

to some extent his "brother's keeper," and responsible for his brother's faults, so far as he in performance of his duty would have had the power to prevent them.

Here follows another self-evident requirement of their own book: "Whatsoever ye would that men would do to you, do ye even so to them." Which of the so-called religious societies around you, Doctor, observe this their own rule, even among themselves? Let their constant backbiting, jarring and contention, even in their church relations, answer.

ROBERT HARE.

LANCASTER, Penn., Feb. 21, 1860.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

NOVEL CURE FOR BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

About twenty years ago, a daughter of mine—then about six years old—was given up to die by the family physician, who said the disease was incurable, and that it was never known to be cured, either in Europe or America. The physician, on giving the case up, told my wife to give the child anything she wanted, and to make her as comfortable as possible while she lived. The child constantly called for beans, so my wife cooked some as quickly as possible, not stopping to parboil them, as is usually done, but boiled beans, pork and potatoes together in the first water, and, when cooked, she gave them to the child to eat. The child then went to sleep and from that time began to improve. She is now the mother of two children. She is not troubled with the disease unless she takes a severe cold, and when that happens, she at once uses her old remedy, and it is always effectual.

The physician who attended her called a few days after the bean experiment, and was surprised to see the change in the child. He inquired what my wife had done for her, and, upon hearing, his surprise increased, and he requested an exact description of the manner in which the food was cooked. After considerable thought about the matter, he said that the only cause for such an effect was, perhaps, that the beans were cooked in the first water. The physician is now dead, or I would refer to him to verify the facts.—*Cor. New York Evening Post.*

HOUSEHOLD PERILS.

UNDER this head the Boston *Journal of Chemistry* names several dangerous substances which find their way into households. There are two or three volatile liquids used in families which are particularly dangerous, and must be employed, if at all, with special care. Benzine, ether, and strong ammonia constitute this class of agents. The two first named liquids are employed in cleansing gloves and other wearing apparel, and in removing oil stains from carpets, curtains, etc. The liquids are highly volatile, and flash into vapor so soon as the cork of the vial containing them is removed. Their vapors are very combustible, and will inflame at long distances from ignited candles or gas flames, and consequently they should never be used in the evening when the house is lighted. Explosions

of a very dangerous nature will occur if the vapor of these liquids is permitted to escape into a room in considerable quantity. In view of the great hazard of handling these liquids, cautious housekeepers will not allow them to be brought into their dwellings, and this course is commendable.

As regards ammonia, or water of ammonium, it is a very powerful agent, especially the strongest kinds sold by druggists. An incident in its use has recently come under our notice, in which a young lady lost her life from taking a few drops through mistake. Breathing the gas under certain circumstances causes serious harm to the lungs and membranes of the mouth and nose. It is an agent much used at the present time for cleansing purposes, and it is unobjectionable if proper care is used in its employment. The vials holding it should be kept apart from others containing medicines, etc., and rubber stoppers to the vials should be used.

Oxalic acid is considerably employed in families for cleaning brass and copper utensils. This substance is highly poisonous, and must be kept and used with great caution. In crystalline structure it closely resembles sulphate of magnesia or Epsom salts, and therefore frequent mistakes are made and lives lost. Every agent which goes into families among inexperienced persons should be kept in a safe place, and labeled properly and used with care.

NUTRIMENT IN FOOD.

The following table will be found generally useful, giving, as it does, the amount of nutriment contained in the ordinary articles of food: The first figures indicate the percentage of nutriment, and the second, the time of digestion. Apples (raw,) 10, 1 hour and 30 minutes; barley (boiled,) 92, 2 hours; beans, dry (boiled,) 87, 2 hours, 30 minutes; beef (roasted,) 26, 3 hours, 30 minutes; bread (baked,) 80, 3 hours, 30 minutes; cabbage (boiled,) 7, 4 hours, 30 minutes; carrots (boiled,) 10, 3 hours, 15 minutes; cherries (raw,) 25, 2 hours; chickens (fricasseed,) 27, 2 hours, 45 minutes; codfish (boiled,) 21, 2 hours; cucumbers (raw,) 2, 3 hours, 30 minutes; eggs (whipped,) 23, 1 hour, 30 minutes; flour, bolted (in bread,) 80, 3 hours, 30 minutes; flour, unbolted (in bread,) 85, 3 hours, 30 minutes; gooseberries (raw,) 19, 2 hours; grapes (raw,) 27, 2 hours, 30 minutes; haddock (boiled,) 18, 2 hours, 30 minutes; melons (raw,) 3, 2 hours; milk (raw,) 27, 2 hours, 15 minutes; mutton (roast,) 30, 3 hours, 15 minutes; oatmeal (baked,) 74, 3 hours, 30 minutes; oils (raw,) 96, 3 hours, 30 minutes; peas, dry (boiled,) 93, 3 hours, 30 minutes; peaches (raw,) 20, 2 hours; pears (raw,) 10, 3 hours, 30 minutes; plums (raw,) 29, 2 hours, 30 minutes; pork (roust,) 21, 5 hours, 15 minutes; potatoes (boiled,) 23, 2 hours, 30 minutes; rice (boiled,) 88, 1 hour; rye flour (baked,) 79, 3 hours, 30 minutes; soup, barley (boiled,) 20, 1 hour, 30 minutes; strawberries (raw,) 12, 2 hours; turnips (boiled,) 4, 3 hours, 50 minutes; veal (fried,) 25, 4 hours, 30 minutes; venison (broiled,) 22, 1 hour, 30 minutes; wheat bread (baked,) 80, 3 hours, 30 minutes.

TO TAKE OUT GREASE-SPOTS.—In removing grease spots from clothing with benzole or turpentine, the usual way is to wet the cloth with the detergent, and then to rub it with a wet sponge or the like. This only spreads the grease, and does not remove it. The proper method is given by the *Scientific American*: Place soft blotting paper beneath and on top of the grease-spot, after the latter has been thoroughly saturated with the benzole; then press well. The fat is thus dissolved and absorbed by the paper, and entirely removed from the clothing.

CURE FOR BITES OF MAD DOGS.—An aged forester, says the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*, has published the following in a Leipzig journal: "I do not wish to carry to my grave my much proved cure for the bites of mad dogs, but will publish the same as the last service which I can offer to the world: Wash the wound perfectly clean with wine vinegar and tepid water; then dry it. Afterward pour into the wound a few drops of muriatic acid, for mineral acids destroy the poison of the dog's saliva."

THE WHISPERS OF ANGELS.

• BY M. THERESA SHIRLHAMER.

WHEN the cares of day are pressing
On the aching, weary heart,
And there comes no gleam of comfort
To relieve the burning smart;
When the soul grows faint within us,
O'er the path our feet must go,
And we see not for the darkness
Veiling everything below;

Then a gentle, subtle whisper,
Stealing through the purple gloom,
Bends a ray of golden glory
Through our lonely, quiet room;
Tender voices in the twilight,
Coming from no lips we see,
Speak in loving, joyful accents
Of the life that's yet to be.

Whispering voices, full of sweetmorn
Caught from heavenly worlds above,
Murmur to our souls in prison.
Tidings of our Father's love,
Which enfolds each human spirit,
Howsooer worn and weak,
And they bid us find his mansions
And his holy kingdom seek.

When the heart is nearly broken
At the thought of loved ones lost—
They who reached death's rolling river
And in snowy shallows crossed;
Tiny faces full of sweetmorn,
Youthful forms roپle with grace,
And those weary, aged pilgrims,
Missed from their accustomed place;—

Oh, the tender recollections
Of those loved ones gone before,
Fill the soul with restless longing
To behold their forms once more!
Then the tender, loving voices
Of the angels whisper clear:
"All your dear ones have not left you,
But are close beside you here."

In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the time of human need,
When the soul becomes responsive
To the guides that heavenward lead,
Then the whispering tones of angels
Float upon the mortal ear,
And the souls of dear departed
Point us to the heavenly sphere.

LIE is not the chief good; but of all earthly ill the chief is guilt.—Schiller.

I FEAR God, and, next to God, I fear him who fears him not.—Saadi.

PSYCHOMETRIC DESCRIPTION OF THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM.

The following description, except some slight additions, was given by two psychometers, one of them a young boy, during examinations of specimens from Pompeii.

WILLIAM DENTON.

A dark cloud rises from Vesuvius in the shape of a column, to which every eye is turned; it towers to an immense height and spreads at the summit, till it resembles an Italian pine with its slender and straight trunk, surrounded at its upper extremity by a circular crown. It grows till it hides the sun, and a purple twilight settles over the devoted cities whose inhabitants pour out of their dim dwellings, to discover the meaning of this unnatural eclipse.

In the amphitheatre of Pompeii, thousands are watching the circus-like performances, when the place begins to grow strangely dark; fear beclouds every countenance, so lately beaming with joy, and soon the rushing multitudes are moving to the various avenues; but few ever saw their homes again.

Still spreads the great, dark cloud, pouring, foaming, as it now rolls down the mountain side in black waves that engulf the city, in which terrified crowds stand trembling at their doors, looking with dread upon the night of horror closing around them. Beggars and those who have nothing to leave are fleeing into the country.

Now ashes are falling, and the ground shakes and trembles as if it rested on a quaking bog; reeling houses and cracking walls send the remaining population into the streets. There is "hurrying to and fro," alarm in every face; many stand uncertain what to do; equal ruin to stay or go. Vessels are putting out to sea, while others are landing parties, who have been out for business or for pleasure, and who, in spite of danger, rush to find their friends or save their hoarded stores. Vehicles are being driven furiously to carry off treasures and save the feeble and sick; Roman ladies on foot, laden with jewels and other valuables, jostled by the surging crowd, are pushing along with the negro girls, who had waited upon them. Some stand for a moment, look back at the thick cloud rolling after them like a torrent, while others throw themselves down and beseech the gods to have mercy upon them, until they are swept along by the affrighted multitude.

The volcano now looks like an immense fire that alternately flashes up and sinks, while it still keeps pouring out dense clouds of steam, smoke and ashes, that roll over and spread far away to the east, and fast eclipse the remaining twilight.

Some that ran with the first outburst, return to secure their treasures; and thieves, by the light of torches, are ransacking deserted stores and the best private dwellings.

Now around Pompeii and Stabia a thick, stifling ashy cloud wraps all in more than midnight gloom; nothing is "heard but the shrieks of women, the screams of children and the

cries of men." A distracted multitude is pouring through the streets, bundles upon their backs, cushions and pillows upon their heads, while children cling to their garments as they seek for safety, they know not where.

The light of the mountain increases; it is now a fountain of fire, and cinders and red hot stones are driven to an immense height and then blown by a fearful wind directly over the cities, where they drop into the streets and the light cinders are swept along by the blast. Shock after shock proceeds from the mountain, with sounds following them louder than the loudest thunder, rolling underneath; with every shock comes the crash of falling buildings, and over all the lightning incessantly flashes.

Down come the cinders and stones, thick as snow-flakes in a storm, "a fire-shower of rain." The houses are on fire, and the light of their flames assists a belated multitude, who are wading along through the drifting ashes.

A stream of lava is now pouring down the mountain, a crooked fiery river; as it sweeps under the trees their tops take fire. On it goes, "glowing with the splendor of the sun," through orchards and vineyards; here a fiery cascade, pouring over precipices upon the houses beneath, and there a quiet stream, bearing other houses on its bosom.

Loud and louder are the explosions proceeding from the mountain, and more and more frequent; earthquake shocks follow each other more rapidly, and the ashes and stones fall in a heavier shower. They are now above the windows, and not a living thing is to be seen; the wind sweeps with fury, and the rain, caused by the condensation of vapors ascending from the crater, is falling in torrents, and mud streams are rolling down the mountain side.

Into the sea flows the lava torrent; it is even fiery red beneath the water; immense bubbles rise, and now the sea is boiling and clouds of steam condense in heavy showers. The ground sinks, and in rushes the sea in some places, while in others the land rises, the waters depart, and fishes are struggling on the slimy ground.

The city, except a few pinnacles, is buried from sight; but still the volcano bellows, the ground rocks, the sea roars, and ashes and stones continually fall. A sickly glare from the volcano enables us to see through the blackness of the terrible night the utter ruin and desolation that have taken the place of the beauty and activity of but a few hours ago.

—R. P. Journal.

IT was finely said by Socrates that the shortest and most direct road to popularity is "for a man to be the same that he wishes to be taken for." People are egregiously mistaken if they think they can ever attain to popularity by hypocrisy, by mere outside appearances, and by disguising not only their language but their looks. True popularity takes deep root, and spreads wide; but the false falls away like blossoms; for nothing that is false can be lasting.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

LOTTA A SPIRIT.

ONE evening, while in a reverie, this Spirit presented herself, as in a vision; but in a tangible form. Involuntarily I was led to an apartment having the appearance of a lady's boudoir, glowing with varied tints and suffused with a mellow light; curtains of heavy silk and lace were parted as from a canopy; a hand was extended, and a musical voice invited me to enter; when I saw before me the form of a beautiful girl, robed in fleecy white, her hair dark and silken, clustering in curls, looped back from her forehead with bows of bright ribbon and delicate blossoms; her features were regular and pleasing, and her expression radiant. "This," she said, "is my earth-home, which I have come to visit; and there is my mother, still in the form." A cultured looking lady of middle-age, attired in mourning, to whom she introduced me. "Know," said she, "that I shall visit certain localities and places in a materialized form, where I shall be known and recognized. For the present I shall call myself Lotta a Spirit."

I was impressed that she was an artist and musician of no ordinary ability, and that she had been the idolized child of wealthy parents. The atmosphere was sweet with the odor of flowers, and in the hazy light I discerned floating objects, which seemed to evolve into definite shape; one in particular in the garb of a bishop strongly marked, the features clearly defined stood out from the dark background in a silvery mist of hair and beard, as one by one there seemed to cluster like a constellation of stars the forms of Herschel, Beethoven and Mozart, enwrapt in cloud-like vapor: as Lotta touching the chords of a harp sung the following simple but pathetic ballad, in a voice of exquisite melody:

How peaceful are the glades I ram,
How sweet is my celestial home;
Oh, listen to my simple strain,
While I my conscious thought retain.

I touch again the chords today
On which my fingers used to stray,
And though my mortal lips are mute,
My soul entranced vibrates the lute.

The flowers shed their sweet perfume,
And love leads onward through the gloom,
To call me in the twilight hour
To this enchanted earthly bower.

Oh, here is the attractive sweet,
Here kindred souls together meet;
The law of love is made divine,
To weave my soul-thought into rhyme.

Oh, here in this delightful place
The pictures of the loved I trace,
The lustre of the brighter day,
As earthly treasures fade away.

Farewell, sweet home, I leave thee now,
But sweet unto my soul art thou;
Though from thy portals I depart,
My love will be where'er thou art.

In connection with other phenomena given through the Spirit Lotta, I have received some beautiful tests. I remember one evening, while in my peculiar psychic condition, my mind was greatly exercised with the thought of death, and of Materialism and Spiritualism in theory; when I cried unto the Spirit for light, and there was light: for while I wandered in the fading twilight, I observed an instrument, as if formed of the very atoms about me; it was of exquisite workmanship and of the finest design. I was told to examine it, which I did. "What," said a voice, would that be without vibration? That, then, is as the body, this the soul": when I heard a note so deep, so full, and so acute, that it seemed as if the sound would never, never cease.

SUSAN GOODHUE WAGNER.

Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind;
Whose soul proud Solonoe never taught to stray
Far as the Solar Walk or Milky Way;
Yet God to be his home has given,
Behind the cloud-topped hills, a glorious heaven,
Where slaves once more their true natures behold,
Nor bonds torment, nor Christians thirst for gold.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

STRAWS.

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

THE world seems to be full of Spiritual dyspepsies, and I suppose over-doses of theological sulphur and saltpetre have made them so. Now our Spiritualism may revive them to a material taste for nourishing food, which must be well masticated and digested to make them healthy and competent to do the duties of this life, which are working duties in all places, whether heaven or earth. Too much milk and porridge, too much sugar and sweet, will bring on a worse evil than that you work to cure. We have nothing to do with angels in reality, as superior beings; but we forget we are proving a common humanity to men and women, by the out-growth and activities of the normal power of human life. Brought to the market of the Spirit-world for ventures, they exchange gifts with us, buy of us, we of them. So we may look to see that they have carried some results from this life of earth therewith them; and as they once looked for the authorities of Spirit to control them in the earth-life, so would they be gods in turn, to have their will and work unquestioned. They may report to us from that life in this guise; for men and some women have weakness for place and influence. Some would rather soothe us with their songs, than arouse us to the stern realities of a moving, growing force in life; would

rather, as teachers, keep in the beaten track; can be better seen and felt, perhaps, and their Mediums be more cordially received, when compilers of Christian law and gospel, rather than free advocates of heathen philosophy. But the spirit is from all.

I think the dyspepsia is rather universal; and if hell has made us so, by the law of like cures like, then a hair from the dog that bit us only can cure us; so we must take some hell for our portion to march on with the law of unfoldment.

If you want a live paper, suited to real Spiritual needs, remember a Spirit is made up of feeling, manifested in all sentiments, of intellect, known in appreciation of all fact or truth, of appropriation, seen in results of intuition or of inspiration. No difference is man here, or fifty miles from here, on the confines of another zone about the earth, or in the road to the milky way. So feed the Spirit here with bread and beef, corn and cabbage, sugar and salt; not peppermint drops and honey. If our railroads and steamships are built by men who eat well, and sleep well, on hard bread and beef, the men who build a Spirit-world for us, a Humboldt and a Franklin, eat as common working mortals—no sighing for downy beds of ease, no crying for places of rest.

Half of the believers in Spirit-intercourse today, do not know that Spirits as individuals will talk on all subjects as they approach earthly minds to impress them; must work in the sphere of their own individuality. A few weeks ago, we met a gentleman in an evening meeting, a confirmed Spiritualist, has been for years, has listened to many lectures, to trance speakers, (one lady speaker from Titusville, Pa., many times,) who in the course of conversation remarked he did not believe any Spirit could speak on the "financial question." If a Paine, a Lincoln, a Bacon speak, why not on such questions as were the offspring of their souls here? What can they tell us, better than to show our ignorance to us of the foundation plane of our existence? We are civil, social, and worshipful beings; particularly the latter; so we hang to the worship of idols, with the rest of the world, and the rest of mankind.

In the Spirit-world, we eschew politics, which cover all questions of governmental policy; for we do not want to hang fire with our party, (we are glad we are no voter, have no party, being a woman.) We do not believe, if we have been church people, that Spirits interfere with good Christian morality. We want to convert the church, forget the best convert is self

to truth, for daily use in speech and practice. If we are advocates of the governmental, scientific, allopathic system of medicine, we do not believe in the humbuggery of magnetism, of Indian medicines, motion cures, etc. We believe in science. Spirits do not controvert established sciences. In fact, wise committees have been appointed, and decreed by a ponderous "resolution," that we as Spiritualists do not believe in any Spirit-manifestations contrary to natural law; just what the whole world has said, and the rest of mankind; and therefore physical manifestations are humbugs. But the raps are with us; the law of their accomplishment is not understood, but they are. They call to us, and we answer to them. Their accomplishments have ever occurred, all down the centuries. They have sounded, as pebbles dropped in the passing currents of human events. They are known by their being facts, calling to us, from the children of the Fox family. We are called to their accomplishments among the children of all families. A Hare, a Mapes, and kindred minds, have been wakened to immortal light by their sounds; but no law of their accomplishment is known. They are known. They call us to question not only their origin, but the origin of similar facts, facts from the same family, of law, of intelligence, of immortality—intelligence manifested in love and hate, in wisdom and folly. The intelligence of man conveyed to man's abodes by death flows in upon us, with ever-increasing demands. We do not know anything about the full accomplishment of any law; we only know facts. Man exists—cause unknown.

A would-be wise Denton tells us today that the imperfect scientific knowledge conveyed by the Controlling Intelligences of Mrs. Richmond is killing Spiritualism; while the fact is, just such matter, given by Mrs. Richmond from childhood, has made up its part of the science of Spiritualism, has forced millions to investigate the law of Spirit-control, to prove a power outside of the normal earthly; and this power behind the throne will keep controlling Mrs. Richmond, and a host of others, in like manner, to confound the wisdom of the folly of generations of Dentons. Having swallowed the attainments of past schools of geology, he rests upon their base; while the live authors of what he has borrowed walk on to correct their own mistakes, as wise men should.

Science in any given direction is but an aggregation of fact. So we find the true scientist rearranging his conclusions from additions of facts. He does not make a

finality of his attainments in any direction; but his imitator does. Exact science is as true as mathematics, we are willing to allow; but it is also as limitless. So our commands are to be wise as serpents and as harmless as doves.

As we stated in the front of this article, mortals had given ghosts too much authority and power. The work of Spiritualists is to prove their godship gone, but that they still live. The ghosts of authority and the gods of miracle have passed away from our sight, if we are just to the manifestations of the present. So let us abide the judgment.

In the cultivation of our Medium power, we sharpen, define, and perfect our individuality. It is the culture of powers which are normal. We lose no self in it, but find self.

The blooms of Spiritualism are beautiful adornments for the homes of earth-life. The gifts of loving care, which our Spirit-friends have ready for our times of need, hold us to cherishing thoughts of their kindness and devotion. So the loving guardians are not lost, even if gods are gone; but again wise teachers are left, and we would stand side by side with them, our aspirations holding them by the law of supply to give us freely. This philosophy completes life here with the fulfilling of the law of inspiration; and as truth seems to have a property in common with water, is shaped by the vessel which holds it, founts of truth in humanity are of every form. So we must meet and give equal rights to all for appropriation for the diffusion.

Yours, for light,

HANNAH T. STEARNS.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

SWIFT RIVER, Mass., Dec. 30, 1879.

BRO. DENSMORE:—Permit me once again to express my grateful, heartfelt acknowledgments to you for the joyous feelings your little paper brought me last night. The VOICE OF ANGELS for Jan. 1st contained a communication through M. T. Shelhamer from my daughter, Lucy Alcott, to me, and was given at your Circle of Dec. 7th, 1879.

This communication is the fourth that has appeared in your paper from my daughter, since she passed into the Higher Life, each one good. But this last is the best of all; it reveals an intimate knowledge of my troubles and perplexities, and also of my sentiments and feelings in relation to the Spiritual Philosophy.

But what pleases and satisfies us most at this time is the message she sends from her grandmother to Lottie, the pet name I have always given to my wife, (Lucy's mother.) Certain I am that neither Bro. Densmore nor Miss Shel-

hamer know anything about my troubles nor my wife's name, or whether I had a wife or not, nor yet if Lucy's grandmother was in the Spirit-land.

Yet it is all correct and true—no possible mistake about it. God and the angels bless you abundantly

WILLIAM ALCOTT.

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

SPIRIT VIOLET.

(Respectfully inscribed to Mr. and Mrs. JOSEPH KINSEY,
Cincinnati, Ohio.)

BY M. T. SHELHAMER.

ONCE on earth there dwelt a maiden,
Fairer than the flowers of May;
All her soul with glory laden,
Scattered brightness on her way.
She was filled with heavenly grace,
Gentle as a little child,
And a light from higher places
Shone around her when she smiled.

For her love so pure and tender
Fell on everything below,
And revealed now depths of splendor
In the midst of pain and woe;
And her soul, divinely human,
Thrilled with sympathy sublime
For each suffering man and woman
Toiling on the track of Time.

Round about her spread a sweetnes
Caught from valley, wood and field,
For she felt life's rich completeness
Which the works of Nature yield,
And she loved to roam the forest,
Where the laughing waters play,
And to listen to the songbirds
Making music all the day.

Now she walks the hills of glory
And the heavenly fields of peace,
Whose from mortal pain and sorrow
Every spirit finds release.
But her sweetest recollection
Dwells on those who linger here,
Who with fondest soul affection
Bless her in her heavenly sphere.

From the fields of light and glory
She returns with words of love,
To repeat some little story
Of the Promised Land above;
She returns with holy blessing
For each human, bond or free,
Who in countless ways are pressing
To a higher destiny.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

MUSIC.

BY VIRGINIA L.

Music!—Yes there's music in the air,
Floating all around, above us, in a thousand varied forms,
Fresh and fair;
Hear the gentle music of the tiny rill, as it glides o'er the
Singing trills; (pabbles)
Dancing, sporting, bounding, as it seeks a larger fountain,
And the music of the breezes sweet and plaintive fans the air
As it sweeps above the mountain or stoops to kiss the fountain
Cooling air.

Yes, all around, above us, merry songsters pretty songsters
Warble their pure notes, sweet and rare,
As if inspiration's songs lingered theret
Oh, the music rich and rare, as it floats upon the air
And pierceth our being with a song of joyous meaning
As we catch the heavenly echo through the air!

Oh, the music of the air, could we hear the angels' serenade
As they come, bringing notes of hope and joy to the souls
Oppressed with care,
Needling sympathy and love, as they rest in life's alcove,
Watching, waiting, praying, oft alone
For the music songs of cheer, and greetings, loud, clear,
From the friends beloved, revered, will they come
In the air,
Bringing music rich and rare to our homes?

May our eyes be open to see, our ears unsealed to hear
The rustle of their robes in the air, when they come!

Then we'll joyous anthems raise to the author of our days—
Blessed ones!
And the music of the spheres will greet our listening ears
In our homes.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE LOVER'S TOKEN.

BY SARAH E. PALMER MACKLEY.

In the tender twilight gloaming,
Sad and lone, a lonely maidon
Wandered wanly, heavy laden,
Through the grand old forest roaming,
Where the green leaves softly whispered,
Tenderly together whispered
Of her sadness,
And the birds made tender hushes
Through the sweet triumphant gushes
Of their gladness.

Worn with sorrow and ropining
For the love so lately vanished,
For the bright dream rudely banished,
Seeing not the silver lining
Through the dark cloud softly shining,
Still the maidon
Wandered onward through the greenwood,
Through the dim aisles of the greenwood,
Heavy laden.

Never heeding though the breezes
With a thousand soft caresses
Touched her brow and falling tresses,
Kissed her burning brow and cheek—
Though the nodding ferns swung lightly,
And the cool waves dimpled brightly,
Mutely wooing her to seek
Balm and comfort for her sadness
In the tender, trustful gladness
That all nature seemed to speak.

Worn at last with useless straying,
By the river's mossy bank
On the emerald turf she sank,
Linden boughs above her swaying;
Sank and watched the moonlight quiver
Softly on the flowing river,
Idly pondering
Of the quiet, peaceful dreaming
Underneath their joyous gleaming—
Rest from wandering,
Rest from sorrow and from crying
Underneath the waters lying!

Musing thus beside the river,
Suddenly the scene was banished,
Woodland, rock and river vanished;
With a sudden start and shiver,
Quick she raised her wondering glances,
Raised her startled, wondering glances,
Welcome beamings;
Looked and cried in accents lowly:
"Oh, thou soul of life most holy,
Am I dreaming?"

"Or has heaven vouchsafed a vision
To a maiden broken-hearted
Of the lost, the loved departed
From its far-off fields elysian?
Vision of my loved one, answer!
To my inmost soul give answer,
And a token;
In that land beyond the river
Hold the ties of life forever
Still unbroken?"

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

WHEATLAND, Colorado, Jan. 8, 1880.

MR. D. C. DENSMORE:—Dear Brother,—Please find enclosed a money order for \$1.65, for the VOICE OF ANGELS the coming year, commencing I think Feb. 15th—for I cannot afford to be without it.

I will add that the message from my Spirit-child, little Harry Woodward, through M. T. Shelhamer, in the VOICE of Jan. 1st, was gladly received, and I return thanks to the Spirit and Medium, and also to the publisher, and ask for more.

Yours, truly,
MRS. H. A. WOODWARD.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

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EDITORIAL.

At the end of a business letter, a subscriber, in speaking of immortality, says: "I was brought up and educated under the yes of the Methodist church, and for twenty-five years conformed to all of its religious rites and ceremonies, with but one intent, and that was, to find out for a dead certainty whether man existed as a sentient, intelligent being, after shuffling off the mortal coil. Failing to find its solution in the church, and when about giving up further attempts, the thought occurred to me that may-be you could give me some light upon the mystic riddle. Now, sir, if it is not asking too much, I wish you would help me out of this to me mysterious mystery, if you can, either privately or through your interesting little paper, a few copies of which I have had the pleasure of perusing."

Now, although we have given our views upon the mooted question many times before in this paper, yet, with a vague hope of benefitting our inquirer, even at the expense of repetition, we will go over the ground again; notwithstanding we confess at the start our inability to absolutely prove the origin of the human soul, for the reason that, as we are finite, and, as the finite can never understand and comprehend the Infinite, hence all that we, or in fact anybody else, may say about it, must necessarily be based entirely upon assumed evidence—a proof of which consists in the fact that it is almost universally conceded that the human soul is a scintillation from, and a part of Deity; and upon this assumption—for it is nothing else—the whole theory of salvation is founded. Although we believe this, yet, if called upon for the proof, we could not give it, for the above reasons. Hence, it is obvious that all attempts to prove that the soul originated from a source of which we know positively nothing, are at best presumptive speculations. We may say we believe this or that, and although it may be true in the main, yet if we cannot back it up with unanswerable evidence, it amounts to nothing, in a strictly scientific sense. Now, although we cannot produce that evidence, nevertheless, as it is the best and most reasonable theory available, we will base our remarks upon it; and with this as a base of operation, in connection with other provable things we shall produce in con-

nexion therewith, we hope to make it partially clear, at least, to the thinking mind, that there is an unseen power, called the soul, and that this power is the active, moving principle in all human bodies. Not only do we hope to prove this, but also prove beyond all doubt, that this power or soul is the *only thing* in all the realms of animated nature that contains a spark of intelligence, wisdom, or power.

But, in order to answer our friends question intelligently, namely, "Does man continue to exist as a sentient, intelligent being, after 'shaking off' the mortal coil?" it becomes necessary, in the first place, to inquire what he means by the term "man"? That settled, the problem is easily solved. If he means by the term the physical body, he is at fault; as we shall be able to prove, by unquestionable evidence, that the material body is *not* the man, in any sense of that term; it being, as we shall show, only a temporary tenement for the man or soul to dwell in. To prove the latter statement true, it is only necessary to contemplate the body of a strong, healthy man, in the full prime and vigor of mature manhood, accidentally deprived of life, in a moment of time, and the problem as to whether the physical body is the *real man* or not is solved; for it will at once be self evident to all viewing it, that the now inanimate form, usually called the man, was a few moments since in good healthy condition, and actively engaged in his business pursuits; but is now merely an inert, inanimate mass of flesh, bones and muscles; and although it looks like the same, weighs the same, and to all intents and purposes is the same body, as far as its physical make-up is concerned, yet it is entirely oblivious to all sense of either pleasure or pain, deprived of all its reasoning powers and intelligence, utterly unable to think, move a muscle, or recognize what is going on around it. To make the evidence as to its insensibility to pain still stronger, it is only necessary to state that the body may be cut into minute particles, and not the slightest movement of a muscle or quiver of a nerve is perceptible; whereas, a moment before death ensued, a needle, piercing the cuticle or skin, would have caused a shiver of pain throughout the entire body.

These facts—for they are facts, which none will question—simple as they are, convince us that the physical body, as declared heretofore, was not the man, in the sense it is usually called, it being no more than a house or tenement for the real, although unseen man to dwell in. It also convinces us that some occult, unseen power—call it what we may—has discon-

nected itself from the inanimate form. What this power actually is, or from whence it emanated, are questions wrapt in impenetrable mystery to mortal comprehension. That there is such a power, and that it animates alike all living forms throughout universal nature, none will deny; neither will it be denied that in this unseen, incomprehensible something, called the soul, rests *all knowledge, all intelligence, wisdom and power*, as exhibited throughout the vast realms of animal life.

Whether this is conceded as true or not, one thing, we repeat, is positively certain, namely, that the senseless body we are now contemplating is sufficient proof that there is not a spark of intelligence, or the slightest power to act, in *any* physical body, whether reptile, animal or man, when this mysterious something is absent. If this is admitted true, then it follows that this intelligent, unseen something, that manipulates the human form at will, *must be the real man*, instead of the body it controls; and, as it is assumed by everybody, that this unseen man or soul originated from an immortal source, it must necessarily be immortal also.

Then, again, if it is admitted that this unseen something is actually the power that does all acts, good, bad and indifferent, then, when it is said—as it generally is—of some friend who has lapsed from virtue: "Poor fellow, I pity him; he is not so much to blame, for his spirit was willing to do better, but the *flesh* was weak"—thus inferring that the latter prevented the former from committing the act—it is a great and monstrous error; for, as proved above, the physical body, or, as it is called, *flesh*—in the above case—is in itself a mere machine, and has nothing whatever to say or do in anything said or done through the body; but, like a machine, when in good running order, obeys implicitly the behests of its owner, master and king, hidden from mortal eyes within the machine it runs and controls, namely, the physical body. Hence, we again reiterate that, as it has been proved the body in itself is absolutely powerless to perform the slightest act, either in word or deed, it must be obvious to the most obtuse observer that this unseen something that controls the physical structure is alone responsible for all acts performed through that structure, whether good or bad. This being true—and we don't see how it can well be refuted—then it follows, as a logical sequence, that there is nothing in the universe of God but this unseen, incomprehensible power we call *the man*, that can withstand and defy the ravages of time, much less the

excessive heat of that sulphurous region bearing the *sobriquet* "hell," where "the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched."

If, therefore, anybody or thing should by chance enter it, and successfully withstand its terrible heat, it must be this fractional part of Deity called the human soul, for the simple reason that there is nothing else in heaven or earth that could live a single moment in that boiling, bubbling mass of liquid brimstone.

In the above brief and imperfect deductions, we have clearly shown what the *real man* is, and, as far as our limited knowledge goes, the source from whence it emanated; also showing that while the longevity of the former is from "everlasting to everlasting," as generally admitted, the latter, (the physical body) in contradistinction to the former, after performing its allotted part in the programme of passing events, returns to its original elements.

As we have extended our remarks longer than we intended at the outset, we would leave the subject right here; but to induce our inquirer to push his investigations still further, we will relate an incident which we hope may benefit him, that came under our own observation, wherein it was shown beyond a peradventure that Spirits *do* commune with mortals, whenever and wherever conditions are favorable; thus again proving that man, in its true sense, *is* a sentient, intelligent being after leaving its earthly body. The incident referred to is as follows: A talented, highly educated, and wealthy German baron with his family had been travelling in the United States for a couple of years, partly on account of his wife's health, and partly to solve the great problem of immortality, which he hoped to be true, but very much doubted. It was while waiting in Boston for a steamer to take him and his family home, that Mr. D. K. Minor and self made his acquaintance; and hearing Spiritualism talked over a good deal among the guests at the hotel, and being a great talker himself, he availed himself of the opportunity of saying all sorts of things about it, calling it "the most brazen, barefaced humbug that ever disgraced the historic page; and as for Mediums," said he, "they would disgrace the lowest and vilest denizens of pandemonium with their polluted presence; for at best, as far as my experience goes—and that, I grieve to say, has been extensive—they are as a whole a pack of thieves and robbers."

However, seeing he was perfectly hon-

est, notwithstanding his undualified denunciations of Mediums, Mr. Minor took an unusual interest in him, and after much persuasion, prevailed upon him to visit another Medium.

Leaving out details, Mr. Minor took him to a Medium in Harvard Place. After sitting a few moments—the Medium in the meantime occupying herself in sewing—she grasped a pencil, and pushing the paper over towards the aspirant for Spiritual knowledge the length of her arms, she rapidly wrote a message in pure German, purporting to come from his mother, who had been in Spirit-life many years, signing her full name and giving her place of residence before she passed from earth.

After scanning it a few moments, the gentleman pushed the paper towards the Medium, with the ejaculation, "Bosh!" No sooner than he said this, she again grasped the pencil, and wrote the same message in French, as he afterwards stated, and pushed it towards him.

This was a poser; for here was the same message written word for word in two different dialects, both of which were Greek to all but him. After carefully comparing the two messages, he pushed them towards her, with the modest request, "I wish you would translate them," pretending he did not understand their import.

Instantly grasping the pencil, she rapidly wrote something else, which he subsequently told us was the same message in Latin. This confounded him; but having been "fooled," as he termed it, so many times by Mediums, he was determined not to be cheated again. So, after comparing the three with each other, he pushed one of them over to the Medium, asking, "Please translate into English."

For the fourth time, pushing the paper over towards him the whole length of her arms, the Medium wrote something in English, which proved to be a true rendering of the message in Anglo-Saxon. This he also compared word for word with the others, and found not a single mistake.

Taking into account that the Medium wrote all four messages very rapidly, at arm's length, and right side up for him to read as she wrote, and of course bottom side up to her, coupled with the fact that from all appearances she was incapable of writing anything but English, and that imperfectly, he owned up and acknowledged he was convinced; and after quoting Hamlet's observation to Horatio, after seeing his father's ghost, that "there are

more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy," returned to his hotel.

Upon arriving there and telling his wife what had happened and how he had obtained the evidence of immortality, she quietly observed, "I fear you have been again imposed upon," concluding with, "I would like to see the lady alone;" to which he said, "Get ready this moment, and I will escort you to the door and retire, while you are consulting the Medium." She did so; and leaving out many interesting details connected with her visit, suffice it to say, she obtained precisely the same evidence and in the same way her husband did; and amid tears of gratitude welling up from the deep recesses of her soul, she left, but was so overwhelmed with joy at what she had seen and heard, that she could say nothing all the way to the hotel but "It is true, it is true, after all!"

The upshot of it all was, that after consulting other Mediums, with the same happy result, they became more and more certain of the fact that "If a man die, he will live again;" and purchasing all the books upon the subject they could find, sailed for their home in "fatherland," where they arrived safely, and lost no time—as he wrote Mr. Minor—in spreading the joyous news of man's immortality among their relatives and friends.

To sum it all up in a nutshell, here was an intelligent and highly educated man; although he could neither see the communicating Spirits nor hear them speak, yet he willingly took for granted what convinced his understanding and judgment of the communion of Spirits with mortals, entirely upon the testimony of second parties. Hence, as far as his own physical senses were concerned, he was no wiser after than before he commenced his investigations.

To show our doubting skeptic that there exists many cases, wherein common sense and reason are not only safe guides in solving important problems, but in many instances the *only way* to solve them, we will leave Spiritual matters out of the question altogether, and see how far his assumption will stand the test in purely mundane matters.

To illustrate: Suppose a friend of yours should visit a foreign city, and he should inform you by letter that he had made the acquaintance of a merchant in said city, who, after ascertaining your line of trade, expressed a desire to exchange products with you, and which your friend thought would result to your profit. At

first, you might object to favoring the foreigner with your confidence: but after due reflection, and receiving more favorable testimony as to his probity and honor, you straightway open a business account with him and continue it for years, which, as anticipated, results favorably to both. Now, notwithstanding your long and successful business connection, the actual existence of neither has been positively demonstrated to the outward senses of the other, as the whole business was brought about by second parties; just as the German referred to had been convinced of immortality entirely through second parties; and which, not unlike your successful business trade with the foreigner, culminated in much pleasure and unalloyed happiness to him and his Spirit-friends.

Hoping the above imperfect analysis of a subject that never can be fully solved in all of its length and breadth—for reasons given herein—may prove somewhat beneficial to our anxious friend, we leave it for his more mature reflections.

MAGNETIZED PAPER—John S. Scoven, of Kokomo, Ind., sends us some magnetized paper, which, tested in our own case of severe sore-throat, proved very efficacious. Mr. Scoven says he has applied it in a few cases, and from all appearances it had much healing virtue; and he wishes to give it a fair trial. And for that purpose only, he will send a sheet of it to any afflicted brother or sister, for two three-cent stamps. Try it, invalids, and test its virtue.

Pub. *Voice of Angels.*

On account of the pressure upon our columns, we are compelled to leave "Brief Items" out of this number. Several excellent articles are also deferred.

SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE,
JANUARY, 4TH, 1880.

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELBAMER.

EVOCATION. BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

OH, thou Infinite Presence, that pervadest the universe! At the commencement of another year, we are gathered here, and we offer to Thee our homage and adoration for all that Thou hast been to humanity. We are reminded by the past of thy fatherly kindness and loving care; we thank Thee for the blessings conferred upon us individually and collectively; we thank Thee for the lessons Thou hast taught us in the name of Truth; we bless Thee that we have been permitted to meet with angels, who mingle with us in our songs of praise to Thee.

We thank Thee, that with this consciousness in our spirits, we feel tonight to

sing as we have never sung before our songs of triumph and of confidence in thy ministering Spirits this coming year. We praise Thee for the work mapped out before each one, and for the spirit of willingness that is manifested to sow the seed, that by-and-bye an abundant spiritual harvest may be reaped by humanity.

We ask for strength to do thy will, for wisdom to work aright in whatsoever we may find to do; to this end, bless every instrumentality throughout the world for the dissemination of truth, for dispelling the darkness of error from the human mind.

Bless, oh, Parent of Life, this Medium; prepare her material for the great work in which she is engaged, the duties assigned to her; may she feel its responsibilities and its importance, and the blessing that it is to become a co-worker with God, eternity and the angels!

MARY F. REILLY.

I DON'T know what to do. [Do you not wish to send a letter to your friends?] Yes, sir, to my mother and father; they live in Boston. I was twenty-two years old. I want them to know I can come back and see them. Tell mother not to feel bad; I am happy here, and I don't want to be back in the body again. When I died, I hardly knew what I should find. I loved life; but this is such a sweet world where I am, I am contented now. I don't think it is very long since I went, but it seems long to my mother, and I want to tell her I am happy, and I come to her to give her rest.

Grandmother says, "Tell Kate not to fret for those who are gone; they are happy and well off, and some time she will be with them."

My name is Mary F. Reilly. I want to send my love to every one. I remember all my friends. My father's name is Philip Reilly. He belongs to Boston. I hope they will all believe this is me, and be glad I came.

WILLIAM MOORE.

I WOULD like to send out a few thoughts, sir, to those who read your paper. I have been trying for months to come. I want to say to those of my family remaining, I know all you are doing, and am glad. We are working for you; we are daily gathering more power and strength; for we wish to make your little circle a glorious one for the manifestation of the Spirit. One of you can speak acceptably for the Spirits. You will remain passive, and follow your impressions; another will develop in clairvoyance. We co-operate with you in the work; for we wish to demon-

strate to each one in doubt the power of the Spirit to return to mortals. Already we see a change in the sentiments of some members of the circle concerning these things. Great good is being accomplished.

Jane and Lizzie are constantly at work, trying to spiritualize and develope you. We are all at work. Go on, and good results will follow. The years are swiftly passing; soon one more powerful Spirit will be added to our band from your midst—one who will have power to return and manifest. Fear not, for the Death Angel is a friend, who opens wide for every soul the gates of eternal life. This is but a beginning. I come to make way for other messages, and to gain strength in the future for more work.

My name is William Moore, sir; I have a host of relatives on both sides the grave; from one I bring blessings and encouragement and love to the other.

To Henry Moore, Artemesia, Canada.

LIZZIE ATKINSON.

I WANT to come; oh, I want to come, to say I didn't drown myself; it was purely an accident. I fell into the water; I surely did. Please tell my friends so; tell my brother; he is in Boston somewhere. I don't know whether this is a good place or not; I haven't been gone long enough to see. I am so anxious to have my friends know I couldn't help it. But I suppose it's best for every one, after it's well over. It seems pleasant here; I think I shall be happy.

[What is your name?] Lizzie Atkinson. I come from Portland, Maine. I don't feel like myself; but a lady tells me it will be all right soon.

WILLIAM FISHER.

RECORD my name as William Fisher, sir, from the city of Philadelphia. Should my friends see this, I shall be glad to have them know I remember them with love. I suppose it is some time since I passed out, because I have been engaged in many different ways since then, in searching into the law^e of existence, and in participating in events which on the mortal plane would occupy much time. I have become deeply interested in this Spiritual Philosophy and its promulgation among men, and being naturally endowed with considerable force and energy, I enter into it with all my heart and soul. I go about here and there seeking to draw others into investigating this truth for themselves, and in Philadelphia I have found one whose mental capacity assimilates so well with mine, that I can use him as an instrument for my work very considerably at times, especially in

the public meetings ; and I think it will interest him to know, that he is assisting a congenial Spirit to perform that work which is necessary for him to do, in order to complete his earthly experience. The gentleman's name is Joseph Wood ; so I have heard him called. We in Spirit pay little attention to external names. I am shown here by a little angel of light, who guides him. Thanks, sir.

NELLIE PRESBEY.

I WANTS to come. [Come right along.] I has some hooful flowers. I wants a man to write me a letter, an' fill it with love and flowers from me. [Where did you live, dear?] In Hyde Park ; a lady bringed me to sen' home my love wif the flowers. I was free years old. [What is your papa's name?] Papa. [Is that all?] Papa Presbey ; I'm Nellie. I dess it's a good while since I went away. I love everybody, and tell 'em I'se in a hooful place, where the flowers grow. I'se don't feel bad no more ; I be all well.

The Spirit who brought this child says the message should be sent to Mr. S. Presbey, Hyde Park, Mass.

MESSAGES GIVEN JANUARY 11TH, 1880.

EUNICE CLAPP.

I WANT to send a word to friends in Braintree, sir. Tell them I come round and watch them every day. I'm young and spry now, and I want 'em all to feel it was a good thing that I lived so long in the body. I was very, very old, but I was smart ; I could read and sew and help others. I made a beautiful patchwork quilt, and was proud of it ; I could tell many a story about the pieces in that 'ere quilt. Tell the folks I've a real pretty place now, with a flower-garden to it, and I take real comfort looking after the roses and such.

There are folks in a good many towns round about Boston who knew me, an' I kind o' hope they'll hear I've got back ; but some in Braintree read your paper, and I think they'll be glad to see my name. Tell 'em I'm happy and comfortable. I've found all my folks on t'other side. I send my love to all the folks.

Much oblieged. I'm going now. Oh, my name is Eunice Clapp. I don't know how long I've been out of the old body. I'm so happy and contented, I don't take no count of time.

MOSES WINGATE.

I BELONGED to Bangor, Maine. I was a blacksmith by trade. I would like to reach my folks. Maria will see the message, for she reads your paper every time,

and I want her to see that others get it. One of our family—two I think—will soon be over on our side ; and I see changes coming for others. Clouds come thickly, but they will be swept away after a time.

Tell Maria not to fear ; her Spirit-friends gather around her and bring her strength in the time of need. Through me they send their love. Her mother is with her, and saves her many a heart-ache by giving her peace and rest. I am with her mother now ; we are re-united in the Spirit-world. I havn't much else to say, only I hope my few words will do some good. I want to meet all my family when they come, and I want to find them satisfied with their past and ready to take up what comes to them in the other life.

My name is Moses Wingate, sir. I am drawn here by the desire of my daughter, to receive a communication from some of her friends. I tell her to do the best she can, and we will aid her all in our power. I do not now see any prospect of her receiving what belongs to her ; but if it is possible to make use of present conditions for her benefit, I will do so.

EMMA CARY.

I AM a little girl ; my name is Emma Cary. What pretty flowers you've got. I have some beautiful ones too. I'm nine years old. This is a new world to me, but it's splendid. I'm just there a little while. I was sick and I died ; I'm glad I did, too ; but I want to come and send my love. Please, Mister, say I can come home and see everybody, and I bring my love, and I don't want them to feel bad, 'cause it makes me want to cry. I want to come home and talk ; I want them to go to a Medium and let me come. I ain't dead now, and I can talk and tell all about this pretty place where I live now. I'll bring some flowers too. [Where do you wish your letter to go?] To Gloucester.

JOSEPH SMITH.

GOOD evening, sir. [Good evening.] Like all other returning Spirits, I have a great desire to make my presence known, and to send a word of love and cheer to my relatives and friends ; to tell them I am satisfied with life over here. I have entered into new pursuits, and am trying to develope the best attributes of the Spirit. True, I was young to go out of the body ; but the experiences of the past few years have taught me much concerning life, that it would have taken very long to learn on earth. I cannot say that I would have chosen to go so soon, had I any choice in the matter. I was fond of material life, its duties and pleasures ; but I feel to say

now all is for the best ; and I come with remembrances and love from myself and all with me, and promises to meet each one when they too cross the border and enter our country.

I passed out by accident, the result of a gunning expedition. It was a sad and sudden blow to my father and all. I shall be glad to be permitted to come again and communicate more. Life over here is practical and also beneficial to the soul ; it isn't all roses ; we have other things to grasp as well as flowers—stern realities, duties that cannot be set aside ; each one owes kindness and assistance to his neighbor in need, that must be paid ; all give and take of that unity of feeling that binds us all together ; and in this reciprocity we grow stronger and better in our natures and lives. Such I find it, and I am glad it is so.

My name is Joseph Smith, the son of Nathaniel Smith, of Chelsea, Vermont.

Do unto all men as ye would have others do unto you,
And then what pleasing changes would pass before your
view!
Throughout man's vast dominions what pleasures would be
found,
If the blessed law of kindness did everywhere abound!

[For the Voice of Angels.]

"LITTLE HELEN."

NO. 1506 NORTH 7TH ST., PHIL'A., Pa.

BROTHER DENSMORE :—In the "Angel Voice" of Dec. 15th, your dear Angel-daughter Tunie puts me again under obligations to her for her further explanation of the effects of the black smoke referred to by Little Helen, in her communication several months ago. I thank her for the information given, and hope I shall be found worthy of the interest she seems to take in me ; and much more do I feel to be thankful for the interest she manifests to and for that Angel-birdie, Little Helen. Tunie says "she is a very active Spirit" ; and truly it is so ; for she comes to me, or is with me, whenever and wherever I am in the presence of a Medium, or nearly so. A short time since, she bade me tell Mr. Densmore that "you are going to make me write for the 'Angel Voice'" ; and also told me "I must write more about little children—about the poor children." She has appeared very happy at the thought of the approaching holidays, exulting over the prospect of a Christmas present ; but in an instant she expressed deep sorrow that so many poor people would not be so kindly and happily blessed.

She has also told me that there would something appear for me in *Mind and Matter*.

I think that she has not deserted the "Angel Voice," and will yet contribute to our columns.

Helen takes a large interest in the seances of Mrs. Powell, presenting herself in very extraordinary messages to those present, and in bringing Little Spirits to their parents and other relatives.

She is a welcome Spirit always, and a great favorite.

It was with regret that, a few evenings since, she referred to the fact that she could not reach her mother; but for all, she was consoled with the contemplation that it would come around all right in time, and when so, she would be enabled to go forward and make progress in the land of pure delight. Angels send that happy day to Little Helen!

Yours, &c.,

J. W.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

AN INSPIRATIONAL MESSAGE.

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

So the shadows come and go, and all lives are wont to drink in the sweetness of the sunshine, the happy music of the birds and the sweet incense of the flowers, rather than turn their faces upward to greet the gathering tempest and the clouded sky.

Humanity rejoices in prosperity, but when affliction comes upon them, they are bowed down in spirit, because they cannot see beyond the transitory things of earth to the fulfillment of all that is grand and true in mortal life; neither can they comprehend the use of these earthly sorrows and disappointments, nor the relation that they bear to the soul's triumphant march onward.

All life is in its progressive stages of development; the highest condition must rise still higher, as well as the lowest. This is a decree of Nature's law, and there can be no condition where the sum of human happiness may be regarded as fixed and complete; there must be a continual unfolding, a continual outgrowth of all the flowers and faculties of the human mind. It cannot be truly said of the Spiritual condition of humanity or of the Spiritual life of any man or woman that their daystar is no longer in the ascendancy, that they have passed their meridian height of power, or that their time and opportunities for acquiring intellectual culture are brought to a culminating point where they can proceed no further. On the contrary, the future opens up in grander themes than it is possible for humanity on the earth to conceive of, and the same omniscience of power that fills

creation imbues the human spirit also, and blends it in sweet accord with Nature's Soul.

What mighty changes are wrought by the evolution of time upon the pages of human history! This fact is plainly visible to the world of mortal consciousness, in its short span of life upon the earth; and how insignificant the changes must appear, compared to a succession of changes of infinite variety and account!

Mortal life should not be passed away in an idle, speculative manner; mankind should aim to put themselves in possession of those facts which immortality discloses, and such as find corroborative testimony in the honest convictions of their own lives should be received and acted upon in their deliberations for future bliss and prosperity.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

TO SOLOMON W. JEWETT.

THROUGH ALLIE B. P. ROBERTS, CANDIA, N. H.

HOPE on, dear one, not always gloom
Shall shadow o'er thy way;
The darkest night of all thy life
Brings yon a brighter day.
Though disappointment press'd thee down,
Though dark has been thy sky,
Hope on; the clouds but hide the scene,
The tempest passeth by.

Hope on, for better days await thee;
Trust angels of thy God;
If for thy good they chasten thee,
Now they will hold the rod.
Perhaps envy or malice dare
Assist, with Upas tongue;
Thy courage now is strong to bear
The darts against thee flung.

Hope on—the longest, darkest night
Will turn to day at last,
And then a clearer, brighter light
Shall o'er thy way be cast.
Thou hast the promise given thee,
Let courage bear thee up,
Nor let dark memories of the past
Poison thy present cup.

Hope on; mind all thy toll and care,
And in thy faith be firm;
The angels ever at thy hand
Yield not to dark despair.
Hope on—a brighter day will dawn,
Thy soul be Truth's pure shrine;
Thy happiness be evermore,
And mine be ever thine.

FIDELIA.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

A PROPHECY.

[Sent to us from Chicago, the Mediumship not to be known at present.]

THE year 1881 will come in with a demoralized country, a war in a foreign country.

A President will be assassinated in that year.

Poverty and want will stare Ireland in the face.

Commerce will be stopped. All nations will mistrust one another.

Much blood will be shed for nothing. Man will arise against man—brother against brother. But such things needs must come before we can come back in a New Life.

G. WASHINGTON.

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

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

MAY BELL.

PEACE, peace, sweet peace, O what a tranquil feeling possessed my Spirit as it left its worn-out old body and took its flight heavenward—as it was borne through apparent space, and led and cared for by angels. O, it was then, indeed, that those rapturous strains fell on my ear which I had so often heard of in my earth-life. It seemed to waft my soul with such rapidity through the avenues of light that I almost lost myself; and had it not been for those higher senses that imparted to me the blest assurance of my upward flight, I would have been lost in a sea of glory; but sight of the soul and feelings of a delightful sensation made known to me that I was a new being, and I found myself in the new life of that golden world of immortal truths, the depth of whose mind can never be fathomed by finite creatures. The music, dear one, indeed, is far more harmonious to the ear, the melody more sweet than the song of the sweetest singing bird you can conceive of. Birdie greeted me first on my entrance to my Spirit-home. I knew her and she knew me, by that chord, dear Clarence, that never can be severed from the soul's highest, purest and holiest relations. Not many years shall pass away, beloved husband, until we meet again, and you then will find that "somebody's coming when the dewdrop falls."

MAY BELL.

BERTIE.

I WANT this to reach my papa and mamma, to let them know through the VOICE OF ANGELS' mail, that I am still their dear little girl, and that I am going to what is called a Lyceum, and there's lots of little children there, and they, too, are angels, and they march, oh, so beautifully, to the sweetest music ever heard. It is a great deal better, papa and mamma, than going to that Sunday School where they taught me catechism 'till it made my head break almost. And then they give us something better than a piece of red paper—what they called a ticket—for being good. You see my dear papa and mamma go to church, but then they know what it is for angels to come. It was a beautiful church where they went, and we had sweet music—a great big organ. Mamina taught me to sing—

Who is watching o'er my darling?
Who is caring for her now?

Tell mamma I answer her back, through the VOICE OF ANGELS, and in their chorus sing—

Angels now are guarding me,
And caring for my son!

Oh, I do love you, still, dear papa and mainma; and I am still your Bertie. I want Tunie's papa to put this in his paper.

CHIPPY.

PALE-FACES:—With the smiles of the Great Spirit, whose blanket is woven with bright sunbeams of joy, whose folds wrap you around with tender mercies, and whose loving embraces secure you all safely from the molestations of evil spirits; with this blanket do I come unto you, and would let it gently descend upon you all, with my best wishes.

Not many sleeps of the sun, nor yet many full moons, before some of you will come to the hunting-ground, and with this blanket will you secure an admission into the happy council, where you will sit down and commune with the red-man of the forest, whose Spirit will extend to you a soul's best greeting. The council fire already is lighted, and the flame is brilliant, making a blanket of celestial inspiration that shall envelope your souls with a halo of glory which shall eclipse the golden splendors of the setting sun. And when you arise in the council of soul-life, you will be enabled to testify of the merits of that blanket which the angels have ever endeavored to bestow upon you, even before you enter the Spirit-world.

May you always keep your faces towards the sun to catch its beams, and gather strength from them, and thus be enabled to travel to the Better Land, where those Angel-chiefs and mighty warriors, who are stars of glory, are associated with those grand constellations whose lustre of soul-beauty is the crowning feature of that blanket which the Great Spirit is willing to give you all.

Clear water for you to drink I bring; warm sun in the cold moon to keep you warm when the cold blanket covers the bosom of mother earth. And with the voices of angels, which sing these grand songs of peace and truth to all, would I ever speak unto you these words: If a man die, he shall live.

May the flowers of purity ever grow in your paths, and the fragrance from them give you strength of soul to journey on to the land where the holy dove will bring you the olive-branch of angelic peace.

To all the friends and pale-faces of mine—for enemies I have none. Good moon; good moon.

CHIPPY.

AUNT ANN JOHNSON.

GOOD MORNING, massa. I jus' thought I would step in, as de rest ob de folks was gwine to meetin', and put in my song of joy, and let de white pussons know dat de cullud folks could walk over de plank from

glory to dis yer earth, and tell of dere 'sperience of de new church of de new Jerusalem, which was not made wid hands. I was happy now, and was wid my ole man, uncle Benny. And dere's no more gwine down to Johnson town after jug of 'lasses or half-peck of Injun meal; for de Lord, de blessed Massa, has taken my ole man and myself into his own heabenly family, and given us a room in his heabenly mansion.

You see, massa, I want dis to reach some of de white folks down dere in de Souf, and some of my 'ticular friends in de Jerseys.

Well, I'se tolle all I was given to, and if you tink dat white geminan what has de paper will put this in, I shall be de more happy, and tank him for it. I was a 'spectable cullud pusson, and once a slave down Souf, and I made de best biscuit, massa, you ever tasted. My name is Aunt Ann Johnson.

THROUGH C. E. WINANS.

FROM LITTLE JAY SESSIONS, TO HIS MOTHER.
MRS. NELLIE SESSIONS, LAMMON'S LANDING,
OCEANA CO., MICH.

How do, Mister? I want to send a letter to my ma and pa. Can I? [Yes, you can. Little boys can talk here if they are good boys.] I try to be a good boy. I want to say a Happy New Year to pa and ma, and grandma and grandpa, and to everybody, and to all the little boys that are in the earth-plane. There's many that don't know what a happy new year is. Do they? I am so happy today, 'cause I can jump in this big man and send a letter to pa and ma.

I died, mister, but when I got to God, I got alive right away. I cried like everything for a while, 'cause you see ma and pa wasn't there. Wouldn't you have cried, too, if you had waked up in a strange place, and found you was in a strange and new body and in a new and beautiful home? But there was a whole pile of other little boys there, too, and I soon forgot all about my troubles, and we all of us little boys are looking and waiting for our mas and pas; for you see when they die, they will get alive when they get to God, and then they will come to us.

I want ma to know I was with her at Christmas, and helped to eat some of the—I don't know what you call it. [A turkey?] Yes, I think that was it; and they had some cakes all twisted up, and so many other nice things too; and I enjoyed myself, too, 'cause I ate at the same table with ma. There was a whole pile of us there, and a whole pile of folks too.

I want ma to know that I am not dead;

'cause I am not. I am just as alive as any other little boy, and I can see and walk and talk, and cry too; and I cry too when I see ma cry. I don't like to see big women cry; do you?

Ma, just think of me as gone home, not as dead. You and I will meet in heaven. I must go; I will come again if I can. Jump in. You will help me: won't you, sir? [Yes, I will.]

Love to ma and pa, and love to everybody. From your little Jay.

OH, I will come to your heart, ma, in its sadness,
When twilight begins to smile:
And, ma, I will fill your lone soul with gladness,
And drive away all care for the while.

LITTLE JAY.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

BY SPIRIT MAY.

DEAR little children, do you not like to hear pretty stories and sweet little songs? I am sure you do; and sometimes, when I think of you in your snug little homes, enjoying yourselves with your little playmates, or listening to the songs your dear mothers sing you, I think I would like to tell you some little stories of the Summer-land, where angels live, and where you will also live some day, if you are kind and good to those you live with and those you meet.

Some of you dear little folks live in nice houses, have kind parents to care for you, and make you happy. I wonder if you do not sometimes meet other little children, who do not have kind parents to care for them, or if they have a father and mother, yet these parents are not able to give their little ones the many good things that you receive from your friends? And these little children you meet may not have good clothing like yours; they may be hungry, and perhaps they look with longing eyes upon your fine sled or pretty doll; and I wonder if you speak kindly to these poor little children, if you share your goodies with them, and let them look at or play with your toys? Or do you call them harsh names, and drive them away from you? If I should visit each one of you, I could learn all about it; for you all have with you a bright, beautiful Angel, who once lived on earth as you do, but who passed away to the Summer-land, and grew up good and kind there; and they come back to take care of little children, and when you are gentle and loving to your parents, brothers, sisters and friends, when you

speak kindly and help the poor little boy or girl who has not the good things you have, then your Angel-guide is happy, and they make you feel sunny and happy, and as though you loved every one; but

when you are selfish and unkind to any one, the Angels are driven away from you, hurt and sad, and you feel unhappy and restless. Now, my dear little friends, I hope you will always try to be good and kind to all around you; and if you have the good things of life, you will please the angels by sharing them with those who have nothing; but if you do not have anything to give, or if you have not all the good things that others have, the Angels love and care for you just the same; and if you are gentle, and give pleasant smiles and kindly words to those around you, the good Spirits will bless you, and you will help them to come and keep you from all harm.

The poor child and the rich are both children of one loving Father, who lives above; and he has a sweet home in a beautiful garden, where flowers bloom and birds sing, and where there is no sickness or pain, for every one of you who are kind and loving and good to one another.

There was once a dear little child upon earth; his parents were very poor, and he was born in a lonely and lowly spot. He had no rich food, costly clothing, or choice toys; he worked and toiled for his dear mother, and he grew up gentle and kind, for he loved everybody. His voice was low and sweet, and his smile drew an answering smile from all. He was always poor in purse, but rich in love and contentment; he went about doing good; he visited the sick, he comforted the sad, he blessed little children, and all loved him.

By and-bye, he went home to his Summer-land, and though all were sad because of his departure, they blessed him for his good works, and they love him yet; while from his heavenly home, (where he has everything beautiful and sweet, and where little children cluster around him because they love him,) he looks down upon the children of earth, and when they are good and kind, he smiles and feels he will have them with him in his beautiful home; but if they are unkind and selfish, he weeps, for he fears they will grow up sinful and careless, and will not reach him in the Sweet Land where the fragrant flowers and singing birds make life joyful and glad for every one.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

SAXONVILLE, MASS., Dec. 14, 1879.

DEAR BROTHER DENSMORE:—In the last Voice I was very much pleased and gratified to find a message, through M. T. Shelhamer, from my uncle, Joseph Roberts. It certainly was the best test of Spirits coming back I ever knew, as he relates incidents that no one but he knew; and considering that the Medium

knew nothing of my existence, or his either, it can but be one of the most remarkable tests on record.

My mother and sister May and my dear old father all send words of cheer.

God bless you, my brother, and may the Voice of ANGELS continue to sail over the seas of superstition and ignorance, until the whole brotherhood of man shall be made free!

Fraternally yours,
FREDERIC H. GROVES.

ANOTHER VERIFICATION.

FORT SENECA, Ohio, Dec. 18, 1879.

DEAR BRO. DENSMORE:—In the December 15th number of your paper, your Angel-daughter Tunie came with a message from the Spirit of my kind father. Many thanks for his counsel and advice; each message being a proof of his continued love and affection for me.

Please say to Tunie, Accept my heartfelt thanks for her kindness. Also, set one dollar to her fund, to be used as she may please.

Also, many thanks to the good and kind Medium, Miss M. T. Shelhamer.

Yours, fraternally,
WILLIAM MONTGOMERY.

When men shall learn that God's their friend,
Virtue their real good and happiness their end,
Then shall error, pride and superstition fall,
And Reason over all the world prevail.

A. C.

"TUNIE" FUND.

We have been requested by the Band controlling the design of this paper to call upon those of our patrons who are able, to contribute to a fund for sending the VOICE OF ANGELS free to those unable to pay for it. To any and all our patrons who can send any amount, if ever so small, for the above purpose, we will credit the amount they may send, in the next issue of the paper.

Since our last, we have received the following donations to the "Tunie" Fund:

Daniel P. Buzzell, Sycamore, Ill.,	\$0.85
Geo. W. Hall, Delphos, Ohio,	0.35
Mrs. Susan Jack, Oil City, Pa.,	0.35
Mrs J. Fliske, Salem, Mass.,	0.35
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