higher Power, to address you for a short time, and to deliver the message entrusted to me when I was permitted to revisit the earth. Once I trembled in your presence, and was eager to obey your commands; but now I am your superior, being no longer an inhabitant of the earth. I have seen the glories of the World of Spirits. I am not permitted to make known what I have beheld; indeed, were I not forbidden, language would be inadequate to the task. 'Tis enough for you and the crew to know that I have been sent back to earth to reanimate, for a few hours, my lifeless body; commissioned by God to perform the work I am now engaged in."

He then, in language chaste and appropriate, such as would not have disgraced the lips or the pen of a divine, presented a hasty view of all the moral and religious duties incumbent upon the commander of a ship of war. He reviewed the vices prevalent on shipboard, pointed out the relative duties of officers and men, and concluded by urging the necessity of reformation and repentance. He did not, as was feared by the commander, attempt to prove the sinfulness of fighting and wars, but on the contrary, warmly recommended to the men the performance of their duty to their country with courage and fidelity. His speeches occupied about three-quarters of an hour, and if they could have been taken down at the time, they would have made a considerable pamphlet, which would, no doubt, have been in great demand. Dr. Birchmore, now at Boston, heard all the addresses, I only the last.

When he had finished the communication, his head dropped upon his breast, his eyes closed, and he appeared to have passed through a second death. No pulsation, nor the least

degree of warmth, could be perceived during the time that he was speaking. I ordered him to be laid aside and left him. I was sent for into the cabin, where the commodore required from me an explanation of the cause on rational and philosophical principles. This I endeavored to give. I but in part succeeded. It would swell the narration too much to repeat all I said in endeavoring to elucidate the subject; at best it proved but a lame attempt, for when asked how the man, without education, reading, or mixing in other society than that of common sailors, should acquire the command of the purest language, properly arranged, and delivered clearly, distinctly, with much animation and great effect, to this question I gave no reply, as it was and ever will remain inexplicable mystery without admitting supernatural agency.

The days of miracles are past, and I know I shall be laughed at by many for dwelling upon or even repeating this story; but never since I arrived at the years of discretion has anything taken stronger hold of my mind, and that man must be made of strange material who could, on such an occasion, have been an indifferent spectator. Was he divinely illuminated? was he inspired? or was the whole the effect of natural causes? are questions that have arisen in the minds of many, and must be left to the learned of the professions to answer.

I retired to bed, deeply reflecting on the past, unable to sleep, when about two o'clock, many hours after Kemble had been laid by, I was called out of bed to visit a man taken suddenly ill in his hammock hanging near Kemble's apartment. It was an hour when all but the watch upon deck had turned in. General silence reigned, and all the lights put out with the exception of a single lamp in the sick apartment, where lay the remains of Kemble. I saw the sick man and he was relieved. I entered the sick room before I retired, to replace something, and was turning around to leave it, being alone, when I was almost petrified upon beholding Kemble sitting up in his berth, his eyes, which had regained their former brilliancy and intelligence, fixed intently on mine. I became for a moment speechless and motionless. Thinks I to myself, have I done or left undone in this man's case that which should cause him thus to stare at me at this late hour and alone? I waited a long time in painful suspense, dreading some horrid disclosure, when I was relieved by his commanding me to fetch him some water. With what alacrity I obeyed can easily be imagined. I gave him a tin mug containing water, which he put to his mouth, drank off the contents and returned it to me, then laid himself quietly down for the last time. His situation was precisely the same in every respect as before described. The time had now expired which he said was given him to remain in the body.

The next day by noon all hands attended, as usual, to hear the funeral service read and see his remains consigned to the grave. It was an unusually solemn period. Seamen are naturally superstitious, and on this occasion their minds had been wrought upon in a singular manner. Decorum is always observed by sail-



ora at such times, but now they were affected to tears, and when the body was slid from the plank into the sea every one rushed instinctively to the ship's side to take a last look. The usual weight had been attached to the feet, but, as if in compliment to their anxiety to see more of him, the body rose perpendicularly from the water breast high two or three times. This incident added greatly to the astonishment already created in the minds of the men. I beg leave to remark that it was not thought proper to keep the body any longer, in the latitude we were in.

I have now given a short and very imperfect account of the events attending the last illness of Mr. Kemble. It is submitted to the ladies of this district, begging they will excuse haste and inaccuracy. The change produced in the crew was for a time very remarkable; it appeared as if they would never smile or swear again. The effect wore off by degrees, except when the subject was renewed.

W. TUCK, Surgeon.

### CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

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

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY SPIRIT MAY.

THE hours of day have been passing  
Swiftly away, one by one,  
Some with their work half neglected,  
Others with duties all done;  
Some have slipped by all unheeded,  
By little ones full of their play,  
Others have sounded the warning,  
Soon 'twill be close of day.

Oh, you should see the dear hours  
Rosy and purple and bright,  
Hiding away from the mortal  
Up to the heavenly light;  
Some are ablaze with the glory  
Onught from some good they have known,  
Others all heavy with shadows,  
Neglected and left all alone.

Up to the beautiful heavens  
Speed the bright hours away,  
Each with its wonderful story  
Of what has been done through the day;  
Some whisper softly of children  
Who smile and are happy and kind,  
And others repeat in low accents  
The sorrow and sadness they find.

Oh, little ones, list to my story;  
Remember the moments today,  
And bless every one in its passing,  
In the midst of your study or play,  
By giving sweet smiles to your neighbor,  
And speaking in kindness to all,  
That the hours may bear a clear record  
When they answer the evening's roll-call.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

BY SPIRIT MAY.

LITTLE BERTIE was a sweet little boy, the only child his mother had; his father had gone to dwell with the angels long ago, and his dear mother was obliged to labor very hard for the support of herself and her little boy. Bertie and his dear mamma lived in a little white house, that had a flower-garden attached to it, where the roses and pansies and sweet pinks grew and blossomed through all the long, golden

days of Summer. The little house stood just out of town, not very far from the big stone house where the lady lived who supplied Bertie's mother with sewing work.

Little Bertie was only seven years old, but it was his delight to dig and plant in the garden, to water the flowers, and to keep the weeds from choking up the blossoming plants and shrubs; and while engaged in this work, he would chirp and whistle to the dear little birds who came to watch him, and to sing him sweet songs, as they swung merrily upon the branches of the one cherry-tree that the garden contained.

One day, as little Bertie was working away and singing a childish song, a tiny shadow fell across his path, and looking up he saw a little girl, about five years old, standing beside him, and gazing wistfully at a bunch of red roses he held in his hand, which he had just gathered for his mother. The little stranger had evidently strayed through the open gate; her pale face was very thin and wan, her large blue eyes appeared as though they were only used to looking on disagreeable scenes; but now they were lighted up with pleasure at the sight of the beautiful flowers! Her clothing was poor and worn, and her whole appearance betokened want and suffering.

Little Bertie's curiosity as well as sympathy was aroused; he plied the child with questions, but alas, she could not answer, for she was dumb. This she made him understand by signs, also that she had come a long way and was tired; she stretched out her baby hands towards the blooming flowers, as though they could give her rest.

Crowding her hands full of flowers, Bertie led the little wanderer in to his mother, who soon made her more comfortable, by bathing her heated little body in cool water, and by feeding her with a bowl of fresh milk and bread.

That night, the little dumb girl slept in a nice soft bed, with Bertie's mother. The next day, Bertie's mother tried to find out the home of the little girl, and for many days after, but all in vain. The angels had led her to that pretty home, and the angels intended she should stay. Her former home had been one of misery and want; her own mother was an angel in heaven, and her father had neglected and beaten her.

And how delighted Bertie was with his little sister, as he called the stranger; and soon the two children learned to love each other very dearly.

Bertie and his mother came in time to understand the signs the little girl made, and there was soon no difficulty in knowing her wants. They called her Daisy; and

the two children were to be seen daily among the flowers, which both fondly loved.

Bertie's mother had to work harder than ever now, as she had another little mouth to feed, and another little body to clothe; but she did not fret, for she loved the little girl, who gave so much pleasure to her Bertie.

Sometimes, when the children were tired with work and play, and had become quiet, or at the twilight hour, when the flowers and birds were going to rest, little Daisy would creep to the feet of Bertie's mamma, and gazing off away up into the blue sky, she would put up her little hands with a look as though she heard sweet sounds, and saw beautiful sights. And so she did: for the angels came very close to this little girl, and sometimes, when they brought her flowers from the Summer-land, she would see them and hear the sweet songs they sang.

The Winter began to approach; Summer faded away, and little Bertie was very ill.

The angels wanted him in their beautiful home, and one night, just before the snowy Christmas time, he drew his mamma's face down to his and kissed it, put his arms around her neck, and whispered, "I am going, mamma; papa says so. I see him; he says Daisy will be your child now; the angels brought her here for you; and he says I can come to you again." And so he passed away to the pure Spirit-world, where all is light and joy.

Next time, I will tell you how he came back to his mamma.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### LITTLE LUCY TO "TUNIE'S" PAPA.

THROUGH DR. W. L. JACK, HAVERHILL, MASS.

LET the "Voice of Angels" ever be  
Songs of joy for you and me;  
Souls of loved ones overmore  
Guiding us to Heaven's Shore.

Sweetest notes of joyful praise  
Tuned to praise divine,  
And let us all our voices raise  
And with its chorus chime.

Our fainting souls ever rejoice  
In messages of love,  
While little Tunie's "Angel Voice"  
Leads us to our homes above.

#### VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

DUNKIRK, March 24, 1880.

BRO. D. C. DRENSMORE:—Dear Sir,—Enclosed please find \$1.65, for which please send me the beautiful paper, VOICE OF ANGELS. Commence with the first of March; I want No. 5 of Vol. 5. The reason why I wish to commence with this number is, there is a message in it from my dear old friend, Dr. John T. Blakeney, to me—God bless him!—given through the organism of M. T. Shelhamer, Feb. 1, 1880.

Yours, fraternally, A. S. COBB.



## VOICE OF ANGELS.

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## EDITORIAL.

REMARKS ON S. D. WILSON'S LETTER, CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.

WANT of space precludes the possibility of giving but a few out of the many contradictions that might be quoted; but enough will be given to convince our friend of the utter impossibility for him or any one else to "honestly believe" that they could have emanated from an All-wise and perfectly harmonious Being. For instance, in Gen. 1:31 we read, "And God saw everything that he had made, and behold it was *very* good." But in Gen. 6:6 he (God) is represented as saying, "And it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth; and it grieved him to his heart." In 2 Chron. 7:12-16 we read, "And the Lord appeared to Solomon by night, and said unto him, I have heard thy prayer, and have chosen this place to myself for a house of sacrifice. . . . For now I have chosen and sanctified this house, that my name may be there forever; and mine eyes and my heart shall be there perpetually."

But in Acts 7:48, in contra-distinction to the above, we find this: "Howbeit the Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands."

In Tim. 6:16 it is said, "God dwelleth in light, which no man can approach unto." But in 1 Kings 8:12 we read, "The Lord said he would dwell in thick darkness." And in Ps. 18:11, "He made darkness his secret place." Also in Ps. 97:2 it reads that "clouds and darkness are round about him."

In John 1:18 we read, "No man hath seen God at any time." Also in John 5:37 it is said, "Ye have neither heard his (God's) voice at any time nor seen his shape." And in Ex. 33:20 is the following: "And he (God) said, Thou canst not see my face; for no man shall see me and live." Yet in Ex. 33:11 we find this: "And the Lord spake unto Moses *face to face*, as a man speaketh to his friend." Also in the same chapter, 23d verse, the Bible represents God as saying, "And I will take away my hand, and thou shalt see my back parts."

God gets tired and rests. In Ex. 31 we read, "For in six days God made heaven and earth, and on the seventh day he rested and was refreshed." And in Jer. 15:6 he (God) says, "I am weary with repenting;" and in Isa. 41:24 he continues in the same strain thus: "Thou hast wearied me with thine iniquities." In opposition to this we read, Isa. 11:28, that "God is never tired, and never rests;" and then he (God) winds up by saying, "Hast thou not heard that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary?"

In Ex. 3:21, 22, and farther along in the book, God is represented as advising robbery, and tells them how to effect it. When the children of Israel were about leaving Egypt for good, he said unto them thus: "When ye go, ye shall not go empty, but every woman shall *borrow* of her neighbor, and of her that sojourneth in her house, jewels of silver, and jewels of gold, and raiment, and ye shall put them upon your sons and upon your daughters; and ye shall spoil the Egyptians;"—which means in plain English, *bankrupt* them. "And they borrowed of the Egyptians jewels of silver, and jewels of gold, and raiment, . . . and they spoiled the Egyptians." But in contradiction to all this, in Lev. 19:13, and Ex. 20:15, this same God who recommended robbery, and instructed how to do it, is represented as saying, "Thou *shalt not* defraud thy neighbor, neither rob him;" "thou shalt not steal."

In other places in the Bible God positively condemns all prevarication and lying, in the following words, (Ex. 20:16,) "Thou shalt not bear false witness;" and in Prov. 7:22 he says, "Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord." Also in Rev. 21:8 he further says, "All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone."

In Luke 14:26, God considers hatred to the nearest kindred and friends the only passport into Paradise. This is what he says about it: "If any man come to me and *hate* not his father and mother, and wife and children, and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." But in Eph. 6:2, this same God says: "Honor thy father and thy mother;" and in the same chapter, 25th and 29th verses, he says: "Husbands love your wives; for no man ever yet hated his own flesh;" and in John 3:15 he says, "Whoever hateth his brother is a murderer."

Again, in Matt. 19:26 we find it written: "With God all things are possible."

Also in Jer. 32:27 he says: "Behold I am the Lord, the God of all flesh; is there anything too hard for me?" But in another part of the Bible, (Judg. 1:19,) as singular as it may seem, this is flatly contradicted thus: "And the Lord was with Judah; and he drove out the inhabitants of the mountain, but could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley, because they had chariots of iron."

Although the above is not a hundredth part of the absolute contradictions in the Bible, yet they are sufficient to establish the fallibility of what our Orthodox friends claim is the "*infallible* word of the living God." From the above, and the following quotations, it will be seen that the Bible represents that God is as much subject to human wants and infirmities as are the children of earth. It not only represents him subject to these, but also shows him to be limited in knowledge as well; for according to that book, he did not know whether Abraham feared him or not, until he (Abraham) was about making a burnt offering of his son, as God commanded him; but after he found out that Abraham was really in dead earnest, he forbade him to do it, saying, "Now I *know* thou fearest me, since thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from me." So with the Israelites: he didn't know whether they "loved the Lord their God with all their hearts," until he tried them with false prophets and led them forty years in the wilderness. Further: in some parts of the Bible God is represented not only limited in knowledge, like a human being, but in his presence also. He is represented as living way off somewhere, and sometimes doubting what was told him by his agents and ministers about the doings of his reckless children, he was obliged to "come down," once in a while, and see for himself how things were going on. For instance: In Gen. 11:5 we find this: "And the Lord came down to see the city and the tower which the sons of men builded."

So with Sodom and Gomorrah, (Gen. 18:20, 21): "And the Lord said, Because the cry of Sodom and Gomorrah is great, and because their sin is very grievous, I will go down now and see whether they have done altogether unto the cry of it, which hath come unto me; and if not, I will *know*." It cannot escape the observation of all thinking minds, that in all these representations of Deity he is not only limited in knowledge, and subject to human infirmities, but also capricious and changeable, often repenting of his own acts. In one place, already quoted, he



said, "it repented him he made man on the earth, and it grieved him to his heart." Of course, this was said after he found out how badly his speculation in man-making had turned out. So in other cases: he was sorry he made Saul king, because he (Saul) did not come up to his highest expectations.

We shall show further along that the Bible represents Deity, not only subject to human weaknesses, capricious and changeable, but also the perpetrator of the most cruel and revolting acts. The Bible charges him with being partial, in a way which in a human being would be not only reprehensible, but totally inexcusable. For instance, in Rom. 9: 11-13, he is said to have "loved Jacob and hated Esau before either was born," and of course before they had done good or evil. In some places it represents God more cruel and revengeful than the lowest and most depraved vagabond on earth, who would be a saint compared with him. It represents him as punishing children for sins committed by their parents, "to the third and fourth generation." In 2 Sam. 21: 1-14, God hanged seven of Saul's sons, simply because Saul had done something he (God) considered wrong to some of his favorites, the Gideonites.

According to the same authority, God ordered Saul to utterly destroy the Amalekites, for something they had done (so the rumor had it) hundreds of years before one of them was born. This is the military order God delivered to Saul thro' his prime minister, Samuel. It is found in 1 Sam. 15: 1-3: "Samuel also said unto Saul, The Lord sent me to anoint thee king over his people, over Israel: now therefore hearken thee unto the voice of the words of the Lord. Thus saith the Lord of hosts, I remember that which Amalek did to Israel, how he laid wait for him in the way, when he came up out of Egypt. Now go and smite Amalek, and utterly destroy all that they have, and spare them not; but slay both man and woman, infant and suckling, ox and sheep, camel and ass."

In compliance with the above peremptory order, like a true soldier, he went and "utterly destroyed all the people with the edge of the sword," except the king and a few cattle. And because Saul did not make a clean sweep of it, the Bible says, God was so vexed and wrathful that he was sorry he had made Saul king; and Samuel, God's right-hand man and counsellor at that time in all important matters, was so angry that, "to prevent his anger from consuming him, he hewed the king to pieces before the Lord."

The above is horrid enough to curdle the blood in any man's veins; but it does not end here: for the Bible informs us that God cursed whole nations, in fact, *all* nations to unmitigated tortures, and finally to an ignominious death, for the sin of the first man he ever made. He doomed all serpents to go on their bellies and eat dust all their lives, just because one solitary serpent tempted Eve. But he neglects to tell us how serpents performed their locomotion, or what they ate before that unfortunate affair took place. As with serpents, so with woman: for according to the testimony of that book, he condemned all women in the future to great and multiplied pains in child-bearing, simply because Eve stole and ate part of one apple—for she enticed Adam to eat the other part—before another woman existed on the broad earth. So with man: because he ate a part of the apple, or didn't prevent his wife, only a day old, from stealing it, he "cursed the earth to bring forth thorns and thistles, and doomed him to eat of the ground in sorrow all the days of his life"; "to eat the herbs of the field, and earn his bread by the sweat of the brow;" dooming yet unborn millions to misery and death, and at last to unmitigated, everlasting tortures in hell.

But the most sickening and repulsive story in the whole book, with one exception—seen further on—is in 2 Sam. 24: 1, 10-17. Here it is: "Again the anger of the Lord was kindled against Israel, and he moved David against them to say, Go, number Israel and Judah:" "And David's heart smote him after that he had numbered the people. And David said unto the Lord, I have sinned greatly in that I have done; and now, I beseech thee, O Lord, take away the iniquity of thy servant; for I have done very foolishly. For when David was up in the morning, the word of the Lord came unto the prophet Gad, David's seer, saying, Go and say unto David, Thus saith the Lord, I offer thee three things; choose thee one of them, that I may do it unto thee. So Gad came unto David, and said unto him, Shall seven years of famine come unto thee in thy land? or wilt thou flee three months before thine enemies, while they pursue thee? or that there be three days' pestilence in thy land? Now advise, and see what answer I shall return to him that sent me. And David said unto Gad, I am in a great strait: let us fall now into the hand of the Lord; for his mercies are great; and let me not fall into the hand of man. So the Lord sent a pestilence upon Israel from the morning even to the

time appointed: and there died of the people from Dan even to Beer-sheba seventy thousand men. And when the angel stretched out his hand upon Jerusalem to destroy it, the Lord repented him of the evil, and said to the angel that destroyed the people, It is enough: stay now thy hand. . . . And David spake unto the Lord. . . and said, Lo, I have sinned, and have done wickedly: but these sheep, what have they done? Let thine hand, I pray thee, be against me, and against my father's house."

The above Biblical story of destroying seventy thousand innocent men, thus leaving their dependent families to suffer in misery and want, for the sin of one man, and that sin suggested and advised by God himself, transcends in malignity anything ever recorded in the history of the human race. We would respectfully ask who the sinner and transgressor in the above case was, if it was not God himself? for it is fair to conclude that king David would never have thought of it, if he had not been instigated to it.

We will quote one more horrible butchering scene, and leave it for our brother to say whether or not the literature of Spiritualism would suffer by comparison with the literature of the Orthodox Bible. In Num. 31: 1-7, 9, 15-18, we find this: "And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, avenge the children of Israel of the Midianites." And after Moses had told the people how they should be armed for the war, "they went forth and warred against the Midianites as the Lord commanded Moses: and they slew all the males. . . . And they took all the children and little ones, all their cattle, flocks, and goods." But this didn't suit the Lord, for reasons best known to himself; for he ordered his soldiers, through the General commanding, thus: "Now, therefore, kill every male among the little ones, and kill every woman that hath known man by lying with him. But all the women-children, that have not known a man by lying with him, keep alive for yourselves."

Thus it will be seen that all the mothers, and their innocent prattling boys, even the boy-babies not a day old, were all butchered in cold blood, by the soldiers, with not a qualm of conscience, because God told them to do so.

Now, all these horrible butcheries and premeditated murders—for they can be called nothing else—the Bible tells us were the direct doings of God himself, through his favored people, the Israelites. At one time, according to the same authority, when the Israelites, after fighting all day with



their enemies, and having got them on the hip, and the sun getting low, and fearing night might set in before they had finished the sanguinary battle, the victorious Israelitish General held up his puny arms, and the sun, almost a million times the size of this little pin-head earth, not only stopped its downward tendency, but actually "went back on the dial ten degrees." For as long as Moses held up his arms, "the sun stood still;" and when he became exhausted, and could endure the strain no longer, an officer on each side held them up for him—by doing which the king of day remained long enough above the horizon for them to finish their bloody work.

Now, it is possible that they "honestly believed" that the sun stopped "and went back on the dial ten degrees," but who does not know it was as much assumption as that the earth was a stationary body, and "extended everywhere," and the sun, moon and stars revolved around it? Further comment is unnecessary.

#### TRUST AND REST.

FRET not, poor soul; while doubt and fear  
Disturb the breast,  
The pitying angels, who can see  
How vain thy will regret must be,  
Say, "Trust and rest."

Plan not, nor scheme, but calmly wait;  
His choice is best;  
While blind and erring is thy sight,  
His wisdom sees and judges right;  
So trust and rest.

Strive not nor struggle; thy poor might  
Can never wrest  
The meaneast thing to serve thy will;  
All power is His alone. Be still,  
And trust and rest.

Desire not; self-love is strong  
Within thy breast;  
And yet he loves thee better still;  
So let him do his loving will,  
And trust and rest.

Why dost thou fear? His wisdom reigns  
Supreme confessed;  
His power is infinite; his love  
Thy deepest, fondest dreams above!  
So trust and rest.—(London Christian.

#### SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE,  
MARCH 21ST, 1880,

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

INVOCATION, BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

THOU Infinite One, who art the Author of time and all its unfoldments to humanity! We come into thy presence tonight, conscious that we are dependent upon Thee; conscious that thy love and protection extends over us.

We do not come to worship Thee as the unknown, as one far apart and distinct from us. We come to worship Thee as God over all, blessed forever more; as our father and our mother, our best friend and our protector.

We would lift our souls to Thee in one

song of gladness for the gifts bestowed upon us. We thank Thee that life's mystic ways are wrapped up in thy wondrous love, and that in thine own good time all seeming mysteries will be revealed in the light of thy profound wisdom.

We receive thy love tonight, and the benefits thy wisdom bestows upon us, with grateful hearts, we bless Thee that we can meet with the angels from immortal worlds and unite with them in harmony and peace. We ask of Thee, oh, Parent of Good, to bless this Circle, that it may continue to send out messages of love and light to sorrowing hearts enshrouded in gloom. May its members feel they are co-workers with Thee and thy angels.

We thank Thee for what has been accomplished in the past, and we look forward with hope for the future work; for oh, we see the flowers of peace and consolation springing up in human hearts. With our blessings, hopes and adorations, we come to Thee as an offering of praise, to lay upon thine altar of supernal love.

CLARA MORTON.

My name is Clara Morton. I want to send my letter to my brother Charlie. Charles Morton, Springfield, Illinois, is his address. I want to tell Charlie that father and mother and I send our love to him. We want him to give us a chance to come to some Medium and talk to him. We want to tell him a great many things. I want Mary to have my ring, the one father gave me; and I want Mary to look over my books, and give the one marked "Souvenir" to Sarah with my love.

I would be twenty years old now. I never came in this way before. Mother died before I did, but father didn't pass to the Spirit-world till some time after.

Tell Charlie mother takes care of his little girl, and we all love her very much. Tell him and Mary not to grieve for her; she will grow up a beautiful Spirit in heaven; she is as happy as a little bird, and she comes back to them every day, and she loves them dearly.

SALLIE A. HUDGENS.

I WOULD like to come again. [You are welcome.] I came about a year ago, and sent a message to my husband, A. Hudgens, Star City, Arkansas. I would like to try and speak again. I see changes coming; more changes than have taken place; changes that to me will be beautiful. I want the mind to be calm and serene. The angels watch over and guide you.

How many times since my departure I have come close to my dear husband and given him impressions and guided him right.

I often return to my dear old home, and bring a Spiritual influence for good. We have not the facilities for Spirit-communion in Arkansas that you have in Boston; but still the Spirit can return and silently guide and bless its loved ones, and occasionally make them feel the angelic presence.

I bring my love to send out to my dear one. Tell him he has trod the thorniest part of the road, and rest lies beyond. All our dear friends send love; they are ever sympathetic, kind and affectionate. We have fitted up a sweet beautiful home, where in good time we will welcome him and give him heart-felt greeting. In Spirit-life, the years have fled swiftly away, full of beauty and peace. It is only when I return to earth that I realize the lapse of time; but I am glad, for it brings my dear ones nearer to the Spirit-world.

My name is Sallie A. Hudgens. I thank you, sir, for this privilege.

I. E. NICHOLS.

WILL you kindly pardon a stranger for coming? [We are glad to have you come.] Thanks. I am I. E. Nichols. It is more than four years since I passed away. I believed in Spirit-return; I was interested in its progress; I was interested in the Lyceum movement, believing that it presented the best known method of educating the young mind into pure Spiritual things. I believe so now. Oh, could you witness the Lyceums in the Spirit-world that convene daily; could you listen to the sweet, wonderful principles taught, and the truths enunciated, you would realize what a blessing they are to Spirits, young and old, so to speak, who come to our life ignorant of Spiritual laws.

I would like to send my love home. Tell the dear ones I have not forgotten them. I return daily to commune Spiritually with them, and it is a great blessing to me when I can make them realize my presence and feel the influence that myself and other loving ones bring to bless our family from the Spirit-world. Tell each one that Edwin lives and loves them, that he remembers them in his Spirit-home, and ever sends out a blessing to them. Tell them that he saw the Spirits and heard their sweet music before he was entirely freed from the body. Say he is happy and satisfied, and he brings them blessing.

I left a darling mother and a dear father, whose name is John Nichols. I lived in Lowell, Mass.

FREDDIE B. WILLIAMS.

How do you do, Mister? [Quite well; how do you do?] I don't know; I'm a little boy; I want my mamma and papa; I want to bring my love to them. Tell



them I ain't sick any more; I'm all well. I live in a pretty place, where the trees and flowers grow, and the birds sing. Everybody's so kind, too; but I want papa to know I come back every day, and I love 'em all, and I'm going to grow up a man; and I want papa to let me come and talk to him somewhere.

I don't think I've been dead very long. I was six years old. It's real nice to be dead, 'cause you go to a pretty world and see all the kind people; but I don't want the folks to feel so bad, 'cause I didn't go way off; but I go home every day. Do you want to know my name? [Yes.] It's Freddie. [Freddie what?] Freddie B. Williams. My father's name is James Williams, and he lives in Charlestown District. That's what a man here told me to tell, and I want my letter sent to papa, 'cause I want him to know I ain't dead any more, but I come home with lots of love all the time. Can I come again some time, and tell more things about when I was here and used to play? [Yes, we want you to; so your folks will be positively sure it's their little boy.] I will, I just will, if I ever can. Good bye. [Good bye.]

[Mr. Editor, the controlling Spirit of the Circle requests you to send the paper containing the above communications, to the parties named in the messages.—M. T. S.]

#### MESSAGES GIVEN MARCH 28TH, 1880.

MRS. E. THOMAS.

I PASSED away early in June last. I was not a stranger to the beautiful truths of Spirit-communion; in many a lone and weary hour they came home to my inner being, bringing peace and comfort, relieving the weariness and pain, and thrilling me with new hope of reunion with my dear friends over the river; and it has all come true. I met my loved ones: I am with them no more to part; I caught the gleam of Angel-faces and the sound of Angel-voices, as I was passing out from mortal life, and it brought me sweet peace.

I would like to reach my dear friends who remain on earth. Some of them read your paper, and I desire them to show my words to those nearest to me. Tell them I send my love. I watch over and guide them, and by-and-bye I will welcome them with joy upon the other shore. I sympathize with them in their daily lives, and I will ever seek to benefit and bless.

My name is Mrs. E. Thomas. I lived in Trenton, New Jersey. I have been striving to manifest in Philadelphia. I think I can do better now.

WALTER THORNE.

How do you do, sir? [Nicely; how do you do?] Quite well, I believe. I am from Springfield, this State. I presume it is a number of years since I went to another life, but I have friends I would like to reach. I was about forty-five. I would be exceedingly obliged to my friends if they will visit a Medium and give me an opportunity to come.

Lest my friend should think himself mistaken as to who I mean, I would say it is really him—Jennings—that I wish to reach; and I hope he will give me an opportunity.

My name is Walter Thorne. My material life was full of business. I never or seldom took time to rest, and so I wore out early. I hope my friends will take warning and look out for themselves.

I have not much to say here. I was always averse to speaking in public, particularly on personal matters.

CLARENCE PIKE.

CLARENCE PIKE from San Francisco. I was twenty. It's quite a long time since I died. I had lung trouble. I want to send a letter; I want my mother to know I can come back. Tell her father is with me. He sends his love, and so do I. We try and make her feel our presence; it's hard work sometimes. I want her to know we are always with her when she is in trouble; she will not always be so, however. Tell her times are really growing brighter. Uncle John is going to send for her, and we want her to go to him. We are going to have him write the first of June, and she must answer right back.

Carrie sends her love to mother—Uncle John's little Carrie—and she wants mother to send this on to her father, and tell him we all send him and Aunt Sarah our love, and we thank them for all their kindness to everybody.

Tell mother I saw the lock of my hair she put in her letter to Uncle John, and Aunt Sarah put it away with little Carrie's.

My mother's name is Mary Grant. I am much obliged to you. [Come again.] Thank you; I will be glad to.

JENNIE ROSS.

MAY I write to my mamma? [Yes, indeed.] I want to send everybody my love. Oh, I go home every day, and I put my arms round mamma's neck, and sometimes when she feels tired I help her by making her think of me with the angels, and feel that I am with her too.

My mamma sometimes thinks, "I know my little Jennie is here;" and I am, too, and I pat her head, and make her feel good.

Grandpa and auntie send their love home, too. They are so kind to me, and I'm real happy. I bring all our love from the angels to my grandma.

I love my papa, and I love 'em all. Mamma sometimes wonders what I am doing. Tell her I go to the pretty Spirit-school, that we call a Lyceum, every day; and I learn little songs, and I march under the flowers, and I go with auntie to visit the poor people who are lonely and sad, and we bring them a good influence; and we help little children come back to their friends.

I've got a white dress with pink flowers on it; it's real pretty. Tell my mamma I bring her some pink and white flowers, and I will put them by her bed, so she will feel the sweet influence they bring; and I guess when she shuts her eyes to go to sleep, she will see them, too.

I thank you for letting me come. I'll bring you some flowers some time. Do you like flowers? [Yes, dear.] So do I; I always love them. I'm Jennie Ross. My mamma is Lizzie Ross; she reads the paper.

The Spirit whose message was printed last week, gave his name as V. A. Lake, instead of W. A. Lake, as printed.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### SITTINGS WITH SLADE.

IN his circumnavigation of the globe, Dr. Slade stopped here a few days. Myself and wife called on him the second day after his arrival, and had a sitting. He said he would proceed with us just as he would if we were skeptics, and requested us to examine the table, which we found to be a two-leaf black-walnut one, new from the store, with no machinery or wires.

We then took seats at the table—the Doctor at one end, my wife at the other, myself at the side. The Dr. then made the inquiry, "Have you not lost a son?" We answered in the affirmative. He said he saw him present. Our first message was written between two closed slates, held by the Doctor against my shoulder—and from Rev. Mr. Coville. It was very nicely worded, beautifully straight, and of uniform width of line across the slate.

We were then requested to write the name of some friend with whom we wished to communicate. I wrote, "Willie, are you with us this morning?" The slate was put only part way under the table, when the answer came promptly, "Yes, dear father and mother, I am with you this morning, and am pleased to meet you here."

A chair several feet from the table, op-



posite to the side I was sitting at, came abruptly up to the table, with no visible hand touching it, and the Dr. said our son took a seat in it, at the table with us.

The slate was passed under the table, from one person to another, with no human hand conveying it. A hand was materialized and plainly seen by both of us in open daylight. The table was raised up several inches, we joining hands and holding them above it.

Others got equally as strange and wonderful manifestations. Some were lifted up on chairs; others saw a book dematerialized and restored again. A telegraph operator placed a machine on the floor under the table, when it clicked off a message, that was written out in telegraphic characters on the slate which Slade held under the table.

At the request of the Dr., the message was then written out plainly in writing, upon another slate, Mr. B. taking the written copy, while the operator read the character message. They were found to agree, word for word and letter for letter.

To the gentlemanly young Hebrew, a reporter for the *News*, was given the most wonderful manifestations of all. Six bits of pencil were placed between the slates, when they were all moved to write at once; and it was found that each one had not only written a message, but had written it in a different language from the others.

Respectfully,

C. W. SMART.

P. S.—The enclosed two dollar note is for subscription to the beautiful, clear-toned VOICE OF ANGELS. C. W. S.

### INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### SPIRIT ANSWER TO PRAYER.

THROUGH MRS. JULIA FISH.

My child, be comforted—no cross, no crown.  
Look up, my precious one; be not cast down.  
Can you not trust those who have led aright  
Your feet thus far?—and now, when light  
Is dawning, will you put aside your trust,  
And let our aspirations crumble into dust?  
Be brave, my child; remember life is brief;  
You have but time to pluck the golden sheaf,  
When lo, the day is gone, the harvest past,  
And no reward for all our toil at last!  
You falter now; and we have heard you say,  
"Oh, Father, if this bitter cup might pass away!"  
Have not all saviours of the race thus trod  
The only way to perfect peace, where God  
And loving angels wait to welcome those  
Who have been lifted up by throes  
Of deepest anguish—bitter, burning pain—  
Through which alone the soul is born again?  
Go bravely forward, then, where duty leads the way,  
And rest assured you cannot go astray.  
With loving arms to strengthen and to guide,  
You've naught to fear; no evil shall befall  
That is not best, and needful to unfold  
And purge your soul of dross, which leaves the gold  
For master hands to mould with skill  
Into a thing of beauty, that shall fill  
In God's great boundless universe a place  
For lifting up a helpless, fallen race.

ANAHIM, Cal., January, 1880

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### OUR DEAD.

BY VIENNA H. L.

Lightly we tread o'er the graves of our dead,  
Resting sweetly 'neath daisies so bright;  
They came and passed on, like a meteor flown,  
Leaving shadowy rainbows of light.

Emotions that swell and tears that oft well,  
As their life-boat is launched from our shore;  
We see them depart, feel the lee at our heart,  
Chilling sweet throbs of love evermore.

We ask through our tears, as weeks run to years,  
And the hour-glass of life slowly turns,  
Held we birthright of dower on eternity's shore,  
Where the love-work of time brings returns?

Again we would know, as we wait here below,  
Of the life in the bright Summer-land;  
Do penalties cease, does knowledge increase  
Of the laws due our souls great demand?

Oh, list to our prayer, dear ones "over there"—  
In our hearts we are thirsting for truth;  
For knowledge that's pure, earth ill to endure,  
Age changing to sweet thoughts of youth.

Lightly we tread o'er the graves of our dead,  
Resting sweetly 'neath daisies so bright;  
They came and passed on, like a meteor flown,  
Leaving shadowy rainbows of light.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

#### PLACES I HAVE SEEN

NUMBER FIVE.

BY SPIRIT VIOLET.

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

THE unpleasant, disagreeable, desolate places I have seen in my experience of Spirit-life have been few indeed compared to the many beautiful spots I have visited, and the scenes of grandeur, sublimity or sweetness I have been privileged to witness. It seems, indeed, that the natural scenery of the Eternal Life far transcends in beauty of form and color anything of the kind which exists upon the earth; for although the glowing sunset, the fairy-like sunrise, the exquisite blending of every hue in fragrant flowers, the blooming vales, luxuriant forests, the grand old mountains and foamy oceans, belonging to earth, combine to make up many a scene of indescribable beauty, yet these same forms and tints, reproduced as they are in the Spirit-world, become so refined, so delicate, yet so grand, majestic or glowing, as it may be, that it is impossible for mortals to comprehend their beauty, or to experience upon earth the emotions of reverential delight and solemnity that a Spirit feels while gazing out upon the wonderful forms of Nature, and through the beautiful form and delicate color, or in the wonderful melody of sound rising from birdling's throats and blending harmoniously with gurgling water and rustling leaves—feels that here indeed is the expression of Infinite Goodness and Love.

Let me describe to you, as well as I can, a beautiful scene I once witnessed, the memory of which runs through my Spirit-experience like a strain of music.

Not a great while ago, there dwelt on earth a young girl of about twenty years of age. Of delicate organization and slender mould, one could see that want and suffering had been no stranger to her. Her home was in one of your large cities, where, in an humble dwelling, she lived alone with her invalid mother, whom she supported by the fruits of her needle.

For years she had plied that slender instrument—which has indeed proved an instrument of torture to many a toiling suffering woman—patient, resigned, and cheerful, as long as she could earn the necessities of life for her dear mother, who was unable to do much of anything for herself. It was thought that the mother would depart from the mortal life long before the daughter; but exposure to a heavy storm had given a severe cold to the poor girl, and in a few days she was pronounced dying with pneumonia.

Who can describe the terrible grief of the stricken mother, as the labored breathing of her child told only too well that the end was near! But angels watched beside that humble bed, and when the last breath was drawn, they mercifully cast a spell of unconsciousness over the mother's senses, while they gently bore the arisen Spirit to a haven of rest.

In the midst of a charming Spirit-vale, where beautiful flowers bud and bloom, and fill the balmy air with fragrance, where the stately trees cast a pleasant shade o'er many a mossy bank, where glistening waters dash musically along between beds and thickets of roses, and where birds make music as they glance here and there in the soft and mellow light, there is a bower composed entirely of roses, red and white, which lift their regal heads and offer incense to the breeze. This bower has been constructed by loving angels for the resting place of that beautiful Spirit, whose illness and death I have just described.

Within the bower, upon a bed of dewy May-flowers and violets, the Spirit-form of the maiden reclines; she is robed in garments of white, arranged about her by ministering Spirits.

She has been resting, drawing long draughts of health and strength from the flowers beneath and around her; the paleness disappears from her cheek, which loses its thin, attenuated appearance; the eyes no longer appear dim and sunken from exhaustion, but as they flash open, reveal a lustre and beauty untold.

She starts, looks around, but perceiving the flowers, utters a low cry of rapture, and grasping the roses, May-flowers, and



violets in her arms. she presses them to her bosom and buries her face in the rich fragrance of their leaves.

Never before has she seen so many fresh and beautiful flowers together; never has she possessed a quantity of blossoms in her life; and she revels in their fragrant beauty in unmitigated delight.

But she is not long allowed to remain thus alone; loving Spirits, gentle women, whose souls are all love and tenderness, enter the bower, and taking the maiden by the hand, give her loving welcome in kindly words.

She gazes upon them in delight; they appear to her the embodiment of all that is lovely and pure; and as they kindly greet her in her heavenly home, her Spirit becomes filled with affection and gratitude for all that she sees.

Now she has recovered strength and is rested, her gentle companions bear her away from the bower of roses, to a beautiful little cottage, embowered in flowers, which stands at the edge of the lovely valley. It is surrounded by a tiny flower-garden, redolent with delicate colors and exquisite perfumes.

The cottage opens on the side, for this is composed of snowy lattice work, through which the golden sunbeams and the tender rose-leaves stray.

The interior of this little dwelling is daintily though simply furnished in white and azure, and all betokens it to be an abode of purity and simplicity. The newcomer is greeted at the entrance by a motherly, loving face, and kindly hands out-stretched in greeting, and made to feel that she is indeed at home.

#### VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE.

PINE POINT, March 10, 1880.

MR. D. C. DENSMORE:—*Dear Sir,*—In the VOICE OF ANGELS of March 1st is a message through W. L. Jack, of Haverhill, signed "Calista," whom I recognize as my Spirit sister, who departed this life twenty-two years ago, at the age of fifteen years. Glad to hear from Spirit-friends. Many thanks to you and the Medium. May God and good angels bless and sustain you in your heavenly work.

Yours, truly, M. F. MILLIKEN.

FREE LECTURES AND CIRCLES held every week at the "N. Y. Eclectic Medical Institute," 1317 Morgan St., St. Louis, Mo., for the purpose of instructing and developing Mediums in the Occult and Healing Arts. Spiritualists visiting the city are cordially invited to meet with us.

MAGNETIZED PAPER.—Invalids, send two three-cent stamps, to pay postage and test its virtue. J. S. SCOVEN, Kokomo, Ind., P. O. Box 624.

#### BRIEF ITEMS.

MR. JOSEPH COOK's late admission of his belief of certain facts of Spiritualism bids fair to raise the greatest excitement in Orthodox circles in New England that has been known for years. Mr. Cook deserves honor for his courage in making known his change of belief.

Interesting and instructive services were held in Parker Memorial Hall, on Sunday afternoon, March 28th, commemorative of Anniversary Day. A large and intelligent audience was in attendance. The service was opened with an Easter Hymn, after which there were addresses by Geo. A. Bacon, Dr. H. B. Storer, and W. J. Colville, poems by Miss Bacon and Mrs. Stickney, and songs and instrumental music. Altogether the service was very enjoyable.

The "Doctors' Law" has probably made its last appearance for the present year before the Mass. Legislature.

The responsibility for the removal of the Ponca Indians, and their subsequent sufferings and discontent, seems to have finally settled down upon Inspector E. C. Kemble, who was charged with arrangements for their removal, and went beyond his instructions.

Berkeley Hall was beautifully decorated with flowers on Easter Sunday, March 28th, and the services in the morning were more than commonly interesting; Mr. Colville giving a forcible address on the "Resurrection," and appropriate musical selections being rendered by the choir and by Mrs. F. E. Crane, an eminent soloist. In the evening address Mr. Colville paid his respects to Mr. Joseph Cook.

The Brooklyn Spiritual Fraternity, which holds meetings on Saturday evenings, at Sawyer's Hall, has laid out an interesting programme for the next six weeks, which includes addresses from Professor Brittan, Dr. Fishbaugh, Mrs. I. C. Fales, Giles B. Stebbins, Col. Hemstreet and Henry Kiddle.

Anniversary Day was celebrated in New York and Brooklyn with great animation and interest. Meetings were held in Tremor, Everett, and Republican Halls, with addresses by many distinguished Spiritualists, among whom were Dr. Peebles, Mrs. Hyzer, Mrs. Brigham, A. J. Davis, Prof. Brittan, Mrs. Davis, Prof. Buchanau, Henry Kiddle and A. E. Giles, Esq.

At the charter election in Middletown, N. Y., March 9th, five women were elected members of the Board of Education over five men. The Republicans elected President, Collector, and two Trustees, and the Democrats two Trustees. Over one hundred women voted for school officers.

Mrs. Hollis-Billing has arrived in America, and with her daughter is resting after the fatigue incident to an ocean voyage.

Capt. H. H. Brown spoke at Willimantic, Conn., March 14th and 28th; at Springfield, Mass., on March 31st.

We learn that Mrs. M. B. Thayer, the flower Medium, is creating great interest in Spiritualism in Washington, the manifestations in her presence under strictly test conditions being wonderful.—*Mind and Matter.*

Cavaliere Sebastiano Fenzl, the eminent Florentine banker, recently delivered a lecture upon Spiritualism in Florence. A letter in the *Medium and Daybreak* states that the capacious hall was crowded to excess, not a whisper was heard during the hour and a half that the lecture occupied, and the speaker was heartily applauded at its close.

Dr. Slade is having good success in Colorado, awakening considerable interest in the cause in which he is one of the most efficient workers, and giving convincing proofs of the truthfulness of his mission to all who are disposed to meet him.—*Banner.*

The increase of the number of Mediums in England and upon the continent is at present very marked. Investigations are proceeding vigorously among all classes, and thousands are added daily to the army of those who believe.

Any woman in Oregon who is over twenty-one years of age, and has property in the district upon which she pays a tax, may vote at the school meetings in such district, provided she be a citizen of the State, and has resided in the district thirty days.

A notification reaches us from the committee having in charge the materialization seances of Mrs. Stewart, at Terre Haute, Ind., wherein it is announced that these sittings will be suspended for the present—to be resumed in September.—*Banner.*

Dr. J. M. Peebles speaks in Stafford, Ct., the last two Sundays of April.

[Selected by M. T. S.]

#### SPRING IS NEAR.

BY HARRIET O. NELSON.

STILL blows the north wind, shrill and keen,  
The snows of Winter linger long;  
No hint of flower, no touch of green,  
No swelling buds nor robin's song;  
Our wishes chide the tardy year,  
And yet we know that Spring is near.

Soon through the ground so hard and still  
Will throbs of life begin to beat;  
A new creating voice shall thrill  
The hidden world beneath our feet:  
Each cradled seed, each frozen sod,  
Waking, shall feel the breath of God.

Soon shall the fearless crocus show  
On sunny banks its varied bloom;  
And shy arbutus, creeping low,  
Fill all its cups with sweet perfume;  
And violets ope their dreamy eyes  
To smile beneath the changeful skies.

From groves that now are bare and dead  
The blue-bird's note shall greet the Spring;  
And in the maples budding red  
At the soft dawn shall robins sing;  
And where the brooks rejoicing flow  
The willow's silver tassels blow.

But Spring that hastens will depart;  
Its bloom will wither when complete;  
So wait in peace, impatient heart,  
For hope and waiting, too, are sweet,  
And May itself gives naught so dear  
As this—to feel that May is near.

HAVERHILL, Mass., March 13, 1874.

#### PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

THROUGH A. A. TANNER, UNION, UTAH.

ANASA LYMAN TO HIS FRIENDS YET IN THE FLESH.

My dear friends, I am happy to have the opportunity of sending a message through this channel to you. I am pleased to find so many interested in Spiritualism. It is the only reliable source of communicating thoughts from Spirit-life.

I hope I shall be able to convey my thoughts intelligently through this Medium. I have endeavored to make as much progress as possible since I have been here. My friends know my struggles to get knowledge on earth, and since I have come into Spirit-life I have likewise struggled to gain an understanding of my surroundings.

I am of the opinion we shall be united hereafter. As to the laws which govern and control both Spirits and mortals, it is not consistent with my mind that we can



understand anything till we have given it a thorough trial; Spiritualism belongs to our age; it is a development that has unfolded gradually, as the minds of the people have been prepared for it; though of apparently sudden growth, yet were minds prepared for its advent ere it appeared.

JOHN BENBOW TO NATHAN TANNER.

NATHAN, I send a message through the mediumship of Alva to you. I am trying to find out the laws that govern the soul after the death of the body. It is hard to understand it. It would take some one with better ideas of Spiritual matters than I have to explain it. I have seen and heard much since I have been here, and visited many parts of the world. I am as active as any Spirit, and can go at will. I see Brother Brigham here, and talk with him often. He tells me he is coming to tell the people what to do, if he can find a suitable chance through which he can be free to tell his mind. He does not believe in patronizing unreliable Mediums, and they are legion, but would be pleased to find one suited to his purpose, who would be reliable and truthful, for the interest of the church.

Brother Amasa Lyman is here, anxious to send a message to his friends. He says he thinks the time will come when Spiritualism will take its stand at the head of all other religions, and good Mediums will be sent for, and when found will deserve the praise which has been bestowed upon the prophets by the ancients. We have a diversity of opinions among us Spirits, as well as on earth amongst men. I have no more to say at this time. God bless you!

JOHN BENBOW.

THROUGH DR. W. L. JACK, HAVERHILL, MS.  
MOSES, TO HIS WIFE.

WELL, say; put down a word or two for me, won't you? Don't intend to tarry long; will make my business known, and be short, at that. I want my wife to know that I am trying to utilize my power for her benefit, by way of procuring the bounty. Well, you'll find that Mose is not dead, at all, in one sense, but is still marching on, and willing, any time, to come back to give you a lift. I shall do all I can, wife, to help you get it, and if you don't succeed it won't be my fault. Well, push it; you've succeeded, so far. I am happy, and doing first rate, and am glad you are doing so well, too, wife. I guess I may as well wind up. My wife lives down in Biddeford, Me., and I want this to reach her through the VOICE OF ANGELS, and I want her to know that the office of the VOICE OF ANGELS is an office of joy,

through which she has heard from her Mo., otherwise Moses. Well, good day.

LITTLE CARRIE.

WELL, sir, I would this time come to get you to send my love to Tunie's papa, what makes the paper, and to tell him that there are some dear little girls and boys what are angels, and they do love him for thinking of the poor here on earth, and that child angels do throw their mantles of love around him. And tell him that those mantles are all filled with divine love, to make strong in soul and happy in heart, because we are somebody in heaven, and bigger people we are, too, than what the Bible says we are; and I come to you, papa Densmore, because you don't say, "Suffer little children, to come unto me," but you say, "Dear little children, come unto me." And this is why I come unto you, because you love little children. I had the memory croup, [Another Spirit took possession instantly, and said, "She means membranous croup,"] and they cut a hole in my throat, and put a pipe in it, so that I could breathe, but I jumped right out and went into the arms of angels. I don't have no croup now. The angels are coming for me, and I must go now. Good night, papa Densmore.

LITTLE CARRIE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—I have been quite sick for some days, but am now mending. If correspondents and others will have patience, I will soon answer their favors.

Pub. Voice of Angels.

#### "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:

A Friend to Humanity, —, Me.,	\$2.00
Henry Medendorff, Antioch, Ill.,	0.35
B. H. Bacon, 1300 Columbian Av.,	1.10
Jas. M. Child, 420 Calhoun St., Baltimore, Md.,	0.35
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