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LITERARY.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE MYSTERY OF GODLINESS.

THROUGH TRYPHENA C. PARDEE.

[CONCLUDED.]

Is it Thou that we feel in those breasts of ours,
Those bounding swells flowing limitless on,
Those whispers of bliss in eternity's bowers—
Glowing truth that draws balm-breaths from spheres yet
unknown?

Is it thou that indulgest our human tongue
To claim such relationship near and dear,
As though our warm blood, by thy heart-throbbings flung
From thy being to us, made our sky-titles clear?

Is it Thou that stillest doubtings, and fear, and gloom,
When sorrow and pain dissolves our frail dust,
And lends us such peace-rays to cheer the cold tomb,
With the mystery of Life's endless laws for our trust,
And that answers our prayers in a still small voice,
The language our spirit so well understands—
Willst thou strain from our loved ones, who with Thee rejoice,
Make us long to thread with them those silvery strands?

Prying genius unlocks with mind's holy key
Those treasures of thine created for men;
And tears of emotion are praises to Thee,
For fathomless glories allowed us to scan.
Nothing hidden away, below or above,
Deniest 'Thou us, in science or art;
Yet know we, if ever we solve thy great love,
'Twill be measured and known in the mother's fond heart.
ELLINGTON, N. Y., Jan. 28, 1880.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

MESSAGE FROM ROBERT HARE TO DR. FAHNESTOCK.

[THROUGH DR. O., CONTINUED.]

DEAR DOCTOR,—I quote from the Bible, "Where there is little given, there is little required;" that is to say, every man is not tried by the same rule. Take, as an example, two individuals, one of whom possesses a fine organ-

ization, the other an imperfect one. Now, although they may both make the same efforts, the one will necessarily be much in advance of the other. This condition, then, was not the result of a cause over which either had any control, and, of course, could not be productive of either praise or blame. Both have made an effort to improve, in accordance with their separate abilities; and of course each deserve equal praise, although there is great disparity in their progress.

You will, therefore, perceive that there must be a difference between the rules by which they are to be tried. God looks on and determines the actions of his creatures by their motives, rather than by their acts. A thing may be very sinful in one man, which may be innocent in another. Take as an example of this proposition, an individual raised under the so-called civilization, and an inhabitant of Africa: both may be equally desirous of performing the will of their Creator—but they are acting under different degrees of light. What would be proper in the African, and perfectly innocent, becomes sinful in the other. You will, then, perceive, that although a difference may exist in the organization, and, of course, in the passions of various individuals, this difference, according to the rule laid down, cannot affect the final condition of either, provided they are both progressing according to their several abilities; because the advancement of the one is the result of his greater ability, and, of course, without merit; the retardation of the other the result of his condition naturally, and, of course, not a subject of blame.

Now for the main question. That there is a great disparity in the moral condition of individuals forming a given community, and that that difference exists at birth, no one who has made this subject a study will pretend to deny; and that their physical organization demonstrates the fact, is also a truth; and more, that to the extent in which that man's acts are the result of that organization primarily, there can be neither praise or blame, is another truth. But while this is so, every man may by a correct course so alter this organization, as in a considerable degree to change its original character;

and in this consists his accountability. If he fails to do this, so far as he has the power, he is to blame, and must suffer for it as a consequence.

Suppose an individual has large secretiveness; then he may be a thief, or have a tendency to steal. This is his natural organization; he has at the same time other organs, which to a certain extent control this. Now, although he will have more to do, to keep from stealing, than one differently constituted, yet, if he makes the attempt, there will be more merit in succeeding, and each victory thus obtained will alter the original tendency. His crime does not consist so much in stealing, as it does in not trying to alter the tendency to it.

Another has all his organs in equilibrium, no tendency to theft or any other crime. Now, I would ask, what merit has he in abstaining from crime? He may have led a better life than the first, but he certainly has made less effort in doing so, and deserves no greater reward—the pure life of the one being balanced by the increased efforts of the other—so that their final condition must be in equilibrium.

Crime consists in not following a given organization, where it is perceived to injure its possessor or others. Virtue is the continued efforts of an individual to make his life correspond with the well-being of society around him, whether the society be savage or civilized; and its reward will be in proportion, not so much to its success, as to the efforts put forth for its accomplishment.

ROBERT HARE.

LANCASTER, Penn., Feb. 21, 1880.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

THE ELECTRICAL CURE FOR DIPH- THERIA.

A WRITER in the *Norristown Herald* says: In acute diseases electricity is the only power that can at once, by its chemical action, change the inflammatory conditions, and be guided in quantity and intensity to suit the case. A smooth-running battery, a fair share of common sense, and strength enough to bear a small current for twenty or thirty minutes, are the only conditions.

The plain directions given have been tested many years without failure: Make a flat electrode of thin sheet metal, cover it with cotton cloth, attach this to the cord from negative pole, (Farradice,) wet in warm water, and place on the spine, below base of neck; press close to prevent pricking. Grasp positive electrode at wood part with thumb and finger of left hand; wet right hand in warm water, and lay gently on the neck, close up to the chin; allow the hand to fit smoothly; then let the left hand come in contact with the metal or wet sponge of electrode, until the electricity is felt in the right hand. Begin gently, and increase as can be easily borne. Treat all over the neck and down to middle of sternum, (breast-bone); do not keep the hand moving over the parts, but rest about a minute at each change. Occasionally put a light current with two fingers on the tongue; continue treatment twenty to thirty minutes, to suit the case. Repeat treatment three or four times the first day, in severe cases, and afterwards as required. Faithfully persevere, and do not listen to the well-meaning nonsense of those who say they "cannot see how that can cure," or they "have no faith." Go to work with a will to save life, and tell those busy-bodies to—well, mind their business, and talk about something they understand.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

MEDICAL HINTS.

GIVEN BY THE MEDICAL CONTROL OF M. T. SHELLHAMER.

Nothing is so conducive to ill health, manifested in various forms, such as weakness of the vital organs, general debility, nervous disorders, dizziness, fevers, etc., as an unequal circulation of, or a lack of good blood. To be in a continuous healthy condition, then, it is important that the blood be kept in a pure state, and that it circulates naturally and freely to every part of the system. And it lies in the power of every one, to a large extent, to keep themselves in this condition. By regular exercise in the open air, the removal of all bands and strictures about any part of the body, the wearing of comfortable, loose clothing, the occasional bathing and rubbing of the whole surface of the body—being careful to rub off towards the extremities—will tend to keep the blood in a healthy state of circulation; while due attention to the inhaling of pure, fresh air, and to diet, will provide good blood for the system. In order to have good blood, we must refrain from the use of narcotics and stimulants, eschew spices, pastries, and all the various tid-bits carved from that dainty animal, the hog. We must not be confirmed tea or coffee drinkers. We must partake of fruits, vegetables, grains and milk. All these latter go to nourish the system and build up the blood.

Of course, one cannot give a general remedy for blood disease, or, in fact, any other ailment of the body; for this reason, what is adapted for one person, would be useless, or even mischievous, to the constitution of another. But a very safe and pleasant cleanser of the blood, and one that is generally useful, may be prepared by

taking two parts sarsaparilla, one part dandelion root, one part wintergreen, and one part sassafras, boiling all down strong and sweetening with good syrup, the syrup to be boiled in after the medicine has been strained off. A pint of syrup to two quarts of liquid. The medicine should be kept in a cool place, and a wine-glass taken three times a day. Would take a double handful of the sarsaparilla to one handful of each of the other herbs for the above quantity.

A fine poultice for the running scrofula or like sores may be made of slippery-elm flour and powdered bayberry bark, made into a paste with warm water, and applied.

In connection with this subject, I would advise any of my readers who are troubled with open sores, or cutaneous diseases of any kind, to use Barney's Myroleum Medicinal Soap. It is very efficacious for skin diseases. It can be procured of H. Sawyer, at 133 State St., Boston, Mass.

I would state that neither myself nor the medium have any interest whatever in the sale of this soap; but having found it efficacious in removing irritation and healing skin diseases, I think it my duty to recommend it to the public. Those of you suffering from the above, had better send twenty-five cents to H. Sawyer and procure the soap.

In conclusion, in order to avoid mistakes, I would respectfully request any one sending to my medium for medical advice to state in what paper they noticed her advertisement.

CURE FOR HOARSENESS.—Bake a lemon or sour orange for twenty minutes in a moderate oven, then open it at one end and dig out the inside, which sweeten with sugar or molasses, and eat. This will cure hoarseness and remove pressure from the lungs.

[Selected by E. A. H. P.]

BEYOND.

NEVER a word is said
But it trembles in the air,
And the truant voice has sped
To vibrate everywhere;
And perhaps far off in eternal years
The echo may ring upon our ears.

Never are kind acts done
To wipe the weeping eyes,
But like flashes of the sun,
They signal to the skies;
And up above the angels reel
How we have helped the sorer need.

Never a day is given,
But it tones the after years,
And it carries up to heaven
Its sunshine or its tears;
While the to-morrows stand and wait,
The silent mutes by the outer gate.

There is no end to the sky,
And the stars are everywhere,
And time is eternity,
And the here is over there;
For the common deeds of the common day
Are ringing bells in the far away.

[Henry Burton in the Sunday Magazine.]

Socrates being asked the way to honest fame said, "Study to be what you wish to seem."
John Bate.

THE difficulty is not so great to die for a friend, as to find a friend worth dying for.—
Henry Horne.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE REVIEWER.

STORY'S SUBSTANTIALISM.

[CONTINUED.]

ALTHOUGH evolution is purely the outgrowth of parental fruitage in corresponding forms, yet the author of "Substantialism" is the first evolutionist that has recognized the earth's surface strata and its immediate atmospheric strata as the proximate parents of its successive surface forms, in the sense that their ascending or female, and descending or male elemental germs combine as the nuclei and atmospheres—respectively female and male, of the constituent elements of these intermediate forms—their common offspring; each spherule and each form as a whole being functionally an intertype of the centrifugal and centripetal forces of the earth and its atmosphere at the era of its incipency. This author is the first to recognize the necessity of the repetition of the vito-mechanical or organic powers of all preceding surface forms as the bodily and mental, or physical and metaphysical powers of all succeeding surface forms; which powers represent respectively the condition of the earth and its atmosphere: and also the first to perceive that the sexual functions of the female and male of each species consist in molding the germs fruitful to their respective elements into like minus and plus apacial conditions, thereby rendering their elasticity or vito-mechanical powers counter-tending and combinable as the elements of their common offspring on the ovum plane.

Story's formula, as indicated in the first paragraph of this new system of philosophizing, consists in regarding facts as unrevealed truths, as simply the bases of speculative science, until by reasoning from what they symbolize as effects, which is a more or less direct clew to their motive tendencies as causes of like effects, their true significance is discovered. This is an incalculable advantage over physical scientists, who rest all their arguments upon demonstrable facts, or upon the opinions of other popular physicists. The popularity of Darwin as a discoverer of physical facts is unparalleled. It is solely his speculations as to what these facts signify that are ridiculed. While making no pretensions as a discoverer of physical facts, the author of Substantialism, in recognizing the principle of repetition as an omnipresent dominant within the realm of speculative science, ventures on a far broader range than the author of "The Descent of Man"—even claiming that no rational conception of the genesis of the earth's present surface forms can be obtained only as we regard their constituent elements as combinations of elemental germs fruitful to corresponding forms indigenous as their present interforms to strata below and above ours, which lower and higher strata are, as regards our now, past and future states of existence.

In support of the theory that the earthy, the aqueous, the aërial, and the super-aërial strata that make up our world, upon whose elemental germs all its interforms subsist, are repeated in the human organism, as its consecutively higher systems of circulation, Story presents the analogy between the earth's tidal waves of water under

the pressure of like waves within the ærial stratum, superinduced by like tidal waves within the super-ærial stratum, and the tidal waves of blood within the pulmonary blood-vessels under the pressure of like tidal waves of air within the bronchial tubes, superinduced by like external atmospheric waves that compel respiration. That is, the flow of dark blood from the right heart through the branches of the venous system—falsely termed arteries—within the upper hemisphere of the lungs to the pulmonary air-cells under the pressure of air simultaneously inhaled through their attendant bronchial tubes; and the flow of light blood to the left heart within the lower hemisphere of the lungs through the roots of the arterial system—falsely termed veins—under the simultaneous pressure of the air forced into it from the air-cells and the gases exhaled through their attendant bronchial tubes, are respectively intertypal of the poleward or ebb-tides, and the equatorward or flood-tides of water on the earth's surface, under the perpendicular or bilateral pressure of like atmospheric waves, superinduced by the moon's perpendicular rays, direct and reflex, and its most oblique rays.

These speculations led to the perception that the yellow fibres of the middle coat of the larger blood-vessels are inter-repeated bronchiæ; and that they are to the blueish and reddish vessels within the outer and inner coats, (the *vasa vasorum*), what the outer bronchiæ are to the outer venous and arterial systems of circulation, and what the ærial stratum is to the strata above and below it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE following is a pretty tough story to believe; but as its truthfulness seems to be well authenticated, and having witnessed scenes analogous to it, we have concluded to print it.

Pub. Voice of Angels.

A GHOSTLY FEUD.

THE DEAD FIGHTING IN THEIR GRAVES.

If it appears strange to us mortals, and even awful, that the disembodied spirit can, under certain conditions unknown to us, revisit the scenes of its previous existence, how much more awful and difficult of belief is it that spirits which have quitted their earthly life in the unrestrained indulgence of angry and malevolent passions can yet exercise such an influence over the corrupting clay, which they apparently left behind them, as to violate the sacred repose of the tomb and terrify and appall the living! Such a circumstance certainly occurred at H—k Hall, in Lincolnshire, and was long the theme of conversation in that county. H—k Hall had been in the possession of the H—k family for hundreds of years; at the time of which I am writing the ancient line had dwindled down to two individuals—the old 'Squire, in present possession, and his only brother and destined successor, who was unmarried, and very little younger than himself. The hall, which had once been so full of life and gaiety, had become the abode of sorrow and gloom, in consequence of the early death of the

'Squire's young daughter, his only child, and the heiress of all his possessions. This death, followed in less than a year by that of his wife, to whom he was deeply attached, had quite broken the old 'Squire's health and happiness. The lady and her daughter were deposited in the family vault among the tears and regrets of the villagers, by whom they were much and deservedly beloved. For years the 'Squire had had no intercourse whatever with his brother, between whom and the lady of the hall there had been a life-long feud; the hatred on her part having been quite of a passive nature, as she was never heard to mention his name; but on his, of the most abusive and virulent kind, which made his expulsion from the hall an absolute necessity. The cause of this hatred could only be guessed at, even by the most curious, as none was ever assigned by either party. When the old 'Squire, after his double bereavement, became almost heart-broken, the good pastor of the village, whose friendship with the family had existed for fifty years, effected a meeting and thorough reconciliation between the long-estranged brothers, and the younger one took up his abode once more in the house of his ancestors. One only condition was made—that the name of his deceased sister-in-law should never pass his lips. A year passed away. The old 'Squire, soothed and comforted by the companionship of his early playfellow, began to recover both his health and spirits; but at this time a malignant fever broke out in the village. Among its victims was the 'Squire's brother, who during his whole life had known neither sickness nor disease. He was prostrated at once and never rallied. The good minister before mentioned, who well knew the family history, unmoved by that fear of infection which made him a solitary watcher, took his stand by the bed of the dying man and vainly endeavored to draw his thoughts to the eternity which was fast opening before him. His pious words fell upon dull, unlistening ears, but as he touched upon the duty of forgiveness and cautiously alluded to his well-known hatred of the deceased Mrs. H—, the effect was appalling; all apathy vanished, and though a few moments before apparently past the power of speech, yet now the sick man broke out into fierce imprecations, and by a last supreme effort raising himself upright in the bed, exclaimed; "I know that I am dying; but mark my last words, if, when I am dead, you dare to bury me in the same vault with that accursed woman, the living as well as the dead shall hear of me!" He fell back with a frightful oath on his lips and expired. The horror-struck minister kept close in his own breast this dreadful death of one he had known so long, and thought it more kind, as well as more prudent, to keep the poor 'Squire in ignorance of his brother's last hours. As was the invariable custom in the H— family, the body, after lying in state for a time, was consigned with much pomp and ceremony to the family vault, and was placed next to the coffins of the 'Squire's wife and daughter. That very night the villagers living near the churchyard were disturbed by doleful shrieks and cries proceed-

ing from the vault—a noise of strife and struggling and blows, as if of enemies engaged in close fight. The next morning at daylight the strange tale was carried to the rectory, and the good clergyman thought it best, under the circumstances, to disclose to the 'Squire his brother's last fearful words and threats, and to suggest the opening of the vault. To this, the 'Squire, greatly shocked, consented, and the vault was unlocked and entered by a party sent to examine into the cause of the strange noises heard the night before. A scene perfectly inexplicable met their eyes. The coffins of the 'Squire's lady and daughter were lying in a far corner of the vault, the young girl's coffin across her mother's, as if to protect it. Close to them, standing erect and menacing was the coffin of the 'Squire's brother, so recently and decorously placed upon black trestles. Amazement seized the bystanders, but under the superintendence of proper people the coffins were restored to their original places and the vault was again closed up. At night the noises began again; the sound of blows, shrieks of pain, and a frightful contention of struggling enemies appalled the party of villagers set to watch the place, in order to prevent the possibility of deception. The tale was whispered far beyond the precincts of the village, and savans from the neighboring city, who laughed at anything supernatural, suggested that an explosion of gas from the foul air of the vault might have occasioned the displacement of the coffins. The 'Squire was induced to have ventilators placed in the vault; but this did not in the least abate the nuisance, which to the terror of the village rather increased than diminished. At length the 'Squire himself resolved that a strong brick wall should be built up in the vault, so as to separate effectually the coffins of those who even in the solitude of the tomb seemed to keep up their antagonism. This had the desired effect; from that moment all was quiet in the vault, and the noise was never heard again; but for a long time afterward the strange story was current in Lincolnshire.—*Atlantic*.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

No. 1506 NORTH 7TH ST., PHIL'A., PA.

BRO. DENSMORE:—I see by the beautiful and appropriate editorial in the Voice of Dec. 15th, that "well written articles from those still in the mundane body," under certain proper conditions, are solicited, and I therefore send you the following. It is necessary to state the why and the wherefore, the lines sent to you were indited. The occasion was one wherein a family gathering was had to celebrate the golden wedding of an aged couple, residents of Philadelphia.

Imagine for one moment the groupings of the home on the festive evening, when children, male and female, single and married, grandchildren, boys and girls, and others of their kin, were met together to tender to the father and mother, the grand-

father and grandmother, the hearty and sincere congratulations of each one.

The enclosed was prepared by your correspondent in a few hours after being requested by one of the participants, and was duly appreciated, he learnt, as a very happy greeting to the "Old Folks at Home," by those composing the family circle. If you think the effusion comes within the editorial provisions, it is at your service; if not, why—

TO OUR FATHER AND OUR MOTHER.

BY JOSEPH WOOD.

THE tidal wave of time rolls on,
And leaves its impress on the life of man!
The past we only know as memory serves us;
There is no future, all is the over now.
A century itself is a mere cypher
In the eternal ages, and
We are now standing on its utmost verge,
Lingering gratefully upon its memories past,
And feel how transient is an age,
How fleeting are the years!
Shall we in this fraternal congress,
Met in the union of deep affection,
Look back with gratulation on the years gone by?
We will; and in the retrospective ken
We glimpse the hour in time
When willing hearts were bound
As one in golden bands.
The reflex of the past! How grateful
To our sense it is to view,
Through life's vicissitudes, the hopeful,
Cheerful, faithful bond of union—
The ivy twining to the oak
In graceful life and beauty!
Then, from those germs of purest love,
How, branching out in full ripe fruits of life,
Clustering around the parent stems,
We hail the stock, in riper age than we,
And shun a debt of gratitude would pay.
We are here, kind father and kind mother dear,
To greet you now, the ever moveless now.
With deep and sweet emotion,
We meet in this auspicious hour,
That gives us time and place
To offer on the altar of each heart
The tribute of affection—a poor
Requit, we well know, for all your love.
And of the future? Oh, yes, there is a future,
A blissful future, let us hope,
Where, in the continued and continuous life,
In sweet reunion, a happy greeting;
Where peace that knows no bounds,
No end, shall reign for aye;
Where each and all, forever linked
In Heaven's eternal chain of love,
Shall find the family circle and the home,
More hallowed there to the soul's content and joy
Than all the sweets that this poor life
Can give. God bless you!

(For the "Voice of Angels.")

PLACES I HAVE SEEN.

NUMBER TWO.

BY SPIRIT VIOLET.

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELLHAMER.

WHAT I am about to describe to you is far from a heavenly scene, and yet it is a scene I myself have witnessed, when in company with a beloved aunt, a veritable Angel-missionary, I visited one of the many fields of her angelic labor.

A barren waste of sand and rocks spread out far and wide before us; no blooming plants, no lofty trees, no singing birds, to awaken music with their melody. All was silent, profound, deep desolation. At a long distance I could perceive the white foam and the dashing waves of angry waters breaking upon a great line of

cragged, dreary-looking rocks. Oh, what an appearance of unrestful, yet deserted life, was here!

At first, I could perceive no signs of human life at this place, nor even a vestige of animal existence. The place was too sterile, barren and forbidding for even the very lowest forms of conscious being.

I turned to my companion in surprise at having been brought to such an unhallowed place; perceiving which, she silently pointed to an object slightly in advance of us, which appeared to me but one of the many rocks about us, so thickly was it enveloped in a cloud of darkness; but which in a little time I discovered to bear a resemblance to a human form.

The figure was crouching down in the sand, its head bowed upon its knees, presenting a most abject and despairing appearance. It was evidently a male, and he seemed to be suffering intensely. I shall never forget the terrible pang that shot through me at the sight; nothing more than that experience would I need through all my life, to pity, sympathize with, and seek to assist the miserable and unfortunate.

I clearly saw that this unhappy soul could not perceive our approach. His senses were absorbed in his own condition and discordant surrounding; but we could trace upon the cloud-like vapor enveloping him lines indicating that his had been a hard and bitter life. Misery, intemperance, impurity of life, had marked his way; unmourned and unregretted on earth he had entered Spirit-life, engulfed in degradation and despair. And then and there I learned that this place appearing so terribly desolate was typical of the earthly lives of those who came here for a time, because of their unhallowed existence through mortality.

Drawing closer, the angel with me spread her hands above the unfortunate's head, and presently little lines of light streaming from her white fingers began to permeate the darkness, and the being before us groaned and stirred restlessly.

Continuing her work, my blessed companion made rapid passes over the form before us, the light still flowing down upon him from her fingers. He trembled, great tears coursed down his cheeks, and at last he cried, "Oh, Lord, save me! Help me, and I will be a better man!"

It was the cry of the Spirit, struggling through the darkness, the degradation, and sin of years, yearning for light and praying for assistance.

To me the place began to grow bright and beautiful. The gloom became perme-

ated with streaks of rosy light. Sweet music floated through the air, which had lost its stinging sharpness. I lost sight of the barren rocks, the desert sand, and the dashing waves. Only the praying, tearful being before me, bloated and disfigured as he was, and the shining Spirit at my side, became visible to me. The man's tears redoubled, great sobs shook his frame, heavy sighs came welling up from his heaving breast. Broken murmurs of remorse, contrition and despair fell from his lips.

Still he did not see us; but to me the place grew brighter and brighter, until no ray of gloom remained.

Still continuing her magnetic passes, my friend cast a beam of light over the man's face, and looking up, he discovered her angel face bent in pity above him. Stretching out his hands with an imploring gesture, but with no sound, the miserable being gazed and gazed, as if to drink in hope, encouragement, even life itself, from the beautiful sight.

Presently I became conscious of another presence beside me, an elderly female, bright, shining, beautiful, yet so sad, so very sad.

Catching sight of this new face bending over him, the suffering Spirit cried, "My mother, oh, my mother!" and bowed his head from sight.

Drawing me away, my companion said, "We will leave him now to his mother's tender care; she will help him to redeem himself. He is in the valley of tribulation now, but soon he will arise to liberty and happiness."

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE.

ARTEMISIA, Gray Co., Ontario, Canada.

FRIEND DENSMORE:—I find in your issue of April first a message, through M. T. Shellhamer, purporting to come from my brother, William Moore. It is eminently characteristic of him, and I thank both Medium and publisher, and especially my dear brother, for the same. Yes, it is indeed from William to his earth-friends, thus making the chain of communication perfect between that world and this.

Brother, I wish you would tell your wife Elizabeth to send a few words to her children, mentioning their names, etc.

Bro. D., there is so much in this message, I can't express my delight, and it makes me so happy. I will not intrude further on your valuable time. I remain

Yours, fraternally,

HENRY MOORE.

FROM David learn to give thanks in everything. Every furrow in the book of Psalms is sown with seeds of thanksgiving.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY SPIRIT MAY.

THROUGH M. T. NESHAMINY.

In the beautiful Summer-land where I live, men and women who are always kind and good are the teachers of little children. They once lived on earth, and they loved children. So now in the beautiful heavens they are teachers. If you know any man or woman who loves children and is kind to them, you may know these good people will some day be teachers and guides of little ones in another world.

You would like to know about the Summer-land where I live. It is like a large garden, extending as far as you can see or travel; beds of gay flowers bloom there and sweeten the air with their fragrance; lakes and brooks and fountains splash and gurgle with crystal water; there are groves of trees, in the leafy branches of which birds sing and chirp all the day; butterflies flit about from flower to flower, and the golden sunlight falls in beauty over all.

In this vast garden we have our homes; some are snug little white houses, covered with flowering vines, and shining out daintily from the glossy green; others are stately habitations, large and roomy, and built of white, or rose-colored or golden-hued stone.

Here we live with those we love, and we strive to be good and kind to all. The kinder and gentler we are, the more beautiful our homes appear, and the sweeter grow the lovely blossoms about us, because when any one is good, he sends out a bright, shining light, which influences and envelopes all that it reaches, and beautifies it; but if any one is unkind, he sends out a dark, cloud-like vapor, that blights and destroys the flowers, and darkens his surroundings.

The little children meet in groups in this fair garden, and tended by their kind teachers, they learn their lessons and sing their little songs. Sometimes a new friend is brought to them, some little one who has just left earth and is in need of kind friends and loving care, and these children at once welcome the new-comer, give her a share of what is theirs, love her, include her in their pleasures, do not ask whether she was rich or poor, and make her happy. To this sweet place all who wish can come, that is, if they are gentle and kind; but the light here is so brilliant that it would hurt the eyes that are often filled with anger. Some day, when your bodies die, you will come here, if you wish to be

taught, if you are children, or to be teachers if you are grown up.

A little girl came to us from earth, a short time ago; she was so white and quiet and gentle that we dressed her in white and called her Lily. She had never been to such a pretty place before; her parents were poor and could not live in the country, but were forced to dwell in a little narrow back street in the big city. You can imagine her delight at finding herself in our Summer-land, where she could cull the beautiful flowers and hear the birds sing, and play with them, too, all day, if she wished. [The beautiful birds are very tame in our world; they perch upon our shoulders and hands, singing all the time; they are not afraid, and no one ever harms them.]

For a while this little girl was very happy and contented; she was such a mild, gentle little thing that we all loved her at once. Soon I perceived that she grew quieter, whiter and sad, and I found that she was grieving because she had all these sweet joys around her, flowers, birds, fields, friends, a beautiful home and kind teachers, while her mother and a little sister who was lame, were obliged to live on earth in the little dark street, with nothing beautiful to brighten their lives. She wanted her mother, she wanted Nellie to share her new home, or she wanted to go back and live with them. Then I showed her that although it was not yet time for her dear mother to come to Summer-land, yet she could go back to them, and make them feel better and happier. She was all delight at the thought. Plucking handfuls of the sweet flowers that grew around her, with her pure face all ashine with love, she asked me to take her back to her earthly home, which I was glad to do.

We found her mother hard at work sewing, and the little lame girl trying to help her. We brought all our influence to bear upon the two, but could not make them feel our presence. Leaving the flowers she had gathered, Spirit Lily came away disappointed and sad. But again and again she tried, until at last, little lame Nellie began to see the flowers and the light which shone around her Angel-sister, until finally she could see that sister herself, converse with her, and tell her wondering mother the many strange things told to her of the Summer-land.

Now our little Lily is contented and happy, anxious to learn in our Spirit-school, for every day she returns to earth, to teach her sister what she learns, to show her the flowers and birds of heaven, and to bless and comfort her mother with her presence and her love.

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

PICTURES OF NESHAMINY.

"NESHAMINY! Neshaminy!"

'Tis heard from every mouth,
Till coursing through each sister State,
Pervades both North and South.

Thy gentle slopes, thy verdant plains,
Thy hills, thy high plateau,
All terminate in pebbled beach:
Thy shape thou chang'st just so!

Thy haunts that grace thy western hill,
Thy trees that overhale,
Thy social braces on their rounds,
Thy stands with dainties laid;—

Thy insect songs that please the night,
Thy landscape's beautiful view,
Are but as flowers of the mind,
That drink thy vital dew.

The crowd that throngs thy gellil spring,
That quaffs thy waters pure,
Drinks down beside the pleasantness
Their memories must endure.

Let memory thrive in time to come—
We beg no hellish flame
Advance to kiss our heavenly store,
Or crimson it with shame;

But that it be a living good,
And living good express;
For good expressed by word and tongue
Is living—lives to bless!

And that each day with good be fraught,
Each e'en that good express;
For good expressed is doubly blessed—
Its mission is to bless.

The very soil and very air
About Neshaminy,
With combined strength, addressed at length
Falling humanity.

Its poachy ground, bestud with mounds,
And rocks made green with moss—
It clung to feet, that slowly beat,
Like clingers on the Cross.

If e'er a place wore endless grace,
It was Neshaminy;
There liberal footprints left their dints
Of purest chastity.

The Liberal tongue so liberal swung
Revealing Truth to all;
For all who heard the Joyous Word
Received the wherewithal.

In truth, dear Voice, we have now done
About Neshaminy;—
Prometheus there keeps up his fires,
And warms humanity.

LEOPOLD M. KOHN,
1310 Caldwell St., Philadelphia.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

OUR RUTH.

BY FANNIE ROY, THROUGH C. E. WINANS.

It was a room of sickness and muffled steps,
Our voices, hushed to whispers, told how dear
Our sister Ruth was to us;
Three long weeks she languished,
Wasted by disease and pain,
The gentle being, who in beauty's bloom
Lay blighted there.

But while we watched and smoothed
The fevered pillow, and with thoughtful care,
Long wrapt in silence, viewed the speaking gaze,
The peaceful smile upon her brow, that marked
Friendship with God above;—

Night after night we watched by the bedside
Of our darling; but we knew
That tranquil as the sunbeam
She passed away.

From her chosen partner, from the babe—
That twined strong tendrils round her yearning heart—
From brothers, sisters, and fond parents
Did the Angel-band take our Ruth
To their home above.

father and grandmother, the hearty and sincere congratulations of each one.

The enclosed was prepared by your correspondent in a few hours after being requested by one of the participants, and was duly appreciated, he learnt, as a very happy greeting to the "Old Folks at Home," by those composing the family circle. If you think the effusion comes within the editorial provisions, it is at your service; if not, why—

TO OUR FATHER AND OUR MOTHER.

BY JOSEPH WOOD.

THE tidal wave of time rolls on,
And leaves its impress on the life of man!
The past we only know as memory serves us;
There is no future, all is the ever now.
A century itself is a mere cypher
In the eternal ages, and
We are now standing on its utmost verge,
Lingering gratefully upon its memories past,
And feel how transient is an age,
How fleeting are the years!
Shall we in this fraternal congress,
Met in the union of deep affection,
Look back with gratulation on the years gone by?
We will; and in the retrospective ken
We glimpse the hour in time
When willing hearts were bound
As one in golden bands.
The reflex of the past! How grateful
To our sense it is to view,
Through life's vicissitudes, the hopeful,
Cheerful, faithful bond of union—
The ivy twining to the oak
In graceful life and beauty!
Then, from those germs of purest love,
How, branching out in full ripe fruits of life,
Clustering around the parent stems,
We hail the stock, in riper age than we,
And find a debt of gratitude would pay.
We are here, kind father and kind mother dear,
To greet you now, the ever moveless now.
With deep and sweet emotion,
We meet in this auspicious hour,
That gives us time and place
To offer on the altar of each heart
The tribute of affection—a poor
Requital, we well know, for all your love.
And of the future? Oh, yes, there is a future,
A blissful future, let us hope,
Where, in the continued and continuous life,
In sweet reunion, a happy greeting;
Where peace that knows no bounds,
No end, shall reign for aye;
Where each and all, forever linked
In Heaven's eternal chain of love,
Shall find the family circle and the home,
More hallowed there to the soul's content and joy
Than all the sweets that this poor life
Can give. God bless you!

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

PLACES I HAVE SEEN.

NUMBER TWO.

BY SPIRIT VIOLET.

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELLHAMER.

WHAT I am about to describe to you is far from a heavenly scene, and yet it is a scene I myself have witnessed, when in company with a beloved aunt, a veritable Angel-missionary, I visited one of the many fields of her angelic labor.

A barren waste of sand and rocks spread out far and wide before us; no blooming plants, no lofty trees, no singing birds, to awaken music with their melody. All was silent, profound, deep desolation. At a long distance I could perceive the white foam and the dashing waves of angry waters breaking upon a great line of

cragged, dreary-looking rocks. Oh, what an appearance of unrestful, yet deserted life, was here!

At first, I could perceive no signs of human life at this place, nor even a vestige of animal existence. The place was too sterile, barren and forbidding for even the very lowest forms of conscious being.

I turned to my companion in surprise at having been brought to such an unhal- lowed place; perceiving which, she silently pointed to an object slightly in advance of us, which appeared to me but one of the many rocks about us, so thickly was it enveloped in a cloud of darkness: but which in a little time I discovered to bear a resemblance to a human form.

The figure was crouching down in the sand, its head bowed upon its knees, pre- senting a most abject and despairing ap- pearance. It was evidently a male, and he seemed to be suffering intensely. I shall never forget the terrible pang that shot through me at the sight; nothing more than that experience would I need through all my life, to pity, sympathize with, and seek to assist the miserable and unfortunate.

I clearly saw that this unhappy soul could not perceive our approach. His senses were absorbed in his own condition and discordant surrounding; but we could trace upon the cloud-like vapor envelop- ing him lines indicating that his had been a hard and bitter life. Misery, intemper- ance, impurity of life, had marked his way; unmourned and unregretted on earth he had entered Spirit-life, engulfed in degradation and despair. And then and there I learned that this place appear- ing so terribly desolate was typical of the earthly lives of those who came here for a time, because of their unhallowed exist- ence through mortality.

Drawing closer, the angel with me spread her hands above the unfortunate's head, and presently little lines of light streaming from her white fingers began to permeate the darkness, and the being be- fore us groaned and stirred restlessly.

Continuing her work, my blessed com- panion made rapid passes over the form before us, the light still flowing down upon him from her fingers. He trembled, great tears coursed down his cheeks, and at last he cried, "Oh, Lord, save me! Help me, and I will be a better man!"

It was the cry of the Spirit, struggling through the darkness, the degradation, and sin of years, yearning for light and praying for assistance.

To me the place began to grow bright and beautiful. The gloom became perme-

ated with streaks of rosy light. Sweet music floated through the air, which had lost its stinging sharpness. I lost sight of the barren rocks, the desert sand, and the dashing waves. Only the praying, tear- ful being before me, blotted and disfig- ured as he was, and the shining Spirit at my side, became visible to me. The man's tears redoubled, great sobs shook his frame, heavy sighs came welling up from his heaving breast. Broken murmurs of remorse, contrition and despair fell from his lips.

Still he did not see us; but to me the place grew brighter and brighter, until no ray of gloom remained.

Still continuing her magnetic passes, my friend cast a beam of light over the man's face, and looking up, he discovered her angel face bent in pity above him. Stretching out his hands with an implor- ing gesture, but with no sound, the miser- able being gazed and gazed, as if to drink in hope, encouragement, even life itself, from the beautiful sight.

Presently I became conscious of another presence beside me, an elderly female, bright, shining, beautiful, yet so sad, so very sad.

Catching sight of this new face bending over him, the suffering Spirit cried, "My mother, oh, my mother!" and bowed his head from sight.

Drawing me away, my companion said, "We will leave him now to his mother's tender care; she will help him to redeem himself. He is in the valley of tribula- tion now, but soon he will arise to liberty and happiness."

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE.

ARTEMISIA, Gray Co., Ontario, Canada.

FRIEND DENSMORE:—I find in your issue of April first a message, through M. T. Shellha- mer, purporting to come from my brother, Wil- liam Moore. It is eminently characteristic of him, and I thank both Medium and publisher, and especially my dear brother, for the same. Yes, it is indeed from William to his earth- friends, thus making the chain of communica- tion perfect between that world and this.

Brother, I wish you would tell your wife Elizabeth to send a few words to her children, mentioning their names, etc.

Bro. D., there is so much in this message, I can't express my delight, and it makes me so happy. I will not intrude further on your val- uable time. I remain

Yours, fraternally,

HENRY MOORE.

FROM David learn to give thanks in every- thing. Every furrow in the book of Psalms is sown with seeds of thanksgiving.—Jeremy Taylor.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

(For the Voice of Angels.)

FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY SPIRIT MAY.

ПРОРОКЪ М. Т. ВЕЛПАНЕР

In the beautiful Summer-land where I live, men and women who are always kind and good are the teachers of little children. They once lived on earth, and they loved children. So now in the beautiful heavens they are teachers. If you know any man or woman who loves children and is kind to them, you may know these good people will some day be teachers and guides of little ones in another world.

You would like to know about the Summer-land where I live. It is like a large garden, extending as far as you can see or travel; beds of gay flowers bloom there and sweeten the air with their fragrance; lakes and brooks and fountains splash and gurggle with crystal water; there are groves of trees, in the leafy branches of which birds sing and chirp all the day; butterflies flit about from flower to flower, and the golden sunlight falls in beauty over all.

In this vast garden we have our homes; some are snug little white houses, covered with flowering vines, and shining out daintily from the glossy green; others are stately habitations, large and roomy, and built of white, or rose-colored or golden-hued stone.

Here we live with those we love, and we strive to be good and kind to all. The kinder and gentler we are, the more beautiful our homes appear, and the sweeter grow the lovely blossoms about us, because when any one is good, he sends out a bright, shining light, which influences and envelopes all that it reaches, and beautifies it; but if any one is unkind, he sends out a dark, cloud-like vapor, that blights and destroys the flowers, and darkens his surroundings.

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taught, if you are children, or to be teachers if you are grown up.

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OUR RUTH.

BY FANNIE ROY, THROUGH C. E. WINANS.

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The fevered pillow, and with thoughtful care,
Long wrapt in silence, viewed the speaking gaze,
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Friendship with God above;—

Night after night we watched by the bedside
Of our darling; but we knew
That tranquil as the sunbeam
She passed away.

From her chosen partner, from the babe—
That twined strong tendrils round her yearning heart—
From brothers, sisters, and fond parents
Did the Angel-band take our Ruth
To their home above.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION:
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NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS., MARCH 1, 1880.

EDITORIAL.

It will be seen by its date that the following letter was received some months since; but having been mislaid is the reason it has not been noticed before, and we ask friend Quast to excuse the seeming neglect:

JUNIATA, Neb., Aug. 28, 1879.

BRO. DENSMORE.—I have again missed getting the ANGEL VOICE for Aug. 1st. and as I cannot afford to lose a single number, please send it, if you have one to spare.

I see by the last paper that your Spirit-friends were anxious for you to recover your health again, that "you might remain on earth, away from their Spiritual enjoyments."

Bro. D., there is something in this I don't understand, and I want to ask a question relative to it, for general information. But before doing so, I will say that I believe there is another and better world than this in existence, for Mediums tell us so, and describe it so far superior to this that it can hardly be described at all. Now for my question: If that world is in existence, and we can go there through the process of so-called death, why are we told that we must stay here until it pleases our Heavenly Father to call us?—perhaps through a long course of illness, with suffering and bodily pain? Again I ask, Why are our Spirit-friends *always* anxious to cure our earthly diseases, to have us remain here, instead of going to them and enjoying all their pleasures.

E. QUAST.

It will be seen from the above letter, that our friend questions in toto the idea that the sad experiences and disappointments of earth-life are of any mortal use whatever, and expresses surprise and wonder that "our Spirit-friends should be so anxious to keep us here, working perhaps alone in suffering and bodily pain, when by going to them we could enjoy all their pleasures." He then says, "There is something about this question, friend D., I do not understand, and I wish to get your views upon it for general information."

The real meaning and pith of the above is so far removed from the teachings of our philosophy, if we did not know better, we should conclude our friend asked the above questions merely for argument's sake, and not for any good an answer might do. But knowing that he is incapable of prostituting his pen to any such base purpose, we credit him with asking

the questions for the benefit of others not so well posted in the ethics of Spiritualism as he is: and as he has asked it in good faith, we will answer it in the same spirit. But as the same question in substance has been treated many times before, it is quite impossible to avoid frequent repetitions; but this is unavoidable.

Before asking his main question, he says, "I believe there is another and better world than this in existence, for Mediums tell us so, and describe it so far superior to this that it can hardly be described at all." Now, we do not believe it—because belief implies a possible doubt—but we *know* that such a world does exist; not, however, because Mediums tell us so, but from personal experience in that world; and we also *know* that whatever condition a person may attain to in that world, corresponds exactly to his educational experiences in the lower world.

Exactly what man was created for, or whence he originated, we do not pretend to know; neither do we believe there is any one short of Deity who can tell the final destiny of the human race. This must be apparent to all. Hence the oft-repeated saying, by most thinkers, that "the end and aim of man is an open question," has some significance; because, they say, and rightfully too, "finite beings cannot understand and comprehend the Infinite." Hence any human attempt to solve the mooted question is at most merely guess-work. Everybody believes there *was* such a design; but it is only belief, after all, without a particle of proof to sustain it.

Our Orthodox friends declare that "man was created to serve God and obey his commandments," but fail to furnish any proof outside of their own conceited assumptions. Nevertheless, upon this, and the tacit endorsement of Christendom generally, the major part of the civilized world has accepted it as true, without giving it any considerable reflection. Yet, in contradistinction to all this, as it cannot be shown in the absolute, either by scientists, priests or laymen, what man's end will be, or what particular benefit he is to himself or any one else—unless it is to suffer pain and misery throughout his aimless, monotonous earth-life, and in the next suffer excruciating torments in that place prepared for the devil and his angels to disport themselves—is it not self-evident to all thinking minds that "the end and aim of man is still an open question to human comprehension"?

Notwithstanding all these doubts and queries as to his origin and ultimate end, we will take it for granted that man was

made for a wise and special purpose, and with this in view, we will confine our remarks—as we understand things—to the best and most practical way to promote his well-being in the lower world and his happiness in the next.

In the first place, we shall show by unmistakable evidence that all the varied experiences of life in the lower world—its troubles, vexations and sorrows—are not only necessary adjuncts to the soul's progress on and up to the higher and still higher conditions, but that they are the *only* means by and through which it could progress at all.

It will not be questioned that life on the lower plane is made up of lights and shades, sunshine and storms, health and disease, happiness and misery. This none will attempt to gainsay; and with this as a base to start from, to prove the above, in part, at least, it is only necessary to state in connection therewith another fact, namely, that, as stated in former issues of this paper, it is only by comparing one thing with another that we can tell the difference existing between them. For instance, if all men were made exactly of the same size and height, how could we tell whether they were large or small, tall or short? So if all mankind were precisely alike morally, intellectually and Spiritually, how would they know whether they were either good or bad? So, too, if there were no storms, troubles, sickness, or sin in the world, how would we know that their counterparts, sunshine, health, purity, and goodness, existed? This truism being conceded, are we not justified, without a peradventure, in the unqualified declaration that *all* conditions, of whatever name, throughout the boundless realms of universal nature, are absolutely and positively necessary?

To make the above still plainer, we will state, what everybody acknowledges to be true, and which is also a repetition of what we have stated scores of times before, that as the word progression means to grow, or unfold from a low or small state to a higher and larger one, not unlike the growth of a babe from its infantile state to maturity, is it not logically true that, if there were no low or small conditions, there would be nothing to grow or progress from?—in which case all activity would cease, and universal stillness would fill the world with gloom, and the word progression would never have been spoken.

If our good brother had recognized these incontrovertible, although simple facts, he would have seen at once that what made those indescribable spheres so

beautiful was knowledge and wisdom, acquired through earthly experiences, and that they could not have been reached in any other way. He would hardly have doubted the wisdom of "staying here" as long as possible, or why "our Spirit-friends were always anxious to cure our diseases, instead of our going directly to them." If he had recognized them before he wrote his letter of inquiry for general information, it is doubtful if he had written it at all; because *this* thought would have flashed through his mind like an electric shock, namely, if those high, indescribable conditions are the result of the knowledge we possess, and this knowledge really and truly determines the position we are to occupy after entering that beautiful world, so graphically portrayed by highly-unfolded Mediums, then I want to stay here as long as I can, and learn all I can of Spiritual science before leaving this mundane sphere.

Then, again, if the Mediums who told him of those "indescribable spheres" had also told him that the earth-plane was in reality Mother Nature's womb, only in which can one properly prepare himself to pass his examination before graduating to a higher class—that if he fails he will be obliged to go back to earth and perfect himself through other organisms than his own—and taking into account that not one Medium in a thousand may be adapted to his particular wants and needs, without which he can never progress—our friend would be still more willing to "stay here" until he could graduate to that higher sphere with becoming honors.

In fact, if we are not mistaken in our good brother and co-worker, he would not only be willing to "stay here" until his Spirit was well rounded out in earthly experiences, but use all available means within his reach, when sick, to "cure his diseases"; so that, not unlike the birth of a full-grown earthly child, he could land in the beautiful world he is told about, a healthy, robust, fat, plump Spirit-baby, ready to go on and up, and higher still forevermore.

But, in contradistinction to all this, if he had realized another great and important fact, namely, if from any cause, whatever, whether willingly or ignorantly, he should be forced into that world before maturing his growth in the womb of earthly experience—not unlike the appearance of an earthly child born into the world before gestation had half done its full work—he would land there a squalid, half-made-up, cadaverous looking apology for what he might have been, if he had remained on earth until he had learned

well all the lessons required of him in that condition.

If, on entering the next world, one could become at once disrobed of all ignorance, superstition and error, and flash out a bright and pure Spirit, with all its earthly adjuncts swept away, the case would not seem so deplorable. But, fortunately or otherwise, that is not the case. For he would find, to his horror, that the worst and most lamentable part of it was, that it would take years, and may be centuries, before he could attain a position he might have realized at his birth into Spirit-life, if he had been properly prepared and educated by the experiences of earth-life.

In conclusion we will merely add, that, if the above deductions have any foundation in fact, then our friend can but see that his remarks about the seeming unfairness of the Angel-world, in keeping man on earth as long as possible, instead of "going there and enjoying all their pleasures," are extremely illogical and erroneous. If his implied theory that getting there as early in life as possible, regardless of perfecting his earthly education in Spiritual things—was the best and most proper thing to do, then the earlier one made his eternal exit from earthly scenes, the better it would be for him. If such an idea could be logically sustained, to be still more logical, one might properly ask, "Why was man made at all, to suffer misery, destitution and pain, even for a short space of time?—and if children were born, why not, out of pure mercy, compel them, by hook or by crook, to go direct to Spirit-land at birth—thus getting rid of all trouble before they know what it is?"

Hoping that the above imperfect deductions may change somewhat his hitherto cherished opinions as to whether it is wise to stay here as long as possible, before leaving his earthly surroundings, maturely or not, we let them go out for what they are worth.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

NORTHFIELD, Vt., Feb. 10, 1880.

MR. DENSMORE:—In the VOICE OF ANGELS of Feb. 1st is a message, through M. T. Shenhamer, claiming to be from Joseph Smith, son of Nathaniel Smith, Chelsea, Vt., who says he came to his death thro' "a gunning accident." Wishing to know the facts, I wrote to an acquaintance in Chelsea—one I know to be a man of truth and veracity—asking him several questions, but giving no clue why I asked them, and he answered that "Joseph Smith was a son of Nathaniel Smith. He was a near neighbor of ours, and accidentally shot himself two years ago, about Thanksgiving time."

D. T. AVERILL.

SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE,
FEBRUARY 1ST, 1880,
THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHENHAMER.

JOHN HORTON.

I COME from Springfield, Ohio. I am desirous of sending a communication thro' your little paper. I have been out of the body some time, and I was an old man when I left; so it would seem I may be forgotten; and yet there are those there who sometimes see your paper, who know of me, and it seems they would be glad to know I had returned.

My name is John Horton. I never came in this way before, and I don't take to it very well; but will do the best I can.

I want to tell George that I can see into his business, and I find there are certain affairs connected with it he had better look into himself, not trust them to others; he can straighten everything out and find himself much better off than he expected; but for this year he had better apply himself closely to the most important part of the business. I do not know whether he will gain all he wishes to or not, but I see a good opening ahead for him, and I do not want him to let it slide. He is sufficiently interested in this to take heed of what I say.

Many of my friends are with me in this world; they are happy, and do not desire to return; neither would I desire to do so, only I think I may perhaps be of a little use to my friends. If George will call upon a Trance Medium in his city, I will come to him if possible and give him more.

MAMIE BELL.

I WAS a little girl when I died. I went to the pretty Summer-land, and it was so sweet there, no cold, no storm. I found a nice auntie, who took care of me and was my teacher; she told me not to cry for mamma, because I could come back to her and love her just the same; and she brought me back every day, and I came close to mamma and whispered to her, and she grew better; she began to feel rested and peaceful, and to think of me as a happy little angel in heaven. And auntie brought me here tonight to speak, because she said mamma would see my words and they would make her feel good. And so, please sir, put in the letter that I love mamma dearly, and I come to her every day to bring her my love and to put Spirit-flowers where her Spirit can sense them and feel glad. Tell her I am growing up for her in heaven, and I'm happy there, and by-and-bye she will come to meet me and live with me all the time.

Auntie sends her love. My name is Mamie Bell. There's a lady in Worcester, will show this to my mamma, I think, or send it to her.

SALLIE AMMIDOWN.

SIR, I would like to say now to my children and friends that I am happy and comfortable. I want to send them my love. Tell them I thank them for all their kindness to me. I remember them every day with love. I am growing young now; every day I find the old wrinkles disappearing, the marks of age wearing off, and I expect when my folks come to me, they will hardly know the old lady. I have a sweet little home, and I have found many dear friends, who went years before I did. It is all pleasant, and I am satisfied. I was very old when I left the body, but I'm growing young now. Tell 'em all I'll wait for 'em, and when they come over I'll welcome them to the best I've got.

My name is Sallie Ammidown. My folks 'll know.

LILLIE M. MANNING.

I DON'T know about this, but I want to send a letter, oh, so much. [You are welcome to.] Thank you. I was very weak when I died. I have only been gone a little while. I want Will to do just as he likes with what was mine. I know everything will be settled all right. I didn't want to die; I was very young; but I'm satisfied now. Everything is very beautiful over here, and I want all my folks to know I am happy. Tell them not to fret for me. Tell them I bring them my love. Tell them I want to come and talk to them somewhere. I don't want to say anything more in public.

My name is Lillie M. Manning. I was named Lillian. My husband is W. H. Manning, Charlestown District, Mass.

WILLIE K. LEWIS.

I want to send a good letter to my papa. I want to tell him he must be reconciled and calm. Mamma is all nice and well now; her head is good, and she is growing so happy with me and grandma and auntie. We take real good care of her, and she sends her best love, and she is going to help you; and we'll all meet you, pa, when you come over to us.

Mamma says, tell papa all is for the best; she will be happy now; she is glad to be at rest, and she wants you to go away and have a change for a while; she wants you to take rest, and we will come to you and give you visions and make you happy.

Auntie sends her love to you, mamma sends hers to you, and sis and all my dear

aunties. I had to come here tonight, 'cause I've been trying to speak to papa ever since mamma came. I was a little boy when I lived in the body, but I have grown since then.

I think there is another dear one coming over to us pretty soon. Grandma says so. Oh, we'll have such a grand time when they all come to us. The spirit can work out its own powers over here, and no dark clouds come to crush them out. I am real glad I went over to the beautiful Spirit-world when I did, because I grew up there, glad to help the poor Spirits, and anxious to teach them of the better land. But perhaps if I had remained on earth, I would have turned against the Spirits and disowned them.

I am with my cousin Charley a good deal; he is a beautiful Spirit, and helps his mamma ever so much in her Medium work.

My name is just like papa's—Willie K. Lewis. I want my letter to go to Mr. Wm. K. Lewis, Boston Highlands, Mass.

Good-bye. [Good-bye. Come again.] Yes, sir. Thank you.

MESSAGES GIVEN FEBRUARY 8TH, 1880.

JENNIE THOMPSON.

My name is Jennie Thompson. I never came back before. I want to tell the folks I live in a happy, good place, and I am contented now. I didn't want to die; I wanted to stay here and grow up a woman, and learn lots of things; but I can go to school where I live, and it's much nicer than I thought it would be. I found an aunt here and a grandmother, and they are just as kind. I come back every day, but I can't make mother or father know I am with them, though I try ever so hard; and Auntie said if I would come to a place like this, and speak, perhaps it would give me power to come better at home and make them know I was there.

My father's name is William Thompson. I want him to feel that I am just by him as I used to be. Tell him I sometimes come home and look out of the window for him, just as I used to do when I was a little girl. I remember the stories he used to tell me after supper, and I shall never forget his love and kindness, nor my dear mother's either. I send them my love. I don't care whether they recognize this publicly or not, because I shall know if it pleases them; and some time, if they will go to a Medium and let me come and talk to them, I shall be as happy as a bird. I come from Philadelphia.

JAMES ALLEN.

I AM a young man now. I wish to try and see if I can reach my friends who live

in Springfield. My name is James Allen—just like my father's name. I have been gone to the Spirit-world quite a long time now. I want my friends to know I can come back, and I want them to give more attention to this, to investigate it and see if they cannot find some truth in it. I think they will be amply repaid, if they only will look into this. I haven't much to say here, for I don't think my folks will be pleased to have me say much concerning our affairs, that must be printed before the world; but I just want them to know I can come back, that I am not standing still, but going forward all the time, growing in stature and knowledge; and I send them my love. I think one of our family will join me soon, and we who are over here are making preparations to greet her. It will be a joyous welcome, and she will be glad to be at rest. She need not fear, all is pleasant for her beyond, and her friends will greet her with rejoicing.

JOHN FAXON.

It is not a great while since I died, but I am anxious to return and to tell my friends concerning this other life. Let me tell all who are near to me, and to whom I bring my remembrance and love, this is a very good place. I have met friends and I am comfortably situated. I know there are brighter conditions beyond, and some day I hope to reach them. I can see spots in my life, not so discernible to me when here—spots that I am rubbing out as fast as possible; and I tell you that if you want to be bright and shining when you lay off the old body, you must live just as true and good as you know how. You must be kind and charitable, slow to censure, and quick to help those in need.

Of course there were times in my life I might have done better than I did, and I wish I had; but I am very well off, and I am told that I shall in time grow up to the beautiful estate of those beyond me. I lived a good many years on earth; I had those very near and dear to me, also a number of friends I would like to have know I can come back and speak to them. I never expected to be back here speaking in this way; but the ways of the Spirit are not always the ways of earth, and I feel it my duty to come and speak, whether my friends realize it is me or not.

I want to tell Henry H. Faxon, of Quincy, Mass., that I am glad he is doing as he is. I can see clearly over here the results of his work, and I find he has invisible helpers who lead him on. Tell him I have been by his side much of late, and I am glad for him. He will realize

the importance of his work during the last few years more fully when he comes over beside me, than he can possibly do now.

I thank you, sir. My name is John Faxon. I lived in Wollaston Heights, this State.

DR. JOHN BLAKENEY.

With others, I come to send a word of greeting and cheer to friends. To my family I say, I am ever with you; I come with dear Spirits to bless and guide you; my love is yours, and I watch each one from my Spirit-home, where I have found rest and peace, and freedom from the trials and afflictions of the old body.

I was glad to go. I understood Spiritualism; the angels often came to me with words of cheer, and I longed at times to be with them. But all their pictures of the Spirit-world did not half depict the reality. It was more beautiful, soul-satisfying and peaceful than I can tell. But I come back to speak a good word for the cause—the cause of truth; it is a glorious one, and it brings more joy and peace to the human heart than any thing else humanity can claim.

I want to tell John I am satisfied with the course he pursues. I shall be with him and guide him on his way. Free from the incumbrances of the body, I can work well for the well-being of those near to me.

And dear brother Cobb, rest assured I am with you. I bring you tidings of my Spirit-home, and glimpses into its realities and joys; I shall give you more in the future; you shall learn many things concerning the Higher Life, and you will be able to be of use to others because of your knowledge. For your past kindness and friendship, for your present sympathy and remembrance, I bless and thank you, and promise to be of use to you whenever possible. I think you had better send my Spirit-letter this way—"Old Dr. John T. Blakeney to S. B. Cobb, Dunkirk, New York."

ANOTHER VERIFICATION.

VERNON, Vt., Feb. 9, 1880.

BRO. DENSMORE:—Your issue of Jan. first contains a message purporting to come from my brother, Adin French, through the mediumship of Dr. W. L. Jack. I recognize its truthfulness in every particular, and it affords me pleasure to acknowledge it, and thereby add my testimony to the actual return of loved ones gone before, giving us positive assurance of their watchfulness and care for us.

Yours, for truth,

CHESTER W. FRENCH.

We know not how much the heart can bear of sorrow without breaking.

[From the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*.]

GOING HOME.

BY JAMES O. CLARK.

Kiss me when my spirit flies—
Let the beauty of your eyes
Beam along the waves of death,
While I draw my parting breath,
And am borne to yonder shore,
While the billows beat no more,
And the notes of endless Spring
Through the groves immortal ring.

I am going home tonight—
Out of blindness into sight;
Out of weakness, war and pain
Into power, peace and gain;
Out of Winter gale and gloom
Into Summer breath and bloom!
From the wanderings of the past
I am going home at last.

Kiss my lips and let me go;
Nearer swell the solemn flow
Of the wondrous stream that rolls
By the border-land of souls;
I can catch sweet strains of songs
Floating down from distant throngs,
And can feel the touch of hands
Reaching out from Angel-bands.

Anger's frown and envy's thrust,
Friendship chilled by cold distrust,
Sleepless night and weary morn,
Toll in fruitless land forlorn,
Aching head and breaking heart,
Love destroyed by slander's dart,
Drifting ship and darkened sea—
Over there will righted be.

Sing in numbers low and sweet,
Let the songs of two worlds meet;
We shall not be sundered long;
Like the fragments of a song,
Like the branches of a will
Parted by the rock or bill,
We shall blend in tune and time,
Loving on in perfect rhyme.

When the noontide of your days
Yields to twilight's silver haze,
Ere the world recedes in space,
Heavenward lift your tender face;
Let your dear eyes homeward shine,
Let your spirit call for mine,
And my own will answer you
From the deep and boundless blue.

Swifter than the sunbeam's flight
I will cleave the gloom of night,
And will guide you to the land
Where our loved ones waiting stand;
And the legions of the blest
They shall welcome thee to rest,
They will know you when your eyes
On the Isles of glory rise.

When the parted streams of life
Join beyond all jarring strife,
And the flowers that withered lay
Blossom in immortal May—
When the voices hushed and dear
Thrill once more the raptured ear,
We shall feel and know and see
God knew better far than we.

HOW TO JUDGE THE WEATHER.—The colors of the sky at different times are a wonderful guidance. Not only does a clear sunset presage fair weather, but there are other tints which speak with clearness and accuracy. A bright yellow in the evening denotes wind; a pale yellow, wet; a neutral gray constitutes a favorable sign in the morning—an unfavorable one in the evening. The clouds are full of meaning in themselves. If they are soft, undefined and feathery, the weather will be fine; if the edges are hard, sharp and definite, it will be foul. Generally speaking, any deep, unusual hues betoken wind and rain, while more quiet and moderate tints bespeak fair weather. Simple as these maxims are, the British Board of Trade has thought fit to publish them for the use of seafaring men.

BRIEF ITEMS.

THE bill which has been introduced in the Massachusetts Legislature, ostensibly "Regulating the Practice of Medicine," has already aroused a strong sentiment of opposition among the liberal-minded people of the Commonwealth. Two hearings have been given before the Committee on Public Health at the State House, at which arguments have been advanced for and against the proposed bill—the remonstrants making out much the best case; and the latter will probably succeed in defeating this iniquitous and unpopular legislation.

After closing her lectures in San Francisco, Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britton will speak in Salt Lake City and other places on her way East, previous to going to Europe.

While Mr. J. Frank Baxter occupied the Music Hall platform in Bangor on Sundays, through the month of February, he filled in the time on week evenings by speaking in numerous of the neighboring towns. The Sundays of March are to be devoted by Mr. B. to towns and cities in the vicinity of Boston.

The various Spiritualist Societies of Boston are enjoying a season of great interest and harmony, under the ministrations of various gifted inspirational speakers.

The cause of Spiritualism seems to be advancing in Wisconsin. The Northern Wisconsin Spiritualists lately held a three days' Quarterly Convention at Omro, at which the officers were chosen for the ensuing year, interesting addresses were delivered, and much interest was manifested. The birthday of Thomas Paine was appropriately celebrated at Omro, at Spiritualist Hall; and a Liberal League was formed, with fifty-one charter members.

Mr. Lyman C. Howe lately completed a two months' engagement with the First Society of Spiritualists of Cleveland, Ohio, where he has given much satisfaction, and was succeeded by Mr. W. J. Colville for two or three weeks. It is hoped by the Society that Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britton will be with them on "Anniversary Day," March 31st.

The proceedings at Brooklyn Everett Hall Spiritual Conference, Brooklyn, N. Y., Saturday evening, Feb. 14, were more than commonly interesting. Mrs. J. W. Stowe, of California, delivered an address on "the legal disabilities of married women, widows and orphans," and there were short addresses by Mrs. Jennie Foster and Mr. F. Haslam, together with character delineations by Mrs. H. A. Cate.

The *Religio-Philosophical Journal* of Feb. 14th contains a portrait and an interesting and truthful biographical sketch of Mrs. Emma R. Tuttle, wife of our valued correspondent, Hudson Tuttle, and formerly Miss Emma Rood. Mrs. Tuttle is a poet of no mean power and reputation. We have marked several poetic gems of hers for future insertion in the *VOICE*.

Ex-Superintendent Kiddle lectured lately in New York City on the "Salvation of Souls." He took strong ground against eternal punishment and "hell fire," and proved conclusively that those dogmas were not included in the original manuscripts of the New Testament, but were evidently the inventions and interpolated forgeries of monks and priests.

Much interest is being manifested in Washington, D. C., and vicinity in the sublime truths of the Spiritual Philosophy.

The third annual dinner of the Free Lecture Association took place at East Dennis, Mass., Feb. 4, when one hundred and fifty plates were set, and a good time enjoyed after dinner, with a play, speeches and songs; after which the officers were elected. Spiritualism is flourishing in East Dennis, and the Lecture Association is in a prosperous condition.

THE Kirksville (Mo.) *Journal* says: "Mr. Fishback lectures at Owasco, Milan and Unionville, regularly. He is engaged to deliver ten discourses in Illinois, in about a month from this time."

B. F. Underwood lectured at Albany, N. Y., February 15th, and at the Parker Memorial, Boston, the 22nd.

Prof. J. M. Allen is again busy in Battle Creek, where he is filling his engagement for the five Sundays of February.

The State University of Kansas, is open to both sexes.

A Social Science Association was organized in New York city, January 21st, with Mrs. Hope Whipple as president, for ladies.

Geo. W. Webster, of Bonair, Iowa, has secured five hundred acres of improved land, as the basis of an Industrial School for boys and girls. It is free from religious dogmas.

Lasell Seminary, at Auburndale, Mass., is taking a leading place in practical education, while not neglectful of securing the best teachers in the classics and music. Miss Parloa has a large class in cooking, without extra cost to pupils. There is also a class in the scientific cutting and fitting of garments.

Senator Dawes has introduced a bill into the United States Senate providing for the restoration of the Ponca Indians to their old reservation. The evidence before the Senate Committee is very damaging to the agents of the Indian Bureau.

Don't forget the Fair now being held at Boffin's Bower, 1031 Washington street, Boston. Jennie Collins is doing a good work, and this effort of hers to provide free dinners for working-girls deserves to receive liberal support.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

WILLIE.

BY WALTER S. HEATH.

We've a friend that's crossed the river,
Entered in the Summer-land,
Greeted friends who went before him—
Joined the happy Angel-band.

In our visions we can see him
Sitting in those heavenly bowers,
Listening to the strains of music,
Gazing at the lovely flowers.

Soon we too shall cross the river,
Soon we'll join the Angel-band,
We shall meet and know our loved one
In that happy Spirit-land.

JAFFREY, N. H.

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

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

AMENO T. WITHERS.

SOME men, indeed, and many there are, drop deeds of kindness from their fingers, which count in eternity to their honor and glory more than strings of pearls, or gems, or rubies; and it is to you, oh, tried, true and constant friend of the children of sorrow and want, that these words are penned. You, indeed, are gathering for yourself those gems that shall shine in your crown of peace through the life here on earth; and in your contest for the rights of these children you are battling with those jewels of truth that shall, in the life hereafter, illumine your path in worlds of glorified usefulness.

We are happy, indeed, when we see your pen or pencil writing upon life's pages the

living truths of Spirit power and manifestations unto the children of men, given through our instruments, the Mediums of your earth-land.

Fear not, beloved one; you are encompassed about and around with an innumerable throng of living witnesses, who testify of the spirit. Be of good courage; thy faith, indeed, hath made thee whole. I would that you should still further know that your labor is not in vain. The jewels that you have set in the type of the truths of your gems of peace and mercy are the crowning efforts of your life's aim. With Angels and all those grand celestial Spirits who have passed on triumphantly through seas of trouble before you, and are now resting in abodes of peace, shall you triumph over your enemies, and reign victorious here, and with the friends "Over There."

You have done a noble work, and many have worked through you for the achievement of their purpose. Yours is a work of truth and love. You have naught, therefore, to fear or tremble for.

With our best wishes, believe me, yours, in Spirit-life,

AMENO T. WITHERS.

To Jonathan M. Roberts.

CALISTA.

WELL, Maffitt, how do you do? I only step in to let you know that I came with Emma and Aaron, and I am happy, and living in Spirit-life. I have been home and seen mother, and father, and all; and I wish mother to rest assured that I am no longer the sickly child I once was, but that I am free from all care, and no longer a dependent child of earth. My dear mother will have a beautiful home when she comes. You see, mother is frail; but just as her strength is, so shall her days be.

Well, this is all I can do, now, I guess. I died young. I lived in Maine, not far from Portland. Well I must go. I live again.

CALISTA.

DORA.

Oh, how delightful the sensation that took possession of my new Spirit-senses—of my birth, dear Charley, into the after life. And how joyous it was on my *entree* into the holy world of peace. I met Father W. there; and oh, dear Charley, he looked so beautiful, so peaceful. I knew, then, that it was he and others that I saw when you were standing around my bedside, prior to my departure for the Spirit-world.

I have my babe, now. All is peace, and rest, and quiet, with me, I shall meet you when you come, and greet you

with a wife's fondest love and constancy of spirit.

DORA.

M.

THE camel still travels the desert, and the sands still cover the desert; but where can ye find the steps of the camel when the storm has ceased? Yot the Arab knows, he alone can tell, and with patience he pursues his journey, knowing that ere long he will reach his oasis, and there drink in his delights and rest with ease. Learn lessons, oh, finites, of patience, and from the camel learn endurance, for humanity's sake, and profit thereby. The prints alone make the impression hidden beneath the sand; so make thine beneath the outer surface, that angels and angelic souls alone may read of your good intentions and grand inspirations. Why, the crescent shines as beautifully on the desert as on the fertile fields or flowery gardens of other lands. And the stars, with their beautiful points, shine brightly for thee on thy desert, making to spring up oases of success for you and yours. The two hidden points I still retain for you, as the brighter spots in your sun on high. On these two points rest thy soul in security, and thy heart and thy loved ones shall be filled with joy unspeakable, and Allah's children, with the Star of the East, shall drink from the well of joy.

To E. R. Stickney, from M.

MESSAGE FROM THORVALDSEN.

THROUGH MRS. SUSAN GOODHUE WAGNER.

THE light breaks o'er me, the glorious light, I feel as one fresh awakened from a deep sleep—a dreamless sleep—and yet not dreamless. What a strange sensation! What a curious conglomeration of facts and fancies! One moment I have been tossed on the surging sea, with the stars hidden, and the moon obscured in darkness, then shining forth with refulgent light. I am conscious of volition, of motion, continuous motion, of vibration. The world seems to be a great harp, to play with my emotion. I want to work. Will you furnish me with material, that I may restore my lost art?—nay, not lost, only suspended, that it may be restored to its pristine beauty and grandeur.

It is marvellous, it is wonderful, that the Spirit can model, but it can. But I am not a Spirit; I have a form. Feel my drapery; I am living, breathing, moving. Give me a subject. What shall it be?—my own soul's imagery? Ah, that will do; I can work now; I can retouch the old pictures, reanimate the old forms, rekindle the old fires. Why do I talk so? I cannot tell; a strange desire comes over me

to be known, to be loved, to be cherished. Now I am only matter. I feel it, I know it; but I am still Thorvaldsen.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

IN MEMORIAM.

BY M. THERESA BURLHAMER.

THE earth is draped in robes of crystal snow,
Resplendent in its shimmering, shining white;
The golden sun streams warmly from on high,
Reflecting backward gleams of brilliant light;
This is the season of the passing year
When God thought best to call his loved away,
Beyond the shadows of the lonely tomb,
To higher realms, where shines eternal day.

Oh, it was mete that spotless robes of snow,
Like some fair bridal garment rich and rare,
Should deck the earth when thou wast called to go,
To join the choir of Angels "Over There";
For thou wert fair as crystal, chaste as ice,
Thy spirit caught no taint in passing through;
Thy mortal life was free from sin and vice,
And every act was genial, warm and true.

We cannot wish thee back, for thou art gone
To join the workers of the Heavenly Land,
Who toil to liberate the mighty throng
Environed by Oppression's iron hand.
But sometimes, when our hearts are sad and lone,
We long to meet thee once more, face to face,
To recognize thee once more as our own
In all thy Spirit's lovely, shining grace.

'Tis true we miss thee from the mortal side,
But yet we feel thee with us as of yore;
We know that heaven's gates are open wide,
And thou canst come to greet us as before;
And sometimes, when the soul is calm and still,
We feel thy saintly presence with us here,
Thy sweet cares and gentle whispers thrill
Our spirits with their music sweet and clear.

We do not need this season to recall
The tender memory of departed days;
Sweet recollections, bright as sunbeams fall,
Of all thy countless loving, gentle ways.
But we would bring a tribute now to thee,
And bless thee in thy happy home above,
And bring thee on this anniversary
This recognition of thy deathless love.

Dear sister, may thy Father's tender love
Encircle thee in bands of holy light,
And gentle Peace, so like a snowy dove,
Enfold thee in her plumes shining bright;
And may the blessing of a calm, pure soul
Reflect from thy sweet Spirit down to those
Of us who, striving for the heavenly goal,
Need strength and patience for our souls' repose.

FEBRUARY 20TH.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

"IT MEANS SOMETHING."

NO. 1506 NORTH 7TH ST., PHILA., PA.

"It means something," or "there is something in it," are very often the expressions of those who, for the first time, witness a physical phenomenon or receive a Spirit-message or communication. Some are satisfied with this as a conclusion, and others from this point examine further, and surely as they seek, they find; and as they ask, they receive. Our doubts are traitors, and to be uncertain and undetermined in judgment upon any question of seeming, or real importance to us, creates in the mind an unrest and annoyance almost unbearable; and yet the nightmare is cherished as an old and favorite companion.

How then is it with such as I claim to be, namely, a thorough Spiritualist, who accepts all that comes to him, rather than by rejecting some, run the risk of losing

something valuable, or causing an affront to some ministering Spirit on an errand of mercy? I have been told in communion that Spirits expected to be treated like friends, or well-wishers, at least. This suggests a thought, that too many of the Angel-world are treated badly by proud and self-willed mortals, who, I verily believe, will regret their insolent and contumacious conduct in this life, but most assuredly in the next.

These thoughts have been suggested to my mind by reading the message of Spirit William Fisher, in the *VOICE* of Feb 1st. To understand him, and to understand me fully in what I am about to write, permit me to quote him largely. He says, "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 to investigate 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."

If I had not been somewhat accustomed to receiving communications and messages from the Spirit-world through the columns of the *VOICE*, I should have been startled, if not shocked, at the view of it in print. After a second perusal, the strangeness and importance of the thing was more reconcilable to my Spiritual experience and the view I have of the beautiful philosophy. Very naturally, its consideration in the light of a truthful subject, made a serious or imposing impression upon my mind, and evolved many thoughts, of which I submit the following:

First, then, the idea that it is possible for a Spirit to know of mortals, and determine the character of their mental and moral natures, and to act upon their understanding and wills in any direction and for any desirable purpose. This fact alone is enough to startle the credulity of any mortal, intelligent or otherwise. In this connection and just here let me say that what he states as to his interest in the Spiritual Philosophy, and his "seeking to draw others into investigating this truth,"

fits me exactly. There comes in the congeniality. "That means something; there is something in that!"

Then the great and most important idea, or rather fact, in our philosophy, stated as he has it, that "it will interest him (me) 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." "Interest me to know," etc. Yes, indeed, it is of interest to me; for it accords so closely with my feelings in that particular means of aiding the needy on the other side of life. That I am willing and anxious to give myself, heart and soul, to the glorious work of the redemption of Spirits, as well as mortals, I am conscious of, not as a duty, but as a pleasure, in the love of doing good.

My unknown friend, who knows me so well, is to me a stranger: but in my adherence to the practical sentiment of entertaining strangers, for thereby have angels been entertained unawares, he is welcome (and any others) to use me to his best service and uses. Let me help him to work out his salvation as best I may. The fact, a principle in our philosophy, that mortals can be used as instruments, and may assist a Spirit to perform the work necessary for it to do, in order to complete his or her earthly experience, is one that we ought to consider in the light of its importance, as doing unto others as we would have them do unto us. Thus shall we or do we perform a part, making up an earthly experience which will undoubtedly tell in our favor in the settlement of accounts with ourselves, when good and bad deeds come up in memory for adjustment.

It has been my practice to allow unfortunate Spirits to come with a welcome, believing, as I do, that their coming back to earth, in most cases, is to complete their earthly experience—if so, forbid them not.

In conclusion, allow me to express my gratification at the following part of the communication, namely, "I am shown here by a little angel of light, who guides him." (me.) Who will not recognize this as the loving work of that Angel-birdie, "Little Helen"?

Still let me add, that, at a Circle since seeing the communication, the Spirit of William Fisher was present, and addressed me in such terms as to make it cognizable as he of the "Angel Voice."

Yours, truly, J. W.

HE that cannot forgive others, breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself

[For the Voice of Angels.]

LABOR.

THROUGH JAMES MADISON ALLEN.—1864.

NEVER linger, when the loved ones
Call thee on and on to work!
Never hesitate, but conquer
All the fears that round thee lurk.

Nature's ways are those of labor—
Idleness no'er finds a place;
Work, then, with a will, dear earth-friends,
Work, to benefit the race.

Love to labor; it will strengthen,
It will give thee power sublime
To increase the joys of living
On the shifting sands of time.

Life at best is but a spring-time,
But a season to prepare
For the glorious time of harvest,
For the beautiful upper air.

Labor on, in hearty good-will;
Labor on, thy race to save
From the snares of sin and ignorance,
Now so ripe this side the grave.

And when Death reveals the glories
Of the upper worlds of bliss,
You'll have nothing to atone for,
Nothing to regret in this.

HOUSE PLANTS.—Dust, dry air, insects and over-watering, are the chief draw-backs to contend with. By placing some light covering over them while sweeping, and an occasional syringing in the kitchen sink, with sponging the leaves of the smooth-leaved plants, remembering that it injures rough-leaved plants to wet them frequently, the first great enemy to their health may be controlled. Insects may be kept under by fumigation with tobacco smoke. Over-watering and lack of drainage probably destroy more plants than drought. The handsome glazed pots need especial attention. Something must be placed in the bottom of them to make an open layer; broken crockery, cinders, anything coarse, will do, covered with moss to keep the earth from washing down. When the surface of the soil is muddy an hour after watering, be sure something is wrong.

WERE I, O God, in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers or divines,
My soul would find, in flowers of thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines.—[Horace Smith.]

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

FOND DU LAC, Wis., Feb. 3, 1880.

MR. DENSMORE:—Dear Brother,—By request of Mrs. Dora Ham, I write to acknowledge a communication in the VOICE OF ANGELS through M. T. Shelhamer, from Mrs. Sophia Johnston, who passed to the Higher Life, near Fond du Lac, Wis., some three years ago.

The communication came in some of the last Autumn numbers. My Voice containing the message is lent, and I do not remember the date. However, Mrs. Ham says it "sounds just like ma's talk," is anxious to hear from her mother again, and wishes her to say something more definite in relation to her family, calling them by name.

I have frequently heard Mrs. Johnston speak in public, and do think the message very characteristic of her. CORDELIA TAINTOR.

FRIENDSHIP, like iron, is fragile, if hampered too thin.—Saadu

ANOTHER VERIFICATION.

WEST GROTON, Mass., Feb. 5, 1880.

MR. D. C. DENSMORE:—Dear Brother,—During the past year I have had a number of communications through M. T. Shelhamer, in the VOICE OF ANGELS. The one from Miss Carrie Hartwell I supposed her friends would have recognized ere this. They reside in Fitchburg, Mass. However, it is correct in every minutiae. She was passionately fond of flowers, as she intimates. Also the message from Mrs. Eunice Clapp was correct. She tells of a beautiful quilt she made for a fair, which was truly characteristic of her.

[NOTE.—There being no name signed to this, I presume it was an oversight. If the author will send us her name, we will insert it in our next.—PUB.]

ERROR is constantly repeated in action, therefore the true should be unweariedly repeated in words.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

Sophia Heath; Clara E. Staples; John Kelly; Eva May Clark.

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

Emma S. T. Milliken; John Albert Dresser; Sister Hattie; Louisa; Lizzie to G. A. B.; Emma to Maffit; Little Carrie.

THROUGH DR. O.

From Robert Hare to Dr. Fahnestock.

THROUGH C. E. WINANS.

Mrs. Elizabeth Minns.

THROUGH WEST INGLE.

Caleb Hutchinson.

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WE have been requested by the Band controlling the destiny 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:

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