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The Rationale of the Spirit World and its Inhabitants.

BY DR. ROBERT GREER.

In all Ages of the world, a belief in the existence of spirits or celestial Beings, has held a high place in the estimation of Mankind.

Man's first home, in the Garden of Eden, we are informed, was with the Gods.

Can we wonder, therefore, that man's passion for things sacred or divine, has been instinctive with his offspring?

In all Ages, too, Spiritual Phenomena has been the awe and wonder of the world.

Its mysterious origin; its subtle power; and its erratic, eccentric, and unceasing ways have been a puzzle to Mankind.

While some, especially the Clergy, and the ignorant, and superstitious, are hostile to Spiritualism, regarding it as from a Satanic source, men of ability and character, and distinguished men of Science and letters, everywhere, indorse it as divine, and boldly stand forth as its champions.

The Science or Philosophy of Spiritualism, as known to the Present Generation, is merely in its infancy.

Each year adds new evidence of its progress.

Every day increases our knowledge of its many mysteries.

Notwithstanding the rapid strides that Spiritualism is making in the world, yet many are utterly ignorant concerning it; and, surely, will often enquire:—

"Do spirits really exist?" And, "Do spirits really communicate with mortals?"

I answer, "Yes; spirits do really exist; and spirits do really communicate with mortals."

It is, also, often asked:—

"Who are spirits?" And, "Where do spirits reside?"

By the light of Reason, as revealed to my mind, I will answer these questions.

In the first place, I claim that there are three great Departments in Nature, viz.:—

Water, Land, and Air.

Each of these three great Departments constitutes, in itself, a World or Kingdom.

Each Kingdom is peopled.

Or, in other words, I claim that the Air is peopled, as well as Land and Water.

If we have the Marine World and its Inhabitants; the Island or Continental World and its Inhabitants; why not have the Aerial World and its Inhabitants, or a People subsisting in the upper Air?

No fence or partition divides these three Worlds from one another: but the elements or productions which they contain, make them separate and distinct.

These elements or productions form the visible divisions of the three Kingdoms.

These divisions distinctly mark their definite boundaries.

This Globe, then, represents one great stupendous Plant, producing three marvelously grand, distinct Worlds or Kingdoms, all teeming with life, both visible and invisible.

True, we have no tangible proof that the Air is peopled; nor, have we proof that the Air is not peopled: but, to my mind, it requires no very great stretch of the imagination, to realize that the upper deep must have its People, as well as the Land and Water.

A little thought on this subject, and a little exercise of the Reasoning powers, will convince any person of the possibility of the existence of Aerial Beings or People in the Air.

"But," say some, "if there were people in the Air, we should all see them."

Not so, for you cannot see the Air; and yet, the Air is there: and so with the Inhabitants of the Air, you cannot see them with the natural eye, because, like the Air, they are invisible.

Besides, there are myriads of forms of life existing everywhere in Nature, which you cannot see, except by the aid of a powerful Microscope.

Astronomers tell us that there are as many as 100,000,000 Stars that are invisible to the naked eye, and they can only be seen by the aid of a Telescope.

So that any objection to spirit life in

the upper Air, on account of being invisible, would be no argument.

But, who are these people in the Air? Do the Inhabitants of the earth ever behold them?

I answer:—

The denizens of the Air, are the former Inhabitants of this Planet, and are those whom you call spirits.

They are spirits, and there are millions of human Beings whose spiritual eyes are, occasionally, permitted to behold them.

Again, you ask:—

"Are they really disembodied human spirits or our departed dead?"

I answer:—

Such they claim to be; and what I have seen of them, they seem to be.

With my spiritual vision, I can see spiritual Beings almost any time I place myself in proper conditions so to do: and there are multitudes of persons whom I know can do the same: and if these Inhabitants of the Air, are not resurrected human Beings, I know not who they are.

One thing I do know, whoever they are, they seem to exercise an organized control over the affairs of Nations, and of individuals, and they seem to rule with an Omnipotent power.

Frequently they advise me in the interest of my patients; and the remedies they prescribe are always infallible.

With these facts before us, a belief in the existence of spirits, to my mind, is the easiest thing in life.

For all that we see, everywhere, in Nature, is only the expression of spirit.

The very Atmosphere that envelops us, and the very Air that we breathe, is spirit, and so essential is this spirit element to human life, that to live, is to breathe; and to cease to breathe, is to die.

All the Aromas and Essences of Nature, are spirit; and the very life that animates the body, is spirit.

And when the body is dead, it is because the spirit has fled.

Besides, as man is not the highest Intelligence in Nature, there must be, somewhere, in the upper scale of gradation, a higher Intelligence than man; and as the Human Kingdom is a higher development of life, than

any Kingdom of Land or Water: so Life in the upper Air must be supremely higher than man in Intellect, Genius, and Power.

Paul, the ancient Christian Philosopher, evidently understood that the Air was peopled, for, he referred, in his writings, to "The Prince and Power of the Air."

It will be well, therefore, to remember the All-seeing Eyes of the Spirit World, by which we are all surrounded.

You may not see your invisible surroundings, but they are there all the same; and they can see you, and are a witness to your every thought and action.

Chicago, Ill.

The Man Without an Enemy.

We believe in the man or woman who has "enemies."

This does not sound *sound*, but it is sound.

Your milk-and-water people, who content themselves with simply doing no harm, at the same time do no good. They are mere Negatives.

Your man of force, who does not wait for a stone to get out of his way, but manfully rolls it over, may, unintentionally, hurt somebody's toes in the act; but thousands who will have to go that way, will thank him for clearing it.

The man or woman who has no enemies, is, generally, a sleek, creeping, or cowardly creature, caring for no one but himself—smirking and creeping his unchallenged way, to the obscurity he merits.

He adds nothing to the common stock—does no good in the world, and is lowered into six feet of earth without one sincere regret from any one.

He has had no enemies; but, has he had a friend?

A place is vacant, but not in any warm, grateful heart. A fig for such people!

If there is one lesson that History forces upon us in every page, it is this:

Keep your children from the Priest, or he will make them the enemies of Mankind.

Editress of The Watchman:—

Your attention was called to the first six lines of the following poem, because I used them to illustrate the circumstances of a dream, as they were composed in my sleep, and I know I was dreaming, but laid hold of them as I awoke, and thus hauled them into my waking life.

They are not astounding enough to warrant any celestial source for them, but, it's a fact, nevertheless, and the idea does not represent my notions.

I have never considered myself a disciple of Allen Kardec, and do not believe in his Re-incarnation theory, still, I am always hospitable to truth, and if Re-incarnation is a truth, I will, sooner or later, here or hereafter, fall into line.

I send you, as requested, the whole poem which I copy from a slip that was printed a dozen or more years ago, in the *Boston Commonwealth*.

UNDERTONES.

I am not what I seem. Within me dwells
An olden entity. With it at spells,
I hold communion, as with a star;
A star within whose light has traveled far.
This strange companion sometimes tells
me
That forever we have been in company.

With past forms I feel a strange connection
That savors not of birth, but resurrection
Thus related, in sentiment at least,
To worm and insect life, with bird and
beast—

I need not go to fairy page of old
To learn of talking birds to children told
Or ask Walden's Sage what the fishes said
When nibbling from his hand a piece of
bread;

Or what the secrets caudalled bipeds told
To Darwin, of man's pedigree so old:
If *Æsop* heard in fancy, or in speech
The Common-sense "our poor relations"
teach;

Or whether Cowper, turning from Rous-
seau,
Obtained his light from nightingale or
crow,

Then told as fables what was really so;
For beast and bird their social converse
hold,

"Pow-wow" like men, conventions have,
and scold;
Comment on us know foolish men from
wise,

Observe our acts, approve or criticize!
How sweet it were if we could but trans-
late

Their sage reflections made on man's
estate!

But, as it is, to those who hearken well,
And know the "cipher," they can secrets
tell.

A dog's sad howl, with master's failing
breath,
Becomes prophetic of approaching death;
A stray black cat, once crouching at the
door,

Was "scat"-ed at, she only crouched the
more;

So touched my sympathies, I let her stay
And make my house her home. Oh!
lucky day!

Such cats are omens. This one proved to
be,
And luck the tribute that she brought to
me.

But waiving all such mystic speculations
Of dogs and cats, whose hints are revela-
tions,

Who are so deaf as hear no undertone
Of thought in cricket's chirp, or dove's
low moan!

Think you the cayotes howling on the
plain

No meaning have in their long mournful
strain?

I hear it now, a sea shell at my ear,
A monotone of State street long and clear.
A scant of assets, or the cruel rates—

The taste of blood, or failing men's estates.
The boundary line of both is interblended.
Wolf is but broker more or less extended,
Not apes alone hold all of man's descent;
Reversions show the wolf to some extent.
I think of all that live in wood or den,
Wolves come the nearest to our fellow-men

As close to earth the Redman puts his ear,
To sense the footfalls too far off to hear,
Or tread of game, or find again the trail,
Gaining knowledge where higher outlooks
fail

So listening earthward, animals will teach
Deep lessons inexpressible in speech—
More like a ground swell in the Soul.
And then

I see in them the nebulae of men.

Many contributions make up life's river,
Its head now on, thus will it flow forever.

JOHN WETHERBEE.

Boston, Mass.

Editress of The Watchman:—

How kind you have been to send
me THE WATCHMAN so long.

I often wish it were in my power
to add something of interest to its
columns, but I seldom get the least
feeling to write. All your Corres-
pondents seem so different from most
of our Papers.

Your Editorial reply to Mr. Greer,
did me much good, for a friend of
mine, with just one year's experience
of Spiritualism, needs just that Arti-
cle, so I shall see that she has it.

I read your Papers, and then send
them around to others. I have sent
them to many Towns and Cities. I
sent, at different times, several num-
bers to the Soldier's Home in Chelsea,
Mass. I take pains to send them,
because they are Spiritual Papers, as
I hear that there are some believers
there.

I sent some to an investigator in
Wilton, N. H., and she returned
many thanks, saying that they had
done her much good, as they gave her
a lot of just such knowledge as she
needed.

I was very glad to see those Arti-
cles on Temperance, from Mrs. Mer-
rick, and Mr. Jones.

I am deeply interested in every
Reform; while I sincerely think that
Spiritualism is the Golden Key that
lets us into the very heart of every
Reform work, with a clear under-
standing.

I often think that we dwell too
much on what the spirits say. Truly,
they have educated me more than all
my other instruction. But I think
we must all remember that we have a
spirit of our own that we ought to
have moved by all vital questions of
importance to ourselves, and to Hu-
manity at large.

We have spirits here on earth who
need our help—are we doing all we
can for them, while we are constantly
calling on our spirit friends for more
light, and more of their help.

Let us use our voice, our pen, and
our influence in behalf of Temperance,
Suffrage, and every Reform which
moves our hearts and inspires our
brains.

Let us not be afraid of stepping out
a little one side from our Spiritualistic
ranks, if necessary, in order to do a
good work; but let us use our own
weapons to do our work with—those
which the angel world have given us.

Let us, at all times and in all
places, appeal to our God, who is an
ever progressive God of love to the
saint and the sinner, alike, justly
punishing by the Law of Compensa-
tion, and ever rewarding by the same
Law.

If we have found that which is so
good for us and helps us at all times
and in all places, let us not rest, but
in every spot where there is some
thing for us to do, let us do it.

We are needed in the ranks of
Christianity; and we often get some
of our grandest lessons and most lofty
inspirations among them. We need a
certain amount of opposition to our
belief, in order to draw us out of the
shell, more and more.

I see, dear Editress, that when you
are called out on the opposite side,
your remarks are always more spirit-
ed, and are brought nearer to the
hearts of the people, and their appli-
cation.

We have a beautiful Truth, and let
us, like the spirits above, break bread
with all who will kindly treat us,
and turn from those who reject us,
only as they do, when we have done
our part toward making our presence
felt.

Spiritualism is no bugbear to-day.
We cannot go into any assembly of
Sectarian friends and advance our
ideas, without there will be warm
hearts who will silently say "Amen,"
to us, and this is not all. What of
mind or Soul-force are we sensing
and reading to-day!

And from the silent "Amen," will
come a wave of sustaining power to
us to help us to more inspiration; as
each Soul breathes out a sympathetic
thought, they dare not yet express, as
they are in bondage—creed-bound.

Let us who are free, go forth and
speak for them.

MRS. FANNIE C. WILDER.
Leominster, Mass.

Written for The Watchman.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

There is health enough—there is
wealth enough

In this beautiful world for all;
Were they broadcast sown, none car-
ing to own

Only what blesses, not palls.

Oh! how long must self be the rul-
ing power?

Oh! how long must the darkness
reign?

Till we learn the Laws of the higher
life,

Must earth groan 'neath its load of
pain.

Till we learn the Laws of the high-
er life that our present spiritual un-

foldment is able to drink in.

And simply learning seems to be
not the only requirement of the Age,
but the far greater task of executing.

Far down thro' Historic Time the
song has been sung:—

"Do ye unto others, as ye would
that they should do to you."

And Humanity's heart has pulsated
with a swifter bound, as bright
glimpses of resultant glory were re-
vealed as the sequence of the heaven-
ward leap when earth should be per-
mitted to witness the execution of
Laws which emanated from on high,
instead of beneath.

Too long has self been the ruling
power; and the "Survival of the fit-
test" been received as Nature's Law.
Tho' truly one, but, like many another
Natural or Animal Law, it is sim-
ply truthful because the stronger has
the power to crush the weaker, or out-
live it.

And tho' truthful and allowable in
Vegetable and Animal Life, must its
applicability be claimed for the Hu-
man Race? And especially for those
claiming empyreal endowment?

Beautiful, beautiful to stand in the
blessed sunlight of Immortal Love
and Truth; but, truly, those so illu-
minated receive the light in holy
trust; and great is the responsibility
of the heavenly endowed.

May the Great Good grant them
faithfulness to their trust; and may
Spirits of Light, Love, and Power
attend them.

I recently visited at the bedside of
a poor, suffering, dying man, one of a
brilliant intellect, naturally of most
righteous intentions, and spiritually
organized withal; but, owing to op-
posing forces of Nature, life had been
one long, continuous struggle; and
for many months, pain and anguish
had racked his form, while poverty
stood guard at every portal: but
amidst the whole, the Soul was safely
anchored, for angel hands unsealed to
his waiting vision, the blest realities
of the unseen world when freed from
the sufferings of the mortal body.

A few weeks previous, as the end
drew near, faint hope arose, and an
untried Physician was summonsed.

He came, and sat by the sufferer's
bedside one-half hour, but gave no
hope, and arose to go.

The poor wife, worn to a skeleton
with care and anxiety, asked him
what his fee would be.

She says that he looked at the
darkened ceiling and the bare walls of
the room, and up and down her
shrunk and thinly clad form, and
answers:—

"Ten dollars."

She feels her heart sink within her,
for just that sum had she eked out,
little by little, from their paltry in-
come, for the last sad rites.

And as she repeated it in the pres-
ence of the suffering man, he seemed
to arouse, and from his lips came
forth these words:—

"I pity that man, I pity him."

I said to the sufferer:—

"You would not change places
with him."

He replied:—

"Oh, no, no, no, I guess I
wouldn't."

LUENSA SKINNER GOODNOW.
Millington, Mass.

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By Mrs. MINERVA MERRICK, Quincy, Ill.

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THE OCCULT FORCES
IN NATURE.

The above is the title of an Address delivered by Adam Miller, M. D., before the Chicago Philosophical Society, on Jan. 16, 1886, wherein he states that:—

"Our object is to find and set forth a Power in Nature that controls the Laws of a Cosmical Universe—the *ultima thule* of all the Powers and Forces in Nature."

We have been taught by an invisible intelligence, that there is but one Law: and that this is of limitless variations: and there is one executive that administers the Law: and this dual unity is comprehended as the whole Cosmical Universe—a unit—the Material and Spiritual world of Souls united—two Magnets linked together, or two hands clasped, one from the Spirit world, and one from the Material.

We quote Prof. Tyndall's assertion, that:—

"Matter contains in itself, the promised potency of all life."

We have read an independently written letter (not written by a mortal hand), asserting that:—

"The invisible elements are the propagation of all that exists."

We understand that Atheists and Materialists disregard all the Phenomena and occult powers that are, at this Period, demonstrated in every civilized Nation of the Globe.

Not only the Materialist, but the majority of the Christian world repudiate all occult forces.

We cannot see a Force, nor the Wind: but we can judge of the power, by the action.

If the Laws of Nature were better understood, we would advance into a more elevated condition, physical, moral, and mental.

Mr. Miller said:—

"We may be told that Nature's Laws are moving on in their sublime and irresistible majesty, and will not be interfered with nor interrupted by any supposed power above Nature."

"Are not Nature's Laws constantly interfered with by man?"

"Nature's Laws, in our physical organization, would have every man to wear a full beard and long hair, but barbers, constantly, interfere with Nature's operations in this direction."

Nature's Laws are limitless in variations; and clipping a man's beard, is only a variation of Nature's Laws; the hair and beard still grow, and when man is born into the spirit realm, his beard and hair will be as Nature designed.

One more illustration:—

A bud taken from a sweet apple tree, and inserted in a branch of a sour apple tree, to produce sweet apples, has interfered with Nature's Law, in a significant manner.

The old sour apple tree strikes its roots deep into the ground and extracts from the earth materials for a sour apple, and sends the supply through the trunk of the tree out along the branches to where the bud was inserted, and there it is given to understand that it cannot pass unless it allows material to make a sweet apple.

This, we say, is another variation of the same harmonious Law.

The gentleman, according to our understanding, is mistaken in asserting that the sap of the sour apple tree has not the least effect on the inserted bud more than to sustain the tree for the bud to grow upon.

All Nurserymen know that roots and sap have no effect on the quality of the fruit of any tree.

The Nurseryman plants seeds to produce roots to engraft choice apples, etc., and the engrafted varieties but produce their kind by materializing all above the soil—and there cannot be any interruption in this Law.

This is the way the Law of the Universe is revealed to us:—

The earth is a Magnet; and Electricity and Magnetism are the Motive Powers of the Universe.

The Positive and Negative Forces turn our Planet on its axis. They force the blood through the arteries; light to our eyes; sound to our ears; also the sap in all the Vegetable Kingdom circulates by the same Law—and they hold all things together in their proper conditions on the earth: as the Magnet holds the bar.

The earth is a Materialized Planet; and by that Law, earth clothes itself with Vegetation every year. The germs were always in existence; and when suitable conditions arrived, the germs were drawn from the invisible elements into the soil and Materialized their kinds.

The sap in a tree does not produce the leaves, blossoms, and fruit, any more than the blood in our veins originates our thoughts.

The sap supports the trunk of the tree and its branches.

The root, being attached to the earth (Magnet), draws material from the Sphere of Atoms, to produce fruit according to its Class and Order—and never makes a mistake.

Thoughts are the blossoms of manhood; and when clothed with his deeds—written or verbal expressions—decides the Class and Order of the Character.

Man can, by using means, generate force to move a locomotive—but what can the force do without an intelligence to direct the engine to its desired destination.

In teaching the Philosophy of Life, Jesus said—I can do nothing of myself, my Father is with me, and is greater than I am.

(We say, as much greater as the Ocean is greater than a drop of water.)

And he said—I and my Father are one.

(We say, as the drop of water in the Ocean is one with the Ocean.)

Jesus said to Mary—Go and tell my brethren that I ascend to my Father and your Father.

The Supreme Father is the Spirit World of Intelligence.

All Knowledge, Wisdom, and Understanding are revealed by inspiring thoughts from the spirit influence that we draw around us.

The condition and quality of the Character, decides what the results shall be.

MRS. MINERVA MERRICK.

COMMENTS ON

"The Personal Existence of a Supreme Being, from a Rational Standpoint."

An Open Address Delivered by DR.

ROBERT GREER, before 'The

Chicago Association of U.

R. P. Spiritualists' and

Mediums' Society.'"

The question before the Society, as we understand it, is, "is God a Person, or a Principle?"

We will quote a few sentences from Dr. Greer's address, and will make a few remarks.

He says:—

"Some people have an idea that God is not a Person, but a Principle; or, an inorganic something—

"But, how can this be?"

"For, you cannot conceive of God apart from Intelligence. And you cannot conceive of Intelligence apart from Organic structure."

"There is no Intelligence whatever, outside of a living organism, or Organic structure."

The ideas contained in the above quotations, are not in harmony with the impressions that we have received from our invisible instructors.

In the first place, all Intelligence is outside of an organized structure, as much so as the air we breathe, and it fills all Space.

We cannot see the Wind, neither can we see Intelligence: but by the action we know their power.

Mental action is produced by Positive and Negative Forces.

We inhale the air to support the physical organism; while the mind inspires or draws thoughts from the invisible world of Souls—our Father, in whom we live and have our being, as the Magnet draws the bar.

What is called spirit or life, that which permeates all things, is perfect Love, Justice, and Mercy—an exalted Sphere, a Microcosm, a circle without limit, and is composed of individual Spheres of Intelligence: and corresponds with the Ocean, which is composed of individual drops of water.

We inspire thoughts from the good, or bad circle according to our development of Character.

The atmosphere is filled with atoms of material substances full of life; and when proper conditions are favorable, by the same Law, the earth is clothed with Vegetation, and every tree, shrub, and plant draws from its Sphere of Atoms according to its Class and Order.

The fruits of earth are not produced from the soil, or the sap of the tree, but from the Sphere of Atoms.

Man's thoughts are produced by the same Law, as the physical structure which does not originate thought.

All living organisms have an aura surrounding them, corresponding with the photosphere of the Sun, and when an Electric ray from the Solar Orb touches the Negative atmosphere of earth, it produces light: and when a ray of Intelligence from the spirit-

ual world of Souls touches the Negative atmosphere surrounding an individual, it produces mental action—and without that touch, we could neither think nor feel.

Our Father in the heavens is self-existent, and we being a part of that Intelligent Spirit that fills all Space, are self-existent also.

We hear from the spirit realm, that the invisible elements are the propagation of all that exists.

All, both spirit and matter, is Deity—a Unit—and is Co-eternal and Co-essential—without Beginning.

The Great Omnipotent is an Unlimited Circle, beyond man's comprehension while in this Physical Sphere.

Mrs. Minerva Merrick.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Oh, what a struggle, what a change is taking place in the minds of men!

A revolution of thoughts, revolving round the great center of Justice, and throwing out an influence of a most powerful force, which will level down the hills of pomp, and raise up the valleys of misery.

The prophecies of the ancient Prophets are being fulfilled, and the grand Armies of Progress are advancing; and all Spiritualists should enlist on the side of the God of Justice, Love, and Mercy—and they will be in the majority.

An Indian once controlled a medium, and said:—

"When two Tribes of Indians went to war, each Tribe had a Chief, one on this side of Life, and one on the other side, and they all fought together."

Now, the war of revolution in the minds of Humanity, is waged; and the Armies of Mental Action are in the fields of earth, calling for recruits, and all must take part in the struggle, and resolve on which side they will enlist—shall it be on the side of Justice, Love, and Mercy: or on the side of Tyranny, Oppression and Cruelty?

This present time is the end of an Age on the earth, improperly called the end of the world.

Now, is the Judgment Day or Period, and the world of Souls are coming before the Tribunal of Justice, and will be weighed in the Balance, and those found wanting, will have to suffer the consequence of that light weight—those who have not learned and practiced the Golden Rule, will be the sufferers.

Those on the right side must stand as firm as the Rock of Gibraltar, in this grand struggle, as they may have to pass through the Red Sea of affliction and of great trials. But if they stand firm for righteousness and truth, there is no power on this Mundane Sphere that can overcome their onward march, as the light of Intelligence from the Celestial Spheres is leading them on.

Mrs. Minerva Merrick.

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THE WATCHMAN.

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Millard Ave.	X	P. O.	Clifton Park Ave.
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8.19 : 9.23 and 10.28 a. m. 1.20 : 2.20 :
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We open our columns to the Public and invite correspondence; reserving the right to reject any communication that we deem improper to be issued in our columns. Under no consideration will anonymous letters be published: we require the name and address of the writer as a guaranty of good faith.

REMEMBER TO ADDRESS US at 1090 Central Park Ave., Millard Postal Station, Chicago, Ill. This will ensure a more speedy delivery, and prevent mail-matter intended for us, from being mixed with that of the "Y. M. C. A. Watchman."

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E. S. WETMORE, 444 Broome St., N. Y. City, is a duly authorized Agent of the Boston Star & Crescent Co., to receive subscriptions for THE WATCHMAN, and sign receipts for the same. Per Order. Boston Star & Crescent Co.

Our columns are open to all for a free and liberal discussion on all matters of Reform. Avoid personalities.

All Contributors to THE WATCHMAN are individually responsible for Articles appearing over their Signature.—Ed.

Subscriptions received at this Office for the following Papers:
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THE WATCHMAN is a good medium to ADVERTISE in, and why?

First—Because it is well circulated both in America & Europe.

Second—Because it is a clear, well-printed Paper.

Third—Because we take good care to have each Advertisement appear to the best advantage in our columns; and thus make it a prominent feature of the page, and, consequently, it will attract the attention of each reader.



Peace Bird's Mission Fund.

It has been suggested by the Band of Spirits, that we establish a FUND by contribution from different persons who feel to donate what they are able, towards sending THE WATCHMAN free to those who are unable to pay for it.

Each donation thereto will be acknowledged by the Editress, by letter, to the party sending it.

PEACE BIRD offers her photograph as a premium, to all who will donate \$2.00 to the PEACE BIRD MISSION FUND.

Small amounts will be gratefully received, to help on the work.

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REFLECTIVE MUSINGS.

Or A Picture of Humanity, as Reflected in the Mirror of the Ages. By M. E. Taylor. Price 10 cents.

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Send \$2.75 to this Office, and we will send you THE Carrier Dove (a 32-page monthly, price \$2.50) and THE WATCHMAN (an 8-page monthly, price \$1.00) for one year.

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BOOK REVIEW.

New Publications Received.

CHRISTIANITY AND PAGANISM. By the Roman Emperor, Julian. T. C. Buddington, Medium.

This Work is quite original in itself; and to many readers, would be very interesting.

Address Colby & Rich, Publishers, corner of Bosworth and Province Sts., Boston, Mass.

ESSENCE AND SUBSTANCE. By Warren Chase.

This Work is very interesting, especially so to our mind, for the Author has given expression to many thoughts that are in keeping with our own, on the subject of "Essence"—Soul; "Substance"—body.

We quote from page 19, his remarks concerning the Soul: VIZ.:—

"Each Soul germ of us may have, nay, must have, lived thro' countless worlds, and systems of worlds, and may or may not be on its first and last pilgrimage to this little Planet and its spiritual Spheres of discreted degrees, and when ripened in the outer circle of earth's spiritual atmosphere will as willingly lay off its body, and passing the lethean river that divides this Planet and its inhabitants from the next, begin a new form, and enter organic existence on the next, or on some one of the numberless worlds, and run its career thro' the circles and Cycles of that, and thus on and on thro' the endless extent of Worlds and Time."

"Again, we quote from page 24, the Author says:—

"Man does not vary from the Law, and would not escape from the earth, and would end in death were he not by nature a spiritual being, beginning his form of Soul and Soul life here as soon and as effectually as he does his body and its life. He revolves in his Sphere, which is a spiritual or elemental one, and the beast does in his, which may be a sensual and sensuous one.

"Man never is satisfied with this life; feed him to satiety, he is hungry still; quench his thirst, and still it burns into his being's core; give him power, and he wants more; give him riches, and he is more and more afraid of poverty, and craves and craves forever something he has not. This is not his Sphere. Animals can be fed to satiety, and content; man cannot. His restless spirit hungers and thirsts for the aliment it cannot reach on earth or in gross matter; but only in the spiritual world, where he is at home, or can reach a home of content, and can be satisfied."

Further on, the Author says:—

"Love is an element of this world, and aliment of the spirit and spirit world, and so deranged in this life as to seldom satisfy the human demand. Most of those who require and need it fail to get it, and most of those who have it bestow it so badly and improperly as to do about as much injury as good with it. In our restless, turbulent world, love seems to create nearly as much misery as happiness, yet even here we could not dispense with it; but in our real life it will act as important part as air does here, feeding the system with a necessary ingredient of life. In the rudest and coarsest condition of earth life, man is so near the animal as to show little signs of his kinship with spirit life; yet in every stage is the germ of spirit, or Soul germ, working out an elemental form to have a form for its true and real life in the spiritual Spheres."

On page 27, the Author has wisely said that:—

"The great point of discovery is to establish the boundaries of Kingdoms and the Orbits in which they revolve, and to settle the question of transitions. Science has placed in our hands some well-established facts in the species below, if not in ours. Worms to butterflies, tadpoles to frogs, wigglers to mosquitoes, ants with wings, and a host of other facts, all go to show that man may cast his shell, or skin, and soar away to his real life, as the Articulate so often do, and that this may only be the 'ante-natal tomb where' spirits 'dream of the life to come,'

THE WATCHMAN.

since it has been ascertained that the simple elements of matter may cohere and form bodies as remote from our physical senses as the ethereal particles are. Hence it is no longer a mystery how we may live on when death takes the body; nor is it strange that the spirit world should be a Sphere in which forms grow, ripen, and decay, subject to the Laws of elemental life which certainly may as well supply the growth of forms, and waste of forms, as those which govern physical life and growth here."

We have quoted sufficient to let our readers see the depth of thought contained within this Book, *Essence and Substance*.

Forsale by Colby & Rich, Publishers, corner of Bosworth and Province Sts., Boston, Mass.

SHADOWS. By John Wetherbee. Price, \$1.00.

This is a fine, cloth-covered Book of 287 pages, nicely bound, and printed in clear, full-face, Roman type.

In perusing this Book, the reader will be impressed with the purity of thought running thro'out its pages.

The Author has clearly evinced a desire to tell the truth, as that truth has been revealed to him.

It is, indeed, "*an honest Book*," and would lead even those who are skeptical concerning Spiritual Phenomena, to be mild in their judgment, even for honesty's sake.

Having come en rapport with the mental aura of this honest Author, the reader of this Book would be compelled to respect that invisible something that the honest Author has stamped upon the pages of his Book—sincerity and simplicity of Language is what we find stamped thereon.

The III Chapter, page 35, "*The Gates Ajar. Explaining why the writer is a Spiritualist, and why obliged to be one*," is, in our judgment, very interesting, and would serve as an encouragement to those who are yet seeking the "Dawning Light" of Spiritualism, and are not yet sure that there is anything in it worthy of their time and search.

We think that every reader of this Book—**SHADOWS**—will be amply repaid for purchasing and reading the same.

We quote from page 199, some of the Author's experience, wherein he says:—

"I was once asked by a well-known medium—a Doctress—to write her a poem for her to read at her Anniversary, soon to take place. She said Saucy Jack, one of her controls, wanted me to. I make no pretensions in the poetical direction, but wishing to do both her and the invisible Indian a favor, I said I would try to do so.

"Oh, you will do it," says she; "Saucy Jack says so."

"I soon after tried to write something, and succeeded in slowly working out some fifty lines. It was rather hard work, but I thought it would answer.

"I met the lady accidentally a few days after, and asked her when she wanted the poetry, and to let me know in season, so that I could find time to write it, and have it ready for her. She spoke right up, and said:—

"Chief, what do you say that for, when you have already written it, and you have got it now in your pocket?"

"Well, such was the fact; it was, certainly, a pretty good guess. I think myself, the fact of her saying that the Indian control said I would write it, had some effect in stimulating me, as I always want the influences to be right when possible. I called it

"THE INDIAN PEACE-WHOOP."

"Wand'ring in dreams, in mazy rev'rie lost,
A feeling strange came o'er me. Tempest tossed,
Then calm, and then—a light upon me broke.
I heard a voice! And thus the spirit spoke:
'Knowledge is power!' we hear the White man say;
And, lo! he proves it. We the tribute pay
Of home, of life, of Race. Slowly we yield,
And leave the White man master of the field.
No more the wigwam, squaw, or brave is seen,
Tho' streams still run, and hills and vales are green.
O'er this broad land the White Race rules supreme;
It is his hour. But Red Man is our theme.
Has Pale Chief all the knowledge, all the power?
All Nature's secrets, animal and flower?
We are big med'cine braves; we have our sense,

And still are with you, altho' driven hence.
Our hunting-ground, invisible to you, is near;
Some hear our whispers, indistinct, or clear.
Having the power, thro' simple modes of life,
We reach you, White man, forgiving ancient strife;
Would do you good, would cure the aches and pain
That flesh is heir to—thus good health obtain.
The Red Man in the form, with instinct blind,
Oft sensed a truth that culture failed to find.
As close to earth the Indian puts his ear
To sense the footfalls too far off to hear,
Or tread of game, or find perhaps the trail,
Gaining knowledge where higher outlooks fail,
Deep lessons inexpressible in speech,
And thus a royal road to knowledge reach.
'Knowledge is power,' in whispers soft and low
Say we, and prove it, as our records show.
We reached Humanity in your grandsire's day,
Aided by spirits bright; they showed the way;
We had the strength. Then mortals were possessed,
As witches burned, and other ways distressed.
Liking our sensitives, we soon retired,
And waited till our service was desired.
Thus came a solstice to this 'Dawning Light.'
Again we come, conditions being right,
To manifest to you this glorious truth:
That death is life, and age immortal youth.
We red-skinned Souls, to Nature fondly drawn,
Are doing work as spirits of the morn;
And mediums all are strengthened by our aid,
And better manifestations now are made.
Blest be the form, when aided by our Race,
That made it possible in this Age to trace
Intelligent connection in spirit life
With lover, brother, sister, friend, or wife,
Whom you thought dead, and thus have found
That no man ever moldered under ground.
Then o'er the wide earth let the 'Peace-whoop' sound,
The spirits have triumphed! the lost are found!"

Orders for the above Book, **SHADOWS**, will be received by H. A. BERRY, Editress of **THE WATCHMAN**.

Other Books will receive due notice, as time and space will permit.—ED.

~~~~~  
Editress of *The Watchman*:—

I thank you for sending me those two numbers of **THE WATCHMAN**, they were just what I was longing for; so please find \$1 for a year's subscription.

Now, I would like to throw out some of the contents of my mind, the result of long observation, research, and experiences, in my way.

I have had a most fearful experience, (emotional), ever since I was born, in 1815. Then, if experience is the best schoolmaster, I ought to know something. And by the help of the spirits, I have come solid to the following conclusions:—

First; that the Materialization of spirit forms, is an absolute fact, before which all manner of opposition must wither. I have tested this thing, and feel sure that all Church or Priestly Theology, Creeds, etc., are unmitigated humbugs.

I have been taught many things by *Cause and Effect*, that the world, as yet, is entirely ignorant of, but will know them in the order of spiritual unfoldment.

I do not accept any proposition from mortals or immortals, except the whys and wherefores, as *Causes*, are seen; then, the *Effects* can be better determined.

I heartily endorse your reply to Dr. Greer. In this controversy you show the right spirit—you show up false theories, but do not meddle with personalities.

Whilst I would cry down Theology of the Church and Priestly domineering, still, I would uphold all the spiritual that is within every Religion, and within every Soul, the good and true emotions, that which has the good of Humanity in view, is sacred, and will stand as long as the Eternal Spirit exists, tho' all systems of Theology may return to dust.

The longing for Immortality, and a sense of something beyond, of a life to come, is in all Tribes of Mankind, the world over. It is an intuition of the Human Soul.

It is plain to me that man is an animal and a spiritual being—animal at first, with animal instincts and passions, with a germ of the spiritual within, subject to unfoldment and progression. Animal as mortal; spiritual as Immortal: progressive in intelligence and refinement of emotion or feeling.

I am a Spiritualist of the Loveland and the grand old man, Warren Chase type. Others are equally good and honest, yet stray away, somewhat, from Nature's Laws of *Cause and Effect*—to me, Nature's Laws and Spiritual Laws are identical. Spirit is Nature; *Cause and Effect* are Natural and Spiritual Forces. It is not Matter, but spirit that pervades all material, shapes, forms, organizes, adapts, constructs, designs, then energizes them all, and runs all living organisms—even the human, intellectual, and emotional organisms.

I think there is a deep scheme laid by Protestant and Catholic Jesuits, to blow to atoms Modern Spiritualism. First, by destroying all confidence in mediums; next, to destroy all confidence in the Materialization of spirit forms, \* hence all methods and means, all conspiracies are used to *expose* the mediums by *any* means—in which all the Secular Papers join, and many weak-kneed Spiritualists are meshed as in a net. They never look into the other side of the matter.

I think that it behoves all Editors of Spiritual Publications, to hurl in the face and eyes of the enemies of Spiritualism, *facts* of Materialization; as the brave and intelligent Editor of *Golden Gate* has done—go and test it for themselves, and then, without fear or favor, publish the facts to the world, and follow up these methods, which will scatter the foe in all directions.

If the enemy carries this strong hold of Spiritualism—Materialization, they will take all lesser ones in detail: then, Spiritualism with all its advocates will become as serfs or slaves to the combination of Theological Religions.

Yours for Truth, Justice, & Charity.

NATHAN CHURCHILL.

Plymouth, Mass.

\* [We agree with you, friend Churchill. We have long seen that the Jesuitical Order of spirits in spirit life are aiming their forces at the Phase known as Materialization of spirit forms; for if they only could destroy that, they feel sure that they will have the control over the minds of investigators of Spiritualism.—ED.]

### "SHADOWS":

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The features of this book are simplicity of statement—freedom from dogmatism—and manifest truthfulness, by one who claims to have common sense, and presents his ideas and experiences to like-minded people.

It is a book that will be appreciated and valued by Spiritualists, and one also that skeptical and indifferent people will read with interest, and credit the author certainly with being intelligent and honest.

The several chapters are distinct articles in themselves, without reference to consecutive order, but in their wholeness will show why the author is a Spiritualist and why every one else must be who believes in the truthfulness of his statements.

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## THE WATCHMAN.

Contributed to The Watchman.

### BIBLE STORIES.

The Sacred Vedas And The Holy Bible.

Amanuensis,  
Now will hold the pen  
While spirits write,  
For yet we are but men.  
His time we'll use,  
His hand we will employ  
And with the pen  
All man-made Creeds destroy.  
This end in view  
E'en now his hand will write  
From "God's Word" gleaned  
A story we will indite.  
This "Sacred Record"  
Moses of Egypt wrote,  
Or copied that  
The Hindoo Manon spoke?  
The Older Word  
Was brou't from Hindoostan  
And Egypt's Laws  
Were founded on the plan  
That Manon spoke,  
Manes to Egypt gave;  
By Moses garbled  
For the Paria slave.

Now let us read  
What ancient Manon wrote,  
And then we'll see  
How modern Moses quotes.  
This "Book" o'er which  
Both Jew and Christian strive—  
They say God wrote,  
But Moses was the scribe.

The Sacred Vedas.

Here Hindoo Manon  
Speaks in praise of Brahm,  
The Unrevealed,  
Revealed himself in three,  
Ancient, unoperating,  
He was called "The Man,"  
He from himself  
Brou't forth "The Trinity."  
Brahma, the first,  
Creator, God, was born,  
Vishnu, Savior,  
Incarnate on the earth,  
Siva, the Spirit  
All matter doth transform.  
This Savior  
From a Virgin had his birth.

The Holy Bible.

The Egyptian Moses,  
Here speaks about a God,  
The one who made  
A snake from Aaron's rod.  
In this new Record  
Moses nowhere tells  
Whence God did come,  
Nor yet where he now dwells.  
In our image,  
Said God, let us man make,  
From nothing, or  
From self did he the man create?  
Who were the "our,"  
Whence came, who made the "us"?  
This "male and female," \*  
Were not made from dust.

The Sacred Vedas.

The Period  
(Pralaya), was complete  
When Brahma  
Resplendent in purity,  
Robed in splendor,  
Did with fair Nature meet,  
And dissipated  
All obscenity.  
Divine the thou't  
In which he had resolved  
From pure substance  
He'd every creature form.

The very small  
The greatest on the Orb,  
A germ from self,  
From spirit should be born.  
When night profound  
Held undisputed sway,  
Brahm's bosom held  
The germ of all unborn  
Dispersed was darkness,  
And then the light of day  
Appeared, pervading  
O'er the finite morn.  
Majestic Spirit  
Came in strength and power,  
And chaos changed  
Into a fruitful womb  
The day was born,  
Brahm set the sacred hour,  
From Nature's bosom  
Now all forms should loom.

The Holy Bible.

Our Hebrew God  
From nothing did create,  
The earth and heavens,  
And all the Orbs in Space,  
No form had earth,  
Void (of son or daughter),  
God moved upon  
The bosom of the water.  
Whence water came,  
Friend Moses nowhere tells,  
If made right there,  
Or drawn from ancient wells.  
Feminine it was,  
This God moved with might  
Water conceived,  
Her son God called "The Light."  
"Let there be light,"  
God spake, the light was there.  
No Sun, no Moon,  
No Star, this light did spare.  
Of water born,  
God called it "very good."  
Out from darkness  
The earth before him stood.  
Divided thus  
God called the darkness "Night."  
The Day thou art  
All creatures must have light.  
God worked one day,  
A night he'd have for rest.  
Some progress made,  
But then, he'd done his best.

The Sacred Vedas.

(In Ba-ga-ve-da)  
"Matter," (says Manon),  
"Born of a germ,  
By spirit power was formed  
In plant, or tree, or seed,  
Then brou't to view  
In man," by Law  
Unchanging e'er is bound.  
Brahma creates,  
Gives life to plant and tree;  
Siva destroys,  
Sends death upon the earth,  
Vishnu protects  
All life, saves you and me.  
'Tis Death must give  
To seed, to man their birth,  
To bird and beast,  
And all that move on land,  
The countless forms  
E'er found within the Sea.  
The rock, the soil,  
The little grain of sand  
From Brahm's pure substance,  
Created all must be.  
Both time and space  
Did e'er with him exist  
Tho' not revealed,  
Yet lost in unity  
'Til matter formed;  
Then forth from out the midst  
Of Brahm, is born  
This glorious Trinity.

The Holy Bible.

A firmament,  
God said, there must now be  
To divide angel's water  
From water in the Sea,  
And it was so.  
This water is in heaven,  
To his servants there  
Fine mansions will be given.  
'Tis not the heaven  
He made on yesterday,  
For then he worked,  
But now 'twas only play.  
Not used to work  
He thou't he'd go to sleep,  
'Twas but the second day  
And only the first week.

Awoke,  
Now let the waters gather here  
In one place,  
There let dry land appear.  
He called the waters  
"Seas," dry land was "Earth,"  
Where grass and herb,  
And fruit trees have their birth.  
Friend Moses says  
Each kind had living seed  
Stored in itself  
'Gainst time of need.  
On the bosom  
Of mother earth they lay,  
Were all brou't forth  
At close of the third day.

Friend Moses now must have more room

For there was light, no Sun, no Moon.  
We think his God did work by guess,  
No Sun, no lights, that you'll confess.  
Ere the young earth was one day old,  
There was light, her form to unfold.  
Three days earth was, evening & morn,  
The parent Sun had not been born.  
Grass, herb, and fruit, brou't forth the earth,  
Her mother ne'er had had her birth.  
How God moved on this water  
Was not revealed to son or daughter.  
The deed was done in darkness deep,  
The water must have been asleep.  
'Tis a strange story Moses tells,  
His water's drawn from ancient wells.

The Sacred Vedas.

The light, the air,  
Pure water, and fair earth,  
By Brahma's power  
Were from matter drawn.  
The Supreme Soul,  
Great Brahm, to life gave birth,  
And herb and beast,  
And man on earth were born.  
He established  
The unjust and the just.  
Thou't gave he  
To individual mind;  
Designed to guide  
The children whom he must  
Produce from  
His own substance, of his kind.  
Both great and small  
Now swarm within the Seas,  
Fruits and flowers  
Earth now bore; no man did roam  
Upon her face,  
There stood the stately trees,  
Beneath their boughs  
Was found no sheltering home.  
In one grand chorus  
All Nature sang of love  
When man and woman  
Were by Brahma formed.  
The Gods came down  
From their bright courts above  
To see THE PAIR  
With Reason thus adorned.  
From purest germ,  
From Brahm, did Brahma draw,

Man and woman  
True equals he would make,  
Finished is all:  
No God could find a flaw  
Himself he'd e'er  
Admire in his work.  
A day so vast  
Embraced was all of Time  
Past and Present.  
The Future now will come  
In which the Race,  
All born of Man & Womankind,  
With Brahm be joined  
In his Celestial Home.

J. H. Y.

Matfield, Mass.

\* Genesis I. 26, 27.

Written for The Watchman.

### SLAVES.

SLAVES! you say, yes, three-fourths of Mankind are Slaves.

Look at the Millionaire, his dollars make him a Slave; and sleepless nights and feverish days are a part of his heritage; pomp and ostentatious pride his hobby, and his reward: he follows his money-making so eagerly on earth, that he steps out of the body into spirit life, a walking dollar, a living miser, a worldly spirit, fit, only, for the earth-bound companionship of the lowest of the low.

Look at the Creed-bound Preacher. Slave, did you say! Why he is a Slave of Slaves: for he dare not say that his Soul is his own; for there is the Creed, and the Law; and he must teach that Creed, and that Law, or starve. He a Slave! The Negro in Slavery, is a free-born King, beside him; for the Negro is a Slave in body; while the Preacher is a Slave in body and in spirit—Soul and body, a Slave.

Look at some Wives—worse than widowhood—who are bound by Church Laws to their husbands whom they cannot love.

Better death than this BONDAGE of body, when the heart, the Soul, the spirit cries out for release.

Better death of body, Soul, and spirit—better utter annihilation forever, than an earth life of such ABJECT BONDAGE as this—no chance to rectify a mistake made in her girlhood days: no hope, no joy, only in her offspring; no bright Future for her—heaven, itself, hath no hope for these—all before her looks dark and dreary.

Her lot is SLAVERY with HELL added to her misery.

She is a woman without a woman's rights; a tomb where lies buried within her heart the ashes of all the holier attributes of a woman—wherein lies buried love, truth, holy affections, and relics of blasted hopes—and, yet, we call this a world of Freedom.

Look at the Slaves to appetite; to passion; and to pride.

Surely, the Christian God is asleep—or, why is this thus?

J. W. DENNIS.

Buffalo, N. Y.

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# THE WATCHMAN.

Written for The Watchman.

## GROWING OLD.

I've been thinking o'er the past, dear wife,  
Of some twenty years ago,  
When you a bright-eyed lassie were,  
And I your bashful bean.  
As I sat by the open window,  
And watched our children play,  
It seemed like the fleeting of a dream,  
Since we were young and gay.

The hills seem steeper than of old—  
The miles seem twice as long—  
Our voice seems weak and trembling now,  
Where'er we join the song,  
No more we follow in the dance,  
With light fantastic toe,  
We are not the men and maids we were,  
Of some twenty years ago.

Your golden hair is silvered o'er,  
Your cheek wears not the glow,  
Your step is not as quick and light—  
But this, dear wife, I know,  
Your heart is just as fond and true,  
Your voice as soft and low,  
And to me you're just as fair and sweet,  
As of twenty years ago.

Yes, yes, I know we're growing old,  
But in that Summer-land—  
We'll join the loved ones gone before—  
A youthful, happy band.  
There's many crossed that mystic stream,  
Of those we used to know,  
There waiting on the other side,  
Where you and I'll soon go.

MRS. W. S. MOORE.

Stony Fork, Pa.

Written for The Watchman.

## WHAT IS TRUTH?

In all Ages, or, since Intellectual Beings began to grace this world with their presence, the problem involved in the question heading this Article, has proved a perplexing one; and it may be safely asserted, that no man has lived, or lives now, who has made a complete success in defining any one branch of Physics or Metaphysics.

Therefore, we are not so egotistical as to suppose ourselves capable of accomplishing that which all others have failed to do.

We must content ourselves, then, with presenting the readers of THE WATCHMAN with the following key to what and where Truth may be found.

Truth is that which elevates the Soul,  
And leads the Intellect to higher thought—

It points the searcher to a loftier goal,  
Where with the love of right it's fraught—

It's food congenial to each noble mind,  
Who doth therein for aye confide,  
It is the Law of Right entwined  
Around, and is our safest guide.

We mean the Mental phase of Truth:  
A Truth e'en felt but rarely seen—  
That which lights the brain of youth,  
And gives it views beyond the screen;

That which solves the Laws of Life,  
And brings to view the fact of things—

The Intellect's dissecting knife—  
Bringing to light all hidden things.

That binds in one the Universe,  
And all in unison doth hold,

And bringing us to sweet converse  
With everything both new & old;  
Aye, everything that e'en doth raise  
The child of thought a little higher,  
And fills the Soul with happy praise,  
Is Truth in all its rich attire.

Truth speaks to us from every flower,  
And smiles in every ray of light—  
It droppeth down in every shower,  
And lingers in the shades of night.  
Oceans, Seas, and all the planes,  
The hill-tops & the valleys sweet—  
The birdlings carolling their strains,  
Embody Mental Truth complete.

On every part of this fair earth,  
From every babbling brook & rill;  
Amid all elemental mirth  
Truth doth constant quavers trill.  
All Nature is the Harp of God—  
The body that he occupies;  
From rocks as well as Aaron's rod,  
Immortal Truth forever flies.

From every sand-grain in the pile,  
From every leaf of ever-green,  
We may eternal Truth compile;  
Such is a glorious fact, I ween.  
From every Star that shines above,  
From every form we meet with here,

Truth shimmers forth thro' parent love  
The Intellectual Race to cheer.

M. E. T.

Oakland, Neb.

## HINTS TO NURSES.

Never stand at the foot of a sick bed and survey the patient. All figures loom large to fevered eyes, and by the side of the bed are only partially seen, and do not annoy with the sense of too much presence.

Do not open the door very slowly, for then the attention is strained, speculating as to who the next comer can possibly be after all this preparation, and with such cautious approach.

Low but clear tones, quiet but sure movements, and rapid rather than slow, are a great relief to any patients who are blessed with a practical nurse.

Whispering is a torture. Silence is best until you can discuss matters in another room; but, if you speak, speak out, and make no mysteries about anything.

In severe illness the nurse must watch her patient steadily, but not seem to be looking.

In convalescence it frequently soothes the invalid to have the nurse seated at the window apparently looking out. This frees the faculties from the tention that the sense of being watched usually gives.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

## CRAMPS.

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