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LITERARY.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

ZEPHYRS.

THROUGH TRYPHENA C. PARDEE.

[CONCLUDED.]

Thus Life's sweet silent breath we see,
In many million human forms,
Who move in dark obscurity,
Unnoticed 'mid creation's charms;
Who feel inspiring warmth from heaven,
And wear the lily-garland vest,
And carry jewelled keys, God-given,
To joy-pierced portals of the blest.

Whose eloquence is loving smiles,
And trusting prayer for strength to do,
And battle with the cold world's will,
And brave its storms and tempests through;
Who bear the goods and ills of time
With gentleness and courage true,
Till bells of triumph wildly chime—
"Immortal dawn!"—"Thy crown that's due."

Then sing throughout the azure dome
Of Life's eternal, now-born day,
The lingering notes of "Home! sweet home!"
The soul's most dear exquisite lay;
Where none in all that glorious throng
E'er feels a sense of high or low—
All swell the grand transporting song—
"Love, Love, true Love, we gladly know!"

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

[For the Voice of Angels.]

MESSAGE FROM ROBERT HARE TO DR. FAHNESTOCK.

[THROUGH DR. O., CONTINUED.]

SPIRIT OF J. C. B.—SECOND REPLY TO DR.
HARE.

Among the consequences resulting from man's fallen condition is death—the separation of soul and body, and whatever might have been the original design of the Creator with regard to

man's final condition and destiny, it is clear that common justice would require that a sensitive, innocent being should not be subjected to pain and suffering in the act of undergoing any change which the original design of its creation required.

If it be answered that the pain and suffering consequent on death are not the result of criminality on the part of the sufferer, but ignorance of the laws of life, and therefore, innocent evils, does it not argue that there is a want of wisdom on the part of the Creator, in permitting his creatures to be subject to laws which he knows they did not understand, and the misdirection of which would eventually end in their suffering and misery?

What would be thought of the wisdom of the father of the child who was permitted to play with his match, or with a red-hot poker beside your open barrel of gunpowder? The child who under such circumstances exploded the mass, might be innocent, but the father was the true author of the resulting evils.

It is vain to plead innocence as the cause of any evil. There was criminality somewhere; if not with the child, it resulted from the father's carelessness or inattention. Every effect must be in quality like its producing cause. If an effect be evil, then the cause producing it must be evil also; and if the ignorance of the agent nearest the cause precludes criminality in him, that criminality must be sought for in his superior, or in the imperfection of his Creator's work. A child is born into the world. The design of its birth was that it should grow up to man's estate, and carry out the great purpose of its creation on earth; but through ignorance of the laws of life, (you would say,) it sickens and dies in infancy—thus frustrating the very purpose for which it was created—through a want of knowledge which was essential to its very existence. Do our views of God's omniscience lead us to such absurd conclusions? And yet they are the legitimate results of the proposition that all evil proceeds from ignorance. Could an indulgent father permit the ignorance of his child to result in that child's suffering and death, if he had the power to prevent it? and is God less good than an earthly parent?

The Creator, when reviewing his work, pronounced it all "very good"—each part perfect in itself, and man the master-piece, the most perfect of all. Has then some mighty change passed since that period over the fair face of creation? Surely, if man's ignorant misdirection has ever produced the change in him, that misdirection could not, unaccompanied by guilt, have changed the face of creation. Was God's omnipotence in the construction of a world limited to the production of one in which the burning craters of volcanic mountains should belch forth their floods of living death, where the exhalations of the fatal miasma must be the result of vegetable decomposition, forming the pestilence "that walks at noonday," where the deadly serpent and the poisoned flower were indigenous to the soil, where the dying pangs of suffering sensations in insects, birds and animals make creation vocal with groans, sickens heaven, and forms the melody in the carnival of devils? Is this the world unchanged, which Almighty Wisdom pronounces "very good"? No, no! my brother. Man's own deliberate act of violation has thus produced the changes of all. Man's sin has thus "brought death and all our woes." "Cursed shall be the ground for thy sake," said the Almighty Father, "thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee." "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat thy bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it thou wast taken. For dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return."

J. C. B.—.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

FORT DODGE, Iowa, May 6, 1880.

BRO. DENSMORE:—Permit me once again to express my heartfelt acknowledgments to you for the message received from my wife, through M. T. Shelhamer, published in the Voice of ANGELS, May 1st, 1880, being the fourth received since she passed into the Higher Life, bearing the impress of her character and past life. I do not doubt the genuineness of these communications, thereby adding testimony to the actual return of loved ones gone before, giving us positive assurance of their watchfulness and care for us.

Hoping to receive more from my dear Spirit-wife in the future, with many thanks, I remain as ever,
Yours for truth,
C. F. WATON.

CARE OF THE ORGANS OF UNDERSTANDING.

THE brain, the centre of all intellectual activity, requires for its welfare, more than any other organ, the proper quantity of good blood, as well as a free current uniformly distributed to all its parts. When the brain is employed, attention should be given to the gradual increase of its activity, and to sufficient rest, especially in sleep. Violent excitements of the brain, especially such as are frequently repeated or long continued, produce a condition termed "nervousness," which consists in great excitability and weakness. Such excitement can act upon the brain directly, as in the case of mental emotion and passion, or through the conducting sense and sensory nerves, as in the case of violent impressions from sight and hearing, excitement of the nerves of feeling by washing in cold water, bathing, showering, and violent pains; or they may influence the brain through the blood, as in the case of benumbing materials, spirits, strong coffee and tea, etc. Violent shocks of the brain, as blows upon the head, concussion, falls, and the like, may very easily cause disturbance of its activity. A high degree of heat or cold acting upon the skull may be very injurious to the brain, especially in the case of children—as in sunstroke. Therefore the brain requires to be well nourished, protected from mental excesses, from great excitement, and external violence.

In many persons the brain has been made less useful from youth for the rest of life, and inclined to convulsions, by being compelled to work too early, before it is properly developed and hardened.

Sleep is that natural condition in which the activity of the brain has been for a short time suspended. This rest is the consequence of its activity while awake, through which the substance of the brain gradually loses its power of action, and in which, as in the entire body, there is a deficiency of oxygen. During sleep, the substance of the brain is repaired by rest and nourishment, and oxygen is stored up in it, and in other parts of the body.

On account of the cessation of the activity of the brain during sleep, sensation, consciousness, mental action and voluntary motion are suspended; while the involuntary, so called vegetative processes, which serve for nourishment, continue undisturbed. The greater the demand made upon the brain in its wakeful condition, the more necessary is a quiet, deep and long sleep. Children, on the contrary, who should never be kept from sleep when they are sleepy, require from ten to twelve hours sleep. Just as in sleep a greater necessity for weaklings, invalids, and thin-blooded persons, than for the strong and healthy.

In the healthiest persons the brain is often so active in sleep that its impressions are easily recalled after awaking; but this activity, called

dreaming, occurs quite involuntarily, and for the most part incoherently. Talking in sleep, especially in the case of children and young, lively persons, is no evidence of disease.

During sleep less oxygen is consumed than when awake, and almost twice as much is stored up. The body can, therefore, economize oxygen during sleep, because the activity of the mind and senses, as well as voluntary motion, is suspended; and the involuntary action, that of the heart and respiratory apparatus, is lessened, and as a consequence the nutritive processes proceed more slowly. The oxygen taken up during sleep is stored away in the tissues, and upon its quantity depends our power of work during the day. A well nourished man can take up more oxygen than a badly nourished or sick one; so it is clear, that while the former upon waking is ready for work, the latter feels languid and weary.

Sleep—which as a rule is most sound and quiet at the beginning, and must then be least disturbed—strengthens the brain, and with it the entire nervous and muscular systems, when it is properly long, quiet, deep and unbroken. In order to secure this we must consider not merely how often and how long, but also where and how we sleep. The sleeping-room must be large, moderately warm, and still, as well as filled with a pure, dry air at a temperature of about 60° F. If possible it must face toward the morning or midday sun, and be far removed from moist, damp, or badly smelling localities. The air should not be spoiled by foul exhalations—as by many persons sleeping in one room—soiled underclothing, night-vessels, oil or candle lights, heating materials, etc., nor by perfumes or flowers; but it should be maintained in a state of purity by proper ventilation.

Plants are very objectionable in a sleeping-room, because they exhale carbonic acid during the night. Sleeping near open windows, by cold walls, or in a draft is very injurious. The best method of ventilating a sleeping-room is to have it in connection with another room in which the windows are open, or merely covered with gauze. Where several persons sleep in a room it should be especially well ventilated. The natural ventilation depends upon the difference between the external and internal temperature; therefore a cold sleeping-room requires for an easy renewal of the air windows loosely closed, or open; of course not too near the bed. If a sleeping-room is heated, ventilation takes place in consequence of the difference of temperature between the external and internal air. High and roomy sleeping-rooms are preferable to low and narrow ones, because they are less rapidly filled with bad air; but even these require ventilation. The bad habit of sleeping in impure air is certainly the cause of many acute and chronic diseases.

Attention is to be given to the light in a sleeping-room, in order that the eye may not be injured by it. In the heating of a room it is very important to avoid coal gases, which may be generated by glowing stoves, bad draft, or badly closing dampers, and may easily cause death by suffocation.

The bed should be of proper length and

breadth, neither too hard nor too soft, too cold nor too warm. The best bed is a hair mattress. The covering should be light and porous, sufficiently warm in Winter and cool in Summer, properly covering the whole body, especially the extremities. The pillow should be cool, and just high enough to raise the head into line with the spinal column when lying upon the side. Small children, thin-blooded persons, weaklings and invalids should sleep in warm beds. Curtained beds are injurious so far as they prevent the entrance of fresh air and the escape of the exhalations of the sleeper. Just so is the sleeping together of several persons, especially of young and old, in the same bed, unhealthful. The night clothing should be light and wide. The position in bed should be regulated by the feeling and experience of each person. Attention must be given to the greatest cleanliness of the clothing and bedding. Near bedtime all should avoid hearty suppers, exciting thoughts and occupations, violent emotions and depressing cares.

Consciousness, which is an activity of the brain, and which is naturally suspended in sleep, may be lost through various circumstances; by external influences, as terror, drunkenness, poisoning, etc.; and also through interior diseased conditions, as apoplexy, convulsions, etc. With loss of consciousness the activity of the senses, sensation and voluntary motion are, of course, suspended. There are several degrees of loss of consciousness, which may be designated as inclination to faint, light fainting, deep fainting, and apparent death.

The fainting person should be laid down, a pale, thin-blooded one with the head low, a full-blooded one with the head high, and all tight clothing removed, then fan him, the window being open, sprinkle with cold water, wash the forehead with vinegar or Cologne water, hold spirits of ammonia to his nose, and excite sneezing by tickling the inner surface of the nostril. In cases of deep fainting, vinegar injections, warm hand and foot baths, and brushing the soles of the feet may be employed.—*Herald of Health.*

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

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

[For the Voice of Angels.]

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

BY SPIRIT MAY.

When the day has gone to sleep,
And the shades of night appear,
All along the evening sky
Twinkling stars are shining clear;
Then the restless, weary birds
Cuddle in their downy nest,
Undisturbed by doubt or fear,
For our Father gives them rest.

As the golden stars appear
In the sky of crystal blue,
And the flowerets seek repose,
Bathed in heaven's pearly dew,
When the breezes cease to blow,
In their wandering, wilful way,
When the waters quiet grow,
And the leaflets cease to play;

All are folded down to rest;
Nature gives each one repose
Till the morning-star appears,
And the gates of day unclose:

And with flowers, birds and bees,
Little children fall asleep,
Safely in the arms of love,
That eternal vigils keep.

When the evening stars appear,
Little forms in robes of white,
Kneeling by their mother's knee,
Pray to Him who rules the night;
And their gentle prayers ascend
On the wings of faith and love
To the angels who attend
Little children up above.

From the heavens where angels dwell,
From the earth and air and sky,
From the parent heart below,
From the Father's love on high,
Comes a blessing pure and sweet,
All aglow with holy care,
For the children who repeat,
Liltingly, their evening prayer.

BUNNY'S LUNCH.

DINGLE! Dingle!

It was the Dwights' door-bell that spoke; and, as usual, the echo was a groan from the kitchen; for Janet hated to answer the bell. She did not feel any pleasanter when she saw the little Smith boys on the step, with a rabbit cuddled somehow within their four arms.

"It is for Mrs. Dwight's baby," they explained. "You see, we're going to move to Chicago, and papa says we can't move the rabbit, so we want little Dot to have it."

Janet was too vexed to speak, and indeed, she had no chance, for the happy boys were off with the air of those who have done a specially good thing.

Janet bore the unwelcome little bundle into the dining-room, and with the grim announcement, "Here's an elephant!" went back to her dish-washing.

Now, Baby Dot was a timid little girl, who screamed every moment if she went to ride behind a "truly horse;" but she screamed also at dogs and cats, and shrank even from the little hopping sparrows. So when she beheld this strange beastie, jumping around so queerly with his uneven little legs, she screamed as a matter-of-course: "Oh, the dreadful, big, lame kitty! Take her away!"

When Mrs. Dwight had learned from Janet about the little Smith boys' present, she, too, thought that the rabbit was "an elephant." How could she keep it? How could she give it away? The little Smiths would not like it, should they hear that their pet was not appreciated.

But Dottie's papa was more anxious to please Dottie than the little Smiths. He had no idea of keeping "an elephant" in his house to frighten his baby, when he knew of a family that would love and pet little Bunny. This family were the Tumblers.

Mr. Tumbler, though he had such a name, was really a very "steady" man. He was porter in Mr. Dwight's store, and poor in everything except children.

When, then, this Mr. Tumbler reached home that night, with the soft, shy little bundle in his arms, what a welcome he got from the seven little Tumblers!

Bunny was cuddled by each in turn, and slept in the warmest of beds.

The next day, the family were all away from

their humble home. Father Tumbler was at the store, Mother Tumbler house-cleaning abroad, all the young Tumblers at school. Bunny was left to keep house.

Now I don't know how it happened that with all the attention the rabbit had received from his new friends, they should forget to give him anything to eat.

But it is a fact. Poor Bunny had not had a mouth-full to eat. Of course, he tried to help himself, but the larder was low.

Now upon the floor of the Tumblers' front room was a wonderful, new carpet, a gift to Mrs. Tumbler, in consideration of her nursing some sick person, for Mrs. Tumbler was a nice nurse. It was only a thin "two-ply" carpet, but it was bright with some very cabbagey-looking roses of a very tempting green. Hungry Bunny was not so bright as Solomon's bees, and he nibbled at one cabbage after another, not giving up the hope of a juicy morsel till he had tried every apparent cabbage in the carpet, and found it but a worsted fraud.

Of course the carpet was ruined—yet wasn't it too bad that the Tumblers had rabbit-stew for their Sunday dinner?—*Mary Abbot Rand, in April Wide Awake.*

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE REVIEWER.

STORY'S SUBSTANTIALISM.

[CONTINUED.]

IN virtue of its infinite possibilities, the human soul is ubiquitous as regards its axes of thought and mental prospectives. It has the ability to study Nature's constitution segregately and aggregately, from every standpoint possible to the imagination.

From its innermost axis of thought, the elements, compounds and complex forms—including its own objective organism—that exist within our world, are segregate or individual entities, whose organs are exercised especially in obtaining and assimilating the nutriment necessary to their growth and the production of their species. From a standpoint exterior thereto, these entities are the internal organs that make up our world's organism; all of which are especially exercised in so moulding the nutrient germs assimilated from its lower and higher parent worlds that they combine, under normal conditions, as like entities, specifically regarded; and also as substitutes of the specific parent forms, on consecutively more interior or immature planes of outgrowth, or as consecutively more immotile fulcra of ever-increasing complexity as regards their outward bearings in more numerous directions.

Their co-existence as wholes and as parts of a more embracing whole does not change the identity or the functions of these entities. Neither do their organic relations as parts of every more embracing plane of sense-perception or sphere of being swallow up their individuality. Neither is man less an individual sentient being, when recognized as the sum of the essential germs that repeat within his organism the modes of motion that symbolize, sensationally, the general and special qualities of the external

entities to which they are respectively fruitful. Neither is he less self-sentient or self-creative, because built up as a sentient organ of our world from germs ex-nutrient to the sum of its con-natural and co-operative organs. Neither is our world less self-creative because foetally nourished within its parent worlds, in like manner as the earth sphere is foetally nourished within the solar sphere; so on back *ad infinitum*. The infinitude of being is self-created, self-sentient, and self-complete or absolute, only in the self-creation and self-sentience, and self-conditioned completeness of its infinite parts.

The author's foregoing deductions are based upon the perception that essential substance is whatever it becomes; or conversely, whatever it becomes that it is in its essential or ultimate analysis. Being a law unto itself, it does ever and forever just what the needs of the forms it becomes require. Its becomings and transformations, consequent upon the modifications of its intrinsic elasticity, is *per se* the organic life of whatever form the spacial conditions of the essential substance involved determines. Hence whatever qualities the ex-nutrient essences of the form symbolize in their modes of moving, they are truthful revelations of the inherent motive tendencies of those organically or chemically combined as its constituents. These reasonings from analogically demonstrable facts not only illustrate the how and why of the homogeneous and heterogeneous modifications of the elasticity or Spirit-life of substance, that determine its static and dynamic qualities, its being and doing as form and essence, but in proving that man's body and mind, or physical and metaphysical constituents, are quantitative equivalents of substance in which like qualities or motive tendencies are inherent, but in minus and plus stages of maturation, the author clearly proves that what is termed the objective and the subjective are inseparable as regards the mind's locality. That is, the representative image of whatever the mind is cognizant, exists *in ovo* within the organ of sense that cognized it; while its prototype co-exists *in loco* within the mind's range of sense-perception, in the sense that the mind enspheres, hence includes whatever it conceives—including the spacial and timal conditions of the prototypes involved. It is their correlative spacial and timal conditions, or plus and minus maturity or motility as ancestors or constituents of our world's organism, and as successors or constituents of the human organism respectively of these prototypes and intertypes, that constitute man's ability to study them objectively or subjectively, which is simply reasoning inductively and deductively, or tracing their relations from the parent plane to the offspring plane and *vice versa*.

It must be borne in mind that substance is *per se* force; hence all forms of substance are purely forms of force, whether organically or chemically compounded; all alike being matrices through which the empyreal rays fruitful to all preceding parent spheres, back to the primordial atmosphere, are moulded *in transitu* as the constituent or nutrient essences of their successors, all of which are successively becom-

ing transposed. During organic growth, one equivalent is successively introverted as consecutively more interior repetitions of the outer form; while the other equivalent becomes extroverted and combined with like external essences as their atmospheres; their puberal essences becoming moulded as their specific germs *in ovo*.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[From Banner of Light.]

REBECCA NOURSE.

BUT whist ye not I have no one left on earth to speak to? It's a long time since the last of my kindred was gathered into the Spirit-world. Strange and peculiar, yet holy conditions favor my coming here today. I have tried many times to return and control some Medium, that I might speak, not to my people, for they are not here, but that I might speak to a certain class of individuals who are now abiding on earth, that I might make myself happy by coming; for know you, that revenge, the darkest of all stains, has been covered in my Spirit since I left earth.

They who dwell in higher conditions of life, tell me I am wrong—that I should come back and speak through a material form, and thus throw off a portion of my error. Oh, I was cut off too soon! I was sent from my condition in life suddenly to the unknown, where Spirits dwell.

Yes, I have been dead to the world, but thoroughly alive to myself, since 1694. During all that time I have been away from my body. I have been wandering to and fro in earth-life. I could not get away from earth; I have tried many, many times to free myself from earth, but no—I seemed doomed to pass an eternity on this planet, the earth. For nearly thirty years I was almost constantly with one individual who was on earth, and I was constantly seeking to revenge myself upon him. Oh, he spoke harsh and cruel words of me, and without cause. He said I was a child of the devil; and not two hours before I died, he told me that the flames of hell were even then stretching out forked tongues of fire for my especial benefit—they were impatient to embrace me; and with such words as these he bade me farewell, hoping I would be speedily released from my mortal body, when I was to be sent to the fires of hell—in fires prepared for the devil and his children—while he should sit at the right hand of the Father, and enjoy his smiles throughout eternity. Now I lived a good moral life. I injured no one; I thought I was a Christian. I was a member of the church; I kept the sacred ordinances of the church, and I did all I could to make others happy. But some strange influence was constantly hovering near me, and I was often influenced to say things I did not want to say, and strange freaks were cut up in my presence.

Now the man who spoke to me so harshly, has told me he has passed as much pain in my company as if he were passing through an army who were pouring streams of fire upon him. He often told me that whole handfuls of hair were pulled out in my presence, and that I

did it. That I applied to my father, the devil, and that he took especial delight in seeing these torments. Oh, I even now feel as though my happiness could never be complete, until I was revenged for that I lost so long ago—my life. My life was as dear to me, as was his to him. But the multitude were all in his favor; they all cried out, crucify them, for they are not fit to dwell among men.

And so I was a Medium, and so the freed Spirits of the Spirit-land did see fit to control me for various demonstrations of their power; and for these various manifestations my life was taken; my Spirit was sent like an unfledged bird, far beyond its natural existence. I should have lived in earth near forty years longer than I did; but the darkness of the times crucified me and others—and for that I have been made to suffer these long years, because the darkness of the people roused all the evil in my nature, and I have all the time been crying out for revenge.

I would not come back to earth to live; yet when I see the Mediums of today, and contrast their condition with my own and others of my time, I feel they are the children of God, while we were the subjects of darkness; for surely darkness reigned in the land. Our very thoughts were sometimes divined, and we were punished for thinking.

I very well remember one time starting to go from my own house to the house of a neighbor, when I was greeted with such a shower of snow-balls from a body of rude boys, that I feared they would take my life, and my ears were greeted with, "Let's drive the devil out of her!"

For a long time I did not dare to go out of my house, and I prayed to God for aid, and then again I'd curse him because the aid did not come. And even now, after I have been so long free from my body, I still wonder where God is, and if the time will ever come when he will suffer me to be revenged. Then I am told that I should forgive; but I cannot feel that I can forgive. I would if I could; maybe I will drink the sweet waters of forgiveness, by coming to earth. I have lived among you, and moved among you, and tried to act, but never could until today. I have learned all the new customs of earth, also. Oh, that men and women would seek to know ere they condemn! Oh, that they would have sympathy equal to their justice! Then Spirits like mine would not linger amid the dark shades of earth-life, but they would pass on to a happier state. But the ministers—oh, what are they? Shall I say they are children of the Devil? No, for I believe there is no such person as a Devil. If there is, surely he must fully manifest thro' the clergymen—surely he lives there—he acts through them; and surely if there is any such place as they told me about, they will go there! Oh, I know as much about your ministers of today, as I did of those who condemned me to death. They cling to darkness rather than light, for they are evil themselves. I sometimes mourn that there is no personal Devil, for I wish to see them punished as they deserve to be. But they tell me there is a principle that guides all this, and that they will have to suffer for all their sins. But it is very strange I should

have to suffer because they nurtured the evil in me. They watered it for four years of my last days, and when it was strong they cut me off, and I have never been able to rid myself of it. But to whom shall I look for retribution?—who shall be judged for my murder? Shall the people—the nation? Yes, I think so.

Who are you, and why do you write for me? Yes, if you had lived in my time, you would have suffered as I did. But you need to be thankful that you did not, for not one of you would like to pass so many long years in an unhappy state. Oh, I tried to pray for my enemies the last hour I had on earth, but my prayer was so mixed up with curses, it was no prayer at all. I tried to pray, but I found myself cursing, and so I went out of the world!

The name my earthly parents gave me—did you ever read of one Rebecca, in the Bible? Well, I was of the same name. The last name was Nourse. I lived—I go there frequently now—you call the place what it was not then, now; you call it Danvers—then it was Salem.

The minister has been dead these many years. He lived thirty years after I died, to get ready for heaven; but I doubt if he has found such a place. You might know of me, for so dark a stain as that don't get washed out in a century. Oh, I can't help hating—oh, if I could forget the past! I don't think I was the only soul that went undraped into the Spirit-world; one poor child was showered to death only a few days before I was hung—a poor child! I was executed all alone, that day. I was tried alone. Oh, there were many others that were murdered about that time, but not with me. [This was in answer to a question as to whether there were not four others tried with her and executed.]

Oh, I wish to God I didn't know of Mr. Burroughs—don't speak of any one like him; it makes me a devil. I wish I could get rid of it—I wish I could.

Why, don't you think, I laid three days in a neighbor's cellar, and I didn't dare to come up, for fear I would be dragged away and murdered; and the friends were so beset, because they supposed I was in the house, their lives were in danger all the time. She's happy, she's happy—would to God I was! Her name was Pope. She holds no malice—she would pray—she would hold hard words for a moment, but then she would pray. She was killed by it—not executed, but it killed her.

Oh, yes, he [the minister] has been to me and asked forgiveness a great many times; but I can't forgive when I don't feel like it. I wish I could. I've tried to pray a good many times, but it's a curse and a prayer—all the time I tried to help it then, but I could not.

I had on a brown canlet gown the day I left earth.

I've been learning to come this many a day, but never could find things right for me till now. Do you suppose if I should ever grow happier, I should be obliged to be in the company of clergymen? Oh, if I could but get rid of this hatred! It amounts to death to me now. I could even now rejoice over the sufferings of every one you have on earth. I know

it is wrong—I have been told so many times, and they tell me to go back to earth and there cast off these evils and come up higher. Do you suppose I shall be any happier after I go?

You'd think strange if your Mediums were hung, wouldn't you? Well, nobody thought strange because I was. They thought it was right. Oh, if I could forget to hate; but I can't.

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

TO MRS. MATILDA M. GOVE,

OF WEARE, N. H., ON THE DEATH OF HER ONLY GRANDCHILD, CORA F. WHITTLE.

In the realms of light and glory
Are a bright angelic band,
Who have left the sphere of earth-life
For a better, heavenly land.

One by one have they passed over,
Sailed into the port above,
Found a calm and peaceful harbor,
Guided by the pilot—Love.

Found a world of light and beauty,
And a land of peace and rest;
Found the presence of the Godhead,
In the home so richly blest.

But their eyes are oft turned earthward,
And their thoughts still often dwell
On the sad and lonely dear one,
Whom on earth they loved so well.

And they often hover near you,
And would smooth away each care,
Would fill all your hours with pleasure,
And will bless you everywhere.

Would fill each room in your mansion
With a living love and light,
Would make known to you their presence,
Although gone beyond your sight.

Then, dear lady, ne'er feel lonely,
From your spirit cast all gloom;
For the lost do not forget you,
You in every heart have room.

Only dust to dust returneth,
They have gone a step before;
And will fondly meet and greet you,
On the glorious, golden shore.

Fast the months and years are gliding,
Soon the last short day will close,
And you too shall leave this body
And enjoy a sweet repose.

Then with cheerful hope look upward,
To reunion sweet above,
And give God due praise and glory,
For his mercy and his love.

SUSAN A. GAY.

BOSTON, Mass., March 28, 1880.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

TO OUR HATTIE.

BY VIENNA H. L.

You always come in sunshine,
Though bleak November weather
Is scattering frost-flakes through the air,
And piling white snow-drifts where
We played in fields together.

You always come in sunshine,
Although the clouds are dark,
And muttering thunders low are heard,
With scathing flash and forest stirred,
Presenting landscape drear and stark.

You always bring the sunshine,
Safe bottled, warm for use,
For all who need the golden rays
Of love, sweet sympathy or praise,
Take doses large, fear no abuse.

You always bring the sunshine
For fainting hearts and sad,
And life's despondent, weary ones,
With fainting forms and dirge-like tones,
The hopeless ones make glad.

The sunshine that thou holdest
Encircles thy whole form
Never less, for freely giving.
From thy goodness e'er outflowing
To all, in calm or storm.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

UNHEEDED WHISPERS.

THROUGH JULIA FINCH.

We come to the faint and the weary
Who toll through the heat of the day,
Whose lives seem so hopeless and dreary,
Without even one cheering ray
To brighten the clouds of the present,
Or tinge with a faint streak of gold
The shadowy ways of the future,
Which dimly before you unfold.

We sing of a brighter tomorrow,
But our songs fall on ears that are dead
To their sweet, soothing strains; for to sorrow
And toil you are hopelessly wed.

We would open the sources of knowledge,
And pour its clear waters on all;
But you cling to your idols in blindness,
Your souls respond not to our call;
So we wait, and still hope for the dawning
Of a brighter and holier day,
When the mists and the clouds of the morning
Are swept from your vision away,
And you see with your spirits the beauty
That everywhere lovingly lies
Like a mantle of glory the angels
Have tenderly dropped from the skies;
Then the songs that we sing shall awaken
An echo in every sad breast,
And care from each life shall be shaken,
The troubled and weary find rest.

ANARZIM, California.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

PLACES I HAVE SEEN.

NUMBER EIGHT.

BY SPIRIT VIOLET.

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

HARMONIAL CITY is a broad, beautiful, extensive city of the Spirit-world. Its streets are literally shining, broad and straight—paved with blocks of cool, white, alabaster-like stone, and lined on either side with beautiful, fragrant flowers.

In the centre of each street, a fountain resembling silver, carved in the most wondrous designs, sends forth jets of crystal water, which rise into fan-like shapes and fall again in gleaming sprays upon the beds of flowers blooming at the fountain's base, when a cloud of sweet perfume rises to scent the balmy air.

At regular intervals, in this City of the Spirits, beautiful parks are laid out, abounding in all the natural beauty of flowers, trees, shrubbery and water, that serve to delight the eye and calm the senses of the soul.

The habitations of this city of harmony are formed or fashioned of various substances, each dweller herein building his mansion to suit himself; hence we observe the tiny white vine-embowered cottage, with its surrounding flower-garden, side by side with the stately mansion, surrounded with its smooth walks and velvety lawns.

The inhabitants of this place are particularly sympathetic and harmonious; they

are at peace with all the world and their own souls; they take no active part in the turmoils and strifes of others; they do not return to earth save only as they transmit their messages through other Spirit-intelligences below them.

Here are grand and massive temples, more richly draped and ornamented than any I have elsewhere seen; temples dedicated to Poesy, Music, Literature, and Philosophy. Here the active, critical, keen-searching scientist is not at home; but the musician, the poet, the philosopher and the idealist may find a heaven; for the music evoked by celestial Spirits in this city is sweet, so thrilling, yet so grand and majestic are its wonderful strains.

The poetry that delights the soul of the bard is here breathed forth through flower and streamlet; all surrounding life seems made up of poetry, so fragrant, sweet and subtle is the calm, beautiful life we behold in this wonderful city. Well may it be named Harmonial City; for its very atmosphere, its pretty homes, its adornments, and the features and forms of its inhabitants, all breathe of harmony and peace. The whole number of inhabitants of that city—I am told—seem not so much like so many members of one family, as so many parts of one healthy body, each one performing its function and duty, the whole harmoniously blending in one form of symmetry and beauty. And I can well believe this, from what I have seen of them.

In this city, musicians, poets, artists and idealists—transcendentalists, if you will—love to congregate in their respective temples, which are ever open to all who wish to enter, and by contact with each others' minds, throw off new strains of harmony, in verse of measure, outline some new work of beauty, develop some beautiful idea, or evoke a new melody of the spheres. And from these master-souls, beautiful ideas, melodies, and ideals come floating down to earth, transmitted thro' an atmosphere below, and at last awaken an echo in the heart of some aspiring soul—when lo, a new poem, a new strain of melody, a new harmonious thought, is given to the world.

It has been my good fortune to visit once or twice this wonderful City of Harmony, and ever after my mind has possessed a new and beautiful picture to hang upon the snowy walls of memory—a picture of harmoniously blended tints, of flowery beds, of sunny fountains, of massive temples, crowded with faces from which all trace of passion hath forever vanished, and which bear only the impress of ineffable peace; where harmony is the life of the spirit and melody runs like a liquid stream through all the sunny days.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

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NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS., JUNE 1, 1880.

MONEY-ORDERS.

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

EDITORIAL.

On the 18th ult. we received the following question, which would have been responded to before but for severe illness on our part, but which has now nearly disappeared.

Pub. Voice of Angels.

WALTHAM, April 18th. 1880.

To the Publisher of the Voice of Angels:

DEAR SIR,—through the kindness of a friend, I have been privileged to read a few numbers of your interesting little paper, and although I saw much in it to admire, yet I think there are some things that cannot be satisfactorily explained by any system of logic with which I am acquainted, and which I will embody in a question to be answered privately or publicly, or not at all, just as you may elect. It is this: If, as you say, people are creatures of circumstances over which they have no controlling influence, what becomes of our free agency, which determines all our acts? That is to say, we are free agents to do either good or bad, as we may elect.

I see you sometimes respond to letters through your paper, which emboldens me to write this. As we are personally acquainted with each other, and not wishing to have my name made public, for reasons best known to myself, if you should answer it, you would oblige me by merely signing my initials.

J. A. K.

RESPONSE.

As the above question and cognate ones have been commented upon one way and another ever since we started this paper, we can do but little more than repeat what has already been printed. Nevertheless, as friend K. seems anxious to get our views upon this momentous subject, for his benefit and others in like condition we will do the best we can, with limited space and knowledge, to satisfy his curiosity; for we perceive he feels quite sure it will puzzle us to meet it on logical grounds.

To begin with, we make the unqualified assertion, and if we mistake not the meaning of language, we can prove that there is no such thing in existence as a *free agent*, in the sense in which it is commonly used, or indeed in any other sense. In common parlance between business men, the term agent implies that for a stipulated

compensation one man agrees to work or canvass for another, under specified instructions; and as long as he follows those instructions he is an agent, and entitled to his full pay or commission; but the moment he varies from this agreement, his agency ceases altogether. We admit that he is as free to break his contract as he was to make it. So far he is free; but it does not follow that he is free to go counter to his special contract, and still hold his position and draw his salary.

Hence, as will be seen, there is no such thing as a *free agent*, in any proper sense of that term. If an agent is free to sell goods below or above the schedule prices specified by his employer, he is just as free to pocket all the firm's money he can lay his hands upon, and go scot free, with no fears of being brought to account for his acts. If such a theory is correct, a man might become at once anything he might fancy would enhance his happiness; and if he failed in one thing he could try another, and keep doing so until he succeeded. Further, if he should find out that he was a bad and wicked man, and desired to change, he could, according to the above theory, leave all his bad habits behind, in a moment of time, and flash out possessed of all the Christian virtues; or, if ignorant and uneducated, by a mere volition of his will he could become equal in knowledge to the most cultured and learned minds. Now, unlike a business operation between man and man—which may be annulled at any time by mutual consent—moral and spiritual laws are arbitrarily absolute, and tell a man if he follows out their dictates to the letter, he will receive his stipulated compensation; not in money, as with an earthly agent, but what is far better, health and happiness. But at the same time he is told in unmistakable terms that the moment he transgresses these laws, which are as absolutely unchangeable as Deity himself, he will not only lose his compensation, but entail misery upon himself and those connected with him.

In contradistinction to the theory of free agency, and to show its total inability to successfully cope with circumstances as it relates to moulding the destiny of man, while encased in an earthly tenement, we here cite a couple of cases to show that man is a creature of circumstances, whether he believes it or not: that the causes controlling the acts of men in mundane life commenced before they had an earthly existence. The first is copied from O. S. Fowler's works. It is as follows:

"About 1800," says Mr. Fowler, "a pas-

sionate, blustering, and very violent man, when angry, then living with his family in one of the New England States, (naming it, which we do not now recall,) became highly exasperated at something his wife had done, came into the house at a door opposite to where she stood kneading bread, with her back towards him, and emitted a storm of abusive epithets upon her. Turning around to reply, she was so choked with her feelings that she could not speak, but kept on kneading. Three months after this disagreeable encounter with her brutish husband occurred, a son was born; and although he lived in the same house, and worked on the same farm with his father, and had a wife and child there, yet it was not till he was nearly thirty-five years old that he spoke the first word to his father. One day, when working together in the field, and wanting very much to ask his father a question relative to the work in hand, he involuntarily came up towards his father, and turning around so as to present his back—precisely as his mother did when receiving his father's out-rushing wrath—and then walking away from him, as did his mother after finding her tongue refused to speak—made out to speak to him for the first time in his life; and ever after, when addressing him, invariably turned his back, though he often tried to speak to him when facing him. He could converse fluently face to face with anybody else." Now, considering their interests were mutual, one would suppose that if he had been a free agent, he would have mustered sufficient will-power to break down the barrier that held him speechless to his father half of his natural life. But as he did not, nor could not, for all those years, we fail to see the force of the free agency theory.

Would it not be more reasonable to say that, as he was held in that unpleasant condition his whole life, against his earnest desire to the contrary, it was the result of immutable, unchangeable laws, acting upon his mother while carrying him, and re-acting upon himself, that moulded his whole natural life?

No reasonable person will contend that a man is individually responsible for his unseemly physical make-up, with a hump-back, bandy legs, crossed eyes, or for the color of his hair or skin, making him a physical monstrosity. At all events, one thing is positively certain, namely, whoever may be at fault for his disagreeable looks, he had not the slightest power to prevent their being his.

The question then intrudes itself: "If he is not to be blamed for his physical de-

formities, how is he to blame for his moral and Spiritual obliquities, seeing both conditions emanated from one and the self-same source?"

The fact is, there is but one rational solution to the above query, and that is, that man is a pliant tool and slave to circumstances, which he cannot by any possibility control, either in his physical make-up or moral status. Many commit crime, knowing it to be such, without sufficient moral power to resist it, from the fact that the organs which would induce one to lapse from virtue are so much more developed than those that would prevent his committing the crime, that he is powerless to resist, on the conceded principle that the stronger will always govern and control the weaker. A thief never contemplated committing a theft that he did not know it was morally wrong, because the moral and intellectual organs tell him so; but they being so small in his particular case, compared to the selfish and acquisitive organs, the latter compel him to do the criminal act. To expect a different result, under the circumstances, would be just as unreasonable as to expect an ounce weight in one scale would balance a pound weight in the other. Because a man is born with a grasping, selfish disposition, it does not always follow that his parents were so; although he inherited it from them. Naturally they may be diametrically opposite in disposition and general characteristics from their own progeny; one child may come into the world with a happy, harmonious disposition, whose greatest pleasure is in contributing to the happiness of others; when, through a change of circumstances in the mother's condition, the next child may exhibit directly opposite characteristics. Here the law of cause and effect steps in and tells us how the difference in the two children is brought about.

To illustrate the above, we will cite another case, directly bearing upon this most important point, with which we were personally acquainted. A young lady, brought up in affluence, full to the brim with the milk of human kindness and love for all, whose greatest delight from childhood was in making others happy, was united in wedlock at the age of seventeen years with one who fully appreciated her superior qualities of mind and loving disposition, and as far as in his power contributed all he could to enhance them still more. Under these happy, harmonious conditions, the first son was born, inheriting all the loving characteristics of its happy, contented, harmonious mother. A

year or so after the foregoing event occurred, a change came over the spirit of their dreams. Financial reverses overtook them, and no other avenue being open to obtain a livelihood, the husband purchased a small tract of land in a dense wilderness, cleared a few acres, built a log-cabin, and transferred his loving young mate to this humble abode. Here in their forest home, miles away from the nearest neighbor, a second commenced its incipient life. To procure needed assistance for his delicate, trusting wife and growing family, the husband was obliged to be from home much of the time. From a morbid fear of coming to want, the mother observed the strictest economy. Every crust was saved and treasured with the greatest care. This terrible fear of starvation staring her in the face, kept her constantly on a strain, while carrying her second child. After his birth, (for it proved to be another boy,) as he grew to boyhood, and all the way up to manhood, he manifested precisely the same fears of coming to want his mother did while he was going through the gestational process. When a mere child, he was never satisfied unless he had all the playthings, and was always afraid of losing them. He never entered into any of the innocent sports of childhood, and never seemed to enjoy anything like his more fortunate brother. In fact, all the way up to old age, he exhibited a sad, sober unrest, just as one would who was anticipating some fearful calamity was about to transpire. The older he grew, the more this demon of fear haunted him; and after he became comparatively wealthy, he was always fearful of coming to poverty. Now, who will say that he did not inherit his penurious, grasping disposition from the circumstances surrounding his mother, before he was born? And was he more to blame for having a grasping, stingy disposition, or more culpable for having it, than his more favored brother, who differed so widely from him? He knew he was stingy and selfish, and was fully conscious that he was looked upon as such, with no power to change; than which nothing could have given him more pleasure. If he was really free to do different—as our friend says he was—he certainly would have availed himself of the privilege. But as he could not and did not, as stated, we fail to see where the *free agency* theory comes in. Hence, as the laws of life cannot be set aside to accommodate such a theory, the oft-repeated phrase, "We are all free agents, and can do either good or bad acts, just as we may elect," falls to the ground.

THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

TUNIE.

DEAR FATHER:—Although it is getting late, and you ought to be in bed, yet we are anxious to introduce an old man, who, although he has been on our side several years, has just found out that there is an opportunity to progress after "shaking off the mortal coil." He is rather irritable and self-conceited—which I think is the reason he has been kept in darkness—so you must exercise all the patience you possess, if he is a little rough in his speech and acts, as some are when they first visit you.

[After writing the above, I lost sight of her but directly I saw her coming towards me, followed by a large, muscular man, led by a little girl, not over six or eight years old; and when near me, the little angel-child said:] "Mr. Denamore, this is my papa, and he is very sad and unhappy, and he makes me feel sad too, and Tunie told me if I could get papa to come here, you could make him happy. I hope you can."

[After making this pretty little speech, she stepped one side, and her father commenced speaking as follows:] "Mr.——Somebody—I've forgot what they told me your name is—I came here to please my little angel-pet, who said if I would come here I should be more happy; but it's no use, sir; I know it ain't; for I've been a hard customer all my life. I never killed anybody, nor stole anything; but I'm guilty of most everything else."

[As he hesitated, I thought he was waiting for me to speak, so I said, "You must not give up to despair, but press on in doing good to others, and you will wipe out all your misdeeds." Seeing he was getting nervous and fidgetty, I stopped speaking, when he said, with a sardonic smile:] "Misdeeds! why, sir, you don't know what you are talking about! Misdeeds, indeed! Why, sir, it's all d——d nonsense in trying to make anything of me, much less a decently good man. Why, sir, if there's no other way to wipe out my sins than by working, 'twould take a million years. They told me you could help me, but it seems you can't, by your saying 'by doing good to others you will wipe out all your misdeeds.'"

[He here stopped speaking, when I told him that I could do nothing but advise him what course to take in order to reach the best road to the haven of happiness. At this he said:] "Oh, ho! that's it, is it? I supposed from what they told me you was a sort of Christ, who could forgive sins; but it appears you're nothing but a guide-board, after all, to direct others what road to take; but never go in it yourself." [Taking advantage of his silence, I told him every one must work out their own salvation; for there was no vicarious atonement, here or anywhere else. At this he said:] "Just as I thought; I was told thousands of times by those white-chokered devils, called ministers, before I came to this cursed place, that all a man had to do, no matter how great a sinner he was, was to repent, and the blessed Jesus would do the rest. Now, I have repented of my evil deeds hundreds of times, in dead earnest, and now I'm told it's

all a sham. I tell you what it is, sir. I'm not one to be trifled with in this way, and what is more I won't stand it. I've been duped enough by gentlemen of the cloth, before I came to this infernal place, where everybody's throwing my life's history in my face. I know it is true, but nobody but sneak-thieves would be guilty of kicking a man after he was down. So look out how you talk, or I'll give you a specimen of my pugilistic attainments; for I was good in that line of business."

[Seeing he was getting more and more nervous and excited, and acted as though he was getting ready to put his threat into execution, I beckoned Tunie to me, and asked her to bring the little girl to me; but by this time I saw the little angel pulling her father's clothes, saying to him, "Don't, papa; don't, dear papa;" the tears streaming down her innocent face. This had the desired effect, for the moment he saw his little angel-child in tears, he ceased his boisterous talk, and grasped the child in his sinewy arms, and begged of her not to cry, telling her, "I won't hurt the gentleman." "But," she said, "you hurt his feelings, and Tunie's too;" patting him lovingly on his cheek. The earnest simplicity of the child completely conquered the great strong man, who stood there under her loving caresses trembling from head to foot, as though his herculean frame was suffering under some terrible emotion. For a few minutes, silence reigned, all seeming to be contemplating the beautiful tableau of the child, with her puny arms encircling his massive neck and shoulders, and he weeping tears of repentance. At last, the silence was broken by the little angel saying, "You must forgive papa, for he's good, and don't want to hurt you."

[I told her I had already done so, when she said:] "Thank you; may we come again when papa gets stronger and better?"

[I assured her nothing would give me greater pleasure, and invited her and her father to come as often as they pleased. With this they passed out of sight, the man not saying a word, not even good night; merely bowing adieu, as he left the room.]

[NOTE.—Tunie told me after they left, that he was so rough she feared trouble, but was delighted things turned out so well.]

MEDIUM'S CAMP-MEETING,

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

THE Co-operative Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia would inform your readers that they intend to hold an Independent Mediums' Camp-meeting at Creedmore Park, eight miles above Philadelphia, commencing July 9th, and to continue through the month.

We intend to welcome every Medium and afford them ample opportunities to show forth to the world their mediumistic powers in the promotion of Spiritualism, and to their own financial benefit. We hope that Mediums everywhere will come to the front, and that this year there will be a signal victory for the cause of right and truth.

We intend and know our camp-meeting shall be a success, and we earnestly desire in our un-

selfish purpose to share our success with Mediums everywhere.

At the last meeting of our board, we elected the following efficient Committees to act in the interest of this camp-meeting, and with these at the helm, we can guarantee success. Lecture Committee, Mr. James A. Bliss, Mr. Wm. Weeber, and Mrs. Dr. Craig. This Committee, acting immediately, have already secured the very efficient services of some of the most popular speakers of the day—Mrs. Nettie Pease Fox, Dr. R. C. Flowers, Mrs. Katie B. Robinson, and others. These speakers draw large audiences wherever announced. Don't fail to hear them.

Committee on Rules and Regulations, Mr. J. M. Roberts and Miss Jennie Molony. Advertising Committee, Mr. S. Wheeler, Mr. Wm. Weeber, and Mr. Johnson. Mediums' Corresponding Committee, Mr. Alfred James, Mrs. Dr. Craig, and Mr. S. Wheeler.

These Committees are all actively engaged preparing the way for a good time. The Mediums' Corresponding Committee is authorized to prepare a circular for publication, to be sent to all the Spiritual journals, inviting them to have agents upon the ground to solicit subscriptions for and to circulate their papers.

We intend that every true Spiritualist that loves the cause, and will put forth an effort to promote its interests, with their own, shall receive a hearty welcome, and be well paid for their co-operation.

On motion, voted and unanimously ordered that a copy of the minutes of this meeting be sent for publication to *Banner of Light*, *R. P. Journal*, *Voice of Angels*, *Olive Branch*, *Mind and Matter*, *Texas Spiritualist*, *Spiritual Record*, *Celestial City*, *the Rational Appeal*, and *The Progress*.

MRS. DR. CRAIG, Secretary.

[Selected by A. B. F. R.]

THE WORK-GIRL'S REST.

Dead!—and it sounded not sadly
To those who had known her best;
Dead!—not a summons of sorrow,
Only a much-needed rest.

Fold the scant robe close about her,
Lay the fair head gently down;
'Tis but the work-shop closed early,
The work-girl claiming her crown.

Naught of this world but its sorrows,
Naught but its work did she know;
Is it strange that she welcomed the summons?
Is it strange that she wanted to go?

No more shall the slumbering streets echo
The sound of her weary tread;
No more shall we mark the pale woman
Who toiled for her daily bread.

From the anser and the joist of the work-room
She is safe in her Father's breast;
With her pearl of life unsullied,
She has lain her down to rest.

Would you sing of the brave and the vallant,
The battle of life amid?
Go look at the pale little toiler
Under the poor coffin-lid!

Weep not! For her there's no morrow;
See her still hands on her breast;
Death and death only hath pity—
He giveth the work-girl rest.

Then fold the scant robe close about her;
Lay the fair head gently down;
Place on the pale brow the lilies—
The work-girl deserveth her crown!

SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE,
MAY 9TH, 1880,
THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELLAMER.

INVOCATION, BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

Oh, Thou who art worthy to receive the adoration of thy intelligent creatures! we would offer up to Thee the homage of our spirits, in view of the conditions thou hast placed around us. We thank Thee that thy gates are open wide, and that as our loved ones return from beyond the silent river, we may communicate with them, and receive from their angelic teachings strength and consolation for the battle of life.

We thank Thee that thy angel hosts can bestow upon receptive souls a knowledge of immortal existence, that they can awaken aspirations for good, and cause man to sing of "Life, beautiful life."

We bless Thee for the lessons afforded to all present of thy sustaining love and fatherly care, and when at last we shall cross over the shining river, thy light and love will surround each one, and upon the other side, in company with loved ones gone before, the song of victory shall be sung, because the grave hath lost its sting, and man becomes worthy of his Progenitor.

We ask thy benediction and blessing to rest upon this Medium, and may she, through sympathetic love, feel the wants of humanity, and strive to assuage them.

We ask thy benediction to rest upon the Spiritual press and all connected therewith; may its best influences spread far and wide, until sin and corruption pass away, and thy glory be praised forever and forever. Amen.

MARY GARVEY.

I DON'T understand this, but I am anxious to send my love to my family; to say I am not dead, but that I live in a beautiful home. I thank my friends for all their kindness before and after I passed out of the body. I bless my husband for his thoughtfulness. The music was sweet, but we have just such sweet music in my new home. The prayers benefitted me, for they brought me deep peace. It is all over now; but I am alive and happy, and I want my friends to know it. I would like to come to them if I can; I would like to speak, that they may know I live and love them.

I was over thirty-eight years old. I have just been gone from earth a few days—so to speak—but I am drawn back by my desire to have my dear husband know I can watch over him.

My name is Mary Garvey. My husband's name is Peter Garvey. He lives in Baltimore.

J. L. WHITE.

Sir, I wish to reach friends; I wish to call upon them to visit some Medium and let me come to them, if possible. I would be thirty-seven were I here. I find that we do not age in our life as we do on earth; we do not take note of time as you do, therefore we appear young and vigorous, and what is better feel so.

I cannot express my gratitude in this way for the kindness shown me by friends here, and for the rendering of last services to me; but I am grateful and hold all things in remembrance. I send my love to my friends. I am more satisfied with Spiritual things than with earthly. I have been in this new life one year.

My name is Mr. J. L. White. I should like to reach A. Raymond, South Weymouth, Mass.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

CHAIRMAN and friend, I am glad to meet you; you need no blessing from me; I am sure you find your blessing in your work; but I feel to say, Go on, and the Angels will attend and bless you. I send out my remembrances and greetings to all my old friends; we shall all meet by-and-bye, where peace reigns and injustice is unknown.

I am Henry C. Wright; I come to speak to a dear Medium who works for the Spirit-world and the good of humanity. Bless her! I believe she has found the God within her soul and lives in the sunlight of goodness. I wish to say to her, Dear friend, your band waft you strength and affectionate sympathy this hour; they are planning out the work for you; they feel encouraged, and know they shall accomplish much good through your instrumentality. They bless you and guide you always. Do not fear, but trust in your Spirit-teachers, who lead you onward. Your mother and sister send their love; they too are at work for humanity. You are not to make a change at present. When the band think best, they will show you where to make a move. They are all pleased with present surroundings, and are busy improving them.

I wish my words to go to Mrs. M. E. Johnson, 77 Waltham st., Boston.

MARIA WAYLAND.

MARIA WAYLAND is my name; I belong to Hudson; I come hoping to reach my friends, and to receive strength from them and others to accomplish a work for the good of my aunt Mary Jane. I want them to sit alone once a week, in the twilight, place the old music-box on the table, and let it play the favorite tunes. Uncle John and I think we can develop Nellie to see

us and to hear us talk. We send our love, and we are glad to know our friends are beginning to be interested in Spiritualism. We hope they will continue to investigate.

[Mr. Editor, please send these messages to addresses given by the influences.]

MESSAGES GIVEN MAY 2D, 1880.

REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

ONCE again it gives me pleasure to give utterance to my earnest thoughts through this channel of expression. Dear friends in the mortal, those of you who turn your eyes inward towards the Spirit-realm, striving to catch a glimpse of loved ones gone before, or to gain a gleam of the glories of the spheres, angelic voices waft to you at this hour tidings of good will, sympathy and cheer.

Unto many of you the material path of life has proved thorny and rugged; clouds of sorrow and distress have darkened above you; struggles have been yours, and the load of suffering in divers shapes has been hard to bear. But oh, dear friends, remember that your Angel-friends are with you striving to lighten your sorrows, and seeking to comfort and bring your Spirits peace. From the Spirit-world your loved ones guard you; they note your trials and temptations, and they recognize your valiant worth. At every smile you bestow upon others, for every kindly word you speak, for your endeavor to scatter the light of truth before you, to live bravely and honestly up to your convictions of right and justice, the angels bless you. They appreciate your labors, they approve your self-denying spirit, and they send down to you their undying love, which cannot fail to strengthen and sustain.

Go on, good friends, press bravely on; the path of life leads upward to realms of peace; fear not, for God protects you ever, and his holy angels hold you in their keeping, and they will guide you home.

I would send out a word to our well-tried Medium, Sister Rall. For the words of counsel and cheer she bestows upon others we bless her. The Spirit-world have sustained and blessed both our sister and her faithful companion. In sorrow and joy, sickness and health, Angel-ministers have brought strength and comfort to their hearts; and as it has been in the past, so will it be in the future, and the light of heaven will illuminate all the upward path. As I have been present with my friends in the past, so will I be present in days to come; for although I have a work to do in opposite directions, yet I gather strength and encouragement from that home of perfect friendliness. I send

out the blessing of their Angel-band and the benison of all good Spirits to these dear friends, and bid them God speed in their earthly and Spiritual labors.

Your friend, JOHN PIERPONT.

NEW AND VALUABLE CEREAL.

THE widest circulation should be given to the fact, stated on the authority of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture, that a cereal new to that locality will grow on the arid plains of the West without irrigation. The grain is variously called "pampas rice," "rice corn," and "Egyptian corn," and is thought to have sprung from seed brought to the United States by the Mennonites, who came from Southern Russia. The kernels grow in a tuft like that on the top of sorghum. Each one is something smaller and rounder than a grain of wheat, and is inclosed in a "shuck," or independent capsule. The berry can be eaten ground into flour or cracked like wheat, or whole like rice, or used generally like any other cereal. The meal resembles that of Indian corn, and in color is intermediate between the yellow and white varieties. A chemical analysis shows that its percentage of starch, fat, dextrine, and sugar, which produce heat and fat in the animal organization, compares favorably with that of Indian corn, wheat, rye, and oats; and in its contents of flesh-forming albuminoids it surpasses all Indian corns, and ranks with wheat, rye, and oats. The small percentage of cellulose, or nearly non-nutritious woody fibre, is remarkable. The stalk makes as good fodder as corn does, and a few acres will furnish a family with fuel for a Winter—a consideration of the first importance in that nearly treeless country. All this signifies little in comparison with its power to resist drought, and as to that an example, one of a great many attested by the signatures of practical, well-known farmers, may be given. Forty acres of turned-over sod, which had not been wet with rain for eight months, were planted with two or three grains, deposited with a seed-planter, something more than a foot apart. There was no rain for five weeks after planting, yet the corn germinated. After it was fairly started, the hot blasts from the Llano Estacado blew over it, but it grew right along, although grass and garden-truck beside it were fairly burned up. It stood the rains equally well, and finally it yielded sixty 60-pound bushels to the acre. It is, moreover, worm and grasshopper proof. The Board of Agriculture prints a mass of letters, which place these facts beyond question, and their significance is of the first importance. From New Mexico to the British line there are tens of thousands of square miles—500,000,000 acres according to a reliable estimate—which it was thought nothing but an expensive system of artesian wells could reclaim to any better use than pasturage, and now comes this African plant to furnish food and fuel to this vast country, besides crops for export, whose value it may yet be impossible to express in nine figures.—N. Y. Times.

It requires greater virtue to sustain good fortune than bad.

all a sham. I tell you what it is, sir. I'm not one to be trifled with in this way, and what is more I won't stand it. I've been duped enough by gentlemen of the cloth, before I came to this infernal place, where everybody's throwing my life's history in my face. I know it is true, but nobody but sneak-thieves would be guilty of kicking a man after he was down. So look out how you talk, or I'll give you a specimen of my pugilistic attainments; for I was good in that line of business."

[Seeing he was getting more and more nervous and excited, and acted as though he was getting ready to put his threat into execution, I beckoned Tunie to me, and asked her to bring the little girl to me; but by this time I saw the little angel pulling her father's clothes, saying to him, "Don't, papa; don't, dear papa;" the tears streaming down her innocent face. This had the desired effect, for the moment he saw his little angel-child in tears, he ceased his boisterous talk, and grasped the child in his sinewy arms, and begged of her not to cry, telling her, "I won't hurt the gentleman." "But," she said, "you hurt his feelings, and Tunie's too;" patting him lovingly on his cheek. The earnest simplicity of the child completely conquered the great strong man, who stood there under her loving caresses trembling from head to foot, as though his herculean frame was suffering under some terrible emotion. For a few minutes, silence reigned, all seeming to be contemplating the beautiful tableau of the child, with her puny arms encircling his massive neck and shoulders, and he weeping tears of repentance. At last, the silence was broken by the little angel saying, "You must forgive papa, for he's good, and don't want to hurt you."

[I told her I had already done so, when she said:] "Thank you; may we come again when papa gets stronger and better?"

[I assured her nothing would give me greater pleasure, and invited her and her father to come as often as they pleased. With this they passed out of sight, the man not saying a word, not even good night; merely bowing adieu, as he left the room.]

[NOTE.—Tunie told me after they left, that he was so rough she feared trouble, but was delighted things turned out so well.]

MEDIUM'S CAMP-MEETING,

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

THE Co-operative Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia would inform your readers that they intend to hold an Independent Mediums' Camp-meeting at Creedmore Park, eight miles above Philadelphia, commencing July 9th, and to continue through the month.

We intend to welcome every Medium and afford them ample opportunities to show forth to the world their mediumistic powers in the promotion of Spiritualism, and to their own financial benefit. We hope that Mediums everywhere will come to the front, and that this year there will be a signal victory for the cause of right and truth.

We intend and know our camp-meeting shall be a success, and we earnestly desire in our un-

selfish purpose to share our success with Mediums everywhere.

At the last meeting of our board, we elected the following efficient Committees to act in the interest of this camp-meeting, and with these at the helm, we can guarantee success. Lecture Committee, Mr. James A. Bliss, Mr. Wm. Weeber, and Mrs. Dr. Craig. This Committee, acting immediately, have already secured the very efficient services of some of the most popular speakers of the day—Mrs. Nettie Pease Fox, Dr. R. C. Flowers, Mrs. Katie B. Robinson, and others. These speakers draw large audiences wherever announced. Don't fail to hear them.

Committee on Rules and Regulations, Mr. J. M. Roberts and Miss Jennie Molony. Advertising Committee, Mr. S. Wheeler, Mr. Wm. Weeber, and Mr. Johnson. Mediums' Corresponding Committee, Mr. Alfred James, Mrs. Dr. Craig, and Mr. S. Wheeler.

These Committees are all actively engaged preparing the way for a good time. The Mediums' Corresponding Committee is authorized to prepare a circular for publication, to be sent to all the Spiritual journals, inviting them to have agents upon the ground to solicit subscriptions for and to circulate their papers.

We intend that every true Spiritualist that loves the cause, and will put forth an effort to promote its interests, with their own, shall receive a hearty welcome, and be well paid for their co-operation.

On motion, voted and unanimously ordered that a copy of the minutes of this meeting be sent for publication to *Banner of Light*, *R. P. Journal*, *Voice of Angels*, *Olive Branch*, *Mind and Mutter*, *Texas Spiritualist*, *Spiritual Record*, *Celestial City*, *the Rational Appeal*, and *The Progress*.

MRS. DR. CRAIG, Secretary.

[Selected by A. B. F. R.]

THE WORK-GIRL'S REST.

DEAD!—and it sounded not sadly
To those who had known her best;
Dead!—not a summons of sorrow,
Only a much-needed rest.

Fold the scant robe close about her,
Lay the fair head gently down;
'Tis but the work-shop closed early,
The work-girl claiming her crown.

Naught of this world but its sorrows,
Naught but its work did she know;
Is it strange that she welcomed the summons?
Is it strange that she wanted to go?

No more shall the slumb'ring streets echo
The sound of her weary tread;
No more shall we mark the pale woman
Who toiled for her daily bread.

From the nook and the jest of the work-room
She is safe in her Father's breast;
With her pearl of life unscathed,
She has lain her down to rest.

Would you sing of the brave and the valiant,
The battle of life amid?
Go look at the pale little toiler
Under the poor coffin-lid!

Weep not! For her there's no morrow;
See her still hands on her breast;
Death and death only hath pity—
He giveth the work-girl rest.

Then fold the scant robe close about her;
Lay the fair head gently down;
Place on the pale brow the lilies—
The work-girl deserveth her crown!

SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE,
MAY 9TH, 1880,

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

INVOCATION, BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

Oh, Thou who art worthy to receive the adoration of thy intelligent creatures! we would offer up to Thee the homage of our spirits, in view of the conditions thou hast placed around us. We thank Thee that thy gates are open wide, and that as our loved ones return from beyond the silent river, we may communicate with them, and receive from their angelic teachings strength and consolation for the battle of life.

We thank Thee that thy angel hosts can bestow upon receptive souls a knowledge of immortal existence, that they can awaken aspirations for good, and cause man to sing of "Life, beautiful life."

We bless Thee for the lessons afforded to all present of thy sustaining love and fatherly care, and when at last we shall cross over the shining river, thy light and love will surround each one, and upon the other side, in company with loved ones gone before, the song of victory shall be sung, because the grave hath lost its sting, and man becomes worthy of his Progenitor.

We ask thy benediction and blessing to rest upon this Medium, and may she, through sympathetic love, feel the wants of humanity, and strive to assuage them.

We ask thy benediction to rest upon the Spiritual press and all connected therewith; may its best influences spread far and wide, until sin and corruption pass away, and thy glory be praised forever and forever. Amen.

MARY GARVEY.

I DON'T understand this, but I am anxious to send my love to my family; to say I am not dead, but that I live in a beautiful home. I thank my friends for all their kindness before and after I passed out of the body. I bless my husband for his thoughtfulness. The music was sweet, but we have just such sweet music in my new home. The prayers benefitted me, for they brought me deep peace. It is all over now; but I am alive and happy, and I want my friends to know it. I would like to come to them if I can; I would like to speak, that they may know I live and love them.

I was over thirty-eight years old. I have just been gone from earth a few days—so to speak—but I am drawn back by my desire to have my dear husband know I can watch over him.

My name is Mary Garvey. My husband's name is Peter Garvey. He lives in Baltimore.

J. L. WHITE.

SIR, I wish to reach friends; I wish to call upon them to visit some Medium and let me come to them, if possible. I would be thirty-seven were I here. I find that we do not age in our life as we do on earth; we do not take note of time as you do, therefore we appear young and vigorous, and what is better feel so.

I cannot express my gratitude in this way for the kindness shown me by friends here, and for the rendering of last services to me; but I am grateful and hold all things in remembrance. I send my love to my friends. I am more satisfied with Spiritual things than with earthly. I have been in this new life one year.

My name is Mr. J. L. White. I should like to reach A. Raymond, South Weymouth, Mass.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

CHAIRMAN and friend, I am glad to meet you; you need no blessing from me; I am sure you find your blessing in your work; but I feel to say, Go on, and the Angels will attend and bless you. I send out my remembrances and greetings to all my old friends; we shall all meet by-and-bye, where peace reigns and injustice is unknown.

I am Henry C. Wright; I come to speak to a dear Medium who works for the Spirit-world and the good of humanity. Bless her! I believe she has found the God within her soul and lives in the sunlight of goodness. I wish to say to her, Dear friend, your band waft you strength and affectionate sympathy this hour; they are planning out the work for you; they feel encouraged, and know they shall accomplish much good through your instrumentality. They bless you and guide you always. Do not fear, but trust in your Spirit-teachers, who lead you onward. Your mother and sister send their love; they too are at work for humanity. You are not to make a change at present. When the band think best, they will show you where to make a move. They are all pleased with present surroundings, and are busy improving them.

I wish my words to go to Mrs. M. E. Johnson, 77 Waltham st., Boston.

MARIA WAYLAND.

MARIA WAYLAND is my name; I belong to Hudson; I come hoping to reach my friends, and to receive strength from them and others to accomplish a work for the good of my aunt Mary Jane. I want them to sit alone once a week, in the twilight, place the old music-box on the table, and let it play the favorite tunes. Uncle John and I think we can develop Nellie to see

us and to hear us talk. We send our love, and we are glad to know our friends are beginning to be interested in Spiritualism. We hope they will continue to investigate.

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BRIEF ITEMS.

ELIZABETH Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony and Matilda J. Gage issue a call for a mass meeting for all women who wish to vote, to be held at Farwell Hall, Chicago, Wednesday, June 2d, 1880. Every woman in the United States is invited to attend the meeting; and if not able to be present, to send a letter or postal, with her name, expressing her interest in the object of the meeting.

The Spiritualists of Northern Iowa and Southern Minnesota will hold their Third Annual Camp-meeting at Seneca Park, near Bonair, Howard County, Iowa, commencing June 30 and ending July 4th or 5th. Dr. J. M. Peebles and Prof. S. Niles have been engaged as speakers. Many prominent clairvoyants and Mediums are expected to be present, and a competent committee of arrangements will make it pleasant and profitable to all who attend.

The Spiritualists of Van Buren County, Michigan, and neighboring counties, held a convention at Bangor, May 1 and 2, at which an interesting time was had. The next meeting will be held in a grove near Battle Creek, in August next.

The *Rational Citizen* gives a case of peculiar hardship in W. T., under the laws regulating the pre-emption of land. A young lady made a declaration in regard to a pre-emption claim. She afterward married, and continued to reside on the property and improve it; under her new name, she proved up and paid for the property, but could get no deed. The Land Office decides that although she has paid for the land, and fully complied with all the conditions, she cannot take title, because she is a married woman. A special Act of Congress is talked of for her relief.

The Harmonial Society in Steck Hall, New York City, managed by A. J. and Mary F. Davis, grows rapidly in size and usefulness. Hereafter, until the Summer vacation, services will be held both morning and evening—the latter to consist of short addresses by different speakers, with music alternated.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten remained in San Francisco through three Sundays of May: on her way East, she lectured in Salt Lake City May 23d, Madison, Nebraska, May 30, and begins her engagement in Cleveland June 6.

The Doctor's Bill was defeated in Iowa, but it required a good deal of hard work to do it.

S. B. Nichols, of Brooklyn, N. Y., gives an interesting account, in the *Religio-Philo. Journal*, of the materializing and other wonderful experiences of Capt. J. W. Dye, related at a recent meeting of Spiritualists, some of which are very remarkable, as attesting the power of Guardian Spirits to warn humanity of impending danger.

Wm. R. Tice and Thos. S. Tice, of Brooklyn, N. Y., offer to put up one thousand dollars to test the genuineness of the claims of Alfred James of Philadelphia as a Materializing Medium. Mr. James has recently received the endorsement of the veteran Spiritualist, Thos. R. Hazard.

The Vermont State Spiritualist Association will hold its Annual Convention at Plymouth, June 11th, 12th and 13th. All friends and the public generally are invited.

Lake Pleasant Camp-meeting next August promises to be one of the pleasantest and most interesting that has ever taken place. A large hotel has been built, which has fifty good-sized sleeping rooms, and which can seat five hundred in its spacious dining-room; the restaurant at the depot can accommodate three hundred at once: new cottages have been erected, and more land cleared up; tickets will be sold by the leading railroads at half rates. The formal Camp-meeting will begin August 8th and close August 29th. Prominent Mediums and speakers will be present in large numbers.

Free Thought, the new monthly magazine recently

started in Sydney, Australia, by E. Cyril Haviland, is very well written and gotten up, and will doubtless be successful. At any rate, it deserves it.

The *Banner* contains a letter from Florence Maryatt, of England, highly commending Mr. J. W. Fletcher as a Medium, and giving an account of several very satisfying tests of his and "Winona's" power.

Dr. J. M. Peebles gives in the *Banner* an account of a remarkable seance he attended at Astoria, N. Y., at the residence of Mr. Hatch, when the distinguished materializing Medium, Mrs. Hull, produced some wonderful manifestations; fifteen or more different persons being materialized, many of whom were recognized by persons present—no cabinet being used, and the room being comparatively light during the whole seance.

Mr. Thos. Gales Forster will occupy the platform of the First Society of Spiritualists of New York City with Mrs. Brigham for four Sundays, commencing May 23d—Mrs. Brigham speaking in the morning and Mr. Foster in the evening.

The Second Society of Spiritualists of New York City have engaged the services of Mrs. Nettle Pease Fox for the four Sundays of June, and the Society anticipate a rich treat.

Mr. W. J. Colville's lecture at the Boston Music Hall, Sunday evening, May 16th, in reply to Robert Ingersoll, was attended by a large and appreciative audience, and the lecture gave great satisfaction.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond and husband will sail for England June 5th, to spend a few months vacation in that country.

Miss Lizzie Doten has so far recovered her health that there are strong hopes she will soon be able to re-enter the lecture field.

The Spiritualists of Peabody, Mass., closed their meetings May 16th, which will be resumed in the Autumn. They have had a highly successful course of lectures for the past six months.

The Onset Bay Grove Association will hold a Basket Picnic June 17th, at which an opportunity will be given to inspect the grounds and engage lots or cottages for the ensuing camp-meeting, which will hold from July 15th to Aug. 18th.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

A MOTHER'S SONG.

BY ELLEN T. RUSSELL.

I'VE sent my boy to battle
Proudly, though sad;
I sit beside my lone hearth-stone
In sable clad.

But through the booming sounds of war
I only hear
A voice of clarion melody,
Divinely clear.

He rides to victory—not to death—
And laurels green
Shall crown the future of his years,
Now dimly seen.

The harmony of nations
Shall bless him yet,
For in his natal coronet
New stars were set.

And as his infant kisses
Brought in new life,
So shall the coming ages crown
A kingly life.

Now as his voice of welcome
I sorely miss,
And from my tear-wet pillow
The nightly kiss—

A purer light than morning
Is over me,
And chief among the radiant throng
My boy I see.

I FIND nonsense singularly refreshing.—
Talleyrand.

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

THROUGH DR. W. L. JACK, HAVERHILL, MS.

EMMA R. T. MILLIKEN.

I WOULD like this to reach my dear husband and children, as well as my relatives and friends who knew me and the incident to which I refer, that they may know that I have not forgotten them. Though the past may fade away, yet the Spirit and the senses still exist, and this enables me, dear Maff., to reach you and the dear children, through those avenues where I can best manifest myself to you, and the dear ones at home. I will come to you, as I have before, and will repeat my visits, from time to time, as it may be meet to you.

Oh, my darling children, it afforded me so much pleasure in spirit, to know that you so fully recognized mother when in the cabinet! And why shouldn't you, dear children? You knew me, and I knew you; and you, Maff., knew that it was no delusion, for I brought the same illuminating force that illuminated the bed-room in which I passed from earth to my Spirit-home, and you and the children were participants in that glorious scene which was there presented to your physical senses of seeing and feeling. I gave you the smile, dear husband, and the bright illumination of the room was the glorious presence made manifest by angels, who were waiting to bear my Spirit away from its bodily afflictions and imperfections. I told you I would smile, and I did; and the children saw and felt it.

And now I come to you from another sphere of usefulness and constant action, to aid you in your struggle in the coming future and the season by the beach. I know you have a great deal to contend with; but you have so much to encourage you now, after all; for I can now do more for you, and will prove it to you by way of utilizing my Spirit-power for your advantage and profit in earth-life. Continue your home-circle; gather the children around this family throne, and there let me come and be one of your number; for I am still with you, and not away.

And my two little darlings in the West will not forget mother. I am content there, and fear not; for they have seen the light, and have felt its warm, genial influence, and my angelic presence shall ever abide with them, and guide them in the same path that you and I have trod, that leads to a home of peace on the shores of the golden strand, by the side of God's infinite ocean of love, where we will again, as ever, be one united family.

Maffit, I have met Aaron, and he is so

happy and progressing. He sends love to his dear wife, with sweet remembrances, and says to her, "Be of good cheer; it will all come right. I am satisfied and glorified. I bear good wishes and love to all. I censure no one, and what was done was done for the best."

It makes me happy to know that I can commune with you through this avenue, and exceedingly happy at this time to say to you that the season will be a good one. Stay, I will help you. We will push it thro'. Do you know I was home a few days since, and saw you all, and it was I who partially succeeded in controlling? Now, dear Maff., I must go. I have tried to be as life-like as I possibly could in sending you this message; and I feel that you will know it is from your own angel Emma. Let the children read, and know it is from their mother, and that I love them all, and all my people too. Now I must haste and wing my Spirit other ways, but not until I leave you and the children a Spirit's greeting and love, and the fortitude which God giveth so freely to you all.

To my husband, M. F. Milliken, Pine Point, Me. From Emma S. T. Milliken. I wish this to go in the VOICE OF ANGELS, for my husband takes it.

THROUGH C. E. WINANS.

FROM W. P. S.

GOOD EVENING, SIR. This is a strange position for me; I don't realize who or what I am. And yet I know that I am a conscious being; I know that for some reason or other I was induced to come here, and I reckoned it was to talk. Let me study a little. I feel so excited, I don't understand about this. I am not dead, and I am dead too.

It was two years ago, I think somewhere in June, when this change took place with me. Passed away, that's it; and I am not dead. I don't understand why I am not recognized as an individual. I find I am more alive than ever before.

I am William P. Sharkey. You don't know me. Well, I passed away suddenly. I think it was fever. I had an attack of something. I don't know why I am so stupid. I can't remember much, or say what I want to. I've got relatives East; well, at Mount Holyoke and Canada East. I never had much idea of the Spiritual. I tell you, sir, it has increased amazingly. I wish I knew more about this here thing, as you call the coming back. What care I, whether you recognize me or not? I feel better for coming, and I have done my work, and when my kindred read this let-

ter, they will place me with the insane. I would really have thought so myself, if I had heard of this Spiritualism before passing away. I find now that this is a reality, and I am with my dear Spirit-friends. Oh, this beautiful world! I know not what to make of it; it is all gladness and sunshine in the Spirit-land; its self lies not far off from you. I am contented.

W. P. S.

WM. MONTGOMERY.

GOOD EVENING, sir. Stand back; I want to talk a little here. You are very ignorant, all of you. Ignorance pays such a tax that we can't imagine how anybody can afford to be such blockheads. If you would be cured of your ignorance, confess it. Ignorance and conceit are two of the worst qualities to combat. It is better to be poor than ignorant. It is dangerous to be ignorant where the earth-children in the lower planes have a chance to be enlightened, and the most interesting branches of physiognomy would be to study the different influences that come from the Summer-land to you.

Seek to know the truth; yea, all that doubt, understand the coming back of your Spirit-friends. Don't go to the Spirit-world ignorant and unenlightened of the great truth that is now before you. God has written upon the flower that sweetens the air, upon the breeze that rocks it on its stem, upon Nature, and mother earth; he has pencilled upon the mighty sun that warms and cheers the millions of creatures that live in his light;—upon all he has written, None liveth to himself; death is the great antagonist of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. But the fiat of Nature is inexorable; there is no appeal from the great law which dooms you to the dust.

I am glad that there are so many that are interested in the subject of Spiritualism, and I want this great truth known near and far.

Will, say that William is not forgotten. Your father is still trying to have you understand this coming back. May you continue to be frank and honest to the world and your Spirit-friends, and ever be found ready to accept truths from the Summer-land. Let your heart be opened, Will, and a thousand virtues will rush in, and then the Spiritual influences can come in rapport with you better.

I want you to be cheerful, and all things will turn out right. You know what you asked mentally; I will say yes; but don't be too anxious, or you might spoil all. Love to you and thanks to the Medium for letting me come. Your father,

WM. MONTGOMERY,
Fort Seneca, Seneca Co., Ohio.

THROUGH MRS. JENNINGS, VINELAND, N. J.
PINKIE.

PINKIE, the Indian maiden, comes to tell Densmore Chief to keep up good heart and not faint by the wayside; for there be a mighty host of Spirits bright helping you to carry on the great work you have in hand.

The trumpet is being sounded to help the human race out of superstition and error, which will be glad tidings of great joy. Tunie says that the May-flowers will clear the mist away, and when the Autumn leaves fall many glorious gifts which you have earned will give you peace and comfort, and carry you safely through the cold wintry blasts, until the birds begin to sing again.

Good Moon to you, from Pinkie, and happy greetings from many others.

[Selected.]

MRS. LOFTY AND I.

Mrs. LOFTY keeps a carriage;
So do I;
She has dapple grays to draw it;
None have I;
She's no prouder with her coachman
Than am I.
With my laughing, blue-eyed baby
Travelling by;
I hide his face, lest she should see
The cherub-boy and envy me.

Her fine husband has white fingers,
Mine has not;
He could give his bridle a palace,
Mine a cot;
He comes home beneath the starlight,
Ne'er cares she;
Mine comes in the purple twilight,
Kisses me,
And prays that He who turns life's sands
Will hold his loved ones in his hands.

Mrs. LOFTY has her jewels;
So have I;
She wears hers upon her bosom,
Inside I;
She will leave hers at death's portal,
By-and-bye;
I shall bear my treasures with me
When I die;
For I have love and she has gold;
She counts her wealth, mine can't be told.

She has those who love her station;
None have I;
But I've one true heart beside me—
Glad am I.
I'd not change it for a kingdom,
No, not I;
God will weigh us in his balance,
By-and-bye;
And then the difference He'll define
'Twixt Mrs. LOFTY's wealth and mine.
[Authorship claimed by several parties.]

SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS

GIVEN THROUGH H. G. WOOD, IN 1854.

SPIRIT-LAND.

MY DEAR ROBERT:—I am here to converse with you. I am happy, very happy, far more happy than I could be on earth. I am not sorry that I left your sphere at so early a day. Oh, no; for this is a far better and brighter land than yours. I have much to say to you, and when you are better prepared, I will.

MANERBA SCOTT.

RECEIVED THROUGH H. G. WOOD, WHILE I WAS AT HOME IN IND. NOT HAVING VISITED THE CIRCLE THAT NIGHT.

SPIRIT-LAND.

DEAR BROTHER:—I am not able to say much to you, for I cannot readily come to the Circle. You know that I hastened out of the world by my own hand. Yes, distracted by the troubles of earth, I could no longer bear them, and hence took what I deemed the easiest course to get out of it. This was wrong in me; but oh, I did hate the world, and I am not sorry I left it, although I am sorry I did not wait my natural exit. The suicide is placed in a position with the murderer here; for he does commit a murder.

I am much more happy than I could be on earth, but am not so happy as I should be had I waited my natural exit.

Oh, dear brother, I am glad to be able to come up here, and I hope to be able to come often, to talk to you. I have many things I want to say to you now, but I cannot do it with ease. I hope you will learn a lesson by my course of life, and do differently from what I did. Avoid the little evils which are so commonly committed by men, and do not suffer yourself to be misled by impulse.

I wish you to do as well as you can in your present life; for upon your present course rests your happiness here. Our life is not, as many suppose, perfectly happy; but we all have to suffer for the little sins that have been committed by us on earth.

Be happy, and as moral as you can. I shall be near you, and hope to watch your course. Do right, be right, and all will go right.

JOSEPH WEST.

THROUGH H. POWELL, OF MALONE, IN 1854.

SPIRIT-LAND.

DEAR BROTHER:—I am glad to add a word to what has been said by others of your friends, to encourage you in the path of duty. I wish you to look upon all mankind as a community of brothers, and see that all are treated by you as such. Do in all respects as you would be done by, and you will seldom do wrong. I wish to say much, but cannot now, but will some other time. From your sister.

MARY WEST.

THROUGH MRS C—.

DEAR ROBERT:—You of course know I passed over what mortals foolishly term "the river of death," and look upon with so much terror and dread. Look not upon it so, dear friend. It is from the so-called death that, after life's fiery trials, emanate all rest, and all which is beautiful in our quiet lives.

Oh, Robert, I conjure you to prepare

for this change, for in an hour when you think not, the Son of Father God cometh. Prepare to meet this change with joy, and not with fear. Many of your friends await your appearance here. I often want to talk to you, as I greatly fear your lack of strength, and fortitude to bear your trials. Be a man for a time. Your period of waiting will not be long. Prepare to meet me in that realm where all is joy and peace.

Your early loved and better blest.

MARY—you know the other.

MARCH 4, 1875.

FROM the blissful shores of the river of life, I am enabled to communicate with you, my dear son, and to tell you that I am happy would be to tell you what you must of a surety already know. Of one thing I can assure you. This is not the dreaded future which we were taught to look upon with so much fear. Rather is this a land of poesy and flowers, where pure thoughts flow from soul to soul, like the waters of the pure mountain springs, which feed the mighty ocean. You know the old hymn:

"There is a region lovelier far
Than sages tell or poets sing."

This is of a truth that region, and I am one of the happy participants. I want to say many things, but want of time bids me desist.

WM. WEST.

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