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Written for The Watchman.

MANIFESTATION AND IDENTIFICATION.

It is not very often that we get, in our experiences in the spiritual manifestations, positive identifications of departed personalities: yet, occasionally, they heave in sight, or in the field of mental vision. That is, there are a thousand proofs of spirit manifestations, where there is one of identification.

Am I stating that too strongly? Some may think so; many hardly discriminate between identifications and manifestations—but I mean exactly what I say.

Neither is the fact a very important one.

The greatest discovery in this, or any other Age, is the fact that man survives the death of his body, and can, as an invisible spirit, let his friends in this Sphere, know the fact; and that great fact is settled by spirit manifestations, whether special persons are identified or not.

The fact that any spirit surviving, consciously, bodily dissolution, is proof that all do—for, there must be, then, a Natural Law for it.

Still, the subject of identification is interesting, and the occasional fact, clinches well the more general demonstrations.

Intelligence is the evidence of human life.

Where there is intelligence, there is, or was a man.

Intelligence is human in its genesis. I am speaking of the Dictionary meaning of the word.

The human source of intelligence may be from the embodied man, the man in the form, or, it may be from the disembodied man, that is, a spirit.

All spirits were once mortals. So, when I say intelligence is human, I mean men or human beings on both sides of the river.

When there is any occult intelligence by raps, or otherwise, and it is not the intelligence of some embodied person present, then, we are sure there is a disembodied one; that is, a man

on the other side of the line: just as we are sure when the ticker in a telegraphic office ticks intelligently, we know there is a man operating it at the other end.

The Rev. M. J. Savage, one of Boston's brightest ministers, agrees with us in this, resting his proof on intelligence: he, after saying:—

"There is a body of evidence to prove Modern Spiritualism, that would be sufficient to prove any other proposition, whatsoever."

He adds:—
"There is one fact, and one alone, that can settle it, and that is the presence and activity of an intelligence that is not that of any of the embodied persons present."

It is very hard to tell when intelligence comes, even when claiming to come from over the river, whether it is mind-reading or not.

We know but little of the genesis of Thought, or of Mental Dynamics, generally: and that is the point that the "Psychical Research Societies," are pondering over, and, as yet, are stranded there.

I think there are none who have been close observers of our Phenomena, but what are satisfied that the intelligence in connection is, to a great extent, as claimed, from "over the river," and that is the great point gained.

That being settled, we can all wait for identifications, for that is a secondary matter; it being settled that there is another side of the river, we are sure of getting identifications, if not here, hereafter.

It has been my pleasure many times during the past quarter of a Century, not only to get that "one fact" that Mr. Savage speaks of, but to have many such positive identifications.

I will close this Article by relating one that has always interested me, because it is what we might call a "double header," or a connection made thro' two different mediums.

I had an old friend, Ralph Huntington, who died some 20 years ago, he was a close, frugal man, rather stingy, and died wealthy.

After he had been dead about 10 years, he came and identified himself, giving his name thro' the medium,

reminding me of a circumstance that I had forgotten, and some peculiarities that were proof to me, and of which Mary Hardy, the medium, could not have known.

Well, this simple identification is not the whole point of interest, as will be seen by the following.

A few weeks after this, I called at Dr. Storer's house on some business—he was out, so I went into his parlor and waited for him.

There was a lady, seemingly, at home there, conversing with her, she told me she was a medium, and had been there a week or two, and that it was her first visit in Boston; she told me she was a writing medium, and said, if I would write to any spirit friend, and not let her see to whom, or what I wrote, the spirit would answer it.

I did so, to an old relative. I folded it up so that the medium never saw what I wrote—and the spirit replied, writing, thro' her hand, an intelligent answer to my definite questions, and adding, at the close, that Ralph Huntington was present, and desired to be remembered, and then signed the name of the old relative I had addressed.

As I had not mentioned or thought of Ralph Huntington, I asked about him, of the medium, but found that she knew nothing of him, and could not have known, as he had been dead and forgotten for over 10 years.

I then wrote a letter to Ralph Huntington, and asked him two questions—the medium never saw what I wrote.

The first question was on a matter in which we were interested.

The second question was what subject I had better treat at the Radical Club, where I was to be the essayist, as it happened to pop into my mind.

The spirit replied like this:—

"Dear John: I answered you that question at the other medium's, a little while ago, and so need not do it again. I think the subject in your mind will be a good one for the essay—Reasonableness of Modern Spiritualism—and I will be there, too, to hear, and to help you."

The question he referred to, I had asked him a few weeks before, when he manifested at Mary Hardy's, and

I am sure the new medium knew nothing of the fact.

The medium whom I accidentally met at Dr. Storer's, was Carrie Twing, who has since become distinguished as a writing medium, and very popular every Summer at Lake Pleasant.

Certainly, the fact that a spirit, only known to myself, and not recorded in my message, and who knew a fact occurring thro' another medium, is worth noticing.

JOHN WETTERBEE.

Boston, Mass.

CHRISTIANITY VERSUS INFIDELITY.

Josh Billings says:—

"Did you ever know a man to turn Infidel, on his death-bed?"

No, we never did; for Infidels never take advantage of a dying man, in his weakness, to force matters of that nature upon him.

Josh, further, intimates, that many a man accepts the Christian dogmas, creeds, and faith, in his last moments.

Well, why is this thus?
Simply because, at the bedside of every dying mortal, stands three, four, or more Christian crowdors who take advantage of the weak condition of the dying; and with strong minds and able bodies, fairly force their teachings upon him, whether, or no; and, oftentimes, hold up to his mind, pictures of future torture, to frighten him into accepting their Paganisms.

So it takes 63,000 men or ministers in these United States, to keep Christianity before the people.

While Infidelity really is the rule, and Christianity the exception.

J. W. DENNIS.

Buffalo, N. Y.

A young lady who is learning music, says she has heard that fish is a good dish for people who write stories, etc., and wants to know what would be a proper dish for a person studying music. We should say a note meal (oat meal) diet would be excellent.

THE WATCHMAN.

Written for *The Watchman*.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR DEAD?

Continued from Our Last.

According to a recent observer, consumption is often inherited thro' the heir taking for his personal use the consumptive decedent's old mattresses, carpets, and upholstered chairs.

I shall offer two more arguments clipped from a paper, and then I will let the matter rest, hoping to hear from others on the subject.

THE BACILLI OF LEPROSY.

Berliner klin Wochenschrift.

Paul Guttman, in a careful study of the bacilli of leprosy, observed in elevated nodosities, in a girl 12½ years old, found the microbes always collected in cells, a feature which distinguishes them at once from the bacilli of tuberculosis, while the fact that they stain more easily than the latter further distinguishes them.

The bacilli are found especially in the skin, but also in other organs, the seat of the disease, and even in the blood. As a rule, the organisms are extremely numerous at the seat of the lesions. Their microscopic appearances are the same in every case, and, hence, it is no longer doubtful that they are the cause of the leprosy, notwithstanding the failure of attempts to inoculate animals. These seem to be refractory to the disease, inasmuch as in no case has it even been observed among them.

THIS OUGHT TO SETTLE IT.

J. R. Foote, the cremation poet of the *Springville News*, has invented the following:—

Thro' the streets of that fair City of the Lake,
Where oft', in days gone by,
My restless feet have trod, I'm passing—

Not as in the days before, instinct
With life and motion; but as the dead
Are carried. Slowly, with sable bier
and

Sorrowing friends, the funeral cortege
Moves along beyond the noise & bustle
And the hurrying to and fro of other
Feet as restless as were once the ones
Now cold and still, toward that other
City, where friends join friends already
There, yet give to each no greeting.
But, not to burial in the cold, damp
earth,

Where putrefaction—terrible to think
upon—

And the slimy, crawling worm shall
feast

Upon the body till naught but bones
remain

To mingle with the dust of Ages yet
To come; but in the quaint new temple where,

In two short hours, the fire that purifies
While it consumes, shall change the
casket

That once held a living Soul, without
The smell of burning flesh or death-like
Odors to offend the living ones, into
A little heap of snow-white ashes.

And thus all that once combined to
make

The human form so fair to look upon
Is liberated and resolved—nothing
lost—

Back into the elements from whence
they

Came. And you that still remain, can
Never think of one you've known,
and loved

Perhap, as on a loathsome and disgusting

Object, which 'twere well to banish
from—

Your sight and thoughts; or, that by
slow

Decay, it permeates the fountain pure,
Or taints the air with pestilential vapors.

But in the little urn with whitened
Ashes filled, nothing to sense or
Smell abhorrent lies.

Nearly, or quite all the progressive
minds of the Age are in favor of cremating the dead, and even Pere Hyacinthe (the great opponent of the scheme) has acknowledged, after examination, that his prejudices against cremation were not well founded, and that the reasons for cremation were unanswerable.

I repeat: All filth, and decaying matter, whether human, animal, or vegetable, should be destroyed by fire.

For the Good of All.

EMANUEL M. JONES.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Written for *The Watchman*.

CEASE FROM REVILING.

In worthless scandal and foolish talk

Do not waste the precious time,

Low, degrading is its work—

Seek you something more sublime.

In counting over your neighbors' sins,

You reveal one of your own,

No one ever gains or wins,

Tearing others' good names down.

If stories wicked, suspicion foul

You strew 'round you as you go,

You will reap but stinging thorns,

From these noisome seeds you sow.

Do not rehearse it—the idle tale,

Let its journey end at you,

With a truth your mind regale—

Some one's noble traits review.

Charity have you—a cheering word

For those on whom frowns fall,

And you will lack not good's reward,

In well-doing is life's all.

Breathe not a whisper that shall defame

Nor lift a hand to wound,

In your highest selfhood's name,

Spread no condemnation 'round.

Many have died of broken hearts,

Victims of scandal's breath,

The pure in heart in silent grief,

Gone to find sweet peace in death.

A Christian spirit is talked of much,

But who are they who possess

And exercise this needed grace,

Man to glorify and bless?

"The first stone cast to the guilty ones

You who from sin are free;"

We all imperfect are, and need

Human love and sympathy.

GENA F. SMITH.

Rockland, Maine.

Written for *The Watchman*.

FROM

WHENCE AND WHITHER?

Like the little, miniature "whirlwind," which seems to command its own increase of strength and power: so our little Planet, earth, by the everlasting Laws of the Universe, gathered, in its infancy, a gaseous mass of matter, and commenced its regular pathway in companionship with other planets, which were its senior in age and development, and all are feminine when spoken of, and, seemingly, under the care and influence of their great Father, the Sun.

Time, in its untold Ages, passed onward, and our little earth became solidified on its exterior, and, finally, bore, on its surface, the Vegetable, and, afterwards, the Animal, which has ever tested the skill of the scholar to determine at what point the Vegetable ends, and the Animal begins.

Age and Time passed onward again, and the development of the earth made it possible to answer the demands of Nature, in producing the Humankind, who were rude and uncultivated in their first appearance, and but little in advance of the Animal of our Present Time.

At the point of 6,000 years ago, the "Genesis" Record states the advancement of the Animal, and that the Snake was a marvel of Wisdom, altho' accused of much "subtlety" and cunning.

But, Humanity, in all this time, maintained an advance position, and the forces of the great Law of Evolution determined the progress of Human attainments, and the Soul of Man began to feel worshipful towards some power higher than himself.

Ages passed onward, and the times demanded a personal God—a being who created all things, and had a minute and particular supervision over the earth, considering it the center of the Universe, and outside of it, no intelligence nor mundane life.

Priests and High Priests began to multiply. Bibles began to multiply in different countries.

Our own Bible, the most fallible of them all, was, at an early day, compulsory—requiring an acknowledgement of its authority as the Priest and Church determined, or suffer imprisonment and death.

These transactions have been carried on in our own boasted Christian Country.

Our Bible teaches that God existed from all Eternity, and only 6,000 years ago he made this earth out of nothing in just six days.

The first man and woman that ever walked this earth, never were "babies," for he made the man out of dirt, and the woman out of a rib he cut from the man's side.

Only a little over 1800 years ago, God devised a plan by which a few only could be selected to worship him in person, before his throne—the balance of Humanity (a large majority) were to suffer under eternal misery.

The Dogmas of the Church have ever been religiously held to, with a terrible determination: Such as an Eternal Hell for the sinner, Total Depravity, The Day of Judgment, Vicarious Atonement, Saints Perseverance, Election, &c., &c.

These doctrines were once the "anchor sheet" of the Church: but, more recently, the Priest and Christian dare not openly declare them.

Thanks to the powers that be, for the intelligence of the Present Age is causing the Bible and the horrible doctrines deduced therefrom, to become a dead letter to the rising generation.

Religious wars and persecutions have, in times past, been a terrible curse to the people.

And I cannot refrain from meditating upon the wars that have transpired in the Christian's heaven; and what an unsafe locality it must be: for, if one pure angelic saint may become a devil, then, all others are liable.

The prayers of both Christian and Priest, to-day, are "hollow" and void of the Soul earnestness which once characterized the early Christians—and there is a very good reason why this is so.

The wonderful defeat and failure of the general Church in their united prayers to a mythical God, in the Garfield case, has, negatively, worked as an "eye opener" to the thoughtful world.

A "gilt-edged" religion is all that popularizes the Church at the present time, and furnishes it with its present vitality.

Not a Clergyman in our Country is now found with sufficient boldness to make open and public demonstration against Spiritualism, by way of debate, or otherwise, except a "Talmage," or other unbalanced mind who only labors for sensation and a high salary.

Almost 40 years have passed by since the angel world inaugurated different methods by which they could turn aside the veil, and communicate their intercourse with the loved ones of earth.

Mediums were in demand, and the supply has been most grandly and triumphantly made, notwithstanding, the miserable opposition that has been against it, either by ignorance, or design.

The spiritual wave, by angel hands, has passed into both hamlet and palace thro'out our Country, and the world.

The Clergymen used their best talent and ingenuity to put down our Philosophy, but with no success, and it has ever worked heavily against them, whenever they have undertaken it.

And the *whither* of the whole matter, is, that Bibles, and Personal Gods must die, and the Spiritual Philosophy will forever live.

The natural process of Evolution in both Mind and Matter reveals these facts.

Eternal progress is for all, either in this life, or in the life to come; and in either life, "as we sow, so shall we also reap."

The great *whither* and destiny of our Planet, is, that Humanity will increase in spiritual growth: that angelic beings will yet walk this earth: and that the earth, itself, will, in time, become so thoro'ly spiritualized that it will pass into usefulness in the growth of other Planet.

And the final destiny of our own spirit, who can tell or prophecy?

UNCLE URI.

Vineland, N. J.

THE WATCHMAN.

Written for The Watchman.

SPIRITUALISM VERSUS SOMETHING ELSE.

In my experience with the so-called Orthodox, and Materialist, in discussing the truths of the Spiritual Philosophy, I have found each of them very hard-shelled, and impervious to outside reasoning.

The Orthodox has his oracle, the Bible, which contains the all of truth to him.

And the Materialist has his oracle, Matter, which contains the all of truth and the whole of life to him.

And, altho' they are at sword's points—each calling the other hard names, and each regarding the other unfit for association, yet, they come together like doves, in their opposition to Spiritualistic doctrines.

Say to the Orthodox that his Bible contains only a scintillation of the great truths of God: and to the Materialist, that matter is only an effect of something back of it; that outside of matter, there is a universe of spirit; that the so-called potentialities of matter do not belong to matter, at all, but are attributes of spirit operating in matter, and they cannot perceive, and will not acknowledge the truth of these claims.

The Orthodox is not at all particular about where he came from, but makes it a business to settle the question as to the place he is going to—which he is sure that he does by his belief—and on that ground, he has an excuse for hedging up the highway of truth, for he might be damned if he did not.

The Materialist is quite particular to have it distinctly understood that he is essentially matter—that all he is as a being, is derived from matter; and that, as a being, he ceases to exist when his body of matter dies.

Very plausible reasoning from those premises as to the death sequel, but as to cause and effect, very shallow.

What Elmina has to say in her letter published in THE WATCHMAN for March, 1886, about headless chickens, skinless eels, &c., has nothing to do, as I can see, with human intelligence, or its origin.

Neither have hereditary impressions, physical or mental, anything to do in proving the origin of that intelligence to be in matter.

She says:—

"Mind, Soul, and intelligence, as well as physical form and peculiarity, are all impressed on one tiny gemmule."

Thus, she has the human Soul, which is the conscious being, derive its existence by an impression made upon one of the insignificant parts of the physical body, may be, of some ancestor—"a great-great-grandfather."

And she wants to know how I "account for these gemmules retaining all the powers and potencies for all these years."

Well, I am sure I do not know—as the Yankee would say, "I guess" she will have to do that.

As she derives her existence from that source, no doubt, she has studied the Laws of Heredity, and can give us more light. I hope so.

But, she makes a more startling statement, than the above.

This gemmule which contains the Soul, and every thing else, is nothing but a blank.

Hear her:—

"I claim that all mind is generated thro' the five senses—that we are born blanks, but with inherited tendencies."

This is placing the human child below the animal young. For, Elmina's canary, or kitten did not come into the world, blanks. She would not be petting them if there was not something there that appealed to her intelligence.

A wooden cat, or a dead cat would not be likely to be much petted.

Now, how is it with the human child that is a "blank" at birth, and who gets all its intelligence in after years "thro' the senses"—has it no intelligence?

I suppose, if Elmina was to give her definition of "Mind, Soul, and Intelligence," she would have them all apply to that part of man that thinks, wills, perceives, reasons, understands, analyzes, reflects, &c.

To this array of faculties, as expressed by mind, we may add, veneration, hope, spirituality, benevolence, ideality, music, mechanism, and many others.

All of these faculties must have functions or organs of expression in the brain.

Thro' these organs the different phases of intelligence, as mentioned above, are manifested.

The organ proves the existence of the faculty; and these organs all being in the child brain, proves the existence of the faculties to be there also: and that the seat of the intelligence is within the brain.

Thus, all the faculties of mind that are manifested in the man, are in the child, and from the Soul there indwelling, are unfolded.

For a human child to be born a blank, it would necessarily require the absence, in the brain, of all these organs and faculties. The whole front and top brain would be deficient. Such an one would be an idiot.

I hope that Elmina will not press her claims in this direction too hard.

I rather she would not prove herself, or me, either, as belonging to that class.

She does not tell us what these "inherited tendencies" are. They may be to lie and murder, but, I trust, to do good and spread the truth.

The inference seems to be, that man is principally dependent upon them for what he is.

Elmina's claim as to the origin of mind, that it is "generated thro' the senses," needs but a passing word to convince the rational mind, that it is entirely erroneous.

The eye sees—no, the eye does not see; it is something back of the eye that sees; to that something, the eye is merely the organ of sight: the ear is the organ of hearing—and, thus, are all the other organs of sense.

What is this something that sees and hears?

It is not mind, nor any of the faculties of mind that have been enumerated above.

Will does not see, or hear. Reason does not see, or hear. Benevolence does not see, or hear. So it is with the whole group, they all exist inde-

pendent of sight and hearing; and are not, except in a few cases, dependent upon them for growth and unfoldment.

For instance: This is illustrated in the blind and deaf, and even where speech is wanting, all these faculties of mind are intact.

In most instances of deaf mutes, the faculties of mind are very acute, and are rendered thus, by lack of expression thro' the sense, and the natural channel of communication.

To the animal propensities and mechanical faculties of mind, such as tune and constructiveness, the senses are very essential; and also in the instruction of knowledge—but they do not generate one single faculty of mind.

This brings me to answer the question—what is this something that sees and hears?

Having shown that it is not mind, we must search a little deeper.

The faculties expressed by mind, serve as external guide-posts, pointing to the something back of them, that is the moving power, and what we call Soul.

Soul is the conscious being, and seat of intelligence. To it belong sight and hearing, and all the faculties of mind, as manifested by human intelligence.

All are unfolded from the Soul, as the rose is unfolded from the bud.

Intelligence, pure, is always from within.

Therefore, the child, instead of being born a blank, retains all the possibilities of the man and highest angel, and the elements of an eternal existence.

This is a sublime thought, and rather more ennobling than Elmina's view of the subject.

And it is very happyfying to one who is sufficiently unfolded, spiritually, to comprehend its bearing upon the present and future life.

That all may perceive this glorious truth, and realize its benefits, is the wish of your humble correspondent.

H. A. BRADBURY.
Altamont, Florida.

Selected, and

Contributed to The Watchman.

By Leona.

LIKING AND DISLIKING.

Ye who know the reason, tell me
How it is that instinct still
Prompts the heart to like or like not,
At its own capricious will.

Tell me by what hidden magic
Our impressions first are led
Into liking or disliking,
Oft before a word is said.

Why should smiles sometimes repel us,
Bright eyes turn our feelings cold?
What is that which comes to tell us
"All that glitters is not gold"?

Oh! no feature plain or striking,
But a power we cannot shun
Prompts our liking or disliking,
Ere acquaintance hath begun.

Is it instinct, or some spirit
Which protects us, and controls
Every impulse we inherit
By some sympathy of Souls?

Is it instinct—is it nature—
Or some freak or fault of chance

Which our liking or disliking
Limits to a single glance,

Like presentiment of danger,
Tho' the sky no shadow flings;
Or that inner sense—still stranger,
Of unseen unuttered things?

Is it—ah, can no one tell me,
No one show sufficient cause
Why our likings and dislikings
Have their own instinctive Laws?

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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.

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\$1.00 pays for The Watchman for 1 year.

Miss S. Thomas, the colored medium, entertained the crowded house for 25 minutes with surprising wit, and closed with a beautiful poem.

Mrs. Maynard's control congratulated the Spiritualists and mediums on the advantages they are now truly enjoying—comparing the Present with the Past.

Dr. J. E. De Wolf, of Englewood, saw Spiritualism as a Century Plant—a product of Centuries, which unfolds the flower with choice and rich verdure, grand and divine in all its glory and love.

Mrs. Lucy C. Hewitt gave a most beautiful inspirational poem.

A very interesting feature of the day's exercises, was the appearance of "Little Maud," a child 11 years old, dressed in full Highland-plaid Scotch Costume. She recited the beautiful Scotch Song: running thus:—

"My heart is in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart is in the Highlands, chasing the deer," etc.

E. B. Shultz sang an interesting song.

Wm. H. Blair gave an enthusiastic 30 minutes talk on the progress of Spiritualism.

Mrs. Dr. Fullerton was controlled, and spoke with great power, as to the progress and growth of Spiritualism.

Appropriate Songs were freely interspersed thro' the exercises, and were sung by the Audience in an enthusiastic manner.

A Benediction by Dr. J. E. De Wolf, closed the Session.

The Evening Session was called to order at 7:30 o'clock by the President.

Mrs. Maynard gave an invocation.

Mrs. Dr. J. M. Wright, formerly of New Haven, Ct., in the opening Address, explained that the bridge which has been built over the stream of death, has been constructed on the most Scientific Principles.

Leo Miller said that the Principles of Spiritualism pervaded all our best and highest works of Literature, and made other remarks appropriate to the Cause.

Mrs. Dr. Fullerton, under control, gave an interesting description of the conditions of those in spirit life.

Wm. H. Blair thought that any one who would question the source of the mountain of evidence of spirit intercommunion, must be a monstrosity of incredulity.

Spiritualistic Songs which were sung by the Audience, filled up the intervals between the Speeches.

A great part of the success of the day was due to the admirable manner in which Mrs. Alexander conducted the music.

Great enthusiasm characterized all the exercises of the day.

Dr. Norman MacLeod, in closing, said that this day was a day of jubilee in the United States and elsewhere.

He said that there were 10,000 Spiritualists in New Orleans, La.; 10,000 in St. Louis, Mo.; 15,000 in Cincinnati, O.; 15,000 in Chicago, Ill.; and thousands in all other large Cities in the Union.

He also stated that there were five Spiritualist Societies in working order, in the City of Chicago, and that this Society, being Legally Organized, was upon the most substantial basis, on account of its Articles or Incorporation.

The exercises of the day were closed with singing.

MESSAGES

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 April 5, 1886.

NELLIE SEYMORE.

Nellie Seymore was 18 years old when she left earth life, and has been dead 14 years. She now says:—

I am not dead. I have only changed my dwelling place. I am more enabled to enjoy my life here in spirit, than while in the earth body: for, now, I am free from pain; and while on the earth, I suffered all the time. I had spinal and hip trouble ever since I can remember. I was injured when a child, and never recovered from the shock.

My brother, Ralph, is still on earth. He does not understand how I am enabled to return. He is inclined to

turn a deaf ear on what is termed Spiritualism.

My father is in spirit, with me.

My mother, dear, patient mamma, is on earth. She is in Haverhill, Mass. Oh! that I could convince her that I am alive, and not lying in the cold grave; and that my spirit is not in that far away heaven which we were taught to look forward to.

Dear mamma, your own Nellie is better off, to-day, than ever before, and is so near you that she can hear your prayers, and see your tears. Mamma, I often soothe you when you get weary and sorrow stricken. And you often think that you dream or imagine you see me. But, mother, you do really see me, and when you dream of me, you have really been in spirit with me.

Oh! mother, dear mother, how I wish I could convince you that I am not dead.

I hope, dear medium, that you will send my letter to my mother. She is in Haverhill, Mass. Her name is Rebecca Seymore.

[If any one reading this spirit message, knows aught of the above named spirit, or her friends, and will send us word, we will do all we can to comply with the wishes of this lovely spirit.—Ed.]

CLEO MILLERSON.

My name is Cleo Millerson. I lived while on earth, in Ouleout, N. Y. I passed away from the effects of hemorrhages of the stomach. I strained myself—how well I remember the time. I was always strong and healthy, and for that reason I was always doing what I suppose I ought not to have done. I was fond of exercising my strength, and I felt proud to know that I could do so. But my time came at last—I lifted my last lift, and got lifted out of earth's existence.

I suppose I was a favorite among the boys. I was always free-hearted and gay, and enjoyed a good time. I never done any great harm that I am aware of, the only thing that I know of, was when I lifted that heavy moulding machine; the weight was too much for me, and something snapped inside of my body, and I had to give up all my sport after that. My age on earth was only 17 when I lifted my last lift.

My folks they are scattered from place to place. I have plenty of relatives in New York State, and some in Ouleout.

I was told I would find much benefit from my coming back to earth and giving an account of myself.

I am sure, I am much obliged to you for your attention, and permit to write my say to those of earth who may receive and read my note.

If mother sees this, she'll know its me.

MARY TRUESDALE.

Mary Truesdale, of New Hampshire, says that she desires to let her earth friends know that she is free from pain now. She also desires them to know that her present life is a real life; that thro' death she has gained a home in the spirit world.

There is no more fear for her—she has met her loved ones who passed from earth long before she did, and she is happy in her bright spirit home. Her dear companion and husband was the first to greet her when she awoke to consciousness in spirit life; and she has never regretted passing away from the earth.

She has friends in New Hampshire who would remember her; and she hopes they will see this and know that she still lives and is happy.

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Selected, and

Contributed to The Watchman.

by a Little Girl.

THE STAR.

Little star, so high, so high,
Shining in the deep-blue sky—
Little star, so far, so far,
Who can tell me what you are?

When the golden day is done,
And the night is just begun,
Then I wait and watch for you,
As you twinkle thro' the blue.

When the night grows dark and chill,
Then you shine more bright & still;
And your kindly watch you keep,
While the little children sleep.

Little star, so high, so high,
Shining in the far-off sky—
Silver star, I love you true,
And to-night I'll dream of you.

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THE DEATH PENALTY.

We have written Articles, several times, on this most important subject: and have also had some experience in working in the field of Reform, to mitigate the Death Penalty.

We have also had spiritual instruction concerning its baneful effect upon mortals who are in a state of moral deformity.

We understand that Legal Murder releases the spirit before its maturity; and is the same as a premature birth in this Sphere of existence.—and the spirit, not being in a natural condition, suffers exceedingly.

They wander up and down over the earth, and remain in the same condition, until the period arrives when the spirit should have suffered the penalty of his or her misdeeds here, by being confined in the best condition for his or her reformation.

If the spirit was released in a revengeful mood, it can return and obsess a medium who is liable to take on the disease or insanity, and cause that medium to commit greater crimes than when in his or her own body.

Men have made Laws for the protection of Society, contrary to the teachings of the Bible, which says that Cain should not be killed—the Lord put a mark on him, and said: "Whosoever slayeth Cain, vengeance shall be taken on him seven-fold."

Moses brought the Tablet of the Law from an elevated Sphere of Thought; and by keeping the Commandments, man will inherit the Kingdom of Happiness.

The Law says:—
"Thou shalt not kill."

Also:—
"Thou shalt not commit adultery."

We copy the following quotation from the original communication that was written by the controlled hand of a medium: VIZ.:—

"Adultery is the sin from which springs every evil upon the land—you cannot renew the earth without its removal."

This is the work of spirits from the higher realm.

The medium's mind was not used—she had no idea what she wrote, until she saw it on paper.

If the above quotation is the truth—and we firmly believe it is—why hang men for murdering one another, as they are not wholly responsible for all they do—they were introduced into this Sphere of existence without their consent, and have passed thro' dark clouds of ignorance, and lived in a wilderness of evil influences.

The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation.

Also, men are liable to be obsessed with the spirit of whisky, and to be-

come insane, and commit crimes, that in their sane condition, they would never do.

Who can judge righteously—who can say when the seed of murder was planted, that produced the evil result? shall we cut off the physical life, and send the spirit, unrestrained, into Eternity, to influence other sensitives to commit crime: or, shall we let the physical life remain, that the storms of remorse and regret may purify the spirit, and destroy the germs of evil?

Let the Tree of Life grow, and stand the trials and storms of temptation; cultivate and prune it—remove all shadows that might retard its growth in the dark soil of earth, so that when it has grown to the extent of its ability, it may be planted on the other side to mature fruits of experience and goodness, for the elevation of those who have been rudely plucked or torn from the physical life before their time.

Law and punishment will never reform this world of Souls.

MRS. MINERVA MERRICK.

CRIME.

We are impressed to make a few remarks on an Article that J. H. Wood, of Detroit, Mich., wrote to the Editor of the *American Nonconformist*.

He states, that we are having a right heavenly time all over this free land, now, and it is very interesting here. There has been, during the month of December, in this County, ten murders—in each and every instance, the murderers and their victims, undoubtedly, were believers in the Bible, or some form of Christianity. Our views are in opposition to the gentleman's ideas.

We have not found, by reading, or experience, that any of the Sects or Evangelical Churches believe the Bible.

If those murderers were educated in Sunday-schools, or Theological Colleges, if they believed anything, it was the opinions, theories, and speculations of men concerning the contents, characters, and lessons the Book contains, and not the truths therein taught.

We regret on reading or hearing expressions from free and, perhaps, superior minds, detrimental to the teachings of the man, Jesus: as we feel that their minds are biased in judgment and reason, by misrepresentations of his pure and exalted character, and his perfect lessons on the Philosophy of Life—its nature and phenomena.

Mr. Wood says, that, our jails, workhouses, and police stations are well-patronized by the followers of him who came not to bring peace, but a sword; and who said that those who do not hate father and mother, wife and children, and brothers and sisters, are not worthy to be his followers.

That sword is a symbol of truth, and those murderers, those undeveloped, deranged minds, are not following after the truth.

Men and women of good common sense ought to use it, and not follow in the wake of those who teach the infallibility of the Book—as we say that Jesus did not manifest hatred, nor teach it to others, in his demonstrated truths.

We have left our Sister, and are

following after the truth—we are a Spiritualist, and she does not wish to know any thing about it.

The sword that Jesus brought, was the true Principles of Life—the light of love to our neighbor.

We write these sentiments often, as they present the foundation of all things pure, beautiful, and good.

Love is the fulfilling of the Law.

The Record says: If you love me, keep the Commandments: and, a new Commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another.

There was no hate taught by that loving character.

We would leave father and mother, and all worldly affection, if it was necessary, in order to live the true Principles of Life—but, by doing so, we should not hate our friends, nor neglect loving them as well as ourselves, and treating them as we would like to be treated.

If persons who are unfavorably prejudiced with the lessons of the Scriptures, would search to find their true meaning, as they would with any other book, they would be far better acquainted with themselves, than they now are.

They would discover the true Philosophy of Life, by using their Reason, and laying aside all Orthodox speculations and opinions about the character and contents of the Book.

Let them look for the truth and apply it to themselves, and they will perceive its value.

The Bible is a History of human experiences from the time man was capable of looking beyond the material Sphere of existence, and of holding intercourse with the spiritual world—which fills all Space.

We cannot see the wind, neither can we see a human being—we only see the appearance, and judge them as we judge the trees—by their fruits.

The Supreme Father or the perfection of all the faculties that constitute a human being, is spirit, and corresponds with the Ocean, which is composed of individual drops.

What we call our heavenly Father, is simply spirit, and is composed of individual spirits.

Intelligence is like the water which is drawn up to the clouds and descends in rain drops to refresh the earth: so the spirit of man is sustained and operates by the same Law.

Intelligence, like the diamond, reflects the image or rays from the spiritual Sun, from whence it came, and is the light that lighteth every man.

We are not Orthodox or Christian—only a woman, but whenever we see a brighter light, we are ready to follow it: and we are glad that we are living in this period in the progress of Humanity; and that we are able to wield the two-edged sword of truth that Jesus brought; and to use the Book as a precedent or reference—some of its contents are infallible.

We were impressed to write this Article after reading Mr. Wood's letter, as we had sent a thought to others, and been told that it was a benefit and consolation, and led them to look beyond what they had been taught.

Every little seed, when planted in a receptive mind and watered by the streams flowing from the great fountain, helps to raise the flood of love to our neighbor, refreshing the flowers of goodness and mercy all over the land.

MRS. MINERVA MERRICK.

NOTHING IS LOST OR ANNIHILATED.

There are many persons who are inclined to look on the dark clouds of life, and miss the silver lining.

We will use a few lines of the song: "Echoes," for a text.

"Still the angel's stars are shining,
Still the rippling waters flow;
But the angel voice is silent,
That I heard so long ago.

Hark! the echoes murmur low,
'Long ago, long ago.'

"Still the wood is dim and lonely,
Still the splashing fountains play;
But the past and all its beauty—
Whither has it fled away?

Hark! the mournful echoes say—
'Fled away, fled away.'

But the past with all its beauty—
Whither has it fled away?"

How mournful and sad!

Another person, recently, said, that the dead of 1885 had left their friends and treasures, and fled away forever, buried in the tomb.

Our impressions are the reverse of the sentiments expressed in the foregoing. The voice may be hushed, but the sentiments that voice expressed are a living entity, not away back, as the echo says, "long ago," but present very near.

Can the wood seem lonely, and the fountains play, and the past with its beauty, flee away?

We say, no. The past, with its joys and beauties, with the glowing sentiments of love flashing its brilliant rays thro'out all life, will flash on forever.

Scenes in life's morning, many of them, are as clearly seen in the evening, and enjoyed with as keen a relish, if they have been preserved and cherished with tender care, and laid up for a rainy, dull day, when the wood seems dim and lonely, and the echoes mournfully say, that all the past of youth and beauty—whither has it fled away?

It has not fled—where could it fly, to what Country—this animus that lives, thinks, loves, hates, and never dies.

We will use an episode of our life, to illustrate the gems of enjoyment that every one should keep as precious jewels in the casket of the mind.

One morning, my husband, Dr. Merrick, who practiced medicine in Hamilton, Ontario, was called to visit a patient who lived ten miles in the country, and he invited me to ride with him; our horse was a swift traveler, and my husband a good driver.

The air was calm and the Sun shone warm. After we ascended the bluff that surrounds Burlington Bay, the road was level, and led thro' a strip of forest that looked as bright as if just washed by a shower; there was neither dust nor noise, and we seemed to fly—all was harmonious and delightful.

This little incident is as fresh in my mind, now, as it was the day we enjoyed the pleasure—60 years ago. It is mirrored on the Soul, and can be enjoyed at any time when conditions permit. This scene will never be obliterated from the mirror of the Soul.

If men and women would refresh their minds by often referring to the pleasures they have enjoyed, they would drive dull care away, and gloomy thoughts could not find a resting-place in the mind.

M. M.

PASSED TO THE HIGHER LIFE.

From Norwood, Wis., February 13, 1886, of consumption, C. H. SHEDD, formerly of Hardwick, Vt., Aged 38 years and 27 days.

He leaves a wife and little daughter six years of age, in the West, and a father, mother, brother, and sister, with their families, in Vermont, to mourn his early departure.

For the past six years he has been a merchant and Post Master in Norwood, Wis., and by his kindness and sociality, he has made many warm friends.

Altho' it was hard for him to leave his loved ones in the morning of life, he said he was not afraid to go, for with him, death was only the casting off of the old garment of disease, for the new garb of immortality.

The blessed truths of Spiritualism cheered him to the end.

Altho' we sorrow because the body that we loved so well, has been taken from our sight, yet we mourn not as those without hope. For we know that soon the thin veil that separates the two worlds, will be swept aside, and we will all meet there, where parting is unknown.

"Our loved one has gone
Where the weary are at rest;
He has left this world of sorrow,
For the mansions of the blest.

"We shall mourn him, we shall miss him,
In the years that are to come;
Yet we often feel his presence,
In the dear old home.

"He will be the first to meet us,
When we leave this world of strife;
He will gladly bid us welcome
To his home in spirit life."

Oh! how joyful it will be,
When we reach that other shore;
To have our darling bid us welcome,
Where we'll all meet to part no more.

The "Odd Fellows," of which he was a worthy member, took his body to Antigo, Wis., and laid it in its last resting place, with all honors due their brother.

These verses were sung at the grave.

"Brother, to thy grave we come,
As thy earthly course is run;
Hearts with silent grief oppressed,
Bear thee to thy silent rest.

"Voices from the sighing breeze,
From the woods and leafy trees
And the faded Autumn leaf
Will remind us of our grief.

"Tho' in the 'Grand Lodge' above,
We remember thee in love;
Yet our Lodge has lost thee here—
'Tis for this we shed the tear.

"In the earth we lay thee low,
Yet upon thy grave shall grow,
Evergreens like these we bring
As our last sad offering."

SARAH SHEDD NOYES.

Hardwick, Vt.

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Written for The Watchman.

"PROFOUNDLY AND HORRIBLY MISERABLE."

This is the heading of an Article in the *Banner of Light* of February 27th, giving a statement of the last meeting of the Guardians of the City of London Union.

Says the *Herald of Health*: The Rev. R. H. Haddon commented severely upon the entertainments provided for paupers at Christmas time.

According to the report of the discussion published in the *City Press*, the reverend gentleman observed that, "In pauper establishments a great deal took place at Christmas time, which he thought quite out of place." And added, that, "he did not want to make the people happy on Christmas Day, but every day he would like to make them profoundly and horribly miserable. He would treat the people as criminals, and he hoped the wheel and oakum shed would be kept going." [A process of tedious labor].

Such talk from a Christian Minister is not in keeping with his calling, and does not compare with Christ's teachings when on earth. Now, to me, this is not strange at all, for my experience with the so-called Christians, is, as a rule, they are only so in name.

Go to a so-called Christian, and ask him or her to assist some one who is in need, and almost the first question they ask you, is, is the person to be helped, a Christian, and do they belong to the Church? And if so, what Church? And if the case does not come up to their idea of a Christian, they seldom give any assistance. They forget the Golden Rule—do unto others, as ye would that they should do unto you—forgetting that great shall be their reward.

Perhaps the Rev. R. H. Haddon has never been in want of a good living, and cannot bring his lofty mind to so low a point as to see that it is not all the paupers that are criminals, (there may be some), but there are those who have been made paupers by the rascality of those who are now living in their gilded homes that they have built with money they have wrongfully taken from these same paupers that the Reverend gentleman has so little feeling for.

There is many a slip in one's life, and it may be that those who make such rash and unfeeling remarks, may live to repent them.

There is much difference in the classes of paupers. Some are so from birth and the want of proper education. Others are so from dissipation and crime.

But the most distressing class of paupers to be seen, are those who have been men and women of influence, and who have been made paupers, not by their own fault, but by the rascality of others who have, in some way, robbed them of their wealth in their declining years; and the only thing left for them to do, is to commit suicide, or become paupers—which is very hard for them.

Now, to use such men and women as these, as criminals, is a disgrace to Humanity.

They have paid, in their prosperous days, for better treatment, and it is their right, as Citizens, to enjoy it. And they should be treated with as

much respect, as if they had not lost all their worldly goods—those who have robbed them, should be the ones to suffer.

I hope the Reverend gentleman will be brought to see the error of making such remarks at this enlightened Period: and that men of his mind are hard to be found.

Let them remember the old saying: "It is more blessed to give, than to receive."

GEORGE Y. NICKERSON.

New Bedford, Mass.

Contributed to The Watchman.

FROM

EARTH to HEAVEN.

(INSPIRED BY E. A. POE.)

Borne on atmospheric billows,
Rainbow-hued and soft as pillows,
To an isle of magic splendor in the realm of bliss divine;

My Soul, in entranced-like sleeping
'Mid this strangeness o'er me sweeping,
Faintly realized its exit from the earth's life chilling clime.

To our destined home eternal,
Where the pow'r of love supernal
Reigns more perfectly, and deeper thrills the inner conscious man;
Waking him from idle dreaming
To the real from the seeming,
And presenting new revelations of existence's grand plan.

And my earth experience rises
With distinctness that surprises,
Gilding slowly 'neath my vision like a panorama vast;

There are sweet heart-joys and gladness,
There are sinful pains and sadness,
Some scenes I would fain remember—
some in deep oblivion cast.

Mirrored on my heav'nly dwelling
Is my past life ever telling
Of its loves, its hates and passions, of its thoughts, hopes, deeds, and words;
Daily these reflections teaching
Me far better than man's preaching,
Prove this truth, that our own actions bring all sufferings and rewards.

No one else can bear our crosses,
Nor make up our wrongs and losses,
But the whole pow'r of salvation lies within our wills and hands;
We each make our future dower,
To us given is the power
To attain whatever position the progressive Soul demands.

Selfhood is our only Savior,
Thro' good thoughts, deeds, and behavior,
Warning others of life's quicksands, helping them to journey right;
We shall know a peace most precious
Deep within, without a Jesus,
For our brave, unselfish efforts shall afford all needed light.

And there is no sweeter Heaven,
To an individual given,
Than the blessedness of knowing he has lived a noble life;
That 'mid selfish sin so hateful
He has made some spirit grateful,
And becalmed the raging waters of some brother's woeful strife.

Then the rosy clouds of morning,
Virgin like in fair adorning,
With their golden mist-drops sparkling shall refresh, inspire his Soul,
Till the holiest thoughts up rising
In love's fire himself baptizing
Shall gleam forth like stars at midnight and some distant life control.

GENA F. SMITH.

Rockland, Maine.

Written for The Watchman.

THE

BRIDE OF MISFORTUNE.

Yes, she is married, they have made her his bride,

By the Customs and Law of the land.
But, Oh! did they know, as she stood by his side,

And gave to the bridegroom her hand,
How the bright, girlish fancies forever had fled,

And the fond, cherished hopes of her young heart were dead.

And how she wept and suffered and prayed,
In her anguish, we never may know.

Could the tempter but have tasted her sorrow instead,
And drank of her cup filled with woe.

Speak low of her faults, this tearful young bride,
For, Oh! she has sorrows and heart-wounds to hide.

We know not the temptations that caused her to sin,
Or the snares that around her were thrown.

Perhaps she is better than we would have been,
Had the ways of her life been our own.

Woe, woe to the tempter who led her astray—
This bride of misfortune who once was so gay.

We have all of us faults, tho' small they may be,
Yet if all put together like drops of the Sea,

Oh! what a vast body they'd make.
And when searching for others', our own faults we'd spy,

And with no selfish heart, take the mote from our eye,
For the dear love of Charity's sake.

Then hold not so scornful your beautiful head,
My lady of wealth and of pride;

But only be thankful and humble instead,
That your lot is not misfortune's bride.

Her life will be solemn and lonely I fear,
Then drop o'er her sorrow in memory a tear.

MRS. W. S. MOORE.

Stony Fork, Pa.

SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.

The Chicago Association of Universal, Radical, Progressive Spiritualists' and Mediums' Society hold meetings each Sunday at 10 a. m., 3, and 7½ p. m., at Liberty Hall (Hall 12), 213 W. Madison Street. Admission 5 cents. Public cordially invited.

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Dr. J. H. Bushnell, Chairman.

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