



A SEMI-MONTHLY JOURNAL EDITED AND MANAGED BY SPIRITS.

VOL. IV. { D. C. DENSMORE, PUBLISHER }

NO. WEYMOUTH, MASS., OCT. 1, 1879.

{ \$1.65 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE } NO. 19.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

Enlarged from 8 to 12 pages, formerly issued from No. 5 Dwight Street, Boston, Mass., will after this date be published at *Fair View House, North Weymouth, Mass.*, the 1st and 15th of each month.

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

" D. K. MINER, Business Manager,

D. C. DENSMORE, Amanuensis and Publisher.

Price yearly,	\$1.65 in advance.
Six months,	.83 "
Three months,	.42 "
Single copies	.08 "

The above rates include postage. *Specimen copies sent free* on application at this office.

All letters and communications (to receive attention) must be directed, (postpaid,) as above, to D. C. DENSMORE, Publisher.

LITERARY.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

OUT OF EDEN.

THROUGH TRYPHENA C. PARDEE.

Was Eden wild without a child
To bless her beauteous borders,
When man first came, devoid of shame,
To obey his Maker's orders?

And now, because he lonesome was—
For sure his case was human—
(So say the scribes,) God took a rib
And made him a dear woman.

With light of heaven from morn till even
Upon their foreheads playing,
Just feeling this their only bliss—
They were somewhere just a-staying.

The fleecy clouds in rosy shrouds
They viewed with careless wonder,
And hardly knew that apples grew,
Until told they must not plunder.

They looked so red up over head
Their mouths began to water,
And when they thought God saw them not,
Taking *one* would not be naughty.

So much like him in face and limb
They saw themselves, it scared them—
So hid away that very day,
After sewing leaves to wear them.

But when the air grew cooler there,
Just at the day's declining,
God walking round the holy ground
Saw at once one apple minus.

With voice of wrath he calls them forth,
And asked what they'd been doing:
Eve says, "Please God, they looked so good
All the time that they were growing!"

"Excuses none!—you've had your fun;
Now leave this place instant;
Within this gate no more you'll eat,
Though for ages you may want to."

So out they went without a cent
Into a world of briers!
No God, no friend!—This is the end—
Oh, no; God's gracious curse inspires.

Inspires them now to till and plow,
And earn an honest living;
And in their needs, 'mong thorns and weeds,
They found angels most forgiving.

No angels roam in Eden-home—
There was found a serpent only;
"We think," say they, "we're blest today,
"But Eden must be lonely.

"We've left but God with apples good,
And he alone to eat them;
Here everywhere fruits plenteous are,
And our neighbors help us get them.

"We spin and weave, and morn and eve
We praise the gifts of Nature;
And every day, where'er we stray,
Find some good in every creature.

"Each golden morn that doth adorn
The fields of all creation
Meets grateful hearts, whose joy imparts
Worlds of wealth to countless nations.

"No little pent-up Eden stint
To mortal growth is ours more,
We now shake hands with seraph-bands,
Direct from Life's Immortal Shore!"

ELLINGTON, N. Y., Aug. 17, 1879.

MESSAGE FROM ROBERT HARE TO DR. FAHNESTOCK.

[THROUGH DR. O., CONTINUED.]

DEAR DOCTOR,—I have desired to communicate with you for a long time past, but have always found my desire in this direction frustrated by a want of the proper conditions; and even now I find I shall only be able to make a few of the most commonplace remarks. It were idle to attempt a description of Heaven, as it now appears to me. I would first have to learn you Seraph's language: nor even then could your immortality cross the threshold. Be patient; you will realize it for yourself by-and-by; that is, when your work is done. Boundless, endless, fathomless, love eternal, ever flowing from an indulgent Father's throne, and carrying upward with an almighty, never-ceasing progression every Spirit who casts himself into the healing stream. Happy he who starts on earth that race which ends only in the God-head.

ROBERT HARE.

LANCASTER, PENN., Dec. 20, 1861.

DEAR DOCTOR,—The primary object of creation was Use, only Use. Hence, in the elimination of the physical elements (of which creation consists) from their Spiritual source, each was endowed with a special affinity for another, with direct reference to that end—the use itself again decomposing those elements and leaving them free again under proper conditions to produce the same compound—thus ever giving an inexhaustible supply, always equal to the use itself. This is one of the first axioms in creation. Take, as a familiar example, water. Here you have the elements oxygen and hydrogen. (I take them as elements, not because this is strictly true, but because this language is most familiar.) These elements are endowed with a special affinity for each other, in proportions depending upon the conditions present at their union. When (as you know) electrical conditions are present, that special affinity is the proportions which form water. Now you take a given quantity of water; as long as it is not used, it remains water; unless, indeed, the simple taking constitutes a use, which causes evaporation; but, as soon as used, evaporation is the result, either with or without decomposition. In the first case, condensation again brings it into its old condition, as rain. In the second case, the gaseous elements ultimately reach an altitude where an electrical condition exists, which produces a similar result. You here perceive our creative circle. Apply this idea to the new theory of the formation of coal, or indeed anything else, where use produces destructive decomposition of the thing used, and you will be much nearer the facts in this direction than your book-makers.

Conditions continuing favorable, I will next glance at the formation of coal. HARE.

December 26, 1861

QUIET HOURS.—How very dear to my memory are some quiet hours of which the world takes no note! To outward seeming they have been very ineventful. Nothing happened to set the day in which they came to us apart from other days. Yet we know they are different, and were full of a strange, sweet charm: for, the world forgetting, by the world forgot, we entered into the courts of the King.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

TREATMENT FOR THE DYSENTERY,
CONTINUED.

BY JACOB A. SPEAR.

CAUSES.

A SURPLUS of bile in the stomach, a cold, or chill that prevents the free circulation of the blood to the extremities, humors that turn on the stomach and bowels, are the three principal causes of the dysentery; but it is sometimes occasioned by an impure atmosphere, by overtaxing the physical energies, also by taking food into the stomach that is not well masticated, such as the stomach and bowels cannot digest properly.

If it is brought on by no other cause than a sudden cold or chill, it may be cured easily by a shower-bath, followed by sufficient rubbing to produce warmth all over, and a free circulation of the blood to the extremities, and quiet rest a day or two. The tepid hot-bath is often used to produce a free circulation of the blood, instead of the cold shower-bath.

If the cold taken causes a humor to turn on the stomach and bowels, the patient, if an adult, may take, in addition to the above, a table-spoonful of sulphur and molasses, as that is an alterative, and will remove the humors from the internal parts, and cause an itching on the skin. For a child, a less portion should be given.

If there is a surplus of bile in the stomach, which will generally cause pain, in addition to the above, while the patient lies quietly in bed, cloths should be wrung from water as warm as can be comfortably borne, being covered with flannel to retain the heat, and re-wet as often as they become too cool. In such cases, give stimulants.

If the patient can be made to sleep, and sweat, he is on the road to health. Opium should not be given, and the old medicine, brandy and loaf-sugar, is not as good as those stimulants that contain acid; for the acid dissolves the bile, giving it a chance to run off; and brandy is liable to produce internal fever. Wine or sour cider is a better stimulant for dysentery than brandy, rum, or whiskey.

After the patient becomes warm, give the juice of any ripe fruit that is not poisonous. The juice of the grape is the best, blackberry next; but when such is not to be had, the juice of strawberries, currants, raspberries, or apples, will dissolve and remove the bile, cool and heal the irritated and fevered stomach and bowels. The juice should be used a little at a time, and often, for drink, with a little white sugar dissolved in it; and if the bowels have been so fevered that the mucus membrane is passing off, this juice should be used blood-warm for injections.

It was not the pulp nor the seeds of the grapes that cured the soldiers in the aforesaid Swiss regiment, but it was the juice. That dissolved the bile, reduced the fever, cleansed and healed the irritated parts.

After reading that account in the "Orchardist,"

and finding that medical doctors did not approve of giving acids in cases of the dysentery, I considered the matter, and reasoned thus: A man with sore, cracked hands, by working in a cider-mill, where he must have his hands wet most of the time with the juice of apples, finds that those sore cracks on his hands are all healed in a few days. Again, I recollected that by using a tin dipper, to dip cider with, it would be so much eaten by the cider as to become worthless. Again, I saw that the juice of fruit would do as much in reducing fever as the purest water, given at the same temperature.

Thus I saw that the unfermented juice of fruit would do the three most important things necessary to be done to cure the dysentery, which was to dissolve the bile, reduce the internal fever, cleanse and heal the irritated stomach and bowels. The free use of ripe, wholesome fruit does not produce, but prevents the dysentery.

For thirty years I have used and recommended the above treatment for the dysentery, and all that have used it have been cured.

I have not room to mention many cases. A man whose home was in Massachusetts, was in Vermont to visit his father and mother, had an attack of dysentery, was in constant pain, could not lie in bed more than five or ten minutes at a time, having an almost constant desire to evacuate his bowels, when nothing but the mucus membrane was passing off, and he and his parents despaired of his living more than a day or two longer. There were no berries, currants or grapes to be had then, and hearing of his condition I procured a few quarts of the juice of sweet apples that were nearly ripe, and carried to his father, telling him how to use it. On using it, the cure commenced at once, and in four or five days, he found himself entirely cured and able to go to his home in Massachusetts. I heard that he left a thousand thanks for me.

A man had been unable to labor for three weeks, being much reduced by a continued dysentery; was able to be about; lived in a small village, and I accidentally met him in a store, when he told me how he was, and how he had been. I told him to take a table-spoonful of sulphur and molasses. He went immediately behind the counter and helped himself, prepared and took the portion as directed, and he afterward told me that he was no better the day that he took the portion, but the next day there was about a pint passed from him that was as black as ink, and then he was cured.

In a case when a man in my employ had been very sick with fever, when I was absent on a journey, and when I returned the fever was wearing off, while he was being so reduced by a terrible diarrhœa that it was very difficult for him to turn over in the bed, and his pulse very weak; he could not have lived but a few days longer in that condition. I gave him a table-spoonful of sulphur and molasses, and in two days his diarrhœa was entirely cured, and in ten days he was able to go to his brother on foot, a distance of over three miles.

Chronic diarrhœa is caused by the liver being torpid, and discharging a surplus of poor bile

and a humor on the stomach and bowels. It may be cured in a few weeks by taking not more than half a tea-spoonful of sulphur and molasses early every morning, and using salt in the food in moderate quantities, bathing enough to keep the skin clean and the pores open, and taking something that is bitter every evening just before retiring, to feed the liver and give it tone. Hop-tea, or lager beer is as good as any bitters to give tone to the liver, and that will quiet the nerves and induce sleep.

TOBACCO ANTIDOTE.—Gentian root is said to be a tobacco antidote. Buy two ounces or more of gentian root, coarsely ground. Take as much of it after each meal, or oftener, as amounts to a common quid of "fine cut." Chew it slowly and swallow the juice. Continue this a few weeks, and you will conquer the insatiable appetite for tobacco, which injures both mind and body, and from which thousands struggle to be free, but give up in despair.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

SPIRITUALISM AND CHURCHANITY.

(TWO FORCES.)

BY R. THURSTON LOCKWOOD, M. D.

WELLING up from the social surface that characterizes the great Pacific Coast region are results that promise a better future—Spiritual progress among our people. Everywhere (in the different parts of this western coast) are to be found evidences of the growth of liberal sentiments, and the growing demoralization of modern Churchanity.

Farewell, old theological Orthodoxy! Thou who hast so long retarded mental and Spiritual unfoldment, must perceive the fulfillment of thy mission; and thy mourning victims come joyously to thy burial. Thou hast done good, and for that we respect thee—good in deterring many undeveloped mortals from wrong-doing. Thou hast done evil, also, in the hurtful errors thou hast so persistently inculcated—errors that dwarfed human intellectuality and dethroned reason of its own legitimate province. And as an humble specimen of thy victims of our common humanity, as one familiar with thy ways, good and bad, I respectfully, charitably invite thy interested representatives, votaries, to the following considerations:

The Pacific Coast division of the human family (like all other parts of it) is in need of Spiritual knowledge, moral influences; of a phase or type of life beyond the present, whose basis of demonstration shall rest upon a rational philosophy; or rather, whose proofs shall consist of satisfactory psychological evidences.

And now, therefore, let us discuss the nature of the best, most efficient means to be employed in securing the desired result. Is it, I earnestly inquire, to be effected by denouncing, from the pulpit and elsewhere, Spiritualists as immoral, as enemies to the moral and better influences of society?

If Spiritualists can charitably endure the soul-grieving spectacle of the soul-demoralizing effects of our home pulpit doctrines, teachings,

as affecting a large percentage of minds, they should be equally charitable toward Spiritualists, though guilty, as they believe, or pretend to believe, of radical moral antagonism.

After careful reflection upon the two apparently adverse positions, one is apt to conclude that the great and influential forces, aims, are reaching out for or superinducing the same result and end—the moral, Spiritual amelioration of our rapidly augmenting population, society.

Yes, my good Bible advocates, pulpit orators, forget (temporarily, at least,) that there is such a sheer humbug as Spiritualism; take a rest from persistent calumny of the moral character of Spiritualists, and devote all your time and power in frightening the more and most ignorant of the people into an acceptance of the dogma that endless misery is the fate of unconverted sinners. By so doing, you may do some good, as that class of our population may need just such medicine for their moral (mental) disease. But do not, I entreat you, longer vainly toil, struggle to prevent Spiritualists (by denying them moral character) from furnishing evidences of a phase of life beyond the present, to the skeptical part of our society, that part that detest your unreasonable teachings, and that will never be controlled by them. Then may these two moral forces, agents—Churchanity and Spiritualism—proceed in their respective legitimate missions; and, per consequence, the moral Spiritual status of the people of our remote western region will be liberally ameliorated, qualified then to shake hands with our trans-Rocky-Mountains brethren.

Throw around us eging Spiritualists the soft mantle of Christian charity, ye gospel advocates, Christian ministers, votaries of the Christian faith! Prove to us that ye possess the true spirit of that most worthy, exemplary, exaltedly developed prototype of Spirit-life intercourse Mediums, Jesus, the famous Nazarene, the psychological precursor of a better system of ethical philosophy than belonged to earlier ages, cycles of human unfoldment.

Let us unite our forces, influences, in diffusing Spiritual light and knowledge among the masses; let us persistently, unitedly labor thus, till not a vestige, a proof of ancient barbarism remains among us, in the character of badly misgoverned prisons, soul-demoralizing gibbets, painful exhibitions of "legal murder."

Let us thus labor till this fair clime shall shed its sunny, benign influence over a rationally reformed social millennium elysium, so all-fascinating in its moral emanations and psychological scintillations, as to captivate the respect and secure the support of the most cultured types of our common humanity, successfully inviting them to homes among us.

In the broader sense of universal brotherhood, "E pluribus unum."

On this coast, where grandest landscapes
Invite the cultured of our race,
May we look for manhood's greatness,
For its power and for its grace.

The vestiges of mediæval philosophy are becoming fewer and less potent as the waves of progressive science come surging in upon us, freighted with cargoes of humanity's richest treasures.

San Francisco vies with Boston for educational equality, intellectual supremacy; and the vast Pacific Coast with that of its sister, the great Atlantic, for social advancement and general prosperity.

(Selected by M. T. S.)

UNDER THE LEAVES.

Take green leaves from the soft brown earth,
Happy spring-time hath call'd them forth;
First faint promise of summer bloom
Breathes from the fragrant, sweet perfume,
Under the leaves.

Lift them! What marvellous beauty lies
Hidden beneath, from our thoughtless eyes!
Sweet flowers, rosy or purest white,
Lift their cups to the sudden light,
Under the leaves.

Are there no lives whose holy deeds—
Seen by no eye save His who reads
Motive and action—in silence grow
Into rare beauty, and bud and blow
Under the leaves?

Fair white flowers of faith and trust,
Springing from spirits bruised and crushed;
Blossoms of love, rose-tinted and bright,
Touched and painted with heaven's own light,
Under the leaves.

Full fresh clusters of duty borne,
Fairest of all in that shadow grown,
Wondrous the fragrance that sweet and rare
Comes from the flower-cups hidden there,
Under the leaves.

Though unseen by our vision dim,
Bud and blossom are known to Him;
Wait we content for His heavenly ray—
Wait till our Master himself one day
Lifteth the leaves.

FROM ROMANCE TO REALITY.

A BRIDE'S FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE TREE-
LESS WILDS OF DAKOTA.

YESTERDAY, in coming up the road, I witnessed a scene which to a "States man" could not but have a melancholy, though romantic, aspect. There was a bridal couple aboard the train. He was a pleasant, intelligent-appearing young man, with evidence of a farm training and a fair education. She was as fair as *Maud Muller* the day the *Judge* met her in the fabled field; of evidently far superior training to her sturdy consort, she was one of the loveliest and brightest and gayest brunettes one may meet in years of long-extended jaunts. She had a bandbox, evidently containing her summer hat; a guitar carefully wrapped in an embroidered bag, of a workmanship so exquisite as to surely have been her own; a music roll, a shawl-strap encasing two or three of the latest novels, and all the miscellaneous satchels and bundles with which the average young lady possesses herself on a pilgrimage to the sea-shore or on a tour to Aunt Betsey's among the rural hills.

The brakeman hoarsely called "Fourteenth Siding." There was not a building in sight save the one-roomed 6 by 10 shanty barracoon of the switchman, and the eye lost itself trying to fathom the dreary beyond. This was the stopping-place for the bride and her groom. He was taking her to his new home, fifty miles back on the plains; but there was no one to meet them as expected, and the thread-like trail disappeared over the horizon, five miles away, with no sign of greeting team. It seemed like a dark revelation to the poor girl; it was the first

test of devotion to her husband—and a severe one. On being lifted down from the car steps, she gazed around in the utmost dismay; then, with a quick, beseeching glance into the young man's face, down which sympathetic tears were streaming, despite his evidently brave resolutions, the bride of the plains sank into his arms and sobbed aloud. The scene told its own melancholy story, and visibly affected the hundred or more spectators who had crowded to the platforms, as usual upon all occasions of leaving a passenger on a siding. Let us hope that the messengers from that far-away home finally reached "Fourteenth Siding," and that a husband's love may soon be an all-sufficient solace for that city-bred bride so suddenly transported to the treeless wilds of Dakota.—*Dakota letter to the Madison (Wis.) Journal.*

"THE YATTON DEMONIAK."

IN the year 1788, considerable interest was excited throughout the county of Somerset by the extraordinary case of one George Lukins, who was said to have been possessed of evil spirits for nearly eighteen years. The subject was first treated as an impostor, but much controversy and skeptical dispute arising, several illiberal *ex parte* statements appeared in the *Bristol Gazette* and *Bath Chronicle*. At length the evidence and circumstances were collected by the Rev. Joseph Easterbrook, the vicar of Temple Church, Bristol, of which the following narrative is the substance:

On Saturday, May 31st, 1788, Mrs. Sarah Baber called on me, acquainting me that she had just returned from a visit to Yatton, in the county of Somerset, where she had found a poor man afflicted with an extraordinary malady. She said his name was George Lukins; that he had fits daily during her stay at Yatton, in which he sang and screamed in various sounds, some of which did not resemble the modifications of a human voice, that he cursed and swore in a most tremendous manner while in his fits, and declared that doctors could do him no service. She likewise said that she could take upon her to affirm that he had been subject to fits of a very uncommon nature for the last eighteen years, for the cure of which he had been placed for a considerable time under the care of Mr. Smith, an eminent surgeon of Wrington, who administered all the assistance in his power without effect; many other medical gentlemen, she said, had in like manner tried to help him, but in vain. Most of the people about Yatton then conceived him to be bewitched; but latterly he had himself declared that he was possessed of seven devils, and that nothing would avail but the united prayers of seven clergymen, who could ask deliverance for him in faith. But seven could not be procured in that neighborhood to meet his ideas and try the experiment; she therefore earnestly requested me to go to Yatton to see him.

I consented that George Lukins should be brought to me, little expecting that an attention to his pitiable case would have produced such a torrent of opposition and illiberal abuse upon the parties concerned in his relief.

In compliance with my promise to Mrs. Baber, I applied to such of the clergy of the Established Church as I conceived to be most cordial in co-operating in benevolent acts—namely, to the Rev. Mr. Symes, rector of St. Werburgh's, the Rev. Dr. Robins, precentor of the Cathedral, and the Rev. Mr. Brown, rector of Portishead, requesting that these gentlemen would with me attend a meeting for prayer in behalf of this object of commiseration; but though they acknowledged it as their opinion that this was a supernatural affliction, I could not prevail upon them to join with me in this attempt to relieve him. And as the gentlemen rejected my application, it appeared to me that there was no rational ground of hope for more success with those of my brethren, who were less disposed to admit the doctrine of the influence of good and evil spirits.

The more frequently I saw and heard of the misery which George Lukins experienced, the more I pitied him, and being unwilling to dismiss him from Bristol till some effort had been made for his recovery, I next desired certain persons in connection with the Rev. Mr. Wesley to attend a prayer meeting on his account, to which request they readily acceded. Accordingly a meeting was appointed on Friday morning, the 13th of June, at eleven o'clock. And as the most horrible noises usually proceeded from him in his fits, it was suggested that the vestry room of Temple Church, which is bounded by the churchyard, was the most retired place that could be found in Temple parish; and for that reason that situation was preferred to any other, it being our design to conduct this business with as much secrecy as possible. But we soon found that our design in this respect was rendered abortive, for on Wednesday evening, the 11th of June, there was published in the *Bristol Gazette*, an ingenious letter from the *Bath Chronicle*, from which the following is an extract:

"About eighteen years ago, George Lukins, going about the neighborhood with other young fellows acting Christmas plays and mummeries, suddenly fell down senseless and was with great difficulty recovered. When he came to himself, the account he gave was that he seemed at the moment of his fall to have received a violent blow from the hand of some person who, as he thought, was allowed thus to punish him for acting a part in the play. From that moment he has been subject, at uncertain and different periods, to fits of a most singular and dreadful nature. The first symptom is a powerful agitation of the right hand, to which succeed terrible distortions of the countenance. The influence of the fit has then commenced. He declares in a roaring voice that he is the devil, who, with many horrid execrations, summons about him certain persons devoted to his will, and commands them to torture this unhappy patient with all the diabolical means in their power. The supposed demon then directs his servants to sing. Accordingly the patient sings in a different voice a jovial hunting song, which, having received the approbation of the *soul fiend*, is succeeded by a song in a female voice, very delicately expressed; and this is followed, at the

particular injunction of the demon, by a pastoral song in the form of a dialogue, sung by, and in the real character of, the patient himself. After a pause and more violent distortions, he again personates the demon, and sings, in a hoarse, frightful voice, another hunting song. But in all these songs, whenever any expressions of goodness, benevolence, or innocence occurs in the original, it is regularly changed to another of its opposite meaning; neither can the patient bear to hear any good words whatever, nor any expression relating to the Church, during the influence of his fit, but is exasperated by them into blasphemy and outrage. Neither can he speak or write any expressions of this tendency whilst the subsequent weakness of his fits is upon him, but is driven to madness by their mention. Having performed the songs, he continues to personate the demon, and derides the attempts which the patient has been making to get out of his power, that he will persecute and torment him more and more to the end of his life, and that all the efforts of parsons and physicians shall prove fruitless. An *inverted Te Deum* is then sung in the alternate voices of a man and woman, who, with much profaneness, thank the demon for having given them power over the patient, which they will continue to exercise as long as he lives. The demon then concludes the ceremony by declaring his unalterable resolution to punish him for ever; and after barking fiercely, and interspersing many assertions of his own diabolical dignity, the fit subsides into the same strong agitation of the hand that introduced it, and the patient recovers from its influence utterly weakened and exhausted. At certain periods of the fit he is so violent that an assistant is always obliged to be at hand to restrain him from committing some injury on himself, though to the spectators he is perfectly harmless. He understands all that is said and done during his fits, and will even reply sometimes to questions asked him. He is under the influence of these paroxysms generally near an hour, during which time his eyes are fast closed. Sometimes he fancies himself changed into the form of an animal, when he assumes all the motions and sounds that are peculiar to it. From the execrations he utters it may be presumed that he is, or was, of an abandoned and profligate character; but the reverse is the truth. He was ever of a remarkably innocent and inoffensive disposition. Every method that the variety of persons who have come to see him have suggested—every effort of some very ingenious gentlemen of the faculty who applied their serious attention to his case, has been long ago and recently exerted without success; and some years ago he was sent to St. George's Hospital, where he remained about twenty weeks, and was pronounced incurable. The emaciated and exhausted figure that he presents, the number of years that he has been subject to this malady, and the prospect of want and distress that lies before him, through being thus disabled from following his business, all preclude the suspicion of imposture. His life is become a series of intense anxiety.

W. R. W.

"Wrighton, June 5, 1788."

This letter attracted the notice of the citizens; and it having been made known that a prayer meeting on Friday morning was to be held in the vestry room of Temple Church for the man who was the subject of that letter, a considerable number of people planted themselves upon the walls of the vestry room, and heard part of the prayers, the singing, the conversation, and the wonderful sounds which proceeded from George Lukins, and carried some account of those circumstances to a printer, who instantly despatched papers upon the subject through the streets of Bristol and its vicinage. Similar papers were shortly carried through the streets of Bath and London, and through many other parts of the country; so that, contrary to our design, the affair was in this manner brought before the public.

On Friday morning, June 13, fourteen gentlemen, accompanied by George Lukins, met at the vestry room at Temple Church at eleven o'clock, to pray for the relief of this afflicted man, when the following ceremony took place:

1. They began singing a hymn, on which the man was immediately thrown into strange agitation (very different from his usual seizures;) his face was variously distorted, and his whole body strongly convulsed. His right hand and arm then began to shake with violence, and, after some violent throes, he spake in a deep, hoarse, hollow voice, *personating an invisible agent*, calling the man to an account, and upbraiding him as a fool for bringing that silly company together; said it was to no purpose, and swore "by his infernal den" that he would never quit his hold of him, but would torment him a thousand times worse for making this vain attempt.

2. He then began to sing in his usual manner (*still personating some invisible agent*), blaspheming, boasted of his power, and vowed eternal vengeance on the miserable object, and on those present for daring to oppose him, and commanded his "faithful and obedient servants" to appear and take their stations.

3. He then spoke in a female voice, expressive of scorn and derision, and demanded to know why the fool had brought such a company there? And swore "by the devil" that he would not quit his hold of him, and bid defiance to and cursed all who should attempt to rescue the miserable object from them. He then sung, in the same female voice, a love song, at the conclusion of which he was violently tortured, and repeated most horrible imprecations.

4. Another invisible agent came forth, assuming a different voice, but his manner much the same as the preceding one. A kind of dialogue was then sung in a hoarse and soft voice alternately, at the conclusion of which, as before, the man was thrown into violent agonies, and blasphemed in a manner too dreadful to be expressed.

5. He then personated, and said, "I am the great devil," and after much boasting of his power, and bidding defiance to all his opposers, sung a kind of hunting song, at the conclusion of which he was most violently tortured, so that it was with difficulty that two strong men could hold him (though he is but a small man, and

very weak in constitution.) Sometimes he would set up a hideous laugh, and at other times bark in a manner indescribably horrid.

6. After this he summoned all the infernals to appear and drive the company away; and while the ministers were engaged in fervent prayer he sung a *Te Deum* to the devil in different voices, saying—"We praise thee, O devil; we acknowledge thee to be the supreme governor," etc., etc.

7. When the noise was so great as to obstruct the company proceeding in prayer, they sang together a hymn suitable to the occasion. Whilst they were in prayer, the voice which personated the great devil bid them defiance, cursing and vowing dreadful vengeance on all present. One of the company commanded him in the name of the great Jehovah to declare his name? To which he replied, "I am the devil." The same person then charged him in the name of Jehovah to declare why he tormented the man? To which he made answer, "That I may show my power against men."

The poor man still remained in great agonies and torture, and prayer was continued for his deliverance. A clergyman present desired him to endeavor to speak the name of "Jesus," and several times repeated it to him, at all of which he replied "Devil." During this attempt a small, faint voice was heard saying, "Why don't you adjure?" On which the clergyman commanded, in the name of Jesus, and in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, the evil spirit to depart from the man, which he repeated several times, when a voice was heard to say, "Must I give up my power?" and this was followed by dreadful howlings. Soon after, another voice, as if with astonishment, said, "Our master has deceived us!" The clergyman still continuing to repeat the adjuration, a voice was heard to say, "Where shall we go?" and the reply was, "To hell, thine own infernal den, and return no more to torment this man." On this the man's agitations and distortions were stronger than ever, attended with the most dreadful howling that can be conceived. But as soon as this conflict was over, he said, in his own natural voice, "Blessed Jesus!" became quite serene, immediately praised God for his deliverance, and, kneeling down, said the Lord's prayer, and returned his most devout thanks to all who were present.

The meeting broke up a little before one o'clock, having lasted nearly two hours, and the man went away entirely delivered, and has had no return of the disorder since.—*London Spiritualist.*

ALWAYS BEAR IT IN MIND.—Always remember, no one can debase you but yourself. Honor, native, falsehood, injustice, these can never rob you of your manhood. Men may lie about you, they may denounce you, they may wish suspicions manifold, they may make your failings the target of their wit or cruelty; never be alarmed; never swerve an inch from your judgment and conscience have been set out for you. They cannot by all their wiles take away your knowledge of yourself, the purity of your character, and the generosity of your nature. While these are left, you are, out of fact, unharmed.

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE VESPER HYMN.

BY M. T. SHELHAMER.

When the evening shadows gather,
And amid the purple bars,
Like the souls of happy angels,
Brightly gleam the golden stars—
When the gathering darkness maketh
Dusky shadows cold and grim,
I listen to the youths and maidens
Chanting this sweet Vesper Hymn:

"Fading, fading is the glory,
Day departeth, night is near,
Darkness gathers round our pathway,
Foes at every step appear:
Unto thee, oh, God of Being,
Thou who every blessing hath,
Do we cry for help and succor
From temptation's thorny path.

"Holy Father, guide us onward
Through the darkest hours of night,
Till the eastern sky is glided
With the welcome morning light;
May each soul, however humble,
Lean upon thy mighty arm,
Gaining wondrous strength and courage
To oppose the powers that harin'

"When upon our mortal vision
Falls the night of sore distress,
And our feet, all bruised and bleeding,
Only thorns and briars press,
May we quaff the strengthening cordial
Drawn from inspiration's vine—
Guide us by thy wondrous beacon—
Holy Wisdom's light divine!

Though we bear the cross of sorrow,
Wear the thorny crown of pain,
Drink the bitter gall of anguish,
Find our yearnings all in vain,
May we set our noble standard
On thy watch-towers up above;
May our song be full of sweetness,
Breathing universal love!"

As the evening shadows deepen,
And amid the purple bars,
Like the souls of happy angels,
Brightly gleam the golden stars,
Sweetly float the singers' voices
'Mid the shadows cool and dim—
Into silence deep and holy
Dies the solemn Vesper Hymn.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

PASSED TO SPIRIT-LIFE,

FROM PORTSMOUTH, N. H., AUGUST 23d,
MR. JOSEPH WALTON, THE WELL-KNOWN
SPIRITUALIST, AGED 76.

BY MISS A. B. F. ROBERTS.

The worn-out shell has dropped from the soul that longed
to rise.

Oh, I see the shining angels
Gathering round my dying bed,
And I feel their holy presence
And their soft hands on my head.

Hark! I hear angelic music
Swelling out upon the air—
Songs that promise quiet resting
In a land that's free from care;

Where they're waiting to receive me,
When these earth-life chains shall fall;
Oh, the shining ones, I see them!—
They are beckoning, hear them call.

Yes, I hear them—they are coming,
And I can no longer stay;
They are calling, I am going,
Glad to leave this house of clay.

Angel-bands are now approaching—
"Come with us," they gently say;
"We will guide you safely over
To thy home of endless day;

"Endless day—for there no night-shades
Close in gloom about the soul;
All is peace and joy and gladness,
And the sick are there made whole."

Farewell, dear ones, I must leave you;
Though I join this Angel-band,
We shall meet ere long together,
In the brighter Summer-land.

Though my body now shall moulder,
Ever shall my Spirit dwell
Near the loved ones I am leaving—
So I cannot say farewell.

I will leave you not in sorrow,
Nor in helpless grief or pain;
We shall meet again tomorrow,
On a glorious heavenly plain.

Now my Spirit leaves the body,
And on angel-wings of light
Soars above this earth-life prison—
Loved ones, we will say good-night!

CARDIA, N. H., Sept., 1879.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

LINES,

BY SPIRIT J. C. WILSON TO HIS FRIEND,
MAJOR BARTLING.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

DEAR FRIEND, I come from Heaven above
To bless you with immortal love;
I bring you flowers of every hue,
Brimmed with drops of crystal dew,
As tokens of the life that glows
In richest grace through star or rose.

I weave a crown to deck your brow,
I strew your path with blossoms now
That shall enrich your loving heart
With sweetness that shall ne'er depart;
I bring you blessings from the friends
Whose love all earthly love transcends.

In blessing thee they throw a light
Of glory o'er thy darkest night;
In loving thee they cast a ray
Of sunshine o'er thy cloudiest day;
In watching thee they bring thee power
To rise above the saddest hour.

I love you, for your soul is white,
And thy rays of golden light
Reveal the shining depths within,
Where love and kindness sweetly sing;
And I can see the gleaming way
Your Spirit travels all the day.

Dear friend, farewell; a little while
And we shall meet where angels smile,
Where life is holy and divine,
And bends alone at Wisdom's shrine,
Where partings and repinings cease,
And God gives every Spirit peace.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

MAIDSHALL, Minnesota, Sept. 8, 1879.

BROTHER D. C. DENSMORE,—I feel very grateful to see in your last issue a communication through M. T. Shelhamer, from Aunt Sallie Conant, of Provincetown. I have known her from my childhood, and she was, as she says, an old school-marm; for she taught many years. I hope she will come again and tell us of her surroundings in Spirit-life.

Yours, with sincere gratitude, and hope of further communications,

MRS. C. A. HASKELL.

HOPKINS.—Hope writes the poetry of the boy, but memory that of the man. Man looks forward with smiles, but backward with sighs. Such is the wise providence of God. The cup of life is sweetest at the brim—the flavor is impaired as we drink deeper, and the dregs are made bitter, that we may not struggle when it is taken from our lips.—*Emerson.*

VOICE OF ANGELS.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION:
 FAIR VIEW HOUSE, NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS.
 Spirit, L. JUDD PARDEE, Editor-in Chief.
 " D. K. MINER, Business Manager
 D. C. DENSMORE, Amanuensis and Publisher.

NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS., OCT. 1, 1879.

NOTICE.

THE VOICE OF ANGELS is published at Fair View House, North Weymouth, Mass., where all communications and articles intended for publication should be addressed; but as North Weymouth is not a Money Order office, all Money Orders must be made payable at the Post Office at Quincy, Mass.

D. C. DENSMORE,
Pub. Voice of Angels.

TO OUR PATRONS AND FRIENDS.

ON the fourth anniversary of the VOICE OF ANGELS, which occurs January 1st, 1880, it has been the design of its projectors and managers for the current year to enlarge its reading capacity to sixteen pages, provided those in arrears pay up their legitimate and honest dues; the subscription price to remain as at present. And from the many eulogistic and encouraging letters received the present year, as to the good it has done and is still doing in lighting up darkened minds, wallowing in ignorance and superstition, all expressing strong hopes that it would not only be enlarged but issued weekly, we had good grounds to hope that not only the enlargement could be made, but at the same time the subscription price might be reduced with safety to \$1.50 per annum. But as the present year is rapidly drawing to a close, with over eight hundred names on the mail-list who are sadly behind in their dues—all the way from six months to over two years—it is extremely doubtful, unless those in arrears pay up promptly, whether any of the intended improvements can be made. For to incur any additional expense as it now stands would sadly interfere with its harmony of action, if it did not jeopardize its existence.

Now, then, friends, we have done the best we could to bring the improvements about without making a special call upon you, and it rests with you to say whether we shall have a larger and better paper at a less price than heretofore or not. If you do desire it, and will liquidate your liabilities before the end of this year, we can begin the next with as large a representative of the Spiritual Philosophy as now exists in the world of effects. I know times are hard, yet for all that, I have good reasons to believe that, with a few exceptions, every one of you would have willingly and cordially responded,

without waiting to be called upon, if you could possibly have done so; and I do not wish you to think me ungenerous or unkind in making these remarks, as circumstances beyond my control compel it. In view of the large amount overdue, you must see it is not a matter of choice with me, but a stern, uncompromising necessity, which acknowledges no law but that of self-preservation, where charity ceases to be a virtue; especially when bills are maturing with no funds in hand to meet them.

To those who have promptly paid their obligations, and have interested themselves generally in behalf of the paper, and especially to those who have contributed so liberally to the "Tunie Fund"—which has been of inestimable service to me—I know of no language sufficiently potent to express my gratitude; and whether it is enlarged or not, all such will always occupy a warm place in my heart of hearts.

There are thousands among the indigent poor who would as gladly contribute to assist in keeping the paper in a healthy condition as their more opulent neighbors, were it not for abject poverty staring them in the face, who, to show their good will, send a few cents at a time for the "Tunie Fund"—some five and others ten cents—as they say "to help a little." All such things are eminently significant. To such noble souls all I can say is, God and angels bless you for the "widow's mite."

In conclusion, I will make another request. It is this: If those who are behind in their dues will drop me a postal before the middle of the coming December, and tell me whether they can pay up in full or in part, and also state at the same time whether they intend to renew their subscriptions for another year, they will confer upon me a lasting obligation, because then I can work understandingly. Hoping to receive favorable reports from such, so that we can make a larger, and hence a more useful paper, I remain, cordially,

D. C. DENSMORE,
Pub. Voice of Angels.

EDITORIAL.

TREATMENT OF THE INSANE.

WE rejoice that the subject of the treatment of the insane is being thoroughly ventilated throughout the country. No class of beings have been more cruelly treated, imposed upon and outraged than those poor unfortunates, who, having lost control of their mental powers, are made to suffer so shamefully, as though they were worse than malicious beasts, who

seek to destroy and prey upon human life.

It is a burning shame that, in this so-called enlightened age, human beings should not only be deprived of liberty—which sometimes may be necessary—but also of light, air, and the proper nourishments of life, under the pretext that they are imbecile and do not know anything. Instances are only too common where these unfortunates have been confined by thongs, kept in dark cells, deprived of the enjoyment of associating with their fellow-beings, with no sound in their ears but the ravings of some brother prisoner; their fare coarse and unpalatable. And in the face of all this, it is reported that there is no hope of their recovery. A condition that would make any healthy, sane man mad, is not calculated to restore a healthy tone to an unbalanced mind; and those medical experts who pretend to treat insanity ought to know this better than any one else.

It is time that medical practitioners should be educated to look upon insanity as a disease needing careful treatment; a disease requiring plenty of fresh air, pure light, nourishing food, cheerful companionship, light entertainments, which would tend to divert the mind into new channels of thought, sympathy, and congenial guardians. Nine-tenths of the so-called cases of insanity are but aggravated nervous disorders, that might be removed by proper attention from those about them; whereas, on the contrary, they are increased by neglect, or by the patient's being placed in some "retreat," away from home associations and sympathetic friends, until pronounced incurable. Not only this, but four-fifths, at least, of the true types of insanity could be cured, were they treated as a form of disease, and given the same attention that one receives who is suffering from fever or consumption. Physicians know this very well, and may it be said to their disgrace that they do not attempt to remedy the evil.

We hope the time will speedily come when all insane asylums will be open freely to public inspection; when honest, capable, sympathetic men and women—especially the latter—can walk in at any time and inspect the inside machinery of all such institutions, and report their workings. Then there will be a better chance for patients residing there to recover their reason, and ultimately their liberty, and less opportunity for those unscrupulous specimens of the genus *homo*, who, to gain the wealth and affluence belonging to rich relatives, have no hesita-

tion in placing those relatives in some out-of-the-way "retreat," upon the plea of insanity, and appropriating what does not belong to them, coolly assuring the public that the rightful owner has lost his mind and is too dangerous to be left at large, therefore must be confined.

When Spirits who have passed out from the bondage of insane institutions return praying for deliverance for those yet in thralldom, entreating and imploring humanity in the most piteous tones to bear with and suffer all rather than allow one human being to enter such a place to be treated, we think it time that public investigation should be turned towards the true methods of treating the insane, and means instituted and appropriated in devising schemes that will promote such treatment as will restore reason to unbalanced minds.

SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE,
SEPTEMBER 7TH, 1879.

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

INVOCATION, BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

OH, thou Unknowable! Cause of all causes! We thy children would attempt to offer to Thee on this occasion the gratitude of our Spirits, because Thou hast revealed Thyself in so wonderful a manner to thy intelligent creatures, throughout the universe.

We know that we may look to Thee; we can approach Thee, can aspire to Thee; and oh, we praise Thee in adoring gratitude that the Mount of Destiny is before us, and that from its crystal heights we shall yet behold the glory of thy vast dominions.

We thank Thee that the light of truth doth pierce the future, and by its rays we may behold afar off the land of the by-and-bye.

We bless Thee for the intermingling of the material and the Spiritual, that the aspirations of souls on earth can blend in harmony with the aspirations of souls in the Spirit-World. Oh, continue the work; let thy messengers fly swift and fast to bear the tidings of joy to sorrowing hearts.

Our Father, and our God, receive our blessings for this company of rejoicing Spirits, and grant, as the years roll on, usefulness and blessings may mark the pathway spread out before them. Bless all who come to participate in the feast of love, and may their souls receive that refreshment and cheer they may need.

VIOLA WILSON.

My name is Viola Wilson; I have been in heaven a good while, but I thought if I could come and send a word home I

should be so glad. I come from Salisbury in this State. I want to say Gertie is here with me; they will know who she is—a dear companion of mine. We are constantly together, and study music and singing still. We love everything that is beautiful, and our homes are always decked with vines and flowers. We come to bring the best love of our Spirits, and to say the Angels watch over and guard the homes so dear to us and the hearts we love.

I would like this to go to Mrs. Nellie Wilson. I thank you and will try to help some other to come. I had a difficulty with my throat.

HATTIE BETHWICK.

I WAS seventeen years old when I laid off the mortal form to take up the new garments of Spiritual life. Consumption had wasted flesh and blood away, and worn upon my Spirit until I was glad to find release. Years have passed since then, and revelling in the joys as well as the duties of Spirit-life, I have grown so strong, so satisfied with life, that I have but one thing to wish for, and that is to lead my friends on earth to a knowledge of this beautiful truth.

My name is Hattie Bethwick; I am from Bangor, Maine, and I want to send this message there to Mr. Charles Bethwick. I am a stranger here and this is new; but if they will go where Spirits can talk privately, I will come so gladly to them. At all events, I love them, and will ever guard and guide them home.

ROBERT GRANT.

I AM here, sir, to send out a few thoughts over this Spiritual Telegraph, trusting them to reach the hearts of those who knew me, and cause vibrations there. Were I still in the body, believing as I did when on earth, I should reject the theory of Spirit-communication with mortals, and probably would turn a deaf ear to a message of this kind; therefore I cannot cavil if I am treated in a like manner myself. But I would say that I am not idle: I am still pursuing my investigations in the realm of science, more especially, as of yore, in that department consigned to electricity. The light which threw its brilliant rays far and wide, which I considered perfected by myself, and which tonight is used for the purity of its rays, falls far short of the possibilities I now conceive can be developed in that direction. The electric light I find shall yet be universally used, not as at present, but when its power shall be admitted by all. Then there will be no dark places, for electricity can be utilized so as to be the most economical

agent for dispensing light. The mariner can then plough the sea through storm and darkness in safety, and humanity will become highly blessed by its use.

One thing I have learned, that is, in the World of Causes, science assumes no dogmatic position, or rather, none is assumed for her. Her interpreters are modest, unassuming, ever open to conviction, ever ready to carry investigation into whatsoever department they may find. Science demonstrates the eternal principles underlying all law, through the facts presented to her notice; and many earthly scientists are obliged to take a back seat in the other world, until they learn to discriminate between progressive thought and dogmatic conservatism.

I thank you for your kind attention. I was known as Robert Grant. I have been in Spirit-life some years; passed away at what to me was an early age, for I saw so much before me to be accomplished. I hope this to reach New York City. I am of Scotch extraction.

BENJAMIN SAMSON.

It is good to be here. I am a Spiritualist from the crown of my head downward to my heart. I am at home here, though I never met you before. John, who passed on a short time before me, has been here, and I come to fill out what he has said.

I am Benjamin Samson of Medford, Mass. I went home suddenly, and I am glad of it; no lingering illness for me; my heart stopped beating, but the Spiritual heart goes bounding on, full of life and pulsating with kindly feelings and love for those remaining. I have a family here, and to them I send a blessing and word that I am satisfied with all that has been done.

To J. Samson, Medford, Mass.

REBECCA ADAMS.

I AM so very anxious to say a few words; I want my son to do what is right; the Spiritual life is the eternal one, and when he comes, I want to meet him with a knowledge that he has been just and kind. I bring him strength from Spirit-life; I waft him good cheer, and will ever bless him. And now I hope and trust, and will use my influence toward him, that he will bestow upon Harriet, his faithful companion, whom the angels bless, that bounty he can give; that he will give generously to her, and make her pathway pleasant. My grandchildren I love and bless, although they believe not the voice of the Spirit.

Rebecca Adams, to R. M. Adams, Vineland, New Jersey.

MESSAGES GIVEN SEPTEMBER 14TH, 1879.

RICHARD T. JONES.

How do you do? How do you do? I rejoice to clasp your hand, and call you brother. At this place I feel the old feebleness of the worn-out body, but I am young in Spirit. I was an old man; I had lived beyond the four-score years. It was a privilege to depart to the blessed Spirit-land; I knew all about it; it was my comfort and strength. I have been a Spiritualist for thirty years, and I never regretted it. I am staunch and firm still—a member of all liberal parties, a friend to temperance and to freedom in every form. I despise the tyrant and honor the humanitarian; I abhor slavery and defend the slave.

Now, friend, I want to send out words of love and friendship to those in the body. I lived a long life on earth and saw many changes; loved ones preceded me to the other side, and I have met each one and the reunion was glorious. But I have many friends in Utica, New York, where I spent all the business portion of my life, and I think it would interest them to hear of me. I am a Welshman by birth. My name is Richard T. Jones. I left children in the body, and children's children. My sons, Evan and Enoch—smart and true men—I bless them. Each and all I bless, and tell them the old father thanks God for the truth of Spiritualism.

[Mr. Densmore, you had better forward to Mr. Enoch Jones, or Mr. Evan Jones, Utica, N. Y.]

MARY TO LURERA HURD.

I would like to try and come; mother is looking for me. I have been a member of the Spirit-land but a few years, and yet changes have already taken place with those dear to me on earth. I come to tell them I am happy. I have found a dear brother and a sweet sister, who know so much about the Spiritual. I frequently come back to crown with love the hearts of dear ones, and although one who was very near to me may not believe I am present at morning and at night, yet it is true, and I know all that has been done. I have no regrets.

I bring love and waft a blessing to my dear mother. I am with her to guide and console. We wait for her upon the Spirit side.

I wish this sent to Lusoba Hurd, Willoughby, Ohio. It is from Mary.

I come with blessing from the Spirit-shore
To fill your soul with peace and rest,
And bring you tidings of the gone before
Who dwell among the heavenly host.
I bring you tokens of the deathless love
That angels bear you in their home of light.

Where all is joy and harmony above,
And where is known no sorrow, pain nor night.

When Death the Reaper comes to take you home,
And heavenly life shall break upon your sight,
When weak and worn your feet no longer roam,
But turn in gladness to the World of Light,
Your Spirit-children then shall meet you there,
In loving welcome clasp you by the hand,
And clothe you in the garments angels wear,
And bless your coming to the Spirit-land.

SUSAN YOUNG.

I DON'T know, I don't know as I can give what I want to. I lived in New Hampshire. I'm old and worn; I died with cancer. Oh, it was terrible. It's gone now; I have rest and peace; but I feel bad in this place. I was over seventy. I've met the little ones grown up. Old friends I used to know are changed, but I knew them. It's very sweet.

My name is Susan Young. I left my husband, Allan Young. It will soon be time for him to go, and I want him to know that the life he is going to is more natural than this. We are men and women as much as we ever were. It is all beautiful. I don't know; I can't give all I want to.

DR. BANCROFT.

I AM glad to meet you, sir, and to meet all interested in our philosophy, and especially our workers. I was and am one of you. I tried to perform my work for the Spirit-world and humanity. I have been in Spirit-life only comparatively a few months, and I want to send out a word from this place. I think I am still fresh in the memory of relatives and friends. Since coming here, I take an active interest in your paper, and will do all I can to further its advancement. It is time Spiritualists awoke to the importance of supporting their papers; for in the Spiritual press lies the power to disseminate truth, banish error, and to counteract the evil effects of many theological and secular papers upon the minds of the people. I also want our people especially, and liberals generally, to arouse themselves in the matter of educating their children properly. In the children of today rests the prosperity and happiness of the nations of the future; in them lies the power for working good or evil to humanity. Now, it is important that they receive a sound, practical, liberal education; not one that will confine their intellects and narrow their ideas, but one that will develop all the broadest, highest, purest attributes of the mind and soul. In this connection, I would call attention to Belvidere Seminary, situated at Belvidere, New Jersey; and I would advise parents to place their children at that institution. Conducted upon a broad, progressive, liberal plan, with every advantage afforded for the develop-

ment of all that makes the highly-cultured, educated man and woman, it should be supported by every liberalist in the land. I find this institution was planned and arranged by wise ones on high, working through cultured ones on earth. I truly hope our speakers and Mediums will take notice of this institution of learning, and use their power of voice and pen to promote its interest everywhere.

I send my love, my fraternal blessing, to friends everywhere, especially in San Francisco. I am still in the harness.

DR. BANCROFT, California.

WILLIE MCCLINTOCK.

I'm getting a big boy. I've got a grandpa; he's so kind, I love him. I grow with the flowers, I do. I love mamma ever so much. I bring flowers and shells—she likes such things—and a little birdie, too. I bring lots of love, too, and I kiss 'em every day, I do. I'm growing; I go to school; I learn about the stars and the flowers and the trees and all.

I'm Willie McClintock. I'm never sick any more; I'm all nice. Mamma is Mary J. McClintock. Papa's Frank, he is. I come ever so far with a pretty lady, to send home love, and say I come home to play.

Tell the man to send my little letter to Mr. Francis W. McClintock, Ransomville, Loraine Co., Ohio.

(For the Voice of Angels.)

AN INSPIRATIONAL MESSAGE.

THROUGH MRS. A. BAILEY, AT GOLDEN CIRCLE, LOUISVILLE, PENN.

You are all under the law, and must live by the law. Ignorance is the bane of life; knowledge the antidote for all suffering, sin and misery. A poisoned conscience never rests well. Only the pure-minded shall realize Heaven's choicest blessings. Only the pure in heart shall see God. It is the principle that lies within humanity's nature that is to be brought out and developed, rather than any changes that affect the physical life of the body, that makes men and women better; but bodily health is necessary to good morals; if the appetite is capricious, you cannot expect sound philosophy and an even breadth of thought; for the Spirit is dependent on the outward forces of the body to give it expression. The law of life is to unfold, to grow that which is hidden within to higher possibilities; to develop to higher qualifications all the powers and faculties of the mind.

You are to know truth as it is written in the Book of Life; humanity's life on earth is not all revealed; there are new

revelations for the souls of men, new ventures to be tried; the season of experiment is not over. Reason invites to a deeper thought, and many things that are yet untried shall be tried, and they will not be found wanting under a more enlightened observation and experience.

If you are in doubt and indecision, consult the powers that be, that rule above you; there is light, if you cannot at present reach forth and take hold of it. Be fearless in doing what you know to be right, consult your own soul's integrity and love of justice; and as ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

SPIRIT ECHOES.

NUMBER TWELVE.

BY SPIRIT VIOLET.

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

In my frequent visits to this place I have sometimes encountered one, who, a poet when on earth, still delights to sing forth his melodies through the lips of mortals, and at such times I have indeed felt my Spirit bathed in a halo of light as I listened to his metrical utterances, or better still came *en rapport* with his Spirit and saw the gems of thought therein and watched him weaving them into lines of richest grace and beauty. Oh, ye mortals, the poems you receive from minds on earth, whether given forth by the acknowledged poet, or through the organisms of Mediums, are but the shadows of a glorious reality above; they are but a skeleton compared with the full and perfect forms, clothed with the majesty of perfected expression in the Soul-World; a mere outline, which conveys to you perhaps an idea of the beautiful whole, as it flashes forth from the realm of Spirit.

In poesy as in music, and indeed as in all the arts and sciences, you can never see its grand revealments, its possibilities and its powers, its radiance and its glory, until you also drop from your shoulders the mantle of materiality, and stand forth all Spirit, with the desire beaming within your souls to find the beautiful, the holy and the pure.

This poet-soul, of whom I speak, has at times requested me to give expression to some of my thoughts in the golden light of poesy, to drape them with the snowy robes of melodious song; but I shrink from the task, feeling that I cannot do justice to the noble rules of rhyme and rhythm.

Spirits do not, as a rule, underrate their own powers; there is no false delicacy to be assumed; they understand what is

within, and eagerly and thankfully accept the opportunities afforded them to cultivate their powers and to develop the possibilities of the soul.

Therefore, although I do not at present feel to echo these sounds from the other shore through the channel of poetic expression, yet I do feel that some time I may so develop my inner powers as to sing in measured tones and cadences the song of my Spirit, the melody of my Soul.

But there is one being on earth to whom I would bring the early efforts of my Spirit, to whose name I would sing my first song, and over whose soul I would pour the melody of my undying love; and so, feeble, crude and imperfect though it be, I bring my song and sing it to

MY MOTHER.

DEAR MOTHER, when I found that I was dead,
And that my soul had passed beyond the tomb,
The first few, feeble words my Spirit said
Were, "Mother's heart is bowed in sad'ning gloom,
And so I cannot leave her till you bring
A balm of healing from the world above,
And o'er the anguish of her spirit fling
A perfect peace from God's eternal love."

And so the Angel-forms who met me there
Brought rest and consolation to thy heart,
Which, in the hour of holy, sacred prayer,
Found heavenly peace that never can depart;
And from the scenes of earth I turned awhile
To roam with Spirit-foot through realms above,
Where all resolve our Heavenly Father's smile
And bask within the sunlight of His love.

A perfect home, "not made with hands," is there,
But built by loving words and kindly deeds;
A heavenly heritage of beauty, where
The Spirit finds each attribute it needs;
And friendly doors through the open door,
With hands outstretched in welcome to the soul
Who turns in gladness from the earthly shore,
And seeks to gain Perfection's heavenly goal.

Oh, mother! kind and true the Angel friends
Who cluster round me at the open gate;
My soul with theirs in perfect concert blends,
As patiently for thee we watch and wait;
We guard thee with the deathless light of love,
We bless thee with the calm of holy peace,
We guide thy Spirit on to realms above,
Where sad heart-longings shall forever cease.

The heavenly fields are fair with glistening green,
And gemmed with blossoms of immortal bloom,
That beautify the sweet enchanting scene
And scent the breezes with their sweet perfume;
The sunlight smiles, and waters flow in glee,
The woods reveal new depths of light and shade,
The song-birds warble in each leafy tree,
Or scatter dew-drops in the flowery glade.

All life is gladness, and the Spirit grows
In perfect harmony with God above,
And catching higher inspiration, flows
In grateful praises to the throne of Love.
And so I eul the rarest gems and flowers
To bless my mother, whom I love so well,
And use its aspirations and its powers
To guide her Spirit home where Angels dwell.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE.

SAN JOSE, Aug. 26, 1879.

D. C. DENSMORE:—Dear Sir,—I have delayed writing much longer than I intended, hoping to get a few subscribers to your paper; but even now I can send you but one. In the Voice of April 15th, '79, I found a message from my dear husband in Spirit-land, W. H. Luelling, through M. T. Shelhamer, and language is inadequate

to express the gratitude I feel to both Spirits and mortals for such words of comfort and assurance. They are so characteristic of him, that I truly feel that there is a soothing balm for the sting of death, and indeed a victory over the grave.

I would like so much to send you substantial tokens of appreciation, were it in my power to do so. I shall continue to use my best efforts to get more names for your soul-cheering paper, for I love it very much and hope to be able to send the money for a renewal before my subscription expires.

Enclosed please find post-office order for one dollar and sixty-five cents, for the Voice one year to Wesley Fanning, San Jose, California.

Respectfully,

Mrs. R. R. LUELING.

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

THROUGH MRS. A. BAILEY.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

THERE are many things that I desire to communicate to you, and I will introduce subjects, from time to time, that are to come before the people, through you and others. There is much work to be done, and comparatively but few to accomplish it. That which is uppermost with me is the elevation of woman to her proper sphere.

It is truly a wonder that the women of civilization and Christianized (so-called) nations are as much respected and elevated as they really are, when the Bible, that guide to all truth, (?) treats of women as mere things. Even Jesus is said to have spoken very disrespectfully to his mother, when he made the reply, "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" And in taking that book for their rule of faith and practice, is it not a marvel that women are treated better than the examples set forth in the sacred (?) volume? Mark well the organism of woman, physically and mentally, and see if she is not capable of higher aspirations and finer perceptions than her lord and master, (?) man.

Why seek her for a companion, if you cannot let her share equally with you, and be indeed a companion, and not your servant, or perhaps a mere drudge? Ah, you are afraid she will rise above you. All I have to say then is, keep an even pace with her, and not be compelled to admit with shame that she has outstripped you. Do not clip her wings, but stretch out your own, and keep even with her in the upward flight. If you are left behind, pray never mention it; the shame is upon you, not her. When your fevered brow

MESSAGES GIVEN SEPTEMBER 14TH, 1879.

RICHARD T. JONES.

How do you do? How do you do? I rejoice to clasp your hand, and call you brother. At this place I feel the old feebleness of the worn-out body, but I am young in Spirit. I was an old man; I had lived beyond the four-score years. It was a privilege to depart to the blessed Spirit-land; I knew all about it; it was my comfort and strength. I have been a Spiritualist for thirty years, and I never regretted it. I am staunch and firm still—a member of all liberal parties, a friend to temperance and to freedom in every form. I despise the tyrant and honor the humanitarian; I abhor slavery and defend the slave.

Now, friend, I want to send out words of love and friendship to those in the body. I lived a long life on earth and saw many changes: loved ones preceded me to the other side, and I have met each one and the reunion was glorious. But I have many friends in Utica, New York, where I spent all the business portion of my life, and I think it would interest them to hear of me. I am a Welshman by birth. My name is Richard T. Jones. I left children in the body, and children's children. My sons, Evan and Enoch—smart and true men—I bless them. Each and all I bless, and tell them the old father thanks God for the truth of Spiritualism.

[Mr. Densmore, you had better forward to Mr. Enoch Jones, or Mr. Evan Jones, Utica, N. Y.]

MARY TO LUSEBA HURD.

I WOULD like to try and come; mother is looking for me. I have been a member of the Spirit-band but a few years, and yet changes have already taken place with those dear to me on earth. I come to tell them I am happy. I have found a dear brother and a sweet sister, who know so much about the Spiritual. I frequently come back to crown with love the hearts of dear ones, and although one who was very near to me may not believe I am present at morning and at night, yet it is true, and I know all that has been done. I have no regrets.

I bring love and waft a blessing to my dear mother. I am with her to guide and console. We wait for her upon the Spirit side.

I wish this sent to Luseba Hurd, Willoughby, Ohio. It is from Mary.

COME with blessing from the Spirit-shore
To fill your soul with peace and rest,
And bring you tidings of the gone before
Who dwell among the heavenly blest:
I bring you tokens of the deathless love
That angels bear you in their home of light,

Where all is joy and harmony above,
And where is known no sorrow, pain nor night.

When Death the Reaper comes to take you home,
And heavenly life shall break upon your sight,
When weak and worn your feet no longer roam,
But turn in gladness to the World of Light,
Your Spirit-children then shall meet you there.
In loving welcome clasp you by the hand,
And clothe you in the garments angels wear,
And bless your coming to the Spirit-land.

SUSAN YOUNG.

I DON'T know, I don't know as I can give what I want to. I lived in New Hampshire. I'm old and worn; I died with cancer. Oh, it was terrible. It's gone now; I have rest and peace; but I feel bad in this place. I was over seventy. I've met the little ones grown up. Old friends I used to know are changed, but I knew them. It's very sweet.

My name is Susan Young. I left my husband, Allan Young. It will soon be time for him to go, and I want him to know that the life he is going to is more natural than this. We are men and women as much as we ever were. It is all beautiful. I don't know; I can't give all I want to.

DR. BANCROFT.

I AM glad to meet you, sir, and to meet all interested in our philosophy, and especially our workers. I was and am one of you. I tried to perform my work for the Spirit-world and humanity. I have been in Spirit-life only comparatively a few months, and I want to send out a word from this place. I think I am still fresh in the memory of relatives and friends. Since coming here, I take an active interest in your paper, and will do all I can to further its advancement. It is time Spiritualists awoke to the importance of supporting their papers; for in the Spiritual press lies the power to disseminate truth, banish error, and to counteract the evil effects of many theological and secular papers upon the minds of the people. I also want our people especially, and liberals generally, to arouse themselves in the matter of educating their children properly. In the children of today rests the prosperity and happiness of the nations of the future; in them lies the power for working good or evil to humanity. Now, it is important that they receive a sound, practical, liberal education; not one that will confine their intellects and narrow their ideas, but one that will develop all the broadest, highest, purest attributes of the mind and soul. In this connection, I would call attention to Belvidere Seminary, situated at Belvidere, New Jersey; and I would advise parents to place their children at that institution. Conducted upon a broad, progressive, liberal plan, with every advantage afforded for the develop-

ment of all that makes the highly-cultured, educated man and woman, it should be supported by every liberalist in the land. I find this institution was planned and arranged by wise ones on high, working through cultured ones on earth. I truly hope our speakers and Mediums will take notice of this institution of learning, and use their power of voice and pen to promote its interest everywhere.

I send my love, my fraternal blessing, to friends everywhere, especially in San Francisco. I am still in the harness.

DR. BANCROFT, California.

WILLIE MCCLINTOCK.

I'M getting a big boy. I've got a grandpa; he's so kind, I love him. I grows with the flowers, I do. I love mamma ever so much. I bring flowers and shells—she likes such things—and a little birdie, too. I bring lots of love, too, and I kiss 'em every day, I do. I'm growing; I go to school; I learn about the stars and the flowers and the trees and all.

I'm Willie McClintock. I'm never sick any more; I'm all nice. Mamma is Mary J. McClintock. Papa's Frank, he is. I come ever so far with a pretty lady, to send home love, and say I come home to play.

Tell the man to send my little letter to Mr. Francis W. McClintock, Ransonville, Loraine Co., Ohio.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

AN INSPIRATIONAL MESSAGE.

THROUGH MRS. A. BAILEY, AT GOLDEN CIRCLE, LOTTSVILLE, PENN.

YOU are all under the law, and must live by the law. Ignorance is the bane of life; knowledge the antidote for all suffering, sin and misery. A poisoned conscience never rests well. Only the pure-minded shall realize Heaven's choicest blessings. Only the pure in heart shall see God. It is the principle that lies within humanity's nature that is to be brought out and developed, rather than any changes that affect the physical life of the body, that makes men and women better; but bodily health is necessary to good morals; if the appetite is capricious, you cannot expect sound philosophy and an even breadth of thought; for the Spirit is dependent on the outward forces of the body to give it expression. The law of life is to unfold, to grow that which is innate within to higher possibilities; to develop to higher qualifications all the powers and faculties of the mind.

You are to know truth as it is written in the Book of Life; humanity's life on earth is not all revealed; there are new

revelations for the souls of men, new ventures to be tried; the season of experiment is not over. Reason invites to a deeper thought, and many things that are yet untried shall be tried, and they will not be found wanting under a more enlightened observation and experience.

If you are in doubt and indecision, consult the powers that be, that rule above you; there is light, if you cannot at present reach forth and take hold of it. Be fearless in doing what you know to be right, consult your own soul's integrity and love of justice; and as ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

SPIRIT ECHOES.

NUMBER TWELVE.

BY SPIRIT VIOLET.

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

IN my frequent visits to this place I have sometimes encountered one, who, a poet when on earth, still delights to sing forth his melodies through the lips of mortals, and at such times I have indeed felt my Spirit bathed in a halo of light as I listened to his metrical utterances, or better still came *en rapport* with his Spirit and saw the gems of thought therein and watched him weaving them into lines of richest grace and beauty. Oh, ye mortals, the poems you receive from minds on earth, whether given forth by the acknowledged poet, or through the organisms of Mediums, are but the shadows of a glorious reality above; they are but a skeleton compared with the full and perfect forms, clothed with the majesty of perfected expression in the Soul-World; a mere outline, which conveys to you perhaps an idea of the beautiful whole, as it flashes forth from the realm of Spirit.

In poesy as in music, and indeed as in all the arts and sciences, you can never see its grand revealments, its possibilities and its powers, its radiance and its glory, until you also drop from your shoulders the mantle of materiality, and stand forth all Spirit, with the desire beaming within your souls to find the beautiful, the holy and the pure.

This poet-soul, of whom I speak, has at times requested me to give expression to some of my thoughts in the golden light of poesy, to drape them with the snowy robes of melodious song; but I shrink from the task, feeling that I cannot do justice to the noble rules of rhyme and rhythm.

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within, and eagerly and thankfully accept the opportunities afforded them to cultivate their powers and to develop the possibilities of the soul.

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All life is gladness, and the Spirit grows
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And catching higher inspiration, flows
In grateful praises to the throne of Love.
And so I cull its rarest gems and flowers
To bless my mother, whom I love so well,
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To guide her Spirit home where Angels dwell.

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Respectfully,

MRS. R. R. LUELLING.

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THROUGH MRS. A. BAILEY.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

THERE are many things that I desire to communicate to you, and I will introduce subjects, from time to time, that are to come before the people, through you and others. There is much work to be done, and comparatively but few to accomplish it. That which is uppermost with me is the elevation of woman to her proper sphere.

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Why seek her for a companion, if you cannot let her share equally with you, and be indeed a companion, and not your servant, or perhaps a mere drudge? Ah, you are afraid she will rise above you. All I have to say then is, keep an even pace with her, and not be compelled to admit with shame that she has outstripped you. Do not clip her wings, but stretch out your own, and keep even with her in the upward flight. If you are left behind, pray never mention it; the shame is upon you, not her. When your severed brow

is throbbing with pain, does not the gentle touch that soothes the anguish reveal the fact that she is neither slave or serf? You then call her an angel; and will you be so base as not to treat her with all due deference? Is woman weak? Then help to make her strong. Does she stumble by the way? Let your strong right arm be her support. Never be afraid that she will rise above you; but rather fear that you will not rise as high as she may. Do not blush at her aspirations, but at your own want of them. Never forget that in elevating her one step, you raise yourself two at least.

WM. L. GARRISON.

DENVER, COLO.

THROUGH C. E. WINANS.

FROM HETTIE TO WALTER BENTON.

DEAR husband and children, I come again today to send you another message, a message of love, and my blessing. Though some may feel that I ought not to come, yet I fearlessly affirm the truth, as in days past. Do unto others as ye would have them do unto you. Obey the last commandment of Christ—"Love one another as I love you"—loved you with the self-sacrificing spirit that worked for your best good. Do love one another, friends and everybody. Do, that you may benefit, exalt, and bring each other up higher; never go down into the depths of darkness, if you do not wish to soil your own garments. But if you are pure enough and true enough, you may go down and lift up the wanderer to a higher condition of life.

Let me say Spiritualism has this for its creed—Spiritualism means Progression. I have found the Spirit-world just what I expected. I haven't been frightened into it, nor frightened out of it. I tell you, those who denounce the Bible and the teachings of Christ, make a great mistake. I tell you, you don't know but little until you step over on this side. I tell you that Christ does come to earth, and he does send his influence out; he does bring people to him; he does say to them, "You must do the will of the Father." It don't make any difference whether you believe it or not; it has got to be done, and will be done. And you infidels and skeptics, and Spiritualists, too, you have all of you got to work out a new and purer life, and have new strength, or you never will get anywhere—that's all. And as it is asked today, "Can any good come out of Spiritualism?" so was it asked in the past, "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" And as Christ was called vile names—as all the terrible epithets that could be thought of were heaped upon his head—so those who dare to stand aside from the Church, and

and holds communion with those you love. You wake in the morning weary and restless, grieved and sore-hearted, with but a dim remembrance of what has passed. After a time, we can come to you by impression, and then we can come really; for you are a Medium. This you know, dear sister. You have a Band forming now. Anson is one of the number. You know there will be trouble in your own home when you are developed; but do not mind, it all will end well.

speaking their feelings of right and wrong, must expect to receive the same treatment. I feel as if I would like to express myself fully on this subject. Let me say Spiritualism has for its creed, Do unto others as you would have them do unto you; obey the last commandment of Christ. Drawn as I am in close proximity to yourselves, with power to read your minds and understand the working of the body—which faculty was not mine when I was in the flesh—it seems very beautiful.

I used to be a dreamer often, and used to tell my friends I believed there was such a thing as coming back; in fact, I was certain of it, and now I know it.

The breathings of the æolian harp come, bidding me cease my converse; for I have done the work awarded me to do. Love to Walter and my children. Good-bye, and another blessing rest upon you. Farewell.

HETTIE BENTON,

From Brownstown, Ind.

WALTER BENTON.

DEAR PA, BROTHERS AND SISTERS,—Dear ma has opened the way that I may also send a letter. Oh, how glad we are that our friends can hear from those that have passed to Spirit-life. We are happy when we can come and make ourselves known; and in coming it teaches you that we are not dead, but living. In looking over the past, I find it has been a very long time since I left mother earth. Let me see—yes, 1846.

Children who are in earth-life, mind your parents, for older heads are the wisest. By disobedience, I met my death accidentally. Pa, ma and I have met at last—met never more to part.

I cannot say much this time, but will come soon again. My love to all. I am Walter Benton, from Brownstown, Ind.

THROUGH WEST INGLE.

ELLA BUELL TO HER SISTER, MRS. B. J. PRESTON, OF MINNEAPOLIS, OTTAWA CO., KAN.

MY dear sister, can you listen to me? Though I come to you from the Far Land, you know in your heart I am not far off. I have been with you at night, when you have looked out into the dark and silence, wondering why I or Anson did not come and make ourselves seen. Oh, why did not your little one, lost before life had budded into bloom, come and give you evidence of life-immortal?

Dear sister, you do not know how often I have tried to give you the knowledge you crave, and how often I have been with you, when in your dreams. You do not know how often your Spirit travels out

and holds communion with those you love. You wake in the morning weary and restless, grieved and sore-hearted, with but a dim remembrance of what has passed. After a time, we can come to you by impression, and then we can come really; for you are a Medium. This you know, dear sister. You have a Band forming now. Anson is one of the number. You know there will be trouble in your own home when you are developed; but do not mind, it all will end well.

Tell our friends, one and all, that we are not dead. Mother will know what I say, and she will help me. Let nothing stand between you and duty. You know I did not want to die, sister. You know life was bright and sweet; there were ties that held me strong, and I did not want them broken.

Dear sister, you know how I suffered; my head and lungs, in fact, my whole body, was filled with disease. Was it consumption, sister? or was it a slow fever that ate up all life and vitality? I suffered; but like a flash all was over, and rest came, then happiness, and now eternal joy. This is all I can tell you. I found many friends here—dear good friends, father's and mother's friends, who love me for their sake—and some of yours.

Oh, sister, the dear little ones here who are not recognized, yet are so beautiful—the wayside flowers of Spirit-life—beautiful and sweet beyond description! You all know who I mean.

Grandma says, "Tell R. I have not forgotten her Aunt Mary." Did you know her? She says you were an infant when she passed out. But she is ready to help you now. And oh, dear sister, be cheerful. You and yours shall be cared for and prospered.

Anson will come to you and tell you more than I can. Love to all our dear ones—my dear ones.

Affectionately your sister,

ELLA.

TO GEORGE.

DEAR GEORGE,—At last I can send you a message through the VOICE OF ANGELS: but I will have to word it in riddles, which you will understand. Well I remember the last time we ever met on earth. I am often with you now to guide you.

Oh, how I love to listen to your voice, as of long ago! Oh, what a privilege to be near you! I know I was wild and wayward; yet you overlooked my faults.

I know you are not as happy as you deserve to be, but you will have to struggle on a short time longer.

I would like to say more, as I know you would wish so much. I do the best I can this time. You know where to go to hear from me; as Dr. Rose often told you, trust not too many, there are so many false ones.

So loved ones of our earthly plane
May fade and pass from sight:
But oh, they come to us again
At morning, noon and night.

This I write without name or date, but the one it is for will know it is from his mate.

Mr. Densmore will publish, and you will soon hear from some of my friends.

R.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

THE OUTCOME OF MATERIAL SCIENCE.

BY J. H. RODGERS.

Ye men of science, travelling Nature's road,
Who have found the end of all things, but no God!
Has he or she your grasp eluded and given you the slip,
Just when you thought you had them on the hip?

You say in your investigation you exhausted all Nature's wide domain,
And of all there is in Nature's works man is the highest aim;
You say all forces cross each other like a turnpike road,
And all the outgrowth of its work is a man or toad:

Then tell us, ye wise ones, where will man be landed?
Why in dark oblivion will life-efforts eventually be stranded?
Oh, what learned experts the earth is cursed with now,
That cannot tell the Spirit of mankind from horse or cow!

And these learned experts say they plainly see
Man's origin in an orang-outang, ape or monkey;
It surely starts him low enough to please learned fools,
But I shall choose my way of thinking from other schools.

For I by evidence am compelled to think when he's thirsty he will drink,

And go to other fountains, that send forth purer streams,
A higher summit, whose mountain-tops give brighter gleams
Of truth, and leave all experts to their idle dreams.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

GROWLERS.

SPIRITUALISM has its drones and its earnest workers; it has fair-weather followers, who sing hosanna in clear skies, but seek shelter and ignore the faith when clouds forebode a squall. We rejoice in an army officered by angels—a brave, faithful few—and we have also a disorganized battalion of growlers—men and women who have been called, chosen; or, uncalled, have drifted into our ranks. Perhaps they love the light, and so came to the front; and it may be they love better than all else the loaves and fishes. If these discontents are heaven-called, did not the master of the vineyard mistake the strength of nerve, brain, back-bone?

There is somewhere a blunder. Who of us are not ready on all occasions to invoke angel aid? We call to them in pain, in peril, when the feet falter and the heart faints. If poverty comes within our gates, what a rush for the Beautiful Isles! We bid our best-beloved make haste to rescue us from disaster. We unblushingly demand the services of the kings and priests

in Soul-land. We send them in search of oil, ores, coal. We ask to be aided in stock-speculation, in bargains of various kinds. Some of our friends in "robes of white" have been sent out as spies, as detectors, as scavengers. No service has seemed to some of us too menial for their white hands and sound brains.

When the *called* fail to serve us, there rises a bitter wail: "Why are we by those friends forsaken?" If Jack-with-the-lantern comes to the front, and in the name of your risen friend leads into mire and marsh, then there goes out growl on growl. "Did we not put the unclean work into fair hands, and have not the other side tramps monopolized the job? and then have they not misled, deceived, defrauded?" Yes, it is ever so. Therein is a lesson that it is well to learn. Our Christian friends put their burdens upon God. They pray, petition, and wait. If there comes no response, it is just as well. No one is called to account. Let us go and do likewise.

One of these good growlers lifts up his voice in sorrow. He has borne the cross, served in an unpopular course, and the expected laurels are not forthcoming.

One needs strength and patience to bear burdens with grace. The pity is that the weak and weary are called to bend their backs to overburdens. The young child, Spiritualism, needs wise heads and firm props.

Other growlers have an art in sackcloth. They fetched to the new shrine fair names, fame, "culture," and spiritual gifts. These worthies have not received their meed of glory, honor and renown. That is, not all. In the coming in to the new kingdom, "troops of friends" took leave. They have broken bread for the famine-stricken multitude with the hope and expectation of great reward. It has not come. One may be pardoned for suggesting that the reward was in the good-doing. Is it not glory enough, compensation sufficient, to be chosen as bearers of the "Holy Grail"?

Another cry comes: "I have been thrust out of my pulpit by my open avowal of the new faith." So this fellow joins the growlers.

The political ladder has been knocked from under some feet, because the office-seekers accepted the communications from the heavens. Well, the loss is good to the growlers.

Many have lost social standing by being counted in among Spiritualists. The whole McFlimsey family have banged their doors squarely in their faces; in fact, all the flood-tide friends have departed.

True, some strength is required to stand alone; but it is "real splendid" when one is sure of his footing. The soul-territory is long and wide; it gives standing-room. Let us make friends with ourselves, build a fine mansion in the skies, where worthy souls may congregate. In so doing, there will be no growling.

I often wonder how we are regarded by our dear risen friends. Are they sorrowful because of our weakness? Do they bring in their new acquaintances, and proudly present them to us? Do they ever feel like ignoring the earth kinship? and wish in their secret soul that the child of the skies, the New Saviour, had not among her apostles so many Peters, so many akin to Pilate and Judas?

H. F. M. BROWN.

SANTA BARBARA, Cal.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

RED WING'S GREETING TO THE PALE-FACE.

THROUGH M. T. SHELFMANER.

HAIL to the squaws and braves of the pale-face band! Red Wing greets you with fraternal love. He brings you blessing from the Land of Souls, where no rude blasts nor bitter persecutions come to blot the golden sunlight out and let the shadows in. He brings you strength from breezy hills, and magnetism from the forest, where the bounding deer gambols in glee, undisturbed by friend or foe; where flowers smile in gladness to the sky; where waters murmur, and where birds delight to echo music through the leafy branches of the trees.

In the Hunting Grounds above, where great Manitou rules in mildness and in love, all life is freedom, and all action bounded by the thought of others. No pale-face seeks to rob his brother; no red-man strives to slay his foe; but all is peace. No heavy storms arise; for these are but the external forms of commotion and unrest, and are typical of the turmoil of contending emotions that surge in the breast of man below. As the pale-face and the red-man strike hands in friendship in the Upper Hunting Grounds, and seek to grow together in knowledge and love, as passion subsides and peace rolls like a placid river above the beating heart, and the pure white blossoms of sympathy and affection float upon the gleaming waves, humanity grows better, purer and holier. No red stain dims the dusky cheek, no pride of race distorts the pale-face's heart; pride of self sinks into respect for others, and life glows with the glory of the shining stars and the sweetness of the blossoming flowers.

And in harmony with the peaceful life of the heart, nature smiles in gladness; her forests laugh with the exuberance of joy, expressed in the dancing streamlets, the shimmering green of mossy bed and tangled nook, the waving branches of plummy trees, the breath of flowers, the hum of insects, the song of birds and the gleam of Manitou's blessed sunlight.

No storms can come, for the turbulence of contention, the war for mastery, has sped away; and with man, Nature has grown into a condition of tranquil peace and blessedness. When moisture comes to refresh the glowing worlds, it falls in little drops of dew that only beautify; and when the heart needs refreshment, it comes through the balmy air, the golden light, and the magnetism of strength drawn from river and from forest.

Many moons ago, the red-man's canoe shot across your waters, the red-man's wigwam stood where now your lodges stand; not as now in city streets, but in the cool shade made by forest boughs. The print of the red-man's moccasin was seen upon the plain; his feathers floated in the wind as he joined the chase or rested by his council fire. But now how changed! The dusky race is known no more. Driven from the land of his sire, he finds his only rest beneath the mighty oak, or beside the flowery plain. But the Great Spirit, whose smile forever rests upon the children of his love, beckons the red-man home to the Hunting Grounds above, where he may learn true knowledge and wisdom, which is not to despoil and slay, but is to deal justly, forgive freely, and live for the good of others.

Pale-faces of the Talking Sheet, the red-man loves you. Your braves and your squaws, your gray-haired old chiefs and mothers, your little papooses, who slipped from your hold down beneath the flowery turf, are all safe; and the Indians who roam the Hunting Grounds above love them, care for them, give them strength, and help them to come back to send their light of love over the waters of death to shine into the hearts of you who linger here.

Then deal justly, think kindly of the red race, who swiftly travel towards the setting sun. His face turns to the swift canoe that bears his Spirit over the waters; his heart yearns for his fathers; he is all unpolished and untutored now; but when his soul shall reach that land where the leaves fall not, but linger in their shining green, where sunlight falls upon the hearts of all, he shall learn of the Good Spirit forgiveness, charity and justice.

Red Wing has spoken. He blesses you all.

BE CAUTIOUS.—Pause before you repeat an injurious story about a woman. Say to yourself, "This may not be true, or it may be exaggerated," unless you have proof of the veracity of your informant. People sometimes tell falsehoods, they often make mistakes, and they sometimes "hear wrong." There is auricular illusion as well as optical illusion. Take all these things into consideration before you even believe. As for repeating the story, ask yourself if it is necessary. It sometimes is necessary. Then do it with the fear of God and the remembrance of the golden rule before you. Let us give the helping hand and not the downward push; so may the angels reach their hands toward us, when we stand in need.

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