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LITERARY.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

GOD WITH US.

THROUGH TRYPHENA C. PARDEE.

WHAT marvellous words the angel spake—
 "His name shall be Immanuel!"—
 The Prince of Peace for earth's dear sake—
 The Life, the Truth, the Way, the All!

What throbbing thoughts from the heart of God
 Found utterance on a seraph's tongue!
 The music fills all space abroad,
 Whose echoes thrill all time with song.

The lessening cords from ages gone,
 That held a God of mystery—
 A God who ruled by threat and frown—
 Love-break for poor humanity.

The sky bears on its breast a gem
 That no astronomer had spied—
 The brilliant Star of Bethlehem,
 Whose deathless light melts mortal pride.

Wise men were guided here tonight,
 From Eastern realms, far, far away,
 Whose graves had been forgotten quite,
 Long, long before this gladsome day.

In Spirit-life long cycles sped,
 While their true hearts worked God's high will;
 Oft thrumming Life's prophetic thread,
 That vibrates through Creation still.

How knew the shepherds that the lauds,
 Their earthly homes, were in the East?
 Their frankincense and myrrh-spiced hands
 Bespoke old worship of the past!

Soul spoke to soul through medium minds,
 As peal chimed peal from bell to bell;
 Immortal Love imparts earth's shames
 With Life-worth more than tongue can tell.

Oh, listen to the joyful strain
 That quavers through the gates ajar!
 Sweet "pence on earth, good will to man!"
 Ring forth the anthem near and far.

Those wise men spoke not of the scorn
 The babe must bear to cruel death;
 But oh, "Today a child is born!
 A Saviour!—Praise the God with us!"

Not only look through deeps of space,
 Beyond the starry crown of even,
 To pray for gifts of wondrous grace,
 For lo! to man's frail form 'tis given.

The Jewish God of wealth and gold,
 Of sacrifice, and strife and war,
 Is changed for human Love untold—
 Undying Love!—'Tis ours to share.

Love to the weary, way-worn one—
 Forgiving Love from man to man—
 The healing Love for pain and moan—
 The heart that lends the helping hand—

The God within each living soul—
 The goodness leading always right—
 Our brother, dear Immanuel,
 Has left us for our guide and light.

Star in the East, how short thy stay!
 The wise men vanished ere the morn
 In splendor shone—a New-God day—
 Rejoice! Love Good to us is born!

He demonstrates immortal Life!
 In parallel with him we'll live
 Beyond the pale of death's dark night;
 His God is ours, and ours is His.

He teaches us angelic Love,
 That ministers 'twixt earth and heaven;
 All locks to mansions bright above
 Life's Jewelled key hath subtly given.

For God is Love! Oh, shout again!
 Within our humble selves this trust:—
 Love one another!—Love!—Amen!
 Our God, the Lover, lives with us.

Ye wise men of the present hour,
 Come with your gold, and ritual forms—
 High-sounding names—profession's power—
 Give a / for Truth and Love that warms.

Bend to the Saviour extant now—
 The liberty of simple thought,
 The principles of Nature's law,
 Man's just equality outwrought.

The spices of your ancient creeds
 Lay at calm Reason's sacred feet;
 Let incense burning o'er man's needs
 Be honest sympathy so sweet.

Fill Charity's fond beaker full
 Of tender kindness' unfoamed wine;
 The human souls, all, great and small,
 Shall know God's saving Love divine.

ELLINGTON, N. Y. July 7 1879.

THE difference between pride and vanity consists in this: That the former is an extravagant opinion of our own worthiness; the latter an inordinate desire that others should share that opinion.—*Rev. Dr. Cummings.*

[For the Voice of Angels.]

MESSAGE FROM ROBERT HARE TO DR FAHNESTOCK.

[THROUGH DR O. CONTINUED]

WILL.

DEAR DOCTOR,—From every portion of organism of the human brain there is constantly being eliminated an aura of refined electrical particles, more or less etherialized or sublimated, according to the vital quality of the organ from whence it proceeds. These auras combining around the individual constitute his sphere, and is an exact microcosm of himself

All impressions proceeding from sources outside of the individual, before reaching his consciousness, receive the impress of this aura in a greater or less degree, in proportion to its own selfish or generous character—which terms may be better expressed by the phrase positive or negative qualities; by positive being understood self alone, by negative, the love of others. Now, the character of this aura constitutes what has been received as the human will.

Where the aura was positive the individual had a positive will—a conclusion formed could not be altered, notwithstanding argument after argument may have been presented. These arguments had to pass through this aura, and of course received its coloring before reaching the man—just as a pair of green spectacles unconsciously give a tint of green to all objects seen through them.

The aura being negative, or less positive, arguments passing through it are seen in their proper light, and have their proper weight in influencing the action or course of the individual, whose will is in mediocrity.

While a strictly negative will is the sport of every contending sentiment.

A perfectly positive will is very rarely met with on the earth-plane. Andrew Jackson is an example. **ROB'T HARE.**

INTERESTING TO FARMERS.—Common cooking soda well moistened and sprinkled on potato-plants is just as effectual in destroying potato-bugs as Paris green.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

A MAN may eat and drink heartily all day, and sit and lounge about doing nothing, in one sense of the word, but his body must keep hard at work all the time or it will die. Suppose the stomach refuses to work within ten minutes after a hearty dinner, the man would die in convulsions in a few hours, or cholera or cramp colic would rack and wreck him. Suppose the pores of the skin—meaning thereby the grandula apparatus with which they are connected—should go on a strike, we would in an hour be burning up with a fever, or oppression would weigh down the system and soon become insupportable. Suppose the liver becomes mulish; appetite would become annihilated, food would be loathed, torturing pains would invade the small of the back, and the head would ache to bursting. Suppose the kidneys shut up shop, and dangers imminent, suffering more unbearable, and death more certain would be the speedy and inevitable results. If the little workshops of the eye should close, in an hour we could not shut or open them without physical force, and in another we would be blind; or of the tongue, and it would become as dry as a bone and as stiff as steel. To keep such a complication of machineries in working order for a lifetime, is a miracle of wisdom; but to work them by the pleasures of eating and drinking, is a miracle of beneficence.—*Milford Journal*.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

1. Child two years old has an attack of croup at night. Doctor at a distance. What is to be done?

The child should be immediately undressed and put in a warm bath. Then give an emetic of one part of antimony wine to two of ipecac. The dose is a teaspoonful. If the antimony is not handy, give warm water, mustard and water, or any other simple emetic; dry the child and wrap it carefully in a warm blanket.

2. Some one's nose bleeds and cannot be stopped.

Take a plug of lint, moisten, dip in equal parts of powdered alum and gum arabic and insert in the nose. Bathe the forehead in cold water.

3. Child eats a piece of bread on which arsenic has been spread for killing rats.

Give plenty of warm water, new milk in large quantities, gruel and linseed tea; foment the bowels. Scrape iron rust off anything, mix with warm water and give in large draughts frequently. Never give large draughts of fluids until those given before have been vomited, because the stomach will not contract properly if filled, and the object is to get rid of the poison as quickly as possible.

4. A young lady sits in a draught and comes home with a bad sore throat.

Wrap flannel around the throat, keeping out of draughts and sudden changes of atmosphere, and every half hour take a pinch of chloride of potash, place it on the tongue and allow it to dissolve in the mouth.

5. Child falls backward into a tub of hot water and is much scalded.

Carefully undress the child, lay it on a bed, on its breast, if the back is scalded; be sure all draughts are excluded; then dust over the part scalded with bi-carbonate of soda; lay muslin over it; then make a tent by placing two boxes with a board over them in the bed, to prevent the covering from pressing on the scald; cover up warmly.

6. Mower cuts driver's legs as he is thrown from his seat.

Put a tight bandage around the limb above the cut, slip a cork under it in the direction of a line drawn from the inner part of the knee, to a little outside of the groin. Draw the edges of the cut together with sticking-plaster.

7. Child has a bad ear-ache.

Dip a plug of cotton wool in olive oil, warm it and place it in the ear. Wrap up the head and keep it out of draughts.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

PROFESSOR Wilder gives these short rules for action in case of accident:

For dust in the eyes, avoid rubbing, dash water into them; remove cinders, etc., with the round point of a lead pencil.

Remove insects from the ear by tepid water; never put a hard instrument into the ear.

If an artery is cut, compress above the wound; if a vein is cut, compress below.

If choked, get upon all fours and cough.

For light burns, dip the part in cold water; if the skin is destroyed, cover with varnish.

Smother a fire with carpets, etc.; water will often spread burning oil and increase the danger.

Before passing through smoke, take a full breath, and then stoop low; but if carbon is suspected, walk erect.

Suck poison wounds, unless your mouth is sore. Enlarge the wound, or, better, cut out the part without delay. Hold the wounded part as long as can be borne to a hot coal or end of a cigar. In case of poisoning, excite vomiting by tickling the throat, or by water or mustard. For acid poisons, give acids; in case of opium poison, give strong coffee and keep moving.

If in water, float on the back, with nose and mouth projecting.

For apoplexy, raise the head and body; for fainting, lay the person flat.

The *Scientific American* contains a note from an eminent physician, giving the following as a certain and instantaneous cure for the tooth-ache: "We recommended a druggist to sell it for tooth-ache drops, which he did, and he says it is marvellous in its success. Such things are worth knowing. It is, compound tincture of Benzoin. Moisten cotton with it, and apply to the tooth.

AN IMMEDIATE CURE FOR A STY ON THE EYE.—Take a fig, cut it once or twice in two, put it in a cup, pour boiling water on it, and let it stand until cool, not cold, then bathe the eye with the water quite frequently. It is sure.

CURE FOR BUNIONS.—I have suffered severely for eight years, until some three months ago, when I commenced applying iodine, freely, twice a day, with a feather, and am entirely cured. To all who are suffering with bunions, I would advise to try the iodine, and I am sure a permanent cure will be effected in two to three months, or sooner, without pain. For the cure of corns or chilblains I also recommend the same.

[Selected by M. T. S.]

A POEM.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Do we indeed desire the dead
Should still be near us at our side?
Is there no baseness we would hide,
No inner villainess that we dread?

Shall he for whose applause I strove,
I had such reverence for his blame,
See with clear eye some hidden shame,
And I be lessened in his love?

I wrong the grave with fears untrue;
Shall love be blamed for want of faith?
There must be wisdom with great Death;
The dead shall look me thro' and thro'.

Be near us when we climb or fall;
Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours
With larger, other eyes than ours,
To make allowance for us all.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

FROM OUR REGULAR PACIFIC COAST CONTRIBUTOR.

PACIFIC COAST MEDIUMS.

BY R. T. LOCKWOOD, M. D.

WE shall designate only a few of the most prominent and popular, beginning with some of the Oregon ones.

MRS. (DOCTOR) LOU. PATTERSON,

More or less distinguished in the Atlantic States, during the last few years, resides in Oregon; mostly in Portland; is a medical and business trance Medium, generally successful in both departments, proud of her Indian maiden control, "Starlight," whose gorgeous and beautiful (Spirit-executed) picture adorns her room-office. She implicitly relies upon her control, and for good reasons, she claims. While there are other, many other, as good, there are but few better ones in the State. She (like others) sometimes fails in furnishing a good test; and though she serves for pay, I think the representation of her as too fond of the "Almighty dollar," unjust, since all such laborers, Mediums, are worthy of their hire, and must live. I am not sure that her clairvoyant diagnosis is quite equal to some of her Eastern rivals, yet it generally proves satisfactory.

The humid atmosphere of our winters is unfavorable to successful tests, and, likely, is mainly the cause of her not always giving satisfaction; and what Medium does always succeed? She is a large, kind, portly, pleasant, intelligent lady, about forty years of age.

MRS. ROBERT LADD, (WIDOW,)

Resides in Portland, (Oregon,) is a trance-clairvoyant, business-test Medium, of large, varied experience, and, when conditions are favorable, very successful. Requires silence as an essential condition to success. She is one of

the complement of famous, long-serving, reliable Mediums. At times, in my presence, she has given remarkable tests, convincing skeptics, confirming believers, etc. Yet, like all, or most all others, she sometimes fails. Her effort for myself was not a success. I could not identify the Spirit described. (The same failure attended Mrs Patterson, in my case.) Mrs Ladd, (in the past, when Spiritualism wore a public aspect,) heretofore attended public meetings, in response to urgent solicitations from friends. And by-the-hye, for what hidden purpose are we incompetent to maintain now, as formerly, public meetings? Why the inharmony, the selfishness, the self-righteousness extant among us? Truly is Spiritualism now napping with us.

Mrs. Ladd is of average physical stature, good constitution, handsome, (once,) benevolent, sympathetic, sensitive—about forty years of age, and the daughter of Mr L. Nott.

DR. CLEVELAND,

Now of Astoria, (Oregon,) is a good trance-speaker, lecturer and trance-medical adviser; has sometimes, (within the last eight years,) lectured at public meetings. Was then a fisherman of men; but is now a fisherman of salmon; having engaged in the more lucrative business of salmon catching. He was a well-developed trance-lecturer, and through his organism came rational expositions of life's philosophy. But he must now be rusty from disuse. And oh, why, this lull, this retiring of our Angel-friends? Has our want of due appreciation and our inharmony driven them from us? Or have they occasioned this suspension for the purpose of preparing for greater work? Dr C. is of sound constitution, of good phrenological development, intelligent, generous, consistent, of urbane manners, and about thirty-four years of age.

MR. — NORTHUTT,

Near Salem, (Oregon,) sees and describes in his normal state; is both clairvoyant and clair-audient, and is pre-eminently the best of this class. His first public effort was made six or seven years ago, at the State Association Grove Meeting, held at Woodburn, Oregon. I was present, and witnessed his matchless accuracy in describing the Spirit-friends of some present. Ten accurate, reliable, recognized tests were given in his allotted hour. (The first test was not, at the time, recognized, but proved to be true afterwards.) With sun shining full in his face, he stood before the large audience, as the doorway between the two worlds, unfolding some of the realities that pertain to the beyond, with all apparent ease describing the forms of departed friends, and re-stating what they gave of themselves; all being the truth, as known to friends. In private, he is quite as successful. Without disparaging others, he is the best, most thoroughly developed Medium of his class. He says he sees the bodies of Spirits around him, at times, with the same ease and distinctness that he does those of mortals, and can converse with some of his supernal visitors with perfect ease.

Mr Northcutt by occupation is a carpenter, and declines all invitations to enter upon a public-career, as a Medium. He is more than un-

assuming; is a sensible, industrious, honest man; wants no money-pay for Medium service, which fact may conduce no little to his unequalled success. He is about thirty-six years of age, and married.

MR. ANDREWS

Resides near Woodburn, (Oregon,) is a trance-clairvoyant, of limited experience, at times successful, not yet fully developed; too often controlled by Spirits once interested in mines; hence, fails in good tests. Is a good, intelligent gentleman, about thirty-four, and married.

MRS. PETERS

Resides in Portland, (Oregon,) is (or was) a good Writing Medium, impressible, and trance. Sometimes fails, is getting old—about sixty; sits seldom, but is hopeful of the realities of the Better Life. She is a good, sensible, kind lady, though like all other mortals, imperfect.

OTHER MEDIUMS.

Of lesser note, here and there, scattered over the State, are other Mediums, of different phases of development, some more and some less developed; some of whom promise much, while others will tarry by the way.

(From the Olive Branch.)

CONVICTIONS CONCERNING THE COMING TIME.

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE CONVENTION OF SPIRITUALISTS AND FREE THINKERS, AT WEST WINFIELD, N. Y., MAY 24, 1879, BY MRS. M. W. MOORE, M. D., NEW BERLIN, N. Y.

If I advance strange doctrines, they are simply my convictions, and I offer them in no spirit of dictation or aggression, nor yet with the claim of originality or infallibility. They were developed in my consciousness by the experiences and inspirations of others, as well as by my own—grew as a tree grows—twig, and bough and branch—thought, opinion, conviction. They are mine in the sense of responsibility for their utterance and in the sense of their earnest and practical acceptance.

We learn from the history of the past, written upon the rocks, that there was a time, a long time, when there were no humans upon the earth. The atoms of matter were too crude for the existence of even the lowest forms of life. The elements must clash and crash and weld and refine in the convulsions and fervent heat which prepared the mineral kingdom for the inception of the great organic.

What a work was there for the intelligences that could witness it! A new era! The vegetable kingdom! which could grow—transform, materialize—not by chemical affinity, but by vital force, into material forms eliminated from the coarser elements of the mineral kingdom! Simply at first, then more perfectly—with no scoffer to scoff, no cheater to cheat. It was a wonder, a miracle! How could these things be? Out of the dull, dark earth came these visions of beauty, at the call of the vital power—the god of organic life. No other force can fashion the least identity of vegetation, or any living thing! We cannot tell how even a blade of grass grows, only that it grows. We may

call it God, or call it law! It is a practical fact. The wonder is wrought! We may see it all about us in this glorious spring-time; every swelling bud and bursting leaf is a symbol of prophecy of the coming time, and of the potency of the vital force.

Let us remember that "things have not always stood as they stand today," and catch the inspiration of the thought. In this new era (the vegetable) the turning and overturning must still go on. No animal life could as yet exist. The noxious gases and poisonous fumes of the great organic war with the elements, would stifle any living creature. Rank weeds and plants like trees grew and died and grew again, drawing forth, pulverizing and ever refining the ultimate atoms. It is said that a vegetable product when it is burned or decayed is resolved to its original elements.

True; but "life is ever lord of death;" and these elements, however returned to dust, differ from other atoms which have not subserved the purposes of life, in that they possess an acquired ability to pass again more readily into organic combinations.

And according to A. J. Davis, beside this refining of the particles which remain—an aura, too fine for our present physical perceptions, passes beyond our present physical attractions to build a more sublimated sphere.

"Too fine," I said, "for our present physical perceptions." Already the clairvoyant—clear seer—can examine and describe these emanations. And clairvoyance is an established fact to the candid; and I said "beyond our present physical attractions." Even now the ripening earth is sending forth finer attractions towards the accumulating aura of the spheres, which is substance of its substance, and the era is imminent when there shall be no more space. And time! What shall we say of time? The first geological eras were millions of years in length. They have shortened as the transformations have gone on. Prof. Agassiz writing from South America said that greater transformations were wrought on the rocks in fifty years now than in centuries in the past. And so the time shortens, until with space it shall be no longer.

The vegetable era was shorter than the preceding, and a correspondingly higher advance was reached. When the organic processes had brought the earth to the capacity for higher existence, it came. When animal life could live, it lived. Whence? and how? Nobody can tell. It is the embodiment in materiality of the power of volition, instinct, will, reason, untold possibilities, another era! The inauguration of the animal kingdom! and in this kingdom, in common with our "poor relations," the lower animals, we humans, in our organic life at least, must accept our classification.

Humans are not animals except in this sense, they are the "crown of creation," themselves wearing crowns, even in their low estate. The great conscious faculties, the moral love, occupying the crowning position of the head, teaching selfhood, and on which immortality is written, raises them heaven high above the animal, even as the next step will raise the human out of the animal life. But in the *now* the life of

the body is subject to the laws of the animal kingdom.

This kingdom is founded upon the mineral and vegetable, and draws its support from them. The vegetable kingdom is the great food producer, elaborating it from the mineral kingdom. No food is formed otherwise. When men or animals eat flesh, it is but food second-hand from the vegetable kingdom. And what is food? According to physiology, "It is whatever material is susceptible of being transformed into the substance of living structures." Material transformed into living structure! How is this? Food formed into bone, muscle, nerve and brain. How? We can tell no more than we can tell how the little blade of grass grows. We know the great primal law that spirit acts, and matter is passive. The food does not go to build up the body! it is passive, cannot go. It is put into the system, taken by the vitality, life principle, and appropriated, and this by a most complicated combination of organs, whose fairy-like filaments reach out far beyond our microscopic vision to work their mysterious transformations. And only when the mentality is hushed in unconsciousness, when the eyelids are closed, and the curtains of darkness let down, can the strange change of nutrition from the fluid to the solid be accomplished—only in sleep can this transformation take place. By day the materials are prepared; by night the temple is built. It is a materializing enterprise. It is the spirit working with matter! Why this long process of organic life—growth? Why not work direct, as in the Mosaic account of creation, where the great epochs of millions of years are shown at a glance? God's spirit moved upon the face of the waters—true, and our spirits, which are of God, move upon materiality now and build these bodies we wear—these earthly tabernacles—these temples of the soul, which St. Paul said were holy.

Why the process so slow, if the spirit be potent? We may answer, it is the law of development. As matter becomes more ductile, time is shortened and developed, hastened. Development is the growth of the soul—the stalk, the tree. The accomplishment is the bursting bud, the flower, the fruit. And what is the new dispensation? the coming time? It is the perfection of the life principle—the power of mind over matter—of life over death. It is more than we dreamed, and it is becoming a present possibility.

Alongside the vital force in the organic, we have had the chemical force in the mineral. Philosophers have prated of organic chemistry. It was a misnomer; we have had no organic chemistry in that sense. Vital force alone prevailed in living matter, and chemical force in dead matter. Now there is dawning a union—the combining power of the chemical with the vital power of the life principle, producing a living chemistry of vitalized atoms, which will supersede the slow processes of growth and decay in organic life.

This is a work of higher intelligences, of those who have passed on to the higher training of that other life, whilst we have our education here where our work lies. We have each our

work. Theirs in a measure outside our physical laws, ours as still under them to obey and to fulfill. By obedience to law we may rise superior to it, and become even here co-workers in the higher ministrations.

We have noted the refinings of matter through the weary cycles. What shall we say of spirit, in its crude manifestations? What of its coarse hate, and envying and strife? Its fierce appetites and passions? How have these been refined and wrought upon by mental transformations?

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

[For the Voice of Angels.]

"LITTLE HELEN."

PHILADELPHIA, No. 1506 North 7th Street.

BRO. DENSMORE,—Little Helen, as we all know by this time, is a very busy little Spirit "Over There." and yet seems more of an inhabitant of this life than of "the beyond." The following is given by her, and is a salutation to me at Lyric Hall, where for a long time past the "Keystone Association of Spiritualists" have held their Sunday Conferences, and of which society I am presiding officer. The message is through a new Medium.

Yours, &c., J. W.

TO DEAR GRANDPA, AT LYRIC HALL.

LITTLE HELEN comes with outstretched arms and smiling face,

To greet you here today and bring glad tidings to this place,
And fill your soul to overflow with love to one so young, so fair,

So full of love for you, dear one, that brings me to you here.

'Tis heaven to come to you, 'tis joy for us to meet,
To blend our voices here in sweet harmonious love;
Oh, grandpa dear, we soon shall meet above;
I've only gone before to lead you on to God,
And open up the path that I before have trod.

You never would have thought, as years rolled o'er your head,
That little Helen would return—the living from the dead!
Not dead! but only gone before, my Father's will to obey;
I will return for you, dear one; I will meet you on that day,

When you shall be called home from earth,
Your battles fought and victories won,
And the armor been laid down—
The laurels waiting for the crown.

And dear grandma will join the band,
She too will know the bliss
Of coming back to those she loves,
And accept a "good-night kiss."

[From the Angel-World to my dear Grandpa.]

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

MARIETTA, GA., JUNE 12, 1879.

D. C. DENSMORE:—*My Beloved Bro.*—I know of no words to express my heartfelt thanks for the message from my blessed Angel-wife, through M. T. Shelhamer, in the VOICE of June 1st. The message is perfectly characteristic of her, and true in every particular. I see you have got her first name wrong; it should have been *Aley*, instead of *Allie*, as you have got it. May God and Angels protect and bless you, is the prayer of one who loves all of God's children.

Fraternally,
WILLIAM DOSTER.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE MILLENNIUM.

[CONTINUED.]

If the truly righteous all over the world will organize such societies, and as soon as convenient co-operate with other like associations, a great and wonderful good can be accomplished. "But," you ask, "to what shall they devote themselves, in order to accomplish such good?" Education is the first step towards progress; and it is surprising to look over the statistics, and see how many men in these United States are unable to write their own names. From this we can form an approximate idea as to how many are ignorant of all laws, both of Nation and Nature.

Such people should be educated, not only for their own benefit, but for ours; and the truly righteous will find there a vast field of labor for their spare moments.

We will suppose, for a moment, that such an association as the one referred to is formed, and all are willing workers. You might hold regular meetings, monthly or semi-monthly, as required, for the transaction of business—instructive meetings as often as possible. Your meetings are entirely open to all, and your schools likewise. You can elect or appoint a teacher for each evening or week, as preferred, for each branch of study, from the alphabet up as high you want to go—music, both vocal and instrumental, included; which will be the means of bringing joy and harmony into many dreary homes.

You should have readings, orations, essays and debates on the various topics leading towards progress and liberty. Studies of the various sciences should be encouraged, and Nature's laws should be learned, especially the laws of life and regeneration. This is perhaps of more importance to us, and yet more neglected, than any other science. As a man wandering in a dark night, who has his flesh sorely lacerated by the briars in his path, who, when he returns to the light of day, is cheered to find the delightful bloom and fragrance of the sweet-brier, which he plucks without danger of the thorns, that he has now light to avoid, so is the world towards that science which underlies regeneration; which is now only known to us by the sadly deformed human beings, both mentally and physically. But when we have a correct knowledge of that law, we may pluck the fragrant flowers of perfectly born babes, and arrange them in the bouquet of human happiness, there to bloom in intellect for all time to come.

It has been said that the world gives

great men once in a while, to show what she can produce; and it is so. With proper culture, the whole race might be equal to the greatest men the world has ever known.

With culture, we can produce great trees, where without it the meanest shrubs will not grow. By irrigation, we produce the very finest crops on our desert lands, where, without culture and irrigation, it will produce nothing but sage-brush.

It is the duty of every woman living—man, too—to learn all they can of the psycho-physiological science and use it for the benefit of the race; and before we approach perfection, each man and woman—before they can obtain a marriage license—will be required to possess a knowledge of the laws of life and regeneration. Then it will be considered a crime to give birth to idiots and monsters.

The time, we hope, is not far distant when children will be put on a little higher scale than horses and cattle, and when a little higher premium will be awarded at our fairs for fine young babies than for young animals.

One reason for the neglect of Baby Fairs is, perhaps, because there are so few judges of perfect human beings. We have not enough phrenologists in the world; and for this reason we strongly advise the study of *man*, especially physiology and phrenology, (physiognomy included); for with this knowledge we will have more harmonious homes and better public officers. It is a science that is needed every day in life, in all our dealings. For though we cannot blame a man for being born a villain, any more than we can blame a rattlesnake for being what it is, yet we want to avoid being bitten by either.

To return to the work of the righteous, we must say the education of all classes is necessary, not only for their own welfare and the social enjoyment of their associates, but it is *absolutely necessary* in a Republican form of government.

The masses should be able to learn who and what they vote for, and should learn that if dollars are not implicated directly, in elections, hundreds of dollars are implicated indirectly.

Therefore, it becomes all associations for the advancement of civilization to work for compulsory education; and when all are well educated, it will not be a difficult matter to select "honorable" officials.

We must not think it too much trouble to see to the education of all classes. On the contrary, the world is continually at trouble and expense by neglect of education.

A class of ignoramuses is like a rough lock on the wheels of progress, which must be dragged along at much greater loss than would be necessary to bring them to a standard of perfection, that would help to roll the world along.

Instead of being cats-paws for the enemies of all that is good and true, or being duped by villainous sharpers, they may become intelligent, progressive citizens and good social neighbors, with minds of their own, and who can think for themselves.

We have not enough people in the world today who dare to do their own thinking. It is time the masses had ceased to be "like dumb driven cattle."

It will hardly be necessary for us to say that the cause of temperance should be earnestly supported, and a pledge in connection with the association would doubtless be approved by all; but not to make a signature to a temperance pledge compulsory to membership in the association. We sustain a temperance association which allows pledges for any length of time; which is interesting to those who have not the strength to pledge total abstinence for life; and many more sign it than would sign a pledge "forever"; they also live up to it more strictly.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

AFTER THE BATTLE.

BY M. THEHENA SHREHAMER.

AFTER the day's long battle,
'Neath the Sun-god's merciless frown,
The calm of a peaceful stillness
Comes quietly settling down;
And the stars in the smiling heavens
Shine tenderly one by one,
Like trophies of golden splendor,
That tell of victories won.

After the night's long hour,
So gloomy and cold and dark,
Comes the gleam of the golden morning,
Foretold by the soaring lark,
That sings at the gates of heaven,
When the rosy god of day
Pencils the east with glory,
And chases the clouds away.

After the day of sorrow,
After the night of woe,
The stars of a calm submission
Shine with a tender glow;
And the peace of a blissful stillness
Settles on all around,
While we feel that our weary footsteps
Tread upon holy ground.

Through the furnace of sore affliction
Our Spirits are twice refined,
Where we keep the gems of our being,
And leave all the dross behind;
By the wheel and chisel and hammer
Of sorrow and pain and woe,
Our souls are shaped and polished,
And whitened like stainless snow.

Oh, the pain and the woe and the sorrow
Are hard, so hard to bear,
And we writhe when their scorching fingers
Our hearts and our bosoms tear;

But they burn all the shreds and tatters
From our weary souls away,
And leave them all fresh and blooming,
Like the smiling eye of day.

After the day of anguish,
After the night of woe,
The stars of a calm submission
Shine with a tender glow;
And the peace of a peaceful stillness
Settles on all around,
As we know that our feet are treading
God's consecrated ground.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE ANSWERING VOICE.

BY DR. D. AMBROSE DAVIS.

On the summit of a mountain,
Where all seasons held the snow,
I was gazing round about me,
Up above, and down below,

When a rillance came athwart me,
Like a halo round my head,
And I asked if I was mortal,
Or was numbered with the dead?

Then a voice from out the stillness
Answered that there was no death,
That all things had life and action,
And they breathed their native breath.

Even rocks that made the mountains
Had their life, as I had mine,
Filling each their perfect mission,
As would angels, all divine.

So with worlds and so with atoms,
All are perfect in their place;
All have life and all have action,
Throughout time and throughout space.

Nature hath her perfect process—
Action forms her crucial fire;
And the soul in its transition
Is but simply stepping higher.

Therefore, then, that "King of Terrors"
Is our friend, and not our foe,
And we should rejoice to meet him,
If the truth we did but know.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

TO THE "MAID OF THE SIERRAS."

BY CASPO.

THE wind shall wall o'er the mountains,
The sea shall toss 'gainst the shore,
The river shall loosen its fountains,
The eagle to lofty heights soar.

The weird, sublime strains of music—
Soul-thrilling in its melody—
Shall float on the air at twilight,
And bring sweet, sad mem'ries to thee.

Over the wild waste of waters
A Spirit shall float to its home,
And gather with holy earth-brethren,
Ne'er more in sin's pathway to roam.

I shall wander 'mong many nations
Of people that are strange to thee,
And camp by night in the forest,
Or alone on the desolate sea.

Bright glimpses of joy and pleasure
Shall gleam like a star on my way,
Or more like a sudden glory,
Banished by the coming of day.

While I am away on the ocean,
Will you think of me then, my own,
And forget the parting was sadness,
Or love could e'er lose its throne?

Will you think of the days gone by,
When you in your wild Western home
First learned of Love's sweet elysium—
The greatest of woman's doom?

Though no more again o'er the mountains
We shall roam as in days of yore,
We'll gather the brightest flowers
Together on the "Other Shore."

JEFFERSON, Missouri.

THE soul of sweet delight can never be defiled.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION:

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

" D. K. MINER, Business Manager

D. C. DENSMORE, Amanuensis and Publisher.

NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS., AUG. 1, 1879.

IMPORTANT STEP IN JOURNALISM.

REDUCTION IN THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE
OF THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL
JOURNAL.

WE were somewhat surprised, in taking up the last issue of the "Religio-Philosophical Journal," to read the above notice in its leading editorial; not because we feared for its safety, but because it was so unusual for an old-established paper to reduce its subscription price. Owing to the construction that might be put upon the new departure, well might the editor say, as he does, "Any change in an old-established paper, and especially a reduction in its subscription price, is a matter of the gravest importance, involving many things of which the general public can have no conception, and extremely hazardous, and not to be thought of unless there is sufficiently strong financial backing to warrant a trial of the experiment, without jeopardizing the life of the paper."

The above is correct reasoning; for as a rule, there will be many comments and speculations as to the cause of the change, and it might at first sight cause uneasiness among its friends as to its safety. But upon reflection, such a feeling must be temporary; for the reason that for a paper so well known all over the habitable globe, and so highly appreciated by a large class of thinking minds as is the *R. P. Journal*, we do not think its friends need apprehend bad results from such a course; but on the contrary, as it looks to us, the move will increase its circulation immensely, and, as a sequence, enhance its usefulness. Hence, as Brother Bundy informs us that the "*Journal* is in a favorable condition to warrant a trial of the experiment," we think it a move in the right direction; and if we mistake not, it will be so considered by its thousands of readers.

As will be seen, the *Journal* has passed through many severe and trying vicissitudes to reach its present high state; which nothing but years of self-sacrificing devotion on the part of its late and present editor, and the expenditure of large sums of money, could have brought to pass.

Furthermore, as the paper for the last dozen years, more or less, has been able to take care of itself, in a pecuniary sense, we are doubly assured it will lose nothing

by the change; but on the contrary, as before stated, will more than double its subscription list, and its usefulness in proportion.

The *Journal*, as thousands upon thousands can attest, has always been entirely independent and outspoken upon all subjects, especially those directly connected with the great upheaval of the nineteenth century, namely Modern Spiritualism; and it has always been one of its ablest advocates and defenders.

It appears that the movement inaugurated on the 12th ult. had been long contemplated by the present editor, for he tells us that as soon as the paper was discovered from the estate of the late lamented martyr to free thought and a free press—Mr. S. S. Jones—it was determined to make the change already completed.

Since the last days of December, 1875, we have felt a lively interest in the success of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, for at that time, although an entire stranger to us, Mr. Jones printed our prospectus of the VOICE OF ANGELS, and devoted a column of editorial comments in favor of the yet unborn stranger, "welcoming it to his sanctum as he would its inspired editor if in the form," which every other paper refused to do, until compelled to it by its continual growth into the affections of the public; and ever after, by quoting from its columns, and occasionally speaking a good word for it, aided in giving it such a start and impetus that nothing could stay its onward march, which ultimately culminated in success, not only Spiritually, but financially as well; which latter we never dreamed of or expected. Hence, whatever good the VOICE OF ANGELS has accomplished in lighting up the darkened minds of earth, and whatever may be its fate in the future, is largely owing to the efforts of Mr. Jones to introduce it to inquiring minds through the columns of the *R. P. Journal*.

In conclusion, we will merely add, May the *R. P. Journal* and its astute and efficient editor meet with that success it so well merits, is the sincere and earnest prayer of the publisher of the VOICE OF ANGELS.

New Scale of Prices of the above paper, that went into effect July 12th, 1879, strictly in advance, paper invariably stopped at the expiration of the time paid for: One copy one year, \$2.50; one copy six months, \$1.25. Clubs of five yearly subscribers, sent in at one time, \$10.00. Clubs of ten yearly subscribers, sent in at one time, and an extra copy to the getter-up of the Club, \$20.00. All of the above rates include postage.

EDITORIAL.

HIGH AND LOW CONDITIONS—THEIR RELATION TO EACH OTHER CONSIDERED.

[CONCLUDED.]

THE next count we have to consider is about high and low conditions, as they relate not only to every-day life, but to the intellectual and moral sentiments, including in the general category, Spiritualism.

First, then, "high" and "low" are relative terms, and when applied to progression, mean precisely the same thing; that is to say, a person may rightfully claim, in a progressive sense, that he is both high and low at the same time. For instance, however high up the ladder of progression one may be, he is lower than those one round above him, and at the same time higher than those below him.

Hence, when a man thinks he is head and shoulders above his less pretentious compeers, coupled with the fact—which none will deny—that everything possessing life, whether in the mineral, vegetable or animal kingdoms, from the tiniest insect up to the crowning work of Deity, man—take their starting-point in darkness, the very lowest possible condition—this consideration may somewhat dampen our friend's ardor in trying to deprive the Almighty of these, the only means in his power through which he can manifest himself.

Then, again, when another great fact is taken into account, namely, that all the improvements of the age, in every department of national and private industry, that all the wealth represented by the opulent, is the direct result of labor performed by the lowly sons of toil, the immense significance and importance will be apparent of the word "low," which our friend is so anxious to blot out of existence.

Hence, if there is any word in the English, or any other language, more deserving the sobriquet "grand," one of more vital importance in the economy of nature, than the word under consideration, we would thank our critical friend to point it out.

"The puerile raps," our friend says, "are of no more consequence, after performing their incipient office, than the spelling-book, after mastering its contents," which is too silly and shallow to merit a moment's comment; for who but a blockhead and numbskull would ever think of studying a spelling-book or any other book, after becoming familiar with its contents?

To show our friend the absurdity of his proposition to do away with all "low"

conditions, and what it would result in, we will suppose, for argument's sake, that if his prayers could be answered to the full extent his language implies, that is to say, to have it in his power to rid the world at once, as he proposes to do, of these objectionable conditions, of course there would be no "uneducated, ignorant men and women" in the world, to do the hard work. Hence, if there were any new births, instead of coming into the world as babes and sucklings, they would come into it, not only physically matured—as it is said our first parents did—but matured in all the scholastic and scientific acquirements of the age, and full-fledged in all the social accomplishments of the day.

Thus it will be seen that if our friend's pet scheme *could* be carried out in all its length and breadth, as a legitimate sequence there would only be ladies and gentlemen on the earth, unaccustomed to physical labor, and all improvements in the physical world must cease. Farming, house and railroad building would be things of the past. Fine, tasty equipages and prancing steeds would take the place of the drays and the dump-carts, simply because there would be nobody in the wide world to do the hard and dirty work.

Now, we would say to our critic, that as ridiculous and absurd as the above assumptions may appear to him, they are not a whit more so than his inconsiderate talk about demolishing the tiny rap; but for which the hitherto unsolved problem, "If a man die, shall he live again," would still remain an impenetrable mystery.

In confirmation of the above, we again repeat that, as the lower order of beings, the uneducated, ignorant part of humanity, are the real authors of all the wealth in the world, so the "low" rap, which our friend wishes to demolish, is the real and only foundation upon which the mighty citadel of Modern Spiritualism rests.

To sum it all up in a nutshell: if there are any cultivated fields, beautiful residences, massive railroads encircling the earth, noble ships, grand steam-palaces floating on the ocean's surface, they owe their existence to labor, through the instrumentality of the pick and shovel, drays, dump-carts, and heavy draught horses. So, too, if there are any refined men and women in the world of effects, if there are any highly unfolded Spirits roaming o'er the celestial fields of Paradise, each and all took their starting-point leading to their high estate in the darkness of earthly wombs, just as the clodhopper of today;

and by progressing one step at a time, eventually reached the celestial abodes: thus again verifying our oft-repeated declaration that "all conditions of life, in every sphere of existence, are absolutely and positively necessary to the progression of the human soul, in its march to higher realms."

Our good friend forgets that the Spirit-world is one vast storehouse of useful and practical knowledge, ready to be transmitted to mortals the moment they are prepared to receive and appropriate it: which, but for the tiny rap, which our friend is so anxious to squeeze, would never have been known, much less utilized for the benefit of suffering humanity.

In answer to the last question but one asked by our friend, namely, "What possible use can these low conditions subsolve?" we answer—Yankee-like—by asking another: What possible use could there be in getting up the planet earth in such a crude condition that it took untold cycles of ages before it was possible for the lowest forms of insect life, to say nothing of higher forms, to exist on its surface? Why couldn't the World-Maker have made it ready for the occupancy of human beings in the first place? And then, why didn't he make all men and women full-grown, as he did Adam and Eve?—which he could have done just as well as not: thus precluding the necessity of having any "low" conditions. Why fritter away so much precious time in preparing the earth for the occupancy of man, when the time thus occupied might have been utilized to much better advantage? Although we could have given a different answer, yet we thought the above would be more efficient in eliciting thought.

In response to our friend's last question, namely, "How can all these difficulties—menning the low state of morals—be remedied?" our answer simply is, by producing a better race of human beings; which can easily be done by listening to the teachings of Mother Nature's laws of life, as scientifically exemplified in improving the breed of lower animals. In other words, if parents raising children would exercise as much scientific skill and care as they do in improving their horses, cattle, hogs, and even chickens, our word for it, before one decade of the rolling years goes into the waste-basket of Time, the remedy our friend is so anxious to carry out will be successfully discovered and applied.

Dr. Samuel Watson, of Memphis, Tenn., will speak at the Philadelphia Camp-meeting; also at Alliance, Ohio, the last of August.

"CLOCK STRIKES ONE."

IN looking over some old papers a few days since, I came across the following, written soon after Mr. Watson's "Clock Struck One" was printed, which I intended to have published in the *Banner of Light*, but for some reason I neglected to send it:

Editor of Banner of Light:

DEAR SIR,—while reading a short time since Mr. Watson's "Clock Struck One," I was reminded of something similar transpiring in my own family, which, as it in part corroborates Mr. Watson's story, I thought it might not be amiss—if you think best—to print it in the *Banner*.

Some dozen years since, more or less, a Mr. Jacob Chapman, living in Damariscotta, Me., an uncle to my wife, had an old wooden clock, out of running order, stowed away among some rubbish in an out-of-the-way place, which had not been running for at least a dozen years. One day, while the family were at dinner, the old shipwrecked clock "struck one," loud and distinct, so that all the members of the family—seven in all—heard it distinctly. All stopped eating at once, and looked at each other in wonderment, all thinking the strange freak of the old clock was the forerunner of some one's death. Just one month from the striking of the old clock, my wife's father died. Two weeks subsequent to his death, while the family were at dinner, the old clock "struck one" again. They all made sure now that this was the signal or forerunner of another death in the family. Two weeks from the second striking, one of uncle Jacob's children died with the croup. Twice afterwards, after two weeks intermission, the old clock "struck one," and two more of the children died, making four in all.

Some three years subsequent to the above, I was living at South Thomaston, engaged in shipbuilding. To the south of my house, some fifty or seventy-five rods distant, was a church standing. One day, about four P. M., the bell in the tower "struck one," all in the house and neighborhood heard it, and my wife and many others saw the tongue of the bell swinging. "What could it mean?" was the exclamation of all. Some of us went to the church, to find out whether or no some boys might not have got inside and pulled the bell-rope; but we found the door locked and nobody was anywhere to be seen; which, as the church stood in a pasture, we should have been likely to, if any one was round. We concluded it was queer, and let it go at that. The next day, while my wife was preparing dinner, the cook-stove jumped up and down terribly, as they expressed

it. My wife said that the stove made such violent jumps, that the pots and kettles on it jumped so high that she could see the fire in the stove, while the kettles were making their up and down movements. The shaking continued some three or four minutes, when all was still. My wife and her assistant were very much frightened at the time, but it soon wore off, and no more was thought of it. One month from the striking of the church bell, and three weeks from the shaking of the stove, our little boy died. Although all this transpired before Modern Spiritualism made its *debut* upon the scene, yet my wife thought at the time the bell struck, in connection with the freaks of the pots, kettles and stove, that it was a forerunner of the death of some one in the family,

D. C. DENSMORE,

Pub. Voice of Angels.

SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE,
JUNE 29TH, 1879,
THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

INVOCATION. BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

OH, Thou who art worshipped by all thy intelligent creatures, we thank thee that we are once again permitted to offer up the homage of our Spirits in adoration and praise!

We behold in wonder and awe the evidences of thy power, for Thou art the Author of all life, the Giver of all good.

We bless thee for the wonderful display of thy creations, as they reveal themselves to our understanding; whether in the blue and shining deeps below, or in the azure vaults above.

We bless thee for the beautiful display of thy works spread out before us upon the green sward of this, thy footstool. The waving trees and the bending flowers, the giant rock or the shining pebble, all speak of the majesty of thy wondrous skill and power.

But above all, we bless thee for life, as we find it displayed in thine own image—man.

We bless thee for all of life's unfoldments, for the sunshine and the darkness, for the pleasure and the pain, which reveal the stamp of thy infinitude; although we cannot comprehend its laws.

We bless thee for mortal birth, through which we gain the varied experiences that unfold the attributes of the Spirit.

We bless thee for the immortal birth that gives life eternal, and we ask that we may learn the lesson well, that Life is to become glorified and dignified, until man everywhere shall become uplifted to a

higher condition, and all humanity shall join in one grand circle of concord and harmony.

CALLIE DAVIS.

My name is Callie Davis, and I come from ever so far. I want my mother to know I'm growing up in the Spirit-world, and I'm learning real fast, too. Mamma reads the paper. She lives way off, where she can't get anything from the Spirit-world only in the paper. I was small, and I've been gone a good while; but I'm large now. Say, grandma sends ever so much love, and so do I; and perhaps some of us can come again. I wanted a real pretty white dress. I've got a beautiful one now.

MRS. B. AVERY.

SIR, I come desiring to reach a loved daughter, far away from here. It is long since I entered the heavenly home, but I have watched over her footsteps as only a mother can, and I wish to say to her now, I have seen her perplexities and her cares; I have known of the change to her; I have watched budding hopes, and I have sympathized and blessed her in sorrow and in joy. And now, tell my darling that whatever is given her to do, we advise her to go forward and perform that duty, and we will uphold and strengthen her. Ere this reaches her, she will find a calmness that will show her the best course to pursue. The angels are with our Ella always. We watch and bless her, and will strive to come again.

S. AVERY, to Mrs. E. A. Rouse, Boulder, Colorado.

ANNA KINGSMAN.

I DON'T know much about this, but I would like to reach my father, who sometimes feels lonely. I want to tell him that Spirits of those dear departed ones hover around him, to cheer and give him strength, and if he will seek, we will give him ample proof of the fact. I was ill a long time; at first, I did not want to think of death; but at last, the release was very sweet to me, and *this* life is all sweet and beautiful to me. I have been away some years now. I want father to believe, and therefore ask him to go where Spirits come to talk.

My name is Anna Kingsman; to W. C. Kingsman, Winchendon, Mass.

CLARK O. WALLACE.

I AM a young man, sir, who knew of the truth and beauty of this consoling belief before he passed over. Many a time have I lain upon my sick-bed, and found peace and rest in thoughts of the sweet Spirit-world, to which I was going, or in conversing with those I loved, concerning the life beyond, and promising to be with them

and to communicate whenever possible. And now I come to my well-beloved, more than parents, to bring a crown of love and sympathy; to speak to them from this place of my perfect peace and satisfaction; to say I found loved ones, who gave me strength, and now all is delightful and serene, and I am perfecting the hopes and plans of my opening manhood, upon a broader scale.

Give my love to my dear friend, Mrs. Helen Roundy. She has met with sorrow since my departure, but the white-robed Angel of Blessing sits ever by her side to give her strength from above.

I have been frequently to the *Banner* of late, but did not succeed.

My name is Clark O. Wallace. I was nineteen years of age.

Please send my letter to Mr. Ivers Holden, of Weston, Vermont. I am very much obliged.

PEACE HAZARD.

THE Summer time is here, with buds and flowers,
And every tint of glistening, living green;
And bending 'neath the weight of crystal showers,
The perfumed blossoms beautify the scene;
The streamlets rush in gladness to the river,
The sunlight smiles in glory over all,
The green leaves of the trees are all a-quiver,
Where merry songsters through the silence call.

And from each beauty thus spread out before us
We gather something pleasant, pure and sweet—
From star-beams, still forever shining o'er us,
To daisies sweetly blowing at our feet;
And weaving all in robes of golden splendor,
We come to bless the spirit of our air
With happy, peaceful hours, so sweet and tender,
That warm his soul with Love's immortal fire.

Not long we wait to give his spirit greeting;
E'en now for him the gates are open wide;
But by-and-by will come that heavenly meeting,
When we shall greet him on the other side.
Press on, dear father, in your works of kindness;
The angels bless you with immortal love;
And they who see not for their earthly blindness,
Shall recognize your worth in worlds above.

PEACE, to her father, Thomas R. Hazard.

MESSAGES GIVEN JULY 6TH, 1879.

ERNEST HANDEL.

OH, the pretty flowers!—[pointing to a flowering maple upon the table.] I be a little boy; I want to talk now; I couldn't talk when I was here, 'cause I was a little baby. I be over four now, and I do learn lots. Mamma and papa didn't have any more little babies then, an' they felt so bad; but they knew I was in a pretty place, and the kind lady would take care of me, and bring me to see them. I bring lots of love. I do come often, and I'm growing up a big boy, to help 'em all nice. The angels love 'em all, and say, "Blessings on each dear soul!"

My name is Ernest Handel. Papa's name is John; mamma's is Gustie. I went away from Peabody, where dear, nice grandpa David Bailey lived. Good bye.

[Mr. Editor, you had better send to John Handel, care of David Bailey, Penbody, Mass.]

MAMIE EMBURSON.

I COME from San Francisco to my papa. He reads the paper and wishes some one would come. Mamma is with me, and so is uncle Will, and we send father our love, and tell him truly it will not be long now until he meets us. Uncle says he has been guiding papa all these years, and is pleased at what has been done. Now papa's getting tired; but he'll soon have rest. Mamma is all right now; she don't suffer any more. We will soon all be happy together.

Mamma has only been gone a few years, but I've been in the Spirit-world ever so long.

ROBIE P. COLLINGS.

I DON'T know you. I live in New York City. I *did* live there; I live in heaven now. I was seven years old. Mamma and papa feel awful bad, because their little girl's dead; and I want to tell them I'm alive. I can see just what they are doing, and hear them talking about me. It makes mamma cry to look at any of my things. I want to talk. Man here says there's lots of these kind of people in New York, and I want mamma or papa to go to one and let me talk. I've got ever so much to tell, if I can see them alone.

My name's Rosie P. Collings. It's spelt with a G. Mamma is Clara Collings, and papa is Henry.

[Mr. Densmore, send to Mr. Henry Collings, or Mrs. Clara Collings, New York.]

GEORGIE KING.

I'M Georgio King. I come from California. My mother knows Spirits can come, and she reads the paper. I guess she felt as bad as anybody when I died; but she feels I can come, and she likes to read the paper.

There's ever so many little girls come here. Do you like children? [Yes, indeed.] I want mother to put my hair in a pin or something, and wear it; and I guess she'll feel me round.

I'm close to papa, and I know what he thinks; he wants to do a good deal, and he will, too, by'm bye. I must go now. Good bye. They'll know.

JENNIE SPRAGUE.

TUNIE is here, with a troop of little ones. I come to bring mother our love. Dear old grandpa, aunties and all send love, and assurances that they are and ever will be close to mother in all her cares and perplexities. Grandpa says he is in hopes to bring material affairs for mother out

better than she expects, and to save her more than she looks for. He is working for her, and it makes him sad that confidence is sometimes misplaced, and those she thought worthy found not to be so. Aunt Katie is full of love for mother; she is a beautiful Spirit, and says, Tell sister I guard her with tenderest care; I watch and wait for her and bless her for what she has done for the aged loved one so long under her care.

Tell my darling mother I am busy as a bee and happy as a bird, and come to bring my sunshine and flowers to brighten her path. Tunic and I send love to the Dr.

I am Jennie Sprague, and I thank you for your kindness.

EVA MAY CLARK.

I WANT to say a few words to papa. My teacher Gussie sends her love. So do ever so many of us. Tell papa Josiah is doing a great deal of good now. He has found a Medium in York State that he can work through, and he uses him professionally. Uncle Mec. and the Dr. send word that all is well, and they are busy. Uncle Mec. is smarter than ever.

I'm a great girl now, and I am really and truly studying Drawing. I travel with uncle Columbus. We are going to give some manifestations soon, and expect to talk good too. Aunt Lottie sends love. So do we all.

Eva May, to her papa, L. C. Clark, Boston, Mass.

MESSAGES GIVEN JULY 13TH, 1879.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

IN another section of your city, will be given to night, by the wise and noble intelligences controlling one of your gifted mouth-pieces of the Angel-world, an extended outline of the work in Spirit-life to be performed by myself and a kindred soul; and while I appreciate the eloquent words that will be spoken upon that theme, while I shall enjoy the refined sentences and glowing portrayals of future fields of labor, to be given this night, yet would I come here upon this occasion, and over my own personal signature, speak with no uncertain sound, of the work that lies before me. Whether it is accepted, or whether it be rejected and denied, to me it is ever a duty to open my lips in speech, when I consciously feel it to be the season to do so. Therefore, I wish to say that the life-work commenced on earth must be carried on for ages yet to come in the Spirit-world; that the unfoldments or mental energy on earth were but as the first unfolding of the leaves to the perfect

fruit, compared to what is to be accomplished on high. Associated as I shall be with earnest souls, whose whole life has been devoted to the redemption of humanity from ignorance, I can carry on my work with renewed vitality and courage; and while working with voice and pen—even in Spirit—while working with heart and soul, using a Spirit's influence upon mortals to assist me in my efforts for redeeming mankind from the many existing forms of slavery, I shall and do take an interest in every needed reform of the day.

But while doing what I can to forward the accomplishment of such reforms, for the present my most vital powers, earnest endeavors, strongest influence, will be devoted to the cause of WOMAN—Woman, so long cursed by tyrannical slavery, held in chains, with no power to protect herself from male authority, in marital bondage, neither the owner of her own person or the clothes she wears, subject to the rule of tyranny, with no appeal from injustice. For her redemption will I ever labor, until laws are revised and repealed for her benefit, and until she holds the rod of power in her own hand—the right of equal suffrage. This is the great part of my work in Spirit-life; this is one of the factors in the scheme of bringing a sense of universal brotherhood to humanity, which Spirits have planned, and which noble souls on earth will assist in accomplishing.

To friends everywhere I send fraternal greeting. To dear souls of my own household I send a blessing of love and peace.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

SARAH K. DAVIS.

I HAVE come with the noble soul who has just preceded me—the grand Spirit with whom I was associated in my business relations when on earth, and whom I was delighted to meet and honor upon his entrance to the higher life; and I wish to say, Yes, I was present at the Spirit Reception given to Mr. Garrison, and a delightful participator in its exercises.

I wish to bring my undying remembrance and love to my former husband. Our wedded life was brief, but Angels guarded the sanctuary of home, that naught but peace could enter there. The bud and blossom of life is ripening into full fruition in Summer-land. He—my husband—has been blest by spiritual gifts, abundantly blest with that peace that earth can never take away; more than blessed in the present companion of his life and love; and I come to increase that blessing, and to waft the love of all good and true angels to that sweet Spirit Medium who presides over his home and heart.

Many long years in the Higher Life has almost unfitted me to cope with material things; but please say I am happy and at work. I thank you.

SARAH K. DAVIS, to D. Ambrose Davis, now of Chicago.

HARRY WOODARD.

I'm a little boy that falled into the water. [Are you? That's too bad.] No, it isn't; 'cause I found a pretty home with my own dear papa, when I got out of the water. Tell mamma I love her, and papa loves her too, and grandpa, and my lots of big uncles love her. I know them all now, and we come to help her. My mamma's pretty, my mamma's good, too. I see her Spirit, and its beautiful.

Tunie bringed me. I'm ever so big now. I'll soon be a man, and then I'll help my mamma. Can I come again, 'cause mamma sometimes feels lonesome? [Yes, come whenever you can.] Tell her I give her a good hug and lots of kisses.

I'm Harry Woodard. I guess I'm named for mamma and papa. I come from Colorado—Wheatland. My mamma is Mrs. Hattie Woodard. Good-bye—good-bye.

REV. ALONZO CHAPIN.

HE shall drink of the brook by the way. Ye shall drink of the waters of life and thirst not. Blessed promise! more blessed fulfillment! that presents the cup of knowledge to your lips and bids you drink. Bless God, from whom all gifts descend, for the bountiful gift of eternal life! We come clothed in our immortality to give earth's children some little token of our presence with them, some symbol of the love still held for father, mother, husband or friend. See that it be not rejected.

As one who taught the gospel of life as he understood it, standing upon what he considered liberal principles, leading his flocks into the greenest pastures and beside the clearest waters he could find, your speaker returns to speak his word in season concerning the immortality of life, and to shrink not from conveying his testimony to earth, that Spirit-return is an established fact, and Spiritualism an unshakable Truth.

To my many friends, especially in Winchester, I wait the love and blessing of relative, pastor and friend. God bless you all!

ALONZO CHAPIN.

KATIE A. KINSEY.

I COME with the spirit of love to the members of our dear family, and many kind and thoughtful friends. Oh, could I but open their eyes and give them a glimpse of my Spirit-home! Could they but realize the glory of true life in Spirit,

the work of Spirits, so grand, almost infinite in its details, yet embracing all the simplest duties and benefactions of individual life, they would never doubt the capacity of the soul for endless unfoldment and expansion, in order to meet the demands of life.

So many of us, a large family of dear brothers and sisters, each one developing Spiritual power and beauty daily, come to bless and strengthen our dear brothers and sisters, our darling mother and father, on earth. Our sweet earth-home is a sanctuary of rest and peace to us, and we daily deck it with flowers of beauty, emblems of purity and love, even when its mortal inmates are not there. I want to say that in one article I mentioned my dear brother J., who promised to show me some experiments in electricity, which was done. John says he will endeavor some time to give father the result of some of his experiments, that he may have an idea of what Spirits reared in Spirit-life are engaged in.

We come whenever possible to comfort and bless. If the token of our presence be a material form—a flower, or even a word—we know it is accepted. Thank you.

KATIE A. KINSEY, Cincinnati.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

SPIRIT ECHOES.

NUMBER EIGHT.

BY SPIRIT VIOLET.

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

HAVING mentioned my surroundings in the Summer-Land, not only giving you an idea how I am situated in regard to natural scenery, as well as concerning opportunities afforded for attending schools of learning, where, under the instruction of gifted minds, we may develop our capabilities and unfold our highest powers, but also teaching you by these recitals of real experiences in the Spirit-world, what *your* loved ones may be doing in the life they have entered on high, and how *your* darlings may be situated in that eternal world—for my existence there is but a type of the existence of numberless happy beings who dwell in heaven—let me now speak of that comparatively isolated home life which I lead, and which is also similarly led by the friends you love in heaven.

The home I inhabit in the Celestial Sphere would appear to you mortals as a large, spacious, white mansion, surrounded by porticoes, verandas, and the like, the doorways opening upon a scene of surpassing loveliness; for there Nature wears

her richest robes to beautify external life.

The interior of this habitation you would observe to be divided into various apartments, each one furnished with appropriate furniture and hangings, the whole designed to harmonize with each other, from the perfect blending of form, color and texture, which is at once pleasing to the eye and restful to every sense of the beholder.

We have private apartments of our own, where, when in need of mental repose, silent study, or deep meditation, the Spirit may retire apart from all companionship save that which breathes through every breadth of space—the presence of its God.

There are times in every life when it is best to be alone, when the Spirit requires silent, undisturbed self-communion, when outward presence is an intrusion upon the soul; and at such times as this we may retire to our own private sanctum, unquestioned and not misunderstood by others.

In my pleasant Spirit-home there is a quiet nook, where I love to retire and ponder over the great problems of life constantly unfolding themselves before me, and there, surrounded by the beautiful in nature and art, natural flowers climbing over marble statuary, singing birds making music beneath some exquisite painting, do I strive to unravel the seeming mysteries of existence, and not in vain; for to the earnest seeker for truth there comes a flood of light, illuminating the dark places and answering all silent questioning.

But my home contains apartments where sociability reigns, for there a happy band daily congregates to amuse, instruct and bless each other; there, social converse, mingling with the recital of some experience, lesson, or advice, pleasant faces and loving hearts, fill the place with that harmony and peace only to be found where Spirit meets Spirit in sympathy and appreciative kindness. Eight of us, all young souls, meeting together hour after hour, bringing each one his or her store of acquired knowledge, or displaying his or her ignorance upon any theme, only to have it dissipated by some new truth spoken. We are never unhappy, never restless, never idle. In earthly experience others are far younger than myself; but in Spiritual love and life I am the youngest of them all, and it refreshes my soul to partake of what those I love have to offer in the way of acquired knowledge.

This is a sample of group-home-life in the Spirit-life—all together—a band of loving, earnest Spirits, whose highest ambition is to become great in knowledge,

that they may understand the laws of life, thereby avoiding mistakes, and to become competent to transmit a light and knowledge of life to poor darkened, misguided souls, who moil in sorrow and pain. Guarded and protected, instructed and upheld by Wisdom-Spirits, who having dwelt in mortal until the physical ripened naturally for the change, passed on to enjoy the fruits of their experience, and having dwelt long in the Spiritual, are now competent to guide and instruct these young souls bound to their's by the ties of soul-affinity, as well as those of consanguinity, yet are we confined by no arbitrary laws that chain and restrain the higher emotions; our lives flow smoothly on, and each moment of existence brings us some new lesson, or some other opportunity of being of use to some one of the many Spirits who walk the paths of sin or suffering.

BRIEF NEWS ITEMS.

HAVE not seen Kiddle's book yet. Wonder why?

The Neshaminy Falls Grove Camp-Meeting is in successful progress.

The *Religio-Philosophical Journal* has taken a new departure, and reduced its subscription price to \$2.50 per year, including postage. The *R. P. J.* is an able exponent of the doctrines of Modern Spiritualism, and has our best wishes. See article in editorial columns.

The weather on July 16th was the hottest since the Centennial year, when for one day the temperature was the same. The mercury touched a hundred, and many fatal cases of sun-strokes and prostration from the heat resulted. In the afternoon, violent tornadoes, accompanied with rain, and in some sections with large hail-stones, which did great damage to growing crops and glass, occurred in the vicinity of Boston and over a large portion of eastern New England. In Boston Harbor and over Massachusetts Bay and along the coast, many yachts and sail-boats were cap-sized and sunk, and a considerable number of persons drowned. Lightning struck in many places, killing several, and causing other disastrous results. Though its duration was short, it did more damage and was more violent than any storm that has occurred in these localities for sixty years or more.

New York has taken its turn in a yellow fever "sensational." Two genuine cases were found in the immediate neighborhood, one in Brooklyn and one in Hoboken. The former was that of a fireman on a Havana steamer, who had just arrived in this city; the latter was that of a refugee from Memphis.

St. Louis despatches report that the negro exodus to Kansas continues almost as large as ever, in spite of expectations to the contrary, and there seems to be no indication that it is about to end.

General Walker estimates that the coming census will add ten millions to the official figures of the population of the country—48,000,000.

The Bonapartists who met in Paris recently, and declared Prince Jerome Napoleon to be the head of the family, are in a fair way to force him into an embarrassing position.

The disaster to the State of Virginia is fortunately the only one in the transatlantic traffic thus far this season, although the number of voyagers has been considerable, and the average speed of the passenger steamers has improved.

The trial of Chantline Cox for the murder of Mrs. Hull, though necessarily conducted with all proper respect for the demands of justice, was grimly brief, and his conviction has been appropriately prompt. It took two days to get a jury, but less than that time to hear the testimony, and barely one hour for the jury to reach their verdict.

The last Congress neglected or omitted to make an appropriation to pay claims for unsettled balances of pay and allowances due to Union volunteers. The accounts have been audited, and the money is sadly needed by many widows and orphans of dead Union soldiers. The lack of it may be the cause of real want to many.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Brittan delivered an excellent lecture in Dunedin, on this subject: "The Bible in Schools."

The Secretary of War, Gen. W. McCrary, and family, are said to be open and avowed Spiritualists. It has been stated, that at his last election to Congress, the charge of being a Spiritualist was urged against him during the campaign, but that he received at that election fifteen hundred more votes than ever before.

We are sorry to hear that the infamous "Doctor's Bill," prohibiting magnetic healing, after being once defeated, was rushed through the Kansas Legislature, at its late session, and is now in force in that State.

It appears from an exchange, that "the Boston co operative grocery, under the presidency of Josiah Quincy, has been open three months, and is said to be a success. The plan is to sell unadulterated goods at fair prices, and return the profits to the purchasers.

Mr. James C. Young, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, witnessed Spirit manifestations of a far more satisfactory character in the presence of Mrs. Simpson than ever before, though he has travelled extensively both in this country and in Europe.

Much trouble has been caused among the churches of Chicago and its vicinity by the great number of choir singers who take part in the performance of Plinafore.

Wesley was among the grandest of religious leaders, the founder of a powerful church, yet in his house at a certain time a scene was witnessed by one of the servants which was strange, a movement with no visible power to produce it.

Emmanuel Hermann Fichte has recently put forth a pamphlet on Spiritualism, in which he tells us that notwithstanding his age, and his exemption from the controversies of the day, he feels it his duty to bear his testimony to the great fact of Spiritualism.

Swedenborg, that grand mind that towers like a monumental light in history, shows to us the sublime powers of mediumship; not only could he see faces and forms of Spirits, but they informed him of scenes in the Spirit-land, sometimes typical, sometimes real; they gave to him messages he could hear and understand.

Gen. J. Edwards, of Washington, D. C., arrived in Philadelphia last Tuesday, from the West. He will visit the camp-meeting and be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Bliss, at Langhorne Station.

Mrs. Nettie Pease Fox lectures regularly each Sunday morning and evening at the Academy of Music, No 4 State street, Rochester, N. Y., and her discourses are much admired by all who attend.

Mrs. C. B. Bliss and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Winner left Philadelphia on Tuesday morning last for their new quarters at Langhorne Station. It is hoped that Mrs. Bliss will be "in condition to give a materializing seance every evening while the camp-meeting is in session."

We hear from a reliable source that Seldon's Orchestra has been engaged for every evening during the continuance of the Spiritualists Camp Meeting to begin at Neshaminy Falls, on the eighteenth. This is a "new departure" from our Orthodox ideas of a camp-meeting.—*Newtown Enterprise*.

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

THROUGH WEST INGLE.

WILLIE ADAMS, TO HIS MOTHER, IN SUBANVILLE, CAL.

My dear blessed mother, have you heard my cry and given me a chance to speak to you at last? I am glad to speak with you, my dear mother, and let you know I am still alive, and one of the unseen watchers around you. You will not fear anything when you know your son Willie is near you, to help you bear all your burdens. Now, will you mother?

We are all here—all your dear little children—and one who died before it ever saw life on earth. You know still-born children are "Star-Spirits," dear mother. You have got two "Star-Spirits," and one little brother—not little now, but was so when he passed out of this earth. Grandpa says he will talk to you, mother, as soon as he can.

What a hard, grieved life you have had, dear mother! But it will be brighter now, brighter and happier, since you know I and the rest of your dear children are near to bless you. You know I did not want to die and leave you, dear mother; but I had to go. Oh, how my head and lungs ached for a little while, and then I seemed to fall asleep. Soon I heard music, and a voice like yours, mother. Did grandma have your voice? She calls herself grandma, and she is like you—good, true and loving—just so loving and kind; and she is one of the Angels of Light.

I have another grandma here, and aunts and uncles too. Uncle Louis and Auntie Ella and her little ones are here. Aunt Mary died when she was so young and sinless. Do you remember her—papa's sister? And, mother, we have so many of our dear ones. You remember uncle John? I don't know if he is a real uncle. He was lost long ago, when war was on the earth; but he is good to me. Papa knew him, and oh, what pleasant times we have!

Mother, when you come here, and see our home we have made for you, you will never cry again. I will surely come again to you.

WILLIE.

THROUGH C. E. WINANS.

NANCY ANN GUDGEON.

WELL, I dare say strange things happen in this world; and I do say strange things are still happening all over the world. And here I am back, sure as you are living; and can talk still. I feel young, and I was so old; but I feel young in years, yes, forty years younger: for I was eighty years old when I gave up the ghost.

