

THE WATCHMAN



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Nothing But Leaves.

Nothing but leaves,
My spirit grieves
O'er a wasted life;
Nothing but leaves,
The garnered sheaves
I've gathered from the strife.
The Churches' Creeds,
The Churches' deeds,
Are nothing but leaves;
They taught me wrong,
So all my song
Is nothing but leaves.

The uplifted rod
Of an angry God,
The terror of my youth;
The burning hell
Where I must dwell,
I know is all untruth.

Their devil, too,
With all his crew
Banished from my mind;
I am at rest,
I feel I'm blest,
At peace with all Mankind.

Their Savior, Jesus,
Cannot please us;
We'll save ourselves;
We need no God
With uplifted rod,
We need no burning hells.

For spirit friends
Now o'er me bends
And dry my tears;
My waning life,
Without the strife,
Will pass without the fears.

With joy I greet
The pattering feet
Of angels near;
My listening ears,
My joyful tears
Will bring them here.

I feel their touch,
I know so much
Of all they say;
That joy is mine
At day's decline
And morning gray.

I live in light,
'Tis morning bright,
'Tis glorious day;
For spirits cheer,
A life 'twas drear

When dogmas held their sway.

J. W. DENNIS.

Buffalo, N. Y.

Written for The Watchman.

Heaven—A Spirit Message.

Heaven is not a place, but a condition. 'Tis a condition where the Soul is lifted up from the depths of dark despair, up, up to the pinnacled heights of glory; where the roseate hues surround us; and where we live, and breathe, and have our being in the sweet, tender tones wafted to us from love-tuned voices; where we dwell amid the odors drifted to us from flowers blooming in the gardens of the Soul's best and truest affections; where we revel with our loved ones in the life eternal.

I am a spirit, and dwell in spirit life. Yet even here we drop, at times, from our high estate, from the zenith point of hope, to the nadir of despair, where the remembrance and the sight of our misdeeds make even spirit life a veritable hell.

Yet, who of us can ever dwell in our heaven, without being lifted up and beyond this sorrow, until the very hills of Paradise are glowing and glittering with the glory of this our heaven:

My Soul expands, and my heart beats with quicker, newer vigor as I mount, day by day, higher and higher up the Ladder of Progression, step by step I go up—new heavens open up before me, and brighter and brighter are the visions of glory that my Soul views in the beyond of Summer-land.

I strive to go up, and I am rewarded by taking a step higher.

Oh! that I had striven in earth life to lift myself and others up, as I do here, then I could have taken these upward steps long, long ago.

Do I go alone in this upward road?

No; beside me and around me are friends of my youth, and near me is the guardian angel of my living Soul.

Joy is mine in this Progression. I hope yet to reach the Infinite—yet I ask:—

Can man's Soul reach that state of perfection that befits the Gods—who knows?

The glory of brighter Spheres beyond entice me on, and good deeds are rewarded by a step higher, a step nearer the celestial joys of the Future.

Do I leave the dear ones behind in this road of advancement?

Not at all: clouds of them dwell with me in this broadway of eternal advancement: myriads drift with me to higher homes: and millions hope for the brighter and more beautiful homes beyond.

Earth life is beautiful to the inhabitants of earth: but, Oh! how beautiful to the spirit is this spirit life! how grand to the Soul, is this home of the Soul!

Amid all this joy, and amid all this glory, we do not forget earth and its toiling millions; for, from our Sphere is wafted hope to the weary of earth, help to the weak, and the best wishes to all Mankind in their struggle for Progression.

But what a wall of Superstition, of ignorance, of bigotry, there is placed between spirit life and the life on earth—making spirit life and earth life so very near, and yet so very far.

But the day is breaking, and man on earth is gradually nearing the spiritual, is gradually reaching out after the beautiful, gradually growing out of the animal, gradually growing nearer the celestial home of the Soul.

J. W. DENNIS. *Amanuensis.*
Buffalo, N. Y.

Pluck and Push.

BY E. M. JONES.

"Keep pushing—'tis wiser than sitting aside,

And dreaming and sighing and waiting the tide;

In life's earnest battle they only prevail—
Daily march onward & never say fail."

—Anonymous.

When Napoleon and his mighty Army halted at the foot of the Alps, engineers were sent forward to inspect the passes, and report whether the host could march across into Italy. When they returned, they said to the Emperor that the dangers were great and the undertaking extremely doubtful.

"Is it possible?" asked Napoleon.

"Well, sir, it is, perhaps, within the limits of possibility."

"Forward, then!" was the imperial command, and the series of murderous victories, and brilliant, strategic maneuvers that followed, History fulfills.

Pluck is a good quality. Grit goes

a great way; but unless heart is put into work, there's no comfort or joy in it. What has to be done, let us take hold of with heartiness.

The young man who puts no heart in his work, is like a monkey that has its paws in a trap. The paws must stick there, they cannot get away; but there's a very uncomfortable monkey at the other end of the arms.

If there was more push in the world, there would be fewer hungry, half-clothed, homeless, suffering children, fewer broken-down, dissipated men and women; less need of almshouses, houses of correction, and homes for the friendless.

Push means a lift for a neighbor in trouble. Push means to lift yourself out of the slough of despondency and shiftlessness, out of trouble, real or fancied. It never hurts any body. The harder the push the better, if given in the right direction. We must always push up-hill—few people need a push down hill. As one writer truly says:—

"Don't be afraid of your muscles and sinews; they were given you to use. Don't be afraid of what your companion may say. Don't be afraid of your Conscience; it will never reproach you for a good deed—but push with all your heart, might, and Soul, whenever you see anything or any body that will be better for a good, long, strong, determined push."

Push, comrades, push. It is just the word for the grand, clear morning of life; it is just the word for strong arms and young hearts; it is just the word for a world that is full of work as this is. Let our hearts respond to this.

*Hearts that are brave and true as steel,
Be resolute! and prove,
That when your shoulder's to the wheel,
There's SOMETHING got to move.*

FORGIVENESS.—The brave only know how to forgive; it is the most refined and generous pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at. Cowards have done good and kind actions—cowards have even fought, nay, sometimes even conquered; but a coward never forgave. It is not his nature; the power of doing it flows only from a strength and greatness of Soul, conscious of its own force and serenity, and above the little temptations of resenting every fruitless attempt to interrupt its happiness.—*Ex.*

THE WATCHMAN.

Written for The Watchman.

Being and Doing. No. 2.

If we would know that which is beyond our experience, we must give credit to the testimony and experience of others, where they do not conflict with the Principles of Reason.

Of course, agreement and reliability of witnesses must be taken into account in establishing evidence.

More than a hundred years ago, Ann Lee, who greatly purified herself in laboring to overcome the innate antagonism of the carnal mind to the divine, spiritual life, said that she saw a thousand in the world of spirits, to every one she saw in the body.

By those best acquainted with her, she was regarded as discreet, of sound mind, and perfectly truthful.

She spoke many things prophetically, which subsequently came to pass, and proved her gift of prediction.

Cases on record prove that she was, at times, able to read things forgotten, but, afterwards, recollected in the most secret life records of those who came to visit her.

She, also, frequently, knew things that were occurring many miles distant.

She was, of course, a discernor of the inward states of the inhabitants of both worlds, and is not known to have been mistaken in her estimates of character.

Soon after her doctrines began to spread in this Country, on a certain time, Ann being in the visions of God, and under strong impressions concerning the wrath of God against sin, she addressed a company of believers, as follows:—

"If you commit sin with beasts, your Souls will be transformed into the shape of beasts in hell.

"I now see some in hell [hades], whose Souls are in the shape of dogs, horses, and swine. They appear in the shape of such beasts as they committed sin with, and this is laid upon them as a punishment of that sin.

"Men and women in this world, can please themselves by gratifying their lusts; and if they do not overcome their passions, they carry them into the world of spirits with them.

"Death does not destroy their passions, nor make them less powerful.

"Souls in hell [hades] feel their lustful passions rise a thousand-fold stronger than in this world; and yet they can find no way to gratify them.

"Therefore, their lust is their torment, and it torments them in proportion to its rage.

"The more people give way to the gratification of their lusts in this world, the stronger their passions will grow, and the more their lusts will rise in hell, and their torments and plagues will rise in proportion.

"I now see in open vision, Souls bound in the prisons of hell, under torment for sins committed thro' lust, and their torment appears like melted lead poured thro' them in the parts where they have taken their carnal pleasure."

Ann also said of a certain person who had recently died:—

"I saw him in the same hell with murderers, as hot as a glowing oven, for defiling his own body and going to dumb beasts."

If these things are so, is it not time that they were proclaimed to the people, that all who will harken may be

warned in time?

But now that the time has come for the individualization, emancipation, and complete redemption of Woman, thro' her own impressible desires and efforts for purer and freer conditions, and for the reign of the heavens to be established on earth, on the basis of perfect righteousness, justice, and equality of the sexes, the warning is renewed thro' the avenues of communication again opened between the two worlds.

As for hell, Gen. Sherman says that war is hell—and does he not know? Who can dispute it?

A soldier who was in the battle of Shiloh, wrote that "it was perfect hell."

Tho' I have not been what people call a bad character, I have suffered enough to know that there is a state rightly called hell.

The envious person, when he sees his hated rival crowned with honors and success: the miser, when he has to part with his hoard: the inebriate, after he has had the delirium, and made a determined push for freedom, and again surrendered to his ruthless foe: also, the slaves of anger, revenge, or jealousy have each a little hell within; and when a number of such characters are drawn together by parallel attractions, they form a larger hell.

The hypocrite who teaches lies for hire; and all of those who sow ruin and death by pandering to lust, and trafficking in vice, are digging a deeper fiercer hell for themselves than are their victims, unless the just Law of Compensation which runs thro' all things to preserve equilibrium can be cheated of its due by the enormity of the crime.

The prison of a Soul, is a state of slavery to any hurtful desire, in which they are bound by sympathetic Magnetism of their psychic bodies, and by association and habit.

Simon De Main, in a trance lecture, said:—

"The undeveloped being is shut up in his own emanations; they assume horrid shapes, and continually inspire him with fear. Those groveling in the lower Spheres, cannot unfold beauty which is foreign to their spiritual condition."

This is evident in this life, in those who have surrendered all self-control to the lusts for tobacco, opium, liquor, or amateness.

What can they realize of the sublimity of the heavens, or the beauty of a landscape, the cheerfulness of sunshine, or laughing of the waters?

What know they of pleasure in relieving distress, or of happiness in a justified Conscience, and in the mutual reciprocation with their fellows, of loving thoughts and deeds?

These sources of enjoyment are cut off by gnawing cravings, or drowned in animal sensations.

Tho' they range thro' the whole world, without their favorite stultifying indulgence, they are lost and in torment; and with it, they are still chained to a rut.

A. J. Davis, in *Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse*, says:—

"When the human Soul passes from earth into the second Sphere, it is inclined, at first, to indulge in the gratification of its strongest love, or impulse. But unless it be a pure love, a good impulse, the means of its grat-

ification, I rejoice to say, are not to be found within the territories of the spirit land."

This agrees with Ann's testimony in three points: VIZ.:—

First—Their strongest love survives dissolution.

Second—They wish to gratify it.

Third—They have no means in that place to do so.

As to the effect of life here, upon the psychic body, W. J. Colville's guides say:—

"The spiritual body in its most perfect state, is a complete representation of the growth of the spirit [creature]."

"In its imperfect state, it represents the deformity, or deficiency of the spirit [entity or creature]."

"Consequently, if a person has devoted the whole of earthly life to other than spiritual pursuits, aiming at self-aggrandizement, or wealth, or indolent ease, or pleasure, by following the appetites and passions, the spiritual body is not unfolded, but to the eye of the advanced spirit, would appear as a dwarf, a child, a pigmy in spirit life."

Again, in the *Banner of Light* of Feb. 26, 1881, the same authority says:—

"As death does not develop the spirit body, but only releases it, if this inner [psychic] body be not previously developed, it is utterly incapable of affording the indwelling spirit an opportunity to take cognizance of the spirit world proper.

"And as every spirit without exception, gravitates at the moment of death, to the abode of its most esteemed treasures.

"We need not any of us be surprised, nor assume an attitude of incredulity when we are assured by countless spirits, the authority of whose testimony consists in its universality, that there is a vast host of disembodied men and women yet upon the earth, who are dependent upon you for their means of progression.

"In the spirit world they are not at home, and are ill at ease; they are blind and deaf, isolated and sensationless, even tho' they may be in a crowd, and surrounded by forms of enchanting loveliness."

This accords with Emerson's sentiment:—

"Only so much of beauty can we see without us, as we carry within us."

The psychic body is adapted to express and to feel, only those loves, elements, and habits of life, we have fostered within us.

Hence, if these are corrupt, if the loves are directed to unworthy ends, the body is deformed in the sight of advanced spirit intelligences.

If the motives are pure, and the desires center in benevolence, equity, and the righteousness of well-doing, the spirit body molded by such Principles will be correspondingly beautiful, symmetric, and complete.

As the internal structure of a building can be much easier changed while it is being put together, than after it is completed and all accessories removed:

So we believe that the psychic body can be much easier formed aright in the first place, under truthful guidance, than it can be re-formed or reconstructed after it has been turned out of the factory, i. e., the physical

body.

Hence, Spiritualists, of all people on the Planet, have the strongest possible motives presented to them, to seek first, knowledge of the right way to live to secure the best results hereafter, and then to relentlessly sacrifice all interests and desires which conflict with that knowledge, because their fruit is evil.

Consider the following advice of spirits thro' J. C. Morrison, VIA. Australia:—

"As a rule, we are happy, but the Spheres above us are as a sealed book.

It is only the grand self-immolation of the few in the birth Sphere, that enables them to rise at once to the glories of the higher circles.

"Keep yourselves as immaculate as you can. The greater your preparation here, the more rapid will your progress be hereafter."

"I know many here who have quitted the earth [body] long since, but content to pursue the pleasures of the first Sphere, are no nearer God [or perfectibility] than when they quitted earth.

"Not that there is no help for them, but the steps necessary to insure progress, appear too difficult to them.

"Our present Sphere is much like earth, but less material. There are not the facilities for committing crime, only so far as we can be our own enemies.

"Keep yourselves from all sin in the material life, because one improvement that is within your reach, one fault that could be rectified, one bad habit that could be conquered in a few days there, takes Centuries here to overcome. Because we cannot redeem the Past, while you, earth-dwellers, to some extent, can, or, at least, modify the effects of wrong actions—repaying undeserved censure with kindness, doing good for harm previously done, and making reparation."

The foregoing advice is summed up in the following:—

"Settle with thine adversary quickly while thou art in the way with him. Lest he haul thee to the Judge, and the Judge deliver thee to prison; and truly thou shalt not come out from thence, until thou hast paid the utmost farthing."

No prison more securely barred, than those we make for ourselves.

A. G. HOLLISTER.

Mount Lebanon, Col. Co., N. Y.

Selected.

SPEAK NO ILL.

Nay, speak no ill; a kindly word
Can leave no sting behind;
And Oh! to breathe each tale we've
heard,

Is 'neath a noble mind.
Full oft a better seed is sown,
By choosing kinder plan;
For if but little good be known,
Still speak the best we can.

Give me the heart that fain would
hide,

And others' faults efface;
How can it pleasure human pride,
To prove us all so base?
No; let us reach a higher mood
In estimate of man;
Be earnest in the search for good,
And speak the best we can.

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Written for The Watchman.

Gods.

Christians and Spiritualists, is there a Christians' Bible God; or, an Infinite God?

Let us all reason together, to edify each other—as by the interchange of thought, we may learn much from each other.

He who will not reason, is a bigot; he who cannot reason, is a fool; he who dare not reason, is a slave—talk who will.

Christians and Spiritualists, I think I see Intelligence in the order, forms, and uses in Nature.

I see no evidence of a *First Cause*, even if a *First Cause* is possible.

Mind and Matter, with their Laws, actions, or motion, may have been eternal.

If either had a beginning, must it not, also, have an end?

Mind, or Matter that can be created, can, likewise, be annihilated—why not?

Cause may have been eternally succeeding *Cause*. If so, then there could not have been a *First Cause*.

The Universe, (by which I mean all Mind and all Matter—all that exists), may, or may not be Infinite.

Infinite covers all *Causes* and all *Effects*—all Mind and all Matter.

Readers, take note, that all believers in a Personal God, add the finite to the Infinite: and if urged to name the Infinite, they simply call it a Being of goodness and Intelligence, with Omnipotent power.

Why should I add "good," and not add "evil"?

Why call this Intelligence, God or good?

Moral and physical evil are as real and as absolute as good.

Pain and misery are as real as pleasure and happiness.

Hatred or repulsion is as real and as positive as love or attraction.

Evil is an entity in the same sense that good is.

Prove to me that good is a Principle, and I will give you like and as good proof that what men and women call evil, is a Principle.

Then, why call the *Cause* of all this, good and evil exclusively?

If there be two *Causes*, we might call one good, and the other, evil; or if we must personify, say God and Devil: and, as many of our brothers and sisters have said, we must write both "eternal"—neither could be Infinite.

But, if there be one free, intelligent, and responsible *Cause*, why not name him, her, or it, "Good-and-evil-intelligence"?

There are millions of things which may (and it would seem, must) have been designed for man's comfort and happiness.

But, if so, there are millions of things which were as truly designed for his discomfort and misery.

If the provision made to satisfy the hunger of the cat and the spider, which gives undoubted pleasure to each one, is, in fact, evidence of benevolence in the *Cause*:

Is not the creation of the cat to torment and live on mice; and of the spider to wisely and cunningly entrap and live on flies, as good evidence of malevolence in the *Cause*?

Intelligence, Order, and Design are not less conspicuous in the *Last*

Cause, than in the *First*.

There is no clearer evidence of Design, than in the adaptation and use of the sexes.

To the mother, children are as naturally born in pain, as they are conceived in pleasure.

Here, pleasure ultimates in pain.

If the desire or pleasure was not designed as a bait to secure that which results in pain, all our ideas of Design fall to the ground, like the apple, and the pure Atheists have it, *i. e.*, creation thro' coincidence.

Children were designed to cut their teeth in pain: yet, pain does not seem to be a necessity to good teeth.

This suffering does not come from our violation of Nature's Laws, but in strict obedience to them.

Very many sufferings come from no fault of the being who suffers.

The eminent Wm. Denton truly says, that everywhere life has been brought into existence that other life may devour it.

And it is even true of man after 125,000,000 years of supposed progress, as P. B. Randolph has recorded.

And as Sir. Roderick Murchison, and Prof. MacRae have left on the records in the Royal Institute in London, as to the world's progress in 251,000,000 years, up to 1868, is not an exception to this statement, that man is more selfish than benevolent, and that, naturally, he fights daily and nightly to overcome his companions—and virtually devours the weaker of his own species.

If I ought to thank God and spirits for all the sweet melody I enjoy in the warbling notes of the bird: whom shall I censure for the pain I endure from the boring of a mosquito at my nose?

Nature's Laws are antagonistic to the theory of a supreme God or Ruler. Could we deem it possible that a good being, a God must create evil as necessary to good, that the good might be more than the evil; and, then, to voluntarily create both good and evil: we the same as claim that his power is limited, and that he is subject to the power and necessity of evil.

No benevolent mind can be entirely happy, with a knowledge of any suffering: and to such a being, the existence of pain, if a necessity, must, indeed, be painful.

Sympathy is suffering, per se. If he whom we are taught to call our heavenly Father, is devoid of sympathy, wherein does he differ from, or is he better than a fiend?

If the Intelligence we think we see in the order and conditions of Nature, is conscious and is good, to that Intelligence, suffering is a painful necessity.

If God is an Infinite Being, and we are a part of him, he, certainly, must feel what we feel—our pains and our pleasures are a part of him—talk who will. And if he is Infinitely good and Infinitely sympathetic, he suffers and enjoys all we suffer and enjoy.

Logic, is logic. Let all who cling to the old fiendish God idea, think to reason in consistency with Nature.

The Universe does not give evidence of Infinite Power joined to Infinite Goodness and Infinite Intelligence.

If we say that the Intelligence we see in Nature is good, and was before

evil was; then we the same as say that evil is not necessary to good, but resulted from it; and the Universe is in retrogression—is or has been growing worse; and that evil is the fruit of, and has gained upon good.

And if we personify the good in this Intelligence, and call it God; why not personify the evil, and call it the Devil?

Then and there, God would be the Devil's father.

But if we say that evil is necessary to good, we then make the Devil older than, and the father of God.

We herein ask our Christian brethren how this can be harmonized with their creeds and beliefs.

I think it is left for Spiritualists and mediums to inform them.

But I am asked to see the benevolence of God in making suffering an educator.

A child is left alone for a few moments, and makes its first effort to climb to its feet by placing its hands on the nearest object, perhaps, a hot stove.

If fire and human flesh must exist in such close proximity, I do see the value, the necessity of the education.

But it is not easy to conceive of a more cruel mode of instruction—yet it is not an unfair illustration.

Infinite good or an Infinite God is, certainly, an impossibility.

Why, if God had the Power, the Benevolence, the Intelligence, and the Will to prevent suffering, he would have done it.

But, as he did not do it, it is certain that he is wanting in Power, in Will, or in Wisdom, either of which makes him finite, and no God at all.

Logic is logic.

Wherein is the Christian's God better than the Eternal Law and Order of the Spiritualists—Spirit God.

If all the misery in the Universe has resulted from the voluntary action of Infinite good in harmony with Infinite Wisdom and Infinite Power, who can tell how large an amount of misery may yet come from the same source!

On such premises, we have no security against the Orthodox Hell.

If God (good) was *First*, as Christians believe and tell us, then our case is utterly without hope, as the Universe is in retrogression.

If a necessity urged God on to the production of so much misery, the necessity must have been in or out of himself. Either would make him deficient, and make him finite.

Who can set bounds to this very necessity, any better with such a God than without him?

I assert that the necessity could not have been in us when we were not.

If God's glory required all this misery "to make his greatness shine"—the thought is infamous; and yet, the good Christian will swallow it all.

I cannot see that the Bible God idea gives relief as to the misery of evil.

Even if there be a God, it must be less wrong to doubt his existence, than to profess a belief in him, calling him good, and, at the same time, give him the character of a fiend.

The latter, Christians and Deists must do, or give up the idea of his Infinity, according to the teachings of the Bible.

We can only know or judge of Gods as we do of men and women—

by their works.

Man, as he is, neither gives evidence of an infinitely exalted and perfect parentage, nor does honor to so great a Being. And, in truth, such a mass of imperfection could never result from Infinite perfection—talk who may.

The Christians assume to teach of the Infinity of God. From this Infinity, they argue the necessary imperfection and finiteness of all things else.

We can no more add finite to Infinite, than we can have two or more Infinities.

It is not in the order of things that an Infinite Being could create finites or something less in value and unlike himself.

If Gods propagate, why should they not beget Gods?

Christians, please inform the Spiritualists.

A perfect and healthy system can have no imperfect and unhealthy parts.

Infinite goodness could leave no room for an opposite or finite.

According to my understanding, imperfection exists—Infinite perfection does not exist.

Infinite pleasure leaves no room for pain: so, no room for the Christian's God—no room for Infinite goodness.

Christians, in their arguments, generally make finite beings the very *cause* of all evil.

Then, finite beings, men and women, may have been the *cause* of all good.

On their premises, they have no need of an Infinite Being to account for good and evil.

If evil is finite, or even transient, good may be, also.

My present conclusions and belief are as follows:—

1. *Everything is Self-existent and Eternal.*

2. *I recognize this in the conditions of what we call Mind and Matter.*

3. *Mind and Matter, with their Life, Attributes, Laws, and Motions, are Eternal, moving ever onward.*

4. *The proportions of Mind and Matter can never be essentially changed.*

5. *Conditions are eternally changing, yet Nature can never repeat itself, nor produce two or more objects, things, or persons EXACTLY alike.*

6. *In the Universe, as a whole, Improvement and Deterioration, Progression and Retrogression, Life and Death, Formation and Dissolution, Growth and Decay, are Equal.*

7. *What we call Good and Evil are alike necessary, and are, and were Eternal.*

8. *In whatever sense any person or thing had a Beginning, he or she, or it must have an End.*

9. *I believe all individual persons and things had a Beginning—not from metaphysical reasonings, but from positive and personal evidence—and, hence, must have an End.*

10. *I am sure this Life is not the End of Human Individuality, but that a Future Life is before ALL Men and Women.*

I may continue to use the word "God," meaning the highest and best combined Wisdom, Goodness, and Power in the Universe.

DR. NORMAN MAC LEOD.

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359 West Madison Street.

To Be Continued.

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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.

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

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

Diagram showing the Location of "The Watchman" Office.



Trains for Millard Ave.

Leave Union Depot at 7.30 : 10.50 a. m.
1.30 : 3.20 : 4.30 : 5.15 : 5.45 : 6.20 : 7.30.
10.00, and 11.30 p. m. Sunday at 8.30 a. m., 12.50 : 6.20, and 9.45 p. m.

Leave Millard Ave. at 6.23 : 7.18 : 7.51
8.19 : 9.23 and 10.10 a. m. 1.20 : 2.20 :
4.24 : 7.08, and 10.20 p. m. Sunday at
9.35 a. m. 2.05, and 6.15 p. m.

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

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

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

Editorial.

With this Issue of THE WATCHMAN, we will extend to our many friends and readers, our joyful CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR'S Greeting. For the Festal Days of the Season will be upon us before we shall again have our social Editorial "Chit-chat."

There are so many things to think of, so many duties to perform, and so much that we would like to talk about, that we feel driven for time whenever we sit for our "chit-chat" with our dear readers.

But, to-day, we will throw dull care away, and will talk on the beauties of life, and of the many things that we, as mortal Beings, have to be thankful for.

Let us recognize that we have the beauties of Nature and Nature's handiwork, and that therein we may see and trace the workings of a Divine Soul-Principle, as its potency operates upon and thro' all finite Matter.

Let us search for the unfolding of beauty and perfection in every blade of grass, in every weed and plant, as well as in the most delicate flower of the loveliest hue.

Let us trace the perfection of one Species of Being, beyond the next lower grade of Being, and recognize that Evolution unfolds and perfects: and that Evolution of Spirit and Matter gives to us, as living, intelligent Beings, many joys and untold blessings.

Let us remember that much that is painful and hurtful in life, is due to our violation of Nature's Laws, either thro' our lack of knowledge, and our inexperience as to the workings of Nature's Laws, or, else, thro' our carelessness, or, from circumstances forced upon us.

But, upon the unfortunate issues of life, we are not to dwell, to-day, but we are to trace out the beauties and find all the blessings we can. We are to turn the mind away from pain and sorrow, and try to realize that for every sorrow, we each may find a compensating joy and blessing.

If any of us, dear readers, have more blessings, more joys and pleasures, than we have of sorrows, cares, and misfortunes, then, let us seek to find, among our acquaintances, if any there be, who have a greater number of sorrows than of pleasures. And let us find whomsoever there be who need our work of love and strength, our gifts of sympathy and usefulness.

Let us forget, and teach others, also, to forget care and sorrow, by supplementing it with courage, hope, love, sympathy and charity, to the best of our ability. And let our charity be of that nature, that its recipients will, indeed, feel blest.

And while we are enjoying the coming Festal Holidays, let us not forget those of our acquaintance who are less joyous than ourselves. Let us remember them by some token appropriate to the Season's Festivities. If we can afford but a trifle to each, let us not neglect to give that trifle.

Perhaps there is a widow and her children—your near neighbor—then, remember her by some kindly token, or the little boy or girl of such a family, see to it that he or she receives some token of cheer from your hand. And to the needy send what you can afford. And thus remember to spread the CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR'S Cheer.

We often wonder if there are many who half appreciate these Holiday Seasons. We wonder, too, if there are many who realize the vast amount of good that is done during these Festal Days of CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR, when friends join friend in social and happy company; when each one makes an effort to present each other with some token of their love and esteem; when

Religious and Charitable Societies strive to add pleasure and profit to its members—all of which serves to bind the ties of friendship closer and closer.

We think that we need more National Holidays, more Festal Seasons, more Public Demonstrations of Unity and At-one-ment among the People; more Family Gatherings, where friends join friends, and where new friendships may be formed: where the heart may be gladdened by the exchange of love-tokens, and the pledging of friendships anew.

As social Beings, we need these Festal Seasons.

Then, too, our Spirit Friends are made happy at sight of our earthly joy and pleasure—not sensual, passionate pleasure, but such pleasure as gladdens the Soul and inspires one's faith in the Goodness of Human Love and Virtue.

And that is what these Festal Days are intended for.

To renew one's faith in Human Love and Friendship, and to gladden the hearts of each other.

We cannot expect that every one will be thro'ly happy at such times—for to many, sad memories are revived at the approach of these Festal Gayeties.

Yet, when we remember how many there are who are rendered more happy at such times, than they otherwise would be, we are encouraged in the belief that we, as a People, need more such Jovial Times.

Then let us be merry and gay,

With our friends be happy and glad;

Let us hail every new Festal Day,

And seldom be gloomy or sad.

There are blessings enough for us all,

Then be generous and give to the poor;

Don't wait 'til for help they may call,

But find them—perhaps they're next door!

Take "FAITH" by the hand, and say:

"Abide with me, I need your power,

Call upon me every day,

For by your strength, my own you endower."

Bright "HOPE," the Soul's new Star,

Keep her near you, she is ever your friend;

She will help you to look afar,

Thro' life she will strength to you lend.

Invite sweet "CHARITY" in

Let her dwell in your heart awhile;

She will drive away misery and sin,

She will make you humble as a child.

Each of these we need as our friend,

And each will a friend prove to be;

For each to the other will lend

Unto all, sweet FAITH, HOPE, and CHARITY.

There are others we need in our homes,

In our hearts, in our lives every day;

There are those that are noble and grand,

That will guide us straight on in our way.

There are those that are old as all Time—

Are a safe-guard to the aged and youth;

Tho' they often have been belied,

Yet they are trusty, for they are HONOR and TRUTH.

From THESE TWO we never should part,

But ever keep them our honored guest;

For thro' life whatever betides,

They will serve us the wisest, the best.

There are others I love and invite,

That I work with and strive to maintain;

That the ignorant have often scoffed,

Yet EACH holds a HIGH, HONORED name.

THE WATCHMAN.

These friends that I have here traced,
Are living Thoughts and noble Deeds;
They are to me of value great,
Because they answer to my needs.

Because they show me thro' life's way,
The truer life, the better part;
Because they guide me when alone,
And form the Soul's true guiding chart.

With Creeds and Superstitions drear,
I need no part, and take no side;
Because my spiritual, inner sight,
Reveals to me my spirit's guide.

With friends whom others say are dead,
I daily live and talk and see;
With Wisdom, Love, and Power of Soul,
They hourly teach and comfort me.

I need no Scripture Creed nor Sect,
To show me where kind duty leads;
I need no Church nor vestment grand,
To govern in my life of deeds.

I try to live and act each day,
The best that I know how;
For well my Guides in spirit life,
With strength and power do me endow.

Dear readers, may you happy be,
Thro'out this coming year;
May Health, Prosperity, and Love,
Your life most gladly cheer.

H. A. BERRY, *Editress.*

Transmission of Disease.

A singular instance of the contagiousness of Consumption is related by a French Medical Journal.

A young man who had contracted Bronchitis, married a healthy woman. Within a year he died of Consumption; not long afterwards his widow's lungs were found to be fatally diseased; and their child speedily followed them.

One of their neighbors, a robust young woman, was suddenly attacked with the same disease.

While she had called repeatedly at the house of the Consumptive family, she had never remained in the sick room over night, but had eaten chickens which had been killed on their farm.

As it was reported that several of these fowls had died prematurely, the Medical Authorities decided to have other chickens killed and examined.

It was then discovered that the fowls had contracted Consumption, their livers containing the bacilli now recognized as characteristic of the disease.

These fowls had swallowed the sputa of the infected family and contracted the disease; and the unlucky neighbor's daughter who had eaten one of the fowl's livers, became a victim in her turn.

This is one of the most remarkable stories ever vouched for by a Medical Journal.—*New England Budget.*

We have good reason for believing in the truth of the above singular report, because our former years of experience and investigation, have led us to place considerable thought and investigation upon the transmission of disease from one person unto another, even tho' these persons be but temporarily in the presence of each other.

We know by experience, that disease may be transmitted thro' the kneading and making of bread: and by the washing and ironing of clothing: and also by the making of wearing apparel.

A person who is seriously diseased by Canker, or Scrofula, by Consumption, or Cancerous, and kindred diseases, will poison everything they breathe upon, or manipulate with their hands.

If such persons are in the habit of sleeping in the same bed, or room with another, and that other be a

sensitive or negative person, then that person will become likewise diseased.

Because the diseased person, during sleep, will throw off sufficient effluvia from the body to thoro'ly charge the atmosphere of the room; and whoever inhales that atmosphere, will take on blood poisoning.

In this wise, a person who was previously sound and healthy in every respect, will, in course of time, become enfeebled and diseased.

These facts should be studied into by married people; and, likewise, by those who are contemplating marriage—in fact, it vitally concerns each one to try and learn the best and most healthful method of living, whether sleeping or waking.

In reference to the possibility of the disease, (as in the above account), being transmitted by way of the fowls that ate the sputa of the diseased persons, we will also say that we think it more than probable, for various reasons:—

First, we know that the sputa of a person must contain more or less of the disease of the person.

And as the Bacilli of the disease are living germs, and have a powerful tenacity of life, they will live even after they have been discharged from the vital organs of the person.

Consequently, when those Bacilli are again taken into a living or vitalized body, be it that of a chicken, a cat, dog, or human Being, then those Bacilli or germs of disease will become invigorated, and will increase in power and multiply their kind—thus diseasing the entire body of the victim.

Now, as the liver and kidneys of the body, (whether animal or human), are the reservoirs of the body, thro' which all impurities of the body must pass—hence, we can readily see how that the germs of the disease might be detected in the liver of the fowl that swallowed the sputa of the sick persons.

All these things but show us that we cannot be too careful of what we eat, and how we live.

As a Sanitary precaution, we believe that all sputa from Consumptive persons should be consumed by fire.

That, also, in all cases of Contagious Diseases, the pieces of linen used for Sanitary purposes, should never be washed, but should be burnt up. Pieces of cheap cloth should be used in place of towels and handkerchiefs, while the larger pieces, such as bedding and wearing apparel, should be soaked in a powerful alternative, before they leave the sick room, or are sent to the wash.

We believe, that with this care, the spread of all malignant diseases would be greatly arrested.

There are many thoughts on the methods of caring for the sick, that are suggested to our mind while we write upon this subject, and if our readers will ask us questions on any one or more branches of treatment of the sick, that they would like answered, if they will send their questions to us, we will publish a reply thereto, in the Columns of THE WATCHMAN.

We may, in this way, do a vast amount of good.

H. A. BERRY, *Editress.*

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Just before going to press, we received from the Publishers, H. N. Fowler & Co., 1123 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., a Novel, entitled:—

IRENE; OR THE ROAD TO FREEDOM.

By Sada Bailey Fowler. Price \$1.00

It is a Book of 608 pages, neatly printed in clear, Roman type, and is handsomely bound in cloth.

A more extended Review and Criticism, will be given at an early date.—EDITRESS.

THE WATCHMAN for 1887, will be a useful Christmas gift to a friend. Price \$1.00.

The Water Lily.

[The following beautiful lines were selected and sent to us by a friend who recognized them as being appropriate to our Spirit Guide, PEACE BIRD, whose favorite Symbol-flower is the LOTUS or WATER LILY.

And the answer in the Poem, is quite characteristic of PEACE BIRD, in her manner of reply.—EDITRESS].

"O Star on the breast of the River!
O marvel of bloom and grace!
Did you fall right down from heaven,
Out of the sweetest place?
You are white as the thoughts of an angel,
Your heart is steeped in the Sun:
Did you grow in the Golden City,
My pure and radiant one?"

"Nay, nay, I fell not out of heaven;
None gave me my saintly white:
It slowly grew from the darkness,
Down in the dreary night.
From the ooze of the silent River
I won my glory and grace.
White Souls fall not, O my Poet,
They rise—to the sweetest place."

Selected by the Editress.

Small Beginnings.

A traveler thro' a dusty road
Strewed acorns on the lea;
And one took root and spouted up
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe his early vows;
And age was pleased, in heats of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs;
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern,
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well,
By Summers never dried,
Had cooled 10,000 parched tongues,
And saved a life besides.

A dreamer dropped a random thought;
'Twas old, and yet 'twas new;
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true.
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame;
The thought was small; its issue great,
A watch-fire on the hill;
It sheds its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied, from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown—
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a Soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

—CHARLES MACKAY.

THE WATCHMAN.

CORRESPONDENCE TO THE WATCHMAN.

By Mrs. MINERVA MERRICK, Quincy, Ill.

Formerly Publisher of

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

The publication of "A Fountain of Light," as a Periodical, is discontinued. Bound copies of Vol. 1, containing 832 pages, can be obtained of Mrs. Minerva Merrick, Quincy, Ill., at 66 cents each.

The Science of the Soul of Man, as Taught by Jesus, the Nazarene.

The exalted character of Jesus has been so misrepresented and misunderstood, that men born free from the hereditary disease of Superstition, could not receive the false representation thereof, and yet this character remains beclouded with ignorance and Superstition.

We will enumerate some of the lessons relating to the Science of the Soul of man.

Good is a sentiment, and there is no limit to its variations.

Jesus went about doing good; and he selected twelve men, and taught them the meaning of the "Word," by demonstrating the sentiment of goodness, and by Scientifically healing the diseased people—relieving them of their physical, mental, moral, and spiritual derangements.

Jesus said, I can do nothing of myself—my Father is greater than I am—he is with me—I and my Father are one—(as a drop of water is one with the Ocean).

These words teach mental action.

Without a continual influx from the fourth dimension of Space we could neither think nor feel.

This dimension of Space corresponds with the atmosphere—we inhale one and inspire the other: and this is how we live and have our being in spirit.

We could as well breathe in a vacuum, as we could think without the fourth dimension of Space.

The inspiration of thought, is the meeting of the Positive and Negative Forces.

Man has an aura surrounding him corresponding with the photosphere of the Sun.

Man is a microcosm, and his atmosphere shows the quality of the person.

Jesus said, I shall ascend to my Father—the spirit world.

He descended from the Celestial Spheres.

All intelligence is revealed—it is in existence, and flows into and refreshes the mind, as rain refreshes the earth.

By this law we progress.

Jesus goes on to teach that the powers that were in existence, are still waiting to be utilized by the mind of man for the benefit of Humanity.

One power that he demonstrated, was the stilling of a tempest.

He said, you can do greater works than I have done.

We think it rare to find one who believes this truth.

Man, in the near Future, if he is willing, can govern the elements—nothing is impossible for him to accomplish.

One important lesson that Jesus taught, was, that you must overcome evil with good—as two evils repel each other, the same as two Positive Electric balls. Two wrongs never make one right.

Evil is the absence of good; and

ignorance is the absence of knowledge. Therefore, seek knowledge, Wisdom, and understanding. Be wise and understand how to use the knowledge.

A long time ago, it was said, "A tooth for a tooth"—that is, if one man killed another, a third should, in turn, kill him—"blood for blood."

Whoever said this, drew the thought from the Sphere of their development—and it was not from the Sphere of Love and Mercy.

We do not know what spirit is—but we know what goodness and loving-kindness are. And these sentiments, when fully expressed, demonstrate a truth—one variation of the Law of Love.

When Jesus was fulfilling his mission, he said, I came not to bring peace, but a sword—the sword of truth that Spiritualism is wielding with such mighty force, cutting down superstition, ignorance, and oppression, and planting the standard of Freedom of Thought on the Rock of Ages—Truth.

We recently received a letter from a gentleman in Detroit, condemning the teachings and character of Jesus. He condemned the Parable illustrating the Kingdom of Heaven (happiness) by a wedding feast.

We will illustrate the Parable in unison with our impressions.

The person who sent out the invitations, invited those who claimed to be friends on an equality—but by their disregard and flimsy excuses, they proved their unworthiness.

Now, the Parable is being fulfilled. The Governor of the feast has sent his servants out among the hedges and by-ways, unto the four quarters of the earth, and they are gathering in the lower members of the great body of Humanity, and also the Free Thinkers, Infidels, Liberals, and Spiritualists—all, both great and small are being forced, by the sword of truth, in to the great feast of Reason.

The Parable says that there was one found there without a wedding garment.

The Detroit gentleman thought it was unreasonable treatment to bind him and cast him out after he was forced in.

We do not think he was forced in, but that he had sneaked in to see who was there, and he felt quite out of place in such a gathering, for the very lowest members of the great body of the Human Family were there, the same as in the vision of the great sheet that was let down before Peter.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

Spiritualism—the Gospel of the Resurrection of Man—the Second Coming of Christ.

We find Spiritualism, the Gospel of the Resurrection of Man, to be the grandest revelation that has been made to man.

When man fully understands its value, he will love that spark of life, the Soul, with all the power within himself, and will be in a condition to love his neighbor, and live the Golden Rule—a righteous life, and save himself from errors and misdeeds.

When a reverend gentleman who has been ordained to preach the truths contained in the Bible, has made an effort to fulfill his mission for many years, turns his mind to the subject of the intercommunion of the spiritual

and material worlds, and, after investigating the subject for eight or ten years, fails, it proves the words of Jesus—you must become as little children.

When the seventy, whom Jesus sent out as lambs among wolves, returned, rejoicing that they had power over evil spirits, he said, I thank thee, O, Father of the Heavens and of the Earth, that these things are hidden from the wise and prudent, and revealed unto babes.

When a vessel is full to the brim, it can hold no more: and the mind corresponds.

Minds that have been filled with theories, speculations, and opinions of men, which they have learned in Colleges and other Institutions of Learning, do not readily receive simple facts, when demonstrated to their senses.

Uncultivated minds are in a more receptive condition. They do not think they are wise and able to investigate the Science of the Soul, but they can see, hear, feel, taste, and smell as clearly as educated people.

Some of them have a gift of discerning spiritual things.

Scientists and learned people whose intellects have, perhaps, been led by false teachers, or by a wrong course of reasoning are no better qualified to investigate spirit phenomena, than the common people.

Many minds have inspired thoughts of great value while laboring in the field—the germ from the invisible Spheres was planted in that new, fresh soil, and it germinated, and, like the mustard seed, it grew and spread its branches toward the spiritual sun, for birds of Intellect to light upon and plume their wings for a higher flight.

All knowledge is revealed.

One born under the influence of the proper Planets, and hereditary conditions, and having the gift of invention, can inspire thoughts on the Science of Mechanism, from the spiritual world of Intelligence.

The inventor is impressed with an idea, and after years of diligent study and labor, he succeeds in making a model, and, perhaps, finds that it will not work. Then he desires more knowledge—and that desire brings it from a more intelligent circle: and he completes the machine—and the circle of co-operation is improved in the spirit realm.

The idea was impressed upon the mind of the mechanic, and he materialized the machine. It was in the spiritual before it was materialized in the physical.

Now, Capitalists step forward and buy out the patented invention, and manufacture the articles; and the people have them to use.

When a new and useful invention is revealed, the Government should purchase it—paying the inventor a reasonable amount for his time and thoughts—and give it to the people who support the Government; and let every mechanic in the land, who desires to, manufacture them without encroaching on his neighbors' rights.

When the proper period in Human Progress arrives, Electric Light will be produced by Natural Law.

If a man should discover the Law, and the way to use it, his first thought would be to count the millions of money that was in it—he would

scarcely consider the great benefit it would be to Humanity—as Cities could be lighted at first cost, and taxpayers relieved a little.

The inter-communion of the two worlds is the grandest revelation known; for now we can enquire of any Circle of Intelligence that we desire, and receive an answer when proper conditions are provided—and by diligent research we can learn those conditions.

There is not anything hid from the all-seeing eye of the great spirit world of Souls.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

Contributed to The Watchman by Mrs. Minerva Merrick, of Quincy, Ill.

The following Poetry, by the late J. S. FRELIGH, was found among his private papers, by his family, after his death:

To My Dear Wife.

A few hastily written verses in anticipation of my death.

You will think of me when I am gone,
And will sad and lonely feel—
You will think of me and miss me, too,
At our morning and evening meal,
Till many a waning Moon shall set,
And habit has made you half forget.

And in the long, lone Winter nights,
You will fancy my form you see
In the rocking chair where I used to sit,
By the side of the old settee;
And yet you will know there is nothing there,

But an empty space or a vacant chair.
You will think of me in the twilight hour

Of a warm midsummer eve,
As you sit on the Eastern porch alone
And a web of fancy weave,
By which the Past you can retrace,
And all but see me face to face.

The day and month on which I died,
By letter you will send
To different places in the East,
To many a well-known friend;
Perchance they will not a tear refuse,
While reading the unexpected news.

Forgive me if, by word or deed,
I ever caused you pain;
Forget my faults, but don't forget
That we shall meet again,
A love more lasting to renew,
Where I am waiting, dear, for you.

And when my form has pass'd from earth,

And I am but a name,
Louis will play the piano still,
And the clock will tick the same,
And birds will sing, and streams will flow,

And the rolling Seasons come and go.
And you will follow the usual round
Of daily toil and care,
And gather the Summer and Autumn fruits,

But I shall not be there;
And tho' with a brighter, happier band,
I shall miss you, dear, in the Spirit Land.

I've passed a life of busy care,
And still have been content
To live but for the lov'd ones home,
For them my life was spent.
In the Spirit Land I hope to be
United again to my family.

And if permitted to leave my place
In the other world, I'll come
And visit you sometimes unseen,
At our old familiar home;

THE WATCHMAN.

If Louis is there, I shall linger near,
Some old and familiar tune to hear.

And what is death that we should dread
To hear the very name?
'Tis only a change of tenement,
For the mind remains the same.
Then think of me as dead no more,
But only as advanced before.

I have gone to prepare our spirit home,
And will choose one bright and fair,
A place of rest and happiness,
Where many mansions are:
Where we'll walk together hand in hand,
Thro' the beautiful scenes of the Spirit Land.

Farewell, dear wife—farewell, dear son,
Farwell, my mother dear,
Love one another—trust in God,
For He is always near.
Dismiss your doubts—all grief dispel,
We'll meet again—till then, farewell.

J. S. FRELIGH.

AT HOME, St. Louis, Thursday, Nov. 16, 1884.

To My Dear Son.

Dear Louis, always try to act,
As Conscience shall approve,
Command yourself, and cultivate
The Principle of Love;
So live, that when again we meet,
We shall with joy each other greet.

Alone you must contend against
The thousand ills of life,
From foes WITHIN, and foes WITHOUT,
Prepare, then, for the strife:
Delay no longer, but begin,
And conquer, first, the foe within.

Remember, where there is a WILL,
There always is a WAY;
And hence you can accomplish all
Requir'd of you, each day;
Endeavor, then, to have the WILL
Each day your duty to fulfill.

Your fortune lies before you, and
Ere long it shall be known,
How you have exercised your gifts
In managing alone—
For angel couriers will tell
Your actions, whether ill or well.

Good judgment, with economy,
And temperance and health,
With persevering energy,
Will bring you earthly wealth;
But health, and happiness of mind,
Seek first, and seek aright and find.

Endeavor so to live, that you
Will nothing have to fear,
Be ever ready and prepared
To enter the next Sphere:
And as you wish to be when there,
So live on earth with watchful care.

Farewell, farewell—it rests with you
To make a HEAVEN or HELL
Within your breast; remember this,
And do your duty well,
That when we meet again, my son,
It shall be said of you, "WELL DONE."

J. S. FRELIGH.

AT HOME, St. Louis, Friday, Nov. 17, 1884.

Send for photograph of Spirit WHITE FEATHER,
PEACE BIRD, as a magnet of Spirit power. Price 50
cents. Address

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

\$1.00 pays for The Watchman for 1 year.

Written for The Watchman.

Truth, Love, and Charity.

Truth within the mind is sowing
Seeds of better, purer thought,
Which thro' effort bud and flower,
And in deeds reveal the power
Of the precious harvest hour
Which the tiny germ hath wrought.

One kind act inspires another,
Thus is formed a chain of good [en]
Whose links reach from earth to heav-
Whose strength to the weak is given
'Til the walls of sin are riven
And love smiles where hatred stood.

What we give may nourish Nations,
Or feed but one starving Soul,
Yield it more, or only pleasure—
Small or great the garnered treasure,
God not we the worth can measure
Of the undivided whole.

Charity, Love's gentle sister
Toiling in life's strange, mixed school,
May we learn what thou canst teach us,
May thy needful power reach us
'Til the vilest of earth's creatures
Are made clean beneath thy rule.

Truth, Love, Charity, all Godlike,
Would the world but prized them
Exercising in their living [more,
More of deed, less blind believing,
Cheerfully behind us leaving
For the higher things, the lower.

GENA SMITH FAIRFIELD.

Rockland, Maine.

Written for The Watchman.

Clean Air Helps to Make Clean Lives.

Yes, my friends, much of our moral
character is dependent upon the clean-
liness of the air we breathe.

To live where the pure, fresh
mountain breezes can have free access
to our bodies and our lungs, is one
of the foundation stones toward
building up a clean life.

Where the atmosphere is foul with
miasma, thick with germs of disease,
filthy with fumes of tobacco smoke, or
filled with the effluvia from diseased
breaths and the insensible perspiration
of great, densely-packed crowds of
people, or at Religious revivals, or
large meetings of most all kinds, is
poison to the blood, and, consequen-
tly, to the mind itself.

Cleanliness is better than Godliness,
for it is health, morals, and happiness.
Sunshine is the great medicine of
the world.

Sunshine, combined with exercise
in the pure air, is a panacea for nearly
all the ills that flesh is heir to.

Let the cool breezes penetrate our
homes every day, and the glad bright
sunshine enter therein, and joy and
hope will be our abiding guests.

Do not be afraid of night-air, either,
so long as you are not subject to blasts
of wind while in a perspiring condi-
tion of body.

If over-heated, wind and cold com-
ing as a sudden change may produce
congestion.

But if accustomed to sleeping in a
loft, garret, or barn, you never suffer
from night air, but are stronger, bet-
ter, and more vigorous, because of its
healing breath: just as are the "cattle
upon a thousand hills," who sleep in
the breezy woods, or on the grassy
planes of the green meadows.

Active exercise in the open air, is a

medicine for a thousand ailments.

Only use reason as a guide, and not
sit down, or stand still in a draught
when you are perspiring. So long as
you are in motion there is no danger.

But cool off slowly, and use all due
precautions, and health will maintain
its vigor till old age steals upon us,
and we gradually wear out and go to
our long last sleep, with no regretful
thoughts of what we have lost by ill
health, as so many have now to lament
and moan over.

A healthy body makes a happy,
healthy mind.

If all women had to take a 2-mile
walk each day, and as for that, all
men also who have sedentary or in-
door occupations, it would benefit
them greatly.

The pure outdoor air, the compan-
ionship with Nature in all her beauti-
ful varying moods, is health to body
and mind.

Pliny tells us that Dr. Asclepiades
made a public declaration that he
would forfeit all claim to the title of
a Physician, if he should ever fall sick
or die, save by violence, or extreme
old age. And he lived to be about
100 years old, and then died from the
effects of an accident.

He took no medicine, but treated
the sick by exercise alone.

The Greeks prided themselves on
the beauty and vigor of their bodies;
and pure air, cleanliness, and Gym-
nastics were the ground-works of
these physical perfections.

As soon as the Christian Rulers
suppressed the Olympic Games, the
Greeks began to degenerate both
physically and mentally.

We deride "old fogy notions," but
it would be well for us to study the
Past, and cling fast to all that is good
in all Ages; and keep these tried and
tested virtues and valuables, each and
all abreast of the Times, and make
them a part of ourselves.

A sound body and a clean life, are
the first requirements of a sound Civ-
ilization, a clean culture.

"Is it a dream?"

Nay, but the lack of it, the dream,
And failing it, life's lore and wealth a
dream,

And all the world a dream." Whitman

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