



VOL. V.

{ D. C. DENSMORE. }
PUBLISHED

NO. WEYMOUTH, MASS., MAY 15, 1880.

{ \$1.65 PER ANNUM }
IN ADVANCE

NO. 10.

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.

SPRUIT 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.]

ZEPHYRS.

THROUGH TRYPHENA C. PARDEE.

THE lonely, sweet, dim twilight hour,
When Nature feels a voiceless hush,
And over all a healing power
Breathes calmly on each fading flush,
And tints upon the skies aglow
Defy the twinkling stars to come,
Is just the time when soft and low
The floating zephyr's harp-strings hum.

Oh, tender time, when unseen hands
Move deftly o'er the muse-strung lyres,
And lend delights from deathless lands
To day's oft broke and mended wires—
And sing the sleepy flowers to rest,
In spangled sheets of shining dews,
And fill each dreamer's hopeful breast
With mellow songs and night-gem views.

When midnight darkness reigns profound,
And stillness seals both bough and bird,
The sighing zephyr wing around,
As if by opening budlet stirred;
And beauty's modest blushing face
Is kissed by uninvited love,
Whose laugh, in witching, tuneful grace,
Eolian threads repeat above.

When morning rides on waves of gold,
And violets and roses wake,
And breezes and brisk winds unfold
Their wings to meet the clouds that break—
When pine and poplar strains are sung,
And lark and linnet charm the air,
The fragrant zephyr's hushing tongue
In all God's melting praises share.

ELLINGTON, N. Y., April 22, 1880.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

Not words on words, in phalanx deep,
Need we to prove a God is here;
The daisy, fresh from winter's sleep,
Tells of his hand in lines as clear.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

MESSAGE FROM ROBERT HARE TO DR. FAHNESTOCK.

[THROUGH DR. O., CONTINUED.]

DR. HARE'S ANSWER TO THE SPIRIT OF REV. J. C. B.—

DEAR DOCTOR:—I fully concur with J. C. B.— in relation to the immutability of God's laws, as well as in the fact that those laws are not an arbitrary expression of will on the part of the Creator; but I must differ with him in relation to the cause of man's present condition, when contrasted with his primeval creation. I have asserted that man was created less wise than God; that therefore he was ignorant when compared with the Creator; that that ignorance in degree was productive of misdirection, and that misdirection was the cause of evil.

Evil in this sense, it will be observed, is not the same as crime. Evil may be produced from ignorance, where there is no intention to injure, and therefore, no criminality. Suppose you have in your cellar a barrel of powder; a child, or a savage, ignorant of its nature puts a match to it, and your house is shivered to atoms. Who doubts but that this is evil; yet who attaches criminality to the act, although yourself and family may be in the street as a consequence? Now, the fact of the child or savage being ignorant of the nature of powder, could not prevent the explosion nor undo the effects of the violated law. Yet it was done ignorantly, and of course, innocently. But how, I ask, can J. C. B. reconcile the ignorant violation of a law, with that purity, (which, of course, could have had no affinity for evil,) provided the violator had sufficient wisdom to know the act committed was productive of evil?

The child or the savage in the case given might be supposed to be pure so long as the idea of ignorance of the nature of powder was admitted. But the instant necessary wisdom was premised on their part, purity vanishes and direct criminality stands revealed. According to the theory of J. C. B., man becomes criminal by doing that which is contrary to the admitted essence of his being, or, in other words, by doing that which he could not do—

a proposition equally ridiculous with the assumption that water, *per se*, would run up hill, or that an animal without wings could by its own power traverse the air. My theory, on the contrary, is based on the fact that any wisdom less than Omiscience is liable to misdirect, and, of course, be the innocent cause of evil. The Bible tells us that God "charges even his Angels with folly;" how much more, then, men in the flesh!

ROBERT HARE.

LANCASTER, Penn., Feb. 26, 1860.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

WHY TEETH DECAY.

By actual experiments it is demonstrated that it does not require strong acids to separate the phosphoric and carbonic acids from the lime contained in the tooth substances. Even water that contains carbonic acid will dissolve the calcareous salts. A lady having two sets of artificial human teeth, placed one set in water to preserve it till she had worn out the other. At the expiration of seven years, the set that she had kept in water was as much corroded as the one she had worn in the mouth. This case corroborates a statement made by Wedl and Heider, that at the end of ten days fungi had attacked the enamel and dentine of the teeth that had been kept in pure water, and that in a few weeks the tissues were pierced with holes like a sieve. All mineral as well as vegetable acids act promptly on the teeth. "In forty-eight hours acetic, citric, and malic acids will corrode the enamel so that you may scrape a great portion of it away with the finger nail." Acid tartrate of lime, having a greater affinity for the lime of the tooth than for its own base, will rapidly destroy the enamel. Grapes in forty-eight hours will render the enamel of a chalky consistence. Vegetable substances are inert till fermentation takes place, and acetic acid is formed. Sugar has no deleterious effect, only in the state of acetous fermentation. Animal substances exert no injurious effect until putrefaction is far advanced. Thoroughly brush the teeth every day with a good stiff brush. Do not fail in this.

SLEEP AND WASTE OF LIFE.

SLEEP will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness, and uneasiness. It will build up and make strong a weary body. It will do much to cure dyspepsia, particularly that variety known as nervous dyspepsia. It will relieve the languor and prostration felt by consumptives. It will cure hypochondria. It will cure the headache. It will cure neuralgia. It will cure a broken spirit. It will cure sorrow. Now no man should do more work of muscle, or of brain in a day, than he can perfectly recover from the fatigue of in a good night's rest. Up to that point, exercise is good; beyond, are waste of life, exhaustion, and decay. When hunger calls for food, and fatigue demands rest, we are in the natural order, and keep the balance of life. When we take stimulants to spur our jaded nerves, or incite an appetite, we are wasting life. There are wrong and mischief in all wastes of life. A man should live so as to keep himself at his best, and with a true economy. To eat more food than is needful, is worse policy than tossing money into the sea. It is a waste of labor, and a waste of life.

VITIATED AIR.

DR. Willard Parker, in a lecture before the students of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of New York, used the following apt words: "If, gentlemen, instead of air, you suppose this room to be filled with pure, clear water, and that instead of air you were exhaling twenty times a minute a pint of milk, you can see how soon the water, at first clear and sparkling, would become hazy and finally opaque, the milk diffusing itself rapidly through the water. You will thus be able to appreciate, also, how at each fresh inspiration you would be taking in a fluid that grew momentarily more impure. Were we able to see the air as we are the water, we would at once appreciate how thoroughly we are contaminating it, and that unless there be some vent for the air thus vitiated, and some opening large enough to admit a free supply of this very valuable material, we will be momentarily poisoning ourselves as surely as if we were taking sewage matter into our stomachs."

PROPAGATION OF DISEASE.

PROFESSOR Tyndall asserts that diseases are propagated, not by effluvia or sewer gas, but by solid particles discharged into the atmosphere by currents of air or gas. This he proved by the following experiment. He cut up a piece of steak, steeped it in water, heated it at a little above the temperature of the blood, then strained off the liquid. In a short time this liquid became turbid, and when examined through a microscope was found to be swarming with living organisms. By the application of heat these were killed, and when the solution was filtered, he obtained a perfectly pure liquid, which, if kept perfectly free from particles of dust, would remain pure for an unlimited period; but if a fly were to dip its leg in fluid containing living organisms and then into the pure liquid, the whole would be swarming with animalculæ in forty-eight hours.

EVILS OF TOBACCO.

It appears that the German Government has seriously taken this matter in hand, as smoking is practiced to a great excess by the youth of that country, so that it has been considered to have damaged their constitutions, and incapacitated them for the defence of their country. In certain towns in Germany the police have had orders to forbid all lads under sixteen years of age to smoke in the streets, and to punish the offence by fine and imprisonment. Moreover, a Belgian physician has found, during a journey of observation and inquiry, made at the request of the Belgian Government, that the too general and excessive use of tobacco is the main cause of color-blindness, an affection which is occasioning increasing anxiety, both in Belgium and Germany, from its influence upon railway and other accidents, and also upon military inefficiency.

DISINFECTANTS.

THE National Board of Health recommends these disinfectants: First, roll sulphur (brimstone) for fumigation; second, sulphate of iron (copperas) dissolved in water, in the proportion of one and a half pounds to the gallon, for soil, sewers, etc.; third, sulphate of zinc and common salt dissolved together in water, in the proportion of four ounces to the gallon, for clothing, linen, etc. Carbolic acid, a most valuable agent in the hands of scientific men, is excluded from the list on account of the difficulty in procuring it of fixed strength and proper quality. Towels, clothing, and bed linen should be plunged at once into the zinc solution heated to the boiling point. Pure air and cleanliness are among the protective agents recommended, and the most important of all.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE REVIEWER.

STORY'S SUBSTANTIALISM.

[CONTINUED.]

ON the same principle, the author recognizes the female and male Spirit-germs—relatively nuclear and atmospheric—that constitute the incipient human soul, as the essential fruitage; hence the Spirit-representatives in human form of the consecutively more interior, more complex, and more immature or immotile interspheres into which the sphere of infinite being has become subdivided; thence assumes that they are formatively related to and forcibly correlated with the constituent essences of each and all, in virtue of their successive transformations therein as nutrient essences, and their conformations thereto as ex-nutrient essences.

The assumption that the combinability of elements is due, and their cohesion proportional to disparity in spaciality, whether as compounds or complex forms, is fully corroborated by the combination of the minus and plus spacial essences that constitute the pre-natal and post-natal growth of the soul's physical body.

All the spheres, or pre-specific matrices of the universal Spirit-germs, that become organized in *esse infinito* as the human soul, are relatively male, or plus mature, segregately regarded;

while all their post-specific matrices are female, or minus mature, organically regarded. The plus condensed female germs are the immature counterparts of the minus condensed male germs, by which they become atomically insulated, in the sense of being molded into these counter-spacial conditions, although the nutrient essences involved were simultaneously assimilated by the maternal and paternal organisms. Hence the necessity of the plus condensation of like, but later essences within the maternal organism, as their nutrient essences on their prime organic plane or female stage of maturation.

The pre-natal nutrient essences sustain the same spacial relations, or degrees of maturation, to those post-natally assimilated, that the female soul-germs do to the male soul-germs, by which they are insulated. This accepted, then the currental systems of the maternal organism sustain the same spacial and motile relations to the sentient or Spiritual powers of the human soul, on the pre-natal or intuitional plane of perceptivity, as do the currental systems of our world on the post-natal or conscious plane; and by parity of reasoning, the latter relations are rudimentary to more mature relations on a prime post-mortem plane; thus on *ad infinitum*.

The fact that what the senses abstract from the tangible, the rapid, the odorous, the luminous, and sonorous properties of the elements and forms of life surrounding it, is the sole nutriment of man's physical organism, is the author's license for assuming that its Spirit-form is the sum of these ideals *in ovo*; the sum of their meroblastic pabula being its objective embodiment; and for assuming correlatively that when these perceptive agents *in ovo* become matured by abstracting like ideals on the mature or conscious plane, they attain the ability in their consensual organic capacity to conceptively create or concrete the abstract qualities of their segregate prototypes, their ante-proximate parent forms.

As these soul-germs, in their segregate relations, have been molded *in transitu* as the nutrient, thence as the ex-nutrient or fruital germs of the ancestral correspondents of our world's interforms, on every plane of sense-perception below and above ours, they inherit the ability to extend the Spirit's metaphysical realm or universe of conceptive creations to every more inner and more outer system of insulation within the universal organism, by abstracting the ideals, or Spirit-germs fruital to their respective interforms. Their modes of moving within the physical senses, recognized as sensations, being the same as when constituent thereto, these ideal images *in ovo* reveal the modes of moving or dynamic qualities of the constituent essences of their respective parent forms.

Although comparatively static from immaturity, yet man's pre-natal organism is as truly built up of sensations—ideals *in ovo*, transmitted from the mature plane of outer consciousness through the maternal organism—as are the consciously cognized sensations or ideals that constitute its post-natal growth. By parity of reasoning, the latter, though proximately fruital to our world's interforms, are ante-proximately fruital to corresponding forms on a plane of

sense-perception parental to ours; being simply molded by plus condensation within the former, thereby rendered cognizable by those on the intuitional plane, or as the mature counterparts of those molded within the maternal organism, a culminate representative or intertype of our world's organisms or internal organs; the latter in turn being intertypes of like organisms or internal organs on a proximate future or post-mortem plane of conscious existence.

[The above article was put in type for the April 15th Voice, but was unavoidably crowded out of that and the succeeding number.]

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

[EDITED BY SPIRIT MAY, THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.]

[For the Voice of Angels.]

SUNBEAMS.

BY SPIRIT MAY.

MERRY little sunbeams flit
Through the window, through the door,
Shielding gleams of glory down
On the snowy cottage floor;
How they brighten all the gloom,
How they chase the clouds away,
How the shadows disappear,
Where'er the sunbeams stray!

Precious little sunbeams shine
All the long and busy day,
Piercing through the icy ground,
Melting all the frost away;
Shine in brightness down and down,
With your warming, genial powers,
Till you touch the hidden germs,
And awake the sleeping flowers.

Call them up to life and joy,
Flowers of red and pink and gold,
Shine upon them, day by day,
Till their beauties all unfold.
Bring the lily sweeter grace
With your warmth and light and power,
Bring the roses sweet perfume,
Gladden every tiny flower.

Happy little sunbeams, glow
Till the birds new music make,
Shine in splendor here below,
Till the sleeping woods awake;
Shine in gladness, shine in glee,
On each little girl and boy,
Till the world in brightness rings
With their merry, laughing joy.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY SPIRIT MAY.

[CONCLUDED.]

GLIDING up to the side of the little girl, Bertie filled her hands with the flowers, and then and there, in the brief space of a moment, the lonely, tired woman saw a sight she never forgot—the form and features of a little boy, her little boy, her Bertie, bending over the quiet form of the little Daisy, crowding her hands with the most beautiful flowers she had ever beheld; at the same instant, a breath of perfume swept across her senses, and she distinctly heard the words uttered, in the well-known tones of her little boy, "For mamma." Daisy, the child who was both deaf and dumb to earthly things, heard the angelic whisper also, and as a flash of joy lighted up her features, she stretched out her handful of flowers to the startled woman.

At the instant, all sight and sound vanished, leaving only the darkened room as before; but

what had come to the child? Seizing a slate and pencil from the floor, where she had left them when tired of tracing lines upon the slate an hour before, little Daisy wrote in a clear, bold hand, "Dear Mary, fear not; the Angels guard and guide you; your dear ones are not dead; they live in a bright home, where they wait for you; they can return and bless; through this little child we can make our presence known; we bring to you our love.—HENRY."

Henry was the name of Bertie's father, and Mary that of his mother. What did it mean? Surely it must be true. Little Daisy could not print her own name, and this was Henry's handwriting. Thus the good woman thought; but although somewhat frightened and anxious, her heart grew comforted; a feeling of deep peace fell upon her spirit, and she ceased to mourn.

As for little Bertie, he was wild with delight. He had manifested his presence to his mother; she could no longer fear that he was lost to her; for had she not seen him with her own eyes. A happier little boy did not dwell in Summerland.

But Bertie's mother never saw him in that way again; although he returns daily with his offering of choice flowers. However, little Daisy always beholds him, and she is enabled to tell his mother, by signs, when he is by her side. The slate and pencil is kept constantly at hand, and often, in the twilight hour, a strong influence comes over the little girl, and she is made to write loving messages in the bold hand of Bertie's father, or in the printed writing of Bertie himself.

And the mother's heart is comforted. She knows her dear ones live and love her, and that she will meet them again. Daisy has proved a gift of untold value to that lonely woman, for which she is deeply grateful; while in his Spirit-home, Bertie works happily in helping others and learning all he can for himself.

Nor is this all. Wealthy, kind people have taken an interest in Daisy, and in co-operation with the Angels, are educating her, that she may become an accomplished woman.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

DR. W. L. JACK.

HAVERHILL, MASS., May 1, 1880.

FRIEND DENSMORE:—The many friends of that excellent Medium, Dr. W. L. Jack, of this city, will undoubtedly be sorry to learn that he is confined to his house by illness. While in his office last Monday, he had quite a severe attack of paralysis, which affected the entire left side of his body. He succeeded in reaching his residence, when he became insensible, and remained so for some hours; but through the untiring exertions of earthly friends and angelic attendants, he is now in a fair way for recovery, though it will probably be some days before he will be able to give his attention to business.

Parties who had engagements with Dr. Jack will learn from this the cause of their non-fulfillment, and the Dr., we doubt not, will have the sympathy of his thousands of friends throughout this country.

J. M. PALMER.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

PLACES I HAVE SEEN.

NUMBER SEVEN.

BY SPIRIT VIOLET.

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

You have heard of Zencollia City, with its peaceful homes and stately temples. Let me now speak to you of that sweet, blooming, delightful Spring Garden City, where the good, the beautiful and the noble gather together to engage in works of love for humanity. It is impossible for you of earth to conceive of the magnitude and extent of this Spirit City, which seems almost boundless in width and length.

The habitations are of various hues and textures; many of them standing in the midst of luxuriant groves, where the branches of the stately trees cast a pleasant shade, and where birds make music all the sunny day; or in the centre of blooming gardens, where parterres of beautiful flowers make the balmy air redolent with perfume and beauty.

These habitations, built as they may be of spotless, alabaster-like stone, marble, or a particular kind of variegated stone, peculiar to this place, which seems almost translucent, as it gleams in rainbow colors beneath the shining sun, are all furnished and adorned with soft, velvet-like draperies, snowy hangings, pure white tables and seats, beautiful, life-like pictures, ivory statuary, hanging baskets of flowering plants, and present a picture of home-like comfort and hospitality.

Many of the houses are open at the sides, the ceilings being supported by exquisitely carved columns of stone, around which emerald vines, hanging with perfumed bells, climb and cluster; and the passer-by can note the appearance of purity, peace and comfort within.

The inhabitants of this Celestial City are ever busy, either devising some new method of aiding and assisting the distressed, attending some of its many schools of instruction, its halls of music and literature, or working together in bands to elevate and instruct some needy soul upon earth or in the lower realms of Spirit-life.

These Spirit-people dress simply and naturally, in flowing robes, of any color which most harmonizes with their interior condition; they are all beautiful, a light radiating from each countenance, an expression of peace and contentment upon each face, and a smile upon the lips; all of which beautify the features and cast a halo of brilliancy around the form.

Beautiful groves, watered by running streams, shaded by lofty trees, and made

charming by banks of velvety moss, starred with fragrant blossoms, are seen in the midst of this City of Souls; and in these spots, beneath the blue canopy of the sky, inhaling the invigorating perfumed air, many Spirits daily congregate to listen to words of advice, instruction and wisdom from inspired lips. And from these places the inhabitants of Spring Garden City go forth to their homes, exalted in spirit, or they come down to mortal lives, who dwell in sorrow, and shed abroad the divine influence caught from higher scenes, which uplifts and strengthens the struggling ones below.

In the centre of one of the largest, most beautiful groves, where rippling waters, breezes swaying the leafy branches of the trees, and the song of birds send a constant stream of melody through the air, made fragrant by odorous flowers, a stately temple stands. It is of burnished silver, which flashes and glows in the light of the sun; within, its walls are adorned with landscape paintings and draperies of azure satin. The floor is of white marble, the ceiling of snowy white, frescoed with paintings of marvellous beauty.

Here the Spiritual Lyceum of Spring Garden City daily convenes, and Spirit-children are taught the duties and the lessons of life. Some of the most exalted and brilliant souls resident in that city are teachers or guardians in this school, and it is their delight to so cultivate and train the young minds under their charge, that only the beautiful attributes of the soul will grow, and the selfishness of life shall be eradicated; and it is because of the instruction and development received in such schools as this, that little children can so readily return to earth, and bless and comfort weeping mortals by their sweet words of sympathy and love.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT TO SOLOMON W. JEWETT.

[THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF P. DAGGETT, ON GR. MOUNTAIN SUMMIT ROAD, JAN. 2, 1880.]

PRESUMING that you would like to hear from an old friend, now in Spirit-life, I will entertain you with a few short epistles, such as may be valuable if heeded.

You, my friend, have set out on a new year, one that has dawned with all the experiences of more than three-score years, which have silvered your locks. Can you look over what you have passed through without improving in the future? Oh, my friend, live today so you may be ready for the Spirit-world tomorrow; for no man knoweth what a day may bring

forth. Work with a desire that your spirit may be full, and let each day be a lesson for the next. Seek for light and wisdom, that you may be rightly guided; and ever let your light shine, without the shadow of a cloud to obscure its brightness. Let not a thought enter your mind that you would be ashamed to speak on the house-top.

All great and good thoughts emanate from a high source of wisdom; and all low impressions come from an opposite direction.

Children of earth could be a band of angels below, if they would but seek for the highest light. Let your future days on earth be filled with light, which flows out freely from the Light Divine, that will not fade into darkness.

Remember that there is much to be done in the near future, that will require light and wisdom from the Great and Glorious, the one Ruling Power, to blot out iniquity, that now casts its shadow over this favored country.

Zeal without wisdom is likened to a ship in a storm, without captain or rudder. But wisdom, with zeal, can overcome all opposing influences, combined with Divine knowledge.

Walk by the light of wisdom and inspiration, that your days may be many before that light is snuffed out.

From your friend,

SILAS WRIGHT.

[NOTE.—In 1850, at Weybridge, Vt., Mr. Jewett erected a monument to the memory of Silas Wright. It was said at the time to be the tallest shaft and tallest monument of marble standing on American soil. *Pub. Voice of Angels.*]

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

EAST PRINCETON, April 22, 1880.

BRO. D. C. DENSMORE:—*Dear Sir,*—Please find enclosed forty-two cents in stamps, to pay for the VOICE OF ANGELS three months, commencing April 1st, 1880.

A communication in your paper of March 15th, signed "Marion S. Gough," I verily believe was from my beloved daughter, now a dweller in Spirit-land; although the middle letter "S" in the name is not correct, neither is the age correct. But all the rest of the message was so satisfactory that I am in hopes to hear from her again through the same source, when she may be able to rectify the former mistakes.

Yours, truly,

MRS. CHARLES R. STUART.

A MACHINE in Adrian, Mich., is said to dry four hundred bushels of green apples every twenty-four hours; it employs sixty hands, mostly girls. The white color of the dried fruit is secured by driving fumes of sulphur through the dryer.

[Selected by Barbara Allen.]

LIVE TO DO, NOT TO DREAM.

WE doubt not that noble aspirations to be and do good, influence, at times, every heart and thrill every human being. We hear or read of those who have done some heroic act, which has called forth the gratitude, admiration and praise of an enthusiastic multitude, and our hearts long for like fame.

We love the world's applause, and wish that we could have such an opportunity to distinguish ourselves, and show to the world, who does not seem to recognize our existence, that we, too, are brave, noble, and strong to do and dare. And thus we sit and dream, feeding our hungry souls upon the husks of what we would do, had we the opportunity.

Shame! Oh, shame! that we, with hearts so strong, with impulses so great, with opportunities thronging upon every hand, and meeting us at every turn, should sit and dream our lives away.

In looking afar off, and scanning the future horizon for these great opportunities, we look over a vast, rich valley, abounding in fertile fields, in which we might labor with eminent success. There is work upon every hand.

If we wish to accomplish any good, we must "act in the living present," despising not small things, but seeking earnestly and striving diligently that at the close of each day we may be comforted with the sweet reflection that we have tried to make the world a little better; tried to make some soul a little happier; and, though the world may never seem to see or recognize us, though our names may never be heralded abroad for the great deeds we have done, and though the multitude may even shun us, and construe our disinterestedness into selfish motives, and call us hypocritical and false-hearted, yet, if we are faithful and persevere unto the end, eternity alone can reveal the amount of good which we, in our quiet walk of love and self-sacrifice, may accomplish.

While we are dreaming, and resolving, and wishing, golden opportunities are passing swiftly by. If we catch them, we must up and act. The great fountain of love, implanted within our hearts, must be kept open and allowed to flow forth freely if we would keep its waters pure and sweet. Though we have not the riches of earth with which to contribute to the world's evangelization, or to relieve the wants of the poor and needy, yet we can give that which is far better and more enduring to many hearts—precious words of loving sympathy. We can extend the warm and friendly hand-clasp; we can give the encouraging and cheering smile, which shall make glad and inspire new hope in many an aching, suffering heart.

Oh, it may be you do not know what a terrible thing it is to feel all alone and uncared for; to hunger for sympathy and love; to crave a kind word, an approving look, an encouraging smile. It may be you do not know what it is not to be understood; to have all your efforts to do good, all your sacrifices for the welfare of others, all your good and noble impulses misconstrued. If you do not know, if you have never experienced any of this, at least, let pity

possess you for all such lonely, wandering ones. All around you are weary, aching, heavy hearts. Sometimes their burdens seem to them too heavy to be longer borne alone, and for the very lack of the work which we might do; of the aid and encouragement which we might give—suicide, vice, misery and crime is multiplying upon every hand.

Say no more there is nothing for you to do; wait no longer for great opportunities to cross your pathway; dream away no more of the precious hours of life, but *act, act now*, and act earnestly, patiently and well; and in the great future, God shall make up for you a rich reward.

FORE-ORDINATION.

AN old-time Baptist preacher, who has retired from active gospel dealing, but who still keeps a firm eye on the faith, has just had a little experience with a colored man that causes him to think very seriously. Meeting the colored man, the preacher said: "Dave, if you don't bring that saddle home, I'll have you put in jail."

"What saddle is yer 'furren ter?"

"The one you stole from me."

"Parson, 'fore de Lord, I nebber stole yer saddle."

"Yes, you did. I saw you when you took it off the yard fence. I believe I'll have you arrested anyway."

"Look heah, parson, you'se a Old Baptis', isn't yer?"

"Yes, and I'll have you sent to the penitentiary."

"Well, so is I, an' now ketch the p'intz ez I gin 'em to yer. Dar is jes so many saddles in dis worl' what is ter be stole, an' dar's jes so many men what is ter steal dese saddles. Dis is predestination. Now if yer saddle happens ter be one ob de predisposed saddles, an' I happens ter be one ob de predisposed men, kin I he'p it? Dar was Judas, fer instance. He couldn't he'p 'trayin' de Saviour, cause de Saviour said, 'Judas, sop in this 'ere dish an' go an' 'tray me.' Hit wasn't Judas' fault, case he was one ob the predisposed, so 'tended frum de foundation ob de worl'."

"I don't want a religious discussion, Dave. It isn't the saddle now that I care so much about. It is that you told me a lie in saying that you did not steal it."

"Well, den, parson, 'spose I takes back de lie, an' keeps the saddle?"

"A lie once told always stands. You have lied to me, you scoundrel, and I believe it is my duty to have you arrested."

"Parson, dar's jest a certain amount ob lies to be tole in dis worl', an' if I is one ob de men what is predisposed to tell one ob dese lies, hit's not my fault, an' I can't help hit."

"You go on now and get the saddle, or I will swear out a warrant for your arrest."

"I'll do do bes' I kin, parson; but dar's jes a certain amount of stole saddles to be returned in dis worl'. If I's one ob de predisposed men, an' I believes jis, you'll fine yer saddle hangin' on de yard fence about sundown this even'."—*Hammer.*

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

SHADOWS.

BY VIKENNAH L.

SHADOWS in the morning, borne upon the air,
Shadows at the noontide, in the sun's full glare—
Shadows in the evening, when the day is done;
Bless me! are there any that have shadows none?

Shadows in the Spring-time, when the songsters meet,
Shadows on the sidewalk, at the zenith heat—
Shadows gray and purplish, in the Autumn cool;
Calling shadows mythical, ignores reason's rule.

Shadows—see the mother, babe upon her knee;
Shadows—see the father, watching childhood's glee;
Shadows in the future cross their darling's path,
Leaving hearts so lonely;—shadowy is their hearth.

Shadows near the bridegroom, shadows near the bride,
Shadows all around us—shade on every side;
Darkness weird, uncanny—how the shadows fall!
Shrouding oft life's sunlight with a darksome pall.

Now let us remember, though the shadows fall
Oft on life's fair vision, there is shine for all;—
Blending shine with shadow, make a beauteous whole,
Of a structure perfect, fit dwelling for earth souls.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

ANGEL-VISITS.

BY JULIA FISH.

BEAUTIFUL thoughts come to me now,
Beautiful hands are on my brow;
Beautiful faces, beautiful eyes
Look into mine with glad surprise.

Beautiful lips print kisses sweet
Upon my lips, and soft words greet
My listening ear, with soothing balm,
Filling my soul with sacred calm.

Beautiful blessed angels stay
With me ever, by night and day;
Let me feel your presence dear,
Then I know I've nought to fear.

ANARHEIM, California.

THE TINY RAPS.

BY DR. D. AMBROSE DAVIS.

"HARK, hark, O friends!" says a sprightly child,
Some thirty-two years ago;
"Oh, what in the world is this wonderful thing
That comes to startle us so?"

"Some little, strange, mysterious sounds,
Like echoes from over the sea;
What tidings to us can such things bring.
What can their meaning be?"

"And vocal is all our home here now,
Even cupboard, and table, and chair;
Ah, yes, and the wonderful voices come
Sometimes in the vacant air!"

"Coming, and coming, and coming again,
Like the waves of a restless sea;
Oh, how can we ever attempt to explain
This wonderful mystery?"

"And how shall we ever the problem solve,
Whether these are friends or foes,
Unless they come in some other form
Their purpose to disclose?"

But ah! a quivering thought now comes,
To question those tones, and see
If they might be consciously able to count
In numbers, from one to three.

And lo! the response is quick and clear
As the tones of a silver bell:
"Ah, yes, we are here from the Spirit-sphere
With a glorious truth to tell!"

Then flash the tidings athwart the skies
That heaven and earth are joined,
And the hallowed mint is all intact
Where the golden joys are coined!

And all the echoing chimes expand,
And grander the anthems swell:
"Ah, yes, we are here from the Summer-land,
With a glorious truth to tell!"

'Tis told, and the joyous, sweet refrain
Has been heard on every hand,
All over the earth, again and again,
And up in the Spirit-land!

Ah, yes, that grand immortal choir
Has many a concert given,
That charmed the soul like a seraph-lyre
From the upper courts of heaven!

And still around our lives to-day
That holy anthem lingers,
For still the chords of that heavenly harp
Are touched by angel-fingers.

And well may we meet and feel to rejoice,
And well may our hearts be stirred,
That ever those hallowed little tones
By the children of men were heard!

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE VOICE OF ANGELS.

BY CHARLES THOMPSON.

THE Voice of Angels! Oh, what cheer
To every Spiritual human ear!
By night or day, where'er we go,
Our Spirit-friends our wanderings know.

Our fellow-men to mammon bend,
Regardless of their journey's end;
In solitude I make my moan,
And yet I know I'm not alone.

God bless the Mediums through whom
Our friends beyond the silent tomb
Return from realms beyond the sky,
To bring us wisdom from on high.

'Tis by their light that we may see
The way to immortality;
And other hearts, as well as mine,
Are quickened by that light divine.

The Voice of Angels! let it sound
From shore to shore, the earth around;
And every tongue its tribute bring
To swell the anthem that we sing.

ST. ALBANS, VT.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

LETTER FROM E. QUAST.

JERSEYVILLE, Ill., May 2, 1880.

BROTHER DENSMORE:—If it meets with your approval, I would like to have you make the following announcement in the *VOICE OF ANGELS*, and also request all papers favoring the cause to give it an insertion.

In asking this favor, I do not intend it to be an advertisement. It is no selfish interest which prompts me to do so; but I do it purely in the interests of truth and science, believing that I shall meet with unbounded success, and that the greatest discovery the world has ever known will be brought to light.

ANNOUNCEMENT.—I will agree to meet any man or set of men who are disposed in the interests of science to experiment, through the means of electricity, upon myself, at the city of St. Louis, Mo. The time and place to be arranged by the parties; the experiments to be conducted as may be agreed upon.

ERNEST QUAST, Jerseyville, Ill.

P. S.—The object I have in view to accomplish I will state to the parties by private correspondence.

E. Q.

It is the great privilege of poverty to be unenvied, to be healthy without physic, secure without a guard, and to obtain from the bounty of Nature what the great and wealthy are compelled to obtain by the help of the artist.

It is heaven itself that points out an hereafter, and intimates eternity to man.—*Addison.*

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., MAY 15, 1880.

MONEY-ORDERS.

 All Money-Orders for the VOICE OF ANGELS should be made payable at the BOSTON POST-OFFICE.

EDITORIAL.

FROM a letter received not long since from a subscriber living in Braintree, Vt., we extract the following: "It appears to me that we are living in an ignorant, superstitious, dishonest, unreasonable world. It has been my lot to run the gauntlet of persecution, and I have had to endure many disappointments and much hardship; and although I know that a certain amount of that commodity is beneficial in working out the problem of life, yet I wish Bro. Pardee would tell me whether or not there is danger of its being dealt out so profusely as to be injurious to the seeker after 'Light, more Light.'"

REMARKS.

That there is a redundancy of ignorance, superstition and dishonesty in the world, no one will question. Yet when compared to the condition of things a couple of centuries ago, when thousands upon thousands of men and women were immured in the loathsome dungeons of the Inquisition, for daring to question the potency of the creeds and dogmas of the Roman Church, there to drag out a miserable existence, with no hopes of ever seeing the light of day, our friend's plaintive wail sinks into utter insignificance.

To show that this spirit of intolerance, persecution, and prosecution for opinion's sake has lost none of its poisonous virus, wherever it has secured a foothold, we will leave the Mother Church, with its Inquisition, thumb-screws, racks, and other infernal instruments of torture, and come down to the first permanent settlement of the American Republic, by a band of men, women and children, who left the mother country on account of being persecuted for opinion's sake, and landed on Plymouth Rock in mid-winter, where they were free to worship God according to their own ideas, with none to molest or make afraid. But although *they* were free to worship God in their own way, yet they would not allow others the same liberty; for in seventy years after they landed in the wilds of America, they whipped delicate and sensitive Quaker women publicly through

the streets of Salem, tied to the tails of carts, simply because they worshipped God according to the religious tenets of George Fox.

Thus it will be seen, that our proscribed and much persecuted English forefathers, although they left the old country on account of intolerance and persecution, in three-score years and ten after landing on the American continent, became a hundred times more exacting and cruel to those that differed from them in religious matters than were the intolerance and persecutions that drove them to seek relief in the wilds of America. They not only whipped and imprisoned people who differed from them in religious matters, but hung innocent people for no fault of their own, but for being the unwilling instruments or Mediums of the Spirit-world, through whom the denizens of that world were endeavoring to prove to mortals that when a man dies he still lives.

If our good brother had lived in that age of intolerance and ostracism, to say nothing of a century before that, when the Orthodox Church and the Spanish Inquisition were in full blast, when every word he might say derogatory to the religious creeds and dogmas of the Church was reported to the church functionaries through detectives in its employ, when, if anything he had said could be construed contrary to their views, he would be summarily imprisoned, with no chance of escape, his property confiscated to the use of his prosecutors, his wife and family suffering for the mere necessities of life, with no hope of ever escaping from the cruel clutches of the Church, he might well cry out that ignorance, superstition, dishonesty and rascality in the world was the rule and not the exception. But when he is living in an age rapidly progressing out of the almost midnight darkness of past ages, when he has full liberty to say and do what he pleases upon religious or any other subject, providing he does not trench upon the rights of others, when religious rights and political suffrage are guaranteed to all,—his grievous lamentations of persecutions and ostracism are entirely out of place and uncalled for.

In fact, taking into account the vast strides made in science and free thought and freedom of speech in the past century, and especially the last fifty years, more particularly in freeing mankind from the religious tyranny of ignorance and superstition, his declaration of suffering from the unscrupulous persecutions of his enemies, though hard to bear, is a serious reflection upon the reasoning intelligence of this progressive age.

If our esteemed and patient brother had taken into consideration these incontrovertible facts, he would not only not have made the declaration heading this article, but have thanked God and angels, from the deepest recesses of his heart of hearts, that he was permitted to live in these comparatively free, enlightened and progressive times. Further, if he had taken into account another fact before he summed up his grievances, namely, that all those adverse, low conditions he so much deploras—and which were the cause of all his vexations and troubles—were absolutely and indispensably necessary to progression, without which there could be no improvement at all, it would greatly have modified his expressions as to their implied uselessness. If he had done this, he would have seen at once that, although his persecutions may have seemed hard to reconcile as in harmony with Divine law, or any other law, yet they were the greatest and most important factors of all, in working out the problem of mundane life. Not only that, but he would have realized the truth that, but for these low conditions, there could not have been—as stated before—any progression at all; from the simple fact that there would be nothing to progress from.

This would have elicited another thought, namely, if there were no bad or wicked people in the world, to compare himself with, he could no more tell whether he was good or bad, than he could tell whether his physical structure was large or small, tall or short, good looking or the reverse, if every other human body was made precisely like his own.

If the above deductions are conceded tenable, then we are justified in repenting what we have said many times before in these columns, namely, that *all* conditions, whether high or low, are positively and absolutely necessary for producing higher ones. Now, as all souls encased in earthly bodies are creatures of circumstances, over which they have no control, the wisest and safest course to pursue is to accept them as such, and make the best way they can in battling with the ups-and-downs of mundane life, with a conscious knowledge that Mother Nature ever tempers the wind to the shorn lamb; and although the troubles may seem almost unbearable, yet some time in the glorious coming future they will see and acknowledge their uses, and realizing their benefit, the soul will cry out, "What have I done to deserve such tokens of Divine favor?"

In conclusion, we will merely add, that, as every one in ascending the craggy side

of a mountain, must of necessity take a certain number of steps to reach the summit, so every soul must take just so many steps, no more, no less, be they few or many—which none can take for them—to reach a desired point up the steep sides of the Mount of Progression.

Hence, if the above deductions are correct—and we don't see how they can be successfully disputed—then as a natural sequence there is no more danger of our friend being overloaded with experiences, let them be ever so bad, to his real detriment, than there is that the king of day will rise in the west instead of the east, which, although a physical impossibility, yet in the light of higher realms of tho't, one is just as impossible and unscientific as the other.

Although many are aware of the fact that the lower conditions so much complained of by nearly everybody are to all intents and purposes the main, in fact, the only factors that make progression possible, yet there are but few in the great army of progressive thought who properly realize their importance; but on the contrary, are apt to condemn them as needless, and worse than useless.

Now, high and low are relative terms, and in certain applications mean precisely the same thing, differing only in degree. For instance, in ascending a ladder, some are higher than others; but it makes not the slightest difference how high up or low down a man may be; of course, he is both higher and lower to all others at the same time. So in ascending the spiral staircase of progression, everybody is both higher and lower to everybody above and below them; and this will always obtain as long as mortals are born into Spirit-life, and some are more advanced in Spiritual ethics than others.

THE HAMMER.

WE have just received the eighth number of volume one of the above-named paper, printed the first and 15th of each month, by E. McLean, editor, at Orangeville, county of Dufferin, Ontario, Canada. It is gotten up in first class style, chock-full of interesting and valuable reading matter, well suited to its design as a first class family paper; and we recommend it to the favorable consideration of the reading public. Subscription price 50 cents per annum, in advance; single copies, 3 cents.

☞ We extremely regret the sad news that our friend and co-worker, Dr. W. L. Jack, has been stricken down by disease, as we learned this morning; but we hope and pray he may soon be restored to his normal condition; for he has been a most faithful and earnest worker in the great cause we all have so much at heart. See particulars in another column.

THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

TUNIE.

MY OWN DEAR FATHER:—It is with great pleasure that I greet you this morning, after your recent severe illness has passed off. I am more than pleased to see you feeling so jubilant and joyous, in your self-sacrificing work, when you have so many untoward circumstances to encounter, in your struggle to carry it forward. According to promise last evening, I will now introduce to you the gentleman I spoke of last night. He has been here before; he has attended, he says, many of your school lectures to "children of a larger growth," who are in reality babes in our Philosophy, and he has taken a great interest in the school.

[After saying the above, she left the room, and in a few minutes I saw her re-enter, followed by a tall, well-proportioned man, of middle-age, whom she introduced as Mr. A. K. P.; and after the ceremony was over, he spoke as follows:]

"Mr. Densmore—I think the young lady called you—I have been here before; and altho' I lived and died an infidel, both as to a life after death and the effects of that life upon all succeeding lives, I got completely converted from that way of thinking the first evening I was here, in listening to your remarks to one who was anxious to get out of his low condition into a better one. Such reason and logic as you used was enough to convince any one; and from that moment I determined to get better acquainted with you, and if possible assist you in your almost herculean task of getting one ounce of common sense into the stupid, self-conceited numbskulls you have to deal with. Excuse me, but I can call them by no other name."

[After he had got off the above, I thanked him for his kind offer, but feared he lacked sufficient charity to be of much use to me; telling him that such people are the very ones our Spiritualism came to relieve; that if all were as bright and intelligent and as quick to see as he was, there would be no need of religion or Spiritualism either. He then said:]

"I see the point, and stand corrected. I see you think all such have more claims upon your consideration than higher unfolded ones do."

[Yes, for they are the only ones that deserve it; the others are well enough off, and don't need help. It is only those who are hungry who need bread.]

"Yes, [he said,] I feel the full force of your argument, and now that we understand each other somewhat, I will tell you what I want to do in the premises. In the first place, I want to join your Circle, and be a 'whipper-in,' to use a political phrase, of those needing aid; as I think I could have considerable influence in getting folks to come here."

[No doubt you could, I added, but it would be time thrown away to induce one to come here before he was Spiritually ready. You must not forget that every one needs a certain amount of experience in the lower conditions of Spirit-life, before he can move upwards to a higher plane; and if by any process you could

boost him over some of the most objectionable experiences, you would rob him of the only means by which and through which he could progress at all; for he would be not unlike a child forced into the world before gestation had half done its work—a miserable, weak, cadaverous atomy of a full-grown, well rounded out Spirit-child; and instead of getting a higher position—not unlike one who enters unprepared upon a course of collegiate studies—would be sent back to the old school-house, to perfect his preparatory course, if upon examination he was found lacking in the rudimentary branches of education. So you see we must use a good deal of discretion and wisdom, else our sympathy will get the better of our judgment, in which case we might do a great wrong to the very ones we wish to serve. After planting his seed in the earth, the farmer waits patiently until it shows itself above ground, when he cultivates it. So with equivalent undeveloped Spirits, the guardians of whom, like the farmer, wait until they show signs of a desire to occupy higher and better positions. This is the time we take them in hand, and being really in earnest, they are easily handled, and their friends have no trouble in getting them to come to our school, where some of them rapidly progress out of their long-cherished religious creeds, delusions and dogmas into the light of the New Dispensation.

Seeing my friend was engaged in deep thought, I asked him what he thought of our method of procedure, when he said:]

"Although I confess it is all new to me, yet I see no other feasible way of being born again than the one the Spirits have inaugurated here to carry out their purposes; and now, as I see many waiting, I will merely say in conclusion I shall be most happy to render any assistance in my power to forward the work in hand. With this I bid you good-bye for the present."

VERIFICATION OF TWO MESSAGES.

At the end of a business letter, S. R. Stevens of San Francisco writes: "... I would like to show my appreciation of your efforts in a more substantial way than I am able to do at this time, for the beautiful messages through M. T. Shelhamer, which appeared in your January 1st issue, from Ida Stevens, my beloved daughter, and Willie Knapp; for they are true in every particular; and I pray the angels to bless you and the Medium through whom such positive tests were given. May God prosper you in your good work.—S. R. STEVENS."

WHAT we do is transacted on a stage of which all the universe are spectators. What we say is transmitted in echoes that never cease. What we are is influencing and acting on the rest of mankind. Neutral we cannot be. Living we act, and dead we speak; and the whole universe is the mighty company forever looking, forever listening, and all nature the tablets forever recording the words, the deeds, the thoughts, the passions of mankind.—John Cumming.

SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE,
APRIL 18TH, 1880,
THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHEL-
HAMER.

INVOCATION, BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

Oh, thou Author of all being! Thou who hast made us as we are, wondrously and fearfully constituted, to show thy wisdom and to unfold thy love one to another. We would remember thy lessons of light; we would gather up the experiences of the past as so many jewels to adorn the Spirit. We thank Thee for all the sweets of sunshine and shade, and would present to Thee all the praises of our lives, as an incense of our grateful and adoring love.

We thank Thee, oh Giver of all joys and blessings, that it is our privilege to question, and to emulate all we behold that is of good; that we can ask ourselves whence we are and whither we are bound. We bless Thee, as we realize that as from Thee we sprang, to Thee we shall return.

We praise Thee for the song thy creatures still continue to sing, "Nearer to Thee, nearer to our Creator, nearer to our Benefactor and Friend." And oh, may we learn the lessons of life well, and may we live in hope and cheer.

Oh, let thy messenger-birds accomplish a glowing mission; may they send thy truth to the despairing and sad; may lonely homes be made light and cheerful, and may humanity sing one more song of praise and adoration to Thee. Amen.

LEVI RUSSELL.

I HAVEN'T an idea that it is a great while since I died. I suppose some would think me an old man, because I am over the three-score years; but I don't feel old in my new home. My name is Levi Russell. I want my friends in Cambridge and Somerville to know I've come back; I want to tell them I can call around and see them, and I don't want them to grieve for me. I am happy, and we shall all meet again, I thoroughly believe; for I have met friends, parents, and kindred, who died long ago, and they tell me all who love each other shall be united on the Spirit-side.

I would like to come through a Medium to my family; if they will give me the opportunity to come, I will do so, and tell them many things they would like to know.

AUGUSTUS PARDEE.

CAN the old man come? [Yes, indeed; we are glad to have you.] God bless you! It's good to be here in this school-room. Please send my love for me to my family; tell each one I come to see them frequently, and I'm glad to find them moving along

upward. Oh, I feel glorified; I have my companions and friends here, and we're happy. Nothing fits a man to enjoy freedom so well as a long confinement from years of bodily suffering. Were I in the body, I would be seventy-five years old; but I feel young and frisky here.

Now send my love to my wife, the sweet singer, Tryphena Pardee. Tell her I come to bless her and bring her a ray of comfort. I know she has many trials, and I know that like a bird singing through the darkness, she gives forth her lines to cheer and elevate others. Her Spirit-band sustain and bless her. Oh, I can never repay her for all her tender care of me, through lonely hours of pain and trial; but I will watch over and bless her, bring her and hers peace and comfort, and use all my power to raise up friends to give her heart sympathy and encouragement.

I am a young being in Spirit-life, about twenty-seven months old; a mere babe, but a happy, cheerful one at that. God bless you and Bro. Densmore, and all friends who seek to enlighten human ignorance!

AUGUSTUS PARDEE.

NAONTA.

CAN me come? [Yes.] Me, Naonta, want to send talk to Huron. Tell Chief Watson, Naonta send heaps strength from hunting-grounds; send cheer, send love from pappoose Tillie. Naonta care for pappoose; bring her up good; make fine squaw; take pappoose Tillie back every moon to Chief Watson. Light coming out of shadows; bring good will from the storm; stars shining out now over wigwam; birds sing in the lodge and Naonta say, be of cheer; Great Spirit rolls away the cloud and lets sunlight through. Tell squaw Watson, all well. Naonta say so, and Naonta never lie; only crooked tongue do that. Good Moon.

JOHN ORITCHLEY PRINCE.

Well, Robert—[to the Chairman]—I feel that it is about time for me to say a word to the good readers of the paper. [Do so, John; they will like to have you.] It is so long since I made myself known to them, I fear they will think me napping. But it is not so. Brother Davis, Brother Schofield, Sister Pardee, and all good friends, I send you greeting. Believe me, I remember each one of you, and I often think of you in my Spirit-home. The work goes bravely on, and an active Spirit finds enough to do to keep himself busy. Every hour, as it were, I meet with Spirits asking for light and knowledge; and it is enough to make a man want to open on his own responsibility a reformatory in-

stitution, where instruction in the laws of life may be freely gained and imparted. But it is glorious to feel the power and co-operation ascending towards us from noble souls in the mortal, who are all ablaze with the zeal of that grand desire which seeks to enlighten and elevate humanity; and it is to you, dear friends of earth, that I bear the blessing of such noble souls as L. Judd Pardee and John Pierpont, and say to you, in their behalf, they recognize and appreciate your struggles for right, your labors for the good of others.

The work stretches out broad and free, good friends. We have need of every worker; cheer up and press onward; do not falter by the way; you shall yet hear the songs of Angels ringing in your ears; you shall catch glimpses of the flower-spread fields of Eden, and gain a view of the Promised Land.

Though clouds of sorrow hedge you in,
And veil the heavenly light,
Though heavy crash of warring din
Reveals your foe's man's might,
Fear not; the Angel-hosts are strong
To guide you on your way,
Above the haunts of sin and wrong,
To realms of endless day.

MESSAGES GIVEN APRIL 25TH, 1880.

LUCY ALCOTT.

GOOD EVENING; I am Lucy Alcott. [We are glad to see you.] I come once again to send my greeting and best love home to the dear ones. I want to tell them the angels still hover around to comfort and bless them, and it gives us great pleasure to know our presence is felt and recognized. I come every day; I feel that I have two homes, one on earth, and one in the Spirit-world; and it is great joy to my Spirit to know and feel that I am welcomed and expected.

It has just passed the anniversary of my Spirit-birth. I want to say I was at home Tuesday; I knew the sweet thoughts that went out towards me; I was home also on the 10th. These days are sacred to me, not so much as anniversaries, as because they bring up to those I love, tender recollections and loving thoughts, which I receive with gratitude and joy, as the Spirits' gift.

Please tell father I am with him in his work; I know that he daily feels this; but I think it will please him to have me tell it here. We come to bring him a blessing with his labor; although we cannot prevent shadows and trials from coming, yet we bring our influence to try and brighten the way, and show the silver lining. I am always pleased and proud with father's Spiritual work; I was when here. I remember how pleased I was a few years ago, when the Cummington Society passed

resolutions commendatory of his labors, and recommending him as a good, faithful speaker and worker.

I want father to do all he can for the little paper, for the Spirits are all interested in it, and we would like to see every one have it to read. I send my best love to all.

To father, Rev. Wm. Alcott, West Cummington, Mass.

I thank you for allowing me to come. [We are always glad to greet you, and want you to come again.] Thanks; I shall be happy to come.

MARY A. JARVIS.

I NEVER came before; I would like to send my love to my friends in Ellsworth, Maine. My name is Mary A. Jarvis. I want my children to investigate this, and try to reach us. We want to communicate privately with them. We, their Aunt Elizabeth and myself, send our love. We are happy in the Spirit-world.

Tell my brothers that earth offers nothing in the shape of rest and calm like the Higher Life. I was particularly fitted to appreciate this, and I do so fully. It is a number of years since I passed away. I return at times to those I love; but I would not come back to stay.

Tell Charles, mother sends her love, and is glad he is a believer in the truth of Spirit-communication. She guides him and blesses him. I think my folks will get my letter.

THOMAS RICHARDSON.

THOMAS RICHARDSON to friends in Belfast, Maine. It is somewhere about eight years since I passed from the body. I knew but little of this, but I have been learning ever since my death. I never came back before. Tell my friends that I live; that I expect to meet them all again some time. I am comfortably off; the affairs of material business do not trouble me; I am satisfied with the arrangements made; I realize fully that I am separated from my old business affairs, and I am content to let others manage them as they think best.

If my friends would like to hear from me, I would be glad to come to them; that is why I am here; and I trust they will give me a hearing, especially Will, next time he goes to Boston, or some place of the kind.

HARRY WOODARD.

PLEASE can I come? [Yes, indeed.] I come with my papa. [Is that the man I just saw trying to control the Medium?] Yes; he couldn't make the lady talk. He isn't old. [No, he's not old.] He sent

me, 'cause he couldn't come. Papa sends his love to mamma, and wants her to know he takes care of her; he's guiding her through the shadows, and helping her to have everything straight. He wants her to know he takes care of her, and we've got a pretty white house for her, with vines all over it, and a garden, and a little summer-house, and by-and-bye we'll all be there together. Grandpa sends his love to mamma too; and so do I, and tell her I come and put my arms right round her neck and kiss her too. The other night she came up to our house in her sleep; her Spirit did; and we had a real good time.

I'm little Harry Woodard; I'm growing big now. Mamma is Hattie J. Woodard, in Wheatland, Colorado.

[Selected by M. J. K.]

F U L F I L L M E N T.

BY PHEDRA CARY.

SOMETIMES I think the things we see
Are shadows of the things to be;
That what we plan we build;
That every hope that hath been crossed,
And every dream we thought was lost,
In heaven shall be fulfilled.

That even the children of the brain
Have not been born and died in vain,
Though here unclothed and dumb;
But on some brighter, better shore
They live embodied evermore,
And wait for us to come.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE NEW DISPENSATION.

NUMBER TWELVE.

THE endeavor has been in articles No. 10 and No. 11, to show that the idea of God, as represented by the Bible, could not by any possibility be that creative power we call God, when applied to that intelligence which we find in the laws, the methods, and the orderly system seen everywhere in all there is of organized life.

We do not deny a controlling intelligence in what was considered the God of the Bible; but from what Spiritualism brings to light, cannot conceive it to be any other than human control from the realms invisible.

Neither do we deny that it gave some very good advice and counsel to the people over whom it exercised control; but let it be understood that that control and intelligence never intimated that his laws and commands were ever intended for any other people than the Jews. Therefore, those commands and laws have nothing to do with the Gentile world; for the Jews were his chosen people.

Also, let it be understood that all the virtue that exists in what is termed the ten commandments were natural virtues, and so understood by peoples, tribes and nations

that existed a long time before Moses did. Within the last fifty years, intercourse with the Japanese nation has been opened up between it and the Christian world. Previous to that time it had never known the Christian Bible and all its teachings; but it had a religion of its own, in which all the virtues of the ten commandments were not only recognized, but were the predominant ruling forces.

There is nothing new in any of the writings of either the Old or New Testaments of the Bible. All the virtues therein contained are the natural products of the human family, wherever found, modified only by development. But of all the gods or controls that exist in every special form of religion, none has exhibited such a savage, inhuman, revengeful nature, as this Old Testament God.

As "birds of a feather flock together," so all those who bow down before this God, this powerful Spiritual Influence, must have corresponding elements in their natures, that make them affinitize, that draws them together. This is in harmony with a great natural and Spiritual law.

But it will be asked why is it that the most intelligent, go-ahead people that exist on the planet, who have the name of being civilized, and so far in their history, while accepting the Bible as a whole, and the Christian religion, are at the same time in that history representing a savageness and heartless cruelty scarcely paralleled in historic man?

We cannot give our ideas in full at this time; but it was hinted in our last article (No. 11) that this God, and a humanity that worshipped it, all belonged to that plane of development where mankind were mentally building up the lower brain-forces; and the nearer this building up approached the upper brain-forces, the more spirited and active became the individual. So, as it approached the line between the upper and lower brain, and yet not sufficiently developed to the point when the upper or Spiritual nature became full in control, the more powerful this lower, or wild animal nature manifested itself; and hence the wars and the tyranny and oppression that have appeared in the past eighteen hundred years, accompanying Christianity. But it has been modified by that grand love element, which comes from the upper or Spiritual nature—a little heaven thrown in by the advent of Jesus. That little heaven has gained force all along from that advent to this day, and humanity are on the eve of its becoming the controlling force on this planet.

We are confident that the idea that Jesus,

as the Saviour of the World, has a greater and grander significance than has ever been thought of. Not that salvation accepted by Christianity today, but an influence by far-sighted and intelligent Spirits, and from that sphere of Spiritual development where the upper brain-forces are developed to become the ruling powers. That sphere of Spiritual development forces on the needs of humanity. So Jesus appeared as the medium of that plane, and through him there has been a continued interchange between that heavenly sphere and this planet, and by this interchange the soil of the soul of humanity *en masse* accepting Christianity has been made to bear fruit of a less savage character than it would otherwise; and we firmly believe that if this influence had not appeared at the time, it did, that this class of people known as the civilized world would have become so savage that none of them would have been in existence at this time. Once modified, and under the full control of the upper brain-forces, they become a grand and spirited manhood, outworking all there is known as the fruits of righteousness and peace.

Also, we fully believe that the Spiritualism of today, as it appears both in its phenomena and teachings, is identical with and connected with the main idea presented through Jesus; which idea and aim was to introduce a new plane of human development on this planet—one in which a human being is greater in its general characteristics, as a human being is now greater than an animal.

We believe that humanity on this planet is passing out of one great plane of development, corresponding to the plane of animal life in the planes below us. Also, that we have passed through two previous grand planes—one corresponding to such formations, which is represented as the Stone Age, the other corresponding to the vegetable plane. The human race on this plane were as innocent as babes; but development carried them forward; and when the third plane was reached, came contention and strife and war.

Progressing out of the vegetable plane is what was meant by being driven out of the Garden of Eden.

We believe that each of the planes represents a period of time in which our sun and the planets make one grand and complete revolution around its centre, which takes twenty-four thousand years to accomplish.

We also believe that the sun has about completed one of these grand revolutions, and that the place we are about passing out of is finished in 1881; and that the

changes that will appear, in the civilized portions of humanity, particularly, will be such that a complete new social structure will be the result; that God, as represented by Jesus, will become the ideal; and also those principles, as governing forces, he taught and fully proved correct by Spiritualism, will form the basic ideas in that new social structure.

One more idea, and we close this part of our subject.

The new birth and the resurrection plainly put forth by Jesus, and not then or even now understood, simply means *the point* in the progressive journey of human being when the lower brain-forces are fully developed, and the upper brain-forces become the controlling power. The being then is raised from the animal, and for the first time represents a true human soul, devoid of all anger, hate, revenge, pride, jealousy, love of power and domination, or selfishness in its real meaning, or any of those forces that produce what is termed sin, or violation of law.

Here and here alone lies salvation, or all that is meant by that term. Humanity ceases to violate law; whence no penalties follow.

It seems to be in the order of things that all great and marked progressive steps, so far, while the Spiritual wave that brings these steps into existence affects many, more or less, still there is one mind that is the centre, and seems the principal one in the agitation that brings those new ideas into existence. Great ideas projected into existence, those that live in and move the masses, come generally through a single individual; that is, they have been so in the past; but in the present, this order is seemingly changing.

Our next will be what we intended this to be—a general review of ideas which Spiritualists generally entertain of God and our relations to him.

A CORRECTION.—In the May 1st number of the VOICE, page 100, and last column, commencing with, "We shall attempt to show further on," occurs the phrase "upper and lower train-forces." It should read "brain" instead of "train." As it reads, it is meaningless. The idea we wish to convey is a very important one, because its proper understanding will explain much that now is in a confused state in regard to man's development.

As you traverse the beach, you gather in hand
One by one a handful of sand;
So gather each grain of truth, and store,
As you gather the sands from the ocean shore;
More sparkling these gems of truth will shine
Than gems of gold, from Golconda's mine.

VERNA L.

A MAN's true wealth hereafter is the good he does in this world to his fellow-men.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

STRAWS.

THROUGH MRS. HANNAH T. STEARNS,
Titusville, Pennsylvania.

MORE "Straws," Mr. Editor, for the VOICE OF ANGELS. They have uses besides holding ears of wheat, rye, oats, millet, rice, grass, and other fruitage of the vegetable kingdom; so we gather them up, make burnt offerings of them to the parents which bore them, feed them to our domestic brutes, and they have likewise been great stock in trade of the brick machines, and want of straws was a grievous ill, and strikes arose in the land, and great sorrow and desolation fell upon all of the nation. Now we find the angels are making bricks for the soul-walls of life, and we bring our bundle of straws to add our mite to the stock in trade of the workmen who are rearing the temple of truth and wisdom, from the facts of Spirit intercourse, for all to inhabit.

If we had left our "flesh, blood, bones body," as Neosho, our Indian Spirit-friend, calls it, and found a home "up top," we could be an angel with the rest; so please let us talk without the wings, and with the bones body give some of our voices, and not wait till we go over to find out what kind of an angel we are; and this brings us to our text, What is it to be Spiritually developed? Now a materialist could not be a Spiritualist without a knowledge of a substantial Spiritual body for its action here or elsewhere. So when the question comes up, how to be most Spiritual, we look to see what we have as mortals in common with the immortals. He or she, mortal or Spirit, who expresses most of love in act, sentiment, passion or feeling, good-will to all, if there be in them more of inspiration manifested in appropriating truth, fact, from all conditions of earth and heaven, more intellectual action to live it, to live by knowing how the life of feeling, love and inspiration can be given, not otherwise, do we see one more Spiritual than another. Innocence, which is ignorance—inertia, which is laziness—and longings for a heavenly home, which is selfishness gone to seed—whether inherited or cultivated by perverted truth—is not Spiritual unfoldment.

So the most Spiritual is the one who has evolved from life, from all departments into constructed channels, the most of feeling, inspiration and knowing. Now the Spirit-world opens its doors; there stand revealed an earth-world gone home. They portray this life of feeling, of energy, of will and passion in all of its inten-

sities of purpose, all of its power and glory.

From such homes the intellectual life of earth is molded anew, descending as mantles or germ-thoughts for all the arts and industries of life; the knowing, intellectual life of Spirit beams upon us with enkindling flames, warms, encourages us, and their inspiriting forces of will, tho't and energy flow down upon us as floods in the aggregate; as individual souls they stand holding our hands, to hold us to the work of hard labor, of silent endurance, of patient waiting, of great undertakings, of explorations of theories and prophecies, all and in all, as friends, guides, counselors, as lovers and judges; they show the phases of earth-life, her speech and action, molded to higher charities and lowlier models, but all and in all human.

We are a heathen Spiritualist, not a follower of Jesus; we never were. If we wanted to be a Christian Spiritualist, we should not know how. All Christians differ; we would not know whether to be a Methodist, a Baptist, a Universalist or an Adventist, a Trinitarian or a Unitarian. So we go out into the broad life of immortal humanity, and find so many more who were heathens and unbelievers, not Jews nor Christians, we come to see it better, to get the kernel of truth, rather than to spend our time over the burrs which held the shell of the kernel in the growing time of some forms of human evolutions. We believe the universal life will put palms of beauty into the growing life of human thought, to hold us to views of immortal existence, just as well now as when Mary Magdalen and the other Marys walked and talked with Jesus, and that the Marys today who see the arisen souls of the departed dead are as needy of sacred care, love and tenderness as are the memories of the Marys and Marthas who were in and around Jerusalem. Putting our love at interest to the memory of such of old, and forgetting the common life and its law of manifestation in fishermen and dairy-maids of today, is not the wisest way to become Spiritually unfolded.

The better way to use the oil and wine of sentiment which is evolved by the knowledge of the guardianship of the Spirit-world is to see them as familiar Spirits, neither gods nor devils, yesterday and today the same. Thus we can hold the consolations which they bring us close to our earth-life for its needs.

Humanity quarrels over creeds, and leaves its fatherless and motherless to beg their bread; forges laws to bring shame and degradation on the ignorant maiden

who becomes a mother, leaving mother and child to shame and abuse, if bred in poverty, while in caste above the common lot there is toleration and nominal acceptance and recognition of natural rights or law, with its results. Jesus said that in heaven they were "neither married nor given in marriage." Christians are praying for the kingdom of heaven to come on earth as it is in heaven; but neither the law nor the gospel of Jesus is Christianity, a Christian morality today. Legal murder, for the punishment of illegal, is the rule of Christianity and civilization; but the law of Spirit-intercourse teaches us we do not get rid of the Spirit and its activities.

I do admire the priestly attention, whether of Protestant or Catholic, which holds to repentance, which promises to the doomed one in Spirit-life better things. Such attention, given to such criminals, and their retirement to prison-life, with such aids and incentives to control of thought and act, which such unfortunates need, and we would have the tigers of human life chained to usefulness and aspiration, rather than to hate and selfishness.

Life is the song, Love is the singer,
Fashioning human hearts together;

But the will of love we know not how to use. Our returning Spirit-friends take up the theme and repeat to us the history of their lives, by the acts through which they reach us. The places of our dead are sacred. Let us make sacred each heart in our earth-circle, not wait for the grave to tell us of love's neglected opportunities, to our nearest or to the least of those whom in daily life we meet. And as Spiritualists, let us keep by watching care the evil Spirits of fear, dread and cowardice from the "innocents," who be the children of our home circles. The bigot's creed of fear, which hath poisoned so many lives, let us not put its virus into any soul, to hold it to years of torture, to years of patient investigation, to remove a religious incubus from itself.

Our lessons, taught by thirty years' intercourse with Spirit-controls, is that Christianity's creeds, with its gods, devils, evil spirits and bells, has closed the soul to the immortal love; and whenever they, the loved, would enter your homes and life, the fear of father, mother, friend, husband, lover, child, chills and enfeebles. Call a devil a devil! What hath been such an ill to you, cast not upon your children. Much would we say on the rights of the "innocents," but we have more "straws" to bring.

HANNAH T. STEARNS.

TITUSVILLE Pa., Dec. 12, 1879.

BRIEF ITEMS.

THE Second Society of Spiritualists of New York City, finding Republican Hall too small for their constantly increasing numbers, have leased the auditorium of the Masonic Temple, 23d street and 6th Avenue, and commenced their regular meetings there May 2d. Among the speakers engaged are Moses Hull, Dr. J. M. Peebles and Mrs. M. S. V. Wood. Mrs. Nettie Pease Fox, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, and E. V. Wilson are expected to speak, during the late Summer and Fall. New York City now supports five Spiritual Societies against one last year at this time.

The *Banner* contains a long report of the late annual Convention of the Michigan State Association of Spiritualists and Liberalists, (the fourteenth,) at which the State Charter was accepted for the Association, and the old officers were continued until further notice. The Convention was the largest attended and the most successful of any ever held in the State, and was harmonious in its action; and it was stated that Spiritualism was constantly advancing in Michigan, and had obtained a firm foothold. The Association is now on a firm basis.

A communication is published in the *Banner*, signed by twenty prominent Spiritualists of Washington, D. C., fully attesting their belief in the genuineness of the manifestations of Mrs. M. B. Thayer, the Flower Medium, and recommending her as an honest Medium.

Mr. J. W. Fletcher, the celebrated Medium, sends an interesting account of the celebration of the thirty-second Anniversary of Spiritualism in London, April 4th. Speeches were made by Mr. Thomas Shorter, Miss Susan E. Gay, Rev. Stainton Moses, and Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher. Much sympathy was expressed for Spiritualists who have recently been condemned to three months hard labor and imprisonment in England, under the vagabond act.

We see by the "Review" by G. L. Ditson, M. D., in the *Banner*, that the cause of Spiritualism is progressing rapidly and satisfactorily in various foreign countries—surprisingly so in some cases.

Dr. Henry Slade is on his way home from his late visit to Kansas, etc., and the remarkable manifestations he produces excite the greatest interest and wonder wherever his seances take place. The *Kansas City Journal* gives a very long report of a recent seance in that city, in which the slate writing and other manifestations through Dr. Slade surpassed anything ever seen there before.

The late Anniversary of Spiritualism was celebrated in Titusville, Pa., with Mrs. E. L. Watson as speaker. The Universalist Church was tastefully decorated with wreaths, mottoes and arches of evergreens and flowers, and cages of singing birds. Mrs. Watson speaks in Philadelphia during the month of May.

Dr. J. M. Peebles spoke in Boston on a recent Sabbath—in the morning at Amory Hall, and in the afternoon at Berkeley Hall—giving an account of his recent experiences in India among the fakirs, priests and wonder-workers of that country, to large and delighted audiences. Dr. Peebles speaks in Springfield, Mass., during the Sundays of May, devoting the week evenings to lectures in the neighboring towns.

W. J. Colville is speaking in Boston and other places with great acceptance. On a recent occasion he addressed large audiences in New Haven, when the subject of the lecture was handed to him just as he was to commence to speak—in one instance, "Swedenborg," and the other, "Buddha"—both of which were treated to the satisfaction of the audience, in a learned, lucid and interesting manner. Mr. Colville speaks next week in Harlem, Williamsburgh, and Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, Amory Hall, Boston, is in a very prosperous condition. Dr. J.

Lizzie, to G. A. B., Boston, Mass.

Ho can diagnose disease, read the past and future by a lock of hair; also give advice in business matters. By remitting one dollar and two three-cent stamps will insure prompt attention. Direct all letters to Edinburgh, Ind.