

TRUTH

THE RISING SUN

ILLUMINATOR OF MIND AND MATTER.

All Peoples, Principles and Powers may know Thee, and gain Wisdom at Thy shrine, Immortal Truth Divine.

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No. 2.

CELESTIAL GREETING.

WE COME WITH A
LIVING INSPIRATION
SUITED TO THE WANTS OF THIS AGE.

Truth that is Shining, Is the Shining Truth.
The Sun that is Rising, is the Rising Sun.
Celestial Greetings, are Greetings Celestial.
And Wisdom Thoughts, are Thoughts of Wisdom.

Our Spiritual Teachers, Teach the Spiritual.
Their Defence of Mediums, is the Mediums' Defence.

Truth that is Earnest, is the Earnest of Truth.
And the Mind that expresses it, expresses the Mind.

Much Condensed Matter, is Matter Condensed.
The Fence that Divides, Divides at the Fence.
So all Good Thoughts, are Thoughts that are Good.

Like Gems in a Fountain, a Fountain of Gems.

To Seek the best Light, is the Light we should Seek.

The Source of this Light, is the Light of its Source.

So Mortals Progressing, Progressing while Mortal.
May Glory in Gleamings, the Gleamings of Glory.

We have no blame for erring mortals
Who reach not their ideal,
In the cold world of earthly strife
Where all their tasks are real;
But bid them hope, and hope again,
In all these complications,
For the great Heart of Deity
Moves the pulses of the nations.

NARRATIVE BY A SPIRIT.

Incidents in Earth Life and Entrance into the Spirit World.

CHAPTER II.

Mother and I watched at the bed-side of our charge during the second night, never for a moment leaving her alone. Her thin, pale face, as she began to breathe more easily towards morning, assumed a happier expression. Occasionally her eyes would partly open, and the name mother breathed from her lips.

We began to hope she might again return to consciousness, of the outer life. Mother had succeeded in giving her a little chicken broth. The pulse beat irregularly, very quick at times, and then would subside until it was lost entirely to the sense of touch.

Gaining courage, however, from the fact that whenever the pulsations returned there was a steady increase of the length of time, while the moments of cessation were growing less frequent and not so long continued.

At break of day mother prepared the meal for father and myself. He arose after a good night's rest, ate his breakfast, attended to the outdoor chores, while mother slept a few moments in the armed chair by the bed-side of our precious charge.

I could not for a moment leave her, even to eat breakfast; for I feared if I did so the vital thread of life would snap asunder, and she would go the dreary way of all the living into the grave, from whence, I believed, there was no resurrection.

My heart saddened at the thought, and I felt that I should be little less than a murderer thus to leave her for one moment.

The memory of the scene fills now my soul with sadness.

An indefinable feeling had taken possession of my mind, which led me to believe that the girl's life depended upon my watchful attendance, and that should she die, I, too, would in some manner lose my life. So, a shade of selfishness (I now see) was traceable in all my acts and care for the invalid.

Well, it might be so, for her life so feebly commenced and tortured until the present, had in those few

exciting hours so linked itself to mine, that I determined she should not die. But, die if she must, she should not go alone into the dark unknown.

Young as I was, with an ardent temperament, worshiping my mother for her gentleness and kindness, and believing all women and womankind to be just and good, of course I looked upon the child before me as the embodiment of all the virtues and graces that deck the woman's brow, and lends that enchantment which at once commands the love and respect of all good men.

The unconscious condition of the helpless child gave me ample opportunity for studying her face and brow. She seemed as a tender flower, so sensitive that a breath might disturb the life-currents, and a touch of the hand might cause the frail being to yield the faint struggle even to live. So, as I watched, if there was anything I thought could be done for her, I motioned to mother who was in a moment at my side, adjusting the pillows, giving her tea or nourishment.

I kept my vigil for three long weeks, sleeping but little and leaving her only a few minutes at a time.

When one morning she awakened from an undisturbed and unusually long sleep, she made a quick effort to rise and spring from the bed, believing she was being pursued by those three cruel men.

Again I laid her upon the pillows, as I did so she looked into my face with a smile of recognition and said softly, "Oh! I thought—I was dreaming—you won't let them hurt me, will you?"

Evidently the three weeks intervening from the time she first fainted until the present, was a blank to her.

I replied, "No! they shall not hurt you again, for as soon as you get well, we'll go so far away that they can never find you."

Again her large eyes were fixed upon me with a gleam of hope and trust.

"Oh! I'm so glad, for I can't live if I have to go back there!" she said. Go back where? I wanted to ask, but mother had cautioned me, should she "come to," about asking questions that might annoy and revive memories fatal to her recovery. I remained silent, waiting to hear what she might have to say.

Soon mother came with nice chicken broth and crackers. She raised her to a reclining position while I adjusted the pillows; my heart beating so quick and loud I feared she would hear it and be disturbed, while mother might laugh at me. Happily for me neither of them made the discovery of my throbbing heart.

Mother assigned me the task or privilege (I was puzzled to know which it was) of holding the bowl and feeding her with the best silver spoon which mother always kept in a rosewood box in an old oaken chest, that held it securely locked with other treasures, as a sacred keepsake given by her aged grandmother on the occasion of her marriage with my father.

I took the spoon and, with an unsteady hand carried a bit of cracker and soup to her lips. She exclaimed, "Oh, how good this is! do you think I can't feed myself? let me try!"

I handed her the spoon, which she took with avidity, and raising the bowl she began feeding herself. Presently she seemed very much exhausted, and reclining upon the pil-

lows, bade me set the bowl on the stand, and when she had rested would finish her meal. She retained the spoon in her fingers which had fallen listlessly on the bed. Soon, however, she rallied and finished her repast. Now she seemed strengthened. She bade me put the bowl away, and in the act of handing me the spoon, something caught her eye, for she quickly exclaimed, "Oh! where did you get this? its just like my mother's spoon that my great-great-grand-mother gave to her! Oh! it's just like it; the very letters, and the shape, and—Oh! where did you get it?"

Her eyes were brilliant, her face all animation, her slight form quivering with the excitement of a new found joy, and sad remembrances comingling in the chambers of memory.

"Oh! this is my mother's, my dear, dear mother's spoon! I'll keep it, I'll keep it, and they shall never take it away from me; it shall never be lost again!"

"Oh! my mother, my poor, poor mother; when she was dying she gave it to me, and told me to 'always keep it, for sometime if I had very deep trouble it would help me out of it in some way; she said she couldn't tell how, but God knew best.'"

And kissing passionately the spoon again and again, hid it in her bosom and begged me to let no one take it away. I promised that no one should take it from her. Being quite exhausted she reclined more heavily upon the pillows, alternately kissing the spoon and whispering, "Oh! my mother, my dear, dear mother!"

My own mother, unnoticed by me until now, was standing near the head of the bed wiping the big tear drops from her eyes with a corner of her checked apron; she motioned me to be quiet.

Soon the child, who had grown beautiful as an angel within the last half hour, fell into a doze in which she seemed, judging from the enraptured expression of her countenance, that she was indulging in the beautiful dream of seeing and talking with her mother. The murmured "Oh, my mother dear!" caused us to feel (although invisible to us) the loved mother stood in our midst.

Mother noiselessly passed out of the room to attend to her household duties. I waited almost breathlessly for her to arouse, and yet I desired she might sleep, rest and grow strong.

Indeed, I hardly dared hope for it, she seemed so frail and delicate a creature of loveliness and beauty.

Her age was about fourteen years, small of stature, light complexion, large dark brown eyes, dark hair, golden-tinged, hung in ringlets about her neck; her voice low and musical, childlike in manner, and the impersonation of innocence.

As my mind wandered from her to those dark-browed designing men, my blood almost boiled in anger; and I vowed that if they ever crossed my path in an effort to steal our precious child, they or I would die in the contest.

I felt my arm nerved to protect her, and myself grow strong to save her from the fearful fate of being captured by them. In silence I pondered the best ways and means to keep all knowledge of her from them. I had ample time, for she fell into a deeper sleep, and for once, at least, she was happy, for the radiating smiles about her mouth betokened peace and pleasure. After nearly

three hours sleep she aroused rested, and feeling "strong enough" she said, to get up and dress herself, requested me to get her clothing. Just at this moment, hearing her voice, mother came into the room, standing at the head unobserved by its innocent occupant—the reality of the girls situation, the beauty of expression which overspread her features, the timidity with which she shrank within herself, the quiver that swept over her slender form at the thought of being captured by those ruffianly men, tears filling her eyes, the quivering lip, all betokened emotions too deep for utterance. Presently, however, she turned her eyes toward mother, as if previously cognizant of her presence, and exclaimed: "Oh! I'm so glad I've found my precious mother's spoon; it was lost, lost. They told me I should never have it again. Oh! how wicked and cruel it was, wasn't it, to take away all the beautiful things mother gave me, when I wanted to keep them to remember her by, for she was so beautiful and good. When she was dying she said I was to keep them all for her sake, and then she would come sometimes, and by them she would help me to remember her and the little baby that went up to heaven just before my mother died. Oh! I can never forget how she told me to always be a good girl, and then God would take care of me, if I was an orphan, all alone, and maybe sometime without friends. But where did you find this pretty spoon; and were the other things with it that mother gave me in the little box that she said her great-grand-mother gave her to keep? Oh! where shall I find them?"

A sense of exhaustion overshadowed the pale features of our blessed child, and again she fell into a slumber from which she awakened when father's footsteps were heard in the door-way. Again she was doomed to danger. Father, entering hastily, gave mother the signal to draw the curtain before the bed and hide from view its occupant. She seemed to sense by intuition the danger which quickly followed. No sooner was the curtain drawn, mother whispered to me to stay by and protect her, than three gruff men alighted, hitched their horses, strode hurriedly through the gate up to the house.

As they presented themselves at the door, one of them began by saying, "Oh, ho, sir, how d'do? fine morning to ye's be jabbers! An' has ye's seen nary a gal about ye's premises? An' if ye's have, why don't ye's send her home, be jabbers? She's a gal o' mine what I tuk to raise seven year ago, and be jabbers I'll be — if I don't have her now ole man or you nor I'll ever see the sun settin' agin. You better give her up, or we'll see whose the strongest man rite here. I knows you've had her this long time, an' 'twas that young son-of-a-dog that hid her under cover, an' wouldn't tell where the gal was."

"Here, Bowzer, come here you ole dog; come Bowzer, now take a hunt for the gal; we'll have her dead nor alive."

"Now, ole man you stan' right there, an' don't you move a peg, or I'll shoot you right on the spot. Ole woman you sit there; you needn't quiver so like ye had the agy, I'll not harm yer ole man if he don't stir a bit. Mind, don't you move neither, unless you want a bullet hole made in your cap right over yer right ear. There, now, ye's be quiet."

Come on, boys, we'll rummage the house but what we'll have the prize, and tache all dacent pable to mind their own business and let others alone, and tache them to keep there unhouly hands off our chick of a gal, be jabers! You, Dick, look in the cellar a bit, an' if there's any wine, or ale, or cider, either, just bring your comrades a glass, or jug, if you please.

Now, Hank, you take the other extreme and mount the ladder, an' if you see our Bridget snugly tucked away in a closet or corner, you just take her by the hair o' the head an' snaiks her out an' down here afore her gardin, as the praste told me she must oba an' go to confession, and bein' she would 'nt dare to do contrary to what he would tell her, she would soon be conquered and he would make her a good Catholic. Now, boys, do well yers duty an' then yers get yer reward here an' hereafter.

The jade shall never 'scape us if we git our hand grip on her agin.

Go ahead ole boy, an' I'll stay here an' keep the ole' folks quiet a bit.

They're pretty nice ole people—don't seem to me they'd do much harm any way. But if I git my eyes on that young son-of-a-gun, I'll straighten him out for onst, anyhow. He can't evade the law, neither a good round flogging. Ole Dryden hasn't been snopping round here for nothin', an' he'll be handsomly rewarded when we ons't make sure o' the game.

[To be continued.]

ZACH. CHANDLER.

Spirit Telegram to the Medium.

PENDLETON, OGN., May 26, 1880.

Zach. Chandler desires to finish his essay to-morrow; says he will write as he has opportunity and the times demand. Do not falter or fear, we will aid you. Your guide and teacher.

G. W.

27TH MAY, 9 o'clock, A. M.

Seating myself at the table with pencil in hand preparatory to receiving his communication, I said: "To the Hon. Mr. Chandler, Ex-Senator of the United States, I await your pleasure, and am ready to write what you wish to say." The following from Billy Root was unexpectedly given.—Ed.

First, we shall have to cum and speak 'bout some things, for the big member of Congress is getting reddy to talk by-'an-by. He cummin pretty soon—don't be 'fraid of him if he be great man; he won't hurt you. There, now, he laf at me, cause me spoke so 'bout him; he say it all rite tho'. So you be reddy to write all he have to say, for he cummin soon. Good-bye, auntie; me comming again.

BILLY ROOT.

TEN MINUTES LATER.

Now, him have cum; you be very quiet, 'cause he want little girls to keep still; he say; he tryin' to get good control of your hand; then he can speak his thoughts off the point of the pen without your grinding them through the think box. Now him reddy to begin. Hip, hip, hurrah! for old Zach. Chandler. There, now, he smile at me, so me go. Good-bye.

BILLY.

SPIRIT ZACH. CHANDLER.

Good morning, madame. Being preceded by the little waif, Billy, I am now at your side with a desire and will to speak intelligibly to my constituents—those who have been such to me. You perceive, by my foregoing statements, that not only do I live an intelligent, active life in this, the sphere beyond the grave, but I also have the power to take cognizance of events political and otherwise, transpiring on the earth plane. Therefore, permit me to say to you one and all, that we are now not only reviewing our past lives upon the planet, but also examining and estimating at their real value, our thoughts and acts as they have been estampied upon the ineffaceable records of individual and national histories. In my own personal history I find much to regret and condemn. I'm now prepared to say, were I to

live again upon the earth plane, I would avoid all intoxicating liquors in every form and shape, as I would the most venomous reptile that ever crawled the earth. I would dash the maddening bowl to the ground, and use voice and pen in obliterating from the globe the further manufacture of the liquid essence, which sets the soul on fire of hell, and damns it (not to everlasting eternity, as I once supposed the soul might be damned,) but to an indefinite period and periods of time.

Could you, my fellow citizens, draw aside the veil of mortality and behold the self-debauched, the self-demoralized demagogue and drunkard, you would weep tears of blood (it seems to me) while contemplating the wretched work your own hands, and those of your predecessors in crime have, by your own free will, wish and consent inaugurated. *Remorse is now the lash that stings my soul almost to madness;* and I would lift my voice as never before, to stay this mighty—this giant evil which overspreads our own beautiful continent. Yea, has deluged with crime and sorrow the so-called civilized world. Fellow-citizens, from the Ex-President of the United States to the humblest office-seeker, and to those who are holding responsible offices as gifts from the nation, we would speak in tones which should ring forever in the dome of each mental congress—individual mind—tones not to be mistaken. We would declare utter extinction to the cause of one of the greatest evils that ever afflicted the human races. And now, without compromise or favor from any individual, party or parties, knowing its cursed effects upon not only the body but the soul of man, I now declare that hereafter my energies in this, my new found life, shall be exerted in defending the rights of humanity, and uprooting all evils which afflict human kind.

To the medium—We will now pause awhile.

A pause of ten minutes.—Ed.

We wish to continue for we have but a few minutes to stay. I say *we*, because as your guide holds control of the brainial faculties, I am enabled to speak by the use of the pen automatically. We are now unexpectedly called away; will return in the morning.

CHANDLER.

MAY 28, 10 o'clock, A. M.

Good morning, madame. We are now ready to continue our communication. Please give us your undivided attention for thirty minutes. Yesterday we were very suddenly called to visit a portion of the Southern States where was being enacted a fearful tragedy. We will not take time now to inform you, as it would be a divergence from our purpose. In the affray several persons were killed; causes—ignorance, whiskey and politics.

We will now proceed to business. Looking over the past political history of our country, and predicating its future (as I am now enabled to do with some little accuracy,) I'm inclined to believe the prospects warrant me in predicting very lively times in commercial branches of business. Socialistic principles of a reformatory nature will, and are even now taking the place of the old, worn and effete elements which have composed the basis of popular society. Religious antagonisms, or antagonisms of religious opinions will assume such magnitude and destructive force that the magna-charta of American freedom will be thrown from its foundation—buried in the dust and trampled under foot of despotic intolerance, bigoted ignorance and priestly usurpation. Men will be ejected from office by force of arms. Men placed in office by military command. Anarchy and confusion will take the place of peace and assume control. While justice bowed in silence, mercy crouched in sympathy, and liberty—brightest star of freedom—is pinioned to the ground. Oh! ye men of little wisdom, look and learn. Learn of the past, learn of the signs

of the times and take lessons for the future. Allow me to say, could you see yourselves as you are seen and reflected; as I can see every thought, word, deed and motive of my own reflected, you would pause and listen to the words of wisdom which would come to your inspired reason. Many times would you hesitate to act when justice required an impartial tribunal. You would not rush eagerly into prominent places and responsible offices. You would not blindly, and with maddened zeal, nor with *fraudulent intent* rush men into office whose principles were engendered in selfishness; and therefore could be no guarantee for the honesty and integrity of national life. You would weigh men in the balance of right and justice; and only those who would devote their energies to the best good of the greater number, would ever occupy the positions which it is the people's pleasure to bestow. Politics and politicians are now being weighed in the balance, and found to be woefully lacking in principles of truth, equal rights and justice to all, which constitute the science of self-government, and is the true basis of political economy.

Enough of this at present. Questions are now in order.

Question—Why is not the title Hon. prefixed to Mr. Chandler's name in these letters? Medium.

Answer—Titles, like baubles, pass away into infinite vacuity, and are known no more. They avail us nothing here, only so far as we have tried to fit ourselves to the title by *honorable acts*.

Ques.—Will Grant be our next President?

Ans.—We'll answer the question when next we control. The force is waning. Good-bye, now.

G. W. AND ZACH. CHANDLER.

29TH MAY, 10 o'clock, A. M.

Ques.—Has the Hon. Zach. Chandler anything to communicate this morning? Will he answer the question asked yesterday—will Grant be our next President?

Ans.—We answer, yes! for the people will again be deceived into the meshes of the law by a banded force, who are now laboring to institute a monarchical form of government. You ask if Grant will be the next President? Yes! he will be hoisted into power by the combined aid of money and the priesthood. However, he will not long remain as President of the United States, for the indignation of the general populace will become so virulent, and directly opposed to his sovereign usurpation, that he will be dethroned and rendered for the remainder of his life an imbecile. Even now, principals and powers of selfishness and darkness are, and have been, at work secretly to install him as sovereign dictator over the American people. The priesthood see in him, or think they discern traits of character which they can easily mould to vast advantages in promulgating and perpetuating their special religious tenets, creeds and forms of worship. Indeed, he has already sold himself, and betrayed his country Judas-like into the hands of the enemy, and it is a foregone conclusion that every attempt will be made to crucify the Jesus of the nineteenth century, namely—Freedom. Even now the clouds are lowering and the edict has gone forth from the *Herod* of priestcraft, "Crucify him! Crucify him!" The nemesis of the future is marked. Kings, queens, rulers and usurpers will be removed in due course of time, and events rapidly accumulating and culminating, upon their downfall, disintegration and ashes, the people will build temples of freedom, and souls to grandeur.

Ques.—Will the Republican party long exist in power, or as a party?

Ans.—As a party for some time to come. They will not yield readily. As a *power*, such as it is to-day, and has been, its days are numbered; it is sustained principally by money—the lever now applied to the government—and at a time when it deems itself the most strongly entrenched

behind the bulwarks of the millionaire, then will it have reached its acme of power, and from its pedestal be hurled to the ground, stripped of its haughtiness, pride and assumption; slain like the giant Goliath of old, by the little David who is now steadily and with firm tread, marching confidently forward to victory.

I will now bid you adieu.

ZACH. CHANDLER.

Destiny.

BY WALTER HYDE.

When the morning light appeareth
O'er the sombre brow of night,
And the moon's pale glimmer weareth
From the roseate tint of light—
We deem that all the starry splendor
That decked the eve and morning, too,
Is lost; and naught do we remember
Save their glory the night through.

But, are those lamps in heaven lighted
By the watchman at his post,
That they may give light to mortals
Who struggle wearily, and at most,
Can only look above and murmur,
"Are those stars lit up for me?"
Or is there vaster modes in being
Than my poor soul can think or see."

List ye to the angel's story:

"Far above the sun's best ray
Stars shine on in wondrous glory,
And are not dimmed by brightest day."
So it is with mortal day-dreams,
Born beneath the ethereal blue,
Where the sun (our earthly candle,) obscures the more extended view.

Above—beyond this darkened vision,
The soul shall rise in spirit free
To view celestial spheres elysian,
And roam among the stars that be,
Until its powers, thoughts and pleasure,
Social joys and entity,
Shall be attuned to heavens' measure—
MEASURE OF SOUL DIVINITY.

Wounding the Spirits.

It is probably not much thought of by Spiritualists as to what effect is likely to be produced on the spirits themselves by the hostile and even contemptuous remarks which are made, year in and year out, by those who ought, above all others, to welcome the phenomena of spirit-communication with unaffected delight and gratitude. All of us may readily judge, from our own feelings, what effect it would have on us to be met with sneers and insults when we were bent on doing good to those who offer them. If we know so very little of the nature of the spirit, how very little can we know of the suffering which may be caused it in its disembodied and translated form, by the hard sayings of those whom it would approach only for good!

It oppresses the mind to attempt to recall a mere fraction of the cruel things that have been spoken against modern mediums by those to whom spirits have returned with the hope of benefiting them. The subject is in itself too serious to permit the abuse of any one who comes as a professed bearer of tidings from the other world. Notwithstanding that, professing Christians themselves, confessed believers in immortal life, are found in the advanced line of those who are ready to abuse mediums, and traduce and denounce the truths contained in the solemn fact of spirit-communication. To the unseen messengers who come and ask for a mere hearing they return the virulent insults of unbelief; being unsolicited for the bread of sympathy, they give the stone of ridicule and unfeeling reproach.

It is but a little thing the spirits request; only that certain conditions be complied with. The superstitions of religious faith demand vastly more than this, for they insist that we shall all of us lay aside our reason itself. Even Protestantism forbids us to protest beyond the limits—creed limits—it has rigidly fixed. The conditions asked of us by the spirits are no other than any of us would ask, and do continually ask, one of another, in the affairs of every day life. We claim the right to have a fair opportunity, and that is all that they claim.

Much of this spirit, which is so deplorably prevalent in relation to Spiritualism and its most faithful servants, is but a reflection of that critical, cynical, fault-finding and gossip-carrying temper which is the bane of modern society, and is eating out its simple and sincere elements like a canker. Spiritualism, being the latest wonder to this prevailing

social temper, naturally has to be the target for its merciless riddling. Any other revelation or novelty would be treated very much in the same way. If this reprehensible course could once be refrained from, the communications from spirits to mortals would become far more impressive and valuable, because they would not be resisted and resented in obedience to a condition of mind, to say the least, wholly unspiritual.

The habit of holding personal communion with spirits is a truly religious one, as much so as the habit of professed worship. Now how much would it conduce to the real aims and end of the latter if, instead of devoutness and humility of spirit, there was cultivated an uncharitable, backbiting, criticising, and wholly unbelieving and repulsive temper? It ought to go without the saying of it, that nothing like genuine, sincere worship can be engaged in on such a condition; and if one religious attitude and act is impossible for such a reason, so is another, and so are all.

The spirits ask us only to listen—to investigate. How, pray, is any truth to be known without patient and unprejudiced investigation? It is, however, preposterous and amazing the way in which many people, especially those who refuse to investigate at all, demand infallibility from the spirits communicating through frail and faulty human agencies. One would suppose that these self-appointed censors and critics regarded themselves as infallible, incapable of either deceiving or being deceived. They set up their individual judgments without so much as showing their qualifications. They refuse utterly to respect conditions, and they are ignorant of the subject treated. What would be thought of a person who, while boastfully ignorant of mechanics, should presume to pass judgment on the merits of a very delicate and complicated machine? Yet there can be no mere human machinery that baffles study and comprehension like that which embraces the operative laws of the spirit. We ought, perhaps, in a great measure, to excuse the censorial habits of many Spiritualists themselves in this respect by remembering the influences of early education which still hang so closely about their mental habits. Trained and taught as they were by the Church itself, it is not to be expected that they can come into a state of perfect emancipation, save and except through a process of development into it. While they think they are only investigating, they are really carrying on the work of a spiritual police. It is not on such terms that spirits should be expected to approach near enough to mortals to communicate their messages of sympathy and love.—[*Editorial in Banner of Light.*]

The Gift of Mediumship.

To be so constituted as to permit the spirits to communicate through one to friends in the flesh, need not be taken as any evidence of the possession of spiritual gifts superior to others. Mediumship is a condition, of which spirits are not unready to avail themselves. Many mediums, however, mistake a mere condition for an endowment; and many more of their friends are inclined to do the same thing for them. It is a valuable thing, this matter of mediumship; but it happens to be something entirely without the reach of desire or ambition. It is to be taken simply as the spiritual stamp and seal of fitness to become the agent of higher powers. As soon as it is made anything else, or diverted into merely personal channels, its office is taken away! The law is irrevocable in that respect.

But while mediumship is a condition rather than a gift and endowment, it is a condition to be kept as undisturbed by external influences and as sacred as possible. The person who is a recognized channel of communication from spirits to mortals is naturally bound to keep her-

self or himself free from all material influences by which that channel is likely to suffer from obstruction. It is not the person, but the service to which the person can be put, that is of consequence; to magnify one's self, therefore, instead of the office in which one is permitted to serve, is the empty conceit of a childish and immature nature.

In view of the present relations of materialism and professed Christianity, mediumship occupies a peculiar strong position, and one to which both will sooner or later have to appeal. The materialist utterly disbelieves in any existence outside of that recognized by the senses; the Christian derides the idea of there being any channel of communication from spirits to mortals; the Spiritualist, who has the best of reasons for trusting to the powers of mediumship, actually and positively knows that there is another world just beyond the limits of this, for the reason that he has had frequent and full communication with it through the channels mediumship provides. It would manifestly be opposed to every idea, theory, dream, and sentiment of progress, taking that term in its largest sense, if life here were to be limited to what it is allowed the senses to cognize and comprehend.

Now it is an assured and abundantly attested fact, that communication with the invisible world is had every day by mortals. The evidence is just as strong materially as it is spiritually. It takes the blind denial of materialism and the superstitious refusal of professed Christianity off their feet together. What a person sees, outwardly and inwardly, and sees not once only but again and again, that he is certainly to be allowed to believe. He is neither to be ridiculed nor maligned for his belief; particularly by those whose faith respecting the unseen world rests on assertion, tradition, an uninquiring habit, and a positively superstitious tendency.

If, then, the world exists only for progress and the development of knowledge, and a selected class of mortals are all ready to be employed as agents by the higher spirits wishing to communicate, why is not in perfect harmony with the designs of the creating power that the office of mediumship should be executed? Evidently progress and development lie that way. Nothing exists to no purpose. These mediumistic conditions, by which we are assured that invisibles can communicate, have been made in order that they should communicate. If some refuse to hear their messages, there are others who will hear them. Such specific conditions, which constitute mediumship, are not for nothing.

What infatuation, what folly, for any one to turn his back to the messages which are offered from the other world! The receiver is not to worship the agency by which such messages come, or to entertain anything like superstitious feelings toward them. Mediums are all mortals like ourselves. If we use their office aright we shall learn to treat them rightly also. But we are to bear in mind that, being human, they are something more than mere machines. They are susceptible to our influence when we approach them, so that they are either attracted to us or the contrary. That should make us extremely careful in regard to our own condition when we come into their presence. We must be sincere and truthful ourselves in order to draw sincere and truthful spirits to us. We have a part to perform as well as the mediums we consult.—[*Editorial in Banner of Light.*]

Rules and Conditions for Spirit Circles.

ATMOSPHERIC CONDITIONS.—The phenomena cannot be successfully elicited in very warm, sultry weather; in extreme cold, when thunder and lightning and magnetic disturbances prevail; when the atmosphere is very

moist, or when there is much rain or storms of wind. A warm dry atmosphere is best, as it presents the mean between all extremes and agrees with the harmonious state of man's organism, which is proper for the manifestation of spiritual phenomena. A subdued light or darkness increases the power and facilitates control.

LOCAL CONDITIONS.—The room in which a circle is held for development or investigation should be set apart for that purpose. It should be comfortably warmed and ventilated, but drafts or currents of air should be avoided. Those persons composing the circle should meet in the room about an hour before the experiments commence; the same sitters should attend each time and occupy the same places. This maintains the peculiar magnetic conditions necessary to the production of the phenomena. A developing circle exhausts power or uses it up.

PHYSIOLOGICAL CONDITIONS.—The phenomena are produced by a vital force emanating from the sitters, which the spirits use as a connecting link between themselves and objects. Certain temperaments give off this power; others emit an opposite influence. If the circle is composed of persons with suitable temperaments, manifestations will take place readily; if the contrary be the case much perseverance will be necessary to produce results. If both kinds of temperament are present, they require to be arranged so as to produce harmony in the physical atmosphere evolved from them. The physical manifestations depend upon temperament. If a circle does not succeed, changes should be made in the sitters till the proper conditions are supplied.

MENTAL CONDITIONS.—All forms of mental excitement are detrimental to success. Those with strong and opposite opinions should not sit together; opinionated, dogmatic and positive people are better out of the circle and room. Parties between whom there are feelings of envy, hate, contempt or other inharmonious sentiment should not sit at the same circle. The vicious and crude should be excluded from all such experiments. The minds of the sitters should be in a passive rather than in active state, possessed by a love of truth and of manhood. One harmonious and fully developed individual is invaluable in the formation of a circle. The circle should consist of from three to ten persons of both sexes, and should sit around an oval, oblong or square table; cane-bottomed chairs or those with wooden seats are preferable to stuffed chairs. Mediums and sensitives should never sit on stuffed chairs, cushions or sofas used by other persons as the influences which accumulate in the cushions often affect the mediums unpleasantly. The active and quiet, the fair and dark, the ruddy and pale, male and female, should be seated alternately. If there is a medium present, he or she should occupy the end of the table with the back to the north; a mediumistic person should be placed on each side of the medium and those most positive at the opposite corners. No person should be placed behind the medium. A circle may represent a horseshoe magnet, with a medium placed between the poles.—I. Burns, in *Medium and Daybreak, London.*

SPIRITUALISM, like an enduring rock, rises up amid the conflicting elements of passion and ignorance—a rock which the surges of Time and Change can never shake—on whose Heaven-lighted pinnacle the Angels build their altars, and kindle beacon lights to illuminate the world.—Prof. S. B. Brittan in *Banner of Light.*

Written for THE RISING SUN.

To One Gone Before.

By H. WINCHESTER.

Oh! come to me, come, spirit immortal,
Teach me the truth as you know it on high;

You who have passed death's dreaded portal,
Unseen but by faith in the far away sky.
Oh! come to me, come.

Oh! come to me, come when daylight is dying,
When twilight is fading away in the west;
And flower laden zephyrs sweetly are sighing,
Then come, darling come, and give my heart
rest.

Oh! come to me, come.

Oh! come to me, come, when the bright stars are
shining
From their far away home in the blue sky above,
And cheer my sad heart, your arms round me
twining

As in years long ago, and whisper of love.

Oh! come to me, come.

Oh! come to me, come, let me feel you are near me;
Impress on my heart your presence divine,
And give me one ray of your pure light to cheer
me,
And whisper again, "Thine, only thine."

Oh! come to me, come.

Yes! come, darling, come when death cuts asunder
Life's thread that binds me to time and the
earth;

And guide my tried spirit to regions where never
Again it will sorrow—give my soul a new birth.
Oh! come to me, come.

The New Era Spiritualist Camp Meeting.

The Spiritualists of Western Oregon held a three days camp meeting on their beautiful grounds at New Era, commencing on Friday, July 23d. Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway, of Portland, graced the meeting with her presence and gave two admirable discourses.

While speaking of the consistency of spiritual and angelic manifestations, she would occasionally give most telling hints concerning woman's disfranchisement and inequality in political rights. Mrs. Duniway understands so well the evils growing out of an exclusive masculine government that her paper should be read in every American family.

Mr. A. A. Cleaveland of Astoria, (trance speaker) favored the audience with two discourses which so illustrated the grandeur of human progress towards heaven that the writer could but listen with eyes filled with tears and a heart aching with sad joy. For the dear medium feels compelled to "resist the spirit" and engage in manual labor for the support of himself and family. Oh! how sad it is for a world to be lifted almost into heaven and then fall back to hell—just because it loves money and can't afford to feed the mediums. But cheer up, dear Cleaveland. I feel authorized to say to you that the sufferings of mediums on this planet has a deeper meaning and grander significance than the people think or the medium can know. When angels say "be patient," they mean it, and we do well to rest in hope and love under their protecting angelic presence.

Brother Elisha Riggs (trance speaker) also addressed the meeting several times with grand effect.

James Cooley, of Gervais, a highly esteemed citizen of that town, kept himself in reserve like an extra horse, should one be needed to help move on the car of progress. But when he did come forward (being a young trance speaker) we soon felt that we could well have entrusted the whole load to him. He is a grand and noble man, and has the manliness to acknowledge the guiding care of spirit friends in helping him to achieve so much. His uncle, Eli Cooley, is more progressed and reminded us both in delivery and sentiment of the Hon. Warren Chase of world-wide renown.

Mary C. Cline, of Salem, Oregon, is one of those rare gifted women whose presence softens the heart and shapes the feelings of all within the radius of her noble sphere. In her discourse she let the audience into the secret of her constant joy (and we may add) her perfect development. Everybody knows that she has had her share of excessive trials in earth-life, but her secret was that under all circumstances, under all trials, she "could pray." Ah, how those two words thrilled that audience and made us feel the efficacy of the soul's aspirations towards the angels, towards our Creator, and towards all that is holy and heavenly.

Another good lady, Mrs. May, brought to the convention substantial evidence of her life-work in the

Concluded on Fourth Page

TRUTH The Rising Sun.

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To Our Readers.

The task and risk of publishing just what our spirit friends say, and exactly as they say it, word for word, without alteration, may seem hazardous to reflecting minds. But this we have undertaken and our readers may feel assured that we shall be faithful to our angel guides, whether their teachings and sayings meet with favor among the people of earth or not.

Thus far our expectations have been more than realized.

Our subscription list is large and increasing with a rapidity scarcely to be expected.

We had looked for opposition from the various ranks of conservatism and educated thought, but, instead, the courtesy and candor with which we are met on every hand reveals the universal desire to know just what the "spirits say." That they have much to say, and can say it, seems to be a foregone conclusion and a recognized fact.

Our habits of thought and action have been tempered from our youth up by the belief that angels were watching our every movement.

To do right, then, and to do the duty of each hour has ever been our aim; and now, in the publication of these spirit sayings and prophecies we but obey our highest sense of right as well as the wishes of our celestial guides.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Kind Words and Timely Suggestions from Jas. S. Vinson.

LENA, Umatilla Co., Oregon, }
July 14th, 1886. }

LUCY L. BROWNE: I have just received the first number of THE RISING SUN. I am glad to find a paper started in Oregon for the spread of spiritual knowledge. I hope it may be successful in its career of usefulness, and be a means of current noting our efforts in the spread of truth in our country. I hope you'll pardon me for suggesting a few thoughts.

First. Be very careful of your selections, let them be high, holy and pure; and when anything is given as spirit demonstration, try to give the evidence of the fact so as to convince all.

Second. Don't reach far beyond your means, for fear we will be left without a paper.

Third. Try and find some good lecturer who will come to stay in Eastern Oregon—travel, lecture and scatter spiritual literature. If they could travel with a buggy or on horseback, they could share our grub and blankets, saving great expense, and in a few years have a fine field in which to labor. We would have quarterly meetings where one could meet for improvement and social enjoyment. If they were mediums who could demonstrate the truths of spiritualism, so much the better. As you are acquainted with many speakers will you think of it? And if you can do so, let your place be a kind of headquarters for spiritual literature. I see by the Journal that E. V. Wilson thinks of coming West. Such a speaker and medium will do good wherever he goes. May truth, honesty and success ever attend your efforts. Your brother,

JAS. S. VINSON.

Our venerable correspondent, we trust, will pardon the liberty we take

in publishing the foregoing letter. It comes to us almost as an invocation, a plea for more light—spiritual light for the people. We are truly thankful for its friendly tone and thoughtful suggestions; will do what we can in the way of calling the attention of earnest spiritual workers to this vast western field, where their labors are very much needed.

We hope at no distant day to make the office of TRUTH—THE RISING SUN the headquarters for spiritualistic and liberal literature in Oregon.

Our aim is, first, to make THE RISING SUN a paper of instruction, worthy of the spirit teachers who have it in charge.

Second. If will, energy and perseverance on our part, with a good subscription list to strengthen us, will insure success, our patrons "will" not "be left without a paper."

Third. If this paper falls into the hands of any who are sufficiently self-sacrificing, and desire to visit Oregon in the interest of the spiritual philosophy, please notify us to that effect, that spiritualists and liberalists in different localities may confer with such medium and speaker, with the view of making some arrangement by which the truths of the harmonial philosophy may be more widely disseminated.

Press Notices.

"THE RISING SUN."

We are in receipt of the first number of a spiritual journal entitled THE RISING SUN, published at Portland, Oregon, by Lucy L. Browne. THE RISING SUN, its editor claims, is the "Illuminator of Mind and Matter." We do not know whether it is intended that our humble journal is to be absorbed in the brilliant rays of this new luminary; but if so, we will rest content in the satisfaction that a greater light is being shed upon the world of humanity than would emanate from our spiritual hand-lantern. THE RISING SUN is published at \$1 per year, but whether weekly or monthly we are not informed. The aim and object of the publication is similar to that of the Voice of Angels and is largely made up of communications from spirits.

We do most cordially extend the right hand of fellowship to the editor of THE SUN.

We note especially in this number several spirit communications of a marked and instructive character. Two communications from the spirit of the late Zachariah Chandler show Mrs. Browne to be a medium of a very high order.

We gladly place THE RISING SUN on our list of exchanges.—Mind and Matter, Philadelphia.

Regarding TRUTH as the sun just rising upon the inhabitants of the planet earth, its brilliant rays cannot be wholly absorbed by any one journal. So, our brother contemporary may rest assured that the electric light of his "hand-lantern" cannot be obscured by the rays of our little candle just lighted (in Portland, Oregon,) from the great luminary—Truth.

Mrs. F. A. Logan has been canvassing the town this week for a new spiritualistic journal, the RISING SUN, published at Portland, by her sister, Mrs. L. L. Brown. We are not apprised as to the degree of success that has attended her labors. The paper is well edited and to a believer in that religious faith invaluable. It is bold, independent and fearless in its advocacy of its peculiar ideas and to say the least deserves success for its novelty.—East Oregonian, Pendleton.

A new spiritual paper, entitled THE RISING SUN, has been laid on our table. We have sketched it through and find it too intensely spiritual for our comprehension.—The New Northwest.

True!—[Ed. T. R. S.]

If you would make a thief honest, trust him.

The New Era Spiritualistic Camp Meeting.

Continued from Third Page.

shape of loving children and grandchildren. Nor was this all. Her great motherly heart begged us to be charitable towards our brethren and sisters in the churches. If they have not the spirit and power of religion there is so much the more need of our sympathy, and we can afford to be just in the midst of their anathemas.

Of course, as might be expected, we added our mite to the general fund of thought, and were bold enough to say that we know of no movement on earth unaccompanied with spirit. The movement of matter in any form is a spiritual manifestation. All religions, all theories, all literary achievements, all human endeavor is spiritual, and therefore spiritualism. Spiritualism is the "all and in all" as certainly as that spirit is the life of all matter in the universe. Its modern phase is but the result of intellectual progress on earth and in the spheres. Many other speakers were listened to with profit and pleasure, and after the three day's session the meeting adjourned to convene again in Gervais, Marion county, on the 3d Friday of September next. WALTER HYDE.

Bryant's Chivalry.

[From the Chicago Times.]

Mr. Bryant has not written many lines that have been universally adopted. But his is the immortal quatrain:

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers."

It will be observed that the poet was chivalrous in assigning the appropriate sex in these lines.

A man in Vermont died after suffering fifteen years from dyspepsia. A post mortem examination revealed thirteen cherry stones imbedded in the lining coats of the stomach. The walls of the stomach, which, in their healthy state, are as thin as the blade of a knife, were an inch thick.

A Dog Returning Good for Evil.

A strange scene occurred the other day at Sierck on the Moselle. Herr Schmidt had a dog which he wished to get rid of. Rowing out into the middle of the river, he fastened a stone round the dog's head and threw him into the water. The animal sank at once; but during his struggles the rope slipped the stone, and he again rose to the surface and tried to get back into the boat. His master, however, continued to push him back, but as the dog persevered, he lost his patience, and striking at him with his oar, lost his footing and fell into the water himself. He was unable to swim, but the dog, seizing him by his coat, succeeded in bringing him to the land, after having been repeatedly washed away by the current. The dog's life was spared, we are happy to say.

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Mrs. B. W. GRIFFIN.

Pendleton, Oregon, April 30, 1886.

PENDLETON, Oregon, April 22, 1886.

I have been troubled the last six years with pain in one of my hips, caused by a hurt. I received two treatments by Mrs. F. A. Logan, three months ago, and have had no recurrence of the trouble since that time.

LOT LIVERMORE,

Post Master,

BANNER OF LIGHT, SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY.

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Mr. Red Cloud, speak for Blackfoot, the great Medicine Chief from happy hunting grounds. He says he loves white chiefs and squaws. He travels like the wind. He goes to circles. Him big chief, Blackfoot want much work to do. Him want to show him healing power. Make sick people well. Where paper go, Blackfoot go. Go quick. Send right away. No wampum for three moon.

This spirit message was first published in Mind and Matter, January 10th, M. S. 32, with the announcement that "Magnetized Paper" would be sent to all who were sick in body or mind, that desired to be healed, also to those that desired to be developed as spiritual mediums, for three months for 3 ct. stamps. The three months have now closed with the following result: 3,405 persons have sent for the paper by mail. 1,000 persons have received it at the office; and the hundreds of testimonials that have been received of its wonderful work in healing the sick and developing mediums, prove that Red Cloud and Blackfoot have faithfully kept their promises. That all may have an opportunity to test the merits of the paper, the price for the future will be as follows: 1 sheet, (postage paid,) 10 cents, 12 sheets, \$1. Send a silver ten cent piece if you can. Address JAMES A. BLISS, 713 Sansome Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

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I am prepared and will send to any one address, direct from my office, one sheet of "Blackfoot's" Magnetized Paper, postage paid, every week for 1 month, for 40 cents; two months for 70 cents; three months for \$1. Address with amount enclosed, James A. Bliss, 713 Sansome St., Phil.

Gift 1745 18 Aug 1780

TRUTH



ILLUMINATOR OF MIND AND MATTER.

All Peoples, Principles and Powers may know Thee, and gain Wisdom at Thy shrine, Immortal Truth Divine.

VOL. I. {LUCY L. BROWN, Publisher.}

PORTLAND, OREGON, AUG. 15, 1880.

{\$1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.} No. 2.

CELESTIAL GREETING.

WE COME WITH A

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SUITED TO THE WANTS OF THIS AGE.

Truth that is Shining, Is the Shining Truth.
The Sun that is Rising, is the Rising Sun.
Celestial Greetings, are Greetings Celestial.
And Wisdom Thoughts, are Thoughts of Wisdom.

Our Spiritual Teachers, Teach the Spiritual.
Their Defence of Mediums, is the Mediums' Defence.

Truth that is Earnest, is the Earnest of Truth.
And the Mind that expresses it, expresses the Mind.

Much Condensed Matter, is Matter Condensed.
The Fence that Divides, Divides at the Fence.
So all Good Thoughts, are Thoughts that are Good.

Like Gems in a Fountain, a Fountain of Gems.

To Seek the best Light, is the Light we should Seek.

The Source of this Light, is the Light of its Source.

So Mortals Progressing, Progressing while Mortal,
May Glory in Gleamings, the Gleamings of Glory.

We have no blame for erring mortals
Who reach not their ideal,
In the cold world of earthly strife
Where all their tasks are real;
But bid them hope, and hope again,
In all these complications,
For the great Heart of Deity
Moves the pulses of the nations.

NARRATIVE BY A SPIRIT.

Incidents in Earth Life and Entrance into the Spirit World.

CHAPTER II.

Mother and I watched at the bedside of our charge during the second night, never for a moment leaving her alone. Her thin, pale face, as she began to breathe more easily towards morning, assumed a happier expression. Occasionally her eyes would partly open, and the name mother breathed from her lips.

We began to hope she might again return to consciousness of the outer life. Mother had succeeded in giving her a little chicken broth. The pulse beat irregularly, very quick at times, and then would subside until it was lost entirely to the sense of touch.

Gaining courage, however, from the fact that whenever the pulsations returned there was a steady increase of the length of time, while the moments of cessation were growing less frequent and not so long continued.

At break of day mother prepared the meal for father and myself. He arose after a good night's rest, ate his breakfast, attended to the outdoor chores, while mother slept a few moments in the armed chair by the bedside of our precious charge.

I could not for a moment leave her, even to eat breakfast; for I feared if I did so the vital thread of life would snap asunder, and she would go the dreary way of all the living into the grave, from whence, I believed, there was no resurrection.

My heart saddened at the thought, and I felt that I should be little less than a murderer thus to leave her for one moment.

The memory of the scene fills now my soul with sadness.

An indefinable feeling had taken possession of my mind, which led me to believe that the girl's life depended upon my watchful attendance, and that should she die, I, too, would in some manner lose my life. So, a shade of selfishness (I now see) was traceable in all my acts and care for the invalid.

Well, it might be so, for her life so feebly commenced and tortured until the present, had in those few

exciting hours so linked itself to mine, that I determined she should not die. But, die if she must, she should not go alone into the dark unknown.

Young as I was, with an ardent temperament, worshiping my mother for her gentleness and kindness, and believing all women and womankind to be just and good, of course I looked upon the child before me as the embodiment of all the virtues and graces that deck the woman's brow, and lends that enchantment which at once commands the love and respect of all good men.

The unconscious condition of the helpless child gave me ample opportunity for studying her face and brow. She seemed as a tender flower, so sensitive that a breath might disturb the life-currents, and a touch of the hand might cause the frail being to yield the faint struggle even to live. So, as I watched, if there was anything I thought could be done for her, I motioned to mother who was in a moment at my side, adjusting the pillows, giving her tea or nourishment.

I kept my vigil for three long weeks, sleeping but little and leaving her only a few minutes at a time.

When one morning she awakened from an undisturbed and unusually long sleep, she made a quick effort to rise and spring from the bed, believing she was being pursued by those three cruel men.

Again I laid her upon the pillows, as I did so she looked into my face with a smile of recognition and said softly, "Oh! I thought—I was dreaming—you won't let them hurt me, will you?"

Evidently the three weeks intervening from the time she first fainted until the present, was a blank to her.

I replied, "No! they shall not hurt you again, for as soon as you get well, we'll go so far away that they can never find you."

Again her large eyes were fixed upon me with a gleam of hope and trust.

"Oh! I'm so glad, for I can't live if I have to go back there!" she said. Go back where? I wanted to ask, but mother had cautioned me, should she "come to," about asking questions that might annoy and revive memories fatal to her recovery. I remained silent, waiting to hear what she might have to say.

Soon mother came with nice chicken broth and crackers. She raised her to a reclining position while I adjusted the pillows; my heart beating so quick and loud I feared she would hear it and be disturbed, while mother might laugh at me. Happily for me neither of them made the discovery of my throbbing heart.

Mother assigned me the task or privilege (I was puzzled to know which it was) of holding the bowl and feeding her with the best silver spoon which mother always kept in a rosewood box in an old oaken chest, that held it securely locked with other treasures, as a sacred keepsake given by her aged grandmother on the occasion of her marriage with my father.

I took the spoon and with an unsteady hand carried a bit of cracker and soup to her lips. She exclaimed, "Oh, how good this is! do you think I can't feed myself? let me try!"

I handed her the spoon, which she took with avidity, and raising the bowl she began feeding herself. Presently she seemed very much exhausted, and reclining upon the pil-

lows, bade me set the bowl on the stand, and when she had rested would finish her meal. She retained the spoon in her fingers which had fallen listlessly on the bed. Soon, however, she rallied and finished her repast. Now she seemed strengthened. She bade me put the bowl away, and in the act of handing me the spoon, something caught her eye, for she quickly exclaimed, "Oh! where did you get this? its just like my mother's spoon that my great-great-grand-mother gave to her! Oh! it's just like it; the very letters, and the shape, and—Oh! where did you get it?"

Her eyes were brilliant, her face all animation, her slight form quivering with the excitement of a new found joy, and sad remembrances comingling in the chambers of memory.

"Oh! this is my mother's, my dear, dear mother's spoon! I'll keep it, I'll keep it, and they shall never take it away from me; it shall never be lost again!"

"Oh! my mother, my poor, poor mother; when she was dying she gave it to me, and told me to 'always keep it, for sometime if I had very deep trouble it would help me out of it in some way; she said she couldn't tell how, but God knew best.'"

And kissing passionately the spoon again and again, hid it in her bosom and begged me to let no one take it away. I promised that no one should take it from her. Being quite exhausted she reclined more heavily upon the pillows, alternately kissing the spoon and whispering, "Oh! my mother, my dear, dear mother!"

My own mother, unnoticed by me until now, was standing near the head of the bed wiping the big tear drops from her eyes with a corner of her checked apron; she motioned me to be quiet.

Soon the child, who had grown beautiful as an angel within the last half hour, fell into a doze in which she seemed, judging from the enraptured expression of her countenance, that she was indulging in the beautiful dream of seeing and talking with her mother. The murmured "Oh, my mother dear!" caused us to feel (although invisible to us) the loved mother stood in our midst.

Mother noiselessly passed out of the room to attend to her household duties. I waited almost breathlessly for her to arouse, and yet I desired she might sleep, rest and grow strong.

Indeed, I hardly dared hope for it, she seemed so frail and delicate a creature of loveliness and beauty.

Her age was about fourteen years, small of stature, light complexion, large dark brown eyes, dark hair, golden-tinged, hung in ringlets about her neck; her voice low and musical, childlike in manner, and the impersonation of innocence.

As my mind wandered from her to those dark-browed designing men, my blood almost boiled in anger; and I vowed that if they ever crossed my path in an effort to steal our precious child, they or I would die in the contest.

I felt my arm nerved to protect her, and myself grow strong to save her from the fearful fate of being captured by them. In silence I pondered the best ways and means to keep all knowledge of her from them. I had ample time, for she fell into a deeper sleep, and for once, at least, she was happy, for the radiating smiles about her mouth betokened peace and pleasure. After nearly

three hours sleep she aroused rested, and feeling "strong enough" she said, to get up and dress herself, requested me to get her clothing. Just at this moment, hearing her voice, mother came into the room, standing at the head unobserved by its innocent occupant—the reality of the girls situation, the beauty of expression which overspread her features, the timidity with which she shrank within herself, the quiver that swept over her slender form at the thought of being captured by those ruffianly men, tears filling her eyes, the quivering lip, all betokened emotions too deep for utterance. Presently, however, she turned her eyes toward mother, as if previously cognizant of her presence, and exclaimed: "Oh! I'm so glad I've found my precious mother's spoon; it was lost, lost. They told me I should never have it again. Oh! how wicked and cruel it was, wasn't it, to take away all the beautiful things mother gave me, when I wanted to keep them to remember her by, for she was so beautiful and good. When she was dying she said I was to keep them all for her sake, and then she would come sometimes, and by them she would help me to remember her and the little baby that went up to heaven just before my mother died. Oh! I can never forget how she told me to always be a good girl, and then God would take care of me, if I was an orphan, all alone, and maybe sometime without friends. But where did you find this pretty spoon; and were the other things with it that mother gave me in the little box that she said her great-grand-mother gave her to keep? Oh! where shall I find them?"

A sense of exhaustion overshadowed the pale features of our blessed child, and again she fell into a slumber from which she awakened when father's footsteps were heard in the door-way. Again she was doomed to danger. Father, entering hastily, gave mother the signal to draw the curtain before the bed and hide from view its occupant. She seemed to sense by intuition the danger which quickly followed. No sooner was the curtain drawn, mother whispered to me to stay by and protect her, than three gruff men alighted, hitched their horses, strode hurriedly through the gate up to the house.

As they presented themselves at the door, one of them began by saying, "Oh, ho, sir, how d'do? fine morning to ye's be jabbers! An' has ye's seen nary a gal about ye's premises? An' if ye's have, why don't ye's send her home, be jabbers? She's a gal o' mine what I tuk to raise seven year ago, and be jabbers I'll be — if I don't have her now ole man or you nor I'll ever see the sun settin' agin. You better give her up, or we'll see whose the strongest man rite here. I knows you've had her this long time, an' 'twas that young son-of-a-dog that hid her under cover, an' wouldn't tell where the gal was."

"Here, Bowzer, come here you ole dog; come Bowzer, now take a hunt for the gal; we'll have her dead nor alive."

"Now, ole man you stan' right there, an' don't you move a peg, or I'll shoot you right on the spot. Ole woman you sit there; you needn't quiver so like ye had the agy; I'll not harm yer ole man if he don't stir a bit. Mind, don't you move neither, unless you want a bullet hole made in your cap right over yer right ear. There, now, ye's be quiet."

Come on, boys, we'll rummage the house but what we'll have the prize, and tache all dacent pable to mind their own business and let others alone, and tache them to keep thare unhouly hands off our chick of a gal, be jabers! You, Dick, look in the cellar a bit, an' if there's any wine, or ale, or cider, either, just bring your comrades a glass, or jug, if you plase.

Now, Hank, you take the other extreme and mount the ladder, an' if you see our Bridget snugly tucked away in a closet or corner, you just take her by the hair o' the head an' snaiks her out an' down here afore her gardin, as the praste told me she must oba an' go to confession, and bein' she would'nt dare to do contrary to what he would tell her, she would soon be conquered and he would make her a good Catholic. Now, boys, do well yers duty an' then yers get yer reward here an' hereafter.

The jade shall never 'scape us if we git our hand grip on her agin.

Go ahead ole boy, an' I'll stay here an' keep the ole' folks quiet a bit.

They're pretty nice ole people—don't seem to me they'd do much harm any way. But if I git my eyes on that young son-of-a-gun, I'll straighten him out for onst, anyhow. He can't evade the law, neither a good round flogging. Ole Dryden hasn't been snooping round here for nothin', an' he'll be handsomly rewarded when we ons't make sure o' the game.

[To be continued.]

ZACH. CHANDLER.

Spirit Telegram to the Medium.

PENDLETON, OGN., May 26, 1880.

Zach. Chandler desires to finish his essay to-morrow; says he will write as he has opportunity and the times demand. Do not falter or fear, we will aid you. Your guide and teacher.

G. W.

27TH MAY, 9 o'clock, A. M.

Seating myself at the table with pencil in hand preparatory to receiving his communication, I said: "To the Hon. Mr. Chandler, Ex-Senator of the United States, I await your pleasure, and am ready to write what you wish to say." The following from Billy Root was unexpectedly given.—Ed.

First, we shall have to cum and speak 'bout some things, for the big member of Congress is getting reddey to talk by-'an-by. He cummin pretty soon—don't be 'fraid of him if he be great man; he won't hurt you. There, now, he laf at me, cause me spoke so 'bout him; he say it all rite tho'. So you be reddey to write all he have to say, for he cummin soon. Good-bye, auntie; me comming again.

BILLY ROOT.

TEN MINUTES LATER.

Now, him have cum; you be very quiet, 'cause he want little girls to keep still; he say; he tryin' to get good control of your hand; then he can speak his thoughts off the point of the pen without your grinding them through the think box. Now him reddey to begin. Hip, hip, hurrah! for old Zach. Chandler. There, now, he smile at me, so me go. Good-bye.

BILLY.

SPIRIT ZACH. CHANDLER.

Good morning, madame. Being preceded by the little waif, Billy, I am now at your side with a desire and will to speak intelligibly to my constituents—those who have been such to me. You perceive, by my foregoing statements, that not only do I live an intelligent, active life in this, the sphere beyond the grave, but I also have the power to take cognizance of events political and otherwise, transpiring on the earth plane. Therefore, permit me to say to you one and all, that we are now not only reviewing our past lives upon the planet, but also examining and estimating at their real value, our thoughts and acts as they have been enstamped upon the ineffaceable records of individual and national histories. In my own personal history I find much to regret and condemn. I'm now prepared to say, were I to

live again upon the earth plane, I would avoid all intoxicating liquors in every form and shape, as I would the most venomous reptile that ever crawled the earth. I would dash the maddening bowl to the ground, and use voice and pen in obliterating from the globe the further manufacture of the liquid essence, which sets the soul on fire of hell, and damns it (not to everlasting eternity, as I once supposed the soul might be damned,) but to an indefinite period and periods of time.

Could you, my fellow citizens, draw aside the veil of mortality and behold the self-debauched, the self-demoralized demagogue and drunkard, you would weep tears of blood (it seems to me) while contemplating the wretched work your own hands, and those of your predecessors in crime have, by your own free will, wish and consent inaugurated. *Remorse is now the lash that stings my soul almost to madness;* and I would lift my voice as never before, to stay this mighty—this giant evil which overspreads our own beautiful continent. Yea, has deluged with crime and sorrow the so-called civilized world. Fellow-citizens, from the Ex-President of the United States to the humblest office-seeker, and to those who are holding responsible offices as gifts from the nation, we would speak in tones which should ring forever in the dome of each mental congress—individual mind—tones not to be mistaken. We would declare utter extinction to the cause of one of the greatest evils that ever afflicted the human races. And now, without compromise or favor from any individual, party or parties, knowing its cursed effects upon not only the body but the soul of man, I now declare that hereafter my energies in this, my new found life, shall be exerted in defending the rights of humanity, and uprooting all evils which afflict human kind.

To the medium—We will now pause awhile.

A pause of ten minutes.—Ed.

We wish to continue for we have but a few minutes to stay. I say *we*, because as your guide holds control of the brainial faculties, I am enabled to speak by the use of the pen autographically. We are now unexpectedly called away; will return in the morning.

CHANDLER.

MAY 28, 10 o'clock, A. M.

Good morning, madame. We are now ready to continue our communication. Please give us your undivided attention for thirty minutes. Yesterday we were very suddenly called to visit a portion of the Southern States where was being enacted a fearful tragedy. We will not take time now to inform you, as it would be a divergence from our purpose. In the affray several persons were killed; causes—ignorance, whiskey and politics.

We will now proceed to business. Looking over the past political history of our country, and predicating its future (as I am now enabled to do with some little accuracy,) I'm inclined to believe the prospects warrant me in predicting very lively times in commercial branches of business. Socialistic principles of a reformatory nature will, and are even now taking the place of the old, worn and effete elements which have composed the basis of popular society. Religious antagonisms, or antagonisms of religious opinions will assume such magnitude and destructive force that the magna-charta of American freedom will be thrown from its foundation—buried in the dust and trampled under foot of despotic intolerance, bigoted ignorance and priestly usurpation. Men will be ejected from office by force of arms. Men placed in office by military command. Anarchy and confusion will take the place of peace and assume control. While justice bowed in silence, mercy crouched in sympathy, and liberty—brightest star of freedom—is pinioned to the ground. Oh! ye men of little wisdom, look and learn. Learn of the past, learn of the signs

of the times and take lessons for the future. Allow me to say, could you see yourselves as you are seen and reflected; as I can see every thought, word, deed and motive of my own reflected, you would pause and listen to the words of wisdom which would come to your inspired reason. Many times would you hesitate to act when justice required an impartial tribunal. You would not rush eagerly into prominent places and responsible offices. You would not blindly, and with maddened zeal, nor with *fraudulent intent* rush men into office whose principles were engendered in selfishness; and therefore could be no guarantee for the honesty and integrity of national life. You would weigh men in the balance of right and justice; and only those who would devote their energies to the best good of the greater number, would ever occupy the positions which it is the people's pleasure to bestow. Politics and politicians are now being weighed in the balance, and found to be woefully lacking in principles of truth, equal rights and justice to all, which constitute the science of self-government, and is the true basis of political economy.

Enough of this at present. Questions are now in order.

Question—Why is not the title Hon. prefixed to Mr. Chandler's name in these letters? Medium.

Answer—Titles, like baubles, pass away into infinite vacuity, and are known no more. They avail us nothing here, only so far as we have tried to fit ourselves to the title by *honorable acts*.

Ques.—Will Grant be our next President?

Ans.—We'll answer the question when next we control. The force is waning. Good-bye, now.

G. W. AND ZACH. CHANDLER.

29th MAY, 10 o'clock, A. M.

Ques.—Has the Hon. Zach. Chandler anything to communicate this morning? Will he answer the question asked yesterday—will Grant be our next President?

Ans.—We answer, yes! for the people will again be deceived into the meshes of the law by a banded force, who are now laboring to institute a monarchical form of government. You ask if Grant will be the next President? Yes! he will be hoisted into power by the combined aid of money and the priesthood. However, he will not long remain as President of the United States, for the indignation of the general populace will become so virulent, and directly opposed to his sovereign usurpation, that he will be dethroned and rendered for the remainder of his life an imbecile. Even now, principals and powers of selfishness and darkness are, and have been, at work secretly to install him as sovereign dictator over the American people. The priesthood see in him, or think they discern traits of character which they can easily mould to vast advantages in promulgating and perpetuating their special religious tenets, creeds and forms of worship. Indeed, he has already sold himself, and betrayed his country Judas-like into the hands of the enemy, and it is a foregone conclusion that every attempt will be made to crucify the Jesus of the nineteenth century, namely—Freedom. Even now the clouds are lowering and the edict has gone forth from the *Herod* of priestcraft, "Crucify him! Crucify him!" The nemesis of the future is marked. Kings, queens, rulers and usurpers will be removed in due course of time, and events rapidly accumulating and culminating, upon their downfall, disintegration and ashes, the people will build temples of freedom, and souls to grandeur.

Ques.—Will the Republican party long exist in power, or as a party?

Ans.—As a party for some time to come. They will not yield readily. As a *power*, such as it is to-day, and has been, its days are numbered; it is sustained principally by money—the lever now applied to the government—and at a time when it deems itself the most strongly entrenched

behind the bulwarks of the millionaire, then will it have reached its acme of power, and from its pedestal be hurled to the ground, stripped of its haughtiness, pride and assumption; slain like the giant Goliath of old, by the little David who is now steadily and with firm tread, marching confidently forward to victory.

I will now bid you adieu.

ZACH. CHANDLER.

Destiny.

BY WALTER HYDE.

When the morning light appeareth
O'er the sombre brow of night,
And the moon's pale glimmer veareth
From the roseate tint of light—
We deem that all the starry splendor
That decked the eve and morning, too,
Is lost; and naught do we remember
Save their glory the night through.

But, are those lamps in heaven lighted
By the watchman at his post,
That they may give light to mortals,
Who struggle wearily, and at most,
Can only look above and murmur,
"Are those stars lit up for me?
Or is there vaster modes in being
Than my poor soul can think or see."

List ye to the angel's story:
"Far above the sun's best ray
Stars shine on in wondrous glory,
And are not dimmed by brightest day."
So it is with mortal day-dreams,
Born beneath the ethereal blue,
Where the sun (our earthly candle,)
Obscures the more extended view.

Above—beyond this darkened vision,
The soul shall rise in spirit free
To view celestial spheres elysian,
And roam among the stars that be,
Until its powers, thoughts and pleasure,
Social joys and entity,
Shall be attuned to *heavens' measure*—
MEASURE OF SOUL DIVINITY.

Wounding the Spirits.

It is probably not much thought of by Spiritualists as to what effect is likely to be produced on the spirits themselves by the hostile and even contemptuous remarks which are made, year in and year out, by those who ought, above all others, to welcome the phenomena of spirit-communication with unaffected delight and gratitude. All of us may readily judge, from our own feelings, what effect it would have on us to be met with sneers and insults when we were bent on doing good to those who offer them. If we know so very little of the nature of the spirit, how very little can we know of the suffering which may be caused it in its disembodied and translated form, by the hard sayings of those whom it would approach only for good!

It oppresses the mind to attempt to recall a mere fraction of the cruel things that have been spoken against modern mediums by those to whom spirits have returned with the hope of benefiting them. The subject is in itself too serious to permit the abuse of any one who comes as a professed bearer of tidings from the other world. Notwithstanding that, professing Christians themselves, confessed believers in immortal life, are found in the advanced line of those who are ready to abuse mediums, and traduce and denounce the truths contained in the solemn fact of spirit-communication. To the unseen messengers who come and ask for a mere hearing they return the virulent insults of unbelief; being unsolicited for the bread of sympathy, they give the stone of ridicule and unfeeling reproach.

It is but a little thing the spirits request; only that certain conditions be complied with. The superstitions of religious faith demand vastly more than this, for they insist that we shall all of us lay aside our reason itself. Even Protestantism forbids us to protest beyond the limits—creed limits—it has rigidly fixed. The conditions asked of us by the spirits are no other than any of us would ask, and do continually ask, one of another, in the affairs of every day life. We claim the right to have a fair opportunity, and that is all that they claim.

Much of this spirit, which is so deplorably prevalent in relation to Spiritualism and its most faithful servants, is but a reflection of that critical, cynical, fault-finding and gossip-carrying temper which is the bane of modern society, and is eating out its simple and sincere elements like a canker. Spiritualism, being the latest wonder to this prevailing

social temper, naturally has to be the target for its merciless riddling. Any other revelation or novelty would be treated very much in the same way. If this reprehensible course could once be refrained from, the communications from spirits to mortals would become far more impressive and valuable, because they would not be resisted and resented in obedience to a condition of mind, to say the least, wholly unspiritual.

The habit of holding personal communion with spirits is a truly religious one, as much so as the habit of professed worship. Now how much would it conduce to the real aims and end of the latter if, instead of devoutness and humility of spirit, there was cultivated an uncharitable, backbiting, criticising, and wholly unbelieving and repulsive temper? It ought to go without the saying of it, that nothing like genuine, sincere worship can be engaged in on such a condition; and if one religious attitude and act is impossible for such a reason, so is another, and so are all.

The spirits ask us only to listen—to investigate. How, pray, is any truth to be known without patient and unprejudiced investigation? It is, however, preposterous and amazing the way in which many people, especially those who refuse to investigate at all, demand infallibility from the spirits communicating through frail and faulty human agencies. One would suppose that these self-appointed censors and critics regarded themselves as infallible, incapable of either deceiving or being deceived. They set up their individual judgments without so much as showing their qualifications. They refuse utterly to respect conditions, and they are ignorant of the subject treated. What would be thought of a person who, while boastfully ignorant of mechanics, should presume to pass judgment on the merits of a very delicate and complicated machine? Yet there can be no mere human machinery that baffles study and comprehension like that which embraces the operative laws of the spirit. We ought, perhaps, in a great measure, to excuse the censorious habits of many Spiritualists themselves in this respect by remembering the influences of early education which still hang so closely about their mental habits. Trained and taught as they were by the Church itself, it is not to be expected that they can come into a state of perfect emancipation, save and except through a process of development into it. While they think they are only investigating, they are really carrying on the work of a spiritual police. It is not on such terms that spirits should be expected to approach near enough to mortals to communicate their messages of sympathy and love.—[*Editorial in Banner of Light.*]

The Gift of Mediumship.

To be so constituted as to permit the spirits to communicate through one to friends in the flesh, need not be taken as any evidence of the possession of spiritual gifts superior to others. Mediumship is a condition, of which spirits are not unready to avail themselves. Many mediums, however, mistake a mere condition for an endowment; and many more of their friends are inclined to do the same thing for them. It is a valuable thing, this matter of mediumship; but it happens to be something entirely without the reach of desire or ambition. It is to be taken simply as the spiritual stamp and seal of fitness to become the agent of higher powers. As soon as it is made anything else, or diverted into merely personal channels, its office is taken away! The law is irrevocable in that respect.

But while mediumship is a condition rather than a gift and endowment, it is a condition to be kept as undisturbed by external influences and as sacred as possible. The person who is a recognized channel of communication from spirits to mortals is naturally bound to keep her-

self or himself free from all material influences by which that channel is likely to suffer from obstruction. It is not the person, but the service to which the person can be put, that is of consequence; to magnify one's self, therefore, instead of the office in which one is permitted to serve, is the empty conceit of a childish and immature nature.

In view of the present relations of materialism and professed Christianity, mediumship occupies a peculiar strong position, and one to which both will sooner or later have to appeal. The materialist utterly disbelieves in any existence outside of that recognized by the senses; the Christian derides the idea of there being any channel of communication from spirits to mortals; the Spiritualist, who has the best of reasons for trusting to the powers of mediumship, actually and positively knows that there is another world just beyond the limits of this, for the reason that he has had frequent and full communication with it through the channels mediumship provides. It would manifestly be opposed to every idea, theory, dream, and sentiment of progress, taking that term in its largest sense, if life here were to be limited to what it is allowed the senses to cognize and comprehend.

Now it is an assured and abundantly attested fact, that communication with the invisible world is had every day by mortals. The evidence is just as strong materially as it is spiritually. It takes the blind denial of materialism and the superstitious refusal of professed Christianity off their feet together. What a person sees, outwardly and inwardly, and sees not once only but again and again, that he is certainly to be allowed to believe. He is neither to be ridiculed nor maligned for his belief; particularly by those whose faith respecting the unseen world rests on assertion, tradition, an uninquiring habit, and a positively superstitious tendency.

If, then, the world exists only for progress and the development of knowledge, and a selected class of mortals are all ready to be employed as agents by the higher spirits wishing to communicate, why is not in perfect harmony with the designs of the creating power that the office of mediumship should be executed? Evidently progress and development lie that way. Nothing exists to no purpose. These mediumistic conditions, by which we are assured that invisibles can communicate, have been made in order that they should communicate. If some refuse to hear their messages, there are others who will hear them. Such specific conditions, which constitute mediumship, are not for nothing.

What infatuation, what folly, for any one to turn his back to the messages which are offered from the other world! The receiver is not to worship the agency by which such messages come, or to entertain anything like superstitious feelings toward them. Mediums are all mortals like ourselves. If we use their office aright we shall learn to treat them rightly also. But we are to bear in mind that, being human, they are something more than mere machines. They are susceptible to our influence when we approach them, so that they are either attracted to us or the contrary. That should make us extremely careful in regard to our own condition when we come into their presence. We must be sincere and truthful ourselves in order to draw sincere and truthful spirits to us. We have a part to perform as well as the mediums we consult.—[*Editorial in Banner of Light.*]

Rules and Conditions for Spirit Circles.

ATMOSPHERIC CONDITIONS.—The phenomena cannot be successfully elicited in very warm, sultry weather; in extreme cold, when thunder and lightning and magnetic disturbances prevail; when the atmosphere is very

moist, or when there is much rain or storms of wind. A warm dry atmosphere is best, as it presents the mean between all extremes and agrees with the harmonious state of man's organism, which is proper for the manifestation of spiritual phenomena. A subdued light or darkness increases the power and facilitates control.

LOCAL CONDITIONS.—The room in which a circle is held for development or investigation should be set apart for that purpose. It should be comfortably warmed and ventilated, but drafts or currents of air should be avoided. Those persons composing the circle should meet in the room about an hour before the experiments commence; the same sitters should attend each time and occupy the same places. This maintains the peculiar magnetic conditions necessary to the production of the phenomena. A developing circle exhausts power or uses it up.

PHYSIOLOGICAL CONDITIONS.—The phenomena are produced by a vital force emanating from the sitters, which the spirits use as a connecting link between themselves and objects. Certain temperaments give off this power; others emit an opposite influence. If the circle is composed of persons with suitable temperaments, manifestations will take place readily; if the contrary be the case much perseverance will be necessary to produce results. If both kinds of temperament are present, they require to be arranged so as to produce harmony in the physical atmosphere evolved from them. The physical manifestations depend upon temperament. If a circle does not succeed, changes should be made in the sitters till the proper conditions are supplied.

MENTAL CONDITIONS.—All forms of mental excitement are detrimental to success. Those with strong and opposite opinions should not sit together; opinionated, dogmatic and positive people are better out of the circle and room. Parties between whom there are feelings of envy, hate, contempt or other inharmonious sentiment should not sit at the same circle. The vicious and crude should be excluded from all such experiments. The minds of the sitters should be in a passive rather than in active state, possessed by a love of truth and of manhood. One harmonious and fully developed individual is invaluable in the formation of a circle. The circle should consist of from three to ten persons of both sexes, and should sit around an oval, oblong or square table; cane-bottomed chairs or those with wooden seats are preferable to stuffed chairs. Mediums and sensitives should never sit on stuffed chairs, cushions or sofas used by other persons as the influences which accumulate in the cushions often affect the mediums unpleasantly. The active and quiet, the fair and dark, the ruddy and pale, male and female, should be seated alternately. If there is a medium present, he or she should occupy the end of the table with the back to the north; a mediumistic person should be placed on each side of the medium and those most positive at the opposite corners. No person should be placed behind the medium. A circle may represent a horseshoe magnet, with a medium placed between the poles.—*I. Burns, in Medium and Daybreak, London.*

SPIRITUALISM, like an enduring rock, rises up amid the conflicting elements of passion and ignorance—a rock which the surges of Time and Change can never shake—on whose Heaven-lighted pinnacle the Angels build their altars, and kindle beacon lights to illuminate the world.—*Prof. S. B. Brittan in Banner of Light.*

Written for THE RISING SUN.

To One Gone Before.

By H. WINCHESTER.

Oh! come to me, come, spirit immortal,
Teach me the truth as you know it on high;

You who have passed death's dreaded portal,
Unseen but by faith in the far away sky.
Oh! come to me, come.
Oh! come to me, come when daylight is dying,
When twilight is fading away in the west;
And flower laden zephyrs sweetly are sighing,
Then come, darling come, and give my heart
rest.
Oh! come to me, come.
Oh! come to me, come, when the bright stars are
shining
From their far away home in the blue sky above,
And cheer my sad heart, your arms round me
twining
As in years long ago, and whisper of love.
Oh! come to me, come.
Oh! come to me, come, let me feel you are near me;
Impress on my heart your presence divine,
And give me one ray of your pure light to cheer
me,
And whisper again, "Thine, only thine."
Oh! come to me, come.
Yes! come, darling, come when death cuts asunder
Life's thread that binds me to time and the
earth;
And guide my tried spirit to regions where never
Again it will sorrow—give my soul a new birth.
Oh! come to me, come.

The New Era Spiritualist Camp Meeting.

The Spiritualists of Western Oregon held a three days camp meeting on their beautiful grounds at New Era, commencing on Friday, July 23d. Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway, of Portland, graced the meeting with her presence and gave two admirable discourses.

While speaking of the consistency of spiritual and angelic manifestations, she would occasionally give most telling hints concerning woman's disfranchisement and inequality in political rights. Mrs. Duniway understands so well the evils growing out of an exclusive masculine government that her paper should be read in every American family.

Mr. A. A. Cleveland of Astoria, (trance speaker) favored the audience with two discourses which so illustrated the grandeur of human progress towards heaven that the writer could but listen with eyes filled with tears and a heart aching with sad joy. For the dear medium feels compelled to "resist the spirit" and engage in manual labor for the support of himself and family. Oh! how sad it is for a world to be lifted almost into heaven and then fall back to hell—just because it loves money and can't afford to feed the mediums. But cheer up, dear Cleveland. I feel authorized to say to you that the sufferings of mediums on this planet has a deeper meaning and grander significance than the people think or the medium can know. When angels say "be patient," they mean it, and we do well to rest in hope and love under their protecting angelic presence.

Brother Elisha Riggs (trance speaker) also addressed the meeting several times with grand effect.

James Cooley, of Gervais, a highly esteemed citizen of that town, kept himself in reserve like an extra horse, should one be needed to help move on the car of progress. But when he did come forward (being a young trance speaker) we soon felt that we could well have entrusted the whole load to him. He is a grand and noble man, and has the manliness to acknowledge the guiding care of spirit friends in helping him to achieve so much. His uncle, Eli Cooley, is more progressed and reminded us both in delivery and sentiment of the Hon. Warren Chase of world-wide renown.

Mary C. Cline, of Salem, Oregon, is one of those rare gifted women whose presence softens the heart and shapes the feelings of all within the radius of her noble sphere. In her discourse she let the audience into the secret of her constant joy (and we may add) her perfect development. Everybody knows that she has had her share of excessive trials in earth-life, but her secret was that under all circumstances, under all trials, she "could pray." Ah, how those two words thrilled that audience and made us feel the efficacy of the soul's aspirations towards the angels, towards our Creator, and towards all that is holy and heavenly.

Another good lady, Mrs. May, brought to the convention substantial evidence of her life-work in the

Concluded on Fourth Page

TRUTH The Rising Sun.

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To Our Readers.

The task and risk of publishing just what our spirit friends say, and exactly as they say it, word for word, without alteration, may seem hazardous to reflecting minds. But this we have undertaken and our readers may feel assured that we shall be faithful to our angel guides, whether their teachings and sayings meet with favor among the people of earth or not.

Thus far our expectations have been more than realized.

Our subscription list is large and increasing with a rapidity scarcely to be expected.

We had looked for opposition from the various ranks of conservatism and educated thought, but, instead, the courtesy and candor with which we are met on every hand reveals the universal desire to know just what the "spirits say." That they have much to say, and can say it, seems to be a foregone conclusion and a recognized fact.

Our habits of thought and action have been tempered from our youth up by the belief that angels were watching our every movement.

To do right, then, and to do the duty of each hour has ever been our aim; and now, in the publication of these spirit sayings and prophecies we but obey our highest sense of right as well as the wishes of our celestial guides.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Kind Words and Timely Suggestions
from Jas. S. Vinson.

LENA, Umatilla Co., Oregon, }
July 14th, 1880. }

LUCY L. BROWNE: I have just received the first number of THE RISING SUN. I am glad to find a paper started in Oregon for the spread of spiritual knowledge. I hope it may be successful in its career of usefulness, and be a means of current noting our efforts in the spread of truth in our country. I hope you'll pardon me for suggesting a few thoughts:

First. Be very careful of your selections, let them be high, holy and pure; and when anything is given as spirit demonstration, try to give the evidence of the fact so as to convince all.

Second. Don't reach far beyond your means, for fear we will be left without a paper.

Third. Try and find some good lecturer who will come to stay in Eastern Oregon—travel, lecture and scatter spiritual literature. If they could travel with a buggy or on horseback, they could share our grub and blankets, saving great expense, and in a few years have a fine field in which to labor. We would have quarterly meetings where one could meet for improvement and social enjoyment. If they were mediums who could demonstrate the truths of spiritualism, so much the better. As you are acquainted with many speakers will you think of it? And if you can, do so, let your place be a kind of headquarters for spiritual literature. I see by the *Journal* that E. V. Wilson thinks of coming West. Such a speaker and medium will do good wherever he goes. May truth, honesty and success ever attend your efforts. Your brother,
JAS. S. VINSON.

Our venerable correspondent, we trust, will pardon the liberty we take

in publishing the foregoing letter. It comes to us almost as an invocation, a plea for more light—spiritual light for the people. We are truly thankful for its friendly tone and thoughtful suggestions; will do what we can in the way of calling the attention of earnest spiritual workers to this vast western field, where their labors are very much needed.

We hope at no distant day to make the office of TRUTH—THE RISING SUN the headquarters for spiritualistic and liberal literature in Oregon.

Our aim is, first, to make THE RISING SUN a paper of instruction, worthy of the spirit teachers who have it in charge.

Second. If *will, energy and perseverance* on our part, with a good subscription list to strengthen us, will insure success, our patrons "will" not "be left without a paper."

Third. If this paper falls into the hands of any who are *sufficiently self-sacrificing*, and desire to visit Oregon in the interest of the spiritual philosophy, please notify us to that effect, that spiritualists and liberalists in different localities may confer with such medium and speaker, with the view of making some arrangement by which the truths of the harmonial philosophy may be more widely disseminated.

Press Notices.

"THE RISING SUN."

We are in receipt of the first number of a spiritual journal entitled the THE RISING SUN, published at Portland, Oregon, by Lucy L. Browne. THE RISING SUN, its editor claims, is the "Illuminator of Mind and Matter." We do not know whether it is intended that our humble journal is to be absorbed in the brilliant rays of this new luminary; but if so, we will rest content in the satisfaction that a greater light is being shed upon the world of humanity than would emanate from our spiritual hand-lantern. THE RISING SUN is published at \$1 per year, but whether weekly or monthly we are not informed. The aim and object of the publication is similar to that of the *Voice of Angels* and is largely made up of communications from spirits.

We do most cordially extend the right hand of fellowship to the editor of THE SUN.

We note especially in this number several spirit communications of a marked and instructive character. Two communications from the spirit of the late Zachariah Chandler show Mrs. Browne to be a medium of a very high order.

We gladly place THE RISING SUN on our list of exchanges.—*Mind and Matter, Philadelphia.*

Regarding TRUTH as the sun just rising upon the inhabitants of the planet earth, its brilliant rays cannot be wholly absorbed by any one journal. So, our brother contemporary may rest assured that the electric light of his "hand-lantern" cannot be obscured by the rays of our little candle just lighted (in Portland, Oregon,) from the great illuminary—*Truth.*

Mrs. F. A. Logan has been canvassing the town this week for a new spiritualistic journal, the RISING SUN, published at Portland, by her sister, Mrs. L. L. Brown. We are not apprised as to the degree of success that has attained her labors. The paper is well edited and to a believer in that religious faith invaluable. It is bold, independent and fearless in its advocacy of its peculiar ideas and to say the least deserves success for its novelty.—*East Oregonian, Pendleton.*

A new spiritual paper, entitled THE RISING SUN, has been laid on our table. We have sketched it through and find it too intensely spiritual for our comprehension.—*The New Northwest.*

True!—[Ed. T. R. S.]

If you would make a thief honest, trust him.

The New Era Spiritualistic Camp Meeting.

Continued from Third Page.

shape of loving children and grandchildren. Nor was this all. Her great motherly heart begged us to be charitable towards our brethren and sisters in the churches. If they have not the spirit and power of religion there is so much the more need of our sympathy, and we can afford to be just in the midst of their anathemas.

Of course, as might be expected, we added our mite to the general fund of thought, and were bold enough to say that we know of no movement on earth unaccompanied with spirit. The movement of matter in any form is a spiritual manifestation. All religions, all theories, all literary achievements, all human endeavor is spiritual, and therefore spiritualism. Spiritualism is the "all and in all" as certainly as that spirit is the life of all matter in the universe. Its modern phase is but the result of intellectual progress on earth and in the spheres. Many other speakers were listened to with profit and pleasure, and after the three day's session the meeting adjourned to convene again in Gervais, Marion county, on the 3d Friday of September next. WALTER HYDE.

Bryant's Chivalry.

[From the Chicago Times.]

Mr. Bryant has not written many lines that have been universally adopted. But his is the immortal quatrain:

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers."

It will be observed that the poet was chivalrous in assigning the appropriate sex in these lines.

A man in Vermont died after suffering fifteen years from dyspepsia. A post mortem examination revealed thirteen cherry stones imbedded in the lining coats of the stomach. The walls of the stomach, which, in their healthy state, are as thin as the blade of a knife, were an inch thick.

A Dog Returning Good for Evil.

A strange scene occurred the other day at Sierck on the Moselle. Herr Schmidt had a dog which he wished to get rid of. Rowing out into the middle of the river, he fastened a stone round the dog's head and threw him into the water. The animal sank at once; but during his struggles the rope slipped the stone, and he again rose to the surface and tried to get back into the boat. His master, however, continued to push him back, but as the dog persevered, he lost his patience, and striking at him with his oar, lost his footing and fell into the water himself. He was unable to swim, but the dog, seizing him by his coat, succeeded in bringing him to the land, after having been repeatedly washed away by the current. The dog's life was spared, we are happy to say.

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MRS. B. W. GRIFFIN.

Pendleton, Oregon, April 30, 1880.

PENDLETON, Oregon, April 22, 1880.

I have been troubled the last six years with pain in one of my hips, caused by a hurt. I received two treatments by Mrs. F. A. Logan, three months ago, and have had no recurrence of the trouble since that time.

LOT LIVERMORE,

Post Master,

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This spirit message was first published in *Mind and Matter*, January 10th, M. S. 32, with the announcement that "Magnetized Paper" would be sent to all who were sick in body or mind, that desired to be healed, also to those that desired to be developed as spiritual mediums, for three months for 3 ct. stamps. The three months have now closed with the following result: 3,405 persons have sent for the paper by mail. 1,000 persons have received it at the office; and the hundreds of testimonials that have been received of its wonderful work in healing the sick and developing mediums, prove that Red Cloud and Blackfoot have faithfully kept their promises. That all may have an opportunity to test the merits of the paper, the price for the future will be as follows: 1 sheet, (postage paid,) 10 cents, 12 sheets, \$1. Send a silver ten cent piece if you can. Address
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