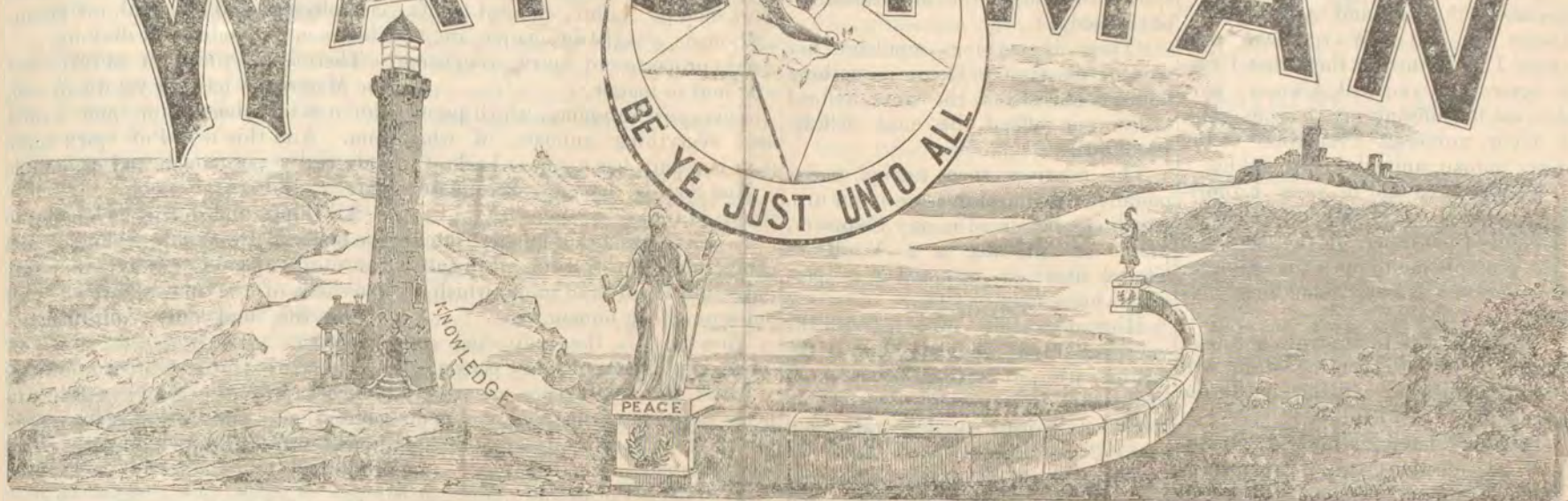


# THE WATCHMAN



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CHICAGO, ILL., FEBRUARY, A. D. 1886, M. S. 38.

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Written for The Watchman.

A BRIEF REPORT OF

## EXPERIENCES

IN LIFE,

SELECTED AND COPIED

FROM THE

PAGES OF MEMORY,

BY

VALENTINE NICHOLSON.

Twenty years have gone into the Past, since what I am about to relate, transpired.

I was stopping for a few hours, at a boarding house, in the Village of Yellow Springs, Ohio. A number of the occupants of the house (most of them females) were in the parlor enjoying the company of each other in social conversation. All of them were strangers to me.

Among the number, was one little girl who, from her small size, I should not have supposed to be more than six or seven years of age.

She was passing quietly and silently about the room, and, apparently, listening to the conversation.

No one in the company seemed to pay any attention to the fact of her silent presence in the room.

Being fond of the company of children, and always willing to make their acquaintance, and learn something of the direction in which their thoughts and desires were tending.

I spoke kindly to this lonely appearing child as she was passing near where I sat.

She was, evidently, pleased with the manifestation of a kind and friendly recognition.

She came immediately to me, and resting her little arm on my knee, answered all my questions without hesitation or embarrassment.

I soon learned from her, that her mother was not living, but her father was; and that he was traveling, and delivering lectures, thro' the Country, and always took her with him.

To my question, of what the subjects were, upon which he was lecturing; she replied:—

"Well, he is endeavoring to teach

people how to keep themselves in good health."

Then, looking up to my face, and with her beautiful eyes sparkling with the sincere earnestness of her deep thought, she said to me:—

"I think it is very strange, don't you? that when any one is sick, they should send way off for some one, called a Doctor, to come to see them, and try to tell what the matter is with them, perhaps, an entire stranger, one who had never met them before.

"Now, it seems to me, that you are inside of yourself, and you ought to be the one to tell what was the matter, and not depend upon any one that was outside of you, to tell you."

We had become so well acquainted by this time, that I had taken her upon my lap.

To me, it was like a new revelation, to find in the mind of one so young in years, so much evidence of Wisdom and knowledge upon every subject that I mentioned in her presence.

At length, towards the close of our visit, I said:—

"Sis, how long do you think it would take you to tell me all that you know?"

She dropped her head a little to one side, and meditated for a few moments in silence, then, looked up again, and said:—

"I think it would take me about nine years to tell all that I know. I am ten years old, and I am sure that I can remember every thing that has transpired since I was one year old; and I do not believe I could tell it any faster than I have lived it."

This reply of the dear little child, brought to my mind a train of thought entirely new to me, at the time.

That reply has sparkled in my memory, like a diamond in the sunlight, from that day to the present time; and I think it has been of as much real benefit in assisting me to correct and improve my own life, and try to spend my own time wisely, as any one sermon, or lecture that I ever listened to.

It gave me a clearer understanding of the beautiful text of scripture—

"Except ye become as little children, ye can in no wise enter the Kingdom of Heaven"—

Than I had ever had before.

I have, occasionally, had the pleasure of meeting and conversing with little innocent children, whose minds had not been perverted by having had myths, superstitions, and erroneous opinions inflicted upon their trusting confidence, by older persons with whom they had been in company.

And I have very often found such children to be quite as capable of instructing me, in some things, as I had supposed myself to be qualified to instruct them.

The little girl I have been speaking of, was one of this unperturbed number.

These interesting experiences often have caused me to reflect, with admiration, upon the words of him, who said:—

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

I have many times regretted that I did not learn her name; and the name and postal address of her father—but, having to meet other parties at an appointed hour, I left in a hurry, hoping I might have another interview with my new acquaintance, but did not have the opportunity.

I have often had my doubts whether this wise little TEACHER remained many years in the physical form.

Such mental activity and deep, earnest action of the intellect, in a growing child, may use up and consume, in the forming of thoughts, so much of the life elements and forces, that the physical is left frail, and not of long endurance.

The idea of this little angel upon earth, imparted to me, that it would require as long a time to relate the experiences of a human life, as it had taken to live those experiences, has proved a very useful caution to me.

I am certain that I remember clearly, all the most striking events that have transpired within the circumference of my own observation, from the time I was one year old, to the present day: hence, I have felt the necessity of selecting only the most interesting and useful portions of my experience, to relate when I am in company, where it appears to be worth while to hinder their time in listening to my voice.

Sometimes, in a company of friends, sitting in silence and listening to a great amount of what seems useless, (not to say, injurious), conversation, I am impressed to ask the company to let us consider the matter of how we would like to have every one of the sentences we had each one spoken for the last week, month, or year, all reported and printed in a book, with the name of the Author, in large letters on the title page of the volume—our talk had, when accurately reported, furnished manuscript to the printer, for the purpose of publishing for each one of us, a book filled only with our own chosen language.

Are there any of us ready to say that we should be willing to have all our conversation offered in a printed volume for public inspection, without any correcting, crossing out, or interlining!

Let us, then, remember that all our words, as well as actions are being recorded, as with indelible ink, upon the Book of Memory—the "Book of Life"—for each one of us.

And if we have a desire to escape shame and mortification, by having these things shown to others in public, in the Future, let us remember that here in this life is the place, and now is the time to correct mistakes, and put the records of our life in the exact form in which we would be best satisfied to have them read by others.

Fosters, Ohio.

You do not know what heroic strength there is in the womanly part of Manhood. I could wish you might not find it out for many years. But, if you must, then let me say that he who drinks early at this deep spring, has a life in him which common men know not—other sorrows, other joys, other hopes, other aspirations.—Theodore Parker.

Knowledge, in general, expands the mind, exalts the faculties, refines the taste of pleasure, and opens numerous sources of intellectual enjoyment.—Robert Hall.

Wisdom is to the Soul, what health is to the body.—Rochefoucauld.



# WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR DEAD?

Editor of The Watchman:—

I have been looking over your Editorials in the July and August 1885 Issues of THE WATCHMAN, and altho' I find much in them that I fully agree with, you will, I know, pardon me for offering my reasons why I favor universal Cremation of the dead, human, animal, or vegetable.

As you have said in your Editorials, "It is in hopes of eliciting thoughts from others on the subject," that prompts me to open the subject: also in hopes to learn something myself.

The only way to destroy germs of disease, is to burn them—freezing will not do it; neither will burying in the grave do it. To wit:—

Speaking, lately, in favor of Cremation in infectious cases, Sir Spencer Wells mentioned that an epidemic of Scarlet Fever has been caused in a country Town, by the opening of the graves of persons who had died with the disease *thirty years previously*. The germs of infection having retained their vitality for nearly a third of a Century.

The Glasgow Philosophical Society has demonstrated that at about 122° below zero, Fahrenheit, the flesh of animals becomes so hard as to ring like porcelain when struck, and also to be capable of being crushed to a fine powder. Microbes, however, living in the flesh before freezing, have been found alive when thawing took place, after an exposure of *two hundred hours* to this intense cold.

In the experiments of Coleman and Mackendrick, as reported to the Glasgow Philosophical Society, a live rabbit survived an hour's exposure to a temperature of 100° below zero. It was not frozen, its body heat being reduced to only 43°.

Live frogs became quite solid in half an hour, at 20° to 30° below zero, and in two instances recovered from the freezing.

Intense cold (122°—) for many hours (200), failed to destroy microscopic organisms, whose vitality was simply arrested by freezing, and was resumed when a suitable temperature was restored.

This is the result of a later experiment, to prove that the first report was correct.

Cremation is erroneously supposed to be the burning of the body.

It is not. No flame, whatever, touches the flesh, or bones, from the beginning to the end of the process.

It is, properly and strictly, "Incineration," or reduction of the human frame to ashes.

An absorption of all the gaseous elements, carried on inside of a fire-clay retort, three feet in diameter and seven feet in length.

"Cremation, by an eye-witness," describes the process as follows:—

"As the door of the retort is opened, the in-rushing air cools it from white to red heat, and the whole interior is filled with a beautiful rosey light that is fascinating to the eye.

"The body, decently clad, as for burial, is laid on a crib, which is covered with a clean white sheet soaked in alum.

"The crib is then put into the retort. The sheet retains its original position and conceals the form until

nothing but the bones are left—and these gently crumble into dust, as under the mystic touch of an invisible agent.

"The process might be called the spiritualization, or the etherealization of the body.

"There is nothing repulsive nor painful about it. There is nothing which need shock the most refined tastes, nor offend the most delicate sensibilities."

The relatives then receive a few pounds of clean, pure ashes in an urn, which can be placed in any Cemetery, public or private, in a Vault or Church niche, or disposed of as personal choice may dictate.

How does this compare with the yawning grave; the dull thud of the falling earth; the nameless horrors of loathsome decay; and the hungry work of worms, moles, rats, and snakes?

Weigh carefully in the balance—dear reader—without prejudice, and burial will be found wanting.

It will be observed that no gases, whatever, escape from the corpse into the air, to poison it with their fumes—all these are consumed in the retort.

An experiment in destroying garbage by fire, was made in Allegheny City, Pa., last Fall, which so pleased the Health Committee, that they favor the building of a furnace, at once.

All kinds of filth and refuse should be burned, and so keep the atmosphere and water from being tainted with it.

EMANUEL M. JONES.

Philadelphia, Pa.

To be Continued.

## SPIRITUALISM, PER SE.

Editor of The Watchman:—

I have had the pleasure of perusing a few numbers of your very excellent Paper. And I would be pleased if you will allow me space in its columns for the expression of a few thoughts.

A few months ago, Elmina and some of the correspondents of *Light for Thinkers*, were carrying on a con-flab, in that Paper, about investigating Spiritualism.

Something similar, I see, has been carried on in THE WATCHMAN, between some of the same parties.

Besides learning the characteristics of different minds; getting acquainted with each other; and having one's say, if each one is charitable to the other, I think that much good may be sown by such a discussion.

Elmina does not seem to have yet discovered the part that there is an existence after this mortal life is ended.

I never think of censuring such people, for I think they are very unfortunate, who have to depend upon facts demonstrated to their physical senses, for the knowledge of a future existence.

That that knowledge is attainable aside from demonstrated facts, is as sure as it is that *cause* must exist before *effect*: and existing before, must exist the same after.

When an *effect* is produced, the *cause* does not, necessarily, step into nonentity.

In Nature, *causes* are the most subtle substances—are out of sight and invisible, tho', nevertheless, they are very potent, and their existence acknowledged.

The potentialities in the great workshop of Nature, claimed by Evolutionists, to exist in matter, are, instead, properties of spirit, coexisting with and in matter.

This spirit substance, which permeates everything animate, of which man is a part, has a power back of it.

The Soul is the most subtle substance in being.

In this substance, inheres intelligence, and from it, issues all the attributes and faculties of mind which are out-wrought in human life.

This Soul is the individual conscious intelligence of every person.

Mind, the intelligence manifested, is the outcome of this Soul, and is unfolded from it, as the rose is unfolded from the bud.

As spirit permeates all matter, it is within the physical body; it is within the physical brain, as music is in the organ, waiting the touch of the master-hand.

It has an organization within the brain—a brain within a brain.

It is that part of it which eludes the dissecting knife.

It is finer than nerve, or nerve aura: so fine as to be adapted to the touch and manipulation of intelligence itself.

This spirit brain and organism are indestructible.

When the physical brain dissolves in death, this inner brain remains intact, and the individual steps out, a spiritual being, possessing every mental faculty all aglow with life.

Does Elmina believe this? No. Why not?

It has not been demonstrated to the acceptance of her physical senses—a thing of spirit is not cognizable by any of her senses: but, must prove its existence to her, by a physical fact. I pity all such.

Notwithstanding, facts demonstrate a future existence, still, the consciousness of the Soul, which, alone can apprehend things of the Soul, has a more satisfying and enduring knowledge of it.

The proposition I started with—*cause and effect*—proves the whole question.

The Soul is the *cause* of human life, and of all intelligence that is manifested in it, hence, does not step into nonentity at the cessation of its *effects* to physical cognition.

If Elmina is a Materialist, she may demur at this—claiming brain formation as the *cause* and *source* of intelligence.

Intelligence is the moving and controlling power—is it not?

Well, if she will cite one example, and prove *man* to be one also, (and woman, too), of the *effect* controlling the *cause*, then, we shall have to give in to the argument, that they have as good reasons for *disbelieving*, as we have for believing in a future existence.

But we shall struggle pretty hard before we give in to such statements, that the Materialists have as good reasons for believing that the intelligence and mind are produced by brain formation, as we have for believing that it comes from, and originates in the *pre-existing* and *self-sus-*

taining Soul.

That would be like College graduates going back to their Primary studies. For, whether Materialists know it or not, the pupils of angel ministrations, have learned truths, metaphysical and spiritual, not attainable even by students of divinity.

There is a WORLD OF SPIRIT that the Materialist has not yet discovered, tho' it is all about him, and within him. And this world of spirit is the only really permanent and enduring one.

All things and forms belonging to the material world are changing and transitory—passing away—they are the shells of the nut, of which spirit is the life, and only enduring substance.

These are truths worth knowing; which happify the Soul; quicken its perceptions; and heighten its aspirations toward a nearer approach to the Infinite.

I hope all are nearing that Fount of Love; Ever aspiring for the Light and Truth— Making ready for the bright Home above, Where there are joys of perpetual youth.

H. A. BRADBURY.

Altamont, Florida.

Written for The Watchman.

## TO-DAY.

Truth is deathless  
Error breathless  
And will perish where right stands,  
Good is growing  
And sin throwing  
In the shade with fearless hands.

Light is shining  
Love is twining  
'Round the Soul its tendrils fine,  
Drawing higher  
Through desire  
Man to motives more divine.

Virtue blesses  
Its possessors  
With a Heav'nly purity;  
Justice reigning  
Now is claiming  
Rights for all Humanity.

Hope aspiring,  
Trust inspiring,  
Charity, good-will to all  
Now doth blossom  
In man's bosom  
And in beauty o'er him falls.

Day is o'er us  
Noon before us,  
While the night is far behind;  
A vast Kingdom  
Love and Wisdom  
In the human brain doth find.

GENA F. SMITH.

Rockland, Maine.

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Written for The Watchman.

# MATERIALIZATION POINTS.

By JOHN WETHERBEE.

Following my Article in the January WATCHMAN, is the report of Bro. Nickerson of what, in the form line, he saw at Onset.

His experience is a good deal like mine, and, I suppose, he, like myself, has pretty hard work to make indifferent people believe that what he says is solid, objective truth; "the trail of the serpent is over it all," that is, deception, somehow, or somewhere, among investigators, is the chief factor in the case; and yet, a more positively demonstrated fact does not exist, in my experience and observation of the physical world, than the fact of form-materialization: and that being so, it has come to stay, and the world has got to recognize it.

I am not disposed to criticise those who cannot see the matter out of my eyes, for two things I am obliged to admit.

First: The Materialization of forms under all circumstances, would never have converted me to Spiritualism: and

Second: I never could have believed what I positively know of Materializations, on the testimony of any one.

Having a positive knowledge, as my little book, "SHADOWS," will show, that

"The spirit world, around this world of sense,  
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere  
Wafts thro' these earthly mists and vapors dense,  
A vital breath of more ethereal air."

Opens probabilities that I would have been deaf to, as an Agnostic.

Even now, with my positive knowledge of the fact, I must say it is very hard for me to take it in intellectually, or, in common language, to swallow the dose that is offered.

In the first place, the forms violate all my conception of spirit life, and do not, unmistakably, fit the cases, in an objective sense, that they claim to be; and,

Second: The conditions are suspicious, and, in any thing short of demonstration, it seems to be common sense to give fraud for the solution, rather than a material embodiment to a spirit, or the claimed fact.

Gradually, I have been made sure of the fact, and have had to swallow it, or my understanding.

Every step I have taken, has been in the direction of proof.

I am not so sure of the personality of the forms, as I am of the fact of forms, or, as spiritual manifestations. I am getting pretty close to the latter, as facts—but, "pretty close," is one thing, demonstration is another thing.

As recognitions of departed friends are a secondary matter, I leave that point, as the main thing is, are these forms spirit manifestations?

That being settled, we need not be under any concern of mind about the other, for the greater comprehends the less.

I have had great privileges during the past few months, that have ena-

bled me to write very strongly on the subject, not but what I was reasonably, and even perfectly satisfied before, but the details of that satisfaction could not be presented, but what the reader would receive it *cum grano salis*.

The mediums of this City—I refer to Mrs. Fay, Mrs. Bliss, the Misses Berry, and Mrs. Fairchild, are reliable and genuine Materializing mediums.

I do not propose to draw any comparisons, for some like one, and some like another—depending, often, accidentally, for their preferences.

I have had, during the past few months, experiences with the latter persons, that enable me to state the facts with precision, so that if I do state facts, the reader must be convinced.

If he doubts my facts, that is, my ability and my honesty, then, of course, conviction will not be expected.

But when I write, I write exclusively for those who value my testimony, for which I have autographic and other evidences, that it is a larger constituency among the Spiritualists than, perhaps, I deserve.

I never intentionally cast my "pebbles" before swine—I dare not call my words pearls.

At the Misses Berry's seances, which are held in a parlor, about 50 feet by 25; the slight enclosure, called a cabinet, is located any where you please; the only two doors, one at the end and one at the side of the room, are both locked and guarded.

The cabinet being four sticks with slight cross-bars covered with black cloth, making the enclosure about six feet high, five feet wide and four feet deep, the sticks resting on the carpet. This, so-called, cabinet being without any floor, the entire contents being a small chair.

The medium then passes in, and every one in the room knows, absolutely, that there is no other human being in there, or can possibly get in, and instantly the curtain or cloth in front opens again, and out comes, usually, two spirits, that look, feel, breathe, and talk like living human beings: they are as positively extemporized out of the circumambient air, as the snow-flake is, that while I am now writing is falling on the ground.

During the seance, to gratify some astonished skeptic, the manager, sometimes, takes a wax match and lights it and holds it inside, and continues to do so, until every one is satisfied that the medium is the only occupant, and, then, immediately comes out two apparently living forms; these forms are often recognized, fondled, kissed, and conversed with.

I am not stating an accidental circumstance, but I have seen it substantially repeated over a dozen times.

I would stultify my understanding to question, or to qualify this positive knowledge on which I base my fact, if I did not consider it as palpably proved.

Mrs. Fairchild also (or, perhaps, the spirits thro' her) has shown a disposition to give me privileges, and I write, perhaps, more on the subject, therefore, as in duty bound, as a return for the said privileges.

This medium, in the first place, has made one move forward in the phase—it would seem to meet a demand: it is this:—

She, in a trance, stays out in the seance-room, in sight all the time, managing the seance.

That fact removes the Transfiguration point, and reduces the matter to its lowest terms.

The medium being out in the room, the forms, one, or six, (for they are often numerous at a time), that come out, must be either confederates, or spirits.

They cannot, by any possibility, be any thing else.

I have settled the confederacy point, because, to accommodate me, she has extemporized a cabinet in an intact corner of a room; she has allowed me, and others, to sit, also, in the back parlor next to the seance-room, during a seance; she has allowed me to follow two spirits into the cabinet as they retired, which I found empty.

As the house has been vacated, and she living in one story alone, I have been allowed to examine the house prior to a seance, and to have it watched, and the number counted of persons admitted, and it exactly tallied with the number of persons in the circle: and the sixty odd forms that appeared, would require, at least, twelve confederates.

If any thing is settled, the fact of confederacy is settled. And the spirits, the only other alternative, have it.

There has been the spirit of an old man, he claims to be my old friend, Ralph Huntington, who has appeared to me about fifteen times.

He does not come out of the cabinet, but rises head-first from the floor, often quite slowly, and I take him by the hand, and we talk—he seems to be a thing of vigorous human life—after a chat, wherever he happens to be, he sinks straight down, I holding his hand until he is *non est*.

He often comes up and goes down five or six feet from the cabinet, quite in the middle of the room. All present see this, and are as interested as I am in this phenomenon. So this is not my testimony alone, which might be subjective, or illusive, but more than fifty intelligent people, some of them Senators, will testify to the fact as I have stated it.

I asked why other spirits do not come to me and go out in this unique way: and Kathleen, the control, said that this spirit has made special effort so as to satisfy me on the point in my mind.

She said that most all the spirits could do so, but the medium could not stand the strain, or she would have to reduce her great number of forms down to three or four, and, then, other persons in the circle would not be satisfied.

I will add no argument to the above statement of what I know to be actual facts—it seems to me, if I am truthful and reliable, they speak for themselves.

Boston, Mass.

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Written for The Watchman.

# THE MEDIUM'S CONSECRATION TO THE GREAT SPIRIT.

A PARODY.

Take my life, and let it be  
Consecrated all to thee.

Take my hands and let them move  
At the impulse of thy love.

Take my feet, and let them be  
Swift and beautiful for thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing  
Always, only, for my King.

Take my lips, and let them be  
Filled with messages from thee.

Take my silver and my gold—  
Not a mite would I withhold.

Take my moments and my days,  
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my intellect, and use  
Every power, as thou shalt choose.

Take my Will, and make it thine:  
It shall be no longer mine.

Take my heart, it is thine own:  
It shall be thy royal throne.

Take my love; and let me pour  
At thy feet, its treasure store.

Take myself, and I will be  
Ever, only, all, for thee.

J. W. DENNIS.

Texarkana, Ark.

Contributed to The Watchman.

# "BE YE NOT WEARY IN WELL-DOING."

Dedicated to

Mrs. Ophelia S. Shepard.

Do not weary in well-doing,

But with patience act your part;  
Ever ready, strong, and earnest,  
Comfort thou, the mourning heart.

Then we say, "Be up and doing,"  
Gird the armor tightly on;  
Falter not, in life's strong conflict,  
Till the vict'ry shall be won.

Precious moments—they are passing  
All too swiftly from thy sight;  
Then we say, "Be up and doing,"  
Battle *firmly* for the right.

Many a heart with pain is laden,  
Struggling on beneath a load,  
That seems oft beyond endurance,  
As they journey on the road.

Give to them e'en but a portion,  
From thy storehouse rich and rare;  
And the "bread cast on the waters,"  
Shall be garnered, "Over there."

MARY E. VAN HORN.

Milwaukee, Wis.

\$1.00 pays for The Watchman for 1 year.



# THE WATCHMAN.

## THE WATCHMAN.

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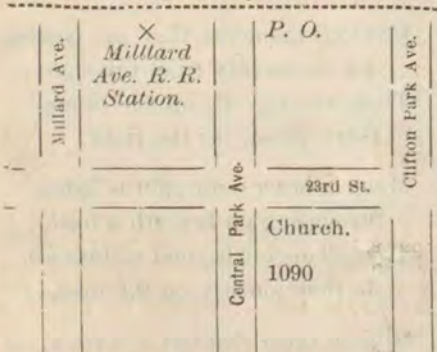
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Leave Union Depot at 7.30 : 10.50 a.m. 1.30 : 3.20 : 4.30 : 5.15 : 5.45 : 6.20 : 9.20. and 11.30 p.m. Sunday at 8.30 a.m. 1.05 : 6.20, and 9.45 p.m.

Leave Millard Ave. at 6.23 : 7.18 : 7.51 8.19 : 9.23 and 10.28 a.m. 1.20 : 2.20 : 4.24 and 7.08 p.m. Sunday at 9.35 a.m. 2.05, and 6.05 p.m.

## PREMIUMS.

The following Premiums will be offered to Old or New Subscribers, until July 1, 1886.

Any one subscribing for The Watchman for one year and remitting \$1, will receive as a Premium, either a Photograph of H. A. Berry, Editress, or, a Pamphlet entitled, "Reflective Musings." State which Premium you desire.

Any one remitting \$1.25 for one year's subscription to The Watchman, will receive as a Premium, a book entitled, "A Fountain of Light," containing 832 pages. Or,

A Book Entitled "Prophetic Visions and Spirit Communications," containing 158 pages. State which Premium you prefer.

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## SPECIAL NOTICE

TO

CORRESPONDENTS AND EXCHANGES.

THE OFFICE OF THE WATCHMAN

Has Been REMOVED To

1090 CENTRAL PARK AVE.,

MILLARD POSTAL STATION,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

ALL CORRESPONDENTS And EXCHANGES Will Please TAKE NOTICE And CHANGE Our ADDRESS Accordingly.

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.

All letters of inquiry addressed to the Editress of THE WATCHMAN, must be accompanied with return stamps, to ensure reply.

Subscriptions received at this Office for the following Papers:

Spiritual Offering, (weekly) ..... \$2.00  
Phrenological Journal, (monthly) ..... 2.00  
Banner of Light, (weekly) ..... 3.00  
Mind and Matter, (weekly) ..... 2.00

## REFLECTIVE MUSINGS.

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

This is a very instructive Pamphlet, and should be in the hands of every Liberalist, Laborer, and Producer, in the Country. Sent, postpaid, to any address, on receipt of 10 cents. Stamps taken. Address,

H. A. BERRY, Editress of THE WATCHMAN,  
1090 Central Park Ave.,  
Millard Postal Station, Chicago, Ill.

Prophetic Visions of National Events, and Spirit Communications, by Lucy Lovina Browne, Medium. Price 50 cts.

This is a book of 158 pages, and is filled with interesting and prophetic messages from various spirits.

We offer this book as a premium to all persons sending \$1.25 for a year's subscription to THE WATCHMAN, during the next six months—Jan. 1st to July 1, 1886.—See List of Premiums.

Persons sending money to our address, 1090 Central Park Ave., Chicago, Ill., and not receiving a receipt within a reasonable time (allowing ample time for transportation to and from), will please notify us of the fact, that we may ascertain the cause of the delay; as we always send acknowledgment, of the receipt of funds, by return mail. Per Order. Boston Star & Crescent Co.

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."

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.

## REDUCED or CLUB RATES.

Any one remitting \$1.50 to this Office, will receive THE WATCHMAN (an 8-page Monthly, price \$1.00) and Light in the West (a 16-page Semi-monthly, price \$1.00) for one year—thus, saving 50 cents by securing the two Papers at Club Rates.—Ed.

The Carrier Dove for January 1886, comes to us in a new form—See Advertisement on eighth page.

It is a beautiful Magazine, and does credit to its Editress and Manager, as well as to the Cause of Spiritualism.

Long may the precious "Dove" live to carry the "Glad Tidings."—Ed.

## BOOK REVIEW.

THE SPIRIT OF THE NEW TESTAMENT, or, The Revelation of the Mission of Christ. By A Woman.

This book has been sent to us for an earnest and liberal Editorial review—which we are now prepared to give.

We have given the work our earnest perusal, and we can honestly say that we consider it a valuable testimony of truth. If read with the right spirit, one is quickly convinced of the volume of thought expressed therein.

In our estimation, the Author—A Woman—has struck the right key: and with this key she has, thro' the pages of her Book, unlocked many of the vaults of Mythical lore and Ecclesiastical blindness which have so long overshadowed the true "Spirit of the New Testament."

And we agree, perfectly, with the Author, wherein she says:—

That "The spirit of Divine Wisdom as revealed thro' spirit and Soul perfective unfoldment, is acquired only thro' repeated periods of Incarnation with the earthly body."

This work has more clearly expressed the "Spirit of the New Testament," than any other work we have ever read.

Its interpretations of the Life and Mission of the Man, Jesus, are fully in accord with the true spirit of modern Mediumship and Spiritualism, when unfolded from a high, moral, and spiritual standard.

The Author has combined true Social and Marital Reform, with the spirit of moral and spiritual Seership.

She has truly revealed the basis of obtaining a higher status of Man and Womanhood, which, if practically observed, must culminate in a near approach to Human Perfectibility—which gives Divine Seership or Mediumship.

In speaking of the Future of Man, the Author says:—

"Just when matter seemed to have arisen to declare that it, and not the Soul, was 'the beginning and the end,' a still small voice was heard, which silently whispered to all who were willing to listen, and to all Churches and Sects, 'Study the Laws of thy spiritual being, O Man, and so shalt thou know the spiritual world, and KNOW THYSELF,—whence thou art, and to what thou shalt return!'"

"Surely the spirit of the Nazarene has ripened human life and thought for the consummation of his work on earth, and has pointed to a grander manhood, as the fulfillment, and the sole end and object of his Incarnation! Let who will resist it, this must and will come, and with it the liberty of woman. It is not to form the glory of any Church or Sect under Heaven, but to be the glory of man; to establish universal fraternity; to break down creed, caste, and race, and to show that the Christ type of humanity is based on principles which have everywhere been secretly, or dimly recognized, and that it is the flower of every esoteric conception of religion, because it is of the Soul.

"The crime of the Christian Church, and in this every form of the Christian Sects is included, resides in the fact that instead of preserving and expounding the principles illustrated in the life of Jesus of Nazareth, she has worshipped an individual, and therefore closed the very



MESSAGGS

We invite all who receive spirit messages, and are desirous of publishing the same, to forward them to this Office, and they will receive due attention. We require that the name of the medium, thro' whom the communication is given, be published therewith.

We also invite all who recognize any of the messages published herein, to forward statements of verification also to be published, to establish the truth of the messages and vindicate Spiritualism.

These Spirit Messages are written thro' the hand of Mrs. H. A. BERRY, (Editress); and the spirits are assisted in coming and giving their messages, by the medium's Guide, PEACE BIRD.

CIRCLE. January 5, 1886.

WAMPSECOTTA.

Wampsecotta, spirit of the Red Man, can come. He speaks in loving thoughts to the Pale Faces of earth. He come to help other spirits to say their say, and so give them rest in spirit life.

Many spirits cannot rest in spirit, because of their deeds on earth. Many are anxious, and want to reach their earthly friends—and they all need help in many ways.

Wampsecotta's work in spirit  
Is to help whene'er he can;  
'Tis to find the wandering spirits,  
And bring them to the Circle Band.

To bring them where they'll feel the power  
That the Circle Guides possess;  
Where, tho' waiting many hours,  
They at last find peaceful rest.

Where the spirit on awakening  
Can return to earthly friends once more;  
And when clouds of doubt are breaking  
Talk to earthly friends as long before.

[ Wampsecotta is one of the Band of Guides that surround the medium, H. A. BERRY. ]

JOHN JACOB (B.) ASTOR.

John Jacob (B.) Astor, of New York, would send a few words to those on earth. He would say that his Soul was not entirely warped by the worldly indulgences of which he partook while on earth. He sees and feels, now, that he was, to a certain extent, a robber. He says:

It is hard to say so, but it is a fact. I was a robber in the way of accumulating so much surplus wealth to myself—more than I could ever use—and that, too, while many others were suffering for the means to sustain life, and an honorable place in Society.

Oh! what grave mistakes we, as mortals, are apt to commit! Blind! blind! blind! But "death" removes the coppers from the eyes, and we, then, see things as they really are.

Did I say "death"? Well, it is what the world calls death.

I feel better whenever I come back to earth and express my feelings.

I do not dispise wealth and what wealth brings. Oh, no! far from that. But, I do know that I would have been far more happy now, had I been more unselfish—had I, from the fullness of my heart, used a part of my wealth to relieve the poor.

True, I gave for Charitable donations—but what was that? It was done only in obedience to the cold and formal demands of Society, and not from the eager desire to relieve and bless some who were less fortunate than myself.

But I must not longer lament, but, must try whenever and all I can, to influence others of earth life, to relieve the poor and needy.

I have been told by others whom I have met in this beautiful world, [spirit land], that I must try and do all the good I can towards those of earth, if I would forget my short-comings while I lived on the earth. And I have decided to do so.

Extracts from Darwin's *Origin of Species*, with Remarks by Elmira D. Stenker, No. 2.

Order them of Elmira.

Subscribe for THE WATCHMAN.

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Mental Energy electrifies and illuminates the mind, restores lost harmony and lost vitality.

Mental Energy is in no case a medicine, but a metaphysical, nutrimental, life-generator of great power.

Mental Energy is a new creation and divine inspiration, and will purify the moral and spiritual nature of man.

Mental Energy will increase the vital force, stimulate the mind to action, awake the slumbering faculties of the Soul, and re-vitalize the whole being.

Mental Energy contains a spirit essence or nutriment of great power. For instance: Every time a drop is taken, the person, whether sickly, or healthy, will gain in proportion, a certain amount of natural force or energizing power.

Furthermore, it clears the intellect and invigorates the mental faculties—and how it does all this, and even more, is a mystery which no Science can explain, excepting, on the grounds of electrical, vital action, resulting from the absorption of a new combination of elements or force, generated and diffused thro'out the constitution.

Mental Energy is exclusively derived from the active principle of the herbs of the field, the flowers of the forest, and the leaves of the trees; and is harmoniously compounded at our Laboratory.

Mental Energy is palatable and pleasant, and harmless as the dew drop—of eminent utility: and for generating a general inward vital energy, is without example in the whole domain of medicine.

Mental Energy is equally adapted for all persons, male and female, and is especially valuable to persons of frail constitution, or where there is a loss of nerve or vital force.

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TO ADVERTISERS.

THE WATCHMAN is a good medium to ADVERTISE in—and why?

First: Because it is well circulated both in America and in 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. Address

HATTIE A. BERRY, Editress,  
1090 Central Park Avenue,  
Millard Postal Station, Chicago, Ill.

pathway he endeavored to open to the majority of the people. She has exhorted them to disbelieve in the immortal strength and power of their own Souls, in order to fall on their knees before the strong and victorious Soul of another. And when we reflect that not only did she reverse the very doctrines the Nazarene enunciated, but actually punished with horrible cruelties, the very persons who attempted to use their independent Soul-freedom, and arise in its divine light, what can be said of her relation to Christ and to Humanity? If such sins of the Past were the children of their time, and of the Church and State which represented the dead level of belief among the people, there is all the more reason to explain, proclaim, and determine in terms that admit of no compromise, of no further errors, of no further zealous Ecclesiastical proselytism, and of no further, and still more disastrous persecution, that the Christ in man is the all-important fact of the work of the Past, the redemption of the Present, and the hope of the Future, and that it can only be developed in a liberty which lives, and works, and thinks for, and of, the Present. It is a lamentable fact that men hear of the Nazarene year after year, from hundreds of thousands of effete pulpits, and do not even know a single fact about their own Souls."

"Man is not only a creature; he is a creator. Alas! that he should so ignorantly fulfill, and so constantly transgress, the law of his divine mission!

"With the knowledge of the nature and destiny of the Soul, arose the star of woman's freedom! It was the great lesson the angels of heaven, the spirits of the Christ-sphere, desired to teach Mankind. They selected woman as the first instrument of the teaching of that alphabet which revealed the Book of Life; they instituted a Church of the Spirit in which her inspirations were uttered as well as those of man; they taught thro' her lips Principles of Reform, which will defy time, and surmount all opposition. They wrote their new Scriptures thro' the hand of woman, as well as that of man, and wherever the voice of the Spirit has been heard, in whatever land, it has said, in spite of the anathemas of Churches, and the frowns of those who prefer popularity to truth, and sin to fearless speaking—'Let woman be free!'

"The freedom she demands is something more than that which confers a vote, sits in a Presidential Chair, wears a Crown, studies Art, Literature, or Science. It is the freedom of maternity in a marriage which may celebrate its honorable social customs, but refuses to be bound by legal obligations. Nothing else, and nothing less, will liberate womanhood. Nothing else, and nothing less, will liberate the human race, and inaugurate the Age of Soul. The children of such unions should be legally registered, provided for, and named, but the mother should at all costs be sovereign over her own being, and the only babes she should bear should be those who are welcome, chaste, and lovingly conceived, chaste and tenderly gestated, and born into a sphere of pure affection. The elements of love, wisdom, and health, should be their heritage from the earliest moment of their being, and these elements belong to the spiritual and not to the physical. It has been said that the Incarnating Soul provides its own destiny, and selects its own conditions of parentage, and this is to a certain extent true. But there is a regenerating and re-creative power in man and woman which can convey a new impulse to weak spirits, and the tendency of which is to draw those strong spirits on earth which its great Future requires. They cannot be embodied in its coarse and inferior organizations, bearing the burdens of the accumulated and hereditary diseases and idiosyncrasies of the parents. They require fine, harmonious, and spiritual forms which may become the perfect instruments of the Soul, and which have been penetrated and quickened by the purest love, and the elements of wisdom which so powerfully aid the growth of the Intellect."

We are pleased to state that the publication of *Mind and Matter* has been resumed; and we hope that it may long continue as a Journal of usefulness in the Literary field of Reform.—ED.

*Mary Jones or The Infidel School Teacher, and The Handsomest Woman.* By Elmira D. Stenker, is a pamphlet well worth the price of 20 cents. It is both amusing and instructive.—ED.



## THE WATCHMAN.

### CORRESPONDENCE TO THE WATCHMAN.

By Mrs. MINERVA MERRICK, Quincy, Ill.

Formerly Publisher of

### A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

The publication of "A Fountain of Light," as a Periodical, is discontinued. Bound copies of Volume 1, containing 832 pages, can be obtained of Mrs. Minerva Merrick, Quincy, Ill., at 50 cents each. Postage 16 cents.

### INVOCATION.

We who have assembled here, to-day, will turn our thoughts toward the spirit land, and ask our angel friends to come from that fount of every blessing, and tune our hearts to sing its praise.

As every little stream, flowing down from the great fountain, helps to raise the flood of love to our neighbors, refreshing the flowers of goodness and mercy all over the land.

Altho' the seeds of pain and anguish are planted in grief and sorrow, those showers of love from the Celestial Spheres, will produce peace and harmony, and the deserts of evil will blossom with roses and lilies of justice, mercy, peace, and good-will to all the children of earth.

We desire our loving friends to direct and guide us into the highway of happiness, and impress our minds with fervent love, for all things pure, beautiful, and good, that we may worship the God that is within us, by acts and words of kindness and commiseration for all who transgress the law of love.

Help us, friends, to bind up the broken-hearted—pour in the oil and wine of pity and forgiveness—as we desire others to pity and forgive us in our trespassing against the same law.

May these heavenly blessings gently fall upon our heads, for the love of one who is teaching us the way.

M. M.

### THE DEAD OF 1885.

On January 4, 1886, we read an Editorial in the Quincy, Ill., Journal—"The Dead of 1885."

We will make a few abridged extracts of the sentiments contained in the Article.

"King Death, with his icy fingers, was exceedingly busy during the past year."

"The saddest thought of all, is, that he (death) will never cease his labors, but, rather, increase his work as the years roll on."

Why should we hear this doleful sound from the tomb, or sing, when will Spring visit the moldering urn?

Why feel sad—there is nothing there to visit.

Who would wish to live, always in this mundane Sphere of pleasures and pains; of trials and disappointments—but, rather, rejoice that those who have ascended—those grand, progressive minds—those stars of intelligence will reflect back their light to guide us in the Future, to grander heights of progress and refinement.

The Article mentioned the death of noted persons in the Political Arena; the Religious World; and the Circle of Literature; and says:—

"Those great minds are gone, they are dead."

Is it possible that man can die, when all other things live—the rocks feel the drouth and the moisture and the heat and the cold!

"And must this body die,  
This well-wrought frame decay;  
And must these active limbs of mine  
Lie moldering in the clay!"

Certainly it must, but not me—it is mine, and of what use is the old shell after the bird has flown to its native element!

How beautiful is the monody of the old Greek Poet:—

"Prote, thou art not dead, but hast removed to a better place, and dwellest in the Islands of the blest, among abundant banquets, where thou art delighted, while tripping along the Elysian plains, amongst soft flowers, far from all ills."

"The Winter pains thee not; neither does heat, nor disease trouble thee; nor hunger, nor thirst: nor is the life of man any longer desired by thee, for thou livest in the pure splendor of Olympus."

In the removal of those exalted minds—those important characters who have fulfilled their destiny, who shall, in this noonday of life, declare them dead!

The Editor says:—

"A few more years shall roll,  
A few more Seasons come;  
And we shall be with those that rest,  
Asleep within the tomb."

Can man, with his limitless possibilities, ever sleep in a tomb, and wake no more to life and energy?

We hear an echo from the other shore, from those who have been removed to that Summerland, saying to the pure in heart, that death is but the opening of a door thro' which they have passed to joys and pleasures of which the mind, in its loftiest and most exalted flights, can form no adequate conception.

They have been called to take a higher seat in the Synagogue or Temple that they have been building with their thoughts and deeds for their reception in the spirit realm—their native place—surrounding it with flowers of loving sympathy that have been watered with their tears, and cultivated with unselfish sacrifices of sweetest affection.

"Among those who have fallen [we say, arisen,] during the past year, is that invincible and most remarkable of men, ULYSSES S. GRANT."

This Journalist says that all (as we understand him) the dead of 1885 have left their treasures and friends, and have gone forever.

This is a mistaken idea. We declare, and are sustained by the best authority from living witnesses, and both the New and Old Testimony contained in the Bible, also, by the testimony of millions of witnesses, that man lives beyond the grave: notwithstanding, that Robert Ingersoll says that mortals do not know.

Man is immortal; and what is called death, is a new birth in the invisible spirit realm.

The spirit of man cannot be annihilated, nor buried, nor can it sleep in the tomb.

When man leaves his earthly body, he is free, and is in his prime, and can appear in this atmosphere when

proper conditions are provided; as well as he did Ages ago: and those who claim to believe the testimony of those men and women whose experience is recorded in the Bible, should not repudiate its truths which are being demonstrated daily.

MRS. MINERVA MERRICK.

Written for The Watchman.

### TO SISTER, M. MERRICK.

Dear Sister:—

It is with great satisfaction and Soul-pleasure that I have read, and repeatedly, too, your answer to M. E. T.—and will endeavor to give the reason why, as briefly as possible.

First: It pleased me, because, in my humble compliment, in a previous Issue of THE WATCHMAN, my sister was able to extract a little honey of comfort and cheer, to add joy and brightness to her life-labor in the Cause of Mental Freedom and Progress.

Second: Because, my illuminated sister was able, by analysis, to gather, therefrom, and construct a satisfactory wreath of flowers, from which she is able to draw enjoyable aroma that adds exhilaration and pleasure to life, making up, somewhat, for the trial-scenes thro' which she has been obliged to pass, as a heaven-ordained Evangelist in the field of Reform.

Third: Because she sees in it a beautiful velvet carpet spread for her weary and oft-bleeding feet to walk on, a carpet gemmed all over with beautiful stars of sympathy.

The full Soul-utterance of truth deserved, is not flattery, dear sister, but that which every true Reformer should be greeted with, as they labor for the good of the world.

I feel that every such noble and unselfish toiler is worthy of the highest word of praise, notwithstanding, they are simple instruments in the hands, and under the divine control of the immortals—for, without the instruments, the work can never be accomplished.

Yes, sister, full well do I "know from whence the cup is filled;" for, thro' like forces of inspirational and illuminating power, I have come to recognize and drink in the joy-scenes of the higher life, and catch the quavered strains of immortal music, as they came prancing down the wires that chain the Universe of Souls in a united brother and sisterhood.

O, those Magnetic and unitary bonds! Who would have them severed, in a single instance?

Not one intelligent and well-poised being in the Universe; for, therein is lodged the factor-secret of the beautiful power that will work out to the most gratifying ultimate, the perfect harmony of all things.

As one of the small stars in the galaxy of Humanity, I accept your Holiday Greetings, with thanks and satisfaction, fully believing them to have been pulsed forth by those intelligent forces that gild all that I have read from your Soul, spirit, brain, and pen.

For, on the face of every one of those flowers, I have detected the stamp and seal of honesty; and in them, sentiments and principles of great value to all who aspire after the more exalted conditions.

Good-speed thee on in the glorious work laid out for you: and, in the ultimate, may you take your place on the angel-lighted hill-tops of the Celestial World.  
Oakland, Neb.  
M. E. T.

### LESSONS IN THE BIBLE.

One more lesson contained in the Bible, that people condemn, is, if a man smite you on one side of your face, turn to him the other side, also.

This lesson has, recently, been demonstrated in Quincy, Ill., by a Bishop slapping a Sub-dean on one side of his face and cruelly treating him and his family—the Sub-dean did intend to slap back. Should he do so, he will have his reward—as two wrongs never made one right.

The Bishop has shut the mouth of his Sub-dean, a Rev., D. D., and stopped his salary—will not allow him to hold services in any place on God's footstool.

In a spiritual sense, he must keep silence before the throne of the Bishop.

As the Sub-dean did not slap back, but drank, deeply, of the bitter cup of tyranny and persecution, his reward, is the sympathy of the majority of the Citizens of Quincy.

The Law or Philosophy of Life, says:—

"Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my [Truth's] sake."

Great is your reward. It is also recorded that you shall forgive your brother seventy times seven.

Now, who fulfills the Law—certainly, not the Bishop.

There are as many outside of Church walls, if not more, who work out the Philosophy of Life, as there are inside—those who do not think of a reward for their services—not anticipating a heaven, nor fearing a hell.

The sifting time has come, so let us get our sieves ready, and commence at home.  
MRS. M. MERRICK.

### SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Neither matter nor spirit can be annihilated. Nothing is lost. All that was, is and ever will be, but all will be changed. Old things will pass away, and all things become new. Now, who is so blind as not to see the Signs of the Times!

Must the blind still lead the blind, and continue to fall into the same ditch together; or, will they have their eyes opened by the same power that opened the eyes of the blind 1800 years ago?

Many think that what is called Spiritualism is in opposition to all Religion, and probably think that all the grand phenomena that is now appearing in the world is an hallucination or fraud; and the splendid discourses and poems that are delivered thro' mediums, are from evil or demons that inhabit the lower Spheres.

But, as far as experience has demonstrated facts, we do not see an evil tree bearing good fruit, nor a good tree bearing evil fruit.

I have put my hand to the plow, and have no desire to look back, but shall endeavor to plow a deep furrow, and plant the seeds of love and truth, and cover them with the soil of justice and mercy—never doubting that the increase will be an hundred fold.

"There is not an idea or principle which has heaven in it, that can ever die or be unfruitful."  
M. M.



Contributed to The Watchman.

"CAST THY BREAD UPON  
THE WATERS."

By MRS. J. R. GRIFFING.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters,  
And it shall return to thee  
After many days" of tossing  
On the billows of the Sea.  
Cast thy bread of love and kindness  
Where the waves of sorrow roll:  
Safely shall the wild winds bear it,  
To the haven of the Soul.

Never yet was human kindness  
On Time's fitful Ocean lost;  
Tho' the storms of life obscure it,  
Where the Bark of Hope is tossed  
By the harsh winds and the tempest,  
Sailing o'er the stormy main,  
Safely shall some spirit bear it,  
To thy generous heart again.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters,"  
It will bless some weary one,  
Tossing on life's snow-capped billows,  
When the clouds shut out the Sun;  
When some lonely one is wandering,  
Gazing for a light afar,  
Thy unselfish act of kindness,  
Bursts upon him like a star.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters,"  
Tho' it be but one kind word;  
In the world's unceasing tumult,  
Love's sweet voice is ever heard;  
And a gentle word of kindness,  
If once spoken never dies,  
But still lingering with the spirit,  
Seems a voice from Paradise.

And thy listening voice shall hear it,  
When thy heart beats faint & low—  
When the light of earth is fading  
Before Heaven's brighter glow;  
It will come in tones of music,  
From a seraph in the skies;  
And with joyous song of welcome,  
Bid thy earth-bound spirit rise.

Written for The Watchman.

MATERIALIZING CIRCLE

AT MR. CAFFREY'S,

590 7th AVE., N. Y. CITY,  
WEDNESDAY, JAN. 13, 1886.

There were eleven persons present.  
Mrs. Caffrey sat in the cabinet for an  
hour and a quarter, only, and we had  
a great manifestation given during  
that time.

Patience, the control, a sweet little  
girl, with dark eyes, and golden hair,  
aged about five years, (the most perfect  
materialization I ever saw, and angelic  
in appearance), came, but returned  
with her doll to the cabinet the first  
time. Again, came up and kissed me,  
and sat in the lap of a lady and gen-  
tleman in the circle—her sister always  
coming to take her back to the cabi-  
net. She walked three-quarters across  
a long parlor from the cabinet.

I thought, how beautiful must be  
the children in spirit life!

We could see her face perfectly—it  
seemed so perfect that it was a marvel

to all present, that return of spirit  
had gained such a triumph over mat-  
ter.

There were three spirits (two fe-  
males and one male) out at one time,  
conversing with their friends who  
went near the cabinet to greet them.

Again, while one spirit would form  
in our presence outside of the cabinet,  
another stood at the opening of the  
cabinet curtains.

Again, a lady formed and stood on  
a table in the room, then, dematerial-  
ized, and we heard a noise as of gas  
escaping; then, she came up again  
from the floor and again disappeared.

Again, a veil was left outside of the  
cabinet, and a gentleman went up and  
placed his hand under the veil, (by  
request of Mr. Caffrey who sits out-  
side with the circle), instantly a spirit  
form came up under the veil holding  
the hand of her friend.

At one time we had a tableau, with  
the lights on full blaze, showing three  
in the cabinet: little Patience, with  
hands clasped as in prayer, her eyes  
looking up, her sister standing be-  
hind her, and a young lad about 15  
years old by her side, Johnny, one of  
the control.

Again, five walked out of the cabi-  
net in a line: Patience, and her sis-  
ters, and two boys—all different sizes.

The children have an opportunity  
to come at this cabinet.

We are entering the Golden Cycle,  
now, for the earth's enlightenment.

The spirit world have their plans  
all laid, and will sweep away every  
obstacle in their pathway.

Ecclesiasticism, bigotry, and super-  
stition must disappear before the on-  
ward march of Truth, Justice, and  
Knowledge.

HARRIET E. BEACH.

69 Union Place, N. Y. City.

MRS. J. A. BLISS

AT

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

Editor of The Watchman:—

As your Paper seems to be a  
mouth-piece to all who wish to ex-  
press their views on Progression, I  
have a few remarks to make in regard  
to what we are doing in this City.

On Nov. 13, 1885, I made arrange-  
ments with Mrs. James A. Bliss, of  
Boston, Mass., to come to this City  
once a week to hold a seance for full-  
form Materialization—which she has  
done when not prevented by sickness,  
or some other good reason.

Her seances have been a great spir-  
itual feast to those seeking for the  
truth of immortality.

Many who have attended those se-  
ances, have met their friends whom  
they had parted with and had called  
dead, yet they have come to them, ap-  
parently, as much alive as ever.

In fact, they tell us that we mortals  
are the dead, and they are the true  
living.

I have never yet found one that  
had a wish to come back to earth life  
again. They are so well-pleased with  
their new life, that their only wish to  
come back, is to inform us of the  
beautiful homes they have found in  
the spirit land.

I will name a few of the cabinet  
spirits who come to our circle.

Captain Hodges is the chief control

of the cabinet. He is a fine specimen  
of a man, well-developed, and I  
should judge that he was between  
thirty and forty years of age when he  
passed to spirit life. He comes out in  
a strong light, so that all can see him.

Then, Billy Varsity comes out as  
natural as if he was one of us. He  
talks, sings, and cracks his jokes, the  
same as any of us mortals. I have  
seen him, on several occasions, take a  
heavy wooden chair in one hand and  
hold it up over his head much strong-  
er than I could do. He seems to be  
the one that informs us of Captain  
Hodges' wishes, as he has the power  
to talk as freely as any of us mortals.

Billy and Miss Blueflower have  
many a discussion that is very amus-  
ing to us to listen to.

Miss Alice Brooks always comes.  
She is as fine a spirit as I ever saw.  
I call her a perfect Goddess of Liber-  
ty. I should judge she would stand  
about six feet high. She will call for  
all the light to be turned on, and then  
walk out and stand to be viewed by  
all, often calling several to come up  
to her, and often taking the arm of  
the tallest gentleman in the room to  
show her height.

Miss Carrie Miller is a fine spirit  
and a very interesting one. She of-  
ten requests some one to send her love  
to her father, in New York.

Miss Weston always comes with a  
burst of laughter as her signal of rec-  
ognition. She often stands outside of  
the cabinet and sings the same as if  
she was in her old place on the Stage.  
She is a fine singer.

Old Mrs. McCarthy comes to us.  
She is an old Irish lady who has lost  
all her teeth, and her lips fall in the  
same as most old people's do. She has  
the Irish brogue and style in talking.  
She has a "God bless you," for all.

Another, by the name of Daisy  
comes out and takes a seat in a chair  
—she has a long trail to her dress,  
which is very pretty.

I should have said that all the lady  
spirits come dressed in white, and the  
gentlemen, in dark.

I forgot to say that Billy always  
has a private message for all the ladies,  
and when he goes to whisper to them,  
he takes a kiss, and tells them if they  
do not like it, he will take it back—  
but most of them conclude to keep it.

There are, also, a large number of  
spirits who come to their friends—  
most of them are recognized.

I should say that there were from  
thirty to forty spirits that come to  
each seance.

I think I have said enough to let  
people know that the Cause is pro-  
gressing, notwithstanding, there is so  
much opposition from those who have  
not the moral courage to investigate,  
to prove whether this is a truth, or, as  
they are pleased to call it, a humbug.

But the Cause of Truth must and  
will go on until people will be honest  
enough to own the Truth, and shame  
old Mother Grundy.

Some people fear that Spiritualism  
is true, and that they will have to  
meet the responsibility of their evil  
deeds.

Friends: learn to do right, and not  
wait until you get to the spirit world  
to learn what you should have learned  
while on this earth.

Respectfully Yours.

GEORGE Y. NICKERSON.

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"Now, Patience is the pill  
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Which prevents disaster;  
Good-humor an ointment,  
Soothing disappointment."

—St. Nicholas.

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