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LITERARY.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. MCKEE,

[Our nearest neighbor, aged 82, whose health has been poor for several months, but not confined to the bed. On the evening of the 18th inst., she cheerfully sang a hymn, and retired as usual to rest. When the family arose on the morning of the 19th, they found the Spirit-deserted casket still warm in the bed—to all appearance having passed out without a struggle.]

THROUGH TRYPHENA C. PARDEE.

THE angel of deliverance came,
Just at the evening's balmy close,
Leading a convoy by the flame
Of love's eternal light that rose.

He called them forward one by one:
The first was earth's last happy "Song";
"Cheer" stood beside the soul when done,
And "Peace" proclaimed the Spirit strong.

"Victory" o'er all the woes of life
Relieved the burdened heart of care;
"Rest" points to heaven—no pain or strife—
"Faith" folds the hands in trusting prayer.

"Sleep" calmly drew the curtains down,
And drowsy "Slumber" closed her eyes;
Her deathless home, her starry crown,
Is shown her in the azure skies.

Then floating o'er death's turbid stream,
Sweet zephyrs lulled the breakers' roar;
And in her morning's heaven-tinged dream
She lighted on the blissful shore!

The scales fell from her love-lit sight,
And hostile joys began;
The angels' hymn—"Immortal Life!"—
Now welcomes her to enter in.

She retrospects the dark, still waves
O'er which she glided safe and free,
Then lifts her voice in thankful praise—
"How gracious is my God to me!"

The silence hovering o'er the graves
Is broken by an angel's kiss;
Celestial bloom the now path paves
Between the mother's home and this.

ELLINGTON, N. Y., March 22, 1880.

[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.

[CONCLUDED.]

If, then, the first parent of the human race violated to any considerable extent the moral or physical laws of his being, it is surely neither unphilosophical or absurd to regard the deterioration of himself and his posterity as the result of such violation. Like begets like; and as the stream can never rise higher than the fountain, of Adam, (or whatever else you please to call him,) because by transgression contaminated, his children, partaking of the parent's nature, must be contaminated also.

But whatever may be the result of abstract reasoning on this subject, we have to do with facts, which become tangible to our senses. "Is man a fallen being?" This is the question, not what he might be. He might be a monkey or a devil; is he so? God, we know, is a being of purity and holiness. Infinite wisdom is seen in all his works. God, in the creation of man, could give to the creature no property not possessed by himself; that is clear from the reflection that every effect is like its cause—purity must produce purity. Wisdom cannot by any possibility generate ignorance.

It is true, we need not suppose that man was as pure or as wise as God; for this would be impossible. But he was pure in the sphere of his creation—pure as a man, wise as a man. Being, then, pure as a man, and wise as a man, this purity, this wisdom must have been insufficient to keep him in his original condition. This wisdom, as a man, would prevent the misdirection of any good designed for himself and over which that wisdom exercised supervision. His purity as a man must reject all for which that human purity had no affinity, so that man's original condition *must have been* one of human perfection. What is it now? Let the wars

for supremacy, the reckless destruction of life for gain, the brightest mercies of heaven turned into curses, be the answer.

"The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib." The bee never mistakes poison for honey, nor the lamb a noxious plant for food. While man, the "lord of creation," by ignorant misdirection and impurity of desire, covets poison for food, bitter for sweet, rejoices in cruelty and oppression, and prefers his damning enjoyments in time to an eternity of happiness in heaven.

Carefully digest, and then answer the question, "Is man a fallen being?"

J. C. B.—

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

HEALTH IN MIDDLE AND OLD AGE.

No ONE who has taken the ordinary means to preserve health in youth and early manhood should feel other than young at the age of forty-five, from which period until that of sixty, if life is spared to us, we shall do well to consider ourselves middle-aged, and to adopt greater precautions for the preservation of health and consequent happiness than might have been deemed necessary when youth was on our side. And if this is done, the period of middle-age should be one of the greatest activity, both of body and mind. What though the hairs are turning gray? that but shows one has suffered sorrow and survived it; or that, sorrow apart, he is a man who thinks. And what though the limbs be not quite so nimble? Calm enjoyments foster thought and generate habits of that true temperance which conduces to long life and contentment more than anything else in this world; and whatever some may say to the contrary, I maintain that desire to live long is inherent in every sane healthy man or woman. To die of old age is the only natural death, and if death may ever be said to be pleasant, the only pleasant one. Though younger than most of my professional brethren still in harness, I have, nevertheless, seen death in very many shapes and forms, and in almost every case I have found the aged more resigned

to the inevitable than those less advanced in years. For a well-spent life is like a well-spent day; at its close there is a wish for rest.—*London Correspondence.*

BE CAUTIOUS AND BEWARE.

Be cautious of salves, of plasters, and of eye-waters. Beware of hair-dyes, washes for refining the skin, and of toilet-powders. Be careful in the use of scented soaps. Why? Salves make and keep the skin sore, plasters prevent wounds from healing, eye-waters do often more injury than good, most hair-dyes produce sore eyes, beautifying washes are often poisonous, ditto toilet powders, while scented soaps are usually too sharp, by reason of the free alkali they contain.

A SPIRITUALIST SEER.

SPIRITUALISM has presented itself on this, as well as on the other side of the Atlantic, under opposite phases. Some of its professors have been transparent impostors, who resorted to the artifices of the professional thaumaturgist, and rarely rose to the level of Simon Magus, while their base tricks were as contemptible, as those of honest conjurors like Dobbler and Houdin were meritorious. Others, who may not inaptly be termed "free" of the Spiritualistic craft, have at all events satisfied their brother initiates of their veracity. To the ordinary Englishman, this creed, which binds together the living and the dead, by the electric wire of Mediumship, appears not so much impossible as improbable. If, however, he is ever to lend an ear, so far as to condescend to sift the evidence put forward in its favor, his common sense must not be outraged by prestidigitation and a second-hand performance of the Maskelyne and Cooke business.

We are not a credulous, and, at the same time, hardly a skeptical people. He, therefore, who would tax our capacity for belief, must be either a consummate actor, or an earnest enthusiast. Hitherto, the apostles of the black art have been neither the one nor the other, the result being that they have caught in their toils, none except the invertebrate and mentally disjoined. It is, indeed, not too much to affirm that the intelligent believers in Mediumship have arrived at their conclusion in spite, rather than in consequence of the media.

We shall not expose ourselves to the charge of being the apologists, still less the advocates, of Spiritualism, if we affirm that its latest mouthpiece appeals to the public on different and more comprehensible grounds, than his forerunners of the Spiritualistic persuasion, for the simple reason that his pretensions have been admitted by those, who cannot be regarded as otherwise than capable and unbiased witnesses. Mr. Fletcher boldly terms Spiritualism a religion, and has formulated for it a dogmatic creed, and an elastic ritual. He claims to occupy, moreover, a position superior to that of an ordinary Medium, and analogous in some respects to that of a prophet. How he obtained his commission to convert humanity to this strange doctrine, may be best understood from his *ipsissima*

verba—the story, by-the by, strikes us as being extraordinarily phenomenal.

"In the year 1874," he states, "I was sitting in the midst of a thick wood on the borders of a lake. It was late in the afternoon, and my friends came to search for me. As they sat down upon the rocks, and the trunks of the trees, I saw a stream of silver light, which seemed the pathway to a brighter world, illumine all our surroundings, and before me stood a Spirit of marvellous beauty and strength. He seemed clothed in long flowing robes, of silver whiteness, and bore in his hand a staff. All the party saw the vision more or less distinctly, although one or two were nearly fainting with terror. The Spirit slowly raised his hand, pointed towards me, and then threw what appeared to be a star, which faded as it fell at my feet. Then he slowly advanced—glided, rather than walked—until he stood by the side of me. The profound silence was broken only by the twitter of the birds among the branches, and by the flashing of oars on the lake. As he placed his hand upon my head, I felt a heavy sleepiness come over me, and finally was lost to the outer world. Gradually, this Spiritual body blended with my own. Then in a moment, my lips began to move, and shortly after, words to this effect were given forth: 'I am the Spirit of prophecy. This instrument, through whom I speak, has a great work to do beyond the sea. He will go there a stranger. He will not be welcomed by those, who should be his brother in the work. They will be suspicious of him, and jealous. Trouble, followed by the most flattering success, is before him. His greatest work will be with the world, who, knowing nothing of Spiritual truths, will not acknowledge him a Spiritualistic seer, until he has finally been received and welcomed by all the crowned heads of Europe.' I awoke, unconscious of what had been said; and not long after, I came to Europe very suddenly, received anything but a warm welcome from some of the leaders of the movement, and have suffered not a little from the jealousy of others, whose work I have endeavored to aid. Much of the prophecy has been fulfilled. The future may hold the rest in its keeping."

There is an instance on record, of a gentleman, who believed himself to be made of glass, and was wont, when touched, to shriek, "Take care! you'll break me!" *Prima facie*, we should be inclined to rank a man, who volunteered such a narrative as the above, in the same category. Mr. Fletcher, however, asseverates his ability to produce the evidence of eye-witnesses, and, personally, he conveys to the mind anything but the notion of eccentricity, while he has further displayed, in a marked degree, the quality of sound judgment, by marrying one of the most beautiful women in London. There is something, too, about the man, which impresses you with his sincerity, and it is an easily-attested fact that the people, who publicly acknowledge the "messages" he delivers in Steinway Hall, are neither accomplices nor insane. Among his friends in America may be mentioned Mr. Henry Wilson, late Vice President of the United States, who professed his infinite gratitude for his Mediumship, in having warned him

not to undertake a journey in a particular train, which met with an accident, the message purporting to come from his deceased wife.

Among his admirers in England, may be reckoned not a few of the *haute volée*, some being—paradoxically enough—ardent Catholics, who dissent from his theology, but believe in his messages. In fact, the first note of warning concerning the fate of the Prince Imperial reached the ears of two ladies, to whom that poor lad was very dear, through the Mediumship of Mr. Fletcher, exactly five weeks before the news of his death was wired to Chisellhurst. There is, of course, nothing to show that this black prophecy was anything but guesswork. We know of no law of the universe why coming events should cast their shadow before Mr. Fletcher. We simply record a fact, which can be verified, and will add thereunto no more than this comment, viz., that the ladies in question incurred, by their curiosity, the penalty of excommunication, and prudently omitted to reveal to Monsignor, their confessor, the circumstance of their having consulted the Spirit of Napoleon the Third through a professed Medium.

Naturally enough, a man, who, in the prosaic nineteenth century, assumes the prophetic mantle, is always liable to be hoaxed. Our Merlin of Steinway Hall tells a story of an attempt to play upon him a practical joke, which says something for his capacity to discriminate between Adonis and Phyllis, quite irrespective of its alleged Mediumistic certitude. A person, attired in widow's weeds, called upon him, and to judge by the profuse application of a *mouchoir* seemed to be overwhelmed with affliction.

The object of the visit was to ascertain whether, by means of divination, Mr. Fletcher would state where a missing will could be discovered, the person affirming that, owing to the loss of this document, ruin had befallen an orphaned family. After requesting the said person to wait till the spirit moved him, Mr. Fletcher went off into a trance, and then delivered himself oracularly thus: "I see a fair young man, and a lady and gentleman standing near him. Now they are laughing. Before them is a pile of black clothing. Now they are putting the black clothing upon the fair young man, and now a wig upon his head. Now they cover his head with a white crape bonnet and a long veil. The young man is evidently playing a part. They ring for the servant, and order the carriage. Now they put him in the carriage, still laughing. The carriage drives away with the young man in it. It stops at the door. You are the young man?" A merry laugh from the mock widow revealed the truth, but whether this prompt exposure of a hoax was due to the Spirits, or the Medium's acute eyesight, we are not in a position to determine. Anyhow, we shall not be so unkind as to compliment Mr. Fletcher's discernment at the expense of his reputation as a Medium.

Certainly, if a doctrine so unpalatable to the majority of Christians, as Spiritualism, is to perimento society, this porfervid apostle appears to be, of all instruments, the most likely to bring about that undesirable result. He is an orator, whose flow of language never fails him.

His *physique* is in harmony with his prophetic role. He is a Yankee, yet without buncombe, and, though reared under a democracy, a gentleman. Nevertheless, with all respect for the partially-fulfilled prophecy, which maps out his future so distinctly, we take leave to doubt whether he will influence all the crowned heads of Europe. Kaiser William, for example, is not a likely subject for a seance, and his holiness the Pope would abnegate his infallibility by holding converse with one, whose Spiritual ancestress is the grim old lady of Endor. The old King of Holland, too, would, it may be imagined, prefer to fight shy of such Spirits as his late wife, who would reproach him on account of a certain faithless countess, and his son "Citron," of whom he had more than enough, on this side the kingdom of the majority.—*From the London Life, October 4th, 1879.*

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

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

[For the Voice of Angels.]

FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY SPIRIT MAY.

AND so little Bertie passed away to the Summer-land. His mamma wept over the little cold, white body of her little boy, from which his sweet Spirit had forever fled; but little Daisy only smiled as she gazed upon the tiny form, robed in its snowy raiment; for she had seen the Spirit of her little playmate as it passed out from the earthly form and was clasped in the arms of its Angel-father, and she knew that Bertie had gone to live in that beautiful, wonderful land of sunshine and flowers, which she sometimes visited in her dreams.

And how was it with our little Bertie? Oh, he was glad to come to our bright Summer-land and play with the birds, which sang so sweetly to him, as they perched upon his hand; for in the Spirit-world the little birds have no fear; we do not confine them in cages, but they live in the shrubs and among the flowers, and they are so tame they will come to us when we call them, and alighting on hand or shoulder, will delight us with their bursts of melody.

Bertie's father lives not far away from the sweet spot which to me is home in the Spirit-world; and so it happened that the little boy was brought to me to learn of the many beautiful things in the Summer-land, and to join with other little people under my charge in gaining a knowledge of life and its duties. And what a dear sweet little fellow he is, always happy and contented, ever ready to part with the most beautiful flower or bird he possesses, if it will enhance the pleasure of some one else; always anxious to return to earth and bring messages from Spirits to those who long to hear from their friends. We all love him for his goodness and truth.

It was about two weeks after Bertie's flight to the Summer-land; the snow lay thick and white around the earthly home of his mother; it had been a hard day of toil and pain for that poor woman, for she was obliged to labor, even while a severe cold, which had seized upon her,

seemed to tear her lungs with merciless fingers; and now in the twilight hour, with little Daisy sitting at her feet, the tears fell thick and fast from her weary eyes, as she thought only of that little snow-covered grave in the lonely churchyard.

Suddenly, a mellow, tender light, like the last soft gleam of sunset, streamed into the quiet room. But the sun had long since set behind the clouds, and there was no moon. The mother never stirred, but lay back in her chair, her gaze riveted upon the face of the little dumb girl, across which the strange light fell, lighting it up with untold beauty. The eyes of the child were fixed on vacancy, as though she saw something beyond the sight of mortals, as she truly did; for little Bertie, hearing the gentle fall of his mother's tears, even in his Spirit-home, came lovingly back with hands filled with Spirit-flowers, and it was his form that little Daisy saw in the gleam of that mellow light which the angels brought to the cottage home.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

A FOND MOTHER.

[From the German.]

"AND so, good-for-naught,
You are here at last!
But, pray, have you thought
How long must be past
The regular hatching?
For three days or more
The rest have been scratching
Around the barn-door.

"But for this little straggler,
Both early and late,
I must sit here and coax,
And linger and wait;
Till forth of a sudden
He steps with a flirt,
And lifts up his bill
And says he, so pert,

"'Hello! good morning!
How do you do?
Please look, Mrs. Mother,
Here am I, too!
And where is my drink?
And where is my food?
Or have you forgotten
The last of your brood?'"

"Well, what have you thought,
You wee yellow mouse?
And what did you plan
In the little egg-house?
Is there some mission
You are born to fill?"
But when he opened
The pert little bill,

'Twas plain he thought best
His secret to keep—
He spoke but a word,
And the word was "Peep!"
Yet the mother was sure
That this little son
Was a natural genius;
So the best was done—
Big books were bought,
Wise teachers were had;
But he'd only do
What his brothers did!

Still, whether he scratched;
Or whether he cawed,
There was more than appeared,
His mother well knew;
She regarded him over
With loving amazement,
And believed him a genius
To the end of her days.
[Sarah R. Farman, in April Wide Awake.]

THE farthing candle of the widow in the Gospel is often a brighter light than the millionaire's millions.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE NEW DISPENSATION.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

IDEAS ABOUT GOD AND OUR RELATIONS TO HIM FURTHER CONSIDERED.

AWAKENING us from a troubled dream, with scenery confused and terribly distorted, man in this age appears, when, with that reason which is his possession, he calmly thrusts aside the black veil a tyrannical priesthood has thrown over it, and leisurely surveys the situation. He soon discovers that the world is not flat, as it was supposed, and by patient research and calm reflection discovers that instead of its being the centre of creation, with all else its *attaches* and for its use, it is only a small affair, comparatively, among a host of other worlds, which comparative reason proclaims are peopled and inhabited, much like our own.

Before this conception, the Bible idea of the personality of God fades away into a fabled story.

In this awakened intellect, this expanded conception and comprehension, mankind on this little planet earth finds itself one among a group of planets revolving around their common centre, the sun, with almost inconceivable velocity.

Who can fully realize that we on this planet earth are passing through space at the rate of very nearly nineteen miles every second of time? Who can understand that Jupiter, our largest brother planet, is nearly as large as fourteen hundred worlds like our earth—revolving on its axis in ten of our hours—making a day of five hours and a night of five hours?

Then, again, we find our sun and its family of planets travelling around a centre, to complete the whole of its revolutions requiring twenty-four thousand years.

Grand as our sun is, it is small compared with some of the suns we see at night, in our cluster of suns or stars. About twenty thousand of these stars make up quite a magnificent family of suns, with their attendant planets, with their rocks, their vegetable, their animal life—and grandest of all, with their men and women, and their Spiritual zones. Who can comprehend these twenty thousand sun-stars and their respective families of planets, with their rapid motions thro' space, with all the life attending them? But, readers, this, with all its vastness and unthinkableness, is still but a speck of creative life in that vast domain we call space. The number of these grand families—groups of star-suns—must be uncountable.

Is God, the omniscient, the omnipresent, the great over-soul, the great inspiring intelligence of these countless families of sun-stars?—the God of the Bible, who made this little tiny earth, and Adam and Eve, and had so much trouble with the first pair's descendants, completely outwitted by the devil in every master-stroke he made—who came to Moses in the burning bush, sent him out on a great mission, got mad with him in a few days about some family matters, sought him and found him in a tavern, and determined to kill him, but finally cooled off and did not do the killing after all—the God that appeared on Mount Sinai, to give Moses the ten commandments, and in doing so was terribly troubled for fear the people would break over the bounds set for them, and sent Moses down to see that they were all right—God the omnipresent, who could not tell this little simple affair even from the top of the mountain—(why, some of our Mediums can do better than that!)—the God of the Old Testament, to whom the Christian world bows down and worships, before whom we are asked to swear in giving our testimony, to whom we are asked to look for all our knowledge of right and wrong, upon whose commands and proclaimed laws rests our whole social structure—this personal God of the Bible the God of the universe? No, no! never! impossible! God, the omniscient and omnipresent, "that fills, that bounds, connects and equals all"—the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and Moses? No! never! it is a physical impossibility; it cannot be so in the nature of things.

The idea that the God of the Bible is the creative life and energy of this vast universe had its origin in the childhood stage of human developement. We have grown to see that these gods, who spake to and gave commands to the Bible writers, were just so much of God as there was human life concentrated in these man-gods, but were as much less the God of the universe as a human being is less than the universe.

The God of the Bible must have been a Spiritual being, who once lived and walked upon this earth, and in point of developement very near the earth, and quite low at that; or he would never have gotten angry so many times, nor represented himself, Nero style, in savage human butchery. Read the story of Saul sent to destroy Amalek, in first Samuel, fifteenth chapter. The massacre of St. Bartholomew was instigated in a fair representative manner of this Bible God's

commands to destroy the Amalekites. What persistent and determined revenge! Not one of the then Amalekites living did this God have anything against. Why destroy them, then? For the sole reason that their ancestors some four hundred years before refused to let this God's chosen people, the Jews, pass through their country, in their journey from Egypt to the promised land.

Let those slave-like cringe and bow down on bended knees in supplication to this horrid inhuman God who please—be it an idea or reality—but the soul developed out into this New Dispensation plane can never do it.

But is this God—the God of all the Bible? By no means. The New Testament part of it, commencing with the advent of Jesus, has a God whose character is no more like the God of the Old Testament than night is like day. The Old is special in its like for his chosen people, gets very mad, is extremely revengeful, is fond of flattery, pomp and display, etc. The New is all love and beneficence, kind and forgiving, patient and charitable; seeks always the good of his children; governs by goodness and justice, instead of revenge and justice; is unsectarian, breaking down partition walls between sects; teaches fraternity and the brotherhood of mankind. Does Christianity and Christian institutions represent this God of the New Testament? Not a bit of it. Do they take the teachings of Jesus as rules and guides in all the affairs of life? Never; always refer to Moses and the Old Testament. The teachings of Jesus are beautiful, transcendently so; but of course not fit to practice, not intended for that, by no means. Why not? You profess to be among the redeemed, fitted and prepared for that heaven where all is peace and love. Is that fitness an ideal only? If it is really a possession, why follow Moses instead of Christ? Jesus at the outset ignored Moses. This is plainly seen in the teachings on the Mount. But the God of the Old Testament is Father of the Son who represents the New Testament. Yet a greater contrast of character cannot be represented. How is this, according to the great law of hereditary descent? This can't be so, for Jesus disowned his father Moses, or Moses' God, by setting up for guidance rules of action and for living entirely different, in both the letter and the spirit, from those given to Moses.

Jesus said, I and my Father are one. Now, if Jesus was one with his Father, he represented his Father in his teachings.

Jesus throw aside the teachings of the God of the Old Testament, and put something else in their place. Had the God of Moses changed? By no means. Then the God of Moses and the Heavenly Father of Jesus were two distinct personages, holding two distinct ideas about human government. If the God of Moses had changed, and become the Heavenly Father of Jesus, he would have said to the Jews, Why, I taught as my chosen people a great while ago, through Moses and the prophets; but now, having lived longer, I see differently, and have greatly changed my views. But nothing of this kind was intimated. Therefore, from the evidence before us, the God of the Old Testament part of the Bible was in no wise related to the God of the New Testament. They must have belonged to two distinct planes of developement.

We shall attempt to show further on, that one, the Old, represented controlling Spiritual forces over humanity, on this planet, while they were developing the lower train forces; but after these are fully developed, the upper train forces become the ruling powers.

On the planes of developement where human life is gathering in those powers that are represented through the lower train, which in its intellectual part conceives of the outward in looking at life, and represents all we term materialism, selfish and sectarian in its affections, resulting in all the phases of human experience historic man presents to us—upon this plane, with all its variations, mankind have been influenced by and controlled in degree by certain powers in the realm Spiritual, between whom and those still in the flesh there was a Spiritual relation and connection, by virtue of which that control became a possibility.

Hence in this sense the plurality of the gods is a fact. We think Moses recognized this when his God or Spiritual Control first appeared in the "burning bush." Moses asked this Control, "Who art thou?" as much as to ask, Who among the many gods are you?

We do not believe these "fabled gods" of the past are myths, in the common acceptance of that term; but were real living and acting Spiritual Powers, controlling and influencing humanity by and through a natural law; and it is from these controlling powers often appearing to mediumistic persons, and seen by them, came the idea that God, the great Creative Power of the universe, was a personality with a human form.

God, the creative energy of this vast

universe, who is omniscient and omnipresent, is in all things and is the life of all things, can have no other form than the form the universe takes, which includes all material, as the term is used, as well as all Spiritual life—both the material and Spiritual realms terms of distinction that ought not to exist; for it is one related or correlated, connected and progressive life.

We have given this attention to the Bible, and its idea of God and our relations to him, with the view of more fully impressing the public attention with the fact that it is, as authority, simply human authority, and that those who reverence and respect such a God and his commands only demonstrate their degree in the scale of development.

The God of the Old Testament is brutal, tyrannical, selfish, loves domination and power, asks his subjects to adore him as a great powerful monarch, likes to be teased and coaxed, as a child would just such a parent. All this is seen in the religious poetry even of the present age, and read and sung in our churches today, more or less, but not as much so as thirty years ago.

It is readily seen that the God idea, as revealed in the New Testament, is entirely of a different character—one of supreme love and beneficence, devoid entirely of brutality, love of praise, ambition and adoration. But it will be asked, Why is it that the present religious world reverences and worships the Old Testament God more than the New? It is simply because the character of the mass who profess the Christian religion are in sympathy with that God more than the New Testament God. Like attracts like. It is then seen that the mass of mankind have not arisen in the scale of progress sufficiently to accept the New Testament idea of God. But it will be asked, Why do you as a Spiritualist deal with either of these two ideals? Simply because Spiritualism in all its range of teachings brings out free and clear that the main propositions or laws Jesus taught are correct, and as we live them or not, our happiness or unhappiness after death will be.

We therefore affirm that in the main the teachings of Jesus, and his ideal of God, and that which comes to us through modern Spiritualism, are identical.

From our present stand-point, we are not judging of Spiritualism by the Bible; but are, on the contrary, judging the Bible by Spiritualism. We believe that the Spiritual wave that came to the earth about eighteen hundred years ago came as

a preparatory measure for the introduction of a new system of things—that it introduced forces that will become ruling powers, commencing in the year 1881; also, that Spiritualism came as the beginning of that immediate necessary preparation; the finale to be the death of our present system of things, and something else to take its place.

Our next will be a view of the Spiritualist's idea of God.

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

WHAT?

BY VIENNAN L.

WHAT shall the subject be?—what shall I write you today?
The news of the week, health, or weather?—which dost thou say?

Tell things of minor importance—minutiae of every-day life?
"Yes, tell even of all above quories, avoiding the scandal and strife."

Well, the days are of sunshine or shadow, nights cool, a white frost is spread

O'er the earth, while the sweet, fragrant lilies look humble,
For bowed are their heads.

But in-doors the bright blossoms are gorgeous;

Yes, sheltered from cold, biting blasts,
Like their owner, are held in love's keeping,
And shielded from all that might tuck.

The floweret repays with rich blossoms
And fragrance so delicate, sweet;

Whilst we—do we realize blessings

Daily falling in showers at our feet?

Mothers' earth is rich in her treasures,

Abundance for body and mind,

Bestowed by the great God of Nature

For all to partake if inclined.

But ignorance has reigned since beginning

Of life on this terrestrial globe,

And oftentimes steps in at the lining,

Whilst knowledge is shouldering her load.

Sure "the mills of the gods grindeth slowly,"

'Tis said, but "exceedingly fine;"

May we trust that time's cycle, in turning,

May bring truth and wisdom divine.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

TO LUELLA J. FISH,

[On her Birthday, June 26, 1879.]

THROUGH MRS. JULIA FISH.

JUST sixteen years ago today,
A gentle Spirit strayed away
From pearly gates of Paradise,
And took upon herself the guise
Of earth-born babe, surpassing fair,
With tender eyes and golden hair,
With ruddy cheek and dimpled chin,
And mouth for smiles to nestle in.

The joy that filled the mother's heart
Was checked, and tears began to start
At thought of him who, far away,
'Mid scenes of strife and death must stay—
Who ne'er would look upon the face,
Or clasp within his warm embrace
The little one who came to bless
And cheer her hours of loneliness.

Far in the sunny South they made
His grave, and comrades gently laid
The soldier there. A silent prayer
Was offered for a father's care,
And loving hand to guide and bless
The widow and the fatherless,
And lead them through life's fearful blast
Into a sunny port at last.

They did not know that human love
Superior to death would prove;
And that the Spirit, crowned with life,
Had sought again his home, where wife
And little children wait in vain
For him they may not see again.
He clasps the babe, who ne'er had known
The echoes of a father's tone;—

And day by day he lingered near,
And sought their weary lives to cheer.
He lifted burdens from the heart,
He thrust the heavy clouds apart,
And sunshine bright came pouring through;
Though how 'twas done they never knew.
The mother thought she understood,
And murmured softly, "God is good."

The feather-footed years flew by:
Then came that mother's turn to die;
The angels whispered to her low,
"A brighter home you soon will know—
A home prepared by loving hands,
A flowery nook in Summer-lands."
She longed to go, but mourned for those
Who'd orphaned be at her life's close;—

She summoned then her truest friend—
One kind and faithful to the end—
And said, "Dear El, to you I give
My darling child; teach her to live
A true, pure life, that she may prove
Well worthy all your care and love."
When twilight hours came creeping on,
The Spirit to its home had flown.

And now, today, that baby stands
Where girlhood clasps young woman's hands,
And, with one lingering, last embrace,
The child gives way to woman's grace.
And all the hopes and joys and fears,
Foreshadowed in the coming years,
Which are of woman's life a part,
E'en now are pictured in her heart.

Oh, may the love which has thus far
Been unto her a guiding-star,
Still shine upon and lead the way
Into the light of endless day;
And in that glorious home of love,
Resplendent, happy, may she move—
Immortal life, the gift of earth,
Secured to her by mortal birth!

ANAPZIM, California.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE.

THROUGH WEST INGLE.

WAUKESHA, Wis., March 25, 1880.

D. C. DENSMORE:—*Dear Friend*,—I hasten to express my deep feelings of gratitude through your columns, both to "West Ingle" and yourself, for the aid you have given me in receiving a very welcome communication from my father, Caleb Hutchinson. I have waited and watched for it, with as much patience as possible, and I am more than repaid for all.

This is fully characteristic of himself, his deep love for his family, and his continued watchfulness over them. It is true, indeed, to me; as his presence is made known daily. How encouraging such proofs of a blessed future existence are, at this hour, I will not attempt to express in words. It is full of meaning; and his assurance that it is but the commencement of a long and happy intercourse gives me hope and strength to trust that all will be accomplished for good.

I am thankful for this, and hope he will write very soon and instruct me how to live and learn of the noble truths of the Law of Progression. I would know many things relative to my earthly career, if it be best for me to know.

I shall wait patiently for the next message, and I feel assured that even as in earth-life his promise was ever fulfilled when given, so it will now be. His motto was always "Excelsior," is now, and ever will be.

Yours for truth,

J. M. HUTCHINSON.

PROUD hearts and lofty mountains are always barren.

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EDITORIAL.

POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE CONDITIONS, AS THEY RELATE TO THE AFFAIRS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

It would be a matter for surprise and wonder with most of us, if we knew how large a proportion of our efforts to improve ourselves and others consists in urging negative duty. From the "Must'nt touch," that represses the infant's eager curiosity, to the laws of the country which forbid murder, theft, fraud, and a host of evil actions, the word *not* conveys the prominent idea. This is perhaps natural; but to our comprehension it certainly is not philosophical; which latter we shall be able to show.

Whatever is troublesome or injurious excites our notice, and the necessity of banishing it, or at least subduing it, seems the most important thing to do. So we at once proceed to urge the repressive policy upon all evil-doers. At first sight, this seems the right and only thing to do; for certainly society needs that its members abstain from injuring one another; that they break off bad habits, restrain their passions, control their desires. Then why not enjoin it by every means in our power? Why not bring all the force of authority and argument we possess to bear directly upon the suppression of evil? Simply because human nature is too active and eager to be led by negations. It craves positive food for its desires, employment for its activities, opportunity for its developement, means for its recreation. It is largely owing to the lack of these that the evil we so much deplore creeps in. If what is true and good and pure and sweet is absent, then their opposites will surely enter. To bar the door against the latter is less effectual than to open it wide to the former.

Take a small child, for example: he finds himself in a world full of wonders, everything is new and strange and untried; he has capabilities that call loudly for exercise; his eyes and ears are wide open to every sight and sound; his tiny feet and hands ache to be busy at something; he longs to make experiments, and

try his various powers on the multitude of objects before him. This is Mother Nature's method of teaching him, and she is so good an instructress, that to learn her lessons is his chief delight. Nevertheless, he meets with continual checks and rebuffs in his unconscious studies. The ominous words, "Don't," and "You mustn't," are forever thwarting his desires and irritating his temper. True, at times it seems difficult to prevent it, especially in houses filled with delicate and costly articles; and of course there are occasions when such words must be spoken firmly and obeyed promptly; but they ought to be exceptional, not familiar sounds, and would be so, were the *real needs* of the child's nature appreciated and supplied.

So the youth, when first entering business or college, is brim-full of eager life, which is likely to run over in some objectionable way, if not directed in right channels. He has appetites, passions and cravings, which call loudly for their appropriate nourishment. If the influences brought to bear upon him are all of a *negative* character, of restraint and repression, if he is sorely pressed to sacrifice some or all of his natural tastes and desires, even if he undertakes the task in good faith and with abundant courage, it will most assuredly culminate in failure, if nothing positive is given him instead. What he needs is to be taught how to regulate his youthful enthusiasm, how wisely to control his appetites and passions, to use his activities and possibilities, and to adapt his every power to the purpose for which he started out. He must not be all the time pondering over what he *must not do*, but centre all his efforts on what he *is to do*. This should form the basis for all our teachings. If his time can be all filled up with pleasant and remunerative employment, and innocent, harmless pleasures, if his mind can be fortified at the same time with noble, inspiring principles, if his heart can be filled with hope and love, and his best impulses become developed, far more will be gained towards preventing the evils we so much dread than by all the negative advice that can be given. This applies not only to the young, whose habits in life are still imperfectly formed, but to all whom we endeavor to reform the positive method will be found the most effective.

When a multitude of bad, vicious habits become firmly rooted in one individual, it seems next to impossible to eradicate them. Advice and entreaties of friends are powerless. Even when the poor culprit himself is conscious of his faults and

misdeeds, and anxious to reform, his will-power lacks strength to accomplish the task. Now, it seems to us that if some of the power used to suppress the bad habits were turned rather to instil good ones, it might produce better results. For instance: if an interest in something higher could be awakened in the erring one, it might crowd out and eradicate the lower; if an innocent pleasure could be presented, it might take the place of the impure one; if a worthy aim could be inspired, it might supersede the less worthy; if a good habit could be formed, it might crowd out the bad one.

No one can tell how much of his good conduct and virtue is due to the full developement of his own life. For instance: when people are busily engaged in pleasant and useful employment, and blessed with a harmonious, happy home, they have but little temptation for degrading vices or sensual pleasures. If they are constantly occupied with what is innocent and good, they have no time nor inclination to seek what is bad. The heart that is full of love, has no room for impure desires; the head that is busy with intelligent thought, has no disposition for sensual or foolish imaginings; the hands that are always busy in some congenial work, have no time nor inclination for mischief.

To our mind, the best and most practical way of fulfilling our social relations and duties to one another is to avoid slander. Let us utter all the good we know of one another. To avoid bitter words, let us speak kind ones; to avert a quarrel, let us practice generosity; to root out an error, let us instil a truth. If we wish to diminish the influence of pernicious reading, let us foster the dissemination of good and healthful books; if we wish to banish the effects of immoral, lascivious spectacles, let us present in an attractive form those of an elevating character. Finally, in all cases everywhere let good drive out evil; for in the presence of truth and right, wrong cannot dwell.

In other words, "That course of instruction," says an eminent scientist, "that leads to purity, benevolence, meekness, humility and heaven in this world, cannot produce impurity, malice, arrogance and hell in the next."

So in our efforts for self-improvement, we shall succeed much better by exercising the positive than by negative methods. An eminent divine once said, "I think that we break almost all our resolutions not to do wrong, while we keep a large proportion of our resolutions that we will do what is right." This is not so strange,

when we realize that activity is the essence of our complex natures. It is always easier to do than not to do: the first is an emblem of life, the latter of death.

To cherish in our hearts whatever we find that is noble and elevating, is the surest way of casting off what is repulsive and degrading: for it erects a barrier against its future approach. Temptation loses all its power where the love of righteousness is fully established.

Of course, we do not pretend that we can get along altogether without the negative side; for there must be laws to punish crime, the frown of society to restrain vice and corruption. Officers of the law must often forbid what is injurious, and the work of self-denial must continue. But the emphasis must be laid on the *positive* side, when the need of repression will gradually grow less. Good in all cases is the best weapon against evil, and the more freely we use it, the more successful will be our efforts.

[NOTE.—The above is intended as an answer to a question asked by a lady friend, as to "the best way to train up children and redeem those of a larger growth."]

A DOUBLE VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 16, 1880.

BRO. D. C. DENSMORE:—*Dear Sir*,—I write with a heart overflowing with love and gratitude that another one of my special prayers has been answered by the Angel-hosts, who I believe are ever hovering near, to soothe our sorrows and give us strength to bear the burdens of life cheerfully, and to give us wisdom to aid our fellow-man and sister-woman in all that makes life beautiful here and fits us for a place in the spheres a little beyond the borders of this world.

A little more than a year and a half ago, a Spirit came to me, a stranger, but a grand and beautiful Spirit, who filled my soul with joy and praise, and also energy to do something to make my life more useful to my fellow-beings. This Spirit always gave me a special sign or signal, different from all the others. Some time after, in sitting with Mrs. Dr. Morton, a very excellent Medium, this Spirit in writing gave me the name and a message, telling me what he wished of me in the future. The name as given was L. Judd Pardee. About that time, some friend gave me a copy of your paper, in which I was very much interested, and should have subscribed for it there and then, if I had been able to do so.

Some time in the month of October, I again felt the presence of this Spirit. I then sent forth a prayer from the very depths of my soul that some one of my loved ones might be permitted to give me a message through his and your paper. Sure enough, in your issue of January 1st, 1880, my prayer was answered in a message, through M. T. Shellhamer, from my

darling child, Ida Stevens. Every word of that message is true to the letter. My name is correctly given, and my former place of residence. She also speaks of her father and my father being in Spirit-life with her, which is also true.

The other message, through the same Medium, from Willie Knapp, is none the less true.

The communications from these two children will open the eyes of many skeptics.

I desire you to send me at least six copies of the issue of Jan. 15th. I will enclose one dollar, all I can spare at present, but will send the rest soon. I must take your paper, if I go without food.

Go on in your good work. May God and angels bless you, is my prayer.

S. R. STEVENS,

16 Stockton St., San Francisco, Cal.

SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE,
APRIL 4TH, 1880,

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELLHAMER.

INVOCATION, BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

OH, Thou Infinite Author of life and all being! In the presence of this floral display, emblems of thy wondrous skill and love, and in the presence of each other, we would take up the best aspiration of our souls, and lay it upon thine altar as an offering of incense to Thee.

We thank Thee that we are once again permitted to draw near unto Thee in spirit, and that we can behold thy vast dominions spread out before us, breathing ever of thy wisdom and love. And yet again, Nature takes up her song of rejoicing for the blessed Spring-time, which comes upon her with its promise of beauty and truth.

We thank Thee that in all things thy fatherly hand appears, to guard and guide us, that we can behold thy holy presence in all the avenues of Life, beautiful Life!—that we can sing our song of rejoicing over life, for there is no more death; for we know death has been changed to an angel of light and glory.

We bless Thee for all we behold in our path, for the hopes and joys that blossom in our souls; and oh, we ask that the work may still go on, still deepen in every Spirit; that the result of angels' efforts may roll on and on, ever increasing in strength and volume, and proving a lasting blessing to thy dear humanity.

JAMES OTIS.

JAMES OTIS, from Albany, New York. I was forty-five when I died. I knew nothing of this, and this is my first experience in returning. I have a desire to reach friends here on earth. I would like them to ascertain the truth of this. Mrs. M. J. Manley—I want her to know we can return and communicate; I would like

her to visit some New York Medium, and let us come to her. We can tell her so much concerning those who have gone before. Fred and Jennie are with me; they both died at the same time. Now little Jane knows that they often return to her, and are anxiously waiting a time for her to realize their presence.

I do not care to speak of my private affairs here; but I will say, that I now rejoice unspeakably that that disappointment, which was so bitter to me, came when it did; and that Tom gained those experiences, because of that which are for his lasting good.

MRS. ELIZABETH WESTON.

GOOD evening, sir. [Good evening.] I would like so much to speak to my family, to again assure them of my presence with them, of my love and sympathy, which is with them at all times. How well do I know the changes that come; some are pleasant, and others occasion sadness and pain; but all are for the best, and sent by the good Father who reigns above and blesses all.

Oh, how longingly and anxiously I wait at the heavenly portals for those who are so dear to me, and it is with a feeling of joy that I prepare to receive the dear ones, although I desire each one to remain on earth until every mission is complete.

I am glad I passed home when I did; although not old in years, and yet leaving a dear husband, children and parent, yet I heard Spirit-voices calling, and I was glad to go. Oh, yes, I am happy; tell my dear ones my happiness, my love ever flows out towards them. I am guiding them all the right way, and I pray the blessing of heavenly life to rest upon them. I rejoice at the changes made, for they bring new life to their souls.

I am Mrs. Elizabeth Weston, who went home from Fort Dodge, Iowa. My dear husband is C. F. Weston.

MARY E. QUIGLEY.

OH, I felt so weak. I am happy now; I want my mother to know I am happy. Tell her I love her; I thank her for her kindness; I come to see them all every day, and I bring them love. Tell father heaven is a beautiful place, where there is no sorrow, weakness or pain, and I am so glad to know I shall meet them all again.

I would be almost twenty-six now, in about a month. I don't think it is many months since I died. It has all been very pleasant to me—no cold, no pain, all bright and beautiful, and kind friends took me home.

I just came to send my love. My name is Mary E. Quigley—Mary Ellen. My

father's name is Lawrence Quigley; he lives in Boston. I thank you, sir. [You are welcome: come again.] I would like to.

JONATHAN WHITE.

I AM very old and feeble. I want my friends: they are in New York. I want to get close to them, to hitch on, so they can know me when I come round. I was over eighty-two, old and worn-out.

I've found Mary and Betsey and Jake. Oh, they are all peart and chipper. I want Samuel Johnson and Sarah to know I come round, and I'm not dead and buried; I'm alive fast enough, too.

Will I be able to come to my folks better now? A young chap said I would learn by coming here. [So you will; and when you go to your friends, you will know better how to act.] Thank'ee; I want 'em to feel me round; I'm not dead.

Betsey wants to send her love; she's been up here nigh on to forty odd years, and she's smart. She don't want old Susan to forget her either; for she's going to meet her some day over here. That's all I've got to say; but thank'ee for letting the old man come. I'm called old uncle Jonathan White.

MESSAGES GIVEN APRIL 11TH, 1880.

CONTROLLING GUIDE OF THE CIRCLE.

FOR a few of our late sittings, certain Spirits have been present, who, very anxious to send messages to their friends, are yet unable to control the organism of the Medium. Therefore, I have determined to take control at this *seance*, and give the messages of these and other influences. I understand that the mortal friends of the Spirits referred to, read the paper, and will receive the messages.

First, appear two female Spirits, sisters, who have received brightness and beauty from their life in the Spirit-world. I should say that the head of one had been affected, but it is well now. They passed out young, (one younger than the other,) and left sorrow in their home. One was a favorite, but both were well loved. Their names are Emma and Mattie Davis; they desire to send love to their friends, and especially their father. I give their joint message.

"Dear father, we bring you love and peace from our Spirit-home. We often come to you, and at times we know you feel us. You have had trouble and sorrow, have sometimes been misunderstood and condemned for your fidelity to your convictions; but through all your Spirit-friends have guided and blessed you, and you believe it."

And now, dear father, remember we

are with you to guide you onward and bless you with our love. We have a sweet Spirit-home, where all is contentment and peace. We are cared for by dear friends, who met us and bore us to our Spirit-home."

Another Spirit, now a young lady, but who passed away in girlhood, some few years since, gives her name—Ella Castle—and says:

"I want to send my love to my darling mother. Tell her we watch over her; tell her I knew all the shadows that came to her, and all about the hard times. We are working for her all the time, and my dear brother is going to do well. We all send our love, and come to each one often; and when they cross over to us, they will find us in a sweet home where all will be happy and at rest always.

I have grown in the Spirit-world. I didn't want to die; but now I am so glad I did go, because all is bright here, and the Spirit is never cramped in its power for good."

MRS. ELIZABETH REA

TELLS me—"My husband was—and is—for I shall always be his wife, through all change—Thomas Rea, of Humboldt, Tennessee. I have been in Spirit-life a long time, but my affection for kindred and friends grows stronger with the lapse of time, and I long to send out a word to those who remain on earth, that they may know I love them and protect them as much as a Spirit can.

I am satisfied with my Spirit-life, as far as it concerns myself, but I shall never be contented until my dear ones are all with me, when together we will work for the good of others."

EMMA C. WINCHELL

Comes forward with this message:

"Please tell ma I haven't forgotten her; I come to her every day, and I think she is growing to be quite a Medium. La Faun can give her first-rate impressions, and I do pretty well. I kiss her, and the dear little one, and bring them love. I am happy now in my sweet home, by the beautiful woods and waters, and sometimes I roam for a long time in the forests with my guide. It is so good to be free, and to feel as though nothing and no one could hold you down.

Tell ma I go to school; for if I am a woman grown, there is a great deal to learn, and I want to be a teacher by-and-bye, and a guide to a little Medium, ma and I know of.

I can come close to ma now, and I gain power every day to do better. I bring my ma a calla lily for an emblem, and I

expect she will see it by-and-bye. I send my best love to ma, who is Mrs. C. Taintor, near Fon du Lac, Wisconsin.

JENNIE BAKER

TELLS me her mother's name is Mary Baker, and she lives in Newport. This is a little Girl-Spirit, who passed away with fever and sore throat. She has a little brother on earth, who was sick when she was, but who recovered, and is now well. She brings a white rose and cluster of violets, which were brought in to her when she was ill. She says:

"Tell mamma I can come back; I come to bring her love. Grandma and auntie send their love too; they take care of me, and I live in a pretty place, where the flowers grow and birds sing all the time.

Mrs. Carson lives a little way from us, with Willie, and we often see them, and they want mamma to write to Mrs. Carson and tell her. We are all happy; but we want some one to go to a Medium, so we can come and talk and say lots of things.

I'm glad mamma fixed up my hair, and I want her to wear it in the pin."

[For the Voice of Angels.]

WE GO NOT OUT FROM NATURE

BY DR. D. AMBROSE DAVIS.

We go not out from Nature
When our earthly work is done,
But only to that feature
Where more brightly shines the sun;
Where the day is ever dawning
And we know no dark despair,
For the great Eternal Father
Holds us closely in his care.

We go not out from Nature
At what we now term death,
But only to that feature
Which more perfection hath;
Where hill and dale and floweret
And dewy-jewelled sod,
And mountains with their stony lips
Speak always up to God.

We go not out from Nature
When our lips are cold and chill—
But only to that feature
Of more expression still;
Where our quickened souls' emotions
Are from more ecstatic bliss,
And the fervor of devotions
In a sweeter life than this.

We go not out from Nature
At the beckoning Boatman's call,
But only to that feature
Which forever blesses all;
For the Angel-Boatman lands us
On that ever-shining shore,
Where the loved ones all await us
Who have journeyed on before.

We go not out from Nature
When our journey here is done,
But only to that feature
Where we journey further on;
Where the pathways are more glorious,
And more hallowed all the view,
And where all is more victorious
In the ever good and true.

We go not out from Nature
When we leave the planet earth,
But only to that feature
Where we find diviner birth;
Where we find diviner greeting
And more joy on every hand,
Where more kindly hearts are beating
In the glorious Summer-land.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

SPIRITUALISM VS. CHRISTIANITY.

WHEELING, West Virginia, April 7, 1880.

D. C. DENSMORE:—*Dear Brother,*—Your remarks to S. D. Wilson of Philadelphia are just the thing needed, and I am sure that every right-minded Spiritualist will thank you for your noble effort to stem the tide of such fallacies as Mr. Wilson puts forth and passes as Spiritualism, which is nothing but a poor dilution of milk and water. There is imminent danger from that class of Spiritualists, lest they gobble up the movement of the Angel-world, with a view of propping up that effete system which you so nobly ventilate to the world.

If we could imagine a time when the Spiritualists would have a seventh of all the population of the globe, I am quite sure they would not institute Inquisitions for dissenters, as the Christians have done; neither would they establish the wheel, the rack, the thumb-screw, or other equally barbaric instruments of torture. And right here I would say it has been customary to saddle all the cruelties and depredations against humanity upon the Catholics, as though the Protestants had always been quite lamb-like. But this will not do; for was not Calvin the founder of Presbyterianism?—and who does not know the humanity he showed to poor Servetus? Was not Zwingli a Protestant, who died with battle-axe in hand, fighting for his religion? Did not Martin Luther boast of having added the word “only” after the word “faith,” where it says that “Man is saved by faith”?—thus changing the whole Gospel plan of Salvation.

It seems that our Spiritual friends, with the prefix “Christian” attached, have but lately discovered the important fact that the Bible sustains Spiritualism? Else, if the clergy always knew it, how is it they burnt witches and banished Quakers? And further, look into the history of the Church that boasts so much, and we find them killing Huguenots and Waldenses for opinion’s sake! How did it happen that these knights of the sword, being orthodox Christians, were not imbued with the spirit and doctrine of this Christian Spiritualism, if the Bible always contained it?—or had they to wait till some of those much despised infidels pointed out the fact to them, that affords them now such ground for boasting of their holy book? We know that the Bible sustains Spiritualism; but there was a time when the churches declared that Spiritualism could not stand by the Bible. Now these very clever fellows claim that these great truths

are nothing very important or new; consequently, we might as well go to church, as ever before, gaping with our mouths wide open to receive such blessed food as infant damnation, eternal hell-fire, total depravity, one-man power in the Pope, the infallibility of the Pope, the immaculate Conception dogma, etc.

I am, friend Densmore, in favor of no swapping of knives in this business; but believe, aye, more, I know that Spiritualism modern, without the prefix Christian attached, is one of the grandest, if not the grandest Dispensation that was ever sent to this priest-ridden earth.

Please accept my thanks for speaking the truth so plainly.

Yours in the cause of Human Progress.

S. HARTMAN.

[For the “Voice of Angels.”]

PLACES I HAVE SEEN.

NUMBER SIX.

BY SPIRIT VIOLET.

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

THE ministering band of Spirits who have thus far cared for the newly-arisen Spirit, now leave her in the care of the motherly soul who has been awaiting her in the cottage home; and she immediately learns that this new friend is her own grandmother, who has been dead for many years.

This is a home never dreamed of by the poor working girl, and it seems almost like enchanted ground to her.

But a short time has passed since the Spirit departed the body; she had lain in the bower of roses, tended by gentle missionary Spirits; sunk in a semi-unconscious condition, but wrapped in a sense of ecstasy, very exquisite to the weary soul, until after the burial of her body, when she had been aroused and borne to her Spirit-home by her attendants.

Oh, how she enjoyed the sweet song of the birds, the balmy air and the fragrant flowers. The house she inhabited possessed no grand adornments; only white drapery, rustic, yet graceful furniture, polished floors, here and there a tiny picture or bit of color, within; climbing vines and fragrant flowers, without; yet all was beautiful and sweet; and best of all, this pretty home had been reared bit by bit from the daily life of its occupant. Patience, self sacrifice, devotion to an invalid parent, cheerfulness, and a spirit of perseverance, that faltered not in the midst of suffering, poverty and affliction, together with an almost passionate love of the beautiful, had thrown out material from the life of this young girl, that had been eagerly seized

on by her Spirit-guides, with which to rear her cottage home.

And here a tender grandmother had been domiciled to give her greeting and companionship.

From the entrance of this little home, its occupants could look out, beyond the blooming garden, into the glowing valley, with its stately trees, its rippling brooks and mossy dells, with here and there a white homestead, around which gardens spread, and before the doors of which children made glad music.

Nestling between two massive mountain ranges, the crags of which glowed in the sunlight like bronze, or deepened into purple radiance at twilight, the valley presented a scene of smiling peace and tranquillity.

But you are not to think the girl, who had been borne from the cares of material life to this beautiful spot, had forgotten that invalid mother, whom she had left to suffer earthly sorrow and care. Not so; her whole soul went out in love, sympathy and longing towards that lonely parent, and guided by a slender cord of silvery light, which, though invisible to others, yet was always visible to herself, and which extended from her own Spirit-home to the spot where her mother lay, she constantly returned to the side of her she loved so well, and by her ministrations soothed many a weary pain, and eased her mother’s passage to the Spirit-land.

She found that her mother had been removed from her former habitation to one of the wards of a hospital, and she—the Spirit—found among the nurses one whom she could influence to act tenderly towards the invalid under her care.

But it was not long that tenderness of earth was needed. The shock of her daughter’s sudden illness and death was too much for the poor invalid, and in one month from the decease of that daughter the mother joined her in the Spirit-world.

As I was privileged to be with the guardian band who had attended the younger Spirit into the Higher Life, so I had also the privilege of being present at the Spirit-birth of the elder woman; but the first to greet her was that daughter who had preceded her to the immortal realms, and who now, radiant as an angel of light, returned to bear her mother to rest in her own sweet little home.

The expressions of delight at her appearance from her mother, first called the attention of the daughter to herself; for the first time since her change, she discovered that she was no longer pale, wan, and weary-looking, but radiant, bright and

beautiful. With the self-devotion so natural to her, she had been so absorbed in her mother's condition, she had had no idea of the beauty which had enveloped her own being like a halo of light.

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Mrs. Maud E. Lord, a favorite Medium in the West, is once more delighting her old friends and new investigators by her seances in this city. Through all the trying ordeals she has encountered, her Spirit-friends have been faithful in their protecting watchfulness and in enabling her to retain her mediumistic gifts.—*R. P. Journal*.

The meetings under the auspices of the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia are in a very prosperous condition.

The Spiritualist Society of Toronto, Canada, has removed its sessions to a larger hall, and interest in the cause is reported on the increase.

Ex-Superintendent Kiddle spoke in Springfield, Mass., on the 18th of April.

G. B. Stebbins will speak in Brooklyn, May 1st, in Harlem, May 4th, in Byron, N. Y., Sunday, May 9th, and in Farmersville, N. Y., Sunday, May 23d.

Mrs. Lavinia Goodell, of Madison, the first and only female lawyer admitted to the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, died April 7th, at Milwaukee, aged 41 years.

The annual election of the New York Children's Progressive Lyceum was held on Sunday, April 4, when the officers were chosen for the ensuing year.

The members of the Brooklyn Spiritual Fraternity have obtained a larger and more convenient hall for their meetings. The new rooms are on Fulton street, and were formerly occupied by the Y. M. C. A.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

CLEVELAND, O., April 7, 1880.

D. C. DENSMORE:—*Dear Sir*,—A friend was kind enough to send me the *VOICE OF ANGELS* of March 15th. It contains a communication, through M. T. Shelhamer, from D. A. Eddy, (my husband.) Every sentence it contains is true to the letter. It has done more to reconcile me to his transition than anything I have received from him. His request to have it sent to J. L. Thayer is a good test. Mr. T. is our son-in-law, where I make it my home. Hope we may receive more.

Many thanks to the Medium. Enclosed is subscription for six months and for three extra copies of the issue for March 15th, if you have them.

Yours, truly,

MRS. D. A. EDDY.

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.

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

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

EMMA TO MAFFIT.

THERE are blessed laws of alleviation—bounds, beyond which are insensibility and rest. There may be, also, an agony to rapture, known only to those who are taken into the mystery. There are always circumstances; the special providing for each experience, which experience is never forgotten—that which makes us say, afterward, "If it had not been just so" or "if it had been a little different." It is never more, and it is never different. It is always just what we can bear, and no more. [To the Annuensis: Is it not so? I think it is. The Good Father knows best.] God is gracious, not to our souls only, but to our bodies, not suffering any to be tempted, tried or proven beyond what they are able, but in his merciful, loving kindness, always effecting some way of escape. And what if the whole creation travaileth in pain together; it is most surely for the glory of what shall come therefrom. God is merciful, and he takes care of his own mystery, and he gives to none more than they can bear, or more than shall be for their good. Therefore, let us trust in God, for the angelic ministrations will ever assist us in all our sorrows, for hath he not said, I will not leave nor forsake thee in all the prescribed number of trials, and in the last will not leave nor forsake you?

Emma, to Maffit. Good night.

FANNIE, TO HER HUSBAND.

THE waves of time beat against the shores of memory, and each succeeding wave writes upon the sands of time great truths of immortal things. The grains of sand are washed out into the depths of the ocean, and form a base for some new creation. There is a limit, and yet that limit finites cannot fathom, nor need the mind of man seek here to fathom its mighty depths, only let him who runs read from the fingers of divinity the sweet running hand of the joys of the Spirit. On the shores of life write with the finger of truth your names upon the Rock of Ages cleft for you, in those characters indelible, that angels may trace some golden gem whereby they may recognize your birth of the Spirit, as it hath been given unto you to partake of. Not many years shall roll around, nor many waves beat against your bark, Thomas, ere thou shalt come home. And you shall find, in reality, that e'en here, as we have walked with you in spirit, so shall you there with us, in the gardens of light, walk side by side, and know that

beautiful. With the self-devotion so natural to her, she had been so absorbed in her mother's condition, she had had no idea of the beauty which had enveloped her own being like a halo of light.

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Dr. Henry Slade has been in Leadville, Colorado, where he was very successful in holding seances, at which remarkable phenomena occurred, convincing those present that it was really Spiritism with whom they were in communion, and not a deceptive sleight-of-hand performance.

Women are now voting on education in the States of Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, Colorado, California, Oregon, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and New York. They vote on all questions in Wyoming and Utah.

Mrs. Maud E. Lord, a favorite Medium in the West, is once more delighting her old friends and new investigators by her seances in this city. Through all the trying ordeals she has encountered, her Spirit-friends have been faithful in their protecting watchfulness and in enabling her to retain her mediumistic gifts.—*R. P. Journal*.

The meetings under the auspices of the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia are in a very prosperous condition.

The Spiritualist Society of Toronto, Canada, has removed its sessions to a larger hall, and interest in the cause is reported on the increase.

Ex-Superintendent Kiddle spoke in Springfield, Mass., on the 18th of April.

G. B. Stebbins will speak in Brooklyn, May 1st, in Harlem, May 4th, in Byron, N. Y., Sunday, May 9th, and in Farmersville, N. Y., Sunday, May 23d.

Miss Lavinia Goodell, of Madison, the first and only female lawyer admitted to the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, died April 7th, at Milwaukee, aged 41 years.

The annual election of the New York Children's Progressive Lyceum was held on Sunday, April 4, when the officers were chosen for the ensuing year.

The members of the Brooklyn Spiritual Fraternity have obtained a larger and more convenient hall for their meetings. The new rooms are on Fulton street, and were formerly occupied by the Y. M. C. A.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

THROUGH M. T. SHELLHAMER.

CLEVELAND, O., April 7, 1880.

D. C. DENSMORE:—*Dear Sir*,—A friend was kind enough to send me the *VOICE OF ANGELS* of March 15th. It contains a communication, through M. T. Shellhamer, from D. A. Eddy, (my husband.) Every sentence it contains is true to the letter. It has done more to reconcile me to his transition than anything I have received from him. His request to have it sent to J. L. Thayer is a good test. Mr. T. is our son-in-law, where I make it my home. Hope we may receive more.

Many thanks to the Medium. Enclosed is subscription for six months and for three extra copies of the issue for March 15th, if you have them.

Yours, truly,

MRS. D. A. EDDY.

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.

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

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

EMMA TO MAFFIT.

THERE are blessed laws of alleviation—bounds, beyond which are insensibility and rest. There may be, also, an agony to rapture, known only to those who are taken into the mystery. There are always circumstances; the special providing for each experience, which experience is never forgotten—that which makes us say, afterward, "If it had not been just so" or "if it had been a little different." It is never more, and it is never different. It is always just what we can bear, and no more. [To the Annuensis: Is it not so? I think it is. The Good Father knows best.] God is gracious, not to our souls only, but to our bodies, not suffering any to be tempted, tried or proven beyond what they are able, but in his merciful, loving kindness, always effecting some way of escape. And what if the whole creation travaileth in pain together; it is most surely for the glory of what shall come therefrom. God is merciful, and he takes care of his own mystery, and he gives to none more than they can bear, or more than shall be for their good. Therefore, let us trust in God, for the angelic ministrations will ever assist us in all our sorrows, for hath he not said, I will not leave nor forsake thee in all the prescribed number of trials, and in the last will not leave nor forsake you?

Emma, to Maffit. Good night.

FANNIE, TO HER HUSBAND.

THE waves of time beat against the shores of memory, and each succeeding wave writes upon the sands of time great truths of immortal things. The grains of sand are washed out into the depths of the ocean, and form a base for some new creation. There is a limit, and yet that limit finites cannot fathom, nor need the mind of man seek here to fathom its mighty depths, only let him who runs read from the fingers of divinity the sweet running hand of the joys of the Spirit. On the shores of life write with the finger of truth your names upon the Rock of Ages cleft for you, in those characters indelible, that angels may trace some golden gem whereby they may recognize your birth of the Spirit, as it hath been given unto you to partake of. Not many years shall roll around, nor many waves beat against your bark, Thomas, ere thou shalt come home. And you shall find, in reality, that e'en here, as we have walked with you in spirit, so shall you there with us, in the gardens of light, walk side by side, and know that

it was we who were with you in Spirit form at home. Adieu, loved one, adieu.

To my beloved husband. FANNIE.

THROUGH A. A. TANNER, UNION, UTAH.
PETER VAN VALKENBERG.

ALVA, I want you to tell mother I have come to tell her I want her to hear me, for I want to talk to her. I want her to sit with a Medium, for I wish to tell her something about the farm. She knows I wanted to tell her more, when she got a communication from me. She has got the farm in her own hands now, but I want to tell her how I wish her to manage it. If she will sit with a Medium, I will tell her what I want. She will know this is from me if she sees it, for she knows my style of writing and talking. I want her to be sure it is from me, and then I will tell her what I want. She must not put it off, for I have come to her and tried to tell her what I wanted her to do; but I could not.

I am sorry I was taken away so sudden, without the chance to straighten out my affairs. I left everything undone, but I was ready to die if I had my business settled up. Then I should have died in peace, and I would not have been troubled after death.

Alva, my name is
PETER VAN VALKENBERG.

GEO. SNYDER, JR., TO GEO. SNYDER, SEN.

FATHER, I want to come back and see you, and help you to look after your business. I know you have much to see to. Aunt Martha is with me; she wants to send a message to you. I hope you will get this message from me. If Alva sends it to the VOICE OF ANGELS, I think you will get it. He is a Medium, and I can get him to send it to you.

Mother was glad to see me. She could not think how I had grown so much since she died. She would not have known me if she had not watched over me since her death. We are all together now, watching for our friends to come. Uncle Samuel is here with us too.

I have no more to say at this time. God bless all.

SARAH TANNER TO WILLIAM TANNER.

DEAR WILLIAM:—It is a privilege I have not had before to write to you from this beautiful home in the Spirit-world, where the Spirits of all must come. It seems a long time to wait and watch for our friends to come where we are; yet we are certain they will come some time. We know they must come, and we are watching to meet them when they do come. We do all that is in our power to comfort and

cheer our friends. We try to appear to them in hours of wakefulness and in their dreams. We try to show ourselves in visions. We sing beautiful songs to them, and try to make them cheerful while they are on the earth.

I am Sarah, your wife. I send this message through Alva, and I hope he will send it to you. He is a Medium, and I will try to get him to send it to you; and you would be a Medium; with practice, I can communicate to you as easy as to him, if you pay attention.

No more at present. I remain yours.

MAGNETIZED PAPER.

TO HEAL THE SICK OR DEVELOPE MEDIUMSHIP.

SPECIAL NOTICE FROM "BLISS CHIEF'S" BAND.—"Me, Red Cloud, speak for Blackfoot, the great Medicine Chief from happy hunting-grounds. 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."

This Spirit-message was first published in *Mind and Matter*, Jan. 10th, M. S. 32, with the announcement that "Magnetized Paper" would be sent to all who were sick in body or mind, that desired to be healed, also to those that desired to be developed as Spiritual Mediums, for three months, for three 3-cent stamps. The three months have now closed with the following result:

3405 persons have sent for the paper by mail. 1000 persons have received it at the office; and the hundreds of testimonials that have been received of its wonderful work healing the sick and developing Mediums, prove that Red Cloud and Blackfoot have faithfully kept their promises. That all may have an opportunity to test the merits of the paper, the price for the future will be as follows: 1 sheet, ten cents; 12 sheets, one dollar, (postage paid.) Send a silver ten-cent piece if you can.

Address, James A. Blisa, No. 713 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Penn.

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

"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:

Mrs. E. M. Wallace, San Bernardino, Cal.,	\$0.30
John F. Rodney, Box 162, Hartford, Conn.,	1.00
From Friends at No. Bennington, Vt.,	2.20
E. Quast, Jorseyville, Ill.,	1.00
Dr. D. Ambrose Davis, Chicago, Ill.,	0.35
A. Bryant, Lawton, Mich.,	1.00
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