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[For the Voice of Angels.]

ASTRAY.

THROUGH TRYPHENA C. PARDEE.

[THE following lines were written October 10th, 1868, in answer to my very dear sister, who being a Methodist, deeply regretted that I had espoused the faith of Spiritualism, and said, "I am sorry you are so far astray. May God, in his bounteous mercy, have mercy on you!"]

She is a shining angel now in the immortal spheres. I trust she may notice this, and recognizing, find some Medium through whom she may tell me what she thinks now.]

DEAREST sister, God we'll praise
For the rich bounties of his grace,
And for the mercies, day by day,
His angels give us as we stray.

He gives his holy angels charge
To bear us up through trials large;
To cheer us on life's thorny way,
And bless us, though we often stray.

And when our souls in darkness move,
Oft doubting as we trust his love,
E'en doubting when we try to pray;—
He knows our doubts lead us astray.

He sees his children seeking light,
Groping through despair's grim night;
Then sends his spirit's softening ray,
To teach us that we are astray.

Through Jesus' life we find the gleams
Of glorious Truth, whose radiant beams
No priesthood had the power to stay
From warning souls, who were astray.

Christ's living tests of Angel-power,
That moved his life, from hour to hour,
O'er which e'en Death could hold no sway,
Is ours to prove, while here we stray.

Then humbly let us bend in prayer,
And ask the gifts he bids us share,
That teach us how we can obey
God's holy will, and cease to stray.

If Jesus meekly bent his head,
To be by Angel-teachings led,
Inviting us the same to be;—
We'll follow Christ, and no more stray.

Then come, sweet Angels, come, we pray,
And lead us in the gospel day;

And strengthen us with heavenly grace—
Our Father's love and perfect peace.

As on rejoicing wings ye soar,
Repeat the story o'er and o'er—
"The light of life from God's pure face
Shines in each wandering one that strays."

Say ye have touched with living fires,
And minds made bright as old Isaiah's;—
Telling every arch in Heaven's high place,
That ye may reach each soul that strays.

Say, friend with friend and mind with mind
Communes with Spirit-love refined;
Which spoils cold death and doubt for aye,
And no more souls are left to stray.

All gathered in our shepherd's fold,
Enjoy Life's blessings yet untold;
Nor creed nor name shall find a place
To mark a line for one who strays.

And then eternity's glad rounds
Will not be set a thousand bounds
Of rolling years, for souls to please
To turn and bless a friend who strays.

TRYPHENA C. PARDEE.

ELLINGTON, N. Y., May 28, 1878.

* I had invited her to visit me in spirit, as soon as she could make it practicable, in case she was called to the Spirit-Land first. To which she replied, "If Spirit-return is possible, I think it would take one thousand years to prepare for communication."

[For the Voice of Angels.]

COMMUNICATION FROM THE SPIRIT OF KATIE KINSEY TO HER MOTHER.

GIVEN THROUGH MRS. EMMA CARTER, MEDIUM.

[Reported by Hon. A. G. W. CARTER.]

AGAIN I have just received a letter from my sister in Cincinnati; and again, while writing to me, has a beautiful Spirit appeared to her, and written things through her. But let her describe for herself. She says, "Mr. Densmore seems to have a good Medium in 'West Ingle,' who I see has a good many messages verified.

"Mrs. Sarah Lewis called to see me the other day, and with her came the Spirit of a beautiful young lady, Miss Katie Kinsey.

"After Mrs. Lewis left, Miss Kinsey remained, and in our conversation she invited me to her home in Spirit-Land. I said I would be most happy to go; and in a thought I was there. She took me at once to her *beau ideal*, as she called it—her apartment or room; and I stood entranced at the beauty of its arrangements. It was freshly adorned with flowers.

Upon its walls hung the rarest of paintings. The white silken plush carpet struck me with its bunches of rose-buds, jessamines and violets, which seemed to have been strewn accidentally over it—but which, when trodden upon, crushed not, showing they belonged where they laid—emblems of eternal youth. At one end of the room stood a magnificent book-case, and in it were volumes of elegantly bound books. The furniture, antique in design, was upholstered in sky-blue damask, the framework rich in golden beauty. At the extreme end of the room was a bay-window, which opened out upon a lawn, unobscured by tree or shrub; and back in the distance arose hill after hill. Within the bay-window stood an elegant writing-desk, the only disordered piece of furniture in the room. It looked as though it was constantly in use, for papers and books lay upon it, in harmonious confusion—harmonious to the romantic beauty of the tall, slender girl, who stood before it. She laid her hand upon the papers, and said, 'You see in these papers all my possessions. They are the index of my soul. I drink in the beauties of my surroundings, and pour out my thoughts of them on these sheets of paper. My earliest love was to write. My highest ambition now is to unfold all the faculties of my spiritual nature; and to do this requires continuous study, as you may see. Here is where I spend the hours of my solitude, where no thoughts but those of the most elevating ever come.'

"As I stood admiring the grace and beauty of this Lady-Spirit, with her bright complexion and beaming countenance, lighting up a face radiant with spiritual intelligence, which made her look a very goddess of happiness, she came to me, and putting her arm around my waist, led me to the window. She threw back the silvery lace of the hanging curtains, and pointing to the far-off hills, she said, 'Out there behind the hills is where the sun sinks down to rest. It was so in my earth-home; it is here the same. I have written a letter to my dear mother. I want you to be my proxy, through whom I can send it to her. Promise me you will write it, and I will be your steadfast friend.' I promised, and when I came out of

the clairvoyant condition, I wrote the letter, which I now send to you."

THE LETTER.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—Here in my beautiful home, as I sit by my window, contemplating and watching the glories of the setting sun, as it slowly drops behind the western hills, and as its lingering rays illuminate the heavens, gorgeously tinting each cloud with its gold and purple coloring, my mind is at once elevated by its grandeur and sublimity, and involuntarily I exclaim, The sun has died, but its soul arises to dress the earth with the beauty of its Spirituality.

Dear mother, although I have passed beyond the hills, my Spirit is ever arising to illuminate my earthly home. I dwell among you, in the highest degree of truth, love and affection. The purity of myself nestles in each one of your bosoms, and like the dying sun, I light with gorgeous coloring every spot my feet have trod, and every dear loved thing my hand has ever touched.

In this ethereal life-existence, untarnished by the grosser part of materiality, our communion of soul is in the highest degree elevated; our desires and loves soar like the bird, far into the majesty of the Great Original, where our mortality opens, leaf by leaf, to perceive the wonders of Nature, in all her simple truths; and through her opening laws we find a balm for every grief.

Through you, my dear parents, my life has been to me one continual expression of sunshine. You have kept back every cloud that would have come between me and my soul's communion. You appreciated the delicate structure of my material body, and touched not the withering bud with harsh endeavors, as it struggled to bloom amid the sorrows and storms of a life that crudely fell upon me like a pall.

In this effort to support my human body my mind grew strong, and an anxious desire came upon me to know of the broader world, where the tree of knowledge spread out its branches, and invited the longing to come and partake of its shade, and receive the riches it gives to those who work and seek for them.

In this state of longing for knowledge, I forgot the frailty of my exterior casement, and it grew daily more frail; and as the day fades, so did I in body. But not so my spirit; for it arose fresh with the inner morn, to be gladdened by the light of a celestial sun, which animates the dying spark of mortality, into the broad expanse of immortality.

How long I slept the death sleep, I know not. When I awoke, I found that I had grown strong in the beauty of a spiritual body. My whole being was changed. I was happy, and freed from all suffering. Around me stood my Angel-brothers, and a thousand kindred Spirits, who greeted me with the warmest expressions of their affection. It was as though the whole Angelic Host of Heaven had burst upon me with their praises. Such a busy life was opened to my now spiritual sight!

Days and months have passed since I left

your presence; and yet I linger near my loved ones. I claim that my earthly and spiritual home are one; that I abide in them both; that I fulfil my mission of love to you with the same trusting confidence that is returned to me, ten-fold; and the ten-fold I give back to you again is multiplied into riches that heaven alone produces.

And now, dear mother and father, your band of children, (who gather around you unseen, to guide your path in the light of progression, that you may not live on the earth, earthy,) cling to you for that affection parents can only give to their children. We raise our hearts in prayer, that your grief for us may turn into joy, and give you confidence that the great God, who protects you, protects us; that we are all under the same sky; and the same land which holds us is for you also.

My best love to my schoolmates and teachers. My love in our homestead is ever felt.

With our hands clasped in the praise of God, for this new-found blessing, to communicate our thoughts to our darling ones yet to come to us, we crown each one of you with the blessed innocence of the violets. Farewell!

KATIE KINSEY.

THE SPIRITUAL CONGRESS.

A SPIRIT MESSAGE.

THROUGH THE HAND OF J. M. A.

[GIVEN AT NEW HAVEN, CT., MAY, 1863.]

[CONCLUDED.]

In the realm of Religion (so called) there is seen at a glance, astonishing discrepancy of opinions, multiplicity of creeds, bigotry, intolerance, and endless and cruel persecutions.

The whole religious world is horrified at thought of innovation upon existing dogmas and ceremonies by the introduction of more advanced views of God, man, duty and destiny; and yet each individual creed is itself but an innovation upon those which have preceded it. And thus in presenting an opposing front to each new thought, doctrine, or faith, the religious world stultifies itself by the inconsistency of doing that which it had itself previously suffered from and condemned. Religion itself is indeed but a hollow mockery, a myth, a scourge, if we are to draw our definition of it from what we see of it in its sectarian manifestations. Churches organized in the name of the "Prince of Peace," exhibit the spirit of bitterness and rancor in their dealings with each other, and the word *proselytism* seems more fitly to characterize their dealings with the world than philanthropy. Not, "how much good," but "how many converts."

The elevation and emancipation of woman is not sought by the Christian Church, as such; but instead, ecclesiastical power is brought to bear upon her, to repress the noblest elements of her nature. And Colleges under the patronage and supervision of the Church refuse her admittance (or fetter her with special limitations, "adapted to her sex,") and she is forced to accept a partial, one-sided, superficial education. Separated from her brother, or associated on unequal terms, she feels the inferiority of the posi-

tion assigned her by her "lords," and often essays to make up for deficiency in solid attainments by squandering time in frivolities, excessive adornment, false sentimentality, etc.; using the energies of her soul, which have been diverted from their true channel, in doll life, superficialities, tattling, and street-sweeping. Is it not high time for religious organizations to open wide the portals of Liberty, and cease to care more for proselytizing, catechizing, dogmatizing and tyrannizing, than expansion of soul, and practical mitigation of human woe?

The Christian Church has been and is a vast machine for cramping the human soul, and diverting the energies of life into false channels. It ought to be, might and may be, a stupendous instrument for the good of man, in every relation of life. The work of Spiritualism in this department is truly stupendous. The whole structure of organized Religionism (now perverted and degraded into Sectarianism) is to be undermined, overthrown, pulverized, and the revived dust mixed with the cement of Love and Charity, blocks moulded and formed into beautiful and translucent building-blocks, fit for a new temple of worship, capacious enough to accommodate universal humanity—bright and warm with the sunshine of God's love and wisdom—sparkling with crystallizations of Science and Truth.

Let no man say there is no power adequate to the accomplishment of such a work. The potency of celestial love and wisdom is sufficient to harmonize a world; and the systemizing of effort, in accordance with the highest light of the Spirit-World, cannot fail to produce gigantic results in the immediate future, and the complete harmonization of humanity in the remoter distance.

Progress rules, and religious authoritarianism trembles! The bigotry, the crushing intolerance, the waning power of the long-established priesthood can not much longer continue to curse the earth. It is already gasping for breath, and the heavings of the great soul of humanity will soon submerge it 'neath the billows of death; and the nations will rejoice.

Oh, what a spectacle for the gathered nations is the illuminated wisdom of the celestial hosts! Their love-crowned heads shed light and sparkling joy o'er all the world. Their sweet anthems diffuse life and vigor, and fill full the courts of Heaven with divine beatitudes. Their glorious combinations of love-magnetism reach far down into the gloomy shades of undevelopedness, and with their warmth dissipate the cold selfishness of contending souls, as the sunlight of heaven scatters the morning fogs.

Streaming down, with a mighty power, over the haunts of men and into the high places of rank and honor, the vivifying inspiration of the upper world, directed by the wisdom of the Celestial Congress, will yet purify the murky atmosphere of earthly courts, and cause the rulers of the world to become truly wise and human, unselfish and just; and the Spiritual Congress shall be acknowledged as a legitimate director of national and international destinies.

God rules through means. The Celestial Court, more closely in sympathy with the

Great "Ruler," will diffuse wisdom and love over all the earth, blend in oneness all the nations. The life of the present is not the life of the future.

The governmental conditions of the world must change. Wars, both international and internal, must cease. The powers of good must be arrayed against the powers of evil, and this "holy war" go on until all the nations be harmonized, through the triumph of the good. Thus the world will be unitized, and the work of the Spiritual Congress, nationward, accomplished.

In the realm of Fashion—ah, who can depict the hollow-heartedness, the mental servitude, so prevalent all over the civilized world! In the name of humanity, grovelling as it is in the very dust, with all its powers prostrated by the enervating influences of fashion tyranny; in the name of religion, pure and undefiled, whose mantle is stained by the foulness of fashion hypocrisy; in the name of woman, whose innate nobleness is almost extinguished, whose purity is beclouded, whose intellect is benumbed, and aspirations degraded, by the frivolities and gauds of fashion life; in the name of all good things, known and unknown, above and below—we protest!—in the name of God, we protest against the wholesale (and retail) slaughter of individuality, the indiscriminate merging of self-hood, to answer the demands of popinjay fashionarchy, of the useless, brainless, nerveless, purposeless, fashion-life of the nineteenth century! Oh, what a dearth of *true life* there is in all the wide-extended domain of the fickle goddess, whose miserably tyrannical behests are crushing humanity with an intensity of "devilishness" far exceeding that of the demon war—(we had almost said of chattel slavery); but fashion bondage is itself the lowest, meanest, most soul-cramping, of all slavery, and the sum total of degradation influences can hardly exceed the one degradation of blind and stupid adherence to fashion.

Oh, when will men and women cease to follow fashion, and learn to obey the promptings of common sense and the requirements of health, comfort, convenience, and true elegance? When will life present other and better conditions than universal parrotism and butterfly gaudiness? Not until a profound spirituality from above has reached the hearts of the world, and produced a conception of true beauty, taste and propriety. Not until the Spirit-World and the Spiritual Congress have become conscious entities in the affections and perceptions of humanity, and the human soul been laid bare, a genuine offering on the altar of purity—stripped of its false decorations of "tinsel, flummery and flounces," and weighed in the balances of true virtue.

The customs of the world are open to the same objections as the fashions. They are founded on a false perception of the significance of life, and the objects that should actuate rational human beings. They confound the requirements of the Spiritual nature with those of the animal. They are false to the law of development. They reach not out into the domain of progressiveness, taking in the higher

demands of soul-life. They are devoid of the elements of universal love. They fail to give scope for the full play of all man's faculties. They are destitute of much which humanity needs for its happiness and harmonious growth.

The manners of the world partake of the elements of selfishness. Hypocrisy is fostered by the false standards of behavior, which require that certain formulas of speech, etc., be adhered to, regardless of real sentiment. The tone of the voice is modulated according to the expectation of true friendship, whether such sentiment exists or not. The attitudes and gesticulations of the drawing-room or street are as meaningless, or false, many of them, as though there could be no possible connection between motion and mind. They are wholly arbitrary—yieldings to the false notions of the requirements of gentility, rather than natural outpourings of the soul. And thus the standards of "gentility" are hypocritical, and mannerism has usurped the place of *true manners*.

And thus the indwelling spirit is cramped and fettered in all reachings after virtue. The demands of society upon its *manners*, keep the soul oblivious to *motives*. The external usurps the place of the internal; outward formalities outweigh inward principles. One who is swayed by the sentiment of brotherly love, will in all his dealings with his fellows manifest the highest type of gentility. Let charity and virtue pervade the masses, and they will become truly "accomplished" in "good manners."

Let respect be felt for that which is truly noble, and the shocking contempt of humanity, manifested by the curling lip of the foppish mannerist, will be witnessed no more.

We have thus attempted to lift the veil from the face of humanity, and to peer into the very soul. If we have discovered what is not patent to the common gaze, it is because the standpoint of our investigations is in the spirit, spiritual. Defective to the very core, the institutions of the earth-world must be revived—permeated—by a spirituality, not of earth. The positive evils of human conditions must be mitigated through the influx of positive good from the Celestial Spheres.

The Spiritual Congress has been instituted for this very purpose. The most positive minds—positive for good—of the Spirit-World, have banded themselves together, with a determination never to cease their associative labors until the last groan has ascended to heaven from mortal lips; until the last tyrant has lashed humanity; until ignorance has disappeared, crime vanished, wars been learned no more, and freedom triumphed everywhere; until man has learned to walk hand in hand with angels, acknowledging with eyes upturned the guidance of higher powers; until peace, prosperity, and plenty, justice, love, and purity, prevail over all the earth, and man becomes, as nature designed him to be, radiant with happiness, beautiful in harmony, God-like in wisdom. The hopes of the world are centered in this movement.

The powers of heaven are to be concentrated, with almost fearful sublimity, and with

more than mortal glory. The means are at hand; representative minds of the spheres above will meet with co-operation from leading minds and powers of earth, and the harmony of their association will bring with it a mighty power, which with its overwhelmingness will submerge every existing evil, and establish permanently the condition of justice and peace, virtue and happiness, over all the earth.

MESSAGE CORROBORATED.

GRANVILLE, Mahaska Co., Iowa, May 20, 1878.

DEAR BROTHER DENSMORE,—I have before me the VOICE OF ANGELS for May 15th, in which is the long-looked-for message from S. H. Hunt, which his wife says is true in every respect.

You are at liberty to print this verification, using my name in conjunction therewith.

Respectfully and fraternally yours,
A. C. WILLIAMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

SPIRIT EXPERIENCES OF JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE,

THE ENGLISH POET, GIVEN BY HIMSELF THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

[CONTINUED.]

It is now a dozen years since the Spirit of John Critchley Prince parted from its tenement of clay, and I was born into the world, not only of primal causes, but also the world where all effects of past living are made manifest.

Mind and body were alike a wreck. I had no great satisfaction for the past, and but little hope for the future.

While passing out from the material, I was dimly conscious of a crowd of beings pressing round about me, faces that I had known long before, but which I had not seen for years; forms once familiar, but which the passing scenes of life had blotted from memory. Men whom I had met in times long past, around the social board, and amid occasions of convivial allurements, where we had wasted the precious, God-given moments in song or story, unfruitful of any practical result. Those of whom I was ignorant whether they were living or dead, and whom I supposed had forgotten me, as I had forgotten them; but here they were, recalling by their presence, scenes and memories that I could wish were dead and buried, beyond the possibility of resurrection.

The whole events of my life passed before my inner vision like a panorama, and I saw myself, not as I had seen, but as others saw me—the victim of wasted energies and an ill-spent life.

How keenly did I regret much that I had done, and much more that I might

have done, but did not! It was then and there, while seemingly unconscious to mortal things, that I began to fully realize that omission is oftentimes as great a sin as commission—that inactivity is as deathly to the Spirit as misplaced volition.

At this time, I did not see the forms and faces of any of those I had loved, and whom it would be supposed would be first at the death-bed of one so near to them. These forms and phantoms that surrounded me were encompassed by a cloud of heavy vapor, that entirely veiled the horizon from my sight. I strove to turn from them, but could not; they hedged me in on every side, and while they spake no word, seemed to mock me with their taunting looks and gestures.

This was my first Spirit-experience. I have since learned that it was entirely the reflection of past recollections upon my mind, but one that was extremely annoying and unpleasant.

My next experience was standing by myself, outside of my physical body, alone, as far as I could see, and gazing down upon the old worn-out tenement, that I had so recently vacated. I found myself clothed in a body precisely similar to the one I had left, and not in much better condition, apparently.

I was perplexed and bewildered; for, although spurning many of the old theologic notions of the Hereafter, this was certainly not the fulfillment of my conceptions of a future life.

I gazed around, hoping to attract the attention of some one who could give me an explanation, or in the expectation of meeting my boon companions; but all in vain—I could see no one. All was misty, or rather in a smoky fog, like the streets of London at midday. (I have since been informed that I was not alone; that there were loving, helping Spirits watching over me, to assist me when possible; but my mental condition prevented me from perceiving them. The smoky vapor was an emanation from my own Spirit, and did not proceed from the state of the atmosphere.)

While ruminating to myself, as collectedly as my condition would allow, I observed a party of individuals approach and take a view of my remains; and what appeared very curious to me, while they seemed very far away from me, I could distinctly hear their remarks. These parties were mortals, still dwelling on earth, and who were drawn by a morbid kind of interest to take a final view of my remains.

However, I would that they had stayed away, for they did my Spirit more harm than good.

"Poor devil," said one, "he's gone at last. Well, he made a wreck of himself, sure enough."

"Aye," replied another; "he might have done better, but he would not; and so he's gone. I always knew how it would turn out."

"With all his singing and dreaming," remarked a third, "he was no better than the rest of us. The old one would show himself pretty often."

"That's so," chimed in the fourth; "wilt thee look at him now, lying there, when he might have been alive and well, like the rest of us! Well, he's gone to his account now, poor lad!"

I waited to hear no more. Mind and brain were alike maddened by what I had heard. It was all true enough; but every word seemed, like a scorpion's sting, to pierce my soul to fury. Who were these, that they should condemn one who had not the power to defend himself? Were they free from the common taint of sin?

Thus I questioned; but unable to solve the mighty problems that seemed pressing down upon me, I made one herculean effort, and bursting the bonds that confined me to my useless body, I rushed from the place, away I knew not where, I cared not; only to get relief for my burning, tortured soul.

And here allow, if you please, one digression. Let me warn you, oh, mortals, to mind how you speak and think of those who have departed the mortal life. Let your thoughts and words be as charitable and kind as possible; for by so doing you may furnish a beacon-light to that soul, that will brighten his path upward. But if you speak ill of him, if you hurl the stone of censure at his departing Spirit, you may furnish the heavy weight that will drag him downward.

Alas, I did not understand the cure of sin-sick, tortured souls; and I sought that refuge that was my curse, but which I vainly thought would drown all recollection and bring relief.

I soon found myself in a well-known spot, one of my former haunts—the back-parlor, just beyond the tap-room—of a public-house. I seated myself as naturally as ever, and waited for some one to comply with my demand for liquor; but while the bar-maid flitted about, here and there, and several times brushed against my person in passing, yet she paid no attention to me whatever, and I felt myself neglected indeed.

Presently, I observed entering the apartment one whom I had occasionally seen at that resort, and who I understood to be a hard drinker. He called for liquor, and when it was brought, raised the glass to his lips. Suddenly, by a sort of fascination, I was drawn to his side, and while he poured the fiery liquid down his throat, my whole being seemed to vibrate in sympathy, and became saturated with the fumes of the liquor. At every drop he tasted, I seemed to quaff a corresponding one; and I found I could indulge myself in that way to any extent. I remained by his side, drinking long and deep. Our potations lasted for hours. Oh, the craving desire I had for that deadly fluid! My deep delight and utter abandonment of self, you cannot realize.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[For the Voice of Angels.]

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

MATTAPAN, JUNE 5th, 1878.

FRIEND DENSMORE,—In the last number VOICE OF ANGELS, May 15th, I was rejoiced to receive a communication from my son Edward, who passed into Spirit-Life while serving in the Union army, in 1864. In my letter to him I asked him to tell me some one thing, that I should be satisfied that it was really from him. In response, he first tells me that a lady, calling herself his aunt Mary, is his friend and guardian. She is my eldest sister, who passed on thirty-eight years ago. Then he says he has an uncle Edward there. This is a half-brother of mine, and it is the first time I have heard from him for twenty years. He was born in Boston, and while a young man moved to Charleston, S. C. He used to come often to see us, and often wrote, requesting me to come and visit him.

I am sure my son never knew or heard of these persons in any way, as I never spoke of them in his presence, as I can recollect.

In the next place, he says, "I have a brother here, and they call him Willie." This was our first-born, and only lived three days, and we had not fixed upon any particular name for him; only my wife said, some days after he died, that if he had lived, "we would have named him Willie."

My son also says, "I have found a sister here, father." Now, this child was still-born, without form or features, and happened after my Spirit-son had left this earth, and could not possibly have known about it, nor, indeed, any one else. In fact, we did not think the child had any identity.

These tests are good enough, or ought to be, to satisfy any reasonable person of the immortality of the soul.

Wishing you every success in your endeavors to instil light into the clouded atmosphere of earth,

I remain fraternally yours,

WM. N. HART.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

MR. D. C. DENSMORE:—*Dear Sir,*—

In the VOICE OF ANGELS for May 1st is a communication from my darling daughter Eva "to her papa," through M. T. Shelhamer, which I am very much pleased with, for it contains some very wonderful tests; as the party through whom they came could not have had any possible means of knowing, for some of them were written on the very day they occurred. For instance, where she speaks of attending a Children's Lyceum in the forenoon, and a lecture by Prof. Buchanan in the afternoon, in which she says I got sleepy, and the sun shone on my head, and a lady closed the blind, was true to the letter. Again, where she says, "I've been down to the store real often, and I would like to come there if you would think it was me right behind you. I saw you the other day, trying to guess the weight of a chicken." Now, like the first, this also is true. Then again, she speaks of Spirit-friends assisting me, calling each one by their proper names: which no one could know but my darling Eva. There are other things in the message which are equally good tests; but to avoid prolixity, I forbear further comments. Many thanks for this message of love. Hoping to receive many more, I remain

Fraternally yours,

CURTIS CLARK,

53 Church street, Boston.

LIFE.

LIFE is a link binding us to eternity, reaching into a continuous chain in the great brotherhood of all affinities, growing on and on in endless duration, gathering attractions according to the inherent yearning of the soul. Improved by the magnetism of each progressive Spirit with whom it comes in contact, and on the wings of thought, it wends its way into immensity, meeting in its flight love supernal, eternal and divine—scattering its own beauties on those less elevated. Thus it is a mission of love. Though it may not long remain in some atmospheres, it can feel the yearning of a Spirit affinity, at whatever distance from it.

Mrs. A. ANDREWS, New Orleans.

AGRA on ages have rolled away,
But thoughts born then live today.

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

TO OWHEETA.*

(Spirit-Greeting of Red Wing to his Medium, Robert Anderson, on the occasion of his Birthday, June 11, 1878.)

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

TRUE HEART!—Of happy peaceful joy
We bring a royal measure;
And lay before thy pilgrim feet
Love's rich imperial treasure.
The flame on Friendship's sacred shrine—
Affection's ventral fire—
Now sends its blazing banners forth,
Each stream ascending higher.

The frost-crowned years have sped away,
With many a royal season,
And left us at the banquet board
This feast of love and reason;
And here upon thy faithful heart
We lay each golden token,
A glance of love, a smile of cheer,
And words all fitly spoken.

Each year in passing left a trace
Of radiance shed around thee,
Till now no darkness can efface
The glories that surround thee.
Earth is the better for thy life,
Upon this holy even,
And angels whisper, low and sweet,
Thy honored name in heaven.

And Angel loved ones come tonight,
Through Life's mysterious portal,
And in their happiness unite
With dear ones in the mortal,
To cheer, with kindly word and smile,
Each moment passing fleetly,
And pray the blessings of all good
To shine on dear Owheeta.

May every joy that man can know
Fall on thy spirit ever;
May no rude blast nor chilling blow
The chords of friendship sever;
May love and peace and happiness
Make life grow richer, sweeter,
While angels join these mortals' prayer,
"God bless our dear Owheeta."

* "Owheeta," appellation bestowed upon his Medium by Red Wing, which he says signifies "True Heart."

(For the Voice of Angels.)

A MEMORIAL

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. MARY M. PERKINS,

WHO FOR MANY YEARS WAS A PUBLIC MEDIUM
IN BOSTON.

BY MRS. A. B. F. ROBERTS.

Death—Oh, no! There are no human deaths;—
Death is but a change into a higher life.

HUMAN death is life eternal,
A transfer to a land that's vernal,
Beyond this life of mortal blight,
To a land unseen by mortal sight.

On earth there's grief to vex the soul,
Beyond earth-life there's joys untold;
In earth-life sorrows are rife,
Beyond the earth there's eternal life.

The earth abounds with toilsome care;
Beyond earth perpetual pleasures are.
Earth-life abounds with hope and fear,
Spirit-realms have no scolding tear.

Thus our dear sister hath left this mundane life
Of toilsome care and burthened strife;
She is born again in Spirit-birth,
Free from her pilgrimage on earth.

The Angels came, in robes of white,
Encircled her in golden light;
The Angel-hand of Love Divine
Uphore her soul from out its shrine.

An Angel said, Come, sister dear,
Go with us now—be of good cheer;
We'll escort thee now to the Spirit-plane,
Thy mortal corpse shall here remain.

Many dear friends in Spirit are
Awaiting thy reception there;

They'll greet thee with a fond caress,
And peacefully thy soul will rest.

Then with the Angels, robed in white,
Our sister from earth took her flight;
And as they reached the heavenly sphere,
She exclaimed, What do I bear?

An Angel said, List, sister dear,
Angelic music greets thine ear;
The Angelic Choir have tuned their lays,
Singing sweet anthems to thy praise.

In wondering tones, our sister said,
Is this Spirit-Life, that earth calls dead?
Are these the joys beyond the grave,
Wherein my soul now doth lave?

Golden fount, with silver water bright—
Angelic friends, robed in pure white—
Grand floral bowers, sweet perfume—
A thousand harp-strings now in tune;—

The flowery lawns, wherein to roam—
The half on earth cannot be known.
Most beautiful is the Spirit-Land—
Delightful and sublimely grand.

CANDIA, N. H., April, 1878.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

LINES,

THROUGH MRS. E. RANDLE, SALT LAKE.

GATHER round the table,
When your day's work is done;
Lay the Electric Cable
That meets two worlds in one.
We have found the passage
Past the Starry Gate;
You shall have the message;—
Wait—it's not too late.

Learn that the lost are able
To join you, hand in hand,
When ties no longer riven
Meet in the Summer-Land;
We stretch our hands toward you,
A joyous, happy band.

Then gather round the table;—
The silent and the meek,
So long belied are able
For themselves to speak.
Ours the facts they fable—
The presence is most blest,
Come with the cleanliest carriage;
Whitely pure be dressed;—
For these heavenly visits
Earth should wear her best.

[The above was written through my hand, by a very beautiful Lady-spirit. Her name was Alice B. Hampton.]

E. RANDLE.

(For the Voice of Angels.)

OMNIPOTENCE.

THROUGH E. F. E. T.

HEAVENLY host above and around me,
I feel your influence doth surround me
With a holy, inspiring power.
May I receive it with thanksgiving,
And realize the blessing life is giving
To my soul, hour by hour!

Teach me while here to comprehend
Thy tender mercies are without end
To the weary ones of earth;
Thy loving kindness extends to all,
And thy wisdom will answer the call
Of those surrounded by dearth.

Oh, troubled, weary heart, desponding,
Hark! listen to the void, responding
In cheerfulness and love;
And realize that joys of Heaven
To weary earth ones will be given
By the ruling power above.

NEWTON HIGHLANDS, MASS.

ON the sea of time float all events of life.
Even the smallest has its appointed place in the record-book of Memory.

ENCASED in the grossness of the form is the essence of God, the soul; the whole duty should be to educate it for eternity.

Mrs. A. ANDREWS, New Orleans.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION:

NO. 5 DWIGHT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

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

" D. K. MINER, Business Manager

D. C. DENSMORE, Amanuensis and Publisher.

BOSTON, MASS., JUNE 15, 1878.

EDITORIAL.

OUR PRESENT OUTLOOK.

THIRTY years have rolled by since Modern Spiritualism came knocking at the door of humanity, praying for admittance. Thirty years of toil and struggle; thirty years of growth and advancement. Until now the babe, born amid humble circumstances, and scorned and reviled by the multitude, stands erect, in all the conscious dignity of a proud and noble manhood.

Brought into existence in a lowly cot, among a faithful few, this babe of the manger has proved itself indeed a Messiah, a Saviour to mankind, bringing glad tidings to thousands of mourning hearts, healing the sick, feeding the hungry, and bearing light into all the dark places of earth, until they have shone again with all the refulgent glory of a better life.

Thirty years—and the glorious truth sent to earth by the angels has travelled the entire globe, until now its power and influence is felt from the centre to the circumference. Truly, God's laws are omnipotent and must prevail.

Thirty years ago, the electric tap was given, announcing to waiting, anxious souls that the marine cable was successfully laid beneath the river of death, and a telegraphic means of communication established between the two worlds. And from that day to this, millions of messages have been transmitted over its wires; heart has spoken to heart, and soul to soul, until tears have ceased to flow, and a knowledge of God's wonderful goodness and love has dawned upon the minds of those still in the mortal.

Not only this, but we have heard the gentle tones of our beloved dead, calling to us in tender accents to live purer, better, nobler lives, and to fit ourselves for the kingdom. We have felt the loving touch of Angel-fingers, and once more have seen their kindly faces, radiant with the light of eternal love, beaming upon us. What a glorious reality is this! What a divine knowledge! And we now ask, Where is the sting of Death, and the victory of the grave? Gone, forever gone; and to the birth of Modern Spiritualism do we owe our freedom from the gloom and horror of the tomb.

Today, the sun shines brilliantly upon

the earth, peering into the darkened places, until they smile back with warmth and gladness, bringing light and happiness to all alike—drawing the sap from the roots, up through the trunks and branches of the trees, until now they begin to quiver and rustle with renewed life and strength, swelling and bursting at length into countless buds and blossoms.

Nor is this all: the waters, released from Winter's reign, leap and dance in the sunlight, reflecting in their limpid depths the wonderful beneficence of God.

And so today the golden light of our beautiful philosophy shines down upon humanity, peering into the darkened places, and lighting them up with a warmth and splendor untold; shining upon the just and the unjust alike; drawing the sap of love and sympathy from their rootlets esconced in the human heart, up, up through all the avenues of being, until the spirit thrills within its fleshly covering, and vibrates with new life and energy, which shall at last swell and expand into buds of promise that will culminate in the perfect blossom and fruit of ripened humanity.

It releases the waters of faith and knowledge from their congealed state, and they flow steadily on to mingle with the ocean of Divine Wisdom and Truth.

Our present outlook is a grand one; for whichever way we turn, the view broadens to our gaze. Behind us lies the past, rich with its store of acquired knowledge, accomplished work and progressive growth. Before us spreads the Future, mighty with its possibilities of power, and fruitful with its promises of good to be attained.

The present is glorious. The angels are working earnestly and busily for the elevation of mankind, and the upbuilding of the free temple of human thought and action; and noble souls in the mortal are co-operating with them, to make of earth a kingdom of divine love and universal harmony.

Remember, "the work is union." Let us, therefore, seek honestly to carry forward the work of instruction, feeling within our souls that success will attend our efforts. So that when another thirty years have passed, Spiritualism will stand upon so firm a basis that its influence and power shall control and sway the nations in all their questions of policy and best judgment.

INTEGRITY and firmness, with brotherly love for all, is the rock upon which mortals shall stand.

Mrs. A. ANDREWS, New Orleans.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

WISHING to place our little paper, the VOICE OF ANGELS, upon as firm a basis as it is possible for mundane things to rest, thereby enlarging its circulation and usefulness, in planting the seeds of truth broadcast throughout the land, that they may germinate and grow, producing fruit for the harvest of life, to nourish and strengthen those suffering with fear and weakness as to their soul's salvation, we hereby ask each of our subscribers to co-operate with us in our efforts to disseminate light and knowledge. This can be effectually accomplished only by each one doing all they can to extend its circulation by bringing our little paper to the notice of their friends and neighbors.

Let each one of our readers during the present year strive to add at least one name to our subscription list, with the assurance that they will be greeted with the hearty approval of the band of beneficent Spirits controlling its destiny. See terms in another column to those getting up clubs of six.

Pub. Voice of Angels.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

To the sick and afflicted with disease I would say that having made arrangements with Mediums to assist me in preparing matter for the VOICE OF ANGELS, also for mailing the same, I have several hours each day that I can devote to healing the sick. My terms are—*No cure, no pay.* My mode of practice consists in medicated vapor baths, Swedish movement, magnetism and electricity, with which I have had the most satisfactory success for the past twenty-five years. Among the diseases that yield the most readily to my mode of treatment are liver, lung and kidney complaints, indigestion, female weakness, throat-ail, nervous debility, incipient consumption, and diabetes—all of which, if not past cure, succumb gradually, and sometimes instantly, to the treatment. I do not claim to cure all diseases mortals are heir to; neither do I believe any one can; as I think adaptability of temperament, or *rapport* between physician and patient, has more to do with it than anything else, more especially where the cures are instantaneous. Hence, although a physician may be eminently successful in one case, in another, with precisely the same symptoms, he may fail altogether; whereas another physician, with less healing power, might effect the desired result almost instantly.

With my long experience, coupled with powerful auxiliaries to aid a strong man

netic power ever attending me, I feel justified in giving a hopeful word of cheer to the most despairing and hopeless invalid. As I can tell at sight whether I can effect a cure or not, nothing is left to doubt or experiment.

A lady always in attendance, to wait upon female patients, when a bath is necessary.

Charges for treatment in accordance with ability to pay.

Rooms and board provided to those at a distance at reasonable rates.

D. C. DENSMORE,

Publisher of "Voice of Angels."

No. 5 DWIGHT ST., Boston, Mass.

NOTICE.

WE would call the attention of our readers to the change made in the advertisement of M. T. SHELHAMER, Medical Medium—her Spirit-Guides having decided that she attend to medical treatment by letter only, during the heated term.

We would recommend those suffering from dyspepsia, and all cutaneous and blood diseases, such as erysipelas, scrofula, salt rheum, etc., to apply to this Medium for a knowledge of the remedial agents calculated to remove these distressing complaints from the system.

We are authorized to say that Miss S. will send advice and prescription free of charge to those afflicted ones who are really unable to pay, on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope.

Also, as Miss S. has received a number of letters from various parties, requesting communications from their Spirit-friends, we would say that the business of this lady before the public is confined to medical treatment alone. All messages from strange Spirits, given through her organism, come entirely unsolicited by their friends, and are published in the VOICE OF ANGELS.

THE SPIRITUAL OFFERING. Volume Two. Number One.

THE first number of volume two of the above unequalled magazine has just come to hand, dressed in a brand new suit, looking more fresh and vigorous than in its natal day; and we bespeak for it an immense circulation. We feel warranted in this, as it is edited and managed, not unlike the *Voice of Truth*, by the most refined and talented ladies on the Continent. This last alone should be a sufficient guarantee for its usefulness. It is printed on fine tinted paper, with large, clear type, the work excellently done. The contents are of the highest literary character, from the best writers in the Spiritual ranks. It

is issued in pamphlet form, of fifty odd pages; \$1.25 per annum; 75 cents for six months. Hoping it will assume proportions equal to its merits—as we know it will—we bid it God speed.

SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE, MAY 26, 1878.

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

INVOCATION, BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

OH, thou Infinite and Eternal One, whose love is extended over all, and provides for every one! We offer to Thee, on this occasion, the homage of our souls, for the privileges we enjoy, and the blessings which are ours. We thank Thee, oh, Father God, that once again we are permitted to mingle together, and to gain strength and wisdom from Thy ministering angels. By these experiences we behold the glories of Thy temple.

We bless Thee for the valley of humiliation, for the streams of sadness and sorrow that flow throughout its borders, for they water the lilies of the soul, and cause them to blossom with fragrance and beauty.

We bless Thee that it is our privilege to have won the victory over death, and to welcome each new-born Spirit to our presence; that through sorrow and pain, we can lift up our soul's aspirations and join in singing, "Nearer, my God, to Thee; Nearer to Thee."

May each dear soul of humanity realize and feel Thy spirit of love pervading their lives! May they recognize Thy presence and power in the valley, as on the mountain-top; and may they be made to feel that a grand and glorious transformation awaits them!

Oh, our Father, that Thy children may enjoy all the blessings, and be brought to understand all Thy ways, and to learn of Thee Wisdom and Truth, is our earnest and dearest aspiration and request.

MESSAGES.

LIZZIE E. FRENCH.

I HARDLY know how I do; I was very weak; its only a short time since I died of consumption. I would like to send a letter to my mother and father. I do not know as they will believe I can come; but it will give me ease, and will carry a balm of peace to one heart, in spite of unbelief.

I feel the pain in my side that I used to have sometimes. Why is it? [Controlling Spirit—"You take on your earthly conditions now. As soon as you leave the Medium's side, you will not be troubled.]

I seem to be attracted to her. She is, I guess, about my age. I was twenty-four years old. I kept up as long as I could. I did not want to think I had consumption. I kept thinking I would get better; but at the very last, I was so weak and tired, it was a relief to go. It is best as it is. I have found a beautiful home, and tender care. "There is no pain there, neither sorrow nor crying. And there shall be no more death, for the former things have passed away."

Tell mother I have met those dear darling ones of the family, whom she would love to see. Tell her we often come with love and blessings, and sometimes, when she feels sad, we bring that feeling of peace she sometimes experiences.

I come to give thanks and blessings for all that was done for me. I saw the arrangements that were made after I passed out, and I was satisfied. I left my wishes as well as I could. They were understood, and all is as I could wish. There is a lock of hair that I would like given to one friend; I think they will understand. The flowers are beautiful. I have some like them here.

I do not know as I have expressed myself clearly; but perhaps I can come again, either here or somewhere else. My name is Lizzie E. French. Please direct to Mr. Eben Snow, or Mrs. Harriet Snow, East Boston, Mass.

EMILY THAYER.

MY name is Emily Thayer. I came from Germantown, Pennsylvania. I am thirteen years old now; I was most eleven when I died; and I want to send my love to my mother, and to tell her I'm alive and happy. She don't know much about this, but she'll get my letter, 'cause my aunt reads the paper. [Did you ever come before?] No, sir; I never came through a Medium. But I want mother to know and believe, because I can help her lots, then.

WALTER J. SMITH.

I CAME, sir, from Los Angeles, California. I have been gone five years. I was between seventeen and eighteen. I would like to get word to my friends that everything is all right. I'm not in a bad place, but am doing very well. I have investigated this thing, and find it good; and if they will give me the opportunity, I will prove it good to them.

They do not believe; but there is a gentleman who reads the paper, who knows of me; and being one of that kind who delight to call the notice of others to this thing, whether they believe or not, he will probably send the message to the ones I wish it to reach.

I thank you, sir. My name is Walter J. Smith.

WINNIE MORSE.

I'm Winnie Morse. I came a good ways, from Albany, N. Y. I was five years old, and I've been gone five years; that makes ten, don't it? [Yes.] My mamma's with me, and my papa's got a new wife. I want him to know we ain't dead, but we bring him lots of love, and we've got a pretty home for him, when he comes. Mamma said if I'd come, she'd see that papa got the letter. Perhaps he won't answer it, but I think it will interest him enough to make him go to a Medium, and then we can talk to him.

I guess my name was Winifred, but they called me Winnie.

What a pretty flower! Good-bye.

JOHN WILSON.

My name is John Wilson. I am known in Ellsworth, Maine. I've been gone quite a time. I lived in the body as long as was good for me, I presume; for I feel its infirmities yet; that is, when I come here.

I'd like this to reach old Capt. Joe Westcott, of Castine, Maine; that is, if he's still there. I wish he'd send the paper to the Wilsons, for I want them to wake up to the truth of this; and if they want evidence, we can give them all they want, if they will only take the trouble to consult a good Medium.

I used to come round the old captain a good deal, and he thought he felt some queer kind of an influence. Folks laugh at him, and think he's a little out; but I tell you he's not. He knows the Spirits are with him, and working for good; and that's enough. I remember the time he got the Spirit picture. Nobody knew who the apparition on the plate was; but old Joe was satisfied that it was produced by Spirit-power, and that was enough. He only needed to pay a little more attention to his own powers, and not to place quite so much reliance on the Spirits; that's all. But I tell you what, he's sound; and he knows where he's going; that is it. He hasn't got there yet.

I have been attracted to other spheres lately, and have lost track of some of the earth's folks; but at a venture, you may direct this to Capt. Joseph Westcott, Castine, Maine.

THEODORE PARKER.

It is our own desire, Mr. Chairman, to make use of this means of communication to reply to a question that comes to us from the mortal side, and which is propounded by a large number of querists.

In answer to that question, I would say that Theodore Parker has not lost his interest in the *Banner of Light*, neither has he resigned his position as one of the controlling guides of that circle. And what is true of Theodore Parker, is also true of a number of brilliant souls, who in times past were wont to send forth flashes of light to the world, through the instrument provided by the Angels.

But while it is true, Mr. Chairman, that neither my colleagues nor myself have absented ourselves from the work; while we are still actively engaged in promulgating the cause of truth at all times and in all places; it is also true that we now refrain from giving our names to the world, and of informing you from what source many of the inspired utterances of our Mediums proceed, save by the general one of Spirit-power.

And why? Simply because we have been met by a spirit of opposition. We have been denied by those who should have given us welcome—those who, had they received our utterances in a spirit of trusting faith, would have prepared the way for us to have given higher, nobler thoughts and ideas, that would have met their loftiest conceptions of what a Spirit of a high order would be supposed to give.

But in place of this, we have been derided and scorned; our Mediums have been ostracized and condemned; and one—the Martyr Medium of the nineteenth century, our now-ascended sister, Fannie A. Couant—was made the recipient of jeering words and doubting innuendos, until her gentle spirit writhed in anguish.

We do not propose, sir, to have any more martyrs for this cause. We do not intend that our Mediums shall be abused and insulted, because they give forth the names of Spirits controlling their organizations.

It is in no aggressive spirit we come; such is far from our mode of procedure. But simply to answer the questions pouring in upon us.

When Spiritualists learn to look less to the letter that killeth, and more to the spirit that giveth life, then will they receive more fully, instructive teachings from Parker and others. Until they do, they must be content to receive their lessons in ignorance of their inspiring source. It matters not who is the author of what is given; while the utterances bear the impress of truth and love, they are of God, and as such should be received.

I would take this occasion, also, to send fraternal greetings to the publisher of

your little journal, and to bid him God-speed. We know it is a hard struggle, for it is up-hill all the way; but God be praised that it is up-hill, and not downward!—and the path leads unto day. We are interested in your work, and will lighten your burdens whenever it is possible to do so.

HELEN S. ABBOTT.

Do you allow strangers here, sir? [All are welcome.] I would like to send a message to my father and brothers, that they may know I still think of them with love; and my only regret is that I cannot attend to their material wants now. But I am very often at home, and I bring each one such love and sympathy and blessings, as only the soul can pour forth upon its dearest friends.

It will soon be the anniversary of my Spirit-birth, and I thought a word from me at this time would be appreciated by those I love most on earth. My name is Helen S. Abbott. [Where did you live?] In Charlestown District. I had a heart trouble that affected me very much at times, and at last carried me home. I suffered intense pain, but I knew where I was going, and I was not afraid.

I have met my darling mother, and those loved ones who are so dear to us all. The meeting was such a joyous one! I had barely stepped from the body ere I was clasped in the loving embrace of those dear ones, and carried away to rest among the shady groves of Summer-Land.

Such a blessed relief as it was to my Spirit! All the suffering had departed, and I could breathe full and free, without the fear of pain catching me at every breath. It was summer-time to my Spirit, in every sense of the word; and nothing but the thought of those lonely ones I had left could break upon my perfect bliss.

But I want to send my dearest love, my heartfelt thanks for all their tender care, and I bring them the love and benisons of those most dear to them.

I would send my loving greetings to all my dear associates and friends. Tell them it is well with me, and I come back as I expected to. I have visited the Spirit Lyceum, and it is a grand and glorious one. I hope to see ours approach it as near as possible. I am still at work in the ranks.

Please direct to John G. Abbott, Charlestown, Mass.

ROBERT WILSON.

TAUSE I've ain't been gone long, and papa feels awful bad, that's why I've tum. I've jess gone. I've Wobbie. [Robbie!] Um. [What else!] Wilson—Wobbie

Wilson; and papa feels bad, tause he loves his little boy; and Wobbie loves papa lots and lots; an I'se want to see him. I'se dot a pretty, pretty 'aidy here; she tum for me. I'se talls her numma, I'se do; tause she's nice; and she tall me her little boy; and I'se dot fowers—lots, for papa and for everybody. I'se only tree years old; but I'se want papa to know I'se tum. He don't know; I dess he don't bee've. I'se never teen you before, but I likes you all. Bye.

[CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We understand this little child's name is Robert Wilson; that he passed out from Brooklyn a few days ago; that he is three years old; and his father's name is John Wilson. Mr. Editor, will you kindly see that the message is sent to that address—Mr. John Wilson, Brooklyn.]

JOHN MORRIS.

MR. CHAIRMAN,—Do you receive all strangers? [All are welcome.] You are very kind, and I thank you. I did not understand much of this philosophy when here, and I now take the opportunity for investigation, to satisfy myself if it is a reality. I find there is something in it, as I am here in person, and using the organs of speech to converse. Now, I have those in the Golden State who thought a great deal of me, and if they will give me the opportunity to come, I will satisfy them that I do live, and still take an interest in their affairs. My name is John Morris. I am from Santa Barbara, California. I am about forty-seven years of age; have been gone about two years. Again I thank you, sir.

[A noble looking Spirit, with a grand head, marked with intellect and shrewdness; one unused to standing on ceremony; and as my guide says, "one whom it is good to be acquainted with."]

REBECCA JOHNSON.

[THE Medium began to show signs of extreme weariness and old age.]

It's a hard road to travel; I've been tramping up and down, and I can get no rest, and I'm all worn out. [You were brought here, my friend, to get rest.] I'm all dragged down; something weighs me to earth; I can't get away. I was over eighty years old; but I never thought I'd come to this. [What is your name?] Rebecca Johnson; I lived in New York. I don't know how long I've been gone; but it seems a long time; and I'm tired. Everywhere I go, I seem to hear something say, "There goes the old miser." I don't see any one, but I hear the words. Why don't they let me alone?

[The chairman spoke kindly to the Spirit, and endeavored to show her how she could outgrow her dark condition, and find rest and peace.]

I'm much obliged. Perhaps I'll feel better now. I don't hear the words now.

JUDGE J. W. EDMUNDS.

IN looking abroad over the world of humanity, noting the various idiosyncracies and excrescences that appear so prominently to the eye of a Spirit; observing much that is dark and repulsive on the surface of humanity;—I question inwardly, What will the harvest be—roses or thorns? And for a moment, it seems that in the great autumn of life thorns will predominate. But only for a moment; for again casting a retrospective glance over the past history of mankind, and noting the obstacles and difficulties it has had to contend with, the mud and mire of existence it has had to wade through, and the battles to win and foes to conquer, I stand amazed that humanity has achieved so much that is grand and good. I feel convinced that the idiosyncracies and excrescences are only the inner boils and tumors working to the surface, that they may be sloughed off and scattered; and in the harvest time the roses will counterbalance the thorns.

You will pardon me for taking up so much of your time; but I must say I am glad to be here, pleased, indeed, to meet you engaged in this work. God speed you on, and may you never falter.

I am here to send a word of encouragement and cheer to a Medium—the sister, or sister-in-law, rather, of the Hon. Judge Carter, of New York. She is very sensitive, and rather timid, at times, in regard to giving what she receives from the Spirit-World. Now, the Spirits have marked out a work for her to do. They can use her organism to give to the world much that is needed by humanity—a knowledge of life and its conditions and surroundings in the Hereafter; and as one of the band interested in this work and in her, I come here tonight to send her the assurance that she is the chosen instrument of the Spirit-World, for a useful work, and that if she will go forward, giving to others what she receives, we will hold up her hands and strengthen her spirit. We will gather about her and encompass her soul with an atmosphere of love and sympathy, that will at all times carry the blessing of peace with it.

To the Judge I would waft a fraternal greeting, assuring him that he has more to learn concerning the science of law—

co-equal and just jurisprudence—from the Spirit-World, than he ever dreamed of.

I would like Laura* to give me an early opportunity to converse with her. Her religious belief makes no difference.

Thank you. I am, sir, John W. Edmunds.

* The Laura indicated in the above message, is not the Medium referred to, but some one who was very near to the Judge in earth-life, we should say, a member of his family, or an intimate friend.

M. T. S.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

IS DANGER TO BE APPREHENDED FROM FREE COMMUNION WITH SPIRITUAL BEINGS?

COMMUNICATED BY A SPIRIT.

"BLESSED are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

The appropriateness of this answer is perceived by every mind that comprehends the uses of communication. The end sought after must determine the safety of the means employed. The pure in heart are the simple, teachable, child-like, who seek with sincerity after truth. To them, truth reveals herself progressively with the developement of their minds, by and through her own intrinsic harmony or righteousness. There is a natural adaptation of truth to the mind, as there is a natural adaptation of light to the eye, or food to the stomach—and an unperverted mind will intuitively recognize truth when presented to it. Inasmuch, then, as truth has an intrinsic and natural adaptation to the mind, it matters little who presents that truth, what orb dispenses the light, out of what spring the pure waters flow. The agency employed to present the truth can neither add to or diminish its value. The value of the agent or medium of transmission depends entirely upon its adaptation or perfectness. Hence we find in the material world, laws which are the embodiments of truth, as controlling principles; and the truths to be communicated to man concerning the natural world, are expressed and revealed by the direct study of these facts. In the mental world, however, which embraces the realm of thoughts and ideas, great diversity exists, because of the progressive nature of the mind's developement, and the consequently different points of observation, character of experience, and competency of judgment, among intelligent beings. The question relates particularly to communion with minds thus differing in developement. It is manifest that truth is absolute and immutable as to all its principles. Hence agreement in general prin-

ciples is more likely to exist, than in regard to details, or the application of principles. Therefore, the sincere, pure-minded inquirer, who seeks to learn from other intelligences what they have to communicate, will be likely to perceive a general agreement among them in reference to general principles, and this general agreement involving absolute truth, it will commend itself to his mind, and thus be accepted. As he inquires concerning those things about which there is a variety of experience, he must necessarily receive answers varying in their character as widely as the experiences of each differ, and therefore he is of necessity compelled to judge between them. This calls into exercise certain faculties of his mind, which were placed there for this express purpose, and comparison or reason, aided by the light of intuition or inspiration, will assist in solving the question. Time, however, is an element in this process, and therefore man is progressively brought into a knowledge of the truth.

It is evident, therefore, that there is safety in communing with intelligent beings, if what they communicate is tested by the innate powers of mind, and necessary time given to act healthfully and naturally. Danger in communicating is found only in forced attempts to appropriate what is presented, without clear perceptions and feelings of its truth. So the same safety conserves man, in employing his faculties in communion with Spiritual beings, disembodied, as though they were tenants of the form.

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE THROUGH WEST INGLE.

THOMAS JOSEPH BICKFORD,

WHO PASSED INTO SPIRIT-LIFE APRIL 19th, 1869.
WRITES THROUGH HIS SPIRIT MOTHER THE FOLLOWING MESSAGE TO HIS FATHER, HIRAM BICKFORD, OF MIFFLIN COUNTY, IOWA.

MY FATHER,—You may think of me no longer as the little, white, lifeless thing, buried from your sight ere my eyes were opened to earthly light—ere my heart had throbbed to the measure of childish love. I am now a perfectly developed Spirit-boy, counting time by earthly years. I am now nearly nine, and grandma says I am like you in features, or as you were at my age, only there is this difference, those developed in Spirit-Life have no tarnish of the material world about them, no remembrance of pain and struggle, and therefore are more perfect than those who live and struggle among the children of the earth. Mother knows what life on the earth does for the Spirit.

She has felt like one doomed to bear heavy crosses, and all the darkness shrouding her Spirit originates from early disappointments. Tell her the light is breaking above her, and the path will soon be opened for her. She will see clearer, and find more happiness than she now has. I wish she could see us as we are, brother Sol, Nellie and myself, surrounded by all our dear friends, mother's and yours. I think she would be more reconciled to her lot in life, and I know she would no longer fear to die.

Dear father, make your own life as happy and useful as possible, and do not refuse to express your honest sentiments wherever you can; drop a word that will carry comfort and happiness to others, those who have passed through the shadows. Clouds of ignorance and sin may interfere between the Spiritual and material, shutting in the holy communion of souls, but the power does not lie in mortals to close the gates of pearl through which the angels come on their divine missions.

I would speak to you, dear father, without the help of others. Some time I can do so, and then I will tell you all I want to know.

Dear father, try to be happy, and do not let the clouds hang too heavy above the home-hearth. Let all things unpleasant in your life appear to you like developing powers, each one carrying you a little nearer perfect rest.

Dear father and mother, I give you my love and blessing. Let love and peace abide with you and the dear ones at home.

THOMAS J. BICKFORD.

TO MRS. ANNA E. PRICE OF VINELAND, N. J.
FROM ONE OF HER GUIDES, CALLED MERCY, A FAIR-FACED, SOFT-EYED SOUL OF TENDER YEARS.

DAUGHTER OF SORROW, I call you, for life has been one long stretch of hope deferred. Yours has been woman's lot; withered flowers have strewn your pathway along life's dusty journey. One friend after another has fallen out by the way; weak and faint-hearted they passed out from your sight, and you could not follow them even in Spirit to their longed-for rest. You missed them until Divine revelation taught you that death is not a divider of friendship. True souls can never be sundered by the wasting away of earthly elements. Dust to dust is written above the mouldering forms of mortality, but intuitions give you a clearer idea of the soul's final destiny, painting out the Summer-Land, called in Scripture the "House of many Mansions," and assuring you that your friends have there found a pleasant and happy dwelling-place.

Your son will soon find voice to communicate with you, and your heart will cease to grieve over his loss. Other friends stand waiting to comfort you, with the assurance of their continued life and happiness. Long and happy years will be yours, and the sun which appeared to set in early womanhood will rise later in your life, and you will sing a song of joy on the earth.

Keep your soul attuned to celestial harmony. Cultivate your Spiritual gifts, my sister, and make the best use of your opportunities. Your darkest days are over. I give you this assurance as a faithful and sacred promise, which will be fulfilled.

MERCY.

WELLS C. FRINK, FROM HIS SISTER HARRIET, IN SPIRIT-LIFE.

DEAR BROTHER. WELLS,—You know how rejoiced I am to at last reach you through the dear VOICE OF ANGELS. You have asked me about a score of questions, all of which can be perfectly, and, I trust, most satisfactorily and truthfully answered.

You are just as you used to be, no answer given to you would satisfy you. You would still be in doubt, and question the ways of Providence. I want you, my brother, to believe what I am going to say to you. We are not naturally a credulous family. We demand evidence before we either believe or reject a subject of interest. This, you know, Wells, is characteristic of the Frinks, both in earth and in Spirit-Life.

In the first place, our friends are all well, and are progressing rapidly. Sickness and sorrow cannot enter this World of Light.

Our friends are satisfied with their condition, and they, as a general thing, have been received far better than they expected. The children are all happy. Eternal life and progression will bring them into perfect developement, and they will yet have a chance to do what God intended they should do. They will fulfill the end for which they were created.

My developement is not so rapid as it would be, if I did not linger near my earthly home. My heart still clings to its earthly idols. You ask what different kinds of labor we perform. Here the soul does not mistake its avocation. We are not compelled to engage in any employment obnoxious to our inner senses. The musician follows his heart's desire; the scientist finds ample time to trace out the Deity, by long and delightful study of His handiworks; the theologian finds a glorious Gospel written upon everything

—rock, tree and river, earth, sky and air are testimonials of creative power.

My dear brother, we find here what the poor children of earth are slow to acknowledge, viz.: nobleness, divinity, and even grandeur in labor. Men in earth-life, who are compelled to earn their daily bread, can not readily comprehend this truth. What is labor but constant action? and action is a natural law. So labor must be a part of the immortal mind. So creative development must be the embodiment of mind and thought, and therefore infinite, like the Deity.

There was a time when naught but chaos and darkness reigned on the whole face of the earth. Now there are many beautiful worlds illuminated by ten thousand dazzling suns. And all has been done by earnest work, performed by God and His divine ministers.

He works through instrumentalities, my brother, and we are His willing and cheerful servants. You behold the mysterious, glorious sun bathed in an ocean of flame, dispensing everywhere its light and heat. You behold the stars, placed by the Eternal One in the heavens—Mercury, Venus, and Mars, the fiery god of the ancients. You see Jupiter, with his broad and shining belts; and Saturn, with his silvery wings, which glitter in the dome of heaven, like jewels on the brow of beauty. But do you reflect that all these beautiful objects and brilliant worlds are wheeling their rapid course around one common centre, in accordance with the will of God and the labors of His ministers? They are God's thoughts embodied in actions. And there are thousands of worlds which human eyes have not seen; worlds more grand and systems more sublime than this; and all the children of earth will find in them employment suited to their natural capacity.

Labor is a law of God. They who think to find Heaven a land of rest and laziness, will be sure to be disappointed. Eternal Sabbaths and psalm-tunes can not be found here. Progression is the law, and labor becomes a pleasure. Each one finds that which he loves to do, and all are cheerful and supremely happy.

Our friends have each found their true mission, and you will know by this message what I am doing. Brother S. is in his glory. He is developing daily in the higher branches of Philosophy. He was odd on the earth, he is natural and useful here. He will communicate with you soon. He is above me in his attainments and Spiritual development. He will pass onward through all spheres—we must all

do that, but some make far better progress than others. S. develops rapidly, and will meet you beyond those distant ages you speak of. What a glorious meeting!

I like the move you have made, and you will be successful. You were impressed to do as you did, and you have done your best. Prosperity must follow as a natural effect of earnest effort. After a time you will have much of the world's goods. Use your wealth for others, that you may find no fetters when you enter this beautiful life.

You ask me if I know "Duchem Chief-am," or John. I answer, Yes. He could not answer at that time. Minnie knows that John is near her, and he will answer directly after a season of silence.

There is a law, as you say, which governs all things. My brother, I will tell you all at some future time. My message has now extended beyond the limits.

Affectionately,
HATTIE.

MRS. ELIZA DEATES, IN SPIRIT-LIFE,
TO HER BELOVED FRIEND, CARRINA, OR MISS. L. FIN-
SON, OF RICHMOND, VA.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Love and friendship can never change. They are indeed immortal, and the memory of the past, my dear friend, can never pass away. I have watched your course through life, or since we parted, and I find that the sweet womanly principles, so prominently manifested in the girl, are realized in the woman and wife.

You must not expect perfect happiness, my friend. Life can not afford anything perfect. There will always be signs of decay, for mutability is written upon all things earthly, and you must look to the Spirit-Spheres for all things eternal.

Now, I desire you, my dear friend, to live for eternity, if your changed conditions in life are not all what you fancied domestic life would be. My child, remember that flesh is weak, and the soul, while fettered to the body, cannot act as it would. The passions of the body belong to the flesh, and are all perishable; but the virtues are of heavenly origin, and therefore must be eternal.

I am thankful that I was the instrument in the hands of the Spirit-World of leading your soul to a point, where it could recognize its Deity; and looking at you daily, I am satisfied that your life-work is but just commenced. You will live to attain a grand success in life. Do not, I ask of you, be satisfied with doing a little for humanity. Remember, dear Carrina, you are blessed with many gifts. Do, I beseech of you, use them to the

best of all advantages, use them for humanity.

I shall hope the gifts coming to you will, with those you already possess, help you to do justice to yourself and others, and I will be one of your band, helping you to do your work, and to do it well.

I am, my dear Carrina, your ever truthful friend and guide,
ELIZA.

THROUGH MRS. E. RANDLE, SALT LAKE.

JOSEPH MEYERS.

GOOD DAY, SIR. My name is Joseph Meyers. Well, I don't know what I came here for; but now I am here, I guess I will send word to the folks that I am all right. I don't need the old boat any longer, nor the fish either; but I am just as well as I ever was in my life, and alive to everything that I see or hear.

Now, I would like my wife and all the folks to think it's all for the best, though they "miss me at home." But I am often there, and can see and hear them, though they cannot see me. But tell them if they would just go to a Medium, I would talk to them and tell them lots of things they don't know.

I send my kind love to all my friends, and tell them not to fret any more for me. My death was easy, though I struggled hard for life at first; because I did so want to send a farewell message to all. But it's all right now. I live, and am happy. Thank you for your kindness. I did not think I should find a Medium I could send my love to all through.

My name is Joseph Meyers. I was drowned while in my boat, fishing. I was born in Germany; was thirty-two years old.

Good day. Many thanks to you. My folks live at No. 10 Laskie street, San Francisco, California.

WALTER GIBBS.

KIND and dear earth-friends, it affords me the greatest pleasure to be able to thus return and give the children of the lower world words of cheer and encouragement, while struggling with its effects. Although a stranger to all on earth today—all of my nearest friends and relatives having long since joined me in the world of causes—yet it gives me extreme pleasure, since I have learned that one is no nearer than another, to come back and assist my struggling brothers and sisters in their efforts to throw off the dark surroundings of the lower world, and prepare themselves to graduate to a higher and more elevated one. I do not mean to say that these lower conditions are not necessary,

by any means; because they are to the unfolding spirit what straw and husks are to the production of wheat and corn. And as the latter could not by any possibility be produced without straw and chaff, neither could the soul ever unfold its possibilities except through the vicissitudes incident to earth-life; or the atmosphere become purged of poisonous, deathly gases, without the aid of the artillery of the skies, and its attendant co-partners, gales and tornadoes.

I do not come to condone your hard conditions, as though they were unnecessary, but rather to congratulate you, and show their usefulness, and teach you, by appealing to your reasoning powers, to hail them as your greatest blessings; because, without them, as before stated, you could never rise above them. Once our friends on earth can grasp that truth in all that it signifies, although they may writhe and cringe under its purifying influence, yet realizing that its necessity will round off all the rugged points, and they will comparatively enjoy, instead of deploring their presence.

You may call me Walter Gibbs, of England.

MARY A. WEIGHTMAN, IN SPIRIT-LIFE, TO HER HUSBAND.

PUBLISHER VOICE OF ANGELS:—*Dear Sir,*—I have got the liberty from Mr. Pardee, to send a message to my dear husband, through his paper, the VOICE OF ANGELS, and I want it published. I want to tell him that the original cause of my leaving the body prematurely, was an injury received in confinement, years ago; and as I grew old, I had a continual pain in my side. From that, and overflowing of the gall, I passed from earth to Spirit-Life, May 7th, 1878. My name is Mary A. Weightman. Please publish this in the VOICE, that my husband William, and numerous other friends in St. Louis, can hear from me again; and my husband and children will know I am still with them.

Love from this sphere surrounds each individual on the earth-plane. Could they only realize this, it would morally reform and lift, with its beautiful warmth, many who now pine in darkness. Oh, mortals, love ye one another as Christ's disciples. In doing this you will find many hidden gems, which without it would never have seen the light, adding still brighter ones to your own crown in the Father's kingdom. Remember, Christ said, "I had only love in my heart." Possessing that love, none are estranged toward each other, but feel a brotherly unity of purpose.

Mrs. A. ANDREWS, New Orleans.

[From the Watchman and Reflector.]

MINISTERING ANGELS.

ANGELS are near us, their presence unheeded;
Unheard are their voices, unseen are their faces;
Watching, they sigh when we grope in the darkness,
Smile when we sit in the sunshiny places.

Angels are near us; they counsel and guide us,
Lest we stumble and fall in the rough, rugged way;
Keeping our feet from the snares of the tempter,
Guiding us safe to the city of day.

Angels are near us, to comfort and cheer us;
When our hearts are overburdened with sorrow they come,
Bringing some balm which will lessen the smarting,
Some message of peace from their heavenly home.

God's favored servants, ministering angels,
Cross with us over the dark, silent river,
Through the pearl portals of heaven's mystic mansions,
To be our companions for ever and ever.

H. J. G.

CONSCIENCE is an upright judge, but not a law.—*Whately.*

OUR justification does not depend upon the degree of our faith, but upon the reality of it.—*Davenant.*

WHATEVER buries the mind without corrupting it has at least this use, that it rescues the day from idleness; and he that is never idle will not often be vicious.

As the world becomes more spiritually developed, will be understood the symbolic meaning of all the natural productions of the earth. They contain beautiful and instructive lessons. Mortals, you have much of the godlike nature; awake to these realities. They are divine, and will lead you up out of the darkness of earth surroundings to the progressive knowledge beyond. How grand the thought that spirit can soar into immensity, while yet in the form! Oh, give it the wings of Will; for there stand the opened books of Knowledge, that will fill the world with wisdom for the upraising of humanity. Read aloud from these pages; they are

Letters of gold, in settings of light,
Jewels of heaven, than diamonds more bright.
MRS. A. ANDREWS, New Orleans.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.—Subscribers are requested to write the name of the State, County, and Town where they want this paper sent, in plain words; otherwise, it may not reach them. Some neglect one or the other, and in some instances forget to write their names.

Several such have already been received,—one from Damascus, Mo., one from Iowa, with no names attached, two from Wisconsin, and one from Missouri, with neither town nor county named. If any miss in getting their paper, they should notify us immediately.

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