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Written for The Watchman.

THE CAUSE OF THE MISTAKE.

In a recent Article we queried whether we, Spiritualists, had not made a mistake in our notions and teachings respecting the character of spirits.

Were this a mere matter of theory, involving no serious, practical questions, we might well pass it without comment. But it is not so.

The very gravest questions possible are involved in its consideration. Not only is a just estimate of the future life involved, but the adjustment of some of the most prolific causes of wrangling, denunciation, and strife among Spiritualists depends, in part at least, upon a proper solution of the question of evil spirits.

Perhaps no one thing causes so much bitterness, among Spiritualists, as the question of fraud on the part of mediums. The feuds of contending Christian Sects have rarely been more virulent than the strife among Spiritualists on this question.

We have nothing to say here upon this controversy, except as it bears upon the point we are discussing.

As a general rule, the defenders of mediums assume that fraud, when apparent, is the product of dishonest, fraudulent spirits—in other words, the blame is imposed upon the spirit side of life. It is even assumed that these deceiving spirits may bring the paraphernalia necessary to establish the charge of fraud. And that this process of evil may be carried on to consummation without the attending guardians of the medium having any knowledge thereof; or, if knowing, without power, or disposition to prevent, or forewarn.

Momentous issues are here involved. If there are spirits possessed of such profound subtlety and power that they can produce such stupendous frauds thro' mediums, in spite of the guardian band, or without their knowledge, it becomes of the last consequence to us to know *how* it happens that low, evil spirits are so much more knowing and powerful than the good.

But if there is a reasonable explanation of many of the so-called false manifestations, which neither impli-

cates the spirits nor the mediums, then the warring sections of the grand Army of Progress can be at peace, and use their energies against the common foe instead of against each other.

We are in a sorry plight, indeed. Divided into warring cliques, and berating each other as frauds, or fraud-busters.

If we were forced to impute fraud upon the actors, we should select the embodied, instead of the disembodied, as the frauds. We hope the cases are very rare where it is either.

As intimated in our previous Article (Sept. 1886), there are manifestations that seem to indicate the possession of the same animal appetites by spirits as by those still in the flesh. That, goaded by these appetites, they resort to all known methods to induce mediums to indulge those appetites and passions.

And it is assumed that this perverted action gives pleasure to the infesting spirits, so much so that they get "gloriously drunk," as well as mortals.

I think, so far as principles and argument go, I showed the impossibility of this, in my other Article.

But many will say: "What will you do with the facts as presented in the manifestations?"

I might answer, and very justly too, that my inability to explain them satisfactorily, would not prove your conclusions to be sound. It might only show that the problem was still unsolved.

I will, however, suggest an explanation. That explanation must be based upon certain well-known facts.

1. The mediumistic condition is one of Negative receptivity.

2. It is receptively impressible to all positive mental forces.

3. It is in multitudes of cases, impossible for the medium, or the spectators to define the source of the force acting upon the medium.

The absolute Law of Mental Consciousness, demonstrates this position.

4. It has, so far, been impossible to perfectly define the boundaries between spirit and mundane forces operating upon the susceptible sensitives called mediums.

5. Spirits have shown about as

much incapacity in dealing with this problem as we have. Hence, until we have some infallible rules for settling all these knotty and intricate questions pertaining to this great subject, it seems to me, that we ought to be very slow in charging either spirits or mortals with fraud or villainy.

Mistakes thro' ignorance are vastly more numerous than frauds or villainies of any kind.

6. Countless thousands of spirits make but little progress in the earth life, so far as culture and moral excellence are concerned. They live almost exclusively an animal life. So far as Intellect is concerned, it is made the slave of appetite and passion.

Now, when such Souls are disrobed of the body, they are in a most deplorable condition. They are where the sources of their past enjoyment cannot be obtained.

If they were attainable, the instruments for their use—the physical senses—have perished with the body to which they belonged.

But the life of sense lived in the fleshy body, still lives in memory. It is the treasure—the terrible inheritance of an ignorant, undeveloped spirit. It is no wonder that they should wish themselves again in the flesh; that they should desire the old pleasures, because they know no others.

But if it were possible for them to possess, temporarily, the body of another, and urge them to gratify the same appetites, it would be to the spirit controlling, like the apples of Sodom. The exercise of the animal appetites or passions, by the animal nature of another, would be no balm to the spirit disembodied. It is impossible that any spirit should be ignorant of the fact that it was in control of another organism than its own, when making manifestations. So that if we grant, for the sake of argument, that it is possible, in some very exceptional cases, for a spirit to get entire control of the physical body of another, there is not the slightest evidence that it would derive the least pleasure from the physical sensations of the medium. Hence, there would be no temptation to repeat the attempt, even if once made.

The theory that mediumistic perceptions are continually being made the

tools of vile and debased spirits, is a huge scandal upon the world of spirits. It accuses millions, with no proof, except the *assumed* meaning of certain phenomena, with acting the part of vampires towards those who have done them no harm.

It also accuses the countless thousands who are assumed to be good, wise, and powerful, in spirit life, with being stoically indifferent, or inane impotent to help their suffering fellows in the earth life. Their knowledge of the Governing Forces of the Universe must far transcend that of the vile, if vileness is there; and, consequently, they are able largely to control, if they wish. If they appreciate moral distinctions, they must wish, and, therefore, act.

But, when we come to view the facts of Being as they really are, the necessity for assuming animal appetites and passions as inhering in spiritual beings vanishes at once.

This world is largely one of Animal Force. Humanity is enwrapped in the same, as completely as by the atmosphere. Every person is amenable, in a greater or less degree, to this Force. Sensitives, far more so than those of Positive nature. Every passion and appetite is a conductor of this universal Force.

Just as sure as the connecting wires of a battery will reveal the potency of Electricity: so certain it is that receptive persons, in certain conditions, will become charged, so to speak, with the tide of surging passions belonging to the Race.

This tide flows into the Sensitive—the medium, and we have manifestations accordingly. It may be Murder, Theft, Robbery, Licentiousness, drunkenness, etc., etc.

All crime is the manifestation of the predominant appetites and passions of Society, or the Social Man.

The criminal, so-called, is the unfortunate instrument, or, rather, function of crime—Society is, however, the real, the responsible criminal.

Suppose, now, in the Circle, you have manifestations of what is termed evil, are you authorized to charge that evil to a disembodied spirit, when you have all the conditions necessary for the production of the phenomena, without the slightest necessity of aid

THE WATCHMAN.

Written for The Watchman.

ALCOHOLISM!

The road to prosperity goes directly past the distilleries, without stopping.—Whitehall Times.

There has been so much said and written against the use of intoxicating drinks, it is almost impossible to offer anything new on the subject, hence, I shall offer demonstrated facts.

It is not because I do not touch it myself—never did—nor because I do not think that those who pay a yearly license to vend it, have a perfect right to do so—Sundays as well as other days—but, because I believe it to be a curse to Humanity—robbing them manhood, health, and cash—and shall endeavor to prove these assertions.

Dr. Wm. B. Carpenter, the most renowned of living Physiologists says:

"The introduction of Alcohol into healthy blood can do nothing but mischief, that no one who is familiar with the action of poisons upon the living animal body and has made the nature of that action a special study, has the smallest hesitation in saying that Alcohol (liquor of any kind) is a poison."

Dr. Cuyler says:—

"Alcohol is not a food, and supplies no natural craving. No wholesome food demands an increase. The appetite for bread, milk, or meat, does not grow on a person from day to day. Every legitimate food satisfies in given quantities. Alcohol, from its very nature, demands more and more, and, hence, is not a legitimate article of food."

Dr. L. A. Klein, speaking of the effects of the use of Alcohol during the Siege of Paris says:—

"It was just the time when the wine merchants were used to buy their stock for a year, when the war broke out, so we had plenty of wines of every description. It was distributed by the Government very liberally indeed. We drank because we had nothing to eat. We found most decidedly that Alcohol was no substitute for bread and meat. We also found that it was no substitute for coals. We of the Army had to sleep outside of Paris on the frozen ground and in the snow, and when we got up in the Morning we were as stiff as planks. We had plenty of Alcohol (wine) but it did not make us warm. We thus found out by bitter experience, that Alcohol did not make us warm, did not replace food of any kind, and did not replace coals. Let me tell you there is nothing that will make you feel the cold more, nothing that will make you feel the dreadful sense of hunger, more than Alcohol."

With Alcohol, the craving, if steadily denied, will gradually cease; but if indulged in, it begets abnormal craving, and that craving having once taken hold, becomes the most insatiable of human passions, as Linnaeus said, "Man sinks gradually by this fell poison; first he favors it, then warms to it, then burns for it, then is consumed by it."

Alcoholic fermentation results in two poisonous compounds, Alcohol and Carbonic Acid.

Dr. A. Carlyle says that no living animal or plant can be supported by such poisonous fluids, on the contrary, they soon become sickly and perish under their influence.

Dr. Austin Flint says that if drinking be long continued, the assimilative powers become so weakened, that the proper quantity of food cannot be appropriated, and Alcohol is craved to supply a self-engendered want.

Dr. Murchison says, "The sallow and unhealthy appearance of the face of the drinker, indicates the diseased liver."

Prof. Kraft Ebing says of acute Alcoholism, that we found all the forms of insanity.

In nothing is Alcohol used more than in intoxicating drinks.

Can Alcohol be called a food on the ground that it supplies tissue?

The nutritive powers of foods depend on the proportion which can be made available for the renovation of the body.

Alcohol has not been found in the living organism, except in the wastes and refuse, and only in infinitesimal traces.

It is a fact of common observation, that drunkards may vomit half-digested, or wholly undigested food, hours or days after its ingestion, showing the power Alcohol has to prevent digestion.

A profuse amount of Gastric Juice will, no doubt, digest food more rapidly than a small amount, and, therefore, the abundant secretion of Gastric Juice provoked by the daily taking of a small amount of Alcohol, may for some time, promote digestion. But to urge digestion is no more desirable than to urge youth. What is pre-eminent desirable, is that these processes shall be natural, that there shall be no extortion which always involves two very bad things—exhaustion and waste.

EMANUEL M. JONES.
Philadelphia, Pa.

To Be Continued.

From The Spiritual Offering.

LOVE.

Love is one of the tendrils of the heart that helps to bear us up, and give us energy to pursue our difficult tour onward and upward.

Love does not come unbidden, it must be won by noble acts, gentle words, pleasing smiles and unselfish devotion.

"In giving Love you bind it like an amulet of safety to your heart forevermore."

We owe respect to those who are truthful, honest, and sincere. We give Love to those of kindred minds whom we trust implicitly and who are as ready to lavish affection as to receive it.

Mutual Love thrills us with delight and is the sunlight of our Lives. It is an emanative from the Infinite and its purity in us depends upon our own unselfishness, benevolence, and sincerity. Love makes our happiness, the absence of it destroys all contentment. Mutual Love gives us a foretaste of what we may expect in "Our Father's house of many mansions." How good, then, is our Life, if we bestow our Love on worthy beings whose minds are pure and unselfish. Oh! how desolate must be that home where Love does not exist, and where selfishness, petulance, and parsimony are the controlling impulses. Words cannot picture the shadows and darkness hovering over that home. Oh! short-sighted mortals to thus drive away from themselves the greatest

boon of Life—mutual Love. Such persons must feel the necessity for Love and Sympathy. Then why do they pursue that course that will certainly bring to them desolation, discontent and despair.

Then, Oh mortal! blame not your surroundings for your own misery, that is the sequence of your own acts, words, and impulses. H. S. Nashville, Tenn.

Written for The Watchman.

THE TRANSITION.

When death's darkness settled o'er me
Just before life's radiant dawn,
When the old breath met the new
breath

Neither scarcely known or drawn,
I was puzzled, lost, bewildered
For a moment held in Space,
Then I left the earth behind me
Heav'n the nearer world, to face.

Then I drew a breath of freedom
Long, exhilarating, sweet,
Then I found myself a spirit
Conscious, and in form complete;
Oh, the rapture of that moment
When soft perfumed breezes fanned
Into wakefulness my being,
And I felt myself expand,

Like a bud in Summer's sunshine
Blooming into perfectness,
Like a butterfly emerging
From its prison—chrysalis;
Love-lit, dear, familiar faces
Clustered round enwreathed in light,
Soft, warm hands clasped mine in
welcome,
Rare scenes met my wond'ring sight.

Far away and silvery music
Came and went in softest strains,
Linked my spirit to its new Life
By a thousand subtle chains;
Friends long cherished, loved, re-
membered,

Swiftly, kindly to me come,
And caressed and led me thither
To my own deserved Soul-home.

Upward, onward, outward soaring
Like a bird in ambient air,
I ascended to the dwelling
Which my past Life builded there;
What I realized and studied,
What I felt and saw and knew
Is too much, too true, too real
To explain in words to you.

But if there are any mortals
Who from death in terror shrink
I will tell them, fear no longer,
Of it as a blessing think;
If you here live truly, nobly,
Try to be sincere and good,
You will find the change a glory
With new joy and pow'r imbued.

Do your best, be kind and honest,
To your breast bind Truth and Love,
And earth's petty, selfish feelings
Rise in strength of Soul above,
Then when death comes you can meet it
With a smile of welcome bright,
Lie down in its midnight shadow
To arise in Morning's Light.

Angels there will wait your coming,
And friends nearest your heart's own,
With them in a home congenial
Sorrow shall no more be known;
Learn well here your primary lessons
'Neath experience's stern rule,
Fit yourself to pass with honor
Into Heav'n's Immortal School.

GENA SMITH FAIRFIELD.
Rockland, Maine.

from the spirit side of life?

The very conditions of mediumship bring one *en rapport* with the great palpitating heart of Humanity, with all its good and ill. Is it strange that the so-called ill so often prevails?

But the question will be urged by many, "How is it that it is so often asserted that spirits are the operators?"

In reply, it is only necessary to say, that in the trance condition, very many are unable to distinguish the Magnetic influence of a person in the body, from one out of it. And when certain sensations or feelings are supposed to indicate spirit presence, the medium will affirm that spirits produce them.

Hence, given a Circle and medium who believe in evil spirits, and there occur certain phases of manifestations, the verdict is, "evil spirits," tho' there has been nothing but simple mesmeric phenomena.

Every intelligent Spiritualist knows full well that mesmeric phenomena are inextricably blended with the spiritual. That to separate them, with absolute certainty, in many cases, is an impossibility. No infallible rule is yet discovered. Those manifestations which are supposed to indicate evil spirits, are of the character that admit of the greatest play of earthly Magnetic Force.

In conclusion, let me ask, if it would not be far better for the Cause of Truth, if the beligerant fraud-hunter and denouncer of mediums, on the one hand, and the traducer of spirits, on the other, should devote their energies, for a time, to the acquisition of some positive knowledge of the Laws and conditions of Mediumship. Also, let them inquire into the Law of Thought Evolution.

Let us have from these sapient teachers a Philosophical exposition of the extent and limit of the powers of the embodied spirit, before asserting what is attributable to those who are disembodied.

PROF. J. S. LOVELAND.

San Bernardino, Cal.

Selected.

THREE HELPS.

If the world seems cold to you,
Kindle fires to warm it!
Let their comfort hide from view
Winters that deform it.
Hearts as frozen as your own
To that radiance gather;
You will soon forget to moan
"Ah! the cheerless weather!"

If the world's a wilderness,
Go build houses in it!
Will it help your loneliness
On the winds to din it?
Raise a hut, however slight,
Weeds and brambles smother,
And to roof and meal invite
Some forlorn brother.

If the world's a vale of tears,
Smile till rainbows span it,
Breathe the love that life endears,
Clear of clouds to fan it.
Of your gladness lend a gleam
Unto Souls that shiver;
Show them how dark sorrow's stream
Blends with Hope's bright river.

LUCY LARCOM.

Subscribe for THE WATCHMAN.

THE WATCHMAN.

VICTOR HUGO and SPIRITUALISM.

Editor of The Watchman:—

In the hearing of a prominent Christian, I once made the remark that I was an Infidel to the Christian's Faith, his Creed, and to his Belief.

He wanted to know what possible answer I could make to the following beautiful expressions of Victor Hugo, made a very short time before his death.

"I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down. The new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, towards the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds."

"You say the Soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why, then, is my Soul the more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head and eternal Spring is in my heart. Then I breathe, at this hour, the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and the roses as at twenty years."

"The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. When I go down to the grave I can say, like many others, 'I have finished my day's work;' but I cannot say, 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight, to open with the dawn."

My answer was, that Victor Hugo voiced my sentiments precisely; and that all true Spiritualists sanctioned every word that he had uttered in the above beautiful lines. I furthermore told him that Victor Hugo did not utter one word in the above quotation but what was true Spiritualism.

My Christian friend claimed it as all true Christianity.

Are the Christians stealing our beautiful thoughts, and all of the beauties of our knowledge and belief? Verily, I think so.

J. W. DENNIS.

Buffalo, N. Y.

"IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?"

Yes, yes, we say, our lives are worth All that they cost, whate'er befall, And if the round, unresting earth And these poor mortal days were all; Faced all the time by pain and death, 'Tis worth our while to draw our breath.

If only once we saw the sun March like a god across the sky, And only once when day was done We watched the fires of sunset die; These hints of other worlds would be Worth all the years to you and me.

But once to see the stars at night, And once the roses by the door; To see but once the Oceans smite With awful might the quivering shore— These, these alone, would make our breath Worth all the pangs of birth & death.

Is life worth living? Dearest eyes, That look to ours in weal or woe, How would ye flash in pained surprise If false to you we answered "No!"— By all that we can know or guess Of earth or heaven, we answer—yes.

—Elen M. H. Gates, in N. Y. Examiner.

MIND, SPIRIT—SENSITIVE—NESS.

Editor of The Watchman:—

I have often thought to write you what I have so sensitively felt in mind since my early childhood.

In the first place, so as to be better understood by the readers of THE WATCHMAN, I must say that I was born in Paris, France. When very young, I left home—a change came over me in mind and feeling. This feeling follows me in all new locations I visit, or dwell in.

I once visited the Cherokee Indians, and with truth I can say that the spiritual force of the former Indians who had lived in that locality, vibrated thro'out my body and mind.

There is not a city, village, or forest I visit, but what I ever feel the presence of those who once dwelt in the above places.

I must here say that, at such times, I feel as I suppose those former beings felt. A strangeness comes over me that I cannot shake off.

Well do I remember going thro' the two Canadas many years ago, a mere boy in my 18th year.

I shared in the same spirit as the early French pilgrims did. While going up and down the St. Lawrence River, instead of feeling that I was on a modern steamer, I felt as tho' I was in a birch-bark canoe, or on the march as a soldier in the lonely forests of Virginia, or on the field of battle—the old legions of Washington, La Fayette, or Cornwallis, in spirit, were by my side.

In fact, my knowledge of the English Language is too inadequate for me to correctly explain this strange spiritual feeling in mind and body, that follows me wherever I go.

I have never been troubled with homesickness, for I was born a traveler, and the spirits have made me as a prisoner in my present location, for I would have traveled until the other end of the world was reached, and my spirit would not have become prepared for the after life.

The above mentioned sensitiveness, to me, has been a misery—a feeling at times, of despair, at times, of joyousness.

Nevertheless, this sensitiveness leaves me when I return home where the spirits want me to dwell.

A little over a year ago I undertook to move to a place about four miles from here. It was a long time before everything was in readiness. The day came at last, to my utmost joy. I loaded my wagon and moved off in great haste. I took my dog with me.

The moment I landed in my new home, the feeling of sensitiveness overtook me—a feeling not of the living, but of the ones called dead.

I remained there four and a half months. I became so sensitive in feeling of the ones who had dwelt there before, that I became almost a skeleton. In fact, I could not bring before myself my own reality of the times I lived in—it was ever a feeling of the long ago that haunted me. I could feel almost as if the spirit said in speaking:—

"Do as we had done. Live as we had lived when we were in the flesh."

So, after four and a half months of untold misery, I returned to my former and present home,

I cannot give a longer detail of the subject, but hope that you will understand me in what I have said.

Fraternally.

HENRY LESNE.

Glen Cove, N. Y.

[The above will serve to show our readers how very sensitive to location and surroundings, some sensitives or mediums may become.

Oftentimes, ill health is the effect of undeveloped mediumship—even tho' the one so suffering be wholly unacquainted with Spiritualism and mediumship.

Still the facts remain, and if studied into, might give much light on the subject, and help to relieve those who otherwise suffer from spirit sensitiveness.

The Old School Doctors may dose the medicine down the patients, but to no avail—for it is not such treatment that is needed.—EDITRESS.]

Written for The Watchman.

EDIE'S WISH.

(A True Incident.)

After Edie's little brother, Cunning baby Robbie died, She one day said to her mama With her blue eyes open wide, "Robbie went to heaven bare-headed, Mama, wasn't Robbie cold?" And this seemed to trouble Edie, Edie, only four years old.

"Mama," still the child persisted, "He was cold, I know, and I want to wear my little bonnet Up to heaven when I die." Busy mama scarcely heeded What her little girl had said, Till one dark day Robbie's sister Lay like Robbie, cold and dead.

Edie in her snow-white wrapper Ready for her little grave; Farewell looks and kisses taken, Naught to do for Edie, save— Yes, mama recalls her darling's Little wish expressed one day. Softly brings the little bonnet, Laid so carefully away— "Edie shall not go bare-headed," Some one heard her weeping say.

So it was that blue-eyed Edie Went to heaven as children do, In her little robe of whiteness And her little bonnet blue. That perchance the baby angels May have gazed at in surprise— Mama smiles and whispers softly, "I shall know her in the skies."

DORA.

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Written for The Watchman.

EXPERIENCES.

The first that I knew about Spiritualism came about in this wise.

I was a young man then, and as I remember it was about 35 years ago. One of my schoolmates became developed as a writing medium, and used to give exhibitions, at times, for the edification of parties interested.

One Evening when several young people were together, he was requested to see what the spirits had for us, and he readily consented.

Furnished with paper and pencil, it was not long before a spirit appeared, signing his name as Harry Bailey.

This was the name of one of our Orthodox neighbors, about 60 years of age, who had recently departed.

We got direct answers to several questions, and some one asked if all were happy after death.

The answer came, "Yes," which was contrary to my expectations, and, I think, contrary to the expectation of all the spectators present.

I was trying to account for the strange phenomena thro' some Magnetic agency, not well understood, but wholly connected with earth life, and the thought occurred to me to see what effect my Will-power would have in determining the answer to the question. I said to the medium:—

"Do you always get the same answer to that question?"

He said, "I never got any other."

I said, "I want to try that question again, and I will ask it."

I seated myself to the left of, and, perhaps, four feet from the medium, and placed my eyes intently on the hand holding the pencil, and repeated the question, "Are all happy after death?"

Not letting my eyes leave the hand which held the pencil for an instant, with all the force I could master, I willed the answer to be, "No, all are miserable."

The pencil did not move off to write anything, but first gave a tremulous motion, then took to jumping, at first slightly, but soon getting to be quite violent.

The medium turned to me, saying, "You steady my hand a little."

I immediately forgot the resolve I had made, jumped up and took hold of his hand, and it wrote as it did at first, "Yes."

The impression made on my mind at the time, was, that I was right in my conjecture that the writing was done thro' a Magnetic agency.

Second, that the medium had no conscious influence in determining what was written. And

Third, it came to my understanding at that time, that Magnetism was animal in all its attributes, and that if there was such a thing as spirits, it could not be available to them, and, therefore, they could not have had anything to do with the writing.

And so, for years, I simply regarded these things as interesting phases in human existence, which were not well understood, and, probably, never would be.

But afterwards I gradually got to thinking that, perhaps, what was called animal Magnetism, might, with as much propriety, be called Mental Magnetism, and if spirits existed, they

Continued on Seventh Page.

THE WATCHMAN.

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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 11.30 p. m. Sunday at 8.30 a. m. 1.05: 6.20: 9.45 p. m.
Leave Millard Ave. at 6.23: 7.18: 7.51: 8.19: 9.23: 10.33 a. m. 1.20: 2.20: 4.24: 7.08: 10.20 p. m. Sunday at 9.35 a. m. 2.05: 6.15 p. m.

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

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

BOOK NOTICES.

JOHN BROWN, THE MEDIUM OF THE ROCKIES, is a book of wonder, and of singular merit, containing, as it does, startling accounts of the Author's wonderful mediumship, and proofs of spiritual Phenomena as manifested thro' different channels.

The account of that more than marvelous vision by Tryphena C. Pardee, and the fulfillment of every particular therein, as printed in THE WATCHMAN of April and June 1885, and reproduced in this book of John Brown Sr's. experiences, is alone worth the price of the book.

Besides this, there are various experiences of the mediumship of John Brown Sr. as published in *Spiritual Offering, Foundation Principles, Western Watchman, Mind and Matter, Carrier Dove, Golden Gate*, and others, all of which go to make up one of the most interesting books of the Day.

Our readers should endeavor to purchase one of the books. Price \$1. Address H. A. BERRY, 1090 Central Park Ave., Millard Postal Station, Chicago, Ill.

We have received, with the Compliments of the Author, a copy of the ACTS OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY APOSTLES. By Parker Pillsbury.

We highly prize this work, as it is from the pen of a venerable and worthy Veteran of Liberty.

Parker Pillsbury was one of the great Pioneer Anti-Slavery Agitators associated with William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and others, and did noble service in the Cause of Freedom and Equality.

Every family interested in *Equality of Rights* should have a copy of this book. See Advertisement of his numerous publications on 8th Page.

We wish to call the special attention of our readers to the late publication, EONA'S LEGACY TO THE WIDE, WIDE, WORLD. This book is elegantly bound, and contains 650 pages. Price \$2.50.

Readers, this is a wonderful book. We believe that there never was another book of its kind, nor anything like it ever before published.

It is entirely out of the general order of reading matter. It treats wholly upon the Re-incarnated existence of Souls. And is a testimonial from the spirit side of Life. It certainly is a unique and original work.

We consider it to be in advance of the Times—yet advanced thinkers should purchase a copy of this book, reading it carefully and thoughtfully, that none of its value be lost.

We predict that the coming Generations will appreciate and value its lessons more than the present Generation. Yet we would advise all who can to purchase, at their earliest convenience, a copy of this truly remarkable work. Orders for this book received by H. A. BERRY, 1090 Central Park Ave., Millard Postal Station, Chicago, Illinois.

TESTIMONIALS.

Editress of The Watchman:—

I am indebted to you for three copies of THE WATCHMAN. And allow me to say, right here, that I had only glanced at and touched the Paper, when I knew I should subscribe for it.

I hasten to write you that your Paper touched the golden chords of my heart and seemed, with the assistance of the beautiful *Carrier Dove*, to tune my thought to the most harmonious tune, ready for playing the sweet song, as nothing else has ever been known to do—and that song is *Spiritualism*. I can see music, holy music in the name, *Spiritualist*, or *Spiritualism*. And I cannot tire of it.

I hope to so live that the whole world may know that I am certainly one of the most sincerely and truly converted Souls to Spiritualism that God ever smiled upon.

To me, God seems to have taken up a permanent home in every human Soul, if I may so express it.

I am so happy that I do not know that I ever shall be wretched again.

We (husband and I) do not yet get the raps. We do not often see the spirits, nor do we get any visible manifestations ourselves. But I get impressions, holy happiness, and a hope of the Future. We are promised much by the holiest and best spirits.

Spirit Mozart came to me last August, and the sight gave me a sudden shock, I saw him so plainly, he looked as plain as a living man. He could not speak to me as I was so frightened. I did not know who he was, nor what he wanted, nor anything about it until six weeks later, when a spirit friend of our acquaintance came and informed me thro' a medium, that that spirit was Mozart.

Then I felt glorified in Soul, for I knew Mozart was a noble, beautiful spirit.

It is supposed that Abraham Lincoln will be another of my life controls, as he came and appeared at our circle which we hold at Mrs. W. S. Cook's, in Bozeman, on Thursday and Sunday Evenings, and said that he was to be one of my guides.

George Washington appeared and stood at my husband's back, and said that he would be one of my husband's controls.

Is not this enough to make our very Souls stir up every spark of glory that they contain?

I have thought more of the departed Abraham Lincoln than I can tell—that is, I was so sadly impressed the day we heard of his assassination, tho' then only a child of a few years, I never forgot the dreadful pang at heart that I received upon hearing the dreadful news.

It seems that his grand and noble Soul has known of me, for he said that he had been watching me for years past.

This was said to me thro' little Carrie Cook, 13 years of age, who is the most wonderful little medium I ever saw. She is also clairaudiant, clairvoyant, sees writing on the wall, etc.

Now, my dear, stranger friend and Sister of Humanity, I hope to live, I hope to be permitted, sometime, to do something for the grand Cause of Spiritualism.

I will promise you, thro' the Columns of THE WATCHMAN, that my future life, so far as in my power, will be devoted to doing all I can to spread the Truth.

You know there is a reason for the beautiful spirits to have given me the spirit name of "Carrier Dove."

I am aware of the meaning by impression, and shall endeavor to work with faith and trust.

I have been influenced to write several songs, to which Mozart gives the music by impression—would you like a few of the verses? if so, I shall send you some, and you may do as you see best about putting them in your beautiful, lively Paper. I hope some day to do better.

I shall read THE WATCHMAN with perfect happiness.

I am, indeed, an eternal Spiritualist.

The more *Spiritualism* in the Papers and Magazines, the better, I think.

Enclosed, find my subscription for THE WATCHMAN. I do not want to miss a copy of the Paper.

God and the angels bless you. Long may you live.

And remember, I may some day grasp thy hand, and tell thee how much good you have done, "even me," by sending your beautiful Paper.

Publish every line of this that you deem best. I am willing that all the future lines you may receive from me, be added to the Columns.

I will soon write you how I have been impressed; and how, years ago, I saw spirits, etc. I shall, I fear, make too long a letter of it, but publish as much of it as you deem proper.

I am your Sister in search of holy Truth.

LAURA V. HARPER STAHL.

The *World's Advance-Thought* (Salem, Oregon) for January 1887, says:—

"THE WATCHMAN, whose Editress, MRS. H. A. BERRY, seems to be specially well informed in regard to Sanitary matters, says: 'We know by experience that disease may be transmitted thro' the kneading and making of bread, the washing and ironing of clothing, and by making and mending wearing apparel.'"

The *Universal Triangle* (Memphis, Tenn.), says:—

"THE WATCHMAN, Edited by H. A. BERRY, 1090 Central Park Avenue, Chicago, is one of the spiciest little monthlies in the Union. We look for its arrival with a great deal of interest."

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.

EXPERIENCES.

On January 14, 1887, a lady medium called at our place and spent the Evening. She was in a trance most of the time. The medium and her daughter, my niece and myself were present. While under control, the medium said: "I see E. V. Wilson with papers in his hand that need attention."

In the Morning I examined my papers and found three, and took them to my Attorney, who is not a Spiritualist, and told him that E. V. Wilson said they needed attention—and he found that they did.

While yet under the influence, the medium was controlled by a Turk—the medium saw the spirit and said, "Keep away, I do not want you."

I said to the medium, "If the spirit has anything to say of value, let him come."

She said: "The spirit makes me laugh and act silly."

I said, "Don't mind that, but let him come."

Then she began to laugh, and her face was as red as it could be. She rocked back and forth in the chair, and we all laughed for a few moments.

When she was composed, the spirit drew his hand across his throat.

I asked, "Did you cut your throat?"

The spirit shook his head, and by signs and what he could say, he made us understand that he was hung, and was the wrong man—but he did not care now, for he was all right and could enjoy himself, but not as he did here on earth.

I asked, "Where is the man who should have been hung?"

Writhing and twisting himself, he pointed toward the floor, showing that the man was in misery.

I said, "Can't you pity him and raise him up?"

He straightened himself up and said, sharply, "No; I was hung for him, and shall not do any more."

I said, "You say you are happy and glad you are in the Summerland—"

He exclaimed, holding up his hand, "But, my family—five children—one boy in a good position was turned out of employment, and the whole family ruined, they could not get work—the baby starved for want of milk. The mother and baby are with me, and the rest are scattered." (flourishing his hand).

He said, "Those who commit Legal murder will suffer in the unknown world. To them there is a Law of Retribution that will be fulfilled."

"It is not so painful to have one's brains beat out at one blow, as the pain of dying with consumption. But, woe to him who strikes the blow. And woe to those who make Laws and execute them—try to kill a person that never did them harm. The God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob said, if any man kills Cain, vengeance

shall be meted out to him seven-fold. [What a wonderful number!] This vengeance is being fulfilled daily."

When the Turk had finished his message, the medium sat still so long I went to her and whispered, saying, "go away," and brushed my hands up gently over her face, and as they came down she grabbed my hands with a powerful grip, and the spirit introduced himself, saying, "Squaw, me big Chief, Blackfoot, you try to brush me away—" and laughed.

I cannot recollect of meeting with a person in my life, who expressed as much pleasure as the medium in actions and glow of countenance.

The Indian came to relate his experience in life on earth, and said:—

"I knew of spirit return. My father was a big Chief, and after he went to the happy hunting-ground, I was Chief, and was going to war—had paint and all things ready."

"I had a sister living in a faraway place, and as I was sitting in my wigwam, smoking, with my squaw, my sister came in, and I talked with her, and told my squaw to make her a bed. Squaw said she was not there."

I called for my father from spirit land, as I knew he could come; and he came. I asked him, 'Where was my sister?' He answered, 'She is with me.' I did not go to war. I packed my things and went to where my sister lived, and found she had gone to the hunting-ground.

"Blackfoot investigated the subject of spirit friends returning after leaving the mortal body, and one sitting was sufficient to prove to his senses, the fact."

The cultivated minds of earth, Scientists and Professors of Knowledge in all the Arts and Sciences, investigate this subject for eight or ten years, and then exclaim, "Am I a Spiritualist?" "No; I cannot find any proof of a future life, beyond what I have been taught."

When the men that were sent out as lambs among wolves, returned rejoicing that they had power over evil spirits, Jesus said, I thank thee, O, Father of the heavens and of the earth, that thou hast hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.

Martin Luther wrote us a message thro' the controlled hand of a medium, saying:—

"The light that led me to look beyond what I had been taught, floods in upon you, to-day."

MRS. MINERVA MERRICK.

INTELLECT, THE FACULTY OF THINKING—UNDERSTANDING.

A man has the power to inspire thoughts, the same as he has the power to breathe or inhale the atmosphere.

We are impressed to say that man is independent of his organism, and leaves his physical body often.

When he reads a book, he travels about with the Author—he sees people, hears what they say, sails on water, and walks on land; he laughs with the witty, and weeps with the pathetic, while his organism is sitting in his office, as he enters into a brown study, and calls on his lady-love and talks with her, and sees her.

This is the sixth sense, a sense of invisible thing, and the seventh sense is a sense of visible things—corres-

ponding with the seven faculties of the Soul.

The Soul of man is an Electric spark that cannot be extinguished. The emanations from that Soul form the aura surrounding the brain, and is the mind—corresponding with the atmosphere around the earth, or the photosphere around the Planet Sun. All living things have an aura around them, and all things live—and the spirit is the essence.

Man's Soul, having seven attributes corresponds with a scale of music—you cannot add one tone more, or take one away without destroying the harmony of music.

The Science of music always was a self-existent fact, a truth. It was revealed to man by Mental Action, which is produced by the spirit hemisphere, and by the physical co-operating, it was discovered—it was not invented.

Man is like unto a golden harp of many strings, and there is no limit to the variations of harmony that can be played. When the key-note is love to Humanity, and the angel fingers touch the strings, the music will thrill the Souls of those in harmony therewith, and they will vibrate in unison with others in the spirit realm.

When we think of the strains that will yet fill the Souls of Humanity, it brings the tears of sympathy, for the impression is so like a grand or sublime view in Natural scenery.

Mr. Bradbury says that from within is built our house not made with hands eternal in the heavens.

But this idea is not in harmony with our experience—all houses are built from without.

Man's thoughts are as the blossoms of the tree, and his deeds are the fruit, if the deeds are gems of sweet thought and action, you will build the walls of your house so that they will be a lasting happiness, a joy forever.

Mr. Bradbury says that all is within, and from within wells up all we shall ever know of Intelligence by personal experience. He says, "Am I right?"

No, of course not. Everything is produced by the invisible elements. The earth clothes itself every year by Materialization. The roots being in the earth, and the Planet being a Magnet, the Electric and Magnetic Law clothes all Vegetation with foliage, blossoms, and fruit from the atmosphere or from the sphere of atoms according to the Class and Order of all the Vegetation upon earth.

Man inspires thoughts from the spirit world, and clothes them with his deeds, by the same Law that the trees clothe themselves.

There are as many Spheres of Thought in the fourth dimension of Space, as there are atoms in the atmosphere.

Man is spirit—not composed of matter, but incarnated in material form to obtain a life experience in the first class of instruction, and may be Re-incarnated three times or more.

Mr. Bradbury says that Organic structure is the source of all human intelligence.

Very well. But he cannot prove it, or show any correspondence in Nature's Laws.

This is the last slice we have of that sweet bread, of which if a man eat he can never die, but think on forever.

We hope this will satisfy his hunger, and fill his Soul with contentment, and be a continual feast.

MRS. MINERVA MERRICK.

From A Fountain of Light.

THE GLITTER AND THE REAL.

There is the glitter of life,
And again there is the real;
There is the turmoil, care, and strife,
And there is the ideal.

There is beauty, there is glory,
There are noble deeds of great worth;
There is the saddened story
Which bows the honest sons of earth.

There is a man of power and might,
Who patiently has toiled away,
Never swerving from the right,
Thro' the heat and care of the day.

His right hand strong grasps the pen,
His Soul is filled with wondrous love;
His mission is to scatter ken
Of darkest hue and true life prove.

Would wealth—glitter of earth,
Give him a strong and noble Soul?
If the inward self of real worth
Were submitted to this control?

Yes, strong Souls are deeded here,
As in the fields of waving grain,
In the fields of knowledge without fear,
We need the good right hand again.

We need the tongue of Wisdom deep;
We need the grandeur of life;
We need to arouse Souls from sleep;
We need to dispel earth's sad strife.

The fields of Nature may be tilled
By hands as strong and true,
But thy mission can be fulfilled
By taking the talent given to you.

Thy fields are tilled the same to-day;
Thy work is a grander field,
And true love of man does repay
With a goodly, glorious yield.

Thy wealth might glit'r, thy life of ease,
Would starve thy hungry, healthy Soul
Thy desires to labor, borne on the breeze
Bring angelic hosts thy life to console.

A tender lay do they sing to-night,
A glad, joyous, welcome song—
Thou hast not lost in the cause of right;
Thou hast grown in spirit, brave and strong.

Earth must be redeemed by men of power,
By men of wondrous truth and might,
Earth needs her heroes at this very hour
To battle in the Cause of Right.

The real life, the life of love,
Love so strong, so broad and so deep,
That love which comes from climes above
To remove iniquity's mighty sweep.

The love which says to every Soul:
We fain would lead thee on;
Love to Humanity does control,
Bids selfishness to be gone.

The wealth of the world is not the real;
'Tis the glittering tinsel of show,
Joining the labor and ideal,
Is the way to scatter earth's sad woe.

Love to God is aiding our brother;
The real and only way to pray
Is by kindest acts unto each other
Doing our duty every day.

CORA CORAL.

Continued from Third Page.

might very likely use it as effectively as humans in this life.

After that, the thought that I had sufficient Will-force to neutralize the power at work in one instance, had no force with me against spirit communion.

But I had little opportunity to investigate, and long years intervened before I could say, "I believe spirits exist, and can make their existence manifest to us."

Now I get communications from spirit friends, which seem as real as the letters I receive from my friends of earth life.

Now I wish to say that I believe many Spiritualists are too superstitious and gullible for their own good.

It is evident to me that many things purporting to come from the spirit world, do not so come.

My experience, as I have just related, shows how easy it is for mediums to be powerfully influenced by persons in the flesh, when they can have no means of knowing from whence their real control comes.

Nothing is reliable unless both medium and audience are passive—a condition often difficult to realize, and always hard to detect.

Then, again, some spirits are as fallible in their teachings on matters pertaining to this life, as they were while on earth.

If we look to spirits alone to save us from error, and relieve us from the necessity of prudence and the exercise of our own judgment, we shall be disappointed.

I have known people whose belief in Spiritualism seemed to have demoralized them. If they performed an act which they looked back to with satisfaction, they were willing to take the credit of it; but anything they were ashamed of, they relieved themselves from responsibility by saying it was spirit influence.

It would be better for such people to believe something that enforces the idea of individual responsibility.

This innate credulity in Humanity, which lies at the foundation of all systems of Religion, and feeds with the greatest avidity on the things most mysterious, needs much guarding.

Without this sentiment, we would not be human: with it, unenlightened, we are the dupes of Priests, who are as misguided as ourselves.

If we become Spiritualists, and lose none of our innate superstition in embracing the new revelation, then we become too easily persuaded.

S. BLODGETT.

Grahamville, Fla.

MR. FRED. A. HEATH,

The Blind Medium.

Gives Readings by letter: giving peculiarities of disposition, phase of mediumship, future business prospects, and other items of interest. In order that the many and not the few may avail themselves of this privilege, trial readings will be given for 25 cents, touching on the above points—enclose lock of hair and stamp. 27 Lawrence St., Charlestown, Mass.

The following letter explains itself.
MR. HEATH, Dear Sir:—Your letter is received. You have read me as well as I could myself—told just as I am in every respect, and you do not know anything about me. You are at liberty to use my name if it would be of use to you.
Yours respectfully, THOMAS BURPEE.

Don't fail to get one of Eona's books—See advertisement 8th page.

THE IOWA MEDICAL LIBERTY LEAGUE.

DES MOINES, IOWA, Dec. 20, 1886.

DR. E. B. FOOTE—Dear Sir:

Gratefully responding to your generous offer to surrender valuable space to lay before the world via your widely circulated and influential *Health Monthly*, the particulars of the Peaceful Iowa Rebellion, I briefly submit these facts.

Amid the bustle and excitement incident to the adjournment of our Legislature, a Medical conspiracy, by a picked Committee, despite the remonstrance of 40,000 voters, and the manly protest of many Senators and Representatives, smuggled thro' a Doctor's Bill which had been repudiated by both the Senate and House.

This still-born bastard of Bigotry was only legitimized by the accidental oversight of the Governor who would have vetoed it, "because it contained provisions which should not be in any law," had it not escaped his eye until too late.

This Bill of the Doctors, by the Doctors and for the Doctors, creates a Medical monopoly which prohibits Midwifery.

Denies a Citizen his natural right to the Physician of his choice.

Confiscates the practice of such Physicians as it pleases to "clean out," and—

Seeks to fine or jail all "who shall publicly profess to cure or heal by any means whatsoever" without purchasing a permit from its majesty, and to advance their professional fees from 25 to 50 per cent.

Now the patriotic people of Iowa, believe with Wendell Phillips, that,—

"While it was the duty of a good man to obey a good Law, it was equally the duty of every good man to oppose a bad one."

And inspired by our patriotic State motto: "Our liberties we prize and our rights we will maintain," have underscored the word WILL and added, "Peacefully if we may and forcibly if we must," and Leagued the State in self-defense.

Medical Societies which have been disbanded for years are re-organizing and deputizing some member as constable to protect (?) the dear people.

Realizing that the monster Medical Monopoly can only be overthrown by a National effort, the Iowa Medical Liberty League has incorporated, brought its "knittin'" and "come to stay" until:

1st. The Iowa Medical Monopoly is declared Unconstitutional, or the Doctor's Bill repealed.

2nd. This or some other Paper is made the National Organ of this movement.

3rd. There is a National Medical Liberty League, composed of delegates from the State Leagues, with a fund to concentrate wherever most needed.

Conscious this is an onerous task, requiring some time and much money, this League has founded the *Medical Liberator* thro' which to present our grievances, post our friends, expose our monopolistic enemies and the iniquities of Medical monopoly, arouse the sympathies and enlist the influence of the outraged people, and also as a means of earning a continual income, to be judiciously expended in the consummation of this imperative Reform.

And now, we appeal to all fair-minded men and women in the name of Liberty, Justice, and Human Rights, in every State, County, Town, and Village in the Nation, to bear and help us. We want to earn while we agitate.

The patronage of the Paper is sacredly consecrated to the aims set forth above, and is secured by bond and bank.

We earnestly call, during 1887, for:

Penny collections from 1 to 24c. \$ 500
Advertising..... 1000
1000 new members at \$1 each..... 1000
5000 new subscribers at \$1 each 5000

Medical monopoly is founded on these false and pernicious claims:

1st. That Medicine is a Science.
2nd. That restrictive Medical Legislation is Constitutional.
3rd. That a Diploma and Medical Legislation protect the people.
4th. That a Medical College education is essential and qualifies the student to practice.

There is abundant evidence to disprove all of these claims. With the new year the *Liberator* will take up these topics in order.

We must unite in County, State, and Nation, as the Monopolists have; stand square and firm on the Eternal Principle of Justice and the Constitution. Make no concessions, accept no compromises, ask no favors, but demand our Rights like Freemen.

Many States have Medical Monopoly now. We confess the Law, but repudiate the Principle. It is Unjust, Unconstitutional. We in Iowa propose to establish its Unconstitutionality in the United States Courts, or carry it into Politics as a Monopoly measure.

If we succeed it will be a National victory. If we fail it will be on a National Issue. Therefore, we feel free to accept aid from every source. And on this ground and with this end in view, we invite your hearty, earnest, and liberal co-operation.

J. WINFIELD SCOTT.

Sec. and Managing Editor for I. M. L. League.

If you would be convinced of spirit power, then read

JOHN BROWN, THE MEDIUM OF THE ROCKIES.

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MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE,

As It Was—As It Is—As It Should Be. By Emanuel M. Jones, is a very interesting work—all should read it.

Price by mail ten cents. Address Boston Star and Crescent Co., 1090 Central Park Ave., Millard Postal Station, Chicago, Ill.

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

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

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For development of mediumship, send for H. A. BERRY'S, MAGNETIZED PAPER.

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7 sheets (1 per week) \$1. Single sheet, 15 cents. Send lock of hair as a magnet.

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SPIRITUALISTIC MEETINGS.

The Chicago Association of Universal, Radical, Progressive Spiritualists' and Mediums' Society hold meetings at 10 1/2 a. m., 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 p. m., each Sunday at Spirits' Liberty Hall, 213 W. Madison St. The public cordially invited. Admission 5 cents. Dr. Norman MacLeod, Chairman.

The First Organized Society of Mediums and Spiritualists of the South Side meets at Avenue Hall, 159 22nd St., each Sunday at 3 p. m. The public cordially invited. Dr. J. H. Warn, Chairman.

The South Side Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at Avenue Hall, 159 22nd St., each Sunday at 1 1/2 p. m. The public cordially invited. Fannie Mahan, Conductor.

The Young Peoples' Spiritualist Meeting of the South Side meets each Sunday at 7 1/2 p. m. at the residences of its members.

Mediums' Meeting at 2730 State Street, each Sunday, at 7 1/2 p. m.

The First Society of Spiritualists meets each Sunday at 55 S. Ada St., at 10 1/2 a. m. and 7 1/2 p. m. Dr. J. H. Bushnell, Chairman.

The United Society of Spiritualists meets each Sunday at 116 & 118 5th Ave., at 2 1/2 p. m. Dr. J. H. Randall, Chairman.

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