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### LITERARY.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### THE CELESTIAL PALACE.

THROUGH TRYPHENAE PARDEE.

KINGS and Queens on thrones terrestrial,  
Look aloft to those celestial.  
Then set your feet in Nature's path, no vulture's eye hath seen,

That leads you to the grandest palace,  
Where filled is wisdom's golden chalice,  
With over-running nectara, for human souls to drain.

Towering higher, ever higher,  
Till lost to human sight its spire,  
Where the great soul bell keeps chiming, tolling, calling  
Worshippers to come;  
And with its peals so deep, sonorous,  
Earthly voices join the chorus,  
Voices cleared by nectar sips from wisdom's fount o'er run.

Around this palace-wall, eternal,  
Waving, sighing, ever vernal,  
Are growths majestic standing that never lose their prime;  
And tender vinelings fondly twining,  
With variegated bloom, combining  
Such strength and beauty to the scene of purpose so sublime,

That mortals stand aghast and wonder,  
If they these fragrant shades pass under,  
Might pluck a poete from the ground to please a passing hour.

And treadling onward slowly, slowly,  
As if the ground was far too holy,  
Allow life's sun's directest rays to wilt the longed-for flower.

Then listening to the breezes glozing,  
Whirled through the strings of life-flames, losing  
Earth's brilliancy of light that gave the harp's first tone;  
They softly near the crystal entrance,  
And hear the sweetly echoed sentence:  
"Death hides his hydra fork-tongued head  
Beneath Truth's clear white stone!"  
Though clay-bonds once this stone begirded,  
And hid it where our fathers searched it;  
But when their unblest eyes were closed on things that  
Faded below,—

Reopening in this holy palace,  
Refreshed sprays from wisdom's chalice,  
Washed with the clay all doubts and fears, and life they  
never know.

Then to Truth's clear white stone turning,  
They see their names engraved in burning,  
Blazing, life-lines, glowing with the fires of never-dying thought—

And back they send the rays inspiring,  
To teach the souls of all inquiring,  
That TRUTH is that eternal Rock that holds life's palace up.

And all intelligence immortal,  
Streams through this palace's bright portal,  
To teach the never-dying truth to all upon earth's sod,  
That when they leave the life terrestrial,  
They'll find their palace-home celestial;  
The life infinite, all-in-all, the palace of our God!  
ELLINGTON, N. Y.



L. JUDD PARDEE,

SPIRIT EDITOR OF "VOICE OF ANGELS."

### EXPLANATORY.

THAT our readers may understand our new heading, I will say, in the first place, that it is a scene I witness at every regular *seance* for spirit-communications.

As will be seen, I am represented sitting at a table, writing out what each spirit has to say. Mr. Pardee, the spirit-editor, is sitting at the other side of the table, with his left hand resting upon some books; while spirit D. K. Miner, business-manager, is seen standing at my left, some distance back, holding in his right hand

a roll of paper; between the two latter, my angel-daughter Tunie is in the act of introducing a spirit from the lower planes of spirit-life, who is anxious to communicate; while directly back of them are two spirit-friends of the communicating spirit. All the other spirits witnessing the scene compose the band of young ladies often referred to in these pages, who employ their time in hunting up those needing aid, and assisting them to take the first step towards a higher condition, many of whom are very low in development; and not a few find out for the first time that they are disconnected from their earthly body; who think they are dreaming, and will soon wake to consciousness, when things will go on as before.

D. C. DENSMORE,

Publisher of "Voice of Angels"

(From the Banner of Light.)

#### JNO. WESLEY'S SEARCH FOR HEAVEN

A Lecture Delivered by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond,  
at Chicago, Illinois.

"The kingdom of heaven is within you." "In my Father's house are many mansions." "I go to prepare a place for you."—Words of Jesus. "I saw a new heaven and a new earth."—Revelations.

I GREET you, brothers and sisters, with the benedictions of the spirit. I come to you with a message of actual life in another region and another state of being. I describe to you the inward and outward conditions of that life. I expect of you nothing save your attention and hearing, and such conviction as may come if my testimony seem valid to you. Whatever is born of the spirit of truth survives.

I lived long enough after the advent of the Protestant religion to outgrow some of its severities; long enough to know that the faith of Luther was not a final faith, and the severity of Calvin was not the severity of God. I lived long enough to recognize in the gentle admonitions of Christ, our teacher, and my Saviour, the truth concerning the spirit; and not all the terrors of the evangelical church, nor the established form of worship in the country of my nativity and ministration, could lead me to the supposition that Deity was other than a



God of love. I found in him a father; in Jesus a teacher, a brother, a friend.

So far as my education would permit, I taught this; and you will bear me witness that it was a gentler ministration than that which preceded me.

Whatever may have come of those teachings upon earth, I recognize now that I was well prepared for the consciousness of the spiritual life into which I entered. I did believe in the ministration of angels; I did believe in the companionship of the dear departed; I did believe that the sounds, and forces, and mysteries, unexplained by any form of religion in the world, were to be explained by spiritual and not by mundane influences; and I did believe that hovering all around the pathway of earthly life, accompanying the good and the evil, acting upon human life for good or evil, the departed ones were ever nigh. I did believe that the future life was a state of gradation of existence, and not one unqualified condition of happiness or misery.

It is true that I believed in a place of eternal torment, and it is true that I believed in a place of absolute happiness for those who were saved; but I tried to think that those who would be ultimately condemned were few, and I tried to suppose that all of mankind would finally in some manner enter the abode of the blessed.

With this qualification I entered spirit-life, after such ministrations as you are aware of; and with these thoughts uppermost in my mind I was prepared to find many mansions in my Father's house. I did expect, however, because of my belief, of my salvation through Christ Jesus, of the consciousness of that salvation, to be admitted into his presence. I did expect that the heaven of the Christian, the true believer, was a special place, a habitation set apart from all the rest, where we would have sweet repose. I did not believe in an eternity of idleness, but I supposed that our ministrations would continue to those upon the earth, but that in heaven itself we would have repose, tranquillity, utter freedom from the care and trials of earthly life.

In my pursuit of heaven I found much of it on the lower earth, much of that happiness which comes from the consciousness of doing one's duty, much of that condition of the kingdom of heaven which I believe that our Master intended we should possess here; and when I repeated the prayer of the Lord, I believed it possible for that kingdom to come on earth, and that we each could assist in bringing about that kingdom, by our lives, actions, and teachings, to our fellow-men. I believed also that the state in which souls existed beyond death was a condition or state adapted to themselves.

On my admission into spiritual life I did not pass at once to the kingdom of Christ's heaven. I was not admitted into the kingdom of those divine apostles, with whom I expected at least to have something in common. I did not at once see my heaven, my Christ, and my kingdom around me. I looked for it, as men are prone to, too literally. I looked for it too much after the manner of the senses. I expected

Christ would come and welcome me to the companionship of the just and good, as having served him, though I was aware of my unworthiness in every human sense; but believing in the justification by faith as well as works, and believing that prayer had wrought wonders in my own nature, as well as having given somewhat of my life to this truth, I could but believe that the faith which was in me had exalted me to a condition where I would abide in the presence of those whom I revered, and where Christ Jesus would bid me welcome.

Instead of this, on my admission into spiritual existence, I found myself, as I expected, surrounded by friends who had been waiting my coming, and who, it seems, had prepared for me a welcome. I found those of my own family and fireside, my own country and belief; and these gathered round as if to receive a message from me, when I was just admitted into the condition of those who had departed from earth life. The message that they wished to receive was one of ministration. I said, "How can I minister to these who have passed beyond the earthly life long since, and to whom I come for ministration, and who I expect will be my teachers?" But they said: "We are devoid of teaching save from our own thoughts. Give us of the ministrations that you were wont to give upon earth." I communed with myself for a time to discover whether I had a message for these disembodied spirits who had received me into their kingdom, and who had nothing to give to a new-born soul who had just entered the spiritual state. I could find nothing save the thought of the love of Christ, nothing save that which had uplifted and sustained me in my dying hour; nothing but the consciousness that somewhere, in the heaven of heavens or in the vast eternity, that which I sought would be found. I commenced teaching them from this standpoint. I commenced telling them of the profound love and faith that I had in Christ, and I commenced to point out to them somewhat of what I believed to be the actual inheritance of the Christian, to which some of them replied: "But we have not found this heaven; this kingdom has not come to us, and Christ has not appeared in our midst." "Nevertheless," I said, "I believe he will come."

Looking thus for heaven externally, and teaching the kingdom of heaven spiritually, you may judge, friends, that I was not prepared for that which came to me.

Presently, in the guise of an Oriental priest—I should judge one of the Magi of the East—there came a spirit seemingly adorned with great power and splendor, and he stood in my presence. I could not recognize in him the Master whom I sought, although his presence was full of commanding power, and his appearance one of transcendent loveliness. I said: "Do you come to lead me to my Master, and these my friends?" He says, "You are in pursuit of heaven. Will you come with me?"

We traversed what seemed to me interminable spaces, with great rapidity; whenever I faltered my guide or director seemed to have the power to will me to proceed with him. We

passed, so near as I could judge, far toward the southern heavens, in the direction of the Southern Cross, which constellation is not visible from this point of the earth or northern latitudes. We entered a region of very great splendor and light, so bright that I never saw upon earth any noonday sun beginning to compare with it, and I never beheld such luminous particles of atmosphere. He said: "I will shade your vision, that it may not be too bright for your gaze." Every object around us seemed resplendent with this transcendent brightness of the sun's rays, and yet no sun was visible, and no particular orb, only that this atmosphere seemed to extend in vast sweeping circles beyond, around and above us.

As we entered I saw innumerable beings whose forms were perfectly transparent, and who also were lighted by this same luminous power. These also had the garb of Oriental nations, and appearance of Oriental continents. I said, "Surely this is no heaven that I am in pursuit of, since these are all strange faces. I recognize none of my own kind or nationality." We passed on. They all seemed intent upon weaving light, and as they wove these meshes of light, making various motions and gesticulations, I could see that the space far beyond grew more and more luminous, and that wherever we went there were circles of these beings, with seeming incantations weaving meshes of this light.

We entered nearer and nearer to what seemed to be a centre in this singular realm, and wherever we passed there were still beings, groups of twelve or twenty-four, and finally I beheld innumerable ones; so great was the number that at last I ceased counting, and only watched the motions that were all pulsating in harmony, clad with greater radiance than before. Each new group seemed circling around some centre of light; and at last I beheld what baffles language to describe—an orb of splendor, pulsating in every artery and vein with a fire in which was enshrined, as within a dazzling sphere of light, a being, angel or God I could not tell. There were wings of fire sweeping out from this sphere; there were pulsations that radiated to every circle that I had passed through, and seemed to direct and guide their motions. The space illumined by this wonderful being seemed limitless, and the power extending therefrom seemed to govern worlds and systems.

I said, "what is this? Here are count myriads of beings seemingly engaged in other work than toying with sunbeams. I am silent and voiceless, innumerable powers that have countenances of splendor, radiating light, yet from whom I receive no sound of or recognition."

Then the attendant who had come smiled and said, "This is the heaven Egyptians. This is the angel Osiris, who sides over them. We are millions upon of leagues away from the earth. I myriads of beings drawn into this here these idle motions and incantations that are the beginnings of worlds, the



thought that finally reach space and act upon atoms, producing suns and systems of splendor."

"Am I to dwell here," I said, "who have no knowledge of Osiris? who do not know the meaning of these movements? who cannot worship at this shrine?"

"No; but this is heaven," said my guide, "and those whom you see seemingly employed in idleness are engaged in the majesty of creative power. They worship at this shrine; they have been led hither by their Deity, and these are their fruitions."

I thought of Christ, of Calvary, of the blood which was shed for the world, and I said, "How can these beings be saved, or in heaven, without the intervention of Christ Jesus?" He said to me, in a very solemn voice, "Truth was before Jesus. God was with eternity, and these were his children. What time they came from the earth, no man had heard the name of Jesus breathed. Their message was a message given of fire and flame, of power and creative life. They passed on into the world or atmosphere that they themselves had fashioned, and here they dwell and perform the work of their Deity. But if this does not satisfy you," he says, "we will pass on."

We seemed to pass through this sphere, that occupied leagues of space with innumerable beings, into a mild, charmed light, as charmed as that light that hovers over the southern tropical climes of the earth at sunset; as beautiful and clear as the most crystalline atmosphere you ever have beheld upon earth, yet softened by an interpenetrating light, half dreamy, half lovely, that absorbed the spaces.

Here I saw another wonder. There were souls ensphered, each seemingly in an orbit of its own, but without any form that I could discern. I could see the spheres move, could almost feel the pulsations of their thoughts, but I could arrive at no forms, only sphere upon sphere, moving and pulsating.

I said, "What are these? Planets?" "Nay, these are souls." These revolved always, moving with harmonious accord, around centres that were grouped each in their turn around larger centres, until we arrived at a centre that seemed to fill all space, and yet was a centre. There was no form, no presence, nothing but a sphere of this mild and subtle light. The most visionary thoughts, the most transcendent dreams, the most abstract visions of song and poesy, the most remote and absolutely unsubstantial creations, passed through my mind as I entered this sphere. I felt one with the absolute. I could almost hear the beating of God's heart, so intense was this absolute feeling. At last it became painful, because of the silence and because of the unanimity.

"What is this?" He says, "This is the heaven of the Brahmin, who worships in silence, having upon earth given to the three-fold deity, Brahma, Vishnu and Siva, his devotions. In this heaven, where Brahm abides, there is no praise, no adoration, no prayer, no vocal utterance. The soul is absorbed into the central life, and all move harmoniously together."

"And have these spheres, that seemingly have no human shape, conscious intelligence?" I said.

"Ay; not only so," he says, "but they are conscious in a diviner and more absolute sense than any thought of consciousness that humanity has ever had upon earth. They are conscious of the nature of things in their essences. Truth is no longer broken to them; they are not in doubt upon any subject; they have reached the final solution of all external expressions, and abide as the conservators of the spiritual essences of the universe."

"These are those who worship not with deed and word, but who abide as central souls, round which other souls in more broken fragments, and in other worlds, seem to revolve."

And I saw with amazement that this vast and innumerable throng of spheres were moving harmoniously to a mighty purpose; without voice, and without praise, and without sign, were absolutely guiding distant regions of thought, reaching souls that were far away, and by subtle powers of silence imparting their life and splendor thence.

"But this is not the kingdom of heaven which I sought. I cannot comprehend it; it is too vast; take me elsewhere."

Branching out from this in three directions there seemed sub-spheres. There were active beings, engaged in all kinds of occupations that pertained to the spirit, ministering to one another, ministering to those that seemed in distress and doubt, engaged in different kinds of labor, as if roaring habitations; employed in various errands to different planets, as though they were message-bearers from the inner sphere which we had visited. I said, "What are these three sub-spheres that seem to branch out from this centre?"

"Those are the followers of Buddha, the reformer of the Brahminical faith, who taught the practical expression of their religion in deed and word. These are the message-bearers from the inner shrine of Brahm. These are those restless spirits who seek to do the work of the Infinite, and therefore must be constantly employed. Therefore they minister; therefore they teach; therefore they build habitations; therefore they have a kingdom of heaven which constitutes labor and the constant employment of their thoughts in doing something."

"But is not what they do valuable?" I said.

"Most certainly," he answered me. "They must minister to those who are beneath them, and as in all the worlds and spheres of spiritual life there are many millions of beings less enlightened than they, they are constantly employed."

"But," I said, "is this their heaven?"

"This is the heaven of the Buddhist," he answered; "he worships inly at the shrine of Brahm, but you will see his altars here to the three-fold deity, expressing the various forms of creation, preservation, and destruction; he worships at these shrines."

Then I said, "There seem to be more altars to the deity of destruction."

"Certainly," he said; "those who fear evil

powers always worship them the most. The good is supposed to be invulnerable and will perform its office; the evil must be propitiated. So they bowed before the shrine of Siva, they still gave their offerings, still endeavored in some manner to propitiate the destruction of the universe, fancying these were the results of the deity which they worshipped."

But I still felt a longing for the quietude and the kingdom of heaven that I had pursued. My guide perceiving this, led me still further.

He says, "You wish to go still further." And I went to where, reclining upon a mountain side, seemingly having watch over the distant valley, a kingly form seemed to abide, and all around in the valley were shepherds watching their flocks, and kingly tents denoting encampments of those that were in some degree building a tower. I noticed the utmost order and symmetry in the arrangement of these encampments, and that the tents were grouped in exact relationship to the degree of power which the leader might possess; so that the highest upon the mountain slope seemed to be the king and leader of all.

I said, "Who are these, with patriarchal tents, keeping watch of flocks and herds?"

"These are the children of Israel, still journeying toward the promised land, and who expect that the New Jerusalem is to come when their king and Messiah shall come to lead."

"And do they," I said, "still refuse to believe in the Messiahship of Christ? and do they still pursue their wonted avocations, as though upon the lower earth?"

"Certainly," he said; "out of the elements of space they surely can fashion the group of mountains that you perceive, and their heaven is located conveniently above Jerusalem, so that when the destruction of the earth and the wicked shall surely come, they can descend and inhabit it, which they fully expect to do."

"But," I said, "the patriarchs are not here, surely; the leaders and inspired prophets, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, are not here?"

"Oh, no, they are not here; their belief and spiritual power has ripened into a far other heaven than this; into other kingdoms of thought they have advanced; but these are the literal followers of the kingdom of heaven, according to the Mosaic dispensation, the Jewish Rabbis, those who have taught from time immemorial the actual resurrection of the good, the destruction of the wicked, and the occupation of the earth in the New Jerusalem by those who are to be blessed."

"A long time will they wait," said I, "before that advent occurs."

"You are not sure," he says, "since you do not know by what signs and tokens they may have judged. Be not too sure; they may return to earth, may inherit the kingdom, for aught you know; though doubtless in a different form from what they imagine."

This likewise seemed a vale. I was charmed with the pastoral beauty and quietude, the patient waiting of these people, who seemed so satisfied to wait until their king and Messiah should come. I said, "Have they no temples



of worship?" "Certainly; above Jerusalem is an exact prototype of the temple in which they did worship: the temple that Christ saw the destruction of; the temple that was destroyed; and these with skilful manipulation and spiritual power have made its prototype in the heavens which they occupy, to answer the purpose until their king shall re-establish them upon the earth. So on every day of fasting and worshipping they repair to this temple with all due observances, gathering from their scattered people upon earth such fragments of strength as will give them force and encouragement to wait, while they only believe that the time will come when their Saviour shall come to earth."

"Then," said I, "are there no other heavens?"

"There is a place," he said, "that I should like to have you visit, but I will first take you to other spheres."

I passed through what seemed to be a narrow belt of half luminous ether, separated from the patriarchal heavens of the children of Israel, and came within sight of the earth itself, although I am quite sure it was many thousand leagues away; but I seemed by some power to be able to discover that this track, into which I had entered, had connection with certain countries of the earth, and especially could I see that it had connection with Southern and Western Europe and with America. "This," said he, "is the heaven of the Protestant Christians." Here I noticed there were various divisions, as though each was careful to exclude the other; subdivisions, as though each was anxious to keep its heaven to itself.

I said, "What is this? Surely among brethren there can be no such divisions into creeds since they have passed from earth!"

"Certainly," he says. "Over there are the Baptists, yonder the Presbyterians, the Calvinists yonder, and all denominations distinctly represented, while more remotely, as you will see yonder, are the followers of the Roman Catholic faith, who have a heaven of their own, a state barred and walled about, that no Protestant can ever enter."

I was shocked and amazed, and I said, "Does Christ dwell here? and are these my brethren?"

"Christ does not dwell here," he says, "because by their very pursuit of the kingdom of heaven they have shut him out; these walls that you discover are the barriers of their own creeds. They have hemmed themselves, their families and friends within these walls, and now are praising Christ, and singing hymns, expecting that he will come."

"What do they do?" I asked.

"They employ their time in singing praises to God, and in praying that Christ Jesus shall come to them."

I said, "Do they do nothing for others?"

"Oh, no; theirs is the ministry of self; they sought the kingdom of heaven for their own happiness, and not for the happiness of others; and shall they minister, until they have the kingdom which they sought?"

And I said, "Do they never visit the earth?"

"Never; they believe not in angelic visitations. If it were taught them, they would scorn the idea. They are in pursuit of rest. How shall they labor when they have passed into the kingdom of rest, and of singing psalms and praises to the Most High?"

And I saw surely that these minds seemed dwarfed; their very appearance was that of pigmies. I could discover that they rotated merely in an orbit of selfish aims, for the ambition merely of the kingdom of heaven; that their object was salvation for themselves and their friends; that these different walls were as impassable as though they had been made of the solid substances from earth. "Oh!" thought I, "can I not go among them and show them that this is not the way?"

"Wait a while," said my guide, "I will tell you afterward; but there is another heaven into which I will introduce you."

We passed through and beyond this, where I really recognized many whose faces were familiar on earth, many whom I had supposed were saved, many who had pursued salvation with a vigor and earnestness such that I thought it would not fail, and they believed themselves saved. They are abiding in the narrow compass of that small domain. I shall never forget their shrivelled and half-starved appearance, the mournful monotony of their singing, and the constant expectant longing look with which they greeted every new-comer. We seemingly passed unobserved among them and on. We entered a broad arena, evidently far removed from that heaven or that sphere, into which there seemed to centre various hues of converging light, all transparent, all representing different figures, and signs and tokens, but seemingly as soundless as the universe itself. Here were arches, triangles, circular forms, various groups of temples, grottoes, mosaic towers, every imaginable shape and device of religion, or science, or art; and here were groups of people occupied in various ways, as though with one another, intent upon companionship and conversation.

I could see over upon a slight eminence a group of people surrounding what seemed to be a teacher, guide and friend. I said, "Who are these beings? They do not seem to be tethered and bound in any special way, but who, intent upon some object of the mind, or employment, seem to radiate light all around them, and seem to be fully free to come and go."

He said, "This is the heaven of the disenthralled souls; those who have no special manner of salvation; those who have come through no creed or dogma into the kingdom of heaven, but who by their self-abnegation, by their thought and love of humanity, by their desire to benefit others, have risen to this heaven. This is the second or interstellar sphere of the heavens of the earth. There are spirits from other planets here, also, who emerge by virtue of their development into this condition, and who are only too happy to communicate through this sphere their information or knowledge to others."

I said, "Are these of Christian lands?" "Of all lands beneath the sun, and of all faiths and beliefs; of all countries and climes, and nearly all the worlds that you see in space. These are beings who move in response to the thought that is within them; who have the evidence and light and power of truth, and who, without any especial limitation to that power, have sought only the benefits of others."

I saw, as we approached, a luminous body gathering around a centre, within which there seemed a radiant form teaching and instructing them; and ever and anon the vast multitude swayed and moved around this form, and messengers were sent hither and thither as though in obedience to the mandates from the centre. I saw women clothed in spotless white, whose countenances were radiant with self-sacrifice. I saw little children bearing lilies and white flowers, as though intent upon some errand of mercy; they sped downward toward the earth, and ever as they came back they came laden with burdens and laid them down at the feet of this teacher.

I said: "Who are these, and why are they hurrying hither and thither, as though intent upon some sublime mission?" By some sudden spell I was drawn toward them, when lo! with matchless countenance, with benign visage, with instruction that was familiar to the outward ear, and still more familiar to the consciousness, I saw the Son of Man standing in the midst of this heaven without a name, where no Christian, no Hebrew, no Buddhist abode, but where the souls of all men who had won that fight seemed to congregate.

I bowed me down in great humiliation and asked if I might be a message-bearer from this heaven.

My guide departed. I was left standing in the midst of a group of little children, who each came forward offering me a flower, and said, "Go, if you know any one who is sorrowing, and leave a flower at his hearthstone."

I have been bearing messages, performing this work. To-night I lay the offering upon your hearts; I ask you to know that the kingdom of heaven which I found was not in any place or sphere or orb of existence, but abides here within my spirit, and takes me wheresoever my work takes me, into the lowliest places of earth, into the furthest planet that you can see, where, ever intent upon the work of my master and my guide, I go to bear a blessing to those who sorrow; and this night above death, beyond the heaven that encases and envelopes those who have only their own salvation in view, I conjure you to seek the kingdom of heaven by no selfish pathway, but only lay your first offering at the first human shrine that needs it, and Christ, the Man of God, will bless you, and the multitudes who are the companions of the abode in which I dwell will smile upon you because of that offering.

OPPORTUNITY is the flower of time; and as the stalk may remain when the flower is cut off, so time may be with us when opportunity is gone forever.



INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

AUTUMN.

[Through a Young Girl only 13 years old. She never read a line of poetry in her life. Her name is GEORGE JENING. She lives in Chattanooga, Hamilton County Tennessee.]

How PEACEFULLY the sunlight falls  
Across the woodland's pleasant reaches,  
And like a shower of gilded rain  
The leaves drop from the golden beeches;  
Far down the shadowy aisles I heard  
An under-tone of plaintive sighing,  
As if the waning Summer wept  
For all her glorious dead and dying.

The faded banners of the corn  
In murmured whispers told the story  
Of days when silken tassels waved,  
Beneath the June time's summer glory;  
And low and sweet, with rhythmic beat,  
The young birds tried their tender pinions,  
Ere soaring from the empty nest,  
To seek the Summer's fair dominions.

The golden-rod, with drooping plume,  
Had lost its aureole of gladness;  
The starless mullen, by the road,  
Dropped down its seeds, like tears of sadness;  
The fur-off hills, veiled like a bride,  
Seemed wedded to the sky immortal,  
And through the sunset's golden gate  
There flashed the gleam of Heaven's portal.

Oh, peaceful hour! Oh, faith renewed!  
That touched the fading earth with sweetness,  
And lifted up my heart in thanks  
For life's glad measure of completeness.

LAST STANZAS.

WORK of muscle or of brain,  
What e'er calls for special strain,  
Do it with thy might and main;—  
Then you'll not have worked in vain.

Loved ones, who have gone before,  
Pointing to an open door,  
Tell us that beyond this portal  
Is a home for us, immortal.

Once, they trod the thorny vale,  
Labored in the tear-shed pale,  
Won the cross, endured the misery,—  
Now they wear the badge of victory.

Grief may last a weary season;  
In the end 't will tell the reason;  
For an angel shows its face,  
When the tears made deepest trace.

Bear the burden, hold the yoke,  
Guard the fire and fit the spoke;  
Fit the axle for the wheel;  
Stout hearts, ye may wield the keel.

Strike the iron while 't is hot,  
From the fire-sparks flinch ye not:  
Know—'t is toil that purges steel,  
And that effort creates zeal.

Set thy shoulder to the wheel;  
Let thy willing pulses feel  
Great emotions through the plan—  
'That 'tis labor makes the man.

BIBLE PUZZLES.

BY JOSIAH LAKIN.

WHEN I used to read the Bible,  
There were some things puzzled me;  
There were several funny passages  
Which I couldn't make agree.  
They would do for a novel story,  
For they are filled with lies;  
But they don't add much to the glory  
Of the Father in the skies.

First, was poor deluded Adam,—  
It always made me laugh  
To think of long and crooked ribs,  
Which formed his better half;—  
'To think one bite of apple  
Should Adam so disgrace;  
That God, to have his sweet revenge,  
Cursed all the human race!

There was the great King David,  
A man after God's own heart;  
In various little sci. tricks  
He took a most active part.  
If he had lived in "seventy-seven,"—  
'This age of steel and fire—  
He'd got his punishment, you bet,  
For the trick he played Uriah.

It says, "Love your neighbors as yourself,"—  
Now, I did this all my life;  
But the mandate didn't work  
When I loved my neighbor's wife.  
I tried to smooth things over  
With a mess of little lies,  
And got, for all my sophistry,  
His fist between my eyes.

There are commands one can't obey,  
And they may try to, if they will;  
And if you disobey them,  
Of sorrow you get your fill.  
There is one thing very certain,  
The man is a confounded fool,  
Who expects to live upon the earth  
And follow the "Golden Rule."

To do by others as you would  
Have them live and do by you,  
Is indeed a hard-shelled problem,  
Which the ancients never knew;—  
And is something no live mortal  
Need ever expect to see;—  
Human nature, like the Bible,  
Will forever disagree.

STATE OF COLORADO, OFFICE LIBRARIAN,  
Denver, Oct. 29, 1877.

DR. D. C. DENSMORE:—

Publisher *Voice of Angels*, Boston, Mass.:

DEAR BROTHER,—Yours of the 16th inst. was duly read. I have, through the kindness of our brother, A. Bailey, read the "Halo," and I must say I was just delighted with it; as in my youthful days I was a good deal of a "fresh water sailor" myself, I could well appreciate the nautical portions of your "Autobiography," and being a full-fledged Spiritualist for the past twenty years and over, I could fully see and believe, yea *know*, the powers that all along your life's pathway had guided and controlled you; so, all in all, I was much interested in the "Halo."

Yes, brother, you may be very sure that that volunteer communication from my spirit-wife, "Phebe E.," through the hand of Mrs. Fowler, was thankfully read, and a great consolation to me; and what adds to its value, it is in all respects perfectly reliable! no humbugging with Mrs. Fowler—not a bit of it; she is above any such suspicion!

You say, "If you get anything more from your wife, I wish you would send it for publication, that is, if you have no objection."

I have another volunteer message sent me by our dear old friend and brother, J. V. Mansfield, from my first wife, ten years, nearly, in the spirit-world, and from whom I have received many sweet messages, both written and oral: and, with this preface, enclosed I hand the message to you, without the least "objection," on my part, if you wish to publish it.

I have not, as yet, gotten any more subscribers for the blessed little *Voice of Angels*, but I fully believe I will.

As a further explanation to that part of the message descriptive of the meeting of my second wife and Hattie Sturges, I will say: they were warm friends in this life, though Hattie was a young lady.

Brother Densmore, I am an old man, and alone, but all I can do to brighten this life and make the way smoother to the "continued life," for others and myself, I am bound to do; and to that end, help *you* all I can.

Fraternally,  
ORSON BROOKS.

MY DARLING HUSBAND ORSON,—I come to say your dear, dear mate and bosom companion is safe and happy. You have often asked yourself, "How is it with Mrs. Brooks, second, and has she settled the matter of Jeremiah and Daniel, which run in her head so continually months before she passed on?" Well, Orson, that was simply a physical derangement of her mind; she finds this life all you had so often told her it was; and when she met Hattie Sturges, she exclaimed, "My God! is it you, Hattie?" The meeting was an affecting one beyond expression. Aside from being a little weak, she says she feels as young as she did thirty years ago.

She now sees that the trouble she gave you and the friends, before leaving, was not from any desire to do so, but forced to do precisely as she did; she says, pride, and that foolish habit she had of using preparation of litharge and silver, no doubt laid the foundation of her troubles—insanity from using hair-dye; but she says, "Adeline, it's all over now; I am satisfied that all, all, was ordered wisely. Blessed be the name of the Lord!" She was delighted to be able to control Annie before her body was taken away from the house; she has not said one word about Jeremiah and the prophets since her arrival here. After awhile, she will write you at length, if you allow her to do so. Hattie Sturges would be so delighted to talk with you! her sweet disposition, and resignation to the will of her Heavenly Father, did not forsake her as she passed through the dark shadows of death—sweet, dear girl! she is as lovely as ever. Do thou, my dear one, let us hear from you—oh, do, do!

Your loving wife, ADELINE.

To ORSON BROOKS, Denver, Colorado,  
Oct. 15, 1877.



## VOICE OF ANGELS.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION.

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SPIRIT, L. JUDY PARHUR, Editor-in-Chief.

D. K. MINER, Business Manager.

D. C. DENSMORE, Amanuensis and Publisher.

## EDITORIAL.

DEAR AMANUENSIS, FRIEND AND CO-WORKER,—Here we are again, on our outward bound for the third time, since we took the editorial management of the little craft, "*Voice of Angels*," to continue dispensing spiritual food to those needing its life-giving sustenance. Although on our third volume, it seems but yesterday since we made our first editorial bow to a discriminating, and, as the event has proved, to an appreciative public.

To show that the main object had in view at the start has been carried out to the letter, it is only necessary to say that we have received many flattering testimonials, eulogizing our efforts to light up minds enveloped in spiritual darkness, and expressing the deepest gratitude that, through the "*Voice of Angels*" they have received many cheering words from loved ones gone before.

In a pecuniary point of view it has been equally successful; else we could not have issued it twice a month at the beginning of the second year, and enlarged it the third, at reduced rates. This consideration is extremely gratifying and highly satisfactory, as it gives us renewed assurance that ultimately our efforts made in behalf of suffering humanity, who are struggling to free themselves from the mysterious windings and twistings of spiritual darkness, will be crowned with abundant success.

Although the result thus far has exceeded the most sanguine hopes of all concerned in its welfare, with fair prospects of greater success, yet with all this, it does not compare at all with many in significance. Still, we have ample reasons for believing that it, among thousands of others, moving in the same general direction, is one of the most important moves ever made on the chess-board of coming events, to check-mate the efforts of the inharmonious to strangle the child of progression, ere he can withstand and repel their mischievous and wicked designs.

Although the enemy of all harmony is abroad in the land, threatening the peace of the world, yet, if space allowed, we could prove not only that he or she came into the world through a law of necessity, but that each is an important factor in unfolding the possibilities of the human soul; that is, the angular idiosyncrasies of the inharmonious are just as necessary, to

know that harmony exists in the world, as that darkness is necessary, to know that the element light has an existence.

It is conceded by most, if not all progressive thinkers, that everything having a physical existence comes into being through organic law; the theory being that this law or power lies dormant in the matrix of Divinity until the time is ripe to form new conditions, when, through its own inherent powers, it leaps into activity, and, by its silent workings, day by day, unfolds not only its own proportions and powers, but the body or tenement it inhabits, as well; until both soul and body become fully matured, when through its physical it takes an active part in the current events of the day.

If the above is true, that is, if any move on the road leading to progression comes into being through the above law, then our little enterprise, gotten up under the most discouraging circumstances—viewed from a mundane stand point—is not an exception to the general rule; and on that basis, and that alone, can the remarkable success of the VOICE OF ANGELS be accounted for; for never since the Rebellion has there been a less propitious time to start a paper of any kind, much less one of this sort. Hence, however fast it may grow in public favor, or however grand its future may become, it owes its advance to neither men nor angels—only so far as they are influenced to assist in its development—but to the out-workings of the immutable, unchanging laws of nature. Hence, for one to boast of his or her achievements in a project in which he may have played a more or less conspicuous part, would appear as ridiculously absurd, to a philosophical mind, not to say silly, as it would to hear the monarch of the forest, or a Daniel Lambert, boasting of having been the sole authors of their monstrous proportions.

As a further proof that all movements are the productions of intelligences outside of mundane life, we find recorded on the tablets of history, handed down the ages, that when any important event, either of a social, religious, or political nature is about to transpire, suitable persons of both sexes, trained and educated, have made their *debut* upon the scene in just the right time to carry forward the already matured plans of the Infinite.

To elucidate the above idea still farther, we observe that when the proper time had arrived to drive back the dark clouds of ignorance touching the geography of the heavens, wherein it was said, by the Roman Church, that the twinkling stars

were placed there as ornaments, and with the moon to light up the darkness of night—to disabuse the world of these false teachings, also to prove that the earth was *not* flat, and rested upon a solid foundation, and that the same moon and stars did *not* revolve round the earth, dividing night from day, Copernicus and his contemporary, Galileo, made their appearance, and with their telescopic instruments swept away these theological cobwebs from the skies, and proved to the world that each twinkling star was a world in itself, many of them hundreds of times larger than the earth, thus giving the world the rudiments of the science of astronomy.

When the world, or rather the people on it, had progressed sufficiently in knowledge for a reformation in the Catholic Church, that great reformer, Martin Luther, and his able contemporaries, made their appearance, and, by showing up its inconsistencies, was enabled to carry his reform into effect, and gave the world the Protestant religion. Later still, when humanity needed a leader to break down the barriers leading to the inquisitorial prison horrors of the Roman Church, that mighty Corsican general, Napoleon, made his *debut* upon the scene, and rid the world of the horrors of the Inquisition.

Again, when in the course of passing events a Washington was needed to lay the foundation of the American republic, behold! a Washington appeared, "booted and spurred," for the coming conflict; who, by great courage and indomitable will, to carry out "evident destiny," measured swords with the oldest, wealthiest, and most powerful nation on earth, and, after fighting the hordes of foreign mercenaries for seven years, with a small, ill-equipped, ill-fed army of yeomen, not only compelled the haughty intruder to surrender unconditionally his whole army, and vast stores of material, to the victorious armies of American patriots, but compelled the autocrat king, George the Third, to acknowledge the independence and sovereignty of the infant republic he had so ignominiously failed to conquer; and the child of destiny, the American Republic, took an honorable position among the most favored of nations; feared by none, respected by all.

Now, who will say that the above pioneers were not prepared and educated by an intelligent power outside of themselves, to carry out the very work they performed? In other words, who but a Martin Luther could inaugurate an ecclesiastical reformation in the Roman Church, and carry it to a successful issue? or, who but



the great Corsican General could perform the work he did? and last, though not least, who but a Washington could cut his way through almost insurmountable difficulties, and give to the world a mighty empire?

As before stated, we do not claim that our humble project, gotten up under peculiar and exceptional circumstances, compares at all in significance to laying the foundation of a great nation; but we *do* know that it was as much a child of destiny as was the child of liberty, born on the American continent in 1776, and being such, its future usefulness in supplanting the darkness of the past with the calcium light of the higher spheres of the summer-land, is just as sure as that the original thirteen States have nearly tripled their original number.

We are not speaking of our little project as a feat more wonderful than ten thousand others transpiring every day and hour all over the world—all interested in the same general subject; nor do we claim, or desire any personal merit for what we have done, or may do; but we speak of it merely to show that all things and conditions incident to life, on any or all planes of existence, are an outgrowth of a law inherent in themselves. And as our little messenger is not an exception to that law, it *must* have been a production of the summer-land, from the fact that, from its first appearance, with all its opposing elements arrayed against it, it has steadily increased in popularity, and its contents read with the avidity with which persons furnishing with hunger devour nourishing food.

In conclusion, permit us to say, for the information of those not posted in the Spiritual Philosophy, that all we ask is, that such will peruse the contents of *our* little gem, and decide as to its merits, and govern themselves accordingly.

With this, we salute you for the third time, with a "Happy New Year!"

#### NOTE BY PUBLISHER.

[For the benefit of those who may not have seen them, I reprint, in this issue, my introductory remarks on issuing the first number of this paper, in which will be found a brief account of the origin of the *Voice of Angels*, how and where it was first suggested, and why it came before the public.]

Some five years since, while a resident of Philadelphia, practising healing by laying on of hands, to increase my business, I determined to get up a circular in the form of a miniature newspaper, and issue

it monthly. No sooner had the thought got fairly settled in my mind, than I sat down to write out a prospectus. While thus engaged, and before I had written half a dozen lines, Mr. Pardee, an old and esteemed friend of mine, who had been in the summer-land some five years, put in an appearance.

I felt not a little pleased and gratified at the friendly call. Almost immediately, taking advantage of my willingness to allow him the use of my hand, he wrote these words, "Why not get up a paper that I can speak through to the hungry multitude?" Upon reading his question, I jocosely said, "I will if you'll edit it." After waiting a few moments, seemingly thinking the matter over, or talking with his friends about it, he wrote, "I accept of the offer, will do the best I can, and with the aid of several spirits," (some of whom he named,) "I have no doubt of its ultimate success;" after a pleasant chat of an hour or so upon various subjects he left, and I thought no more about the matter for the time being.

For weeks subsequent to the above conference, the project would occasionally flash through my mind; and whenever an opportunity offered Mr. Pardee would write something relating to "our novel enterprise," as he used to characterize it. Whenever it was alluded to, I treated it as a thing of not the slightest practical importance.

I thought that talking about it even with him was a waste of time. However, the more I tried to keep it out of my mind, the more it intruded itself, until at last I could think of nothing else. For several weeks I kept it to myself; but eventually the thought occurred to me, that if I ventilated the matter among my friends, maybe I could get rid of it altogether. This ruse did not work as I hoped it would; for, without exception, every one to whom I mentioned it, gave it unqualified approval as a move that would culminate in success. I could not see it in that light. At first I thought of it only as a pleasantry; but when I found that Mr. Pardee was in solemn earnest, I expostulated with him as to its practicability; telling him, as he already knew of my total ignorance in journalism,—that I had never written an article for a paper in my life,—and I had no pecuniary means even to start the enterprise, to say nothing of keeping it afloat long enough to insure its success, even with fair prospects at the beginning. But, in spite of all this, its claims for a respectful consideration acquired a monopoly of my thoughts.

Mr. Pardee and numerous other spirits claimed that they could write out their thoughts through my hand, with almost the same ease and facility that they could with their own before leaving the material form. Finally the pressure came to be so great, that I determined to write a series of questions relating to the subject, enclose them in a closely sealed envelope, and send them to Mr. J. V. Mansfield, who answers such letters; or rather, the friends to whom they are addressed answer them through him, and see what my other friends in spirit-life had to say about it. Accordingly I wrote the letter, so secured it that it could not be tampered with without instant detection, and sent it off. In less than a week I received a package, containing not only the sealed letter intact, but an elaborate answer to each question asked, in regular order as propounded from first to last; and without a single exception all were in favor of the enterprise, cautioning me, however, about embarking in it without sufficient means to successfully float it until it could sustain itself without assistance; hinting that many projects of the kind had been started, and failed for want of sufficient funds; remarking, "We are not bankers, but we can give you sufficient matter to elicit favorable criticism."

I had no personal acquaintance with Mr. Mansfield, and knew there was no common way by which he could have become possessed of even the drift of the questions, the replies through him somewhat staggered me in my opposition, and I began to consider the project more favorably, although with not the vaguest thought that it would ever amount to a practical reality.

To put a quietus upon the possibility; that, as some suggested, he might read the questions clairvoyantly, and thus be able to give pertinent answers, I state that there were many things mentioned through him which were not alluded to in my letter; and he gave the names of many spirits not mentioned by me, some of whom I had never heard of.

Finally, to ascertain some of the details as to its get up, if I should ever find myself in a condition to start it, I sent another letter under the same test conditions as the first; and to this the answer came in the same regular order and preciseness as did the first. Seeing no way open for carrying the project forward, it slowly passed out of my mind, except that occasionally it would pay me a visit, seemingly to keep our acquaintance fresh and green.

Time rolled on, until, some two months since, the subject came knocking at the



door of thought again, asking admittance. Ever ready and pleased to receive a friendly call from my dearly beloved friend, I hastily opened wide the door of my heart and let him enter. After the first friendly salutations were over, he at once renewed the subject of the long-ago-talked-of paper, presenting very earnestly the importance of at once starting it; and stating that the project had not been absent from his mind all these years; also that he had been unremitting in his endeavors to bring it into actuality; that he had ceased not day or night, from the time it was first projected to the present, in developing and preparing me for the work. Although of late amply able, in a pecuniary sense, to give it a fair trial, yet considering my lack of any practical knowledge in the business, and that I was getting well up in years, and that all the matter must come through me, I hesitated, knowing, that, once in, there was no retreat. Thus for weeks it went on; and, as before, the more I tried to get rid of thinking about it, the more it troubled and perplexed me. Again I had recourse to my spirit friends through Mansfield. Leaving out all details as to questions and answers sent and received, I will say that five letters were sent to me at different times, in every one of which the practicability of the scheme had the unqualified endorsement of all my friends. Some thought, from the depressed conditions of the times, this was not the best time to start it; while many thought it was the right time. All agreed, however, that, if once started, it would go ahead: it might be slowly at first, but eventually it would rest upon a solid basis. Finally, having exhausted all objections to the scheme that I could think of, and having become convinced beyond peradventure that its practicability under existing circumstances was perceived by practical business men in spirit life, whose pre-judgment of things future was not to be ignored with impunity, I reluctantly (I am ashamed to say) consented to enter the lists, and do the best I could to forward a scheme gotten up and managed by a band of beneficients in spirit-life, whose every thought and act is for the amelioration and happiness of those of earth's children who are groping their way in darkness and ignorance.

To put myself in the best possible condition to be used, I have abandoned the use of tobacco, which had been a life-long habit, also tea and coffee, and confine myself to a simple nourishing diet, determined, that, as far as I am concerned, there shall be nothing wanting to ensure its success. Although at times, when the

project flashes suddenly across my mind, I feel an indescribable, weakening, nauseous, sickening sensation in the region of the stomach,—a sort of sinking-down feeling pervades my entire being, and for a while I cannot speak or hardly move; yet with all this, I have such faith that those who are engineering the thing are amply able to carry it to a successful issue, that I soon recruit force, and enter in to it with all the vim and energy I would a project the success of which did not admit of a single doubt.

Unlike any other paper in existence, with the exception of a few things from correspondents, all the matter will be furnished by denizens of the spirit world. Hence it will be apparent that I have got into the very condition that I foresaw would inevitably come, if I allowed myself to engage in it, and which I so much dreaded. From the foregoing it will be seen that I not only did not want to engage in the enterprise, but, on the contrary, tried every possible subterfuge to keep out of it. If I am not mistaken as to its parentage, it belongs to a long-lived race, viz., the family of the eternal principles of justice, love, and charity, which are as lasting as Deity itself; and if such proves to be the case, then our little messenger of love will continue to grow in influence and favor commensurate with the grandest subject that ever enlisted the deepest and profoundest thoughts of men or angels, viz., the destiny of the human soul.

Before closing this article, it might not be amiss to say something about the way communications are given through me. I am both an impressional and mechanical medium. Sometimes I hear the words to be written, and then, again, I seem to see the words as in a book, and read them; and sometimes, though not often, I both see and hear the words at the same time; but all are written mechanically through my hand, that is to say, I use not a particle of volition, as far as I know.

As spirits are ever engaged in works of love, in order not to conflict with their other avocations, they, in advance, name specific times at which they will give an hour more or less to writing through my hand. Sometimes these engagements are made weeks ahead, and I note down precisely as I would appointments with a friend on business, who is still in this sphere of being. Then, again, there are certain spirits with whom I have what we call in our vernacular, "a standing appointment," who meet regularly at some hour of each succeeding day or evening. There

are times set aside for undeveloped spirits, who come to school as they call it, and who are always attended by some loving relative or guardian. It is sometimes amusing to see men, who had attained to near a hundred years before they left the form, attending this school with all the characteristics of small children, learning the *abc* of life; thus verifying an old saying, "A man may be old at forty and an infant at eighty." Then, again, there are seemingly very young children high up in the science of life, and teachers of a high order. There will appear, in these pages, from time to time, interesting sketches of life in both the higher and lower spheres of spirit land, adapted to prepare those on the earth plane to be somewhat prepared to meet the change called death intelligently; that is, to perceive that death is only changing from one habitation to another, not unlike our earthly experiences when we move from one tenement to another.

All letters and communications must be addressed to

D. C. DENSMORE, Publisher,  
No. 5, Dwight Street, Boston.

#### TO THE READERS OF THE "VOICE OF ANGELS."

A word of advice to those who seek communications from friends in Spirit Life:—Do not fear to send to the Medium the name of friends whom you may desire to hear from.

If you were sending a letter to a friend in a strange country, you would not put it in a blank envelope, saying to yourself. Let the controlling powers of the post-office department find who the letter is for. If they cannot single my friend's letter from ten millions of the same name, the department is a fraud; and I am not going to help them deceive me. Many true Spiritualists are so fearful of being led blindly, that they wilfully break the magnetic power which is the only way by which spirits in the body may communicate with their disembodied friends.

Send the names of friends to the mediums, and, if possible, a lock of hair, if you would get a true message from the dear ones who are so anxiously waiting for a chance to converse with and cheer their friends on the earth-plane.

Direct all letters intended for "West Ingle" to the care of D. C. Densmore, Publisher of *Voice of Angels*, No. 5 Dwight street, and they will receive prompt attention. Each letter to the medium "West Ingle" should contain the address of the writer and one dollar; as



it requires time to write and send messages, and the medium has to eat, drink, and be clad, like other people. Those who seek tests will get them, if they are needed to convince or satisfy. All will get good advice, and possibly messages of love—sufficiently real to prove the truth of immortality and the power of the living to communicate with the dead or disembodied.

Humanity must rise superior to little petty doubts and fears, ere they can understand that when a body dies on earth a soul is born in heaven. Rejoice, those of you who mourn! Sing and be exceedingly glad! For you may rest upon the strong foundation of Truth. Learn to love more and to doubt less. Live peacefully and purely on earth, and you may be sure of angel protection, and God will send you glad tidings from those you love, through all the avenues of spiritual communion.

WEST INGLE.

#### CIVILIZATION:

##### MESSAGE NO. NINE.

SPOKEN THROUGH J. M. A., AT PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 2, 1877.

GOOD MORNING!—It is somewhat difficult to control conditions up to the requisite degree of passivity, this morning, especially inasmuch as time presses. It is very desirable, however, that we should stem the tide of materialism which is threatening to engulf our noble barque, Spiritualism. To do this, we must have conditions now and then, so calm, passive, quiet and receptive, that we, who dwell in the atmosphere of peace, love and harmony, may interject our conditions, our thoughts and desires into the midst of the seething caldron of bigotry, intolerance and persecution, which is now boiling so spiritedly, if not spiritually. We want to hold fast to the ground we have gained,—to the points we have made, in the work of developing a new order and system of things.

We who were largely, or almost wholly instrumental, so far as the mortal side is concerned, in weaving the original fabric of the so-called "American Government," and who have tenderly, carefully guarded it, from that time to this, in the midst of every storm which has assailed it, and through the sunshine that has blessed it—we are now determined that it shall prove to be henceforth as in the past, until its mission shall be ended finally, a bulwark of defence and protection to American liberty, to freedom of conscience, and to all those inalienable rights which inhere in

the constitution of man and the fitness of things.

That is to say, viewed as a political fabric, simply, its mission has been and must be, to furnish certain conditions indispensable to furtherance of the objects had in view, by the immortal world, long years, yea, centuries ago—when a Christopher Columbus, inspired from on high, wended his devious way o'er the trackless waves, in search, as he thought, of a passage to the *Old*, but as it shall yet prove in reality to the home of a "New World," a new system of government, and ultimately to a new—shall I say, *the* new system of civilization, which the world has waited for so long, through the dim and dismal ages of the past;—which prophets have foretold, which seers and sages have caught glimpses of, and which now we have the promise of, in the immediate signs of the times, through the development of Modern Spiritualism, so termed, here and now, on this continent, in this century: and which we believe and know is being born today, through the struggles and trials, the travail pains, which are shaking society to its very foundations.

I conjure you then, brother, as you love human liberty, human rights, freedom of conscience,—as you love mankind,—as you love this glorious, this auspicious movement, Modern Spiritualism;—I conjure you, in the name of that enfranchised host, made happy by the contemplation of the progress already made,—of that host whose representatives are in your midst today, and of which the irresistible power shall yet be felt, realized and acknowledged, by even the *Courts* of the land;—*we* conjure you not only to be true and faithful to the work and the cause you have espoused, which perhaps is an unnecessary request, but also that you will extend to those workers whose lives have been consecrated to humanitarian work your appreciative sympathy, (which is the helping hand,) and that you will meet with us at the earliest opportunity, at the point designated yesterday, for the purpose, first, of making connection with certain forces, which will be brought to bear upon you all, for the carrying out of our ulterior plans, in the development and building up of this new civilization of the future; and in the next place, of attaining certain immediate results, to meet and bridge over the crisis now upon you all, and which would destroy you all if it could, but which we have pledged ourselves to overrule, for the triumph of the right and the progress of the race. Meet with us, if you please and can do so, this evening.

#### PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

THROUGH C. E. WINANS.

EDWARD M. RUSH.

I DIED of bilious fever. I am from Denver, Richland Co., Illinois. I passed away when forty-one years old. Some of my friends will hold up their hands in holy horror at receiving a message from me in this way; but I am here, nevertheless. And as regards going out, I couldn't have gone out in any better way. I have met three of my little ones in the bright Summer-Land; I don't see how we can squeeze in here any tighter than we do now—it's hard work, sir. I am very glad of this opportunity; I have grown twenty years younger than I was when I came here, sir; I can only say, "God bless everybody that helps us to come!" Why, I'd like to talk every hour in the day, yet I find but little chance to do so. I wish the world could be so developed that everybody could come, and understand that there is no death. My presence here, proves the immortality of the soul. I am ashamed to say it, but I must confess it, that is, I belonged to the Methodist Church, believing in hell fire, as I was taught by the preachers. I tell you there is no hell, only the hell you make yourselves. The preachers don't know everything, by a long shot. I tell you I think quite different now; I don't believe as I once did. I am converted to the beautiful truths of Spiritualism. This here thing, Spiritualism, is gaining mighty fast, and, I tell you, that all honest people are beginning to investigate for themselves, to see if what the spirit teaches is true.

I don't know whether any of my friends will see this or not; if they do, remember these words, viz.: that I am at home; reached it and found my darlings—my little ones that I gave up as lost. We shall meet again in a world more real and substantial than the one you live in. May God bless everybody that is trying to do right!

D. P. LANE.

I LIVED here in the earth-form seventy-one years and a little over; I was a believer in the gospel of Christ for many years; I believed I was right, but I have found that I was wrong; I have been dead five years; I have heard my friends say, "If Spiritualism be a truth, why don't some one of our friends come?" And so I have come. The vast importance of knowledge like this should be taught everyone. Life is life, with all its ponderabilities; spirit is spirit, with all its finer attributes. Perfect rest is confidence in our own powers to dive into the ocean of thought and gather up the treasures that



lie hidden there, through ages gone by. When the summons come, to lay down mortality and take on immortality, which I did without fear or trembling, for I passed through the valley, and found no shadow, nor have I found death. The preachers of today teach of the letter, and not of the spirit; they cannot find peace when they enter this land, without returning to say that they were wrong, wrong, wrong, in many things. And it would be well for those who are to come over here, to consider for themselves, ere they make up their minds concerning the kingdom of heaven or the life to come. I am anxious and ready to go when my time comes, and I would have my friends to know that all is well with me. My name is D. P. Lane, from Davis County, Iowa.

THROUGH PLIMINGTON DAGGETT.

Given at Jewett's Free Hall, 19th September, 1877.

THEODORE PARKER.

WISDOM is what we all need, more than all else to be prized or sought after. Each and all should be governed by that one word. Wisdom will carry you through every trial, and all your troubles. What is man without wisdom? He is like unto a ship without a rudder, liable to go astray at all times.

Call for the spirit of wisdom, that she may be round about to guide and direct the children of men in the way they should walk. With wisdom for your guide, you can never fail in carrying forward whatsoever you shall undertake. And without it, you will surely fail in whatever you set out to accomplish. And whenever it is necessary to call wisdom to your aid, give yourself all the time that is necessary for each subject to use reason upon, that you may be directed aright.

One great cause of so many failures among the human race, at the present time, is because they take hold and move forward, putting things into force, without acting on the power of reason, wherein they might be governed by wisdom.

It does seem that the people of earth are using very little wisdom in these days. Selfishness is leading the world. Selfishness leaves out wisdom. She does not consult with her. And that is what causes strife and contentions among the people. There seems to be, and there is a great wrong existing at this time between certain communities—one class working right against the other. Why is it? Because they use not wisdom. Selfishness predominates. One class strives to get all of another's labor for the smallest amount of capital; while the opposite class is striv-

ing to gain the largest amount of capital for the smallest amount of labor. And here the two stand; neither is right, and now for the remedy. On the one hand, let them pay the laborer in proportion to his earnings for his employer. Let not one man's contract and pay be a guide and standard for the other; but pay to each according to the service rendered. Let each laborer's services be so applied that his employer will appreciate it. Those persons are the kind which are always wanted and in good demand.

SOLOMON W. JEWETT, Scribe.

SHEPHERD HOME, Vt., Sept. 19, 1877.

#### MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

#### A MESSAGE ON HEALTH.

THROUGH THE HAND OF J. M. A.

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

THERE is in the history of man but little to recommend him to our respect as a reasonable being in all that pertains to true happiness. He has, in a great measure, failed to comprehend the grand principles underlying life. He has failed to perceive the difference between virtue and vice, foolishness and wisdom, health and sickness. He has lost sight, to a great degree, of the basic elements of human progression, and has failed to perceive that there is a virtue of body as well as a virtue of soul. He has failed to reach out into the life of nature, and to perceive there the out-workings and the in-workings of a deific principle. He has failed to realize that there is a divinity in physical law. He has not comprehended the beauty and sublimity of the gospel of health. He has not realized that there is a sin of *appetite*, as well as a sin of *passion*; and failing to comprehend this fact, he has bent his energies to the accomplishment of moral reformation, oftentimes forgetting the fact that there is equal cause for action in the field of physiology.

Enough has been done in the realm of physic, it is true, to overflow the world with "light," concerning the beauties and duties of the medical fraternity and medical science. Enough has been done with poor humanity to cripple it with drugs and stupefy the physical perceptions. The so-called "doctors" have been ready to physic and vomit, blister and scarify, salivate and mutilate the poor victims of their "skill," until the world is cursed with wretchedness of body and feebleness of mind, growing largely out of their ministrations.

The world is blind and deaf to the interests of the body—forgetting that Nature

has established laws for the governance of the physical, as well as of the mental, and that these laws cannot be violated with impunity.

The world is swallowed up in grossness and impurity. The bodies of humanity are but so many living sepulchres—walking mummy-forms—foul sewers, in which the filth of the universe runs in concentrated putridity, damming up the avenues of health, and rendering the life-essences but muddy waters of contagion and death.

Health, free and bounding, sparkling and joyous, is not the portion of humanity in any of the fair lands of earth. Degradation marks man even more, to the clairvoyant perception, in the department of the physical than in that of the mental. There is more suffering growing out of the ignorance and misapprehension of Nature's laws, which is everywhere prevalent, than from any other cause. There is more weakness of character and physical imbecility, on account of the belief in and general use of medicine, than from almost any other cause. There is more crime, we had almost said, growing out of the dispensary, than from any other cause.

How can this strong language be substantiated? Shall we attempt to prove that there should be no profession of medicine? Shall we attempt to show the utter folly of dependence upon drug medication in all cases of derangement of physical function? The latter might be easily done. It is indeed folly—stupendous folly—to pervert the instincts of the human soul by a custom of blind adherence to outside authority, rather than self-dependence. It is indeed folly to trust implicitly to the wisdom of "doctors" for recovery, rather than to rely upon self-investigation into the laws of Nature and health, while yet in the enjoyment of the latter. What the world needs is not practitioners of medicine, so much as teachers of the laws of life.

The good of humanity requires that medical men and women should seek to indoctrinate the world with true ideas of life and its laws, rather than to build themselves up upon the ruins of decayed health, and minister to the false conceptions of unthinking custom, which rushes blindly into the jaws of disease, misery, and corruption—trusting fallaciously to the mysteries of medical "science" for extrication. Ah! the world needs, truly, to be enlightened concerning the laws which govern them in the realm of their physical, rather than to be permitted to grope blindly on, as they have always done, trusting to an Esculapian "atone-



ment" for their physical sins. The world needs to cast away the soul-stultifying dogma of the remission of physical sin through resort to medical mediation. Casting off of responsibility from self to an "atoning saviour," in the form of medicine or medical practitioners, is at best but a sin-evoking habit. It leads to violation of law physical, in the vain hope of salvation from its consequences through the merits of a fancied "Redeemer," (doctor or drugs). It leads to disregard of harmony between soul and body. It leads to neglect of scientific investigation in the direction of hygiene. It leads to many things from which a natural and philosophical view of individual responsibility in every department of life and organization, would save humanity. It leads directly to disregard of Nature's laws, (through disinclination to investigate them), and indirectly to imposition of vile-hearted, money-clutching quackery. It leads to entire subversion of naturalness (accordance with an intelligent understanding of Nature and Naturic laws), in all physical habits. It leads to false methods of cookery, false habits of dressing, wicked violation of Nature's laws in eating, drinking, sleeping, thinking, working, resting, reproducing—in all the multifarious operations of domestic, social, commercial, mechanical, and agricultural life. It withers up the juices, quenches the fragrance of the flowers of health, and renders the world but a mass of diseased organization—a fungus growth, fit only to be ranked among the lower orders of evolution.

Disease in the human body has so usurped the place of health, that there can scarcely be found a hundred persons of mature age, whose systems are entirely free from the encroachments of disorder. All, we may say, are tinctured. All have some mark of Cain. None are free, none are pure. Foul humors sicken and disgust at every turn. Blotches and excrescences mar and disfigure the fair form of Nature, wherever we turn our gaze. Men and women carry about with them great masses of impurity, imbibed from the grossness of their own physical habits and those of their ancestors. Lust contributes with its ulcerations to swell the mass of abominations locked up within the human frame. Excessive passion withers the life-juices, and renders aged and decrepid the body yet young in years. Tottering imbecility marks many a youth, yet scarcely passed the halcyon days of bounding childhood. Dissipation seizes the very flower of humanity, and drags down the divinity that is in them into the

dregs of bestiality—tarnishing the brightness of the God-hood that is in every soul by the worse than devilish blackness of sensuality. Oh! humanity, thou art indeed pure and God-like; but the fires of passion and lust have burned so deeply into thine inmost life, that we can scarcely recognize the divinity so deeply scarred! When will man learn that he is a creature of laws; that he is governed by deific principles as stern and unyielding in their demands as eternal power and infinite necessity can make them? When will men realize that they cannot squander the life-forces in any way, without losing so much of the possibilities of useful accomplishment on the earth-plane as will exactly balance the account? Retribution follows, and must follow violation. Consequence succeeds cause. Health attends obedience to natural laws, disease, disobedience of them.

Life is sweet to him who obeys, in all its phases, the mandates of virtue. We who have passed on into the realm of spirit, looking back into and through human life as it now is in the flesh, behold much which we had scarcely expected to find. The life of fleshliness presents other than beautiful conditions to us as we look with the eye of the spirit through the externalities of embodiment. Much—oh how much!—is calculated to give anything but pleasure to the humanitarian—much we would fain have otherwise than it is. And yet we see in all the misery and degradation of physical conditions but the natural outworkings of inexorable law; and we bow in humble adoration of the sublimity of cause and effect—the magnificence of the law of consequence. We would not remove one jot or tittle from the serenity of suffering. We would not palliate the distress attendant upon violation. We would not have the world free from the possibility of suffering. For we recognize in sickness and pain but the necessary sentinel and messenger of the soul, giving notice of the approach and attack of hostile forces. So long as false elements (or elements false to the basic principles of body-life) are permitted to come into close relations with the life-essences, it were indeed base to desire that all warning be prohibited. Suffering in such cases is but a blessing in disguise. It is an educating influence. The soul so weak as to receive the positive encroachments of error and vice, must needs be educated, through the miseries resulting from them, into strength and positive powers of resistance. Were it not for pain, who would survive the perils of helpless childhood? Forewarned, we are

forearmed. Stumbling, we learn to walk firmly. The stinging pain of the burnt finger teaches the child that there is a law which forbids him from too close nearness with the blaze.

The attributes of the human soul are many-sided. They reach out into the avenues of life and take in all the conditions anywhere to be found. Normal, excessive, deficient, or perverted action of the various faculties, leads to all the conditions anywhere existing; and the strength or weakness of the organs, in their various combinations of action, gives tone to all the manifestations of individuality. Each individual is but an agglomeration of conditions, and the identity, personality, self-hood, is only recognizable through peculiarities of agglomeration. That is, each soul manifests peculiar tendencies, which grow out of the special and particular arrangement, proportion, commingling of elements always the same in kind. We are thus epitomes, each of some peculiar universe; and each soul gravitates inherently towards certain ultimations. Types we are of other life than our own finiteness. How sublime the reflection that each individual soul is a thought of God! Breathed forth from the very bosom of Infinity, we are truly divine! God has been at work these billions of ages preparing matter for the reception of soul! Worlds have been created and peopled with various forms, antetypes all of the great Ultimorph—the final form—the God-like residence of immortal soul-germ! Grand is it to contemplate man as an ultimatum, a climax of creative force. Stupendous the thought that we have all been breathed out from the great Soul of God, identities, individualities, indestructible, eternal. Infinite wisdom alone can measure the depth of meaning wrapped up in the soul-life of man! It alone can pierce the intricacies of human unfoldment, and photograph the illimitable windings of human selfhood. It is vast! It is grand! It is inspiring to thus link together the finite and the Infinite and make them one! Creatures and yet creative God-parts!

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,  
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

[To be concluded in next]

**THE BEST GARGLE KNOWN.**—Very strong sage-tea half a pint; strained honey, common salt and strong vinegar, each two table-spoons full; pulverized cayenne one rounding tea-spoon full; steep the cayenne with the sage, strain, mix, and bottle for use. Gargle from once to a dozen times daily.



## WONDERS OF MAN.

Wonders at home by familiarity cease to excite astonishment; and thence it happens that many know but little about the "house we live in,"—the human body. We look upon a man as we look upon a house, from the outside, just as a whole or unit, never thinking of the many rooms, the curious passages, and the internal arrangements, of the house, or of the wonderful structure of the man,—the harmony and adaptation of all parts.

In the human skeleton, about the time of maturity, are 165 bones. The muscles are about 500 in number. The length of alimentary canal is about 32 feet. The amount of blood in an adult is near 30 pounds, or full one-fifth of the entire weight.

The heart is six inches in length and four inches in diameter, and beats seventy times per minute, 4,200 times per hour, 100,800 times per day, 36,772,000 times per year, 2,565,440,000 in threescore and ten: at each beat two and a half ounces of blood are thrown out of it, 176 ounces per minute, 656 pounds per hour, seven and three-fourth tons per day. All the blood in the body passes through the heart every three minutes. The little organ by its ceaseless industry,—

In the allotted span  
The Psalmist gave to man,

lifts the enormous weight of 300,700,200 tons.

The lungs will contain one gallon of air, at about their usual inflation. We breathe on an average 1,200 times per hour, inhale 600 gallons of air, or 14,400 gallons per day. The aggregate surface of the air-cells of the lungs exceeds 20,000 square inches, an area very near equal to the floor of a room 12 feet square.

The average weight of the brain of the adult male is three pounds and eight ounces. The nerves are all connected with it, directly, or through the spinal marrow. These nerves, together with their branches and minute ramifications, probably exceed 10,000,000 in number, forming a "body-guard" outnumbering by far the mightiest army ever marshalled.

The skin is composed of three layers, and varies from one-fourth to one-eighth of an inch in thickness. Its average area in an adult is estimated to be 2,000 square inches. The atmospheric pressure being about 14 pounds to the square inch, a person of medium size is subjected to a pressure of 40,000 pounds.

Each square inch of skin contains 3,300 sweating tubes, or perspiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a little drain-

tile one-fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length over the entire surface of the body of 201,156 feet, or tile ditch for draining the body almost forty miles long.

## THE MOTHERLESS BOY.

Out murmur, where has mamma gone?  
I want her so to-night;  
I have not seen her loving face  
Since yester-morning light:  
Then papa took me in his arms,  
And told me not to cry;  
And carrying me to mamma's bed,  
Said, "Kiss her a good bye."

Hullo, her face was white as snow,  
Her lips like wintry frost;  
They said that she must go away,  
To see the loved and lost.  
I know they meant sweet baby Ned,  
With blue and laughing eyes,  
Who went, so mamma said, to be  
An angel in the skies.

Now, if mamma has truly gone  
To be free from pain and cares,  
What is that lying cold and still,  
Beneath a sheet, up-stairs?  
I got upon the bed to see,  
And, true as you are there,  
My hand felt something smooth and soft,  
Like mamma's golden hair.

I called her softly by her name,  
To see if she would hear;  
I thought she'd answer, if she knew  
Her little Will was near.  
I seemed to hear her tender voice,  
Just as she used to sing,  
And something brushed against my cheek,  
Soft as your yellow wing.

I felt so cold,—I trembled, too;  
Oh! birdie, 'twas n't fear;—  
I felt as if the angels bright  
Were coming very near.  
And something rested on my head,  
Like mamma's gentle hand;—  
I know she has not gone to stay,  
To the far Summer Land.

Papa was standing in the hall,  
Talking with Parson Sales;  
Just then, they brought a long, dark box,  
Covered with shining nails.  
Then papa looked, and cried aloud,  
And fell against a chair;  
The parson said, "Have pity, Lord!"  
And knelt right down in prayer.

He asked the Lord to comfort us,  
In this, our heavy loss;  
And show papa the shining crown,  
Beneath his blood-stained cross.  
But, birdie, when he said mamma  
Was free from grief and pain,  
I cried,—for who'll take care of us,  
Till she comes back again?

Then papa took me in his arms,  
And tried to calm my fears;  
I felt so grieved, yet, for his sake,  
I wiped away my tears.  
He said I was his "comforter,"  
The flowers about his cross;  
His little gem of purest gold,  
Unmixed with earthly dross.

And papa wept such great, hot tears,—  
Oh! birdie, if you knew,—  
I felt him there, with Parson Sales,  
And came to talk with you.  
Your wings are drooping low, to-night,—  
What does poor birdie need?—  
I guess you miss the loving hand,  
That always gave you feed.

Birdie, we'll wipe our tears away,—  
You sing your sweetest strain,  
While I kneel down, and ask the Lord  
To send her back again.—[Selected.]

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