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For The Watchman.

AFTER YOU ARE DEAD.

If you'd leave a monument so lasting
It shall never crumble or decay,
You must build it *here* of life-long
labors,
Making precious with kind deeds each
passing day.
Love and faithfulness, good-will and
virtue,
Practiced with a generous hand and
willing heart,
Will help form a tower of strength
and beauty
To your memory when you from
earth depart.
Living in the Souls you sweetly
cherished,
In the works whose good shall never
cease,
In the words of sympathy outspoken,
In the thoughts of purity and peace,
As a thousand gleaming, golden letters,
Graven on the snowy tablet of the
Past,
Speaking of your worth to earth and
heaven,
Leading others from the snares around
them cast,
Lives are monuments upon whose
surface
Time prints every action clear and
true,
And we view them thro' glad smiles
or weeping,
That which we in love or hatred, do,
Be ye not so careless and unthinking,
And so ignorant ye will not see the
light,
For your day of selfishness and pride
is followed
By a black, remorseful, bitter night;
But the night of honest toil and striv-
ing,
Loving effort and true, prayerful
thought,
Into joy's divine and love-lit Morn-
ing—
Into heaven's day is surely wrought.
Leave a fair and beautiful reflection
Of a noble manhood kept unstained,
Of a life that made the world some-
better,
And victorious over sin and passion
reigned.

GENA SMITH FAIRFIELD.

MIRACLES.

Editor of The Watchman:—

The Spiritualists are often accused
of believing in miracles.

Now, as I look at the matter in a
practical way, there is no such thing
as miracles.

A miracle is something outside of
Natural Law: and as there is *nothing*
outside of Natural Law, of course
there can be no miracles in any shape
whatever.

Yet there are a great many things
that are happening in the world, to-
day, that go far beyond the, so-called,
miracles of by-gone Times.

Take, for instance, what a wonder-
ful Phenomena it is to know of the
fact, that in the short space of 39
years, *millions* of the most intelligent
of our people accept of the "*true*
Faith" and Knowledge of spirit com-
munion.

And of all the wonderful stories
that are told of us, the most wonder-
ful is the proven fact, that we *do* com-
mune with our friends on the other
side of life.

There is no miracle about this fact
of spirit communion—it is all in ac-
cord with Natural Law.

Spirit life and this material life are
so closely connected, that any person
with any kind of a brain, can become a
medium—it is *not* a God-given gift, it
does not come from a heaven—but it
comes from *Soul Education*, from an
education of the *spirit*, from the edu-
cation of the *higher, nobler, and better*
qualities of man: *i. e.*, his Intellect,
his Mind, his Soul, his All that there
is of him.

Take this spirit, this all away from
him, and he is nothing but a clod of
senseless clay—yet in spite of this
very plain fact, there are thousands
who proclaim to the world that they
do not believe that they have a spirit,
or a Soul, or anything else but a body
that lives and moves and has a being,
just as an animal does, and nothing
more.

There is no doubt but that like at-
tracts like, and so, of course, one that
can advocate Materialism, has attrac-
tion for, and is attracted to Soulless
Materiality.

No doubt but what there are all of
the conditions in spirit life that there

are in earth life, for a man is a spirit
here, as well as over there.

A spirit is the same out of the body
as it was while in the body on earth,
only it has taken one step higher, one
step toward the higher life of the
Soul.

One writer says that Mrs. Druse
may have been influenced by a spirit
to murder her brutal husband.

Now, no one with one spark of
sense would contradict this sugges-
tion: for, in the first place, *Mrs.*
Druse is a spirit, and she may have
been influenced by the spirit of some
other poor mortal that had been
trampled upon while in earth life,
who would aid her to revenge his or
her wrongs, thro' another.

Our opponents often forget that all
there is, is spirit—and that Matter is
but spirit entombed.

We often forget that spirit force
rules the world—and that Matter is
the result of spirit force.

We forget that when we look at the
locomotive hauling a whole train of
thousands of tons, that we can see *no*
power, no force.

We see an hundred Jack-screws
under a brick block, and the block
moves steadily upward, yet we do not
see the *spirit* of power that raises the
weight—we only see the means thro'
which the power is applied.

So our opponents cry out, "There
is no spirit, there is no power, there
is no force, for *we cannot* see it."

All they can say is that "*Jack-*
screws did it"—when they are only
the medium thro' which the force is
applied.

And as these blind ones shout out
against us, I always think of the fact
that none are so blind as those who
will not see; and none so deaf as
those who will not hear.

All the difference between educated
mediums, and Materialists, is, that
the mediums educate themselves *UP*,
and Materialists educate themselves
DOWN from the earth plane of spirit
life.

Therefore, as they educate, they
educate themselves *apart*—one *out*
towards Soulless oblivion and utter
darkness; while the other is being
educated upward toward the light,
upward and onward to the realms
where the sunlight *never* fades, and

where man's Soul reaches the heights
of bliss; where man's Soul lives,
moves, and has a being, and a com-
munion sweet with the loved ones
gone before, to the land of light, joy,
peace, and progression.

And all of this is not classed among
the miracles—all of this is in strict
accord with the Natural Law that
irrevocably guides, directs, and con-
trols the lives of Mankind.

Yet we ought not to find fault with
those who choose the darkest depths
of total annihilation; and when they
leave this earth life, hope to drop into
nothing forever.

There are many who hope for this
state of rest, this state of eternal deso-
late oblivion.

But give me the life of the spirit,
give me the life whose budding and
blossoming beauties are bright with
the resplendent joys of the life eternal,
bright and glorious with the hope of
joys yet to come, bright with the
pleasures that we have tasted in earth
life, bright with the happiness we
have known, as we have sat with the
angels around us, bright and beaming
with the radiance that they have
brought with them from that home
of the Soul, that home of rest that
lies in the realms of unfolded Time.

We are told that spirit communion
is a delusion.

To me it is no delusion; to me it
is as much of a reality as the daily
routine of my business affairs.

It is just such a delusion as I wish
my eternity to be, a delusion that is
and will be to me a joy forever. A
miracle that is a fact; a life that is
real, an existence that is perpetual;
and a delusion that includes the love
of a girl wife who passed out of the
body so long ago; a delusion that
holds within its scope the love of
father, mother, children, and friends;
a delusion life, that has all the joys
and pleasures of this life intensified a
thousand-fold; a delusion that is a
reality; a life over there that has its
duties, its cares, its joys, and its pleas-
ures, as we have them here, only that
they are of a higher grade.

Let those who live in hope of *noth-*
ing, reap *nothing*—but for me, let me be
deluded with the realities of spirit life
forever.

J. W. DENNIS.

Buffalo, N. Y.

For The Watchman.

HOW I WAS CONVERTED TO SPIRITUALISM.

Mrs. H. A. Berry:—My dear Sister in the search of holy Truth: I will now endeavor to fulfill my promise, by telling you how I became an eternal Spiritualist—convinced of the truth of Spiritualism, last August.

However, I shall have to go back to my days of childhood, and tell of the sorrow I felt when my precious, angelic mother, Mary E. Harper, was taken away.

Tho' I have five own Sisters and one Brother, I must say that I felt I had been left to weep alone.

I had never been told that a spirit could return to earth, consequently, I knew it not.

I was not 14 years of age when my mother went away. She left us in the year 1865. I was at home alone one day, (it was in 1866, I believe), I was busy about my household duties, when I heard soft raps at the inner hall door.

I hastened to respond to the raps, opened the door, and instead of seeing some mortal friend at the door—I glanced upward, and, Oh! what a sight! what a radiant, pure-white angel! Yes, no mistake, I saw my mother.

I was shocked—was frightened beyond words and I instantly drew the door shut, ran out of the house, and I think I staid out until my sisters came home from School.

I knew I had seen my mother, and could never forget it.

But when I told a couple of my relatives about it, they only said that it was "imagination," "nonsense," &c.

As I was afraid that I would be thought and said to be insane, if I continued to tell it, I said no more about it. But I knew I had again seen my mother.

Three years, I believe, had passed away, when one night, in my room alone, I remember I was praying to be "converted" and to have "all my sins washed away," when a hand was laid upon my head.

I looked up, and I saw a pure, white-robed, glorious angel. "Oh!" I exclaimed in an undertone, "that must be Jesus, the Son of God." and the spirit vanished. But, Oh! what a heavenly sight! I never shall forget.

Dear reader, you who have seen an etherealized spirit, know what beauty, radiant beauty I saw.

I do not remember who I told about this "vision," but I am sure it has always been plain to me that I saw my mother's godly spirit, and the spirit of the very "Son of God."

Since that time, I have always thought strange of these visions, and sometimes wondered why I never could see any more such beautiful sights. But I presume the time has not yet come for me to see at will.

But last Summer, while my husband was visiting the "Yellowstone Park," I had a lady friend, Miss Mamie Houston, remain with me, as the nights seemed too lonely for me to remain alone, and as Miss Houston seldom came to my house until late in the Evening, I usually sang and played some common chords on the

Organ, or would sit and gaze out upon the beautiful moonlight nights.

One evening I was particularly happy and perfectly calm, was not excited in any way, in fact, I was unusually calm and happy. Miss Houston came at about half-past nine, and we retired to bed in about fifteen minutes, and both fell asleep almost immediately.

I had slept just forty-five minutes when I was awakened by some strange power. I raised my head and looked, and at the foot of our bed, stood a man dressed in heavy broad-cloth, seemingly, with a large black cloth hat on, and over his entire person was thrown a large black crape veil. The veil was closely caught down at the neck and hands, so the man was completely masked.

I gazed at the frightful object for a few seconds, as I could do nothing else, and as soon as I could regain my breath and some strength, I tried, to speak, after the attempt to bound off of my bed, supposing that a murderer or some terrible wicked-minded person was in the room, but could not.

Miss Houston caught me in time to prevent me from bounding out of bed, head first, as I was frightened beyond speech, beyond power to move, then; and as the young lady did not see the man, so mysterious, of course she did not know the cause of my terrible fright, for some minutes. She asked me three questions, none of which I could answer.

Finally, when she arose to get a light, she passed between the man and the foot of the bed; and while she struck the match which made a dim light, the man passed Miss Houston, and walked up to the side of the bed.

Can any one imagine my fright at such a sight?

As soon as I could speak, I said to Miss Houston, "Here he is at the head of the bed."

He did not walk, but simply passed on the air.

This was the first Miss Houston knew of what the cause of my fright was: and she said to me: "Why, you have been dreaming."

This was enough—and I knew for the first time, that I had seen a spirit—but, Oh! how sorry I was: not to have known it at the time, so I could have asked who he was, and what was wanted.

But how could I have known that that great large figure was a spirit?

The man looked as if he would weigh 165 or 170 pounds. I was astonished and could scarcely believe my own eyes—but I knew it was true that I had seen a spirit. This occurred the third week in August, 1886.

Soon afterwards I became quiet and went into a sound sleep. I arose the next Morning and went to Church and heard Brother Hall, a Methodist Minister, preach.

I prayed for consolation, (which, however, I did not receive), and tried to keep up my spirits, until Monday at half-past twelve, when I went to see a friend, Mrs. Jennie Cook, the first and only person who ever tried to get me to believe in Spiritualism—even she had not mentioned the subject to me for at least three years and a half. I asked her to direct me to a lady medium, Mrs. Mounts, who, I had heard, "could tell wonderful things."

Mrs. Cook told me that Mrs. Mounts was sick, and that I need not

try to see her at that time, but bade me sit with herself awhile. By-and-by her little daughter, Carrie Cook, came from School. She is, indeed, a wonderful medium, even tho' she has been called a fraud.

Mrs. Cook asked Carrie to come and get the raps, and see what she could get for Mrs. Stahl.

So Carrie sat down at the table, and in less than three minutes I heard the raps for the first time.

I was not loth to believe, but it seemed too grand to be true. So Mrs. Cook and Carrie allowed me to remove every book and picture from the table, so I could see, and not think it was they who made the raps.

I soon found that neither mother nor child did the rapping, and to my eternal joy, I learned that the raps were made by my darling angel child in spirit land, who passed away at the brief age of two weeks, and who is now nearly ten years old.

The grief that I had felt for years, was rapped away by baby's fingers. Oh, thank God! and I can truly say that since that Afternoon, I have never felt the sorrow one single instant, which for over eight years, I had suffered.

Then who will dare to ask, what good is there in Spiritualism?

Yes, the raps came, but none to tell who the spirit was in black crape, nor did I find out for weeks after that, when, one day, I chanced to be at the home of Mrs. Cook, and there I met Mrs. Maynard, a stranger, now a fine medium in South Boston, this medium saw a spirit standing at my chair back, and the chair was slightly shaken—when I said:—

"Who is touching my chair?"

The lady medium said:—

"It is the spirit of W. L., the same as stood by the table last night."

I asked the spirit to tell me who the spirit was in black crape, and he said he was permitted to tell me that it was the spirit of "Mozart."

Reader, imagine my joy, and at the same time think of my anxiety!

Mozart soon removed all thoughts of fear from my mind, when he said that he came as he did, "To make an eternal impression;" that I would never doubt Spiritualism; that my mother had talked to him, and persuaded him to come and help me if he could.

Reader, if you could hear the raps of Mozart gotten thro' the mediumistic power of Carrie Cook, you would then know that I am a believer in Spiritualism, and that Mozart accomplished his errand.

Reader, I have made my story entirely too long. But I will say that you who are truly converted to the brightest Hope and Truth, Spiritualism, will know that I could write an hundred times as much more and then not tell of the least of my glories.

For, who ever yet saw words that could begin to tell the inward peace of Soul and mind that a true Spiritualist feels?

It cannot be told.

I will say again that my Soul is being daily glorified.

I never would care for a million words of unpleasantness, many of which I have not yet heard, of scoffs, jeers, or criticisms, from whatever source they may proceed. Nay, I am one who will never deign to listen to any who may hope to hurt my feel-

ings, because of my true and holy belief.

Poor Souls! They should not envy me my sweet peace of mind, for they, too, one and all, may, if they will, be just as happy as I am.

I should not think it a trial, or a cross to bear anything for the advancement of Spiritualism. Nay, I think it a glory, a god-send, to be given power to "stand up and proclaim the Truth" to the whole world, if one could do so.

Some one has said:—

"Never leave your way to seek a cross, nor go out of your way to avoid one. Appointed crosses are real blessings."

So if any of us think we are "bearing crosses," when we are fighting for the glorious truths of Spiritualism, I think we shall be enabled to feel that they are "blessings," sure enough.

Then, let us all strive to do the best we can, and remember, "He that does the best he can, does well, acts nobly: angels can do no more."

I have, as yet, done, Oh, so little, but shall try and have patience: and remember, that with two such glorious Guides as Mozart, and the blessed spirit Abraham Lincoln, and others, to aid me, I should wait with patience, tho' it may be years before either spirit can help me much, owing to the conditions I give, I suppose—and I know so little, but am so happy.

I must beg your pardon for writing so long a letter, but in closing I wish to say that THE WATCHMAN is, indeed, a welcome visitor at our cozy home, I wish it would come Weekly. I get almost impatient before the time comes for it to show its shining light into our home.

Oh, beautiful WATCHMAN,
Blest with truths of heaven:
Thro' thy dear Columns,
To me great joy is given.
My Soul has been refreshed,
My heart been made anew;
Come often, dear WATCHMAN,
I wait, I long for you.

Oh, come when our hearts are grieved,
When sad and full of pain,
When we're longing for something
We know the world can't give:
Oh, come and cheer us—in our ears
Whisper sweet words of love,
And impress us anew, dear WATCHMAN,
That beyond this life we'll live.

For thro' thy pages, dear WATCHMAN,
The voice of many angels speak,
And call aloud to all the world,
"Oh, come the bright truths seek."
"We'll open for you the portals
Of your sad, sad heart" and bless,
Yea, welcome you to our bright beyond,
Where you'll find eternal rest.

LAURA V. H. STAHL,
Bozeman, Mont., Ter.

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*** See Advertisement on 8th page. ***

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

Written for The Watchman.

For The Watchman.

EXPERIENCES.

*Lines Composed on the Death of
AUGUSTA S. EIGENBROADT,
Who Was Not Satisfied of a Future
Life Before Her Departure.*

A trill and a thrill on the still soft air
As the sinking day glowed in the West;

And the marvelous gate so long ajar
Swung wide before my home of rest.

Indeed I was freed from cold chilly
doubt,

When the landscape immortal was
shown;

And the mystery solved inspired a
shout,

"I live! and I'll let it be known."

O sweet, passing sweet is the joy of
Soul

When it senses all suffering done;
And the welcoming song of Heaven's
blest goal

Is "Life, Love, and Glory begun."

Yet fain I remain on the bordering
waste

Where the low whispers tell of past
love;

Where my name in their hearts is
firmly enmeshed

In feelings that death can't remove.

So frail is the veil that hangs now be-
tween

The rent hearts of earth and my new
home,

That the breath of a sigh dissolves
the screen,

That both into rapport may come.

And often I softly approach their
room

Like a sun-ray that warms itself thro',
Or a Star that looks out of the gloom

When wind-shaken clouds are but few.

We stand heart and hand by the
silvery stream

Where the pale shallop lightly touched
shore

When the call I obeyed then smooth
as a dream

Sailed off to the blest evermore!

No check ever can wreck fond affec-
tion's tie,

'Tis the seal binding Life unto Life—
'Tis the rainbow aglow on death's
misty sky,

Eternity's fathomless light.

So long as warm memory pictures my
face

Or sad loneliness calls forth a tear,
Be assured that Soul-measure deeper
than Space

Holds every Love-token still dear.

And this be the bliss by which thou
may'st know

That the spirit survives vanished
clay—

'Tis my perishless Life lends the ten-
der Love-glow

Your clinging hearts feel day by day.

TRYPHENA C. PARDEE.

Ellington, N. Y.

Subscriptions received at this Office for
Phrenological Journal, \$2.00
Banner of Light, 3.00
THE WATCHMAN & The Carrier Dove, 2.75
" " " Light in the West, 1.50

Having left Vermont for Califor-
nia I have been visiting mediums in
this vicinity before I sail, via. the
Isthmus of Panama, for San Francis-
co, Cal.

I will relate a few of the host of
experiences of the past week, among
the denizens of earth and heaven, and
it may add to the testimony of others
in the great and good Cause, to show
that Mankind live after death, and
communicate with friends upon earth.

I visited the home of the Keeler
Family, 1227 Bedford Ave., Brook-
lyn, N. Y., and there received many
greetings from them, and from spirit
friends by letters written automati-
cally thro' Mr. Keeler's hand: and in-
dependently, between two slates, by
invisible force. I also received the
portraits of friends in spirit life, be-
side that of my own, by photography.
It seemed as tho' the Kingdom of
Heaven rested upon us there.

Letters were plainly written in
different hand-writings at Dr. Blake's
seances at 913 Bedford Ave., Brook-
lyn: and thro' Mr. Keeler's medium-
ship under broad daylight, and in the
Evening, distinct gas-light was suf-
fered to illumine the room.

There were wonderful manifesta-
tions of raps, and spirit hands writing
on white paper, giving names of spir-
its and mortals; and also by the
double slate process.

I will be brief and only relate a
few samples of spirit messages.

"I am pleased with your course, it
does me good to see you with this
company. S. W."

Soon after as doubts arose concern-
ing whom our invisible correspondent
was, I was invited to hold another
small sheet of paper at the entrance
of the cabinet where a distinct spirit
hand, visible to an audience of 18
persons, wrote the following:—

"It was I who wrote you, dearest
friend and brother. Oh, how pleased
I am to be able to thus communicate.
Silas Wright."

Another materialized spirit hand
wrote the following, in a good light:

"This is another glorious occasion
to be enabled to speak a word with
all my friends here, as they are many
and scattered. You know your old
friend was always ready to give advice
and condemn wrong, and uphold the
good in every body.

"It affords me joy to be here and
say these few words. Good bye, as
time is short, I must make room for
others. E. V. Wilson."

Just before we left Dr. Blake's, the
following was written in a coarse
hand and rapid style, while I held
the paper:—

"I am ever so much pleased with
you, U. S. Grant."

One of my old controls answered
my mental request, in writing, thus:

"Yes, old boy, how glad I am to
see you. John King."

And now I will give the names of
some other prominent spirit friends
who manifested at Dr. Blake's and at
Mr. Keeler's, and close for the present.

Several letters from J. A. Garfield;
two from Benjamin Franklin; three
from George Washington; one from
Alice and Phoebe Carey; and two
from a brother's wife, who died in
1819, at Weybridge, Vermont; Sarah
Jewett, and others.

SOLOMON W. JEWETT.

Written for The Watchman.

ALCOHOLISM NO 4.

*Fast horses win cups by the use of
their legs; fast men lose their legs by
the use of cups.—Ex.*

The dealers in ardent spirits may
be compared to men who should ad-
vertise for sale: Consumption, fev-
ers, rheumatism, palsies, and apoplex-
ies. Would our Public Authorities
permit such a traffic?

But the men who deal out this slow
poison, are licensed by Law, and they
talk about Constitutional Rights.

Let a Druggist be so unfortunate
as to cause, by a mistake, a single
death, and the whole community is
aroused, and the most severe penalties
of the Law are inflicted upon him.

Alcohol destroys more than 40,000
victims a year—what war, or pesti-
lence could dare approach this fearful
mortality?

And yet the Country is now in a
convulsive fear of an approaching
epidemic that may carry off a few
hundred people.

Surely, we strain at gnats and
swallow camels.

Hanging is the death penalty for a
single murder.

License is the reward for wholesale
murder.

If drink can so fearfully and total-
ly pervert the affections, as to trans-
form an affectionate father and hus-
band into a fiend, who would heap
upon his near and dear ones, untold
neglect, abuse, and even murder; a
son to murder father and mother, cut
out their hearts and roast and eat
them—and these are facts—how terri-
ble and subtle must be its effect on
the whole moral being?

And yet we hear it repeated on
every hand, of the perfect control,
the-know-when-he-has-enough, can
stop, when-he-wants-to.

In Alaska you can buy whisky for
14 cents a quart; and murder and
villany are correspondingly cheap.

Not only in Alaska is this shocking
state of affairs noticeable, but in Phil-
adelphia, and in every City in the
Union.

President McGee, of the New
York Produce Exchange, some time
ago received a mysterious package
from Wilmington, N. C., labelled:

"Here is the Worm that is ruining
the Corn crop." Opening the pack-
age, "The Worm" was a bottle of
Whisky.

Drink is the chief cause of crime,
and yet this point is disputed by those
interested in the sale of it.

There may be a larger percentage
of arrests and convictions in temper-
ate districts—this is because in one
case, the Laws are enforced, while in
the other they are neglected. Ergo,
make the people sufficiently and
unanimously drunk, and there will be
no crime; multiply saloons, and there
will be no drunkenness.

Of an hundred persons in the dock,
few, if any, are total abstainers.

Three times as much liquor is con-
sumed, *per capita*, to-day, as in 1840.

Charles Lamb's confession and pa-
thetic warning says:—

"Could the youth, to whom the
flavor of his first wine is delicious,
look into my desolation, and be made
to understand what a dreary thing it is,
when a man feels himself going down
a precipice with open eyes and passive
will, to see his destruction, and to
have no power to stop it, and yet feel
it, all the way emanating from him-
self; to perceive all goodness emptied
out of him, and yet not able to forget
a time when it was otherwise, to hear
about the piteous spectacle of self-
ruin."

A Law of ancient Carthage forbade
all drinks but water, on days of mari-
tal intercourse.

Drunkards beget drunkards.—Pleu-
tarch.

The children of drunkards are not
likely to have sound brains.—Gellius.

Dipsomania is always hereditary,
always a spontaneous neurosis, abso-
lutely independent of the habits of the
individual.—Dr. Falleville.

Dr. Bourgeois says:—

"That in transmitting the germ of
life, parents transmit to their children
their own resemblance, physical and
moral. The children are parts of
ourselves; it is our flesh, our blood,
our Souls, our examples, our lessons,
our passions which re-live in them."

Dr. Maudsly says:—

"That such children come into the
world without having either the will
or the strength to struggle against their
fate; they are step-children of Nature,
suffering under the hell of tyranny,
the tyranny of poor constitutions."

Dr. Norman Kerr, says:—

"Probably the alarming increase of
the Alcoholic hereditary in England,
is owing in a great part, to the in-
crease of female intemperance. It is
well to state that all the evil resulting
from hereditary Alcoholism, may be
transmitted by parents who have
never been noted for their drunken-
ness.

"Long continued habitual indul-
gence in intoxicating drinks to an
extent far short of intoxication, is not
only sufficient to originate and hand
down, a morbid tendency, but is more
likely to do so than even repeated
drunken outbreaks, with intervals of
perfect sobriety between."

Intemperance-very-often-ruins-you-
socially-organically-and-peculiarly.

Avoid drink, my friend, as you
would a viper.

EMANUEL M. JONES.
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THE WATCHMAN.

THE WATCHMAN.

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HATTIE A. BERRY,
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ARTHUR B. SHEDD,
Assistant Manager.

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We open our columns to the Public and invite correspondence; reserving the right to reject any communication that we deem improper to be issued in our columns. Under no consideration will anonymous letters be published: we require the name and address of the writer as a guaranty of good faith.

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Our Columns are open to all for a free and liberal discussion on all matters of Reform—avoid personalities. Each Contributor is individually responsible for Articles appearing over his or her Signature.

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

THE DELETERIOUS EFFECT OF BURNING KEROSENE OIL.

The Theory of Dr. Wilson, of Meriden, that the burning of Kerosene Oil has something to do with Diphtheria, is interesting.

There were 71 deaths from Diphtheria in the Town of Meriden in one year, and by personal investigation Dr. Wilson found that in every case the family used Kerosene lamps.

There were many other cases in Meriden that year, the spread of the disease being from contagion.

But not in a single case where gas or candles were used was there a death from that disease.—New Haven Journal.

We present the foregoing to our readers, because we are of the same opinion as Dr. Wilson, concerning the deleterious effect of burning Kerosene Oil.

Some years ago, our attention was called to the fact that the fumes of Kerosene, while burning, left an irritating and painful effect upon the throat, the lungs, the nostrils, and also the brain.

We have been frequently brought in consultation with cases where severe affection of throat and lungs was, in our opinion, caused by the fumes of burning Kerosene Oil: which is especially deleterious to children of delicate constitutions, and to all persons who have the slightest tendency toward throat and lung affections.

We believe that the practice, so prevalent, of keeping a Kerosene Oil night-lamp burning, results in serious injury to thousands of people.

It may appear to be a harmless affair, the burning of a Kerosene-oil-lamp thro'out the night. But it is of more consequence than is generally understood.

In the first place, let the Oil be ever so highly refined, and the blaze of the lamp ever so thoroly protected, yet, there will be an invisible substance thrown off from the flame, that is in itself poisonous, and when breathed thro' the nostrils into the throat and lungs, has the effect of poisoning the tender membranous lining of the throat.

This poisonous substance is highly corrosive, and is a most deadly poison.

If sufficient quantities of this poison be taken into the system at any one time, the blood would become so thoroly diseased that death would result in a short time.

If there be allowed a current of fresh air thro' the apartment where the lamp is burning, the deleterious effects from the burning oil are, of course, somewhat modified.

But even with ventilated rooms, the practice of burning Kerosene-oil-lamps during the hours of slumber is not advisable.

During our practice we have had ample proofs that many cases of Diphtheria Pulmonary Consumption, and also general debility, have been engendered purely from the effects of burning Kerosene-oil-lamps, and Kerosene-oil-stoves, and Gasoline stoves.

We consider the effects from the Gasoline stoves to be likewise deleterious—notwithstanding it is claimed that many Gasoline and Kerosene stoves, while burning, are odorless.

Yet, for all this, we can prove that there is a poisonous gas and substance thrown off from these burning flames; and that when they are breathed into the human system, they become deadly poison. This poison destroys the life-germs of the blood, and disease is the result.

We do not claim that each individual person will be alike affected; but we do claim that the effect of burning Kerosene and Gasoline is deleterious upon the human blood.

We are well aware that in some instances where inflammation of the joints and of the muscles is acute, an application of Kerosene Oil, as a lotion, will greatly benefit, and may, if one's stomach is strong enough to hold it, even be used internally. In some instances, as a throat

gargle, prepared in warm water, it is highly beneficial, altho' it is objectionable to the sense of smell.

Yet, when this Kerosene Oil is brought to a flame, the effect is, as we have above stated, deleterious to the human blood.

Our experiments with foods that have been cooked upon a Kerosene stove, (especially such as are baked in the oven) have proven to our mind, that such foods are not strictly wholesome—they may be light and puffy, but they contain a large per cent of poisonous gas and impurities that have been thrown off from the flame and taken up and absorbed by the food material while undergoing the process of baking.

These are facts, that will bear testing.

The effect will be seen upon the general health of most persons who make a practice of cooking exclusively by Kerosene, or Gasoline stoves.

Because there are some persons who may not notice or experience this deleterious effect from the use of foods thus cooked, it does not prove that this food is not deleterious to them, for it is a well-attested fact, that some constitutions will endure what others cannot survive.

We have met with families where each member, some more than others, was suffering from general debility, throat troubles, and indigestion: and we have been convinced, after sufficient investigation upon the subject, that these troubles were, in these instances, produced by the ill effects of subsisting upon foods cooked by the Gasoline, and, in some of these instances, the Kerosene-oil-stoves.

We do not consider the effect so deleterious to the food when cooked on the top of the stove, or when open to the air, or when boiled in water, as when baked in the oven.

Yet, whichever way we may choose to use these Oil-stoves, they are more or less injurious to the person or persons standing over them, or even occupying the same apartments.

These points of interest that we have given to our readers, will be of practical value to them if they seek to profit thereby.

Our advice in the matter would be, if you are obliged to use Kerosene-oil-lamps, have as thoroly a circulation of air thro' the room or house as possible and practical; and at all times put the lights out at the very earliest and most practicable moment when not in use.

Under no consideration leave a Kerosene-light burning during the night, in the room of the sick, or where children are sleeping.

If gas cannot be used, and a light is absolutely requisite, then substitute alcohol, or fluid for Kerosene. Or if these are not to be had, it is advisable to remove the light to another apartment, and have a current of air in that apartment.

Right here we wish to say, that many persons allow themselves to get into the habit of burning lights at night after they retire, and the habit becomes so fastened upon them that they feel uneasy unless the light be burning.

To such persons we would say, that they are endangering their health while thus administering to a fancy or a habit.

Health is wealth: and it behooves each individual to gain all the knowledge regarding health that is possible for them to gain.

As individuals, we are privileged to profit by what others tell us of their experience, good or ill, and we, thereby, oftentimes prevent much trouble and suffering to self and others.

We advise persons to keep and use the good old cook stove, and not substitute it by the Gasoline, or Kerosene stoves, especially in the branch of baking and broiling of foods.


The small Kerosene stove suitable for the preparing of a pot of tea, or any similar article of diet, where the contents, the food will not come in contact with the fumes from the flame, is not so objectionable, and might be resorted to during very hot weather, and in cases of emer-

THE WATCHMAN.

gency, as in sickness, and in hasty lunch.

But for general use, the old-fashioned fire-place, or the modern improved cook stove are the more desirable as producers of healthful food and healthful atmosphere of living rooms. We hope our readers will see and practice the utility of these remarks. H. A. BERRY, *Editress*.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

 The following question was overlooked. It should have been answered last February. But we trust that Mr. Lesne will pardon the delay.—EDITRESS.

GLEN COVE, N. Y., January 23, 1887.

Editress of The Watchman:—

Your answer in the January WATCHMAN was correct, we did see the phenomenon over a large body of water.

I again come to you and ask you to answer me another question thro' THE WATCHMAN.

A next-door neighbor of mine has a grape vine fastened to the house, which if one should try to shake, it would be impossible unless it was unfastened. Several of us have repeatedly tried to shake it, but to no avail.

This grape vine makes a fearful noise, sometimes, once a week, or oftener, by night, or by day.

The Saturday night of last week, about midnight, it shook tremendously.

Please inform me concerning the above, and oblige.

Many thanks for past kindness. HENRY LESNE.

We should account for the shaking of the above mentioned "Vine," by a purely Natural Law. viz:—

The Grape vine is a repository of a powerful acid property, and it also contains a large abundance of Iron, and is, consequently, a conductor of Electricity.

Hence, when the atmosphere is highly charged with Electricity, as is the case in cold weather, and we venture to say that on the occasions when this "Vine" has been known to sound the loudest, was at times when the weather was severely cold.

Are we correct in this, Mr. Lesne?

Well, at such times when the atmosphere is highly Electric, the "Vine" becomes surcharged, and vibrates or shakes from the force of the over-charge of Electricity.

This would be likely to occur if there was no high wind to stir the branches, even if the "Vine" was sufficiently loose from its fastenings to admit of the breeze acting upon it.

But, as in this case, we are to infer that the "Vine" was too fast for even the wind to stir it, or even the strength of two or more men to move it.

Yet, in case it was surcharged with Electricity, the "Grape vine" would rattle and crack from that cause alone.

And we are impressed by Spirit Guides, to inform Mr. Lesne that this is the cause of the Phenomenon that he and his friends have so often wondered at.

H. A. BERRY, *Editress*.

TOKOLOGY.

Editress of The Watchman:—

The May number of your valuable Paper is before me, and read with the usual interest.

I was especially pleased with the Article on "Economy," by Mrs. Merrick. The last paragraph is a very good comparison. I would like to grasp Sister Merrick by the hand; and all other women who have the moral heroism to raise their voice and pen in favor of common sense dress. That brief, but pointed reference to the follies of fashion—and seeing that your Columns are open to physical and spiritual Reform, suggests an idea to me.

I have just been reading TOKOLOGY, by Dr. Alice Stockham. I think it the best work on the subject of Health Reform, I have ever read—and I have been reading such works, and practicing and teaching their Principles for the past 25 years.

Dr. Stockham's style of presenting her views, is plain and pointed—forcible, yet pleasing.

Spiritual and Physical Reform should go together, hand in hand.

TOKOLOGY should have a place in every Spiritualistic Publishing House and Bookstore, and, in fact, in every family library.

Now, Sister Berry, allow me to suggest that you get a

copy of TOKOLOGY, and read it, and I know you will then endorse it in THE WATCHMAN—and thus many a diseased woman may be reached with the means of physical redemption—be restored to health, happiness, and usefulness to husband and children.

I could fill an entire WATCHMAN with plaudits of TOKOLOGY—but it must be read to be appreciated.

I could give an infinite number of testimonials from those who have been benefitted—yes, physically redeemed by practicing its Principles, but will refrain.

If any of the readers of THE WATCHMAN will invest \$2, or \$3 in TOKOLOGY, and are dissatisfied, send your book to me, and I will refund the price of the same.

I have no personal interest in the sale of the book *whatever*, and I practice the Healing Art—but I am interested in the health and happiness of all women and children. And could I have the pleasure of seeing all people as healthy as they could be, I would joyfully resort to other means of living.

TOKOLOGY can be purchased of the Sanitary Publishing Co., at 159 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

Yours for the Elevation of Humanity.
San Marcial, N. M. N. A. FEATHERSTON, M. D.

Selected by the Editress.

THE CHORDS OF HUMAN LOVE.

[The incident forming the story of the following lines is from life. A passing laborer was seen to share the contents of his dinner-pail with a sleeping waif. Humanity only needed the example to open its heart to the want of the neglected child, so that when he awakened he was almost embowered in the evidences of an invisible human sympathy.]

Just there it happened, where you see
That garden seat beneath the tree—
A poor boy from the sultry street,
Crossing the square with weary feet,
Sought the green coolness of the place;
And, leaning back with upturned face,
Forgot his weariness in sleep.
A sight to make a mother weep
Was that young face, so pallid, gaunt,
And hunger-stricken, where early want
And care had laid their blighting touch.
Alas! but one of many such
That lift their silent plea to God!
Unstirred by sound of feet that trod
The shaded paths, the boy's repose
Grew deeper, and when one of those
That passed—a laborer on his way
To meet the burdens of the day—
Paused, glancing at the sharpened lines
Whose mournful, but familiar signs
His heart knew well, the white face lay
Unmoved; the gazer turned away,
Went slowly on with thoughtful tread,
Then, by a sudden impulse led,
Came back to lay his own scant store—
The meal his neighbor needed more—
In the worn, tattered hat that lay
Fallen unheeded by the way.
An instant and the act was done,
And with soft step the man passed on.

Touched by the beauty of the deed,
One who had given it silent heed
Stepped from a house near by and laid
A coin beside this offering made
By poverty to want; and, wrought
Into swift sympathy of thought,
Another and another prest
To add some new gift to the rest,
Then, stealing silently away,
They left the sleeper where he lay.

Slowly, at last, the heavy eyes
Opened upon the strange surprise;
And o'er the boy's face came a look
As if the sudden wonder shook
His Soul—the look of one who gazed
Into love's heavenly face amazed—
And then his full heart broke in tears.
Ah, brother, if the saddening years
Have made you mourn the sins of men,
And you would learn to hope again,
In such sweet moments bend your ear,
And amid life's discord you may hear
The quivering chords of human love
Answer the harmonies above.

JULIA LARNED.

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The City Just Over the Hill.
The Golden Gates Are Left Ajar.
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When the Dear Ones Gather at Home.

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
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
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RE-INCARNATION:

FACT, OR FALLACY?

We will make a few remarks on dispelling illusions and delusions from the minds of Humanity concerning the truth that is demanded of the present Intelligent Age.

J. J. Morse, in a recent lecture, said that the Psychicists have so far made it fairly plain, that Evolution is the Law of Development.

Is it the development of matter, or spirit, the Material Universe, or spirit communion that has made it fairly plain that the spirit world of living Souls is the real, and the Material world is the result?

Which is unfolded—and what produced the unfoldment?

Mr. Morse said that Spiritualism has made it certain that the "dead" live as an organized existence after the Soul quits its mortal tenement.

But in the face of all these sound conclusions, a doctrine is advanced that violates every Law of Life and record of experience.

A reanimated Pythagoreanism, a 19th Century re-hash, and Spiritualists of a sort proclaim that Re-Incarnation is the only true Philosophy of Life.

We will relate some of our experience that we have had with invisible instructors.

In our first investigation of Spiritualism, the medium was a German girl 12 years old, a trance medium that a spirit could fully control—her spirit would leave her body, and sometimes tell us what she saw in the spirit realm that she entered.

On one occasion, as we were sitting with her in day-light, a spirit controlled her and said:—

"We knew you before you were born."

As we knew nothing about Re-Incarnation, we paid no attention to the remark.

At another time, when her brother controlled her, he said:—

"I have seen your spirit form, and it had long hair, darker than it is now."

My hair is gray and short, but it reached the seat of a chair when I was young.

We have not read the works of Allan Kardec, Dr. Anna Blackwell, or Pythagoras, but we know the originator of the grand idea. He said:—

"I know from whence I came, and whither I am going. And:

I am going up where I was before. And: Whither I go ye cannot come.

After he left his organism, he returned to Mary, and said:—

Go and tell my brethren that I ascend to my father and your father.

At one time, as my Niece, who is a medium, and myself were sitting in

the dark, she saw a picture of Jesus pass before her—there was a bright aura surrounding the picture; and a large rock without a cross, with the same light around it.

Some time afterwards, we were again sitting, and she saw three crowns, each lapping a little on the other.

We exclaimed: "What does that mean?"

She said: "It is something about King David."

In a moment it flashed on our mind—"King David, King Solomon, and the King of the Jews."

We waited a few moments, and then asked, mentally, if this was a true definition—"Was Jesus a spirit Re-Incarnated in the son of Joseph and Mary?" And the answer was in the affirmative.

Mr. Morse says: "To many, the Doctrine is conclusive, because fascinating."

We cannot perceive any fascination in returning to this lower Sphere of existence—and it may be Ages before man could progress sufficiently to return.

King David was a man after God's own heart; and the Lord or a voice said: "Build me a house."

We are sure that it was not a material house—but the one not made with hands, eternal in the heavens (character)—but he had so many enemies in his own household that he could not govern, that he failed to build the house.

Then King Solomon was appointed to build one—but the foundation, we understand, has not been discovered.

Isaiah was a Prophet, and a Prophet is a medium between the Spiritual and Material Universe: as the Electric wire is a medium of communication between two Cities.

The spirit that controlled Isaiah was Solomon, and the vision he saw was a symbol of purity; and in that mirror he saw himself, and said:—

"Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts."

"Then flew one of the seraphim unto me, having a live coal in his hand, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar:

"And he laid it upon my mouth, and said, Lo, this hath touched thy lips; and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged."

"Also I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me."

This was the spirit Re-Incarnated in the son of Joseph and Mary.

MRS. MINERVA MERRICK.

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CHRISTIANITY.

A Reverend gentleman said that he had no patience with those people who were trying to disturb the tranquility of the Church by their pessimistic vagaries.

We are as fully disgusted with the popular pretended Christianity of to-day, as he is with the vagaries.

We will give the definition of some of the terms used in the foundation on which they have built their structure.

A Christian is a believer in Christ.

Christ, we learn, was not the person, but the Principles taught by Jesus of Nazareth, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.

We know by our own experience, that he could feel the misery that others suffered—and many others, we presume, feel the same.

Jesus was a teacher introduced from the spirit world—a Re-Incarnation—and he selected twelve men who were mediums, and taught them by precept and example—demonstrating the lessons by his work—showing the Laws and powers that are in existence, and how to utilize them for the benefit of the Human Family.

Christianity is the religion of Christ. Religion is a system of faith and worship.

We cannot perceive these definitions correspond with the lessons that Jesus taught his pupils. He went about doing good, and all his lessons are to be worked out to prove their value.

No other character has so thoroly taught the true Principles by which man should govern himself, as he did, but they all taught the Science of the Soul of man from the same foundation—all looking beyond this veil of flesh.

Martin Luther wrote us a message, saying that the light he was seeking, which caused him to look beyond what he had been taught, floods in upon us to-day.

Jesus taught his disciples to cast out evil spirits (all disease is evil), but it was nothing new, as others did the same thing.

Jesus cast seven devils out of Mary Magdalene, and a legion out of the man who lived in the tombs.

Jesus said to his brethren, I will be with you to the end, and you can do greater works than I have done.

The Christian Sects repudiate all these lessons.

Jesus said: If you love me, keep my commandments—a new commandment I give unto you—"Love one another." If you do not love your brother whom you have seen, how can you love God, whom you have not seen?

Christianity prevails in this Country—and the Country is governed by the various Sects, and they control all Public Offices of trust: as Infidels and Gentiles are seldom allowed in Office on account of their unbelief in the Bible.

The Period has arrived in the progress of Humanity, and refinement of our Planet that has produced a New Era: and this material world of Souls stands before the Bar of Justice, Love, and Mercy, and are being weighed in the balance; and the same finger that wrote on the wall at Belshazzar's feast, is writing similar messages on slates and on the minds of men, to-day.

MINERVA MERRICK.

INSANITY.

We are so impressed with the heart-rending sufferings of insane people, that we will appeal to Spiritualistic contributors to Journals, to agitate the subject, and work for the friends and loved ones with a will.

The intelligence is received that 1500 patients are confined in one Asylum; and that 500 of them are paupers, and are confined in an upper story with sky-light windows, and are obliged to sleep on the floor. Some of them are idiotic, and others violent.

The Insane Asylums are full to overflowing.

There are many grand Churches in every City, but not one Asylum where our friends and neighbors can be treated with kindness and tender care, but they must be sent to a State Lunatic Asylum, or Alms-house.

Every City in the Union should have an Asylum, and a corps of suitable Healers, such as Jesus sent out as lambs among wolves: and in a few generations there would be no need of Asylums.

Mrs. Minerva Merrick.

DIAMOND DUST

From "A Fountain of Light."

Give of what thou hast to him that asketh.

Whosoever giveth a loving word hath placed a gem in life's crown—hath planted a seed in fertile soil.

It is not the value of the gift that gives the most pleasure—it is the spirit with which it is given.

Words are abundant—use gentle words—they cost naught.

Loving words are as golden sheaves of grain; but noble deeds are as the grain threshed and fanned.

If to our words, we do not add noble deeds, it is as tho' we left the garnered sheaves to the inclemency of the weather.

Lives of humility, and of the patient performance of daily duties—altho' obscurity envelops them, are grand pictures in the Drama from which, by careful study, we may read volumes.

It is not the position you occupy that makes you great, but it is the faithful performance of the humblest duty.

Grandeur and sublimity of Soul is experienced when we forget self, and extend the hand of sympathy to others.

We learn by experience lessons of Wisdom, of Patience, of Hope, and of Truth: also lessons of sorrow and grief—but they all make up Life.

Let us not forget our blessings and mercies, as we remember our misfortunes.

Live with the idea in view, that thou art laying the foundation of an everlasting life, if the foundation be not firm, a building cannot stand.

It is better to weave a golden web in life, by renewed efforts when we have failed, than to tangle the threads and complain that we have no compensation for our labors.

For The Watchman.

MAGGIE VERNON.

The kitchen floor was covered
With lumps of pure-white sand,
And pretty Maggie Vernon stood
With scrub-broom in her hand,
And for a moment stood & mused,
Ere she dipped it in the water,
And thought if she had only been
Some wealthy Noble's daughter.

No more I'd have to wash and scrub
To earn my daily bread—
A drunkard's daughter poor and low,
From whom all hope has fled.
And she harks to strains of music
From a mansion o'er the way,
Where she knows that sweet contentment
Reigns thro'out the live-long day.

A footstep near; a shadow falls
Across that kitchen floor,
And the youth of yonder mansion,
Greets Maggie at the door.
Oh, pretty Maggie Vernon
With hazel eyes cast down
Upon her bare brown ankles
And old and tattered gown.

Was there ever fairer picture
Painted by an Artist's hand,
Than the shy sweet blushing maiden
Standing there upon the sand?
Graceful, pure, by Nature gifted,
Ornaments so rich and rare;
And the youth that lov'd the maiden
Knew her good as she was fair.

"Little Maggie," said the comar,
And his voice was low and clear,
"There's a pretty brown-haired maiden
That to me is very dear:
And her life is sad and lonely,
Many burdens does she bear;
And I've come to ask, dear Maggie,
All these burdens for to share."

'Tis not wealth, or rank, or station
That makes the noblest blood:
But Wisdom crowned by virtue,
And hearts that're pure and good.

And so she promised there to wed
The noblest of that land,
Standing barefoot on the sanded floor
With scrub-broom in her hand.
And she's living in that mansion
That to her was fairy land;
And her floors have bright rich carpets,
And are never scrubbed with sand.

MRS. W. S. MOORE.
Stony Fork, Pa.

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.

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\$1.00 pays for The Watchman for 1 year.

Written for The Watchman.

GONE HOME.

HARDWICK, VT., June 2, 1887.

The sad news was received this Morning that JOHN H. SHEDD, recently of this place, had hung himself.

He had always lived in Hardwick until last Fall, when he sold his farm, and went with his wife to Calais to live with his daughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Mahlon Hathaway.

He had always been a trustworthy and respected Citizen, ever foremost in all works of Reform.

The poor seldom left his door empty handed.

The only cause that can be assigned for the act, is, that he had buried many loved ones; and his only remaining child, Mrs. Hathaway, being in a critical condition, having what the Doctors term a "Cancer," and as he feared the result, the thought so worked upon his mind as to cause temporary insanity.

His age was 72 years and 9 months.

Dearest Uncle, you have left us
Here on earth to mourn for thee,
But this blest assurance cheers us,
You are now from sorrow free.

Hard the burden here you carried,
As one by one your loved ones left,
Since your circle first was broken
You've not known a moment's rest.

And when it seemed that another
Soon would leave this world of strife,
You thought you couldn't live & bear it,
So in that moment took your life.

We grieve to think that you should do it
Yet for one moment do not blame—
We know that many another mortal,
With love like yours, would do the same.

We know that in bright heaven
With the loved ones gone before,
With outstretched arms you'll greet us
When we shall reach that shore.

So we'll try to crush our sorrow
And keep back the burning tears,
For we have this thought to cheer us,
That in a few short months or years

We again will be united—
An unbroken family band,
Where no farewell word is spoken
In that happy spirit land.

SARAH SHEDD NOYES.

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