

of perception
reception of this commu-
have, therefore, been unable to do
more 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 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 beneficial, but injurious; that a physician's patients are not good subjects for the development 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 in applying it rigorously and remorselessly, he has achieved results which are surprising in the extreme.

He takes the patient, worn down with cares and anxiety, brought to seemingly permanent invalidism by the incessant strife of American business life, feeble in appetite, poor in blood, impoverished in all strength—he takes such a patient and puts him to bed—Rest. He suffers no excitement to rouse him, no conversation, no reading to awaken interest, (except where this is necessary to calm the mind;) he enjoins him, if possible, to make his brain a perfect blank—Rest. He restricts his diet at the start to milk, and skimmed milk at that, in order that the nerves which operate the digestive organs may have as little to do as possible—Rest. But it is well understood that the muscular system requires exercise of some sort in order to retain its health. To meet this requirement the patient is subjected to a process of rubbing and manipulation, (called "massage,") so that in effect the muscles of the patient receive exercise at the nervous expenditure of the attendant—Rest again. And the system is rest, rest, rest, from beginning to end. Gradually, the diet is enriched, and the patient is permitted to return step by step to the ordinary manner of living. The result is a readjustment of the nervous system, a refilling, as it were, of the nervous reservoirs, a wonderful increase of vital power, and with it a considerable augmentation of weight. Some who seem utterly broken, come forth with vigor completely renewed after a

ment of six or eight weeks; and in every case the improvement is very great.

Now, if this philosophy of rest is true, it is most important that it should be understood and accepted. The notion is very prevalent that the restorative for mental exhaustion is physical exercise. Many a hard brain-worker leaves his office wearied with a long day's toil, and thinks that for health's sake he must shun the cars and foot it home. If Dr. Mitchell is right, it 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 life—thought, emotion, will, muscular effort—calls for 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, the proper resort for the victim is not boat-racing, nor walking trips, nor the ball-room, nor exciting social gatherings, nor the theatre, nor tobacco, nor alcohol, but—bed.—*Brooklyn Times.*

REMOVAL OF INHERITED TENDENCIES TO DISEASE.

THE genius of our civilization in its physiological aspect is to make spendthrifts of us all of our vital riches. It includes no such aim as race improvement. True, some youthful culture of the head and heart is supposed to reach after that object. But it does not. It looks only to immediate success in social distinctions, or to winning in competitive struggles, not to the more remote object of our improvement as a race. Indeed, the instances in which physical degeneration, by the prevailing injudicious and highly-prized head-culture, is not thereby begun, are altogether exceptional. Compare the highly-educated son with his father, and a perceptible diminution in the grade of constitutional stamina is nearly always manifest. Continue the process for a generation or two, and a progressive deterioration will ensue, until there are only sickly boys to grow up into invalided manhood. Very few ever think of, and yet fewer ever seek after, the accumulation of vital riches. Only when brought to suffering by poverty of this kind, is the mind aroused to any interest in the subject. Prior to the inception of disease, a thoughtless squandering of vital reserve is what our social practices systematically encourage; and when debility, disease, and untimely

death ensue, these are not regarded as the evidences of a fatal flaw in the existing system of civilization, but as matters of prevision which alone concern Providence and the doctors. The constitutional vigor, thus so blindly spent, renders frequent demands upon the highest resources of the healing art urgently necessary. And it must be confessed that in prolonging the life of defective blood, there are displayed a skill and care never before equalled.—*Popular 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 throng,
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 wondrous 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 thoroughly wrong than the idea that a woman fulfills 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 in it, and the failure is truly deplorable. There can be no sadder sight than that of a broken-down, overworked wife and mother—a woman who is tired all her life through. If the work of the household cannot be accomplished by order, system, and moderate work, without the necessity of wearing, heart-breaking toil—that is never ended and never begun—without making life a treadmill of labor, then, for the sake of humanity, let the work go. Better to live in the midst of disorder, than that order should be purchased at so high a price—the cost of health, strength, happiness, and all that makes existence endurable. The woman who spends her life in unnecessary labor, is by this very labor unfitted for the highest duties of home.

She should be the haven of rest to which both husband and children turn for peace and refreshment. She should be the careful, intelligent adviser and guide of the one, the tender confidant and helpmate of the other. How is it possible for a woman exhausted in body, as a natural consequence in mind also, to perform either of these offices? No, it is not possible. The constant strain is too great. Nature gives way beneath it. She loses health and spirits and hopefulness, and more than all, her youth—the last thing that a woman should allow to slip from her; for, no matter how old she is in years, she should be young in heart and feeling, for the youth of age is sometimes more attractive than youth itself. To the overworked woman this green old age is out of the question; old age comes on her sere and yellow before its time. Her disposition is ruined, her temper is soured, her very nature is changed, by the burden which, too heavy to carry, is dragged along as long as wearied feet and tired hands can do their part. Even her affections are blunted, and she becomes merely a machine—a woman without the time to be womanly, a mother without the time to train and guide her children as only a mother can, a wife without the time to sympathize with and cheer her husband, a woman so over-worked during the day that when night comes her sole 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 an 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-

ble patience, and a whole-souled devotion to justice and humanity, which never counted the cost, as his foremost qualities. Then the Church, instead of jealously gathering her skirts about her when he is mentioned, will bind his name proudly on her brow, claiming him not only as hers, but as her ripest fruit in this generation—the best, almost the only, evidence of her essential Christianity and value. If a grand purpose—one of incalculable worth, and so difficult as to be almost impossible; unselfish and tireless devotion to it; rare sagacity in discovering the means to effect it; commanding influence in compelling aid from reluctant sources; and complete success, wrung from universal and bitter opposition, without compromising principle, or stooping to accept dishonorable aid—if all this be any evidence of greatness, then surely Mr. Garrison was one of our greatest men. "He will ever be recognized," says one well versed in our times, "as the central and supreme figure in that group of giants which the civil war produced." Of course, he had faults. But I was honored to stand so near him for forty years that some I could not see, and others I have forgotten. As Bolingbroke said of one of Marlborough's defects, "He was so great a man, that I forgot he had that weakness."—*Wendell Phillips, in North American Review.*

[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 coat hung loose, for his limbs were small,
And a skeleton regiment marched by the wall;
The "King's Skull" was mine hostelry,
Where a skeleton waiter waited on me,
With strings like cat-gut where flesh 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'd not amiss,
And won from his darling a skeleton kiss.
Skeleton babies everywhere swarm'd,
Skeleton mothers with these were charm'd;
Skeleton scientists rose to speak,
With skeleton voices, hard not weak,
While crowded skeletons hung 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 skeleton painter sweet pictures drew
Of the folk in Skeleton City.

Close by the hearth sat a skeleton cat,
Quick she sprang 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 skeleton took me in charge.
To "show the lions"—his cranium large,
Dolichocephalous—also talk'd
High 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,
Ad nitrum, through mental siccity,
Science's glory and triumph are we,
The natives of Skeleton City!"

—*Fraser's Magazine*

SCRAMBLING FOR LIFE UP A CLIFF 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 thousand 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 fall when the strength of my arms gave out. A stinging 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. 'Charles,' 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 RELIGION 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 mamma, 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 filled with figures of men, and children, all with light upon their faces; then whispered that 'it was Eden,' and so died."—*Nicholas 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. Dead; men and women, born with Heavenly compassion in your hearts. And, dying thus around us, every day!"—*Bleak House*, chap. 47.

"He slowly laid his face down upon her bosom, drew his arm closer round her neck, and with one parting sob began the world. Not this world, oh, not this! The world that sets this right."—*Ibid*, chap. 65.

"If this is sleep, sit by me while I sleep. Turn me to you, for your face is going far off, 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. . . . And it being low water, he went out with the tide."—*Ibid*, chap. 30.

"Don't cry! Is my chair there? In its old place? . . . That face, so full of pity and grief, that would appeal to me, that solemn hand, upraised towards Heaven! It is over."—*Ibid*, chap. 53.

"One new mound was there which had not been there last night. Time, burrowing like a mole under the ground, had marked his track, by throwing up another heap of earth."—*Martin Chuzzlewit*, chap. 19.

"She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the

hand of God and waiting for the breath of life, not one who had lived and suffered death. She was past all help or need of it. We will not wake her."—*Old Curiosity Shop*, chap. 71.

"The hand soon stopped in the midst of them; the light that had always been feeble and dim behind the weak transparency, went out."—*Hard Times*, chap. 9.

"For a moment the closed eyelids trembled, 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 as I go!" The old, old fashion, that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. Oh! thank God for that older fashion yet, of immortality! And look upon us, angels of young children, when the swift river bears us to the ocean."—*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 Rhodes' Salt Marsh, but which is a perfect laboratory of mineral wealth. The valley contains 4140 acres. It is quite level, and is surrounded on all sides with high volcanic mountains. It is situated about fifteen miles northwest of Columbus.

In this little valley is a sufficient amount of salt to supply all the markets of the United 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 little streams of water bubble up through the mass of salt, and very frequently deep pools are found, which look just like the air-holes in a frozen lake.

The salt made at the marsh is perfectly pure. When a tract of ground has been stripped of the surface soil, the salt water rises over the bed 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 bottom. If salt is to be fine, for table use, workmen stir these crystals about with shovels as they settle to the bottom, thus breaking them up. For use in working silver ore, coarse salt is as good as fine, and the solid formation may

be dug up with picks if necessary, but the loose crystals are more readily handled, and as much salt of that kind is formed as can be disposed of.

Not only are there inexhaustible stores of salt in the little valley, but immense stores of 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 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 extent of the deposits is not known.

Common potash is found in great abundance, and among the curious specimens to be obtained are what are called "cotton balls" (borate of lime) and fibrous crystalline borax. Also there is found an abundance of an unknown mineral. It is something described in none of the books. 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 days.

During my attendance upon my daughter, I think the day previous to her departure, 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 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, as she strode through the hall, lashing the floor like some furious beast at every step.

There is much more that I could say

but I defer—the thought is too sickening. Tongue cannot utter nor pen portray the horrible sensation that pervades my every thought over my daughter's treatment.

With my few days' experience in that Asylum, I must say that Dr. Kempster had every appearance of being a kind and good man; and many things occur in that institution that if he was aware of he would not approve. But I certainly think the Dr. should investigate the matter, if he desires to be humane to the poor unfortunates under his charge.

Dear Brother Densmore, words fail to express my thankfulness to you for the happiness that I enjoy from such words from a loving child: "Please tell ma my Summer-land home is sweet; I have flowers and birds, and I found Tunie right away." She promised me in her last hours that she would find her, and would communicate to me through the VOICE OF ANGELS; and well does she remember when the temple was rent in twain. Both the supervisor and the nurse made the remark to me, "Do you see the bed shake?" I said, "You will see more than that!" and I understand that they have. The room in the darkest night is lighter 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. SHELHAMER.

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 Spirit-garments in passing through mortal experiences—the Spirit shines out, beautiful and good, every feature, every lineament, even the very robes it wears, radiant with a light that pierces all shadows and permeates with glory everything it reaches.

The attributes of the Spirit are Love—unselfish, undefiled, undying Love—which throws out a spirit of tenderness, of thoughtful kindness, toward all others: Sympathy, deep, true Sympathy, that feels

for another in sorrow or joy, and gives of its own pleasure to enrich the souls of others; Charity, Christ-like Charity, that condemns none, but offers the hand of assistance to every needy soul, and with pitying kindness veils his fault from the heedless, careless world, while aiding him to become better and holier; Purity, which, like the gleaming crest, ever rises above the dark soil beneath, and rides upon the silvery tide; but which, unlike the snowy foam, can plunge down into the depths, when necessary, to snatch a gem—which may be some other soul—from the darkness and mire; Honor, Integrity, and Justice, which give just due to all people, defraud no man, and seek ever to tread the path of right-doing, not for the hope of reward, but for its own sake, and the inward happiness of the soul; Freedom, perfect Freedom from all enslaving passion, all bonds that confine and cramp the soul; freedom of thought, freedom of action, but such freedom that encroaches not upon the domain of another, nor seeks its happiness through the avenue of unbridled license; for that is not freedom, is not liberty, but despotism in disguise, and as such is unknown in Spirit-realms.

All these are the attributes of the Spirit; all these and more; every desire ripens itself into a beautiful development 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 towards the great Creator, they blend in one sea of ineffable glory, which constitutes the Divinity of God and man united in one.

Who would not strive with all his best endeavors to daily grow under the sunlight of Progress, so that hour by hour some scale would fall away, some tatter be made whole? Who would not seek to train and prune the vines of the noblest affections, the highest emotions of his soul, and to

cultivate every good attribute, that all evil would decay for want of nourishment, and all good thrive under the fostering care—so that in the By-and-Bye he would become as the angels are, one in aspiration with the Father!

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

TO GERALD MASSEY, POET.

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

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 Parullae
They bless thee in the hour of prayer.

Brave, earnest soul, whose fearless voice
Is sounded in defence of right,
Celestial white-robed hosts 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 struggled 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 silvery snow—
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 heights
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 is a message from Eva. I would say that it is correct in every particular. Many thanks for permitting my darling to come so many times through your paper.

Yours, in love and truth,

CURTIS CLARK,

No. 53 Church street, Boston.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION:

FAIR VIEW HOUSE, NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS.

Special, 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 assistance and using their influence and powers to hasten on the glorious day when woman everywhere shall be recognized as the equal of man in every department of life. This is her right, and this is all she demands. She does not wish to be exalted into a goddess, or

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

but she does wish to be elevated to her true station in life—that of helper, co-worker, adviser of man, socially, intellectually and politically. She demands the right of self-protection; the right to guard her most sacred principles from violation; the right to ownership in her own person and property; the right of being educated in all the various professions and sciences of life, with her male associates. She protests against the unjust taxation of property levied upon her, while she has no voice in the making of the law regulating such taxation. Taxation without repre-

sentation to woman means injustice and tyranny: and she is heard lifting up her voice against it. She demands the right of the elective franchise—the ballot—that 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 allowed to vote, they would not exercise due caution in the choice of candidates, nor sufficiently reason upon the qualifications and merits of the various aspirants for office in the political field. Let us see how this agrees with the facts in the case: Recently, the Massachusetts Legislature passed a law permitting women to vote in the election of *School Committee*, and now, as an outgrowth of that law, intelligent, refined and educated women are holding private meetings, presided over by well-informed sympathizers, and approved by experienced voters, to qualify themselves to vote intelligently. Comment is unnecessary. Now, we would like to see some of the well-informed, educated male voters of the present day call together part of the ignorant, uneducated, profane, drunken rabble, that cluster around the polls on voting day, for a similar purpose—the instructing these voters in the true use and beauty of the elective franchise.

That woman, whose love of home, whose affection for the family circle, whose tenderest qualities are developed in the exercise of watchful care for those she loves, will neglect her home duties, or the care of her family, to attend political gatherings, and fritter away her time at the polls, as the lord (?) of creation do, is a fear too absurd to be noticed, and held out only by those who, seeing the rod of power slipping away from them, seek to deter others from lending assistance to the opposite party. But thanks to higher powers than man, the time will yet come when woman will stand erect and free, equal in liberty and power with all mankind. Already is she making her mark of honor in the halls of learning; already are educated and talented men bowing a recognition of her power and talent, exercised in medical pursuits, and in literature, law, and the sciences; and by-and-bye, the one grand triumph yet to dawn upon the earth—the emancipation of wo-

man from all that enthralls and keeps her down—will become such an established fact, that all who oppose it will bow before its rising might.

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. SHELLHAMER.

INVOCATION, BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

OUR Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name; give unto each soul the comfort that it needs, strengthen and sustain every Spirit throughout its mortal journey; and oh, our Father—blessed title of relationship—we ask tonight that thou wilt enfold every weary, struggling soul, every weak and tempted one, in the arms of thy mighty love, until all passion becomes stilled in the calm submission to thy will which is the law of right, until all sin is purged from the struggling spirit.

Bless every sufferer to night; pour over each wound the oil of thy peace and tranquillity; and oh, may the light of thy presence, and the consoling presence of the Angels, stream over every darkened pathway, and brighten the passage to the Summer-Land.

SUSAN CROSBY.

AGREEABLY to earthly desires, I have been seeking earnestly for the last few weeks to send out a blessing of grateful love, a token of my presence, from this place. At last, I succeed in making myself heard, although I find it impossible to give all I desire. But let me say this—it is all glorious, all perfect. The reunion with darlings gone before was blessed to my Spirit. No one can tell the sweet welcome a Spirit receives from its heavenly treasures, and I have many in the Higher Life. What a glorious sunrise, radiant with beauty, light and glory, is to the night-enveloped earth, so is the Spirit's resurrection, to the weary, longing soul. The morning light was breaking for me, and its brightness glorified every sense of my being.

I wish to send undying love and gratitude to each dear one on earth, relative and friend; none are forgotten. I bless them all, and will ever guard and guide them with faithful love. We shall meet again upon the golden shore.

I am an old lady, sir. My Spirit was long confined to the material, while chafing to be free. As my friends already know, I am happy and at rest.

My name is Susan Crosby. I would like you to send to Charles Crosby, Ashby, Mass.

MATTIE BROWNE.

I AM 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 roses 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!] I 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 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, bloom and fragrance of love from the Summer-land.

You remember me—Flora Partridge? [I think so.] *I came before, but did not 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 1st.]

POLLY

'Specs I've no business here. [Oh, yes, 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've ole Polly. [How old were you?] 'Pears like I nebber hab no

age; nebber did. I've come from ole Virginny, an' I've wants young Massa Charley to know it. I nussed him when a pickaninny. Ole Mistis here sen's a heap o' love to Mars' Charley, an' she want him to stay home to look arter the ole place, an' not go over the water; 'kase it's all moonshine an' sich that he's running arter.

I've Polly, sure, Massa. Young Mars' be Charley Mitchell. 'Pears like the ole place be near Richmon'.

JOSEPH H. NEILY.

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 with me, and we all join in love to him. His little darlings are all safe and tenderly cared for. Tell him that the houses we build over here are entirely different from those we hammer together on earth. Our mansions are good or poor according to our works, and each one must build his own. Bless the old fellow; tell him he'll get a rousing welcome when he comes over.

I would like to send my love to Vilie. I know what changes she has made; I look out for her welfare, and am contented with what has been done so far, as I feel it is for the best. I wish her, and will try to bring her, contentment, happiness and 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 triumph now; I can warble strains of sweeter melody than when encased in mortal; but while I plume my aspirations for higher 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. And while I linger mostly with my treasures, I am with my friends to love and bless them.

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 California.

MAMIE WHITMORE.

I COME from California too. I haven't been gone a year yet. I want to send my love and mother's love to those we left at home. Tell father not to grieve; we are happy now, and we don't feel sick any more. Mamma came to the other place, the *Banner*, and I come here. I'm Mamie Whitmore; I shall grow up a woman in the beautiful Spirit-land, and there'll be no 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, that they may reach home by the fourth of September. I will be home on that day, the anniversary of a sweet release, and I will bring sweet flowers, tokens of love and sympathy; I will ever bless each one, and comfort the heart of my darling mother. Tell her blossoms gleam fair and sweet for her in the Summer-land. I have come to her in Spirit-form, to gladden her soul; I hope to come even better than that some day; I come close to Auntie, and can influence her. I am happy; every wish is gratified; for here we desire nothing but what is best for us, and we expand and develope under the sunlight of Spiritual Love. I thank you.

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 word 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 Heaven.

"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 away." REV. CHARLES WILSON.

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, for 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 not'ing prevent. We make um well. Tecumela open Chief's eyes, he see Spirits, talk um, bring um good from hunting-grounds. Ole white-haired 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 Medium, tells us this message is for Mr. John W. Montgomery, Fort Seneca, Ohio.]

MARY K. 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 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 afloat.

I was an old chap, and I think Jack Tar would say, a fair Captain. Over three-score-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. EMMA 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
Can conquer e'en the anguish of this hour.

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 halo round Napoleon's name;
In the veiled lightnings of that falcon eye
I read the high
And godlike aspirations of a mind
Whose loftiest aim was power to bless mankind.

And when thy name through all the earth was known,
When monarchs quailed 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
The height sublime
Where thou hadst built thine eyrie; 'twas for me
Enough that thou wert there—I followed thee.

And in thy coils, too, have I borne a part;
In scenes where might have quailed man's sterner heart;
When dark rebellion reared his hydra crest,
My hand crossed
And soothed the dreaded monster, till he smiled,
And bowed him down, submissive as a child.

Though all untought the warrior's brand to wield,
Yet went my spirit with thee to the field,
Where charging squadrons met in fierce array,
Nor, 'mid the fray,
Awoke one terror for a husband's life—
Such fear was till in Napoleon's wife.

Alas! how has my pride become my shame!
I saw thee 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.

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 wed—
Not in the dove'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 fetters could entwine;
And I am thine.
As fondly, proudly thine, in exile now,
As when the diadem begirt my brow.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

A SPIRIT-PICTURE.

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

UP 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.

Soon, celestial music ascends, as each Spirit joins in a song of gladness, thanksgiving and aspiration; for through song, the Spirit becomes purified and uplifted into an atmosphere of perfect peace.

Oh, mortals dwelling in the valley—you who, resting upon life's shady side, think ye know it all—you who grasp the shadow and do not realize that the substance is in the Spiritual—do you think there is no morning in the Spirit-world? Ah, but there is! Everything that is beautiful, everything that is harmonious, everything that is lovely and good, is found in greater beauty, greater harmony, more perfect glory and splendor, in the realms on high.

In the midst of a fertile valley, rich with its natural growth of grass and flowers, there stands a snowy edifice, plain and unpretentious, yet so crystal white that a passing cloud would fling a shadow upon its walls.

Within, a large fountain sends forth great sprays of silvery water, so cool, so refreshingly sweet, that the soul who partakes finds himself filled with new energy, life and power. The fountain draws its wealth from exhaustless streams, flowing from the heart of a distant mountain; it is free to all, and whoever partakes of its refreshing fluid never repents.

Over the doorway of the edifice covering the fountain an inscription is engraved, that "all who run may read." It is impossible to transcribe it literally into 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 deliverance from passion, and yearns for the fount 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, but also for the omission of good that might have been accomplished, felt itself well nigh exhausted by the fire raging within, was led to this cool and fragrant valley, and there in the fountain-house he has partaken of the waters of life, and registered a vow to seek for purity in thought and deed, and also to extend his influence to lead others to the same well-

spring, whence flows refreshing streams for the dusty, travel-worn soul.

Not far from this beautiful valley, which has proved itself a delightful oasis in the desert of many a barren life, many a sterile, weary Spirit, extends a beautiful garden, more enchantingly lovely to the beholder than the fabled Garden of Eden could have appeared to its inhabitants.

This Spirit-garden, so vast and extensive that it seems without limit, is adorned with all that can beautify—mossy banks and stretches of sunny glades; spicy groves and vine-covered arbors; fairy-like grottoes and half-hidden glens, into which the sunlight peeps, reflecting back radiant colors and delicate forms of beauty; fountains gush and waters gleam; birds wake glad music in the leafy trees, or gather honey from the great banks of fragrant flowers that spread out before us. Here, in homes of light, surrounded by all that is beautiful and good, their own habitations of crystal whiteness, each one ever open to inspection, their own garments spotless in purity, reside countless Spirit-teachers, Spirit-helpers, who go out into the valley, and gathering in those weary souls who come up, sad and sorrowing, to taste of the far-famed waters of the fountain, bring them into their own homes in this delightful garden, where all is adapted to the wants of the Spirit, and calculated to call out *all* its love for the beautiful, and to develop *all* its noblest aspirations—where nothing can recall scenes of vice or misery to the suffering one—and there, guided by beneficent teachers, tended by loving nurses, the Spirit grows, hour by hour, out of all gross conditions, until he too is ready and willing to become the helping hand, the faithful teacher, to some other poor Spirit yet in despair.

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 into a condition whereby they can help themselves and others; and we have eternal means for these works, just as you have your institutions on earth; only, it is needless to say, they are upon a broader, more perfect and liberal plan.

Whoever errs knowingly, whoever treads the path of sin, must some time redeem his error, retrace his path, step by step, though the way be stony and steep; for every tear he has cost another, for every heart-pang, he pays in sorrow and remorse; but thanks to a good Father's love, he finds himself at last, purified, sanctified, and freed from all that would weigh the Spirit down.

[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 Slade. 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 their hands full of slates, reminding one of the man who came down bringing a pile of stones written over by unseen hands.

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. Our watches were taken from the pockets and put into our hands. Furniture 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 writing. When the slates were opened, they were found written over by our friends in the Beyond.

These communications, bearing the names of our friends, convinced us that we were not forgotten, and that in dying one is not much changed. "Susie," 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 it in daylight.

We sat as before, Mrs. Ashley and I at the side, Dr. Slade at the end of the table. Soon a hand clasped ours, giving genuine grips. Then a long slim hand, not so large nor so white as ours, came

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

MESSAGES GIVEN AUGUST 17TH, 1879.

SALLIE CONANT.

I'm a very old lady, ovvr 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 trou 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, for 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 not'ing prevent. We make um well. Tecumela open Chief's eyes, he see Spirits, talk um, bring um good from hunting-grounds. Ole white-haired 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 Medium, tells us this message is for Mr. John W. Montgomery, Fort Seneca, Ohio.]

MARY K. 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 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 snugest 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 afloat.

I was an old chap, and I think Jack Tar would say, a fair Captain. Over three-score-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. EMMA C. EMERY.

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
Can conquer e'en the anguish of this hour.

Yes, for thy sake I can resign e'en thee,
My noble husband! though thou 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 shrouded her halo round Napoleon's name;
In the veiled lightnings of that falcon eye
I read the high
And godlike aspirations of a mind
Whose loftiest aim was power to bless mankind.

And when thy name through all the earth was known,
When monarchs quailed 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
The height sublime
Where thou hast built thine eyrie; 'twas for me
Enough that thou wert there—I followed thee.

And in thy halls, too, have I borne a part;
In scenes where might have quailed man's sterner heart;
When dark rebellion reared his gins and crests,
My hand crossed
And soothed the dreaded monster, till he smiled,
And bowed him down, submissive as a child.

Though all untought the warrior's brand to wield,
Yet went my spirit with thee to the field,
Where charging squadrons met in fierce array,
Nor, 'mid the fray,
Awoke one terror for a husband's life—
Such fear were idle in Napoleon's wife.

Alas! how has my pride become my shame!
I saw thee 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.

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 wed—
Not in the dove'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 fetters could entwine;
And I am thine.
As fondly, proudly thine, in exile now,
As when the diadem begirt my brow.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

A SPIRIT-PICTURE.

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

UP 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.

Soon, celestial music ascends, as each Spirit joins in a song of gladness, thanksgiving and aspiration: for through song, the Spirit becomes purified and uplifted into an atmosphere of perfect peace.

Oh, mortals dwelling in the valley—you who, resting upon life's shady side, think ye know it all—you who grasp the shadow and do not realize that the substance is in the Spiritual—do you think there is no morning in the Spirit-world? Ah, but there is! Everything that is beautiful, everything that is harmonious, everything that is lovely and good, is found in greater beauty, greater harmony, more perfect glory and splendor, in the realms on high.

In the midst of a fertile valley, rich with its natural growth of grass and flowers, there stands a snowy edifice, plain and unpretentious, yet so crystal white that a passing cloud would fling a shadow upon its walls.

Within, a large fountain sends forth great sprays of silvery water, so cool, so refreshingly sweet, that the soul who partakes finds himself filled with new energy, life and power. The fountain draws its wealth from exhaustless streams, flowing from the heart of a distant mountain; it is free to all, and whoever partakes of its refreshing fluid never repents.

Over the doorway of the edifice covering the fountain an inscription is engraved, that "all who run may read." It is impossible to transcribe it literally into 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 deliverance from passion, and yearns for the fount 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, but also for the omission of good that might have been accomplished, felt itself well nigh exhausted by the fire raging within, was led to this cool and fragrant valley, and there in the fountain-house he has partaken of the waters of life, and registered a vow to seek for purity in thought and deed, and also to extend his influence to lead others to the same well-

spring, whence flows refreshing streams for the dusty, travel-worn soul.

Not far from this beautiful valley, which has proved itself a delightful oasis in the desert of many a barren life, many a sterile, weary Spirit, extends a beautiful garden, more enchantingly lovely to the beholder than the fabled Garden of Eden could have appeared to its inhabitants.

This Spirit-garden, so vast and extensive that it seems without limit, is adorned with all that can beautify—mossy banks and stretches of sunny glades; spicy groves and vine-covered arbors; fairy-like grottoes and half-hidden glens, into which the sunlight peeps, reflecting back radiant colors and delicate forms of beauty; fountains gush and waters gleam; birds wake glad music in the leafy trees, or gather honey from the great banks of fragrant flowers that spread out before us. Here, in homes of light, surrounded by all that is beautiful and good, their own habitations of crystal whiteness, each one ever open to inspection, their own garments spotless in purity, reside countless Spirit-teachers, Spirit-helpers, who go out into the valley, and gathering in those weary souls who come up, sad and sorrowing, to taste of the far-famed waters of the fountain, bring them into their own homes in this delightful garden, where all is adapted to the wants of the Spirit, and calculated to call out *all* its love for the beautiful, and to develop *all* its noblest aspirations—where nothing can recall scenes of vice or misery to the suffering one—and there, guided by beneficent teachers, tended by loving nurses, the Spirit grows, hour by hour, out of all gross conditions, until he too is ready and willing to become the helping hand, the faithful teacher, to some other poor Spirit yet in despair.

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 into a condition whereby they can help themselves and others: and we have external means for these works, just as you have your institutions on earth; only, it is needless to say, they are upon a broader, more perfect and liberal plan.

Whoever errs knowingly, whoever treads the path of sin, must some time redeem his error, retrace his path, step by step, though the way be stony and steep; for every tear he has cost another, for every heart-pang, he pays in sorrow and remorse; but thanks to a good Father's love, he finds himself at last, purified, sanctified, and freed from all that would weigh the Spirit down.

[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 Slade. 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 their hands full of slates, reminding one of the man who came down bringing a pile of stones written over by unseen hands.

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. Our watches were taken from the pockets and put into our hands. Furniture 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 writing. When the slates were opened, they were found written over by our friends in the Beyond.

These communications, bearing the names of our friends, convinced us that we were not forgotten, and that in dying one is not much changed. "Susie," 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 it in daylight.

We sat as before, Mrs. Ashley and I at the side, Dr. Slade at the end of the table. Soon a hand clasped ours, giving genuine grips. Then a long slim hand, 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 accordion 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 charlatanism?

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 is it, then, that a single finger has such 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., Ohio, 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, was the great day of the Neshaminy Falls Grove Camp-Meeting. Twenty-two 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 understand 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 jail, he cured several prisoners who were sick, by the laying on of hands. It is a great wonder that the over-zealous "regulars" of Kansas City don't have him arrested again for so doing.

The closing day of the Onset Bay Spiritual Camp 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 lightning-rod to attract trouble.

Human life is made 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 Maria Child, the authoress and anti-slavery agitator, is now seventy-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: "Whittier admits that there is something very mysterious and unexplained in it."

The closing meeting of the Shawshreen River Grove Camp-Meeting, on Sunday evening, Sept. 10, was an interesting occasion. A large number of speakers took part, and a vote of thanks was tendered to Drs. Richardson and Currier, for their uniform courtesy and attention to both campers and visitors.

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

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

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

[Selected by M. J. K.]

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 hour.
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 trod
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 heart to its depth be driven
With storm and tempest, we need them all
To render us meet for heaven.

CORROBORATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

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 was entirely correct. Many, many thanks are due the Medium and dear Tunic, for assisting 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 cards for copies of the number of the VOICE containing his message.

Kindly yours,

MRS. H. I. WOODWARD

[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 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.

We would favor a law that would fine 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 "we 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 up in the minds of the workers, and by reporting proceedings of meetings to such papers as sympathize with progress, we can learn from each other and never be in want of work, or food for thought. But there is one great want felt in the world, which such a movement might supply by the cooperation of the different associations: that is, a good intelligence bureau in all its phases, and a monthly, or weekly report published would be very valuable.

It may be said that it will require a vast amount of money to run such a movement, but we believe not. It must be run to a great extent on a charitable scale. For instance, hold your meetings in churches or school-houses. No religious society

with a trace of liberality about them would object; and public school-rooms could be obtained at a very little cost; and as for teachers, why everybody who can would teach a class—preachers among the foremost. Indeed, we believe when the movement is once fairly started, it will be a general uprising to see who will do the most; so we will all get as much as we give. And as for a few dollars expended in books, papers, etc., it will be invested to much better advantage than paying taxes to board or prosecute criminals.

In closing, we must say to our Christian brothers that though they preach until the 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.

GLENDAL, MONTANA, June 18, 1879.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

SPIRITUALISM ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

BY R. T. LOCKWOOD, M. D.

It is undeniable that investigations of 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 friends and relatives. Yet, despite these, thousands of our Pacific 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 evidences need be ignorant of the good, the kind of good, that Spiritualism has done, is doing, and is destined to do for mortals, for the world! Oh, scoffer! derider, prejudiced mortal, thou who inquirest "What good has Spiritualism done"—let him be referred to that mother, who has been summoned to witness the ascending departure of a loved child, young and fascinating; behold her exhibiting evidences of unutterable, insanity-threatening anguish of soul; listen to her heart-breaking exclamations of grief, yea, of despair: "Oh, my precious child!—the thought that I may never again see thee—(since hell is the seething nursery of unredeemed children)—that thou art lost—that God's

justice will not suffer a reunion." Behold her—that frenzied mother—faint! Witness her indescribable wretchedness! And, with a heart burdened with irresistible commiseration—sympathy—turn away from this *theologically-orthodox*—this *church-indoctrinated* mother, to her real counterpart—to a mother that accepts the doctrine that our departed loved ones—now Spirit-life-friends—*can* and *do* return to those remaining, furnishing ample proof of personal identity—for this (such a) mother has, too, parted with a very dear child. Now please observe the effects upon this mother's feelings. Observe "of 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 grandmother, aunt, and sister will accompany you through the change—

Mille, 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 darling 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, disclaimer 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 evidences upon which it rests, as many, 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, ripe 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 conditions; yet both are adapted to Spirit-its coming. And here, among the honest yeomanry, and more intelligent of the citizens, are found increasing evidences of reliable Spirit-intercourse.

At Olympia, Seattle, and New Tacoma,

666 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill.