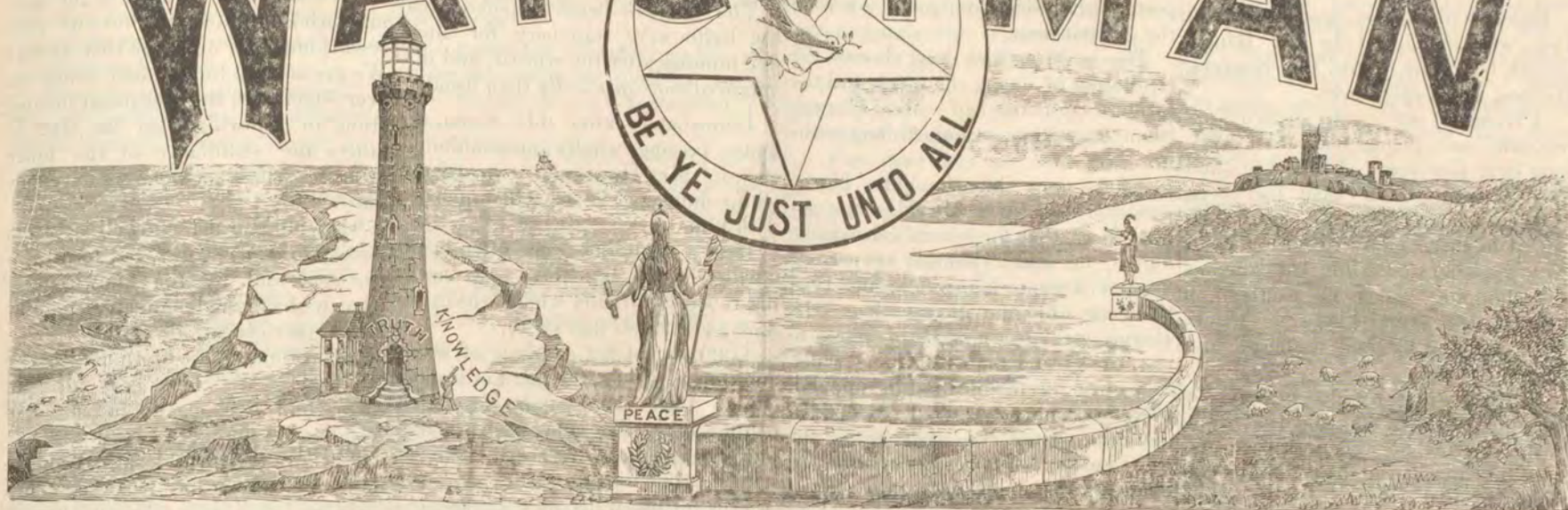


# THE WATCHMAN



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Whole Number 77.

CHICAGO, ILL., JANUARY, A. D. 1887, M. S. 39.

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Contributed to The Watchman.

## LOVE FORGIVES.

There are hearts around us,  
Human as our own;  
Hearts by sorrow broken,  
Left to walk alone—  
Hearts that love can lighten,  
By her tender words,  
In a voice of music,  
Sweeter than a bird's.

Let not all thy feeling  
Circle round a few;  
Give to all thy blessing,  
Liberal and true:  
Like the blessed sunshine,  
Like the gentle rain,  
Falling on the millions—  
So let thy love remain.

O! forgive thy Brother, Sister,  
As forgiven thou art;  
Pour the oil of healing  
In the contrite heart:  
Charity's fair mantle,  
Beautiful and white,  
Hides the little frailties  
Of erring life from sight.

O! in all the moments  
Of our silent prayer,  
When on wings of mercy,  
Poised on holy air,  
Angels tarry with us  
And around us move,  
We may learn the lessons  
Of sweet forgiving love.

M. L. SCHULTZ.

Written for The Watchman.

## BIOGRAPHIES.

Hon. Silas Wright.

I now propose to furnish several illustrations of noted persons who have lived in the Past, and in the Present return to greet us in various ways; and leave with us as mementos, spirit likenesses, as near as possible, as they appeared while in earth life.

Some of them dwelt in Ages long past, but still cling to earth, to convert its people to the fact that death does not sever us, nor cut us off from holding communion with those who have passed out of our natural sight.

The first I introduce to you will be that of HON. SILAS WRIGHT, once a United States Senator, and Governor of New York.

But before I speak of this man of noble deeds and wise Statesmanship, let me begin at the first memorable photograph in my experience—it was in Jersey City, N. J., in April 1869.

I was sitting in a Photographer's Studio for a likeness (in a standing posture) with an ornamental Staff of Almond wood, in my hand, made from a branch of a tree that grew on Mount Calvary, near Jerusalem.

Some very sensitive mediums cannot hold this staff in their hands, but will soon drop it, claiming that it is very powerfully Magnetic.

When the picture was finished, we discovered in the foreground of the picture, apparently flying towards us, a bird, in the form of a dove, bearing a small branch with foliage, in its claws—which was, to the recipient, a very gratifying emblem, as attached to the picture.

At the time of the opening of the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, in the month of June, 1876. I paid \$3 for a sitting at the Studio of Mrs. Lizzie T. Evans, 3 Vine Street, Philadelphia, with the hope of obtaining a picture of myself and of securing, upon the same plate, the likeness of some spirit friend.

Three distinct portraits were secured, grouped around that of myself.

The one nearest, was the portrait of a lady once known as Hannah Hagar, of Weybridge, Vt., a lady very near to me, socially, and a neighbor, in my youth—a child stood beside her.

I have since placed the photograph in the hands of a popular Psychometer—George Cole, of Brooklyn, N. Y.—and he declared that the child was a daughter of Mrs. Hagar, who had heard the name, "Solomon," spoken often, and had a curiosity to come with her mother.

The other form, a lady, standing with her right hand resting on my head, was purported to be Lady Jane Grey.

I had never before, but once, knowingly, had the pleasure of her company, and that was in New Philadelphia, O., in 1869, at the house of Charles Matthews.

The Davenport Family were holding a private seance there for the gratification of the elite of the City—it was in cold Winter weather, and there were 23 persons in attendance. I carried my "staff" under my cloak.

After the lights were extinguished; a Materialized spirit said:—

"Good Evening, Dr. Jewett, what is that thing you have concealed under cover?"

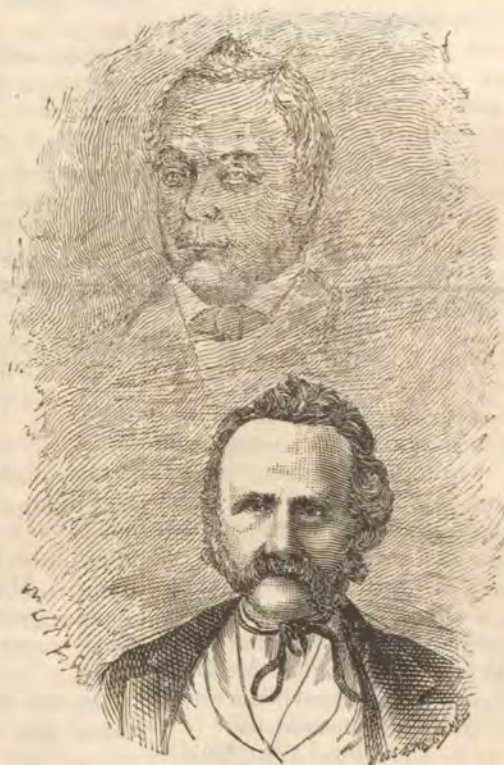
"Well, what do you think it is?"

"I think it is a Magic Staff."

Then, after speaking of its Magnetic Healing qualities, I asked the spirit to give her name. And the name given audibly, was, "I am known as Lady Jane Grey."

At the second sitting with Mrs. Evans, the Spirit Artist, for another portrait; as the Artist was about to secure my shadow, shouting and loud laughter came from an adjoining apartment, and I was afraid that this confusion would upset my chances of obtaining the worth of the sitting: but on inspection, much to my joy, I found that

another spirit picture was secured, which proved to be that of HON. SILAS WRIGHT, once Governor of New York.



The above, is a likeness of myself and the said spirit standing behind me. And now his and my living friends have the chance to look it over.

Some may wonder why the HON. SILAS WRIGHT should appear in my company in this manner.

It may possibly be by an attraction as an acknowledgment in response to the services of nearly two years which the writer gave to organize a Meeting, wherein he was chosen a Committee to erect a Monument at Weybridge, Vt., in Honor of the Memory of HON. SILAS WRIGHT.

By the efforts of said Committee, the Monument was first projected, its proportions drafted, money collected, and the work contracted for the tallest shaft, obelisk form, that had ever been erected in America, cut from a single block of Vermont Marble.

The Monument was completed, erected, and dedicated on September 28, 1850.

Martin Van Buren, Gen. John E. Wool, Francis P. Blair, Sr., and 7000 people assembled on that memorable occasion, to witness the unveiling of this chaste and appropriate structure, situate near the Cemetery where HON. SILAS WRIGHT's parents and near relations' remains are now mouldering into dust.

During the next two years, I propose to furnish THE WATCHMAN with the portraits of eight or ten more worthy personages—Ancient and Modern—and to give a short and concise account of each.

SOLOMON W. JEWETT.

Shepherd Home, Rutland, Vt.



## THE WATCHMAN.

Written for The Watchman.

Being and Doing. No. 3.

"A man is, what he does.  
Act maketh joy or woe."

Elder William Lee, brother of Ann Lee, was an Officer in the King's Guard, before he joined the Shakers. He, too, was a spirit seer.

A friend of my youth, Jethro Turner, who was acquainted with William over four years of his life, and afterwards lived in what had been William's home, after the latter had settled in this Country, told me about 35 years ago, that while William was out chopping wood in England, a strange dog came where he was at work, and sat by and watched him for some time.

When the dog rose to go away, he spoke to William, and said that while in the mortal he was a lawyer, and since he had left the body, he had to appear in that form, because of sins he had committed with dogs.

I believe that was the first intimation William had that it was not a genuine dog.

In an Article in the *Century* of recent date, William Lang says:—

"It is curious, in Miss Burne's volume on *Shropshire Folk Lore*, to find that almost all the Shropshire Ghosts, even of known persons recently deceased, display themselves in the form of beasts, while ghosts in human guise are comparatively rare exceptions.

"Thus, the wicked Squire of Bagley, after his death, came as a monstrous and ferocious bull.

"It is not an invariable rule that ghosts should take the form of Animals.

"A road near Hodnet is haunted by the ghost of a farmer who, for no known reason, comes again with a horse's head.

"A ghost of seven illegitimate children came as a cat!

"A man drowned in the canal, appears as a monkey—and so on.

"So common in France, are human ghosts in bestial form, that M. D'Assier has invented a Darwinian way of accounting for the phenomena.

"M. D'Assier, a Positivist, believes in ghosts, but not in the Immortality of the Soul.

"He suggests that the human *revenants* in the guise of sheep, cows, and shadowy creatures, may be accounted for by a kind of Atavism, or throwing back, on the side of the spirit, to the lower animal forms out of which humanity was developed."

These quotations are to support the fact that such apparitions occur.

The Positivist is silent concerning the cause of throwing back, which is the most useful, and, therefore, desirable thing to know.

But spirit revelation, supported by the witness of the actors, gives us a rational and instructive explanation, to which the following relation condensed from *Nineteenth Century Miracles*, page 96, lends additional confirmation.

Mr. Lenox Horne, about the year 1829, took apartments offered him at a very moderate rent in an old house near Hatton Garden, long since pulled down.

The house was large and the rooms spacious, especially one supposed to

have been a banquetting chamber, which Mr. Horne used as a music room.

There were no persons sleeping in the house except Mr. Horne and a porter, who occupied a small room on the ground floor.

The building had long borne the reputation of being haunted, and the former occupants of Mr. Horne's chambers seldom remained long within.

After some months, Mr. Horne was appraised by a Mr. March, a police officer, that for several consecutive nights, he and a number of persons invited to share his watch, observed that long after the hour when Mr. Horne was accustomed to retire to rest, the great banquetting room which he had no means of lighting up, and, therefore, never entered except in daylight, could be seen from the court below, *brilliantly illuminated*.

While acknowledging that he had often been disturbed by strange noises, odd music, laughter, and footsteps, for which he could not account, Mr. Horne combated the idea of lights, and it was only when after watching several nights, he himself beheld every window of his apartment, one that he had left closed, locked, and in total darkness, lit up as if by a multitude of gas jets, that he could believe the story his friends told him.

Several times after this, the same parties saw the spectacle repeated, and while some of their number remained to watch below, others hastened to examine the apartment, and found it on every occasion but one, enveloped in thick darkness, the lights invariably disappearing to the view of those below, the moment the apartment was opened, except on the following occasion:—

One night in February, the phantom lights blazed out suddenly about one O'clock in the Morning, when, after observing them for about five minutes, Mr. Horne, Mr. March, and another gentleman, ascended the stairs and opened the door of the haunted room.

At the moment when Mr. Horne threw open the large door, he and his companions were wonder-struck to perceive that it was full of company.

One of the three gave the signal agreed upon, of the whistle he held in his hand, as the door opened, and he gazed upon the extraordinary scene before him.

The vast company seemed to be in the act of dancing.

They represented men and women arrayed not in Elizabethan style attributed to the Hatton Period, but in the costume of the reign of Charles the Second, and the whole air seemed to be full of waving plumes, fluttering ribbons, and sparkling jewels.

The three witnesses who subsequently compared notes, each found his own observations corroborated by those of the others, affirmed that the above related particulars of the whole scene were clearly defined, and in addition, all three declared that every one of these splendidly attired revelers wore, or appeared to wear a MASK RESEMBLING SOME DISGUSTING ANIMAL.

Before the astonished witnesses had sufficiently recovered to take action on what they saw, the lights began to pale and shimmer, the whole scene

quivered, melted out slowly and gradually as in a dissolving view, and at length, that is, in the space of a few minutes, the apartment was, seemingly, empty and in total darkness.

The watchers below reported that the lights were stationary for about five minutes after the whistle, and disappeared *more gradually* than usual.

Immediately after this vision, the house became wholly uninhabitable, even to Mr. Horne and two friends who volunteered to share his quarters with him.

Heavy poundings were often heard during the day, but these were nothing to the Saturnalia which ensued as soon as darkness had set in.

Tramping of feet, clashing of arms, clinking of glasses, the crash of broken china; all the sounds attending drunken revels, rude brawls, and murderous fights were heard, at times, with horrible distinctness.

Low moans, wails, and bitter sobs were more frequent, and the rushing as of blasts of wind were also a feature of these frightful disturbances.

About the year 1853, while spending an evening with friends in Holloway, London, Mr. Horne was introduced to M. Albert, a French medium, who was accompanied by her daughter, Josephine, a child about 11 years of age, and reported to be a fine trance medium.

The hostess proposed that they try the experiment of table turning.

Mr. Horne, laughingly, alleged entire ignorance of the subject, but at once placed himself at the table, to see what would come of it.

No sooner were the party seated than Josephine seized the pencil and paper which had been placed on the table, wrote in a large, bold hand, and in an incredibly short space of time, the following communication addressed to "Mr. Lenox Horne," a name which the child, up to that moment, had never heard. The writing, also, was in the English Language, of which the little medium was entirely ignorant.

"You say you know nothing of spiritual existence or the Soul's power to return to earth.

"Oh, my friend! why will you reject the light that has already dawned upon you?

"In your own house you have heard the sounds and seen the sights which bore witness to the presence of human spirits.

"Have you forgotten the phantom dancers, whom you and your companions thought wore animal masks?

"Those dancers were my companions in vice and wickedness. They and I lived amid scenes of revelry too shameful to be detailed.

"We were associates of the frivolous one that occupied the Throne of England—Charles, the Second; and in that house where you found shelter, we often held such revels as demons, alone, could take pleasure in.

"When we became spirits, the base passions with which our lives on earth were animated, became [were] so engraved upon our spirits that all who looked upon us from a higher Plane, beheld us transfigured into the semblance of the animals whose nature's we partook of.

"Shocking as this disclosure of our true natures may be, it may help fu-

ture generations to account for the idea of the Doctrine of Transmigration of Souls.

"Unhappily, that Doctrine is not true.

"We might be happier as the animals whose limited instincts we represent, but, Oh, unhappy that we are! We are at once the human beings we ever were, with the additional humiliation of knowing that we take to others the semblance of the lower creatures whose passions we have imitated.

"Friend Horne! our hell is, *not to pass into other states*, but to live in *our own*, and by the knowledge of what we have made ourselves, to grow into higher conditions.

"You thought we wore masks.

"Alas! We had only dropped them, and exchanged the mask of seeming for the face of reality.

"In the spirit world, all its inhabitants are known for what they are, and the Soul's loves take the shape of angelic beauty, or brutish ugliness, according to the tendencies of the life within.

"On the night when your beheld our revels, we were obliged, by the Law of our Being, to go thro' the earth scenes which we had taken too much delight in.

"On earth such revels were our heaven; in the Spheres they are our hell. Their enforced enactment was part of our penance.

"But, thank God! I have seen the errors of the Past, and, henceforth, I am atoning for it, and living my wasted life over again.

"I am on the road of progress, and even this humiliating confession will help me forward, and aid me to become stronger to save others and myself from the vices, the memories of which still cling to me like a garment.

"Farewell! my earthly mission is done: there will be no more haunting spirits in the old house in Hatton Garden.

"One who was known in the day of Charles Stewart, as the finest Woman of her Age.

LADY CASTLEMAINE."

Appended to Mr. Horne's manuscript, were the following words:—

"Great Heaven! If this be, indeed, a true picture of the life hereafter, should it not make us afraid of doing wrong?

"But above all, what a wicked and Soul-destroying delusion has been the Clerical farce of salvation by a vicarious atonement!

L. H."

This is a remarkable production for a child unacquainted with our Language, and seems worthy to be placed beside the teachings of Seers and Sages in the Bible of the Ages.

It contains instruction for the masses, easy to comprehend, and which no salaried Clergy can pervert to the exaltation of one class over another.

The only real exaltation, and that which will stand, is the exaltation of a virtuous life.

A. G. HOLLISTER.

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# THE WATCHMAN.

Whence Intelligence?

Editor of The Watchman:—

Will you bear with me while I come once more and ask for a little more light, a little more Intelligence?

I am not yet convinced that the individual microcosm—man, has no Intelligence apart or separate from the Intelligence without.

As a previous inquiry served (if I may so speak) as a means of inspiring Sister Merrick to come nearer to the truth, as she understands it, and from which she has given us a clearer elucidation of this most interesting subject—more of the same sort is desired—more of the “bread” of which if a man eat, he shall never die.

I do not let such inspiring thoughts as expressed by Mrs. Merrick, pass without taking in and appropriating so much of them as my thought can grasp.

I can grasp all that she says about Inspiration or influx of Intelligence as an educating and uplifting power to the Soul; but I am not so highly blessed in that direction as she is.

Perhaps I am a little selfish and stubborn in not being willing to admit that there is no individual Intelligence, or that, as Souls, we can neither think, feel, nor express Intelligence, until acted upon by an outside Intelligence.

I have been treasuring the thought, *That the SOUL is an Intelligent Entity:*

*That in its Primal or Germ state inhere all the Attributes and Faculties that are expressed in Human Intelligence:*

*That all of Mind that is manifested by Human Intelligence, is an outcome of SOUL, or unfolded Intelligence:*

*That the Brain Organs of Veneration, Benevolence, Hope, Ideality, Spirituality, and all others, are Keys of the Organ of Thought, which being played upon by the operating SOUL, produces the music of Intelligence:*

*That the SOURCE of the Intelligence expressed, is the individual SOUL:*

*That the Intelligence that acts upon the Brain-aura to produce Mental Action, is the indwelling Conscious Individuality:*

*That the CHILD-SOUL, at birth, possesses the Germ of all the Intelligence that will be expressed by the Man:*

*That the Brain, being the Organ or Machinery of Thought, the manifestation of Intelligence is measured by Brain capacity and condition:*

*That the SOUL is not the product of the reproductive functions of the Male and Female, as the Physical Organism is; nor is it derived from the Parent SOULS; nor is it produced thro' the Evolution process, by the lowest forms of Life progressing to Man, and culminating in Human Intelligence:*

*But that it is a SPARK from the GREAT CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE, possessing all its Attributes INDIVIDUALIZED—thus, it is an Epitome of the GREAT WHOLE:*

*That operating within it, are the Laws of the Infinite, individually applied, which makes the SOUL Sovereign of the Universe—Man, as the INFINITE SOUL, is Sovereign over all:*

*That, within, is God; Conscience, our Judge; the elements of happiness, our Heaven; the elements of suffering, our Hell; and from within is built our “House not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens.”*

*All is within, and from within wells up all we shall ever know of Intelligence by personal experience.*

*Ah! there are Infinite possibilities slumbering in the SOUL of Man.*

Am I right in this Thesis?

If I am right, then Mrs. Merrick is wrong.

I accept the “Journey in the first-class car,” with her, until we come to the Station where it is inscribed over the door:—

*“No Mental Action without an impulsion from an outside Intelligence.”*

But whether she jumps off, or I, it remains to be seen.

Bacon said:—

“I THINK, THEREFORE, I AM.

I AM, THEREFORE, I THINK.”

What is this producer of Thought if it is not the Self-Conscious Being?

What other evidence have we that this Conscious Being is an Intelligent Entity, than the Intelligence that is expressed in Thought?

And what better evidence have we that it will survive the death of the body, than the fact of its existence as a Conscious, Intelligent Entity?

Certainly, none.

Were the Intelligence expressed, produced by the Brain, or, were it altogether an impulsion from without—not being the Constituents of a SOUL-ENTITY—it would cease to exist.

Accepting all that I claim for the Soul, would not negate anything that Mrs. Merrick claims, except its non-intelligence.

She takes her stand upon the proposition that “All Intelligence is outside of Organic structure”—even that expressed in it.

I find an inherent Intelligence within Organic structure, which is the source of all Human Intelligence.

By this, I do not mean Knowledge—Knowledge is something added or gained by study, or experience.

Mrs. Merrick says:—

“All men think, but all men are not Intelligent.”

How can a person Think, and not be Intelligent?

All men do not possess the same degree of Intelligence—but I do not understand the lack of it, to be the want of an influx from without.

The Intelligence expressed, depends upon the capacity of the Intellectual Organs.

Mrs. Merrick says:—

“We wish to prove to the readers that the ideas we express, are produced by an outside influence, by an interposition from invisible Intelligences.”

I accept this, and so will all Spiritualists.

This proven, it does not necessarily follow that my ideas are from that source, or, that all the Intelligence expressed by man, is from some outside Intelligence.

Jesus is quoted, where he says:—

“I can of myself do nothing, but the Father that is with me, he doeth the works.”

I do not understand that Jesus meant to imply that he had no Intelligence of his own.

And I do not believe that Mrs. Merrick intends to imply this by what she says of the same divine gift of Inspiration.

Mrs. Merrick, like all other prominent writers, whether inspired or not, expresses a strong individuality.

This individuality is Mrs. Merrick's Intelligence—that something which neither the 90-ton gun, nor hanging until the physical body is dead, can kill or destroy.

It is that aspiring Genius, which, tho' a mere child, to-day, tomorrow it clasps hands with the Infinite.

Such is the Soul. Its march is Upward and Onward. And it is enabled thus to pursue its Destiny by means of the Organic structure.

The Soul has an important aid from without, in the form of Inspiration—but the Inspiration is not the Soul, nor did it make the Soul, any more than the body made it.

The Soul is not done with Organic structure when it quits this body—it must have a body and Brain, Organic, on the other side of Life, for the expression of its Intelligence, and thro' which it comes in contact with the life by which it is surrounded, and the world it inhabits.

The ideas that Mrs. Merrick refers to as being produced by an outside influence, by an interposition from an invisible Intelligence, were they not the possession of the individual Intelligence interposing?

Or, is all Intelligence over there, also, still outside of Organic structure?

Being produced from the invisible Intelligence, they must have been the property of it.

Then, there is, certainly, an Intelligence within Organic structure.

It may be of a high or low order, according to the advantages of unfoldment in the earth life, and the application to study and improvement in the higher life.

Therefore, all is not infallible that comes from invisible Intelligences.

Reason is our guide—not a spirit's *ipse dixit*.

Reason is an attribute of the Soul; so, also, is Intuition, which holds the torch for Reason; and Inspiration is the light shining before.

I should like to write much more on this interesting subject, but I feel that I have already taken too much of your valuable space.

As this is a new departure, will not other readers of THE WATCHMAN tell us what they think and know about it?

I would ask:—

Has the Soul of Man power to produce Mental Action or Thought, thro' its instrument, the Brain?

Was Bacon right or wrong in his Philosophy:—

“I THINK, THEREFORE, I AM.”?

H. A. BRADBURY.

Lynn, Mass.

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Some of the brightest drops in the chalice of life remain for us in old age. The last draught which a kind Providence gives to drink, tho' near the bottom of the cup, may, as said the Roman of old, have at the very bottom, instead of dregs, mostly pearls.

“The Family Over There.”

Editor of The Watchman:—

'Tis said in that Book that the Christian world calls the Bible, that not a sparrow falls to the ground without the knowledge of their God.

That *may* be so, and it may not be so; but there is another thing that I learn from our spirit friends, that is of more consequence to us than all the sparrows that we know any thing about: and that is:—

That not a Soul that ever came to earth and was incarnated in a human body, but what it returned to spirit life after the death of the earthly body, and became *one* of a Family in the land of spirits.

I have several children in spirit life that left earth life before they were old enough to receive a name on earth; and some of these little mortal, never saw the light of an earthly day: yet, I know that every one of these little ones will be joined to my family over there.

Well, I know this, for they come to me often, even now, and when I ask who they are, I am answered that they are some of the little ones that left us before they had a name, or a life on earth.

And here comes in the sad thought of how many little ones have been sent to spirit life because they were not welcome visitors to the homes that belonged to them here.

How sad to think that no matter how unwelcome the little ones are to some of the inhabitants of earth, that there is a home in the life beyond for them, and none can drive them from it—we must meet the whole family, great and small, old and young, welcome and unwelcome, and then we will be the unwelcome guest at a feast of love, that might have been heaven for us, but for the misdeeds of the few short years of our life on earth.

By what right does man or woman presume to send a Soul, unbidden, to the world of spirits?

This question will be asked of thousands who profess to be Christians, and who had hoped that “Jesus died and paid it all” for them: had hoped that there was “A fountain filled with blood, drawn from Emanuel's veins”: and had hoped that they had been dipped “beneath that flood” and washed of “all their guilty stains.”

There is a day of reckoning coming, my spiritual friends of earth, and if I mistake not, the Christians' Hell of fire and brimstone, will be a nice, cool, shady place, compared with the torture of a self-accusing Conscience, to some of us.

J. W. DENNIS.

Buffalo, N. Y.

Cheerfulness is just as natural to the heart of a man in strong health as color to his cheeks; and whenever there is habitual gloom, there must be either bad air, unwholesome food, improperly severe labor, or erring habits.

Be not diverted from your duty by any idle reflections the silly world may make upon you, for their censures are not in your power, and, consequently, should not be any part of your concern.



# THE WATCHMAN.

## THE WATCHMAN.

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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. 1.05 : 6.20, and 9.45 p. m.

Leave Millard Ave. at 6.23 : 7.18 : 7.51  
8.19 : 9.23 and 10.33 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 ensure reply.

### Editorial---Prospectus for 1887.

The opening of 1887 find us "still achieving, still pursuing," "with a heart for any fate"—rather, we should say, with a heart for any task, for we do not believe in fatality. We believe in overcoming obstacles by the exertions of one's Will-power. We stake no reliance nor hope upon the mythical term of "fate."

Our observation, reasoning, and experience have taught us that the life of an individual is governed by circumstances; and that those circumstances, complicated though they may be, are caused and controlled by the combined action of the Planets and the Stella forces: by hereditary tendencies of body and mind: by the effects of education and social mingling: by the intercession of spirit beings: and greatly, by the scope, strength, and activity of the Will-power of the individual.

We recognize that these are the potent factors that serve as the ruling points in the life of the Human Being.

We are convinced that association does much for or against the Progression of the Human Soul. And, furthermore, that the Conjunctional action of the Planets, does, indeed, exercise a most marvelous and powerful influence over mortals.

Since our early childhood, we have been privileged to witness and experience the intercession of spirit beings with the circumstances that, during life, have, to a great extent, held captive, the aspirations and natural tendencies of our being.

We can recall many instances wherein spirit guardians have forcibly overcome objectionable persons and surroundings that were detrimental and injurious to our life's work, and to our well-being. And thro' all these years we have been obliged to exercise a powerful Will-force against evilly designed persons, in order that we might hold our own.

This much will serve to show our readers that the mythical teachings of old Theology, have no influence with us, but that we seek to know, and to profit by the practical Present and the demonstrated Past.

As Editress of THE WATCHMAN, we can but repeat what we have in previous years stated, that we are working to enlighten our readers, and to do good to Humanity: that THE WATCHMAN was first issued by advice and desire of our Spirit Guides: and that when they see fit, and deem it necessary that our mediumistic labors be turned into another course, then shall we resign our Editorship, and the present Publication cease to be.

At Present we are happy to announce to our patrons and readers the fact that THE WATCHMAN has, like a well-born, carefully nurtured child, grown steadily on without the draw-backs of an ill-favored life.

We can truly say that we have no cause to complain, and have no forebodings for the Future.

We are not boastful—we simply state facts, and give to our patrons what we deem is their privilege to know, and that is: that when they subscribe for THE WATCHMAN, they subscribe for a Journal that will give them, for their money invested, an equivalent in reading matter of a pleasing and profitable character: that when they subscribe for THE WATCHMAN, they get a Journal that is independent of Sect or Party, and is free from any and all incumbrances, such as debts and financial embarrassments.

We feel that it is right that our patrons should know that when they subscribe for THE WATCHMAN, they run no risks of not receiving what they pay for, as our former patrons can testify.

With these prospects, these assurances before them, we

hope that our former patrons who have not already paid their subscription for the coming year; and also new subscribers will embark with us, for 1887 on the LIFE BOAT—THE WATCHMAN, while we cruise around the harbor of earth life, among the struggling Souls of Humanity who are catching at the mental drift-wood, and who are hungering for the food of spiritual knowledge that Ministering Angels bring to us that earth's children may be fed on the heavenly manna of the Tree of Knowledge, that the hungry, struggling Souls of Humanity may grow strong in their own righteousness and self-preservation.

If you embark with us (become one of our readers) we will give you a balm for body and mind: that is, we will treat upon subjects (as in past years) that will bear testimony to your mind, that there is a life beyond the grave.

We will also treat upon subjects that bear directly upon physical health, morality, and domestic love and happiness, as well as usefulness.

We expect to fill the pages of THE WATCHMAN (for the ensuing year) with more than the usual weight of progressive and healthy reading matter.

We are now reminded of what an eminent Lawyer of Brooklyn, N. Y., said of THE WATCHMAN a few years ago:—

"I find your Paper occupied with matters of the gravest importance, and which are shaking the civilized world to its foundations. The Rights of Woman: The Rights of Capital: The Rights of Labor: The powers and existence of spirits, and their relation to physical life."

It was rightly said, then; and the same is true of THE WATCHMAN, now.

We aim to instruct in the Laws of Health; and to maintain the higher and nobler Principles of Manhood and Womanhood; and to sustain the Principles of pure Spiritualism thro' the Columns of THE WATCHMAN.

We extend our hearty NEW YEAR'S GREETING to our Subscribers; to our Contributors; and to our Contemporary Exchanges.

We invite our readers to send to us such Articles as they may have, that they wish published for the good of the People, and to enhance the Cause of Spiritualism.

Let freely your Inspiration flow,  
Give to the world the truths you know;  
If others are needy of your stock in store,  
Give unto them and you will get more.

Thoughts, like a Fountain, should freely flow,  
That their strength and beauty the world may know;  
Let practical sense its judgment lend,  
That the readers may value your writings, my friend.

Remember, dear readers, that we want your subscription, and the subscriptions of as many of your friends as you can induce to subscribe for THE WATCHMAN.

We also want you to come en rapport with us and our work. We want to elicit your highest thoughts, and develop the spiritual side of your natures.

For that reason, we again invite you, dear readers, to write down what you may feel impressed to, and send it to us, and we will publish it for you.

Write out what experiences you have had in Spiritualism, and tell us why you became a believer in Spiritualism.

It will do each of us good to read what the other has seen, heard, and felt regarding the fact of spirit return.

It is a glorious Truth. The Soul hungers for it, and we can inspire each other by giving an account of what we each one know to be a demonstrated and irrefutable truth.

H. A. BERRY, Editress.

Life brings to each his task, and the terms of success are, begin at the beginning and proceed in order, step by step.

"If you gather a flower and break the stem,  
You can never make it whole again."



## THE WATCHMAN.

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

All Questions of a general character, forwarded to this Office, whether of a Social, Political, or Religious nature, will be submitted to the Band of Spirit Guides; and the Interpretation thereof will be published in THE WATCHMAN.

GLEN COVE, QUEENS CO., N. Y.

Editor of The Watchman:—

Several years ago, when the Sun was a half-hour high, my attention was drawn to globules the size of a barrel-head, issuing from the Sun.

Thinking that it might be a delusion, I called some of my friends to look at this strange scene. And they also saw many of these globules issuing from the Sun, and rising quite high in the firmament.

The Sun at this time was red—the Season being Summer. The Sun was also setting under a very bright atmosphere. The globules were one shade darker than the pale-blue sky that they were rising against. We saw more, in fact, than we could count.

Will you please give me your idea of the cause of this strange sight? Truly Yours. HENRY LESNE.

ANSWER. We have submitted the above question to our Spiritual Guardians, and they assure us that it was owing to the condition of the Atmosphere that the cellular bodies of condensed vapor were, at the time, visible to the human sight.

The Atmosphere must have been powerfully Electric, and the rays of the Sun unusually powerful in their CHEMICAL charge.

We are informed that there is constantly afloat in the Space around us, CHEMICAL properties finer than dust—too fine for the human eye to see, under ordinary conditions. These CHEMICAL atoms are acted upon by the Sun, and the Sun's rays are the result.

There are, also, individual, atmospherical cells of vapor; and when the air-currents are high, and the pressure of air light, these vapor cells rise high in the Atmosphere and maintain their individual shape, unless too crowded. When they become crowded, they burst, and the vapor is discharged, and becomes dew or rain, in proportion to the amount.

When the Atmosphere is heavy, the air-currents are low, then the pressure becomes so great that these smaller vapor cells are crowded together into larger bodies or cells, and when these vapor cells burst, rain drops fall to the earth. When the atmospheric pressure is sufficiently heavy to cause a more rapid contraction and pressure of these vapor cells, then the rain drops fall in proportion.

The case before us, we should say, was the result of the upper currents of air drawing upward the vapor cells, which is the result of the Sun's rays forcing the air upwards. We should say that the reason these globules, or, properly speaking, vapor cells, appeared so large, was, that they were several thousand times magnified by the reflection from the Sun's disk, caused by the Electric currents of the Atmosphere, and because the Atmosphere was so highly Electric, mortal eyes were enabled to behold them, as the vapor cells were, for the time, acted upon and magnified by the Sun's rays.

Such a scene would be more liable to be witnessed over or near a body of water, and is, generally, precedent of a storm.

Such a scene would remain visible until there be a change in the Atmosphere around the Sun. It might last but a few minutes, a half-hour, or even longer, governed by the atmospheric changes around the Sun.

H. A. BERRY, Editress.

The Chicago Children's Progressive Lyceum which meets at Avenue Hall, 159 22nd St., is in a flourishing condition under the able management of Hattie E. Davis.

A special Christmas Session was held on Saturday Evening, Dec. 25th, with the additional Entertainment of a Christmas Tree—every member of the Lyceum receiving some present. The Christmas Issue of *The Lyceum Journal* was a credit to a much larger Paper.

Much credit is due to the EXCELSIOR CLUB, who gave their first Entertainment early in Dec., for the benefit of the Lyceum Christmas Tree.

THE WATCHMAN, published at Chicago, Ill., Mrs. Hattie A. Berry, Editress, contains excellent Editorials of a progressive tendency, and well-written communications on subjects of practical reform. Among its list of regular contributors is Minerva Merrick, formerly publisher of *A Fountain of Light*, which did good service for the Spiritual cause during its short life. THE WATCHMAN, however, is a worthy successor, and in some respects an improvement. Unlike the *Religio*, published in the same City, it ignores personalities, and being actuated by a broad Charity and an earnest love for Humanity, it is exceedingly efficient in its efforts to advance every good and noble cause.

THE WATCHMAN is now in its seventh year, and gives promise of long continued life and usefulness. It is not published to make money, but to serve a useful purpose. Altho' ostensibly devoted to the promulgation of truth as revealed from spirit sources, it is essentially an organ for the dissemination of facts and discussion of principles bearing on the problems of life here and now. It is issued monthly at one dollar per year. Address Hattie A. Berry, 1090 Central Park Avenue, Chicago, Ill.—*Carrier Dove*.

We wish to make a slight correction in the above, viz.: THE WATCHMAN is not a successor to *A Fountain of Light*. THE WATCHMAN preceded *A Fountain of Light*, and has held its own since its first Issue.

We are very grateful to the *Carrier Dove* for its elaborate notice; and in return, we wish it wide-spread prosperity and usefulness. Long may the beautiful *Dove* live. H. A. BERRY, Editress.

Written for The Watchman.

### THE HEAVEN OF THE SOUL.

An Inspirational Poem by M. E. TAYLOR.

The Heaven of the Immortal Soul

Is not a narrow local place,  
Oh, no! the pure celestial goal  
So panted for by all the Race,  
Is not confined to Sun or Star,  
Nor is it some great City bright,  
Out from this drear old world afar,  
Where shimmers only rays of light.

It's not confined to creeds nor Church,  
Nor to some puny local name;  
For those may take a sudden lurch,  
And soon be shorn of all their fame:  
It's not confined to bread nor meat,  
Nor e'en the garb you wear, O, no!  
Nor to some easy lounge or seat  
On which the weary form to throw.

But Heaven is where the Graces blend,  
Making Man in love to move;  
Where each to all becomes a friend,  
In whatever world they rove.  
It's not a place where labors cease,  
And spirits find a perfect rest,  
Or from all toil do find release,  
For that would never make them blest.

Heaven is a sweet condition  
Of reigning harmony within,  
And is the inner Soul's fruition;  
For where that reigns there is no sin.  
There are pure Laws that operate  
In every world that God hath made—  
When rightly used will bring a state  
Of heavenly peace that ne'er will fade.

The higher then you rise, dear friend,  
The more of Heaven you will find;  
And with its beauties you will blend,  
With wreaths of happiness entwined.  
Yes, Heaven is here; its strains of glory  
Greet us all along the way;  
And oft we hear the cheering story—  
"All sin and woe must pass away."

The Law Harmonic, understood,  
And carried out by every Soul;  
Would fill all worlds with heavenly food  
And raise all Souls to Heaven's goal.  
Seek not for Heaven far away,  
But seek it in your native land;  
For here doth shine the heavenly ray,  
And here oft comes the angel band.

Those things that make angelic bliss,  
May sure be found upon the earth;  
For God doth make his dwelling with  
All to whom he's given birth.  
Heaven is a sweet interior joy  
Produced by rightly knowing God,  
And harmony without alloy—  
*Such is the spirit's magic rod.*

Men used to preach in days gone by,  
That far beyond the golden Sun  
The Land of Glory sure did lie,  
And there did live the Holy One:  
But lo! the Truth begins to come  
And greet us in this nether Sphere—  
It greets the miser in his tomb,  
And e'en the prison cell doth cheer.

This Truth declares to us that Heaven  
Is all around us and within,  
Working like the lump of leaven,  
Driving out each phase of sin—  
It's not a place of long-faced gloom,  
As we've been taught in other years;  
But is a sweet condition home;  
Where such is found there are no fears.

The lofty mount that decks its head  
With thunder clouds from time to time,  
Is made of parts plucked from each  
thread,

That constitutes this varied clime:  
So Heaven is not a phantom myth,  
But made of facts pluck'd fr'm th' realm  
Of Science, that mingles with  
*The Universe and is its helm.*

All Truths linked make the chain  
Of harmony in every world—  
*Harmony is Heaven!* hear the strain!  
For lo! its banner is unfurled:  
Heaven's the first key-note of love,  
That greets the little infant's ear;  
For Love controls the hosts above,  
And is an unmatched weapon here.

Conditions then do make the place,  
If place we may that Heaven call:  
In happy hearts we see its face—  
This state in time will come to all—  
Man first must rise to higher thought,  
And get a truer view of God:  
By this means is Heaven wrought  
Within us all along life's road.

When Laws of God are known aright  
By Souls who dwell on earth,  
Then harmony will come with light  
And raise the Race to heavenly birth.  
We all have talked of Heaven, I trow,  
And thought it was some local spot;  
Yes, we were taught long years ago  
*It was a combination cot—*

Fixed up in a far distant land;  
But Heaven is here! O, doubt it not!  
This Truth shines forth in every land  
To make more pure the wanderer's lot.  
The golden grains of Truth that come  
From every part of Nature's store,  
Help to make our heavenly home  
Both here and on the angel shore.

But think ye not that rest is there,  
For Heaven is no place of rest;  
Each Soul must in pure labor share,  
For that alone can make them blest.  
The man who climbs the ladder high,  
And learns the Harmonic Law divine,  
Will find that Heaven is ever nigh—  
Like Seraph faces his will shine.

Harmony within doth bring the ray  
Of heavenly light upon the face,  
And round all such its sheens do play  
In every clime and every place.  
The Heaven then of each dear Soul,  
Is that which brings the purest bliss;  
Such is that sweet and mystic goal,  
And such our highest Heaven this.

Subscribe for THE WATCHMAN.



# 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. Remit by Postal Note, Money Order, or 1-cent and 2-cent Postage Stamps.

## AGITATION.

We will make a few remarks on Agitation, as it is an important factor in the progress of Humanity.

Opposition forces ideas of truth in advance of the opponent.

If a dead calm prevails, there is no progress.

But give us a stiff breeze, a head-wind, and, with our boat well ballasted, we can plow right thro' the breakers.

When the "Missouri Compromise" was repealed, a Unitarian Minister said: "Now, we can agitate the Question of Slavery"—which was done—and we know the result.

Now, we stand on the Platform of Liberty and Freedom; and use our Right to express our thoughts on God, Religion, Heaven, Hell, and Eternity. And we will use all the logic and reason we can draw from the spirit world, to prove that we stand on the rocky foundation of Truth, Love, Mercy, and Righteousness, as taught in the Scriptures.

Truth is infallible: and error is the opposite—that which we are beating against with the battering-rams of truth—and, no doubt, we shall prevail.

In March 1886, an Article on "Inspiration—Wanted a Definition," by Talbot W. Chambers, D. D., appeared in the *N. Y. Independent*.

The Author wants it to maintain the infallibility of the holy Scriptures in a reasonable way.

Now new definitions are wanted in the varieties of phases of Theology, to prove their value in a reasonable and logical way—such as Piety, Godliness, Worship, Religion, Christianity, Faith, and Belief.

Of how much value is it in the theories and opinions of men concerning the testimonies of the experiences of Humanity contained in the Bible!

We do not desire to agitate the question of the infallibility of the Book, but we use it to prove Spiritualism—the New Jerusalem that John saw descending from the heavens—and there is no other book to compare with it as a reference in trying the case before the minds of men on the truth of communicating with the invisible world.

The Book says: Let us reason together.

An old gentleman, a neighbor, came to spend an hour with us, and in conversation, he said that he had been interested in mission work all his life.

That was a breeze that filled our sails, and in reply, we said we wished there was a Law that would not allow another cent of money to be sent out of the United States to teach the creeds, dogmas, and superstitions of Theology to the inhabitants of other lands, until all the poor widows and orphans in this Country were provid-

ed with a cabin to live in.

In conversation with a Presbyterian lady, she said, we are doing all we can, we have a missionary meeting once a month, and are working for the cause: and I think she said that the Chinese children are learning our Language.

We said, Do we want Chinese missionaries to come here and teach our children their Language?

One is about as reasonable as the other.

Real Spiritualism, such as the man, Jesus, taught, is, to heal the sick, cast out evil spirits, and prove the resurrection of the spiritual body from the animal body.

There is nothing supernatural in the birth, life, and expression of goodness that Jesus of Nazareth manifested—that is called God made manifest in the flesh.

The time has arrived in the progress of Humanity, when we must have new bottles to hold the sweet, new wine that is flowing from the Vineyards of Progression.

The old bottles of creeds, dogmas, and theories are worthless, when the spiritual wine is poured into them.

The owners are patching up the old bottles with new ideas, which will make the rent worse.

[Originally, bottles were made of leather.]

Friends of Progress, let us tread the Press of Reformation firm and steadily, and bring out the Truth clear as crystal, that it may rejuvenate the Souls of those who drink of its pure fountain.

MRS. MINERVA MERRICK.

## THE WORD.

1. *In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.*

2. *The same was in the beginning with God.*

3. *All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made. John I 1-3.*

Will some competent person give us a true definition of "The Word that was God."

Our Dictionary defines "Word," as An articulate sound uttered by the human voice. Divine revelation.

To our understanding, "Word," is an expression of Intelligence: and there can be no thought expressed verbally without the voice of man. "Word," and "God," are one and the same—an expression of Intelligence or God made manifest in man.

4. *In him was life; and the life was the light of men [Intelligence].*

5. *And the light shineth in darkness [Ignorance]; and the darkness comprehended it not.*

8. *He (John) was not that Light, but was sent to bear witness of that Light. John I 4, 5, 8.*

In the three years that Jesus taught his pupils, he taught and demonstrated, by precept and example, the Science and Philosophy of the Soul of man.

The lessons were for our instruction and admonition.

In the spirit world, a thousand years is as one day.

We are trying to sift the truth from error, and to burn the chaff with the unquenchable fire from the Altar of Eternal Truth.

We are searching to find our relationship to the Great Spirit of the Heavens and the Earth, that the Nazarene said was Our Father, and that the Human Family were his Brethren.

Jesus was not a supernatural character, but was one of the most natural ones that have been born in this Sphere of Existence.

Natural Law is harmonious and inevitable: and all who transgress the Law, must suffer the penalty.

45. *Philip findeth Nathanael, and saith unto him, We have found him of whom Moses in the Law, and the Prophets, did write, Jesus of Nazareth the son of Joseph.*

47. *Jesus saw Nathanael coming to him, and saith of him, Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile!*

48. *Nathanael saith unto him, Whence knowest thou me? Jesus answered and said unto him, Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig tree, I saw thee. John I 45, 47, 48.*

This lesson or fact is being demonstrated by thousands in the United States and Foreign Lands, and in the near Future, those who possess the gift of Clairvoyance, will be of the greatest importance in subduing crime—saving the would be criminal from committing the act anticipated.

When the undeveloped children of earth find that an All-seeing Eye is upon them, they will forbear, and will discontinue the transgressions of the Law of Love to one's neighbor.

Schools or places where mediums can be developed, should be provided without delay, that the work and powers that Jesus taught, may be utilized for the benefit of Humanity.

Law and punishment will not produce Reform in the mind of man, but gentleness and kindness is the true principle to be manifested in working out the Golden Rule.

The Humane Societies produce an effect that corresponds with the perfume from a field of roses.

The pitying sympathy moves on the Electric currents from one mind to another, and is a source of refinement and elevation of principle.

Aid Societies are equivalent, and are the best expression of what is called Worship.

"Tis in smallest acts of life  
That it is most truly portrayed;  
And thro' scenes of earth's sad strife,  
The path of Worship's made."

MRS. MINERVA MERRICK.

## Spirits in Prison.

When there is no Congregation in our Hall, we preach the Gospel of the Resurrection to those in prison in the spirit realm, who are still bound to idols; chained to creeds, dogmas, and superstitions; who are still searching for a Great, White Throne, with a Personal God (composed of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—these three equal in all things) sitting upon it, with the Son before him, showing his wounded hands, and making intercession for the Human Family, looking for the Kingdom of Heaven, where they can worship the God they have made like unto themselves, by praising, singing, and adoring him during the vast Cycles of Eternity.

While these ideas are impressed on

their minds, they may remain in that condition, in spirit, for thousands of years.

While they continue in that Circle of Intelligence, they co-operate with the same Circle here on earth, and draw their inspiration or mental action from the Sphere of their development.

All spirits are the same after death of the body, as they were before—all they take with them is their life experiences.

The Holiness Sect, as they call themselves, (we call them extreme Orthodox), testify every night in meeting, (they hold meetings every night for three months), that they were saved by the blood of Jesus.

A woman with whom we were acquainted, who belonged to the Holiness Band, passed to the spirit land:

Some months afterwards, a good trance medium was speaking in Merrick Hall, and at the close of the address, the spirit of this woman controlled the medium and spoke to an acquaintance who was in the Hall, saying:—

"Where is my Jesus; can you tell me where to find him; or where to find my children?"

The lady to whom she spoke, was prevented from speaking to her, by some person who knew nothing about the matter, and the spirit left without receiving any information—which was cruel.

Some spirits are launched into the spirit realm, entirely ignorant of their condition: they do not know what has happened—they are lost or deranged.

We once saw a man in Quincy Jail whom the Authorities had judged insane.

Two men were chopping wood together, and the axe of one flew off of its handle, and killed the other.

We understand that the spirit of the deceased one attached itself to the other, and he was the one we met.

He looked slowly about him as if he was trying to learn where he was.

We told the prisoners to ask him to come to the grating where we stood, and they called to him, but he would not come, and they pushed him forward to have him take our hand, but he seemed to be afraid—not knowing what would be done to him.

We have signs made to us by an invisible Intelligence, that confirms the truths of the ideas we express.

Any one who is conversant with the Scriptures, must acknowledge that obsession by spiritual influences, is insanity; and that spirits are benefited by returning to the earth Sphere and making known their condition.

MRS. MINERVA MERRICK.

Persons ordering *A Fountain of Light*, Vol. 1., Price 66 cents, will please remit by Postal Note, Money Order, or 1-cent and 2-cent Postage Stamps, to

MRS. MINERVA MERRICK.

Third and Chestnut Streets,  
Quincy, Illinois.

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

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



# THE WATCHMAN.

Written for The Watchman.

## A Lay Sermon.

BY W. W. JUDSON.

Kansas City, Mo., Sunday, Feb. 1, 85.

We will open service, to-day, by singing Hymn, one hundred and forty, entitled, "Evening."

Depart from me ye cursed to everlasting flame,  
To that place now prepared, where mercy never came:  
The evening of your life is damned and passed away—  
You've never washed or bathed in blood a single day.

Let us pray. O, Jehovah, thou King of the Jews!  
From thy Throne on high, thou who gav'st to them the news  
From Heaven, that they a Country might pillage—  
That they had Godly privilege to sack a village,  
And possess Cities which they had never built,  
Also orchards and vineyards they never planted.  
We beseech Thee, Thou powerful Monarch of the skies,  
Help us drive the Heathen until for life he flies;  
Give us his Country for a heritage and home—  
We wage a cultured and Christian war high in tone.  
If you'll help us over Heathen Human Rights to ride,  
You'll be our God, and we'll be on your side.  
We'll be your shepherds on earth and your flocks attend,  
Every heretic we'll subdue or kill.  
Amen.

By singing we'll continue our exercises—  
Rapine and war are the things which Christianizes.  
Lord our God for these hymns of gratitude we raise  
To the Jehovah ever we address our praise.

About the Old Testament Scriptures we'll discourse,  
How the River Pison in Eden had its source,  
How Adam was formed out of the dust of the earth,  
How from the same every living thing had its birth,  
How all kinds of fruit trees were planted in Eden,  
How God set out a Tree of Life in his Garden—  
Trees both good and evil and a Tree of Knowledge—  
We're not told whether Common School or College.  
The fruit from this Tree Adam was forbid to eat—  
Down in ignorance forever must be his seat  
If he wished to retain his earthly Paradise.  
In looking round he saw no use to sacrifice,  
And as God was so opposed to Education,  
He kept at work in his garden avocation.  
While God formed the Cattle, Birds, and Beasts, of clay,

Adam gave them names which have lasted to this day.  
By chance 'twas discovered that Adam was alone,  
With material all gone—nothing left, not a stone.  
Under such circumstances what was to be done—  
He'd never die—had no wife, daughter, or son.  
To live forever and talk to snakes and asses  
Thought Adam—'twas strange that God had made no lasses.  
He fretted and worried until he fell asleep.  
'Twas then the climax came—not of Creations weak—  
It took more than was in Creation's six-day's power—  
Not flying dust nor sticky mud fermented, sour,  
Would ever do to form a Woman for this world.  
It took another essence and another mold,  
It took another Force, it took another Time,  
It took another effort, more grand and sublime.  
Suffice to say, when Man from his stupor awoke,  
And clear was his brain, then 'twas to him Woman spoke:  
"To you, O Man, from Spheres of Light and Truth I come,  
To you I bring Wisdom from an Electric Sun;  
You've been the associate of beasts since your birth,  
You've walked in ignorance and sloth quite long enough,  
Your thought and language is that of the snake and brute;  
To voice and think like Immortals you can be taught.  
This Garden, this earth is not your Eternal Place—  
Your Future Home is in the skies with the Human Race."

But Man stubborn and blind, her advice heeded not,  
But built to him a God of Wine, a drunken sot.  
Hence we have Scriptural writings from Man's standpoint,  
Hence we have debauchery, misery, war, and want.  
Man not only gave his male proclivities scope,  
But brutishly smothered every progressive hope;  
And as the Law of Compensation gave him hell,  
He concocted the snake story of how he fell;  
How in all perfection direct from God he came,  
A saint from heaven, pure and spotless as a lamb,  
How Woman, a fiend in human form, him enticed  
From love and beauty, and caused his fall in a trice.  
How Priests with such a fraud and lie the world can face—  
There's not a Lawyer who'd not throw up such a case,  
And who'd not in his manliness, with hastened pace,  
Go down upon his knees, to her, and sue for grace,  
And to avenge her insults would swear to erase  
Every book and record containing such a farce,  
And thro' smoke, to fire them into Eternal Space.

Please sing. But I suffer not a Woman to teach—  
I, Paul, command her ever in silence to preach,  
Nor to usurp authority over the Man,  
For she was formed to obey, a tyrant, A-dam.

The blessings of Jehovah and the Holy Ghost  
Be upon you all, but upon Men the most;  
May God, the Father, remain with them to the end,  
And in Christian wars, a helping hand lend. AMEN.

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