

VOL. IV

NO WITMOUTH, MASS, SEPT 1, 1879.

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WHAT WAS LEPROST IN THE BILLE

Event und knows how large a space to many prod by the Louisian have regarding beginning. and me porming who have thought about it have probably been perplayed by the fact. The outpour has histories bean showing to my to our in Themas Described in af the execution of examine of that bearing from , undered, it is only within the last few years that med all the Tentingstome excepted in in the countries which con to special homes, have obsered up all italia chia fastiran, agrapit, puchispo, ita ouppement suntragoumnes, in regard to shah the Commitand our Landon Callege of Physicians "consuler that the wought of gradenes is decidedly on the agative cale," all hangh there is a sunantappeals quound of trustmany that "the discusse in making over in a committee when the along Are many any New pl this present information. in condended, from which is sometime that he true leprent of the her was not the common white barrer Lord emigraria to dee totton and remited the sufferer unclean, but Rha phoneum tather althor of the about forms, the same the Dehon-ulated and the anorthorie, the crune symptoms of which in their number states are data may all with remark this personally in the fules. best the prient's greatmen. Should the etadeat of the law wanter oby a physical house special to this subgrant to much spinishes unbiguned beginning he will find mough in them "Natue" to theretoes bire that ample explanation in to be found in the northery argent of the Egypt was in amount times the chief cont of this most maliament and bureless of francess, which as a pursue in the blum! I be the little in the blum! parent to shihl with a bightful parenten in and the largerises, is their invented and were to make the average from a speed that it a to dition, west have been paruliarly bable to restrait it and corry to fittel garme in their desert wanderings. Hence the necessity, to their prosperous developement, of hedging it round with the most stringent restrictions, and by the laws of uncleannous and separation checking its spread through internarriages between the healthy and the tainted. Of course, we are not procluded from moing a religious meaning underlying these sanitary ordinances, and Mr. Clarks accordingly sums up his dissertation by adding that the proper treatment of loproxy as a disease of the body became a type of the proper treatment of six, not through a more propulsiance which might recommend itself to the fancy, but through the law being an inapplied interpretation of the testle of moure.-The Quarterly Residen

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MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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DESEASES OF CHILDREN A SPECIALITY.

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ss of perception reception of this commumore than present some general truths. ROBERT HARE.

LANCASTER, Penn., May 2, 1860.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

HEALTH AND REST.

Some weeks ago we had occasion to protest against certain reckless criticisms of a New York contemporary regarding the attitude of thought, emotion, will, muscular effort—calls the medical profession toward gymnasia We asserted that the reason why a doctor ordinarily does not advise the discipline of an athletic institute is, that for the majority of cases which come before him gymnastic exercise is not benefiicial, but injurious; that a physician's patients are not good subjects for the developement of extra strength: that what they need is conservation of vitality-rest, and with it good air and nutritious food. These views now receive striking confirmation in a book just published by the eminent Dr. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia. Dr. Mitchell is among the first in his profession in experience with those nervous disorders which make up so large a part of diseases in America, and his success in their mitigation and cure has been something remarkable. And he has at last, out of the fullness of his observations, elaborated a system of treatment which carries the theory of rest to its logical end; and the proper resort for the victim is not boat-racing, in applying it rigorously and remorselessly, he has achieved results which are surprising in the citing social gatherings, nor the theatre, nor extreme.

He takes the patient, worn down with cares and anxiety, brought to seemingly permanent invalidism by the incessaut strife of American REMOVAL OF INHERITED TENDENbusiness life, feeble in appetite, poor in blood, impoverished in all strength—he takes such a THE genius of our civilization in its physiolpatient and puts him to bed-Rest. He suffers ogical aspect is to make spendthrifts of us all no excitement to rouse him, no conversation, no of our vital riches. It includes no such aim as reading to awaken interest, (except where this race improvement. True, some youthful culture is necessary to calm the mind;) he enjoins him, of the head and heart is supposed to reach after if possible, to make his brain a perfect blank—that object. But it does not. It looks only to Rest. He restricts his diet at the start to milk, immediate success in social distinctions, or to and skimmed milk at that, in order that the winning in competitive struggles, not to the more oughly wrong than the idea that a woman fulnerves which operate the digestive organs may remote object of our improvement as a race. have as little to do as possible-Rest. But it Indeed, the instances in which physical degenis well understood that the muscular system re- eration, by the prevailing injudicious and highlyquires exercise of some sort in order to retain prized head-culture, is not thereby begun, are in it, and the failure is truly deplorable. There its health. To meet this requirement the patient altogether exceptional. Compare the highly- can be no sadder sight than that of a brokenis subjected to a process of rubbing and manip- educated son with his father, and a perceptible down, overworked wife and mother-a woman ulation, (called "massage,") so that in effect the diminution in the grade of constitutional stam- who is tired all her life through. If the work inuscles of the patient receive exercise at the ina is nearly always manifest. Continue the of the household cannot be accomplished by nervous expenditure of the attendant-Rest process for a generation or two, and a progres-order, system, and moderate work, without the again. And the system is rest, rest, rest, from sive deterioration will ensue, until there are only necessity of wearing, heart-breaking toil-toil beginning to end. Gradually, the diet is en-sickly boys to grow up into invalided manhood, that is never ended and never begun-without riched, and the patient is permitted to return Very few ever think of, and yet fewer ever seek making life a treadmill of labor, then, for the step by step to the ordinary manner of living. after, the accumulation of vital riches. Only sake of humanity, let the work go. Better to The result is a readjustment of the nervous when brought to suffering by poverty of this live in the midst of disorder, than that order system, a refilling, as it were, of the nervous kind, is the mind aroused to any interest in the should be purchased at so high a price—the cost reservoirs, a wonderful increase of vital power, subject. Prior to the inception of disease, a of health, strength, happiness, and all that and with it a considerable augmentation of thoughtless squandering of vital reserve is what makes existence endurable. The woman who weight. Some who seem utterly broken, come our social practices systematically encourage; spends her life in unnecessary labor, is by this forth with vigor completely renewed after a and when debility, disease, and untimely very labor unfitted for the highest duties of home.

ment of six or eight weeks; and in every death ensue, these are not regarded as the evicase the improvement is very great.

Now, if this philosophy of rest is true, it is civilization, but as matters of prevision which most important that it should be understood alone concern Providence and the doctors. The nave, therefore, been unable to do and accepted. The notion is very prevalent that constitutional vigor, thus so blindly spent, ren. the restorative for mental exhaustion is physical ders frequent demands upon the highest ne exercise. Many a hard brain-worker leaves his sources of the healing art urgently necessary office wearied with a long day's toil, and thinks And it must be confessed that in prolonging that for health's sake he must shun the cars the life of defective blood, there are displayed a and foot it home. If Dr. Mitchell is right, it skill and care never before equalled .- Popular is clear that there is a great mistake in the common theory and the common practice; it is evident that physical exercise is good only where there is a reserve of nervous force to expend upon it. Every act or manifestation of lifefor a certain consumption of vital energy. Where the vital energy, therefore, is brought to the verge of exhaustion by effort of one kind, it is impossible that it should be restored by effort of another kind; the nervous drain from brain labor cannot be made good by fresh drafts on labor of the body.

> All this is in accordance with the views heretofore set forth in these columns. And how much the theory involves it is scarcely necessary to say—or rather attempt to say. The acceptance of the idea will revolutionize the almost universal American notion of recreation. Not that physical exercise will be ruled out; Dr. Mitchell's propositions by no means demand that; but that it will come to be recognized that there is a limit to the endurance of the nervous, as there is of the muscular system; and it will be seen that when the limit is passed, nor walking trips, nor the ball-room, nor extobacco, nor alcohol, but—bed.—Brooklyn Times.

CIES TO DISEASE.

dences of a fatal flaw in the existing system of Science Monthly.

THE SMOKER'S DREAM.

THE smoker arose from his easy-chair, And carefully putting his pipe away, He sought his couch, and after prayer His weary head on his pillow lay.

And soon he slept, and deep and long, Until the dim and shadowy train Of dreams, a dark, mysterious throug, Came trooping over his restless brain.

And the sleeper dreamed that the blast of fate By the great Archangel's trump was given, And his soul went up to the golden gate That stands at the corridors of heaven.

And the Book of Life was opened there, But the waiting angel sought in vain, Over its pages broad and fair, For a single trace of the smoker's name.

And the Spirit wept in great dismay, "For my name is surely there," he thought, "For I love the Saviour, and day by day My hands in the Master's work have wrought."

And the Angel sighed, and the pearly tears Fell on the page he was bending o'er, When lo, there dimly and faint appears The mortal name that the Spirit bore.

And the Angel turned from the mighty book, And a woudrous smile his face o'erspread, As he bent on the dreamer a mingled look Of love and pity, and sweetly said:

"The smoke of thy cherished pipe for years Had gathered so heavy thy name about, That naught but an angel's pitying tears, And thy own contrition, might wash it out."

And the vision passed, and the sleeper woke With a high resolve and a purpose strong. To break forever the galling yoke, And the cruel chain that had bound him long.

And for the years that were yet to be, With a lighter heart and a clearer brain, In the strength of a nobler manhood free, He turned to the Master's work again .- The Friend.

WEARY WOMEN.

Nothing is more reprehensible and thorfills her duty by doing an amount of work that is far beyond her strength. She not only does not fulfill her duty, but she most signally fails

She should be the haven of rest to which both ble patience, and a whole-souled devotion to SCRAMBLING FOR LIFE UP A CLIFF husband and children turn for peace and refresh- justice and humanity, which never counted the ment. She should be the careful, intelligent cost, as his foremost qualities. Then the Church, adviser and guide of the one, the tender confi- instead of jealously gathering her skirts about dant and helpmate of the other. How is it pos- her when he is mentioned, will bind his name sible for a woman exhausted in body, as a natu- proudly on her brow, claiming him not only as ral consequence in mind also, to perform either hers, but as her ripest fruit in this generationof these offices? No, it is not possible. The the best, almost the only, evidence of her essenconstant strain is too great. Nature gives way tial Christianity and value. If a grand purpose beneath it. She loses health and spirits and -one of incalcuable worth, and so difficult as hopefulness, and more than all, her youth—the to be almost impossible; unselfish and tireless last thing that a woman should allow to slip devotion to it; rare sagacity in discovering the from her; for, no matter how old she is in years, means to effect it; commanding influence in she should be young in heart and feeling, for compelling aid from reluctant sources; and the youth of age is sometimes more attractive complete success, wrung from universal and bitthan youth itself. To the overworked woman ter opposition, without compromising principle, this green old age is out of the question; old or stooping to accept dishonorable aid--if all age comes on her sere and yellow before its time. this be any evidence of greatness, then surely Her disposition is ruined, her temper is soured, Mr. Garrison was one of our greatest men. "He her very nature is changed, by the burden which, will ever be recognized," says one well versed in too heavy to carry, is dragged along as long as our times, "as the central and supreme figure in wearied feet and tired hands can do their part. that group of giants which the civil war pro-Even her affections are blunted, and she be- duced." Of course, he had faults. But I was comes merely a machine—a woman without the honored to stand so near him for forty years time to be womanly, a mother without the time that some I could not see, and others I have to train and guide her children as only a mother forgotten. As Bolingbroke said of one of can, a wife without the time to sympathize with Marlborough's defects, "He was so great a man, and cheer her husband, a woman so over-worked that I forgot he had that weakness. --- Wendell during the day that when night comes her sole Phillips, in North American Review. thought and most intense longing is for the rest and sleep that very probably will not come; and, even if it should, that she is too tired to enjoy. Better by far let every thing go unfinished, to live as best she can, than to entail on herself and family the curse of overwork .-Sanitary Magazine.

Poisons.—Poisons of almost any kind or degree of power taken into the stomach may be neutralized by swallowing instantly nearly two gills of sweet-oil—a strong, healthy person may take twice that quantity. It is alleged that the oil will destroy the effects of any form of animal, vegetable or mineral poison.—Exchange.

GARRISON.

AFTER Mr. Lewis Tappan and Garrison had been engaged an hour in earnest debate with a slaveholder who did not know them, the Southerner said to Garrison: "If all Northerners were as fair, courteous, and reasonable as yourself, we should not complain. It is madmen like Garrison that offend us." Another fierce opponent, accidentally in Garrison's company un hour, after his departure asked a bystander the name of the man he had been disputing with, and, on learning it, sat down in tearful shame that he had so long and bitterly abused such a man. I once saw him in a mixed company, when a clergyman had made a labored excuse for non-interest in the slave question and dissent from his views, lay his hand respectfully on the critic's arm, and his rebuke, "Sir, it is not light you need, but a heart," though apostolic in frankness, was so courteously spoken that the listeners of both sides assented, and the critic himself took no offense. The time will come when men will name strength, courage, discretion, marvellous sagacity, inexhausti-

[Selected by M. J. K.] SKELETON CITY.

In my travels through distant regions I came To a certain city of learned fame; But the natives were living skeletons all! At the gate was pacing a skeleton tall, Whose cost hang loose, for his limbs were small, And a skeleton regiment marched by the wall; The "King's Skull" was mine hostelrie, Where a skeleton waiter waited on me, With strings like cat-gut where desh should be; Many a strange thing did I see While I stayed in Skeleton City.

A skeleton youth woo'd a skeleton maid; The gentle young skeleton seemed afraid, But the gay bold skeleton woo'ed not amiss, And won from his darling a skeleton klas. Skeleton babies everywhere ewarm'd, Skeleton mothers with these were charm'd: Skeleton scientists rose to speak, With skeleton voices, hard not weak, While crowded skeletons bung on the words That twitched them about like pulleys and cords. There was one poor skeleton preacher, too, But the skeleton audience was drowsy and few; And a skelelon painter sweet pictures drew Of the folk in Skeleton City.

Close by the hearth sat a skeleton cat, Quick she aprang on a skeleton rat; A skeleton Judge, with spectacles large. Gave a skeleton rogue to the hangman's charge; Four skeleton horses I met in the street, And a skeleton driving the hearse so neat, With plumes and hat-bands all complete, To the field where silent skeletons meet, Outside of Skeleton City.

A friendly ekeleton took me in charge. To "show the lions" - his cranium large, Dolichekephalous)-also talk'il Righ philosophy as we walk'd: "Mind is matter, each wise man owns; Our minds being fed on nothing but bones From generation to generation, (The fanciful people made emigration) A drying up and ossification Crept through the body, the whole machine By slow degrees growing hard and lean, But usefuller far and cheaper, too; And to this, moreover, our animals grew, For obvious reasons. In short," said he, "We have been evolved into what you see, Ab nitra, through mental siccity, Science's glory and triumph are we,

The natives of Skeleton City!" - Pracer's Nagazine TWO THOUSAND FEET IN HEIGHT.

CHARLES May and his brother Robert, in the spring of 1870, offered to pass 60,000 railroad ties down the Arkansas from the mountain source. He says: "Our offer was accepted, when we started into the upper entrance of the canon with a large skiff, provided with six days' provisions and 200 feet of rope, with which, by taking a running turn around some firmly-planted object, we could lower our boat a hundred feet at a time. In this way, at the end of three days, having set adrift many hundred ties, we reached the entrance of the Royal Gorge. Here we discovered that an attempt to descend the first waterfall with two in the boat was certain destruction, and to return was impossible. Accordingly I determined to lower my brother down the fall in the boat, a distance of 200 feet, gave him the rope and let him take the chance of the canon, (life seemed more certain in that direction,) while I would risk my physical ability to climb the canon wall, which was about 2000 feet high.

"About ten o'clock in the morning I shook hands with my brother, lowered him in the boat safely to the foot of the fall, gave him the rope, and saw him no more. Then throwing aside my coat, hat and boots, and stripping the socks from my feet, I commenced my climbing way, often reaching the height of one or two hundred feet, only to be compelled to return to try some other way. At length, about four o'clock in the afternoon, I reached a height upon the smooth canon wall of about a thousan I feet. Here my further progress was arrested by a shelving ledge of rock that jutted out from the canon side a foot or more. To advance was without hope; to return, certain death. Reaching upward and outward, I grasped the rim of the ledge with one hand, and then with the other, my feet slipped from the smooth side of the canon, and my body hung suspended in the air a thousand feet above the roaring waters of the Arkansas.

"At that moment I looked downward to measure the distance I would have to fell when the strength of my arms gave out. A tinging sensation crept through my hair, as my eye caught the strong root of a cedar bush that projected out over the ledge, a little beyond my reach. My grasp upon the rim of the ledge was fast yielding to the weight of my person. Then I determined to make my best effort to raise my body and to throw it sideways toward the root, so as to bring it within my grasp. At the moment of commencing the effort I saw my mother's face, as she leaned out over the ledge, reached out her hand and caught me by the hair. Stranger, my mother died while yet a young woman, when I and my brother were small boys, but I remember her face. I was successful in making the side leap of my arms, when I drew myself upon the ledge and rested for a time. From here upward my climbing way was laborious, but less dangerous. I reached the top of the canon just as the sun was sinking down behind the snowy range, and hastened to our camp at the mouth of the canon, where I found my brother all safe. 'Charley,' said he, 'have you had your

head in a flour sack?' It was then I discovered that my hair was as white as you see it now."-Denver Tribune.

HIS CREED.

CHARLES DICKENS RELIGION THE RELIG-ION OF WIDE HUMANITY.

Dickens preached -- not in church nor from a pulpit, but a gospel which the people understood---the gospel of kindness, sympathy - in a word, humanity. His creed may be found in the following beautiful extracts on the subject of death:

"Even when golden hair lay in a halo on a pillow, round the worn face of a little boy, he said with a radiant smile: 'Dear papa and munua, I am very sorry to leave you both and to leave my pretty little sister, but I am called, and I must go.' Thus the rustling of an angel's wings got blended with the other echoes and had in them the breath of Heaven."--- Tale of Two Cities, book 2, chap. 21.

"There is no time there, and no trouble there. The spare hand does not tremble; nothing worse than a sweet, bright constancy is in her face. She goes next before him---is gone."---Ibid, book 3, chap. 15.

"The dying boy made answer, 'I shall soon be there.' He spoke of beautiful gardens stretched out before him, and were fitted with figures of men, and children, all with light upon their faces; then whispered that 'it was Eden,' and so died "--- Nichotas Nickleby, chap. 58.

"It's turned very dark, sir. Is there any light a-coming? The cart is shaken all to pieces, and the rugged road is very near its end. I'm a gropin'—a gropin', let me catch hold of your hand. Hallowed be thy name."

"Dead! my lords and gentlemen. men and women, born with Heavenly compas us, every day !"-Bleak House, chap. 47.

"He slowly laid his face down upon her bosom, world, oh, not this! The world that sets this west of Columbus. right." -- Ibid, chap. 65.

"If this is sleep, sit by me while I sleep. and I want it to be near." And she died like a child that had gone to sleep .-- David Copperfield, chap. 9.

Time and the world were slipping from beneath him He's going out with the tide. . . tide."--Ibid, chap. 30.

old place?' That face, so full of pity frozen lake. and grief, that would appeal to me, that solemn hand upraised towards Heaven! It is over."---Ibid, chap. 53.

been there last night. Time, burrowing like a mole under the ground, had marked his track, by throwing up another heap of earth."--- Mar- bottom. If salt is to be fine, for table use, tin Chuzzlewitt, chap. 19.

cal n, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look up. For use in working silver ore, coarse salt step.

hand of God and waiting for the breath of life, be dug up with picks if necessary, but the loose was past all help or need of it. We will not salt of that kind is formed as can be disposed of. wake her." --- Old Curiosity Shop, chap. 71.

and dim behind the weak transparency, went out."---Hard Times, chap. 9.

and the faintest shadow of a smile was seen. Thus clinging to that slight spar within her arms, the mother drifted out upon the dark and unknown sea that rolls round all the world."---Dombey and Son, vol. 1 chap. 1.

"Its very near the sea; I hear the waves! The light about the head is shining about me extent of the deposits is not known. as I go!" The old, old fashion, that came in Ibid, chap. 17.

"In this round world of many circles within circles, do we make a weary journey from the high grade to the low, to find at last that they lie close together, that the two extremes touch, and that our journey's end is but our starting place!"---Ibid, chap. 34.

"A cricket sings upon the hearth; a broken, child's toy lies upon the ground, and nothing else remains." --- Cricket on the Hearth, chap. 3.

"I am going to heaven! The sunset is very near! and the child who went to Heaven rose into the golden air and vanished."--- The Child's Story.

A WONDERFUL NEVADA VALLEY.

Captain Rhodes of Esmeralda county, who is in this city, is owner of what is known as sign in your hearts. And, dying thus around Rhodes' Salt Marsh, but which is a perfect laboratory of mineral wealth The valley contains 4140 acres. It is quite level, and is surdrew his arm closer round her neck, and with rounded on all sides with high volcanic mounone parting sob began the world. Not this tains. It is situated about fifteen miles north-

Turn me to you, for your face is going far off, States, if not the whole world. A foot or two below the surface is found a solid floor of pure rock salt, as firm and as transparent as ice. Indeed, when the sand that covers the surface is stripped off, the salt below bears a very close resemblance to a field of ice. In many places And it being low water, he went out with the little streams of water bubble up through the mass of salt, and very frequently deep pools are "'Don't cry! Is my chair there? In its found, which look just like the air-holes in a

When a tract of ground has been stripped of the surface soil, the salt water rises over the bed "One new mound was there which had not of rock salt to the depth of a foot or two. Then crystals of salt begin to form on the surface of the water, and as they form they sink to the upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the is as good as fine, and the solid formation may There is much more that I could say

not one who had lived and suffered death. She crystals are more readily handled, and as much

Not only are there inexhaustible stores of salt "The hand soon stopped in the midst of in the little valley, but immense stores of them; the light that had always been feeble borax. This borax is of the finest quality known, and two or three cents per pound more can be obtained for it in Europe than for any "For a moment the closed eyelids trembled, other borax sent to that market. Splendid specimens of tincal, or natural crystals of borax, are found in the marsh, imbedded in the clay near the surface Immense quantities of sulphate of magnesia (epsom salt) and sulphate of soda (glauber salt) in a pure state are also found. Nitrate of potassa (saltpetre) is found, but the

Common potash is found in great abundance, with our first garments, and will last unchanged and among the curious specimens to be obtained until our race has run its course, and the wide are what are called "cotton balls" (boreate of firmament is rolled up like a scroll. Oh! thank | lime) and fibrous crystalline borax. Also there God for that older fashion yet, of immortality! is found an abundance of an unknown mineral. And look upon us, angels of young children, It is something described in none of the books. when the swift river bears us to the ocean."--- It does not appear in the shape of crystals, yet has a regular form of its own, presenting the appearance of branches of coral. It is thought that this may be some new salt. A quantity of it will shortly be sent East for examination. - Virginia City (Nevada) Enterprise.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

FOND DU LAC. Wis., Aug. 1. 1879.

DEAR BROTHER DENSMORE,-I have just received the Voice of Angels for July 15th, with seven extra copies for distribution, containing a message from my daughter, Mrs. Emma C. Winchell, in relation to the treatment of insane persons at the Winnebago Hospital. She passed to the Higher Life Dec. 21st, 1878, from said hospital. Her statements relative to falling on a bad sidewalk, and also the date when it happened, are correct. She survived her injury four months and three

During my attendance upon my daugh-In this little valley is a sufficient amount of ter, I think the day previous to her deparsalt to supply all the markets of the United ture, I discovered a very bad sore on her left upper arm. I inquired the cause. She burst into tears, saying, "Ma, that is where they whipped me." I said, "What did they whip you for?" remarking that Dr. Kempster had told me that she was one of the most pleasant and agreeable patients in the house. She said, "It was because I cried to see my ma."

On her left foot, side and arm were The salt made at the warsh is perfectly pure, plainly to be seen the marks of the lash that she was whipped with, the point of the lash striking the left upper arm. The lash is composed of three strips of some kind of leather, braided. I saw it afterward coiled around the supervisor's arm, workmen stir these crystals about with shovels as she strode through the hall, lashing the She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and as they settle to the bottom, thus breaking them floor like some furious beast at every

thought over my daughter's treatment.

had every appearance of being a kind and heedless, careless world, while aiding him fortunates under his charge.

happiness that I enjoy from such words Justice, which give just due to all people, The room in the darkest night is lighter as such is unknown in Spirit-realms. than the noonday sun, and they are afraid to use it.

I thank Brother Pardee for his kind remembrance, and dear Callie, (as we were wont to call her at times,) for her cheering words to ma. I will write a line to her soon, and hope to hear from her often.

With many thanks to Brother Densmore and Sister Shelhamer,

> I remain as ever, CORDELIA TAINTOR.

[For the "Voice of Angels."] SPIRIT ECHOES. NUMBER TEN.

BY SPIRIT VIOLET.

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELMAMER.

What are the attributes of the Spirit? Shorn of all the coarser elements gathered from its contact with matter, purged of all impurities, cleansed of all gross materialities, that have a tendency to cling to the interior being-spots gathered by the experiences—the Spirit shines out, beautiful and good, every feature, every lineament, even the very robes it wears, radiant in one. with a light that pierces all shadows and permentes with glory everything it reaches.

Tongue cannot utter nor pen portray the its own pleasure to enrich the souls of evil would decay for want of nourishment, horrible sensation that pervades my every others; Charity, Christ-like Charity, that and all good thrive under the fostering condemns none, but offers the hand of as- care—so that in the By-and-Bye he would With my few days' experience in that sistance to every needy soul, and with become as the angels are, one in aspira-Asylum, I must say that Dr. Kempster pitying kindness veils his fault from the tion with the Father! good man; and many things occur in that to become better and holier; Purity, institution that if he was aware of he which, like the gleaming crest, ever rises would not approve. But I certainly think above the dark soil beneath, and rides upon the Dr. should investigate the matter, if the silvery tide; but which, unlike the he desires to be humane to the poor un- snowy foam, can plunge down into the MY SPIRIT JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE, THEOUGH HIS MEDIdepths, when necessary, to snatch a gem-Dear Brother Densmore, words fail to which may be some other soul—from the express my thankfulness to you for the darkness and mire; Honor, Integrity, and from a loving child: "Please tell ma my defraud no man, and seek ever to tread Summer-land home is sweet; I have flow- the path of right-doing, not for the hope ers and birds, and I found Tunie right of reward, but for its own sake, and the away." She promised me in her last inward happiness of the soul; Freedom, hours that she would find her, and would perfect Freedom from all enslaving pascommunicate to me through the Voice of sion, all bonds that confine and cramp the ANGELS; and well does she remember soul; freedom of thought, freedom of when the temple was rent in twain, action, but such freedom that encroaches Both the supervisor and the nurse made not upon the domain of another, nor seeks the remark to me, "Do you see the bed its happiness through the avenue of unshake?" I said, "You will see more than bridled license; for that is not freedom, is that!" and I understand that they have. not liberty, but despotism in disguise, and

> All these are the attributes of the Spirit; all these and more; every desire ripens itself into a beautiful developement of something noble and good; every impulse unfolds into a blossom of light, fraught with good will; every aspiration turns upward; as seeking for the light, it rises towards the Infinite and Holy; every error becomes submerged with Truth; ignorance of Life and Law and Love turns to Knowledge, and Power is the dower of the soul-power to go onward and upward, to expand all the divine within that needs growth—power to give voice to the undying song of the soul—power to reach out for strength and light, which are never denied-and power to reach downward, also, to befriend, encourage and sympathize with the lowly and the weak!

Oh, the attributes of the Spirit!—of all Spirits, when freed from the effects of suffering and sin! Beautiful and good, they transcend all thought; ever flowing out Spirit-garments in passing through mortal towards the great Creator, they blend in one sea of ineffable glory, which constitutes the Divinity of God and man united

endeavors to daily grow under the sunlight it is correct in every particular. Many The attributes of the Spirit are Love— of Progress, so that hour by hour some thanks for permitting my darling to come unselfish, undefiled, undying Love-which scale would fall away, some tatter be made so many times through your paper. throws out a spirit of tenderness, of whole? Who would not seek to train and thoughtful kindness, toward all others: prune the vines of the noblest affections, Sympathy, deep, true Sympathy, that feels the highest emotions of his soul, and to

but I defer—the thought is too sickening. for another in sorrow or joy, and gives of cultivate every good attribute, that all

NSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

TO GERALD MASSEY, POET.

UM, M. T. HHELMAMER.

BRAVE soul, who dwellest on the earth Encased in bands of fleshly clay, The Angels recognize thy worth, In heavenly lands not far away; They watch thee with their holy eyes, And guard thee with divinest care, As on the hills of Parulise They bless thee in the hour of prayer.

Brave, earnest soul, whose fearless voice Is sounded in defence of right, Celestial white-robed boats rejoice And praise thee in their homes of light, That thou dost wield thy magic pen Against oppression, sin and wrong, Till heaven and earth resound again With music from thy rhythmic song.

Oh, we would bless thee for the strains That echo from thy mystic lyre, The holy, prayerful, sweet refrains That kindle Truth's immortal fire; Oh, I would bless thee for thy song Of sympathy towards the poor, Whose rhymed sweetness tells the wrong And pain and suffering they endure,

We watch thee with a sweet surprise, To find thy soul so crystal white, And clear as dew 'neath summer skies Reflecting back the heavenly light; For thou art warm, impulsive, true To sympathy and human love. And thy sweet soul hath straggled through The earthly deeps to heights above.

As one who feels thy mystic power To elevate the weak and low, To permeate the saddest hour With gladness, pure as ally'ry anow-As one who knows the potent charm That thrills through every song of thine, Who senses every impulse warm That floods thy soul with light divine-

Oh, I would bring thee words of cheer From loved ones in the world above, Who bless thee while thou lingerest here To brighten earth with heavenly love; Oh, I would bring thee royal gems Of Sympathy, and Love, and Truth, Which form a matchless diadem To crown thee with immortal youth.

Press on, glad Spirit, o'er the gleaming beights Of proud Parnassus, gained by noble power, And bear aloft Progression's brilliant lights. To plant their standard on each lofty tower! Press on in soulful sweetness, while the song Of Angels floats around you from above, And God, who triumphs over every wrong, Enfolds you in his arms of perfect love!

ANOTHER VERIFICATION.

BOSTON, Aug. 12, 1879.

Mr. Densmore:—Dear Sir,—Please send me two papers of Aug. 1st. There Who would not strive with all his best is a message from Eva. I would say that

> Yours, in love and truth, CURTIS CLARK, No. 53 Church street, Boston.

VOICE OF

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION FAIR VIEW HODSE, NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS.

Smitt, L. JUDD PARDEE, Editor in Chief.

D R. MINER Business Manager

D. C. DENSMORE, Amanuensis and Publisher.

NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS., SEPT. 1, 1879

EDITORIAL

THE ONE GREAT TRIUMPH YET TO DAWN.

As the days, weeks, months and years go by, the advocates and defenders of woman's liberty, woman's freedom of action, her right to exercise a control over her own person, life, powers and property. are still undismayed by opposition or delay. Knowing no such word as fail, owning no such thought as defeat, they move steadily onward, strong in their purpose to press on in their mighty work, until the day of victory; knowing that, should their physical frames faint by the way, their Spirits will still have power to take up the work, and impress other noble souls into the service.

Not only hundreds and thousands of the most refined, cultured and intelligent of the female sex have entered heart and soul into the work of emancipating their sex from mental, social and political bondage—of redeeming womankind from the degrading servitude most of them are obliged to remain in, towards those of the opposite sex whom they call husbands, and who have from time immemorial wielded a master's power over the fragile, delicate women who have been entrusted to their care—but also those noble, honest souls encased in a masculine form, who, recognizing the justice of woman's claims for freedom, are constantly lending their ed into a goddess, or

"A being all too bright and good For human nature's daily food;"

tually and politically. She demands the powers than man, the time will yet come my being. of life, with her male associates. She recognition of her power and talent, exer- upon the golden shore. such taxation. Taxation without represupon the earth—the emancipation of wo- I am happy and at rest.

of the elective franchise—the ballot—that fore its rising might. she may assist in choosing and electing the wisest rulers, the best Governors of the Commonwealth: and this mighty demand will go rolling on, steadily gaining volume, breadth and power, until public sentiment will demand a legislation that will concede to woman what has so long been withheld from her, namely, the right to protect herself, through the exercise of the ballot.

It has been objected that, were women due caution in the choice of candidates, gent. refued and educated women are all sin is purged from the struggling spirit. holding private meetings, presided over male voters of the present day call to- Summer-Land. gether part of the ignorant, uneducated, profune. drunken rabble, that cluster franchise.

ANGELS. sentation to woman means injustice and man from all that enthralls and keeps her tyranny: and she is heard lifting up her down-will become such an established voice against it. She demands the right fact, that all who oppose it will bow be-

> ERRATA - In the article entitled "The Millennium," in the Voice of August 1st, the word "regeneration" should be "generation."

SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE, AUGUST 3RD, 1879.

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHEL-

INVOCATION, BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

Our Father who art in Heaven, halallowed to vote, they would not exercise lowed be thy name; give unto each soul the comfort that it needs, strengthen and nor sufficiently reason upon the qualifica- sustain overy Spirit throughout its mortal tions and merits of the various aspirants journey; and oh, our Father-blessed title for office in the political field. Let us see of relationship—we ask tonight that thou how this agrees with the facts in the case: wilt enfold every weary, struggling soul, Recently, the Massachusetts Legislature every weak and tempted one, in the arms passed a law permitting women to vote in of thy mighty love, until all passion bethe election of School Committee, and comes stilled in the culm submission to now, as an outgrowth of that law, intelli- thy will which is the law of right, until

Bless every sufferer to night; pour over by well-informed sympathizers, and ap- each wound the oil of thy peace and tranproved by experienced voters, to qualify quillity; and oh, may the light of thy themselves to vote intelligently. Comment presence, and the consoling presence of is unnecessary. Now, we would like to the Angels, stream over every darkened see some of the well-informed, educated pathway, and brighten the passage to the

SUSAN CROSBY.

AGREEABLY to carthly desires, I have around the polls on voting day, for a sim- been seeking carnestly for the last few lar purpose—the instructing these voters weeks to send out a blessing of grateful in the true use and beauty of the elective love, a token of my presence, from this place. At last, I succeed in making my-That woman, whose love of home, whose self heard, although I find it impossible to assistance and using their influence and affection for the family circle, whose ten- give all I desire. But let me say this-it powers to hasten on the glorious day when derest qualities are developed in the exer- is all glorious, all perfect. The reunion woman everywhere shall be recognized as cise of watchful care for those she loves, with darlings gone before was blessed to the equal of man in every department of will neglect her home duties, or the care my Spirit. No one can tell the sweet wellife. This is her right, and this is all she of her family, to attend political gather- come a Spirit receives from its heavenly demands. She does not wish to be exalt-ings, and fritter away her time at the treasures, and I have many in the Higher polls, as the lord: (?) of creation do, is Life. What a glorious sunrise, radiant a fear too absurd to be noticed, and held with beauty, light and glory, is to the out only by those who, seeing the rod of night-enveloped earth, so is the Spirit's but she does wish to be elevated to her power slipping away from them, seek to resurrection, to the weary, longing soul. true station in life—that of helper, co-deter others from lending assistance to the The morning light was breaking for me, worker, adviser of man, socially, intellect opposite party. But thanks to higher and it's brightness glorified every sense of

right of self-protection; the right to guard when woman will stand erect and free, I wish to send undying love and gratiher most sacred principles from violation; equal in liberty and power with all man- tude to each dear one on earth, relative and the right to ownership in her own person kind. Already is she making her mark friend; none are forgotten. I bless them and property; the right of being educated of honor in the halls of learning; already all, and will ever guard and guide them in all the various professions and sciences are educated and talented men bowing a with faithful love. We shall meet again

protests against the unjust taxation of cised in medical pursuits, and in litera- I am an old lady, sir. My Spirit was p operty levied upon her, while she has no ture, law, and the sciences; and by-and- long confined to the material, while chafing voice in the making of the law regulating bye, the one grand triumph yet to dawn to be free. As my friends already know, like you to send to Charles Crosby, Ashby, ginny, an' I'se wants young Massa Charley

MATTIE BROWNE

LAM Mattie Browne. Father's name is William Browne. I lived in Utica, New York.

I never heard of this when I was here, but I think it's real good that we can come back; only I wish they could always know at home.

I was nearly thirteen. I think it's nearly four years since I went away. I'm strong now. I know just how the rose-bush in the back-yard has grown, and how dark the roscs grew the Summer after I went away. Mother said they seemed as though they had turned to mourning roses. They are lighter now.

I don't feel very well, but I want to send my love and grandmother's and Bessie's.

FLORA A. PARTRIDGE.

Good evening! [Good evening!] feel it a rare privilege to be permitted to manifest here twice, and I am so thankful for it. If you please, I would like to send my love to all our family. Since my bodily departure, I seem to be so much closer to them in Spirit, and to draw from each get a rousing welcome when he comes over. hope to come even better than that some one the kind thoughts and loving memories sent out towards me. They know I am happy and well, and dwelling in a beautiful home. My home is still with father, mother and all, too; and so I feel I have two sweet homes, one on earth and one in the Spirit-world.

I have tried to take on material form at times, to show myself. I have tried to imprint my image upon the camera, that father might develope it. I have tried to come in more ways than they know; and yet I am grateful that I can bring the roses of love and the lilies of peace to plant them in each heart, and bless it with the beauty, mer-land.

You remember me—Flora Partridge? succeed. I thank you for permitting me to come again. [You are welcome.]

Please sign me Flora A. Partridge, and send my message to Mr. A. Cheney Partridge, Boston Highlands, Mass.

[Message alluded to, published July them. 1st.]

POLLY

'Specs I'se no business here. Oh, ves, you have; we're glad to see you.] Well. now, honey, that's kin'. I be all brack, all brack. 'Specs I got ticks in joints, pretty stiff. I'se ole Polly. [How old 'Pears like I nebber hab no fornia.

My name is Susan Crosby. I would age; nebber did. I'se come from ole Virto know it. I nussed him when a pickan- been gone a year yet. I want to send my inny. Ole Mistis here sen's a heap o' love love and mother's love to those we left at to Mars' Charley, an' she want him to stay home. Tell father not to grieve; we are home to look arter the ole place, an' not happy now, and we don't feel sick any more. go over the water; 'kase it's all moonshine Mamma came to the other place, the Banan' sich that he's running arter.

> be Charley Mitchell. 'Pears like the ole beautiful Spirit-land, and there'll be no place be near Richmon'.

JOSEPH H. NEILT.

With your kind permission, sir, I would like to say a few words to my brother Arch. I am Joseph H. Neily, who passed away from Boston a few years ago. [We are glad to have you come, sir. Thanks! Tell Arch that now I am perfectly satisfied; that I would not change back if I could. Father, mother, and hosts of others, are that they may reach home by the fourth of with me, and we all join in love to him. September. I will be home on that day, His little darlings are all safe and tenderly the anniversary of a sweet release, and I cared for. Tell him that the houses we will bring sweet flowers, tokens of love build over here are entirely different from and sympathy; I will ever bless each one, those we hammer together on earth. Our and comfort the heart of my darling mother. mansions are good or poor according to Tell her blossoms gleam fair and sweet for our works, and each one must build his her in the Summer-land. I have come to own. Bless the old fellow; tell him he'll her in Spirit-form, to gladden her soul; I

I know what changes she has made; I look fluence her. I am happy; every wish is out for her welfare, and am contented with gratified; for here we desire nothing but what has been done so far, as I feel it is what is best for us, and we expand and for the best. I wish ber, and will try to bring her, contentment, happiness and Love. I thank you. peace.

MESSAGES GIVEN AUGUST 10TH, 1879.

MRS. LOUISA MILLS.

Like a song-bird, glad and free, I wing my way from the upper heights, to bear tidings of love and peace to dear friends on the earth. I can sing my song of tribloom and fragrance of love from the Sum- umph now; I can warble strains of sweeter melody than when encased in mortal; but while I plume my aspirations for higher [I think so.] I came before, but did not flights, I yet nestle in the beating hearts of those so dear, so dear to me on earth. Say I guard them with unperishing love; I guide them gently homeward. while I linger mostly with my treasures, I am with my friends to love and bless

And to the one dear friend, whose eyes will scan these lines, give my fond remembrance, loving benediction and sympathy.

To Medium friends, who have assisted me to convey tokens of love to dear ones, I send gratitude and love.

Mrs. Louisa Mills, to friends in Cali- Heaven.

MAMIE WHITMORE.

I COME from California too. I haven't ner, and I come here. I'm Mamie Whit-I'se Polly, sure, Massa. Young Mars' more; I shall grow up a woman in the fear of going into a decline there.

Tell papa good things are in store for him yet, and we'll watch over all, and make them happy and contented. Don't forget to say we all send love.

I want this sent to Mr. E. W. Whitmore, San Francisco, California.

KATIE WYMAN.

I would like to send a few words now, I would like to send my love to Vilie. day; I come close to Auntie, and can indevelope under the sunlight of Spiritual

Katie Wyman, to her mother, Mrs. Abbie Wyman, Stoneham, Mass.

REV. CHARLES WILSON.

As one, whose calling it was to go down into the depths, and to take each suffering mourner, each struggling sinner, by the hand, and seek to lift him or her up into a better state of mind; yet as one who feels he sometimes failed in his duty; I would return tonight to speak some worl of comfort to the saddened soul.

Ah, well does your speaker know the depths of pain and suffering a human heart can reach; well does he know the misery that can attach itself to the Spirit; and yet he would say, Oh, mourning heart, be comforted—be comforted. A higher life, a purer love, a nobler path, awaits each one in the Land of Souls. Every tear shall yet be wiped away, every sorrowing heart shall yet rejoice; "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," that through the flood and the fire, the soul may become cleansed from impurities, purged from dross, and drawn nearer the heights of

"Peace be with you all, not as the world

gives, give we unto you, but that peace that the world can neither give nor take REV. CHARLES WILSON. away."

MESSAGES GIVEN AUGUST 17TH, 1879.

SALLIE CONANT.

I'm a very old lady, over eighty; but I would like to come, and see what's going on; and perhaps some one who used to know me will see my name and remember me. I have only been away about a year. Oh, what a deal there is to learn over here! what different ways of teaching there are ! You cannot drill learning into one who won't learn; knowledge only comes to the seeker, but it does come when you want it and hunt after it.

I send my love, and I'm not dead. I was an old school-marm in Provincetown. Everybody down there knows Aunt Sallie Conant. I'm smarter than ever, tell them, and good for ever so many terms.

TECUMELA.

TECUMELA comes to send scratch line tron talk paper to brave in far west. Tecumela say he be one of Injun band, to do heap mighty work trou young chief. Band want to trow strength, magnetism, over young Chief; to 'velope the power he hab, tor good work for peoples who weak, no strong, what you call "sick." Tecumela say, Poantonino be great sachem who controls Band for work; all help, all work good for chief. Want Chief John be quiet, be brave, an' we do heaps much for he.

Tell Chief John's ole brave we bring um round strong, if noting prevent. We make um well. Tecumela open Chief's eyes, he see Spirits, talk um, bring um good from hunting-grounds. Ole whitehaired Chief, grandsire Willum, sen' heap much love; he be guide, he help too, bring um news for knowledge-box. Ugh! Tecumela hab spoken. Good Moon.

[Harebell, an Indian Control of the Can conquer e'en the anguleh of this hour. Medium, tells us this message is for Mr. John W. Montgomery, Fort Seneca, Ohio.

MARY E. MANN.

I COME from Keene, New Hampshire. I hardly know how long I have been away, but think it about twelve months. I would like to send my love, to say I am as happy as I ever expected to be; the clouds roll away, and I can understand them now. I am about twenty-five. I left friends who will see this. Say I bring them all love, and come to try and return the many kindnesses they showered upon me.

My name is Mary K. Mann. If any of them will go to a Medium privately, I The height sublime can explain a great deal to them.

CAPT. DANIEL T. GIFFORD.

CAPTAIN Daniel T. Gifford, who hails from New Bedford, and wants to tell old shipmates he has found the snuggest and sweetest harbor they have ever dreamed of. Somewhat over a year, I believe, since I went aloft; time enough to see which way the land lays, and what kind of a crew you've got aboard. I'm satisfied; might have done better, but also might have done a great deal worse. If any old cruiser will hail me and give me a chance to speak, I'll respond heartily. A friend on Union street. New Bedford, couldn't do better than hunt up one of these trumpets and let me have a chance to speak through it. Also, tell Parker all is above-board and

I was an old chap, and I think Jack Tar would say, a fair Captain. Over threescore-and-ten, but safe in port at last.

EMMIE PLAISTED.

I want to come. Mamma can't hear me sing to her now, but I do all the same. I've got a little sister. I be Emmie Plaisted. Mamma's Emeline Plaisted, in Trenton. New Jersey. [Does she read our little paper?] No: she reads Sunday School papers, though. I've got blue slippers. Will mamma want to know what angels do with blue slippers? I wears 'em. I had 'em here; they were so pretty; mamma put 'em on the other me, that had the flowers all round it; don't you know? I was six. I be eight now. Oh I'm so happy! I live in a big garden, and play with the birds.

[Selected.]

JOSEPHINE'S LAMENT.

BY MRS. RMMA C. EMBURY.

THE fearful strife of feeling now is o'er, The bitter pang can rend my heart no more; A martyr spirit now within me burns, And love that spurns All thought of self is waking, till its power

Yes, for thy sake I can resign e'en thee, My noble husband! though there yet may be Enough of woman's weakness in my heart To bid tears start,

Yet not one murmur of reproach shall swell Amid the accents of my last farewell.

I loved thee in thy lowliness-ere fame Had shed her balo round Napoleon's name; In the velled lightnings of that falcon eye I read the high And godlike aspirations of a mind Whose loctlest aim was power to bless mankind.

And when thy name through all the earth was known, When monarchs qualled before thy triple crown, When queens beheld me, in mine hour of pride, Thy glorious bride,

No selfish vanity my heart could swell -I shared a throne, but would have shared a cell.

Like thine, my soul was formed for glorious fate; I loved thee as the eagle loves its mate; Nor did I seek with borrowed strength to climb Where thou hadst built thine eyrie; 'twas for me

Enough that thou wert there-I followed thee.

And in thy toils, two, have I be the a part. In scenes whose might have quarted man's sterner bear When dark rebellion reared his hydra crest, My hands arossed

And soothed the dreaded monster, till be smalled, And howed him down, submissive as a child.

Though all unit right the warrior's brand to wiell, Yet went my spirit with those to the field, Where everying squadrons met in flores array, Nor, 'mid the fray, Awoke one terror for a husband's life-Such fear were tille in Napoleon's wife.

Alas! how has my pride become my shame! I saw theo mount the rugged steep of fame, And Joyed to think how soon thy mighty soul Would reach its goal;

Nor ever dreamed, ambitious though thou art, That thy last step would be upon my heart,

Valuation Valuat Shall wield the world's drond sceptre in thy place; Rude nature might have taught how false must be Such hope to theo;

For lofty minds but with like minds should wed-Not in the dove's soft nest are eaglets brod.

Ours was the soul's high union; and the pain That wears my spirit down breaks not the chain; No earthly hand such fettors could entwine; And I am thine.

As fondly, proudly thine, in exile now, As when the disdem begirt my brow.

> [For the Voice of Angels.] A SPIRIT-PICTURE.

BY SPIRIT JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE, THROUGH HIS MEDIUM, M. T. SHELIIAMER.

Ur over the gleaming, glowing heights of yonder verdure-crowned hills, resting like brilliant crests of shining green upon the flower-bespangled vale, itself a mass of exquisitely tinted, harmoniously blended color, see the first beams of morning light, now rising, now receding, then mounting higher and higher, scintillating, glowing, radiating beauty and glory—each ray a point of red, purple or azure—until all blend into one harmonious sea of golden light, spreading abroad over the eastern sky, and filling the air with heavenly splendor.

It is morning, rich, golden, life-invigorating morning! The atmosphere, tinted with a shade of deep, dark blue, becomes mellowed with the golden light; the balmy zephyrs play in perfumed sweetness through the leafy branches of the stately trees; grasses, buds, and flowers glittering with crystal dew, throw back myriad points of brilliant light to the sunbeams resting lovingly upon them; birds spread their beautiful plumage to catch the breeze, and warble forth songs of sweetest melody; waters flow in musical gladness, and rippling over mossy stones, or shining pebbles, give added life and beauty to the scene. The arching skies bend in tenderness over all, and peace and purity permeate the scene.

Spirits throng together in groups, each soul thrilled with the magnificent display before them, and lifting up their hearts in silent praise, bless the Giver of Life for every perfect gift.

Spirit joins in a song of gladness, thanks- for the dusty, travel-worn soul. giving and aspiration; for through song, into an atmosphere of perfect peace.

who, resting upon life's shady side, think den, more enchantingly lovely to the beye know it all—you who grasp the shadow and do not realize that the substance is in could have appeared to its inhabitants. the Spiritual—do you think there is no there is! Everything that is beautiful, that is lovely and good, is found in greater

upon its walls.

refreshing fluid never repents.

ing the fountain an inscription is engraved, ed to the wants of the Spirit, and calcu- hand as that of her husband; the others that "all who run may read." mortal language, but it is to the effect that true happiness, perfect peace, true living, are only found when the soul, through aspiration and silent prayer, longs for delivfount of Purity.

This fountain, of which we speak, gives rest to the weary and worn; it contains a balm of healing for every Spirit-wound. Guarded by a venerable sage, who trod the martyr's path on earth, its waters flow clear, sparkling and invigorating.

None ever come this way unless in need of rest, in need of strength and power; and yet many, many souls throng the fertile vale.

He who pens these lines, whose Spirit, worn and torn with the tumult of remorse for not only the commission of wrong, might have been accomplished, felt itself well nigh exhausted by the fire raging influence to lead others to the same well- weigh the Spirit down.

Soon, celestial music ascends, as each spring, whence flows refreshing streams

Not far from this beautiful valley, which the Spirit becomes purified and uplifted has proved itself a delightful easis in the desert of many a barren life, many a ster-Oh, mortals dwelling in the valley—you lile, weary Spirit, extends a beautiful garholder then the fubled Garden of Eden

This Spirit-garden, so vast and extenmorning in the Spirit-world? Ah, but sive that it seems without limit, is adorned with all that can beautify—mossy banks everything that is harmonious, everything and stretches of sunny glades; spicy groves and vine-covered arbors; fairy-like beauty, greater harmony, more perfect grottoes and half-hidden glens, into which glory and splendor, in the realms on high. the sunlight peeps, reflecting back radiant In the midst of a fertile valley, rich colors and delicate forms of beauty; founwith its natural growth of grass and flow- tains gush and waters gleam; birds wake ers, there stands a snowy edifice, plain glad music in the leafy trees, or gather and unpretentious, yet so crystal white honey from the great banks of fragrant that a passing cloud would fling a shadow flowers that spread out before us. Here, in homes of light, surrounded by all that their hands full of slates, reminding one of Within, a large fountain sends forth is beautiful and good, their own habita- the man who came down bringing a pile of great sprays of silvery water, so cool, so tions of crystal whiteness, each one ever refreshingly sweet, that the soul who par- open to inspection, their own garments takes finds himself filled with new energy, spotless in purity, reside countless Spiritlife and power. The fountain draws its teachers, Spirit-helpers, who go out into Mrs. Ashley (who was a stranger to the wealth from exhaustless streams, flowing the valley, and gathering in those weary from the heart of a distant mountain; it souls who come up, sad and sorrowing, to at a large, old-style dining-table—he at the is free to all, and whoever partakes of its taste of the far-famed waters of the fountain, bring them into their own homes in violently shaken; small and large hands Over the doorway of the edifice cover- this delightful garden, where all is adapt-It is lated to call out all its love for the beauti- purported to be her children. Our impossible to transcribe it literally into ful, and to develope all its noblest aspira- watches were taken from the pocktions—where nothing can recall scenes of ets and put into our hands. Furnivice or misery to the suffering one—and ture was moved about the room. Some there, guided by beneficent teachers, tended by loving nurses, the Spirit grows, curious knots. We were both lifted in erance from passion, and yearns for the hour by hour, out of all gross conditions, our chairs, till our limbs came in contact the helping hand, the fuithful teacher, to some other poor Spirit yet in despair.

Oh, there are many ways whereby the work of love for humanity is carried on arms, our hands meanwhile joined on the in the Spirit-world-many ways whereby table. Presently, sounds were heard of Spirits groping in darkness are assisted writing. When the slates were opened, into a condition whereby they can help themselves and others: and we have ex- in the Beyond. turnal means for these works, just as you is needless to say, they are upon a broad- we were not forgotten, and that in dying er, more perfect and liberal plan.

but also for the omission of good that treads the path of sin, must some time re- er for many years, wrote upon the "stone deem his error, retrace his path, step by paper" a quaint and tender letter. She step, though the way be stony and steep; for wished to materialize her hand and show within, was led to this cool and fragrant every tear he has cost another, for every it in daylight. valley, and there in the fountain-house he heart-pang, he pays in sorrow and re- We sat as before, Mrs. Ashley and I has partaken of the waters of life, and morse; but thanks to a good Father's at the side, Dr. Slade at the end of the registered a vow to seek for purity in love, he finds himself at last, purified, table. Soon a hand clasped ours, giving thought and deed, and also to extend his sanctified, and freed from all that would genuine grips. Then a long slim hand,

(For the Voice of Angels.)

HENRY SLADE.

WE are often reminded that the old-time seer was not the only Medium for writing upon tables of stone. It is good for us, in these dark days, to have the new law written upon stone; to have the testimony given to us direct from Angel-hands. By this we know that our friends are not lost, not dead; that they have not forgotten the left behind.

Notably among the new writers on stone is Dr. Henry Slude. He has just paid Santa Barbara a visit. His first order was slates. A stack was deposited in a corner of his room. Skeptics went, looked, listened, and went away wondering if the old law, by which Moses obtained the commandments, was not one of Nature's eternal instruments. Others, with hearts brim-full of joy, went out with stones written over by unseen hands.

Let me relate some things done in broad daylight, before our clear, steady gaze. doctor) and the writer sat with Dr. Slade end, we at the side. Our clothing was clasped ours; Mrs. Ashley recognized one ribbon in Mrs. A's lap was tied in until he too is ready and willing to become with the tuble, and then let drop with a thud. Slates were taken from the pile for our inspection. Two were laid together, with a small pencil inside, placed upon our they were found written over by our friends

These communications, bearing the have your institutions on earth; only, it names of our friends, convinced us that one is not much changed. "Susie," an In-Whoever errs knowingly, whoever dian maiden, who has been my light-bear-

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MESSAGES GIVEN AUGUST 17TH, 1879. SALLIE CONANT.

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I send my love, and I'm not dead. I was an old school-marm in Provincetown. Everybody down there knows Aunt Sallie Conant. I'm smarter than ever, tell them, and good for ever so many terms.

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I was an old chap, and I think Jack Tar would say, a fair Captain. Over threescore-and-ten, but safe in port at last.

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I want to come. Mamma can't hear me sing to her now, but I do all the same. I've got a little sister. I be Emmie Plaisted. Mamma's Emeline Plaisted, in Trenton, New Jersey. Does she read our little paper? No; she reads Sunday School papers, though. I've got blue slippers. Will mamma want to know what angels do with blue slippers? I wears 'em. I had 'em here; they were so pretty; mamma put 'em on the other me, that had the flowers all round it; don't you know? I was six. I be eight now. Oh, I'm so happy! I live in a big garden, and play with the birds.

[Selected.]

JOSEPHINE'S LAMENT.

DY MRS. EMMA .. EMBURY

THE fearful strife of feeling now is n'er, The bitter pang can rend my heart no more; A martir spirit now within me burns, And love that spurns All thought of self is waking, till its power

Yes, for thy sake I can resign e'on thee, My noble husband! though there yet may be Enough of woman's weakness in my heart To bid team start,

Yet not one murmur of represch shall swoli Amid the acconts of my last farewell.

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And when thy name through all the earth was known, When monarchs qualled before thy triple crown, Whon queens beheld me, in mine hour of pride, Thy glorious bride, No selfish vanity my heart could swell -

Like thine, my soul was formed for glarious fate;

I loved thee as the eagle loves its mate:

Nor did I seek with borrowed strength to climb The height sublime Where thou hadst built thine eyrie; 'twas for me Enough that thou wert there-I followed theo.

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And soothed the dreaded monster, till he suilled, And bowed him down, subminive is a child.

Though all untrught the warrior's brand to wield, Yet went my spirit with thee to the field, Where charging squadrons met in flerce array, Nor, 'mid the frey, Awoke one terror for a hunband's life-

Alas! how has my pride become my shame! I saw thee mount the rugged steep of fame, And joyed to think how soon thy inights soul Would reach its goal;

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Nor ever dreamed, ambitious though thou art, That thy last stop would be upon my heart.

Vain sacrifice! No second of thy race Shall wield the world's dread sceptre in thy place; Rude nature might have taught how false must be Such hope to thee;

For lofty minds but with like minds should wod-Not in the dovo's soft nest are eaglets bred.

Ours was the soul's high union; and the pain That wears my spirit down breaks not the chain; No earthly hand such fettors could entwine; And I am thine.

As fondly, proudly thine, in exile now, As when the diadem begirt my brow.

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Ur over the gleaming, glowing heights of yonder verdure-crowned hills, resting like brilliant crests of shining green upon the flower-bespangled vale, itself a mass of exquisitely tinted, harmoniously blended color, see the first beams of morning light, now rising, now receding, then mounting higher and higher, scintillating, glowing, radiating beauty and glory—each ray a point of red, purple or azure—until all blend into one harmonious sea of golden light, spreading abroad over the eastern sky, and filling the air with heavenly splendor.

It is morning, rich, golden, life-invigorating morning! The atmosphere, tinted with a shade of deep, dark blue, becomes mellowed with the golden light; the balmy zephyrs play in perfumed sweetness through the lenfy branches of the stately trees; grasses, buds, and flowers glittering with crystal dew, throw back myriad points of brilliant light to the sunbeams resting lovingly upon them; birds spread their beautiful plumage to catch the breeze, and wurble forth songs of sweetest melody; waters flow in musical gladness, and rippling over mossy stones, or shining pebbles, give added life and beauty to the scene. The arching skies bend in tenderness over all, and peace and purity permeate the scene.

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Oh, there are many ways whereby the work of love for humanity is carried on in the Spirit-world—many ways whereby Spirits groping in darkness are assisted writing. When the slates were opened, themselves and others; and we have external means for these works, just as you have your institutions on earth; only, it names of our friends, convinced us that is needless to say, they are upon a broad- we were not forgotten, and that in dying

Whoever errs knowingly, whoever but also for the omission of good that trends the path of sin, must some time remight have been accomplished, felt itself deem his error, retrace his path, step by well nigh exhausted by the fire raging step, though the way be stony and steep; for within, was led to this cool and fragrant every tour he has cost another, for every it in daylight. valley, and there in the fountain-house he heart-pang, he pays in sorrow and rehas partaken of the waters of life, and morse; but thanks to a good Father's at the side, Dr. Slade at the end of the registered a vow to seek for purity in love, he finds himself at last, purified, table. Soon a hand clasped ours, giving thought and deed, and also to extend his sanctified, and freed from all that would genuine grips. Then a long slim hand,

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WE are often reminded that the old-time seer was not the only Medium for writing upon tables of stone. It is good for us, in these durk duys, to have the new law written upon stone; to have the testimony given to us direct from Angel-hands. By this we know that our friends are not lost, not dead; that they have not forgotten the

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Let me relate some things done in broad daylight, before our clear, steady gaze. Mrs. Ashley (who was a stranger to the doctor) and the writer sat with Dr. Slade at a large, old-style dining-table—he at the end, we at the side. Our clothing was violently shaken; small and large hands clasped ours; Mrs. Ashley recognized one hand as that of her husband; the others purported to be her children. watches were taken from the pockets and put into our hands. ture was moved about the room. Some ribbon in Mrs. A's lap was tied in curious knots. We were both lifted in our chairs, till our limbs came in contact with the table, and then let drop with a thud. Slates were taken from the pile for our inspection. Two were laid together, with a small pencil inside, placed upon our arms, our hands meanwhile joined on the table. Presently, sounds were heard of into a condition whereby they can help they were found written over by our friends in the Beyond.

> These communications, hearing the one is not much changed. "Susic," an Indian maiden, who has been my light-bearer for many years, wrote upon the "stone paper" a quaint and tender letter. She wished to materialize her hand and show

> We sat as before, Mrs. Ashley and I not so large nor so white as ours, came

several times between Mrs. A. and me. Susie claims the hand, and we confess faith in the claim. Why not? It was somebody's hand. It was not Dr. Slade's; not ours. No others were in the room-save in Spirit.

These are some of my experiences with Dr. Slade. The reader may ask, Did any one cry fraud? Of course, human nature is the same in Jericho and Jerusalem. He who must examine the prints of the nails in the feet of the risen Jesus, to be convinced of the divine presence, would cavil if another chanced to rise from the dead. The editors of one of our town papers accepted an invitation to a seance with Dr. Slade. They confess to having received communications in French and English. A brother and a darling child came for recognition. The names and relationship were acknowledged. Yet these shrewd detectives discovered the whole secret at a single sitting! "The writing was done by the doctor's long, flexible, muscular middle finger!" In like manner, "the accordeon was played." This theory may satisfy the "marines"; but the honest seeker for truth will ask where were the eyes of these editors, that they did not see this man write? And if they did see him, why did they not confront the fraud on the spot, and give the Doctor a Christian rebuke for his eharlatanism?

A "long finger/" How long? Slates were written just when the Doctor's hand was not within ten inches of them. How did this "long, flexible finger" give correctly facts, names, dates?

Still another question: The Doctor is paralyzed on the right side; he cannot write his name with his right hand! How marvellous power? "Uncle Bonn" was right when he said, "These shrewd inquirers do not care to be too closely questioned."

H. F. M. Brown, Santa Barbara, California.

ANOTHER VERIFICATION.

Bro. Densmore,—The communication in your little paper, the Voice of ANGELS through M. T. Shelhamer, coming as I believe from Jane J. Hambly, is true in all its details. From my own intuitive perceptions I acknowledge the same.

Respectfully yours, D. W. HAMBLY.

WHAT GOES INTO A PIPE.—A boy fills his pipe, and he sees only the tobacco; and I see going into that pipe brains, books, time, health, money, prospects. The pipe is filled at last, and a light is struck: and things which are priceless puffed away in smoke.

BRIEF NEWS ITEMS

We are informed that Mrs Cora L. V. Richmond, the gifted inspirational speaker, has been engaged to lecture several Sundays of the present month in Brooklyn, N. Y., and probably in New York City.

The annual Grove Meeting of Spiritualists and Free Religionists was held in the grove owned by Daniel Wentworth, between Antwerp and Hixville, Paulding Co., Ohlo, August 23d and 24th. Good speakers were present

The Spiritualists of Euclid and vicinity held their regular annual meeting on Sunday, Aug. 24. in Porter's Grove. Rev. Samuel Watson, of Memphis, Tenn., Parker Pillsbury, and other eminent Spiritualists were present and made addresses.

Sunday, August 10th, wis the great day of the Neshaminy Falls Grove Camp-Meeting. Twentytwo excursion cars (besides the regular trains) brought thousands of persons to the grounds, to witness the close of the great meeting. Dr. Samuel Watson, of Memphis, Tenn., occupied the stand In the morning, and Mrs. R. Sheperd, of Minneapolis, Minn., in the afternoon. In the evening, all the speakers upon the ground addressed the meeting. It is estimated that fifteen thousand people were in attendance during the day. We undertand the Committee have already engaged the Grove for next year.

The annual Camp-Meeting at Lilly Dale, Cassadaga Lake, N. Y., commenced Aug. 14th and continued until Aug. 31st. Geo. W. Taylor, of Lawton Station, Erie Co., N. Y., presided, and Spiritualists and Mediums from all parts of the country attended and took part.

The Spiritualists Camp-Meeting now in progress at Lake Pleasant, Montague, Mass., will close September 3d. The attendance has been large and the meeting interesting.

The Spiritualist and Liberalist Association of Maine will hold their annual Camp Meeting in Etna, Maine, commencing Sept. 3d and continuing over Sunday.

G. G. W. Van Horn, Magnetic Healer, who was Imprisoned at Kansas City, Mo., under the infamous "Doctors' Law" of Missouri, has been liberated, and is again practicing his profession in that city. While in jall, he cured several prisoners who were sick, by the laying on of hands. It is a great wonder that the over-zealous "regulars" of Kinsas City don't have him arrested again for so doing.

The closing day of the Ouset Bay Spiritual Camp is it, then, that a single finger has such Meeting was very interesting. Mrs. Nellie T. J. Brigham addressed the vast throng on the question, "The Old and the New," and was followed by Giles B. Stebbins on the "Pocasset Tragedy."

Men will wrangle for religion; write for it; fight for it; die for it; anything but-live for it.

Sorrow comes soon enough without desponding. It does a man no good to carry around a lightningrod to attract trouble.

Human life is male up of little efforts. We grow little by little, we learn little by little, we love little by little, and we gain heaven by littles.

Spiritualists who have cast off the yoke of fear and put on the mantle of love, should remember that their children have quite as much need of the mantle as the older ones.

England is somewhat agitated, just now, over a question that may be of equal interest ultimately in this country. It is that of the influence of public charities on the character of a people.

Mrs. Lydia Muria Child, the anthoress and antislavery agitator, is now reventy-seven years old. and lives at her old home in Wayland, Mass. In the course of a recent conversation with a writer in the Boston Herald, she spoke of Garrison as a firm believer in Spiritualism, and added: "Whittler admits that there is something very mysterious and unexplained in it."

The closing meeting of the Shawsheen River Grove Camp-Meeting, on Sunday evening, 8ept 10, was an interesting occusion. A large number of speakers took part, and a vote of thanks was bedered to Drs. Richardson and Currier, for their uniform courtesy and attention to both campen and vi-itors.

Prof. David Swing has just suffered a grierous loss in the death of his wife. Mrs. Swing was the daughter of Dr. Porter, of Euclid, Oblo, and a winning and gentle lady.

Major William W. Leland, a well-known botel proprietor, and a firm Spiritualist, died on Satur. day, Aug. 9th, of inflammation of the bowels.

A wash of fifteen or twenty drops of common carbolic acid in a hulf-pint of water will immedintely relieve the smart of mosquito-bites, bira, prickly-heat, and all irritations of the skin common in summer. As the strength of carbolic acid w commonly sold varies, the dilution should be tered before using by wetting a small spot of stin If it causes any burning in a moment or so, it is too strong and more water must be added.

. [Selected by M. J. R.]

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

Over and over again, No matter which way I turn, I always find in the Book of Life Some lessons I have to learn. I must take my turn at the mill, I must grind out the golden grain, I must work at my task with a resolute will Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need Of even the tiniest flower, Nor check the flow of the golden sands That run through a single bour. But the morning dew must fall, And the sun and the summer rain Must do their part, and perform it all Over and over again.

Over and over again The brook through the meadow flows, And over and over again The pond'rous mill-wheel goes. Once doing well will not suffice, Though doing be not in vain: And a blessing, falling us once or twice, May come if we try again.

The path that has once been troil Is never so rough to feet, And the lesson we once have learned Is never so hard to repeat. Though sorrowful tears may fall, And the boart to its depth be driven With storm and tompest, we need them all To render us meet for heaven.

CORROBORATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE

THROUGH M. T. SHELDANER.

WHEATLAND, Colo., Aug. 4, 1879.

Brother Densmore,—I cannot express my feelings of gratitude for the message in the Voice of Angels from my darling child, little Harry Woodward, which we entirely correct. Many, many thanks a due the Medium and dear Tunic, for assir ing him to communicate, as well as yourself for publishing the message.

I hope he will come again, and tell more about his beautiful Spirit-home.

Enclosed please find twenty-five con for copies of the number of the Vo containing his message.

> Kindly yours, Mus. H. I. WOODWAR

(For the Voice of Angels.) THE MILLENNIUM.

[CONCLUDED]

Another subject that has a wonderful bearing on human destiny for weal or woe. and one neglected by all progressive associations, is Love. It is well said, "Our happiness or misery in this world depends largely upon the state of our affections. To love and be loved is the normal condition and destiny of every well constituted man or woman. Failing to attain this condition, our minds are apt to become es to board or prosecute criminals. more or less morbid or warped, and we generally either run into dangerous and sinful excesses of some kind, or the milk of human kindness,' getting soured in our breasts, we become unsocial and cynical, if not misanthropic. At best, our earthly lives are to a greater or less extent irretrievably marred."

Here, then, is another vast field for labor, to "put the surplus of the young ladies of the East in communication with the vacancies of the West," that our rich valleys and richer mountains may be dotted with happy families, instead of roaming, houseless, homeless, old bachelors.

every bachelor over twenty-five years of age, one hundred dollars per annum, said sum to go to the support of young women who have no visible means of support.

In fact, come to sum up civilization as it is, and we find that "-e have done those things which we ought not to have done; and we have left undone those things which we ought to have done." Therefore we should go to work immediately to rectify matters; or else we sin daily by omission, and must suffer accordingly.

We might write volumes on what might or should be done in a civilization society, but we have not the time, nor is it necessary; for such matters will readily come papers as sympathize with progress, we can learn from each other and never be in there is one great want felt in the world, which such a movement might supply by the cooperation of the different associain all its phases, and a monthly, or weekly report published would be very valuable.

with a trace of liberality about them would justice will not suffer a reunion." Behold object; and public school-rooms could be her—that frenzied mother—faint! Witobtained at a very little cost; and as for ness her indescribable wretchedness! teachers, why everybody who can would And, with a heart burdened with irreteach a class-preachers among the fore-sistible commiseration-sympathy-turn movement is once fairly started, it will be this church-indoctrinated mother, to her a general uprising to see who will do the real counterpart—to a mother that accepts most; so we will all get as much as we the doctrine that our departed loved ones give. And as for a few dollars expended | -now Spirit-life-friends-can and do rein books, papers, etc., it will be invested turn to those remaining, furnishing ample to much better advantage than paying tax-

brothers that though they preach until the upon this mother's feelings. Observe "of day of judgment, the Scriptures will never be fulfilled, nor the Millennium come, until the lion and the lamb have lain down together. So, friends, extend the right hand of fellowship without delay, and let us go on with the good work and make a suffering world happy.

H. W. Brown.

GLENDALE, Montana, Jone 18, 1879.

[For the Voice of Angels.] SPIRITUALISM ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

BY B. T. LOCKWOOD, M. D.

It is undeniable that investigations of We would favor a law that would fine the claims of the Spiritual Philosophy have been prosecuted, for the last two years, with somewhat abated vigor, as compared with the three or four preceding ones, owing mainly to the fact of the absence of the best "Test Mediums," and partly to the fact that the attentions of the older settlers have been claimed by their new-coming triends and relatives. Yet despite these, thousands of our Pacific evidences upon which it rests, as many, Coast citizens are, mostly through private seances—home-circles—now, and yet, receiving evidences that fully convince them of the fact that "loved ones gone before" still live. Indeed, realizing "the good" that our supernal Philosophy does—none but those who refuse to investigate the up in the minds of the workers, and by evidences need be ignorant of the good, reporting proceedings of meetings to such the kind of good, that Spiritualism has done, is doing, and is destined to do for mortals, for the world! Oh, scoffer! dewant of work, or food for thought. But rider, prejudiced mortal, thou who inquirest "What good has Spiritualism done"let him be referred to that mother, who has been summoned to witness the ascendtions: that is, a good intelligence bureau ing departure of a loved child, young and fuscinating; behold her exhibiting evidences of unutterable, insanity-threatening It may be said that it will require a vast anguish of soul; listen to her heart-break- conditions; yet both are adapted to Spiramount of money to run such a movement, ing exclamations of grief, yea, of despair: its coming. And here, among the honest but we believe not. It must be run to a "Oh, my precious child!—the thought yeomanry, and more intelligent of the citgreat extent on a charitable scale. For that I may never again see thee - (since izens, are found increasing evidences of reinstance, hold your meetings in churches hell is the secthing nursery of unreduemed liable Spirit-intercourse.

Indeed, we believe when the away from this theologically-orthodoxproof of personal identity—for this (such a) mother has, too, parted with a very In closing, we must say to our Christian dear child. Now please observe the effects what good" is her Spirit-return Philosophy.

> Hear her tranquil and satisfied soul-outgushing—"Only passing, going through the inevitable resurrection from crude or caterpillar phase to a higher or butterfly type of existence—but exchanging pain and sickness for ease and health!-grief for joy !- Oh, all is well. Your grandmn, aunt, and sister will accompany you through the change—

> > Lillie, darling, thou art summoned To thy Spirit-home above! To await thy mother's coming, In constancy of love!

The good angels will have thee properly and kindly cared-for, my durling angel child, till thy mother arrives to share the pleasures there in store for us. Till then, good-bye, darling; I kiss thee good-bye."

And, now, declaimer against Spiritualism, what hast thou to say? Wilt thou longer sneeringly ask "What good does Spiritualism do?" Rather enter honestly into a logical, rational investigation of the many thousands of honest, intelligent persons have done, that the scales may fall from thy own eyes—a la apostle Paul, etc.

Go to some good Medium and learn the "alphabet of life!"

In Idaho, where electrical influences are favorable, but little progress has as yet been made to further the spread of our all-meritorious Philosophy; yet a little active germ is there now sprouting, and its lovely blossoms and sweet, ripo fruit will soon bless the liberal-minded of her fast-increasing population.

Washington, physically divided by the Cascade range of mountains into two sections of very different climates—Eastern Washington having a dry, and Western a wet one-differing widely in electrical

or school-houses. No religious society children)—that thou art lost- that God's At Olympia, Seattle, and New Tacoma,

progress in this direction is plainly observ-First-class, well-devel- pilgrimage of life. Test-Mediums. oped Mediums are needed all over the Pacific Coast, except in cities.

Oregon, "the grain garden" of the coast. into two great physical parts-wet and dry. Eastern Oregon is noted for its liberal-minded population, among whom Spiritualism has many friends-not, however, as appreciating as they might be, and yet will be. To prosper, they must more freely support the Spiritual Press—the best specimen whereof is the VOICE OF ANGELS. In Western Oregon, some little progress is making. Mud is too plenty for fast travelling. The minds of the people must be a little murky, muddy, dull! More anon.

[Selected by M. J. K.]

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

WEART of myself, and sick of asking What I am, and what I ought to be. At this ressel's prow I sound, which bears me Forward, forward, o'er the startit sea.

And a look of presionate desire O'er the rea and to the stars I send: "Te who from my childhood ap have calm'd me, Calm me, ah, compose me to the end!

"Ab, once more" I cried, "ye stars, ye waters, On my heart your mighty charm renew: Still, still let me, as I gaze upon ron. Feel my soul becoming wast like you!"

from the intense, clear, star-won roult of heaven. Over the lit sea's unquiet way, In the rustling night air came the answer, "Wouldst thou be as these are? Lire as they.

"Unaffrighted by the silence round them, Undistracted by the sights they see, These demand not that the things without them Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

"And with Joy the stars perform their shining, And the rea its long, moon-silvered roll; For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting All the fever of some differing soul.

"Bounded by themselves, and unregardful In what state God's other works may be, In their own tasks all their powers pouring, These attain the mighty life you sec."

Oh, air-born voice! long since, severely clear, A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear: "Resolve to be thyself; and know that he Who finds himself, loser his misery!"

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

CHICAGO, August 3, 1879.

Brother Densmore,—I am blest with many joyous greetings from my Angelfriends; but I assure you that I was especially interested in that communication, through M. T. Shelhamer, from my former wife, Sarah K. Davis, in your last issue. For a considerable time prior to our marriage, her avocation in life was that or proof-reader for that most noble of all nobility, William Lloyd Garrison, and that accounts for her coming with him. -3

My most earnest fraternal blessing to able; yet there is great need of reliable you, Brother Densmore, through all your

D. AMBROSE DAVIS.

In Algeria there is a river formed by union is also, as Washington, similarly divided of two streams, one coming from a region of Second Story No. 713 Sansom Street, ferruginous soil and the other draining a peat swamp. The acid in the latter acting upon the J. M. Roberts . . . iron in the former makes a true ink, and the river is actually a stream of good writing fluid.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

THROUGH C. E. WINANS.

Hattie Benton; Walter Benton.

THROUGH DR. O.

Robert Hare.

THROUGH "WEST INGLE."

Polly Bettis; Polly Winchell; Ellen Buel; Caleb Hutchins.

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WE have been requested by the Band controlling the destiny of this paper to call upon those of our patrons who are able to contribute to a fund for senting the Voice of Ax-OELs free to those unable to pay for it. To any and all our patrons who can send any amount, it ever so small, for the above purpose, we will credit the a mount they may send, in the next issue of the paper.

Since our last, we have received the following donations to the "Tonie" Fand

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