













## Original Poetry.

### I HAVE A GEM.

BY J. WM. VAN NAME, M. D.

It has a gem which cannot fade,  
The brighter, aye, by far,  
Than rubies rich, or diamonds pure,  
Or your sweet evening star;  
A gem of peace, of purest wealth,  
I give, dear one, to thee,  
I ask that thou wilt cherish it,  
Wherever thou mayst be.  
"Thy known to mortals here on earth,  
By sweetest music of love;  
"The cherished by angelic light,  
In words of peace above;  
Then cherish it while here below,  
Thine joy it will impart;  
And when thou'rt called from earth, above  
"Twill there adorn thy heart."

### What has Spiritualism done? Has it Helped to give Woman Her Freedom?

BY MRS. ELLA A. BACON.

It has come from the lips of our untought youth,  
In bursts of eloquent song,  
It has brought from the springs of eternal truth,  
Conviction to earth's great throng.  
It has brought the names of the loved ones gone,  
Thro' strange lips to our ear;  
Describing their lives and feelings fully,  
That the sceptic turned to hear.  
Perhaps 'twas a mother's precious form  
You laid beneath the sod,  
And you could not follow the life and soul  
Which they said had gone to God.  
So you waited your sorrow, over the grave,  
And left your spirit there,  
While "Mother come back to your lonely child,"  
Was ever your yearning prayer.  
Till, perhaps, conviction came to you,  
So certain and so sure,  
And thro' some stranger's lips you heard  
A mother's blessing pure.  
Or, perhaps, you laid your baby down,  
Your treasure and household pet,  
And your heart cried ever with yearning love,  
For the child you could not forget.  
But when your baby's sleeping voice,  
Thro' strange lips breathed her test,  
And her childish traits thro' another form,  
Were plainly made manifest.  
With your baby's name on a stranger's lips,  
You could no longer doubt,  
And prejudice, like a dark eclipse,  
Was quickly put to rout.  
Your reason compelled you to believe,  
That your child was surely true,  
And you felt that it was a glorious truth  
That could bring conviction clear.  
That your precious darling hovered near,  
In childhood's radiant bloom,  
A priceless part of your life—  
Of its life beyond the tomb.  
Go ask your mourners, those bereaved,  
What Spirit power has done,  
Those who convincing tests have had,  
From every dear loved one.  
In all the kingdoms of the earth,  
Till truth was known to all,  
"Twill with its way thro' the paths of life,  
Till conviction comes to all.  
Its faint sounds to make all free,  
You, men and women too,  
It shall make us all glad to say  
"By night we rule o'er you!"  
They shall say, instead, "be one with us,"  
"We jointly adjust life's scale,"  
Though you lack in muscular strength and will,  
Yet your love is ever prevail.  
And thus in harmony we stand,  
Both sexes sharing every good,  
And justice eternal stand.

### GOD IS MERCIFUL.

### Offences Must Needs Come—Spirit in Every-thing—Wait and Watch—On the Death of a Young Wife.

AN INSPIRATIONAL ADDRESS DELIVERED BY  
MRS. NELLIE J. T. BRIGHAM BEFORE THE  
FIRST SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, NEW  
YORK CITY, ON SUNDAY MORNING,  
JANUARY 12TH, 1879.

Reported for Mind and Matter by George H. Mellich.  
"How can we reconcile the idea that God is a God of mercy with the fact that there is a constant and never ending recurrence of sad events following most persons through life, and especially those who have trusted and tried to serve him?" Into each life some rain must fall, some days must be dark and dreary, and when the rain falls and dark clouds come, you look upon them as though ought not to be so. But God is merciful; he knows what is best for you. You do not know, friends, that it is best for every person to have some shade and the night, to have chill as well as warmth? The chill may keep the flower back in its blossom, but the sun will grow more hardy, more firmly, and the blossoms will be more beautiful, healthful and enduring. The gardener knows that if he would have plants quickly he must force them, by giving heat and artificial light, by forcing nature, as it were; but if he would have them last long, vigorous and strong, then he keeps them back to nature's course. With the camellias, hyacinths, and with many flowers we see this illustrated. So our Heavenly Father often times keeps you back by care and trouble and sorrow, as it may seem to you, and you look upon it as a trial, as though you did not desire it, as though God could not do this and be merciful too. When he is most loving and merciful he allows the shadows to gather. Friends, you must learn by contrast. A person, like a great o'gan, must have his dark keys and white keys. But he says he loves the white, give him the white keys. We tell you we would have the dark keys also, for it is only with the white and the dark combined that perfect harmony is produced. So it is in life. You must have sorrow with joy, the dark with the bright. How would you know the sweets of life if it were not for the bitter? You could not appreciate the beautiful sunny days if it were not for the dark stormy days. You learn by contrast. How would you learn to stand up and take the first step if it never fell? Why, contrast is your great teacher. God gives you these things for your good. He does not want you to have made a world of sweet music, of sunshine, of bliss? Could he not? Is it for the finite to question the infinite? It is for the progressive you must be imperfect. It is for the perfect you must be contrast. You must struggle and overcome the difficulties of life, and in this way God is merciful to you; and he is merciful to you in this way, that he does not let you see the end of the rainbow until you have passed through the storm. You do not notice it; it does you good, though you may not see it to-day. Paul says: "Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be grievous, but grievous nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." You sometimes think that you are come down like an avalanche upon man, and we wonder that he is crushed as it seems to us, but they only seem to be crushed. The gardener is merciful when he prunes the trees, shrubs and vines; he would have flowers and fruit, in the coming summer; you seeing the bush cut away so small, might think it was nearly destroyed, but the gardener knows it was not nearly destroyed, but it was nearly made to grow, and when the summer comes you see he was right.  
The tree is made to weep when its branches are trimmed off; but, in the near future, it will be better in every way; bearing richer, finer fruit. So it is with you; you may weep over sorrows, but it is

## MIND AND MATTER.

### MORE ASTOUNDING FACTS.

### Spirits Appear and Show Themselves Workers of Wonderful Things.

THE TRUTH IS MIGHTY AND WILL PREVAIL—  
MORE LIGHT IS COMING TO ILLUMINATE  
THE WORLD.

TO THE EDITOR OF MIND AND MATTER:

Knowing that one of the leading objects in publishing MIND AND MATTER is to get well-established facts before the people, and that very few of those who witness them are willing to make public statements of their experiences, I venture to comply with a request of "Conkopo," the controlling spirit of H. C. Gordon, to make a statement of some things that occurred on Friday evening, 10th instant.

A gentleman and myself were seated at the table when the medium felt impressed to take down the slate for slate-writing. The slate was held under the table with a full head of gas burning right over it, and when a number of communications were written on the side next the table in very regular order and very plain. These were from a lady named Mrs. M., who was a friend of the gentleman, and a large number of names being given, and were fully recognized. I asked this gentleman, who is a very intelligent, well-informed spiritualist, what he thought of the communications. He said, "I am not a spiritualist, but I am a public man, and for private reasons he objected to giving any names."

At this same sitting I received a communication from my daughter, which was well written in a style that does not correspond in any manner with what I know of the medium's handwriting. A long interesting conversation followed, and I myself and the spirit, the answers being rapid and very satisfactory. In addition to this "Conkopo" controlled the medium and answered many questions while sitting. This was altogether informal and unexpected, came to a close with a very beautiful and encouraging address from Bishop White, the medium being, of course, entranced during its delivery.

After this the circle for materialization was formed, the spectators sitting from twelve to fourteen feet from the cabinet. Several persons appeared at the aperture, and were recognized by friends and relatives. A gentleman, present, who was a stranger to us all, was called up and, on taking his seat, he was asked to stand and make a statement. He was then called up again to see the same form, and declared it to be George Moore, who was a lieutenant in the army, and well known to him. Several forms then came out into the room, some in white and others in dark dresses. Two of them stood right in front of the circle, materializing and dematerializing. One of the forms, which was generally dark, some having beautiful long black hair. The eyebrows and hair being dark, and the eyes light blue, while his eyes and hair are almost white.

I was called up by taps, and on leaving my seat to go to the cabinet, I noticed a form, which was dressed in black. She came right close to me, so that I had a good view of her face, which seemed familiar, although I am not positive to it was. Of one thing I feel certain, viz: that it was not the form of the medium. She had very beautiful dark hair, and her eyes were light blue, while his eyes and hair are almost white.

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### CHILDRENS COLUMN.

CHAR TY.

Only a drop in the bucket,  
But every drop will tell;  
The bucket would soon be empty  
Without the drops in the well.  
Only a poor little penny,  
It was all I had to give;  
But as pennies make the guineas,  
It may help some cause to live.  
A few little bits of ribbon  
And some other things were new,  
But they made the sick child happy,  
Which made me happy too.  
Only some outgrown garments—  
They were all I had to spare;  
But they'll help to clothe the needy,  
And the poor are everywhere.  
A word now and then of comfort,  
That cost me nothing to say;  
But the poor old man died happy,  
And it helped him on the way.  
God loveth a cheerful giver.  
Though the gift be poor and small;  
What does He think of His children  
When they never give at all?

### The Late Supper.

"Will be home by six o'clock," said Mr. Garner, as the sleigh moved off.  
The buckles would soon be empty  
Without the drops in the well.  
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the gate.  
"At least the house hasn't burnt down," said Mrs. Garner, as she sprang out of the sleigh, and went into the house; there was no one in the sitting-room, so they kept on into the kitchen. There the fire still burned, and the lights were bright. There, from the table, a small, round, white, and a small piece of candy stick fast in a pan, and around the table sat Katy, and May, and the little blacked, haired stranger all fast asleep!  
"O, mamma, aren't you astonished?" asked little May, as she slowly awakened under her mother's kiss.  
"I should think so!" said Mrs. Garner, with a happy laugh. "Come here Ruth, you little black eyes, and tell me what made you drop down out of the sky, while we were driving all over the country for you?"  
MARY L. B. BRANCH.  
In Children's Friend.

### A NEW PHASE IN MEDIUMSHIP.

MR. EDITOR:—By invitation of a well-known physician, I attended a small seance last night, at the house of a friend in this city. When I entered the front parlor there were present three physicians, an editor, lawyer and several ladies, three of whom I knew. The medium was a young man named "Conkopo," a well-known name in this city, and mother are both mediums, but who, until quite recently, has been regarded a sceptic. The seance from three o'clock to five o'clock, and I sat directly in front of the medium, while the writing was going on, not more than two feet distant. He appeared to be under complete control of an Indian who called himself "Tecumseh." His right hand was extended, and every person in the room examined it, especially the forefinger, which was used in writing. He held it in a peculiar position, his knee, placing the forefinger upon the clean slate, at an angle of about fifteen degrees, so that the end of the finger nail was nearly a quarter of an inch above the slate. He wrote very fast, and the usual scribbling between the better part of creation, is really a waste of the mar material.

A THIRTEENTH WIT.—"Pat," said a practical joker, "why don't you get your ears cropped, they are entirely too long for a man of your size."  
"Be japers," said Pat, "you ought to get your ears cropped, they are entirely too short for an ass."  
LITTLE DOUGLASS SAYS:—"Grandpa do you think men will ever live to be five hundred or a thousand years old?"  
"No, my child," responded the veteran of many winters, "that was tried once upon a time and men grew so bad, that the world had to be drowned."  
WHEN young ladies,—in fact it may be said old ladies,—meet each other they kiss. But when men meet, they do not kiss, this shows who are the most fond of kissing, have you not? However, the usual kissing between the better part of creation, is really a waste of the mar material.

THAT LITTLE HATCHET.—"George," said the paternal Washington, "did you produce that little chicken from that little egg?"  
"I did, father, I cannot tell it lie."  
"What kind of chicken, how did you do it?"  
"With my little hatchet."  
GETTING AHEAD OF WASHINGTON.—"Pap," said a patriotic juvenile, "I can get ahead of Washington. Go 'long child, what are you talking about?"  
"Yes, I can."  
"How?"  
"I can get three cents to buy a postage stamp, then I'll get a head of Washington."  
"Here Mamie put this boy to bed."

A HUSBAND, who was a faithful and disagreeable fellow to his wife and children, and often angry in his department, and in moments of despondency brought on by himself, said one day to his wife in sentimental tones:  
"What kind of stone do you think ought to be furnished to my memory when I am gone?"  
His better-half replied, "a brimstone, of course."

THE BEST ALL THE TIME.—"Sam you are not honest, why do you put all the best pork on the top of the barrel, and such little pieces at the bottom?"  
"I tell you, Alce, de fac, when you open the top you pick out the best piece, and eat it. Den you go on till you get to de bottom—eh—d'ye see dat fac?"  
"Yes, what then?"  
"Why? den you see you had de best pork all de time, as you go clear down, yah, yah, yah."

HOW HE FELT.—A son of Neptune, having escaped one of the recent shipwrecks upon the American coast, was asked by a good kind-hearted, sympathetic, pious old lady, how he felt when the wind whistled through the rigging and death staring him in the face as the waves rolled over his head.  
"I felt, madam, as if I had a strong hold of a rope at that time."  
"Nothing else?"  
"Well, madam, I felt wet—very wet, all the time, I can assure you, madam."

COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.—A naturally jocular fellow, who had been celebrating the Christmas holidays, merrily, at the corner of the street on the Fifth Street part of Independence Square, on a moonlight evening. The patted walks were crowded with people, and the air was presently beamed into contact with a stately elm.  
"Beg pardon, sir," said the inebriate—"beg pardon, sir," said the inebriate, "I have been celebrating the Christmas holidays, merrily, at the corner of the street on the Fifth Street part of Independence Square, on a moonlight evening. The patted walks were crowded with people, and the air was presently beamed into contact with a stately elm."

AGAIN he came in contact with another tree, and then another and another and another, until he was so tired that he came to a stand still. "Well, hie—look yere gentlemen, beg pardon, gents I'll sit down here and wait till the procession passes, unless you'll go and hie—take a Tom and Jerry—eh—d'ye see dat fac?"  
Down he sat, when presently a blue coat came along and removed the half frozen inebriate to the more comfortable quarters of the center station, where he soon went to sleep, perchance to dream of flips and Christmas festivities.

A MOTHER IN A DILEMMA.—A farmer's wife, the mother of two boys, had been a great deal puzzled in regard to these children, because there were so much alike, not only in voice and action, but in physical or general appearance. They were robust, and often engaged in such a contest, as to see who could eat the most of the farm produce, or who could pick the most of the strawberries, and doing up chores and things generally. The mother, however, was puzzled, and she was in the nineteenth century, and it was almost impossible for the mother, father or acquaintances to tell "trotter from which."

It was on a fine spring morning in May, all nature rejoiced in thriving beauty, and everything about the farm was in a flourishing condition, when the mother, basest of the field, and upon approaching the two boys said:  
"Which of you two boys was I speaking to this morning, was it you or your brother," she continued, addressing the nearest one to her.  
"It wasn't me," he replied, "it must have been my brother, why did you ask me that?"  
"Why," said the mother, "because I'm going to box his ears."

"Well, I'm not my brother any how, and I don't want my ears boxed no how," he replied.  
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## QUICKLY DESK

"A little nonsense, now and then,  
Is relished by the best of men."

CONUNDRUM.—What flies better with its wings broken. Answer, a defeated army.

ARE you opening oysters, mister?  
"No, sir, I am opening the shells—the oysters are kept whole."

TIME AND TIDE WAIT FOR NO MAN.—Henrietta Thro and Angelina Tidd, yet in their teens, have started into business on their own book, with a full determination to fight the battle of life, having resolved to wait for no man.

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"Well, I'm not my brother any how, and I don't want my ears boxed no how," he replied.  
"The mother, however, was puzzled, and she was in the nineteenth century, and it was almost impossible for the mother, father or acquaintances to tell "trotter from which."

It was on a fine spring morning in May, all nature rejoiced in thriving beauty, and everything about the farm was in a flourishing condition, when the mother, basest of the field, and upon approaching the two boys said:  
"Which of you two boys was I speaking to this morning, was it you or your brother," she continued, addressing the nearest one to her.  
"It wasn't me," he replied, "it must have been my brother, why did you ask me that?"  
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