



TRUTH



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. 3.

"The Rising Sun."

BY LYDIA DAVIS THOMSON.

Though clouds may gather o'er the sun,
They cannot veil its light;
We know that just behind the gloom
It still is shining bright,

Though clouds of doubt and ignorance
"The Rising Sun" would hide,
Still may it take its onward course;
With Wisdom for its guide,

Go forth, from out the threatening dark,
To fairer, clearer light;
And like the sun in yonder blue,
Attain meridian height.

Aye, broader and grander be its rays;
Its brightness wide unfurled,
Till like its namesake it shall give
Glad light to all the world.

Byfield, Mass.

Confession of a Spirit.

From the Dismal Abysses of Hell.

"Oh! I'm so weary! weary!!
weary!!!

Oh! God, how long must I remain
in this dark, loathsome cell, to linger
out a miserable life—more of death
than life? is now the agonizing prayer
of one who is suffering for deeds done
in the body.

Oh! how long shall I remain an
outcast from society in this miserably
damp, cold, slimy hell? Is there no
rescue; is there no God; is there
nothing in heaven, on earth or in
hell on which a man may lay hold and
lift himself up out of this dungeon of
darkness and despair?

No! Oh, no! I see no light, hear
no sound, save that of the moanings
and wailings of those whom I have
wounded and crushed in my fiendish
might and will to conquer.

Motives rise up before me as grim
spectres to haunt my weary life; feel-
ings, and inclinations to cruelty stalk
beside and hiss in my face at every
turn. The vibratory thought poison-
ed with *injustice*, and tipt as an ar-
row with the consuming fire of re-
morse, quivers in the halls of memory,
and stings as a scorpion the sin-
stained soul. I see no light, I hear
no sound, save the dull, hollow, and
sometimes frenzied echo of my own
voice as it reverberates back from the
earth-bound shore throughout the
vaults of this darkened hell of the
condemned criminal—that I am.

Oh! God! if there be a God!

Oh! Savior! if there be a Savior!
come to me and lift the burden of in-
iquity from my—self-depraved, and
self-condemned soul!

Oh, the tortures of an inquisitorial
hell have been mine since 1846, when
I first began to go the downward
course in iniquity and crime.

I cannot now tell what brought me
here to-day, for I've persecuted
those, who were like yourself, in many
respects.

I've tortured the innocent into sub-
mission, to gratify my insatiable long-
ings for gold and power.

I've laid men low in their plots and
schemes of destruction. I've neither
spared the innocent, the true, the saint
nor sinner. I've worried and wearied
the sick and dying in their hovels and
wretched palaces by my insatiable de-
sire, or mania, rather, for wealth,
power, fame and glory.

I've gloated over the sufferings of
my subjects. I've tortured many
people on the rack of persecution.

I've laid snares deep as hell and
strong as the remorse which now en-
virons me, only to mock at the calam-
ities of those that perished by my
fiendish hand. I've hissed when they

plead with me to spare their lives,
and fear overcame them.

And now, from this dreary dungeon
of blackness and despair, from this
damp, stifling atmosphere which pen-
etrates every fibre of my soul, I ask to
be redeemed! I am resolved on mak-
ing restitution to those thousands,
yea, tens of thousands of people,
which the yearnings for oppression
meeted out to them.

Would you know why I'm here
to-day? It is to relieve myself of
this terrible incubus that has weigh-
ed me down for years, it seems like
centuries, so acute have been my suf-
ferings.

And why acute? you ask; because
of the wrongs committed against my
fellow beings on the earth plane.

Would you know my name? then
find it deeply written in the heart's
core of those whom I've wronged,
with a demon's love of wrong, hate,
and revenge.

Long—long—Oh! how long will it
be, before I can undo or atone for
the wrongs inflicted upon men, women
and children by my own indomitable
will and extensive power?

We now turn our eyes to the old
world, and behold my birth-place.

I was born to rule; and to crush,
was my greedy desire everything and
every one that did not conform to
my wish, will, and mandate.

You will find my name in letters
of blood, wrung from the heart's
core chronicled by the pen of the
almighty sovereign which takes up
his abode sooner or later in the soul
of man. My name is well known to
the literary world; and to my friend,
Horace Greeley, who has aided me
to-day to come and write as I have
by this medium's hand.

Noble soul! possessor of many gifts,
and many virtues; he is one of the
emancipators of human souls from the
bondage of sin, moral death and
despair.

Oh! would to God I had as clear
a conscience, and brilliant life record
as he, who has so kindly aided me.

But my time expires; and I am
remanded by the *relentless—retribu-*
ive—justice of my own acts, back can
the gloom of my own hell! have
Good bye." Then

[QUES.—Who is this spirit?

What is the name of the author or be
the foregoing communication? ill not
he be kind enough to inform bread

AMANUENSIS

ANS.—"My name is not nec-
essary to the communication. You oin me
write, however, that I am ready of love
stake my life and reputation moth-
what I've written, as being pain, own
true.

It is not merely for the curious
to know that this sad confession is made;
but because of an inexorable law
which *demands repentance and resti-*
tution.

I am now enabled, by means of
communicating by your hand to rise
one degree out of this darkened cell;
and the twilight of hope is casting its
glimmering beams athwart my mental
horizon.

You may name my communication
CONFESSON OF A SPIRIT From the
Dismal Abysses of Hell.

There are those in the mortal fo-
cal-point who will recognize me by the lan-
guage—some phrases that I have em-
ployed in portraying my present con-
dition, and past tendencies to the
commission of acts of violence, in the
name of a *false God, and his blood*
crowned religion. More anon."

Chandler's Prophecy.

Evidence of its truthfulness. In
THE RISING SUN No. 2 read what he
says in regard to "commercial branch-
es of business:

"A BUSY WEEK."

"Wonderful Scene of Activity in New York.

NEW YORK, Sept. 6.—The *World*
of this morning says: The general
trade of the city during the past week
was again very active, and the distri-
bution of merchandise from this point
to various stations of the country was
enormous in volume. Probably the
greatest activity was in the depart-
ment of dry goods, where business for
the week may be said to have been
larger than that of the previous week
and without any precedent in the his-
tory of the trade. Buyers were from
all parts of the country, although
those from the south were largely in
the majority. Business with the com-
mission merchants was fair, but the
jobbers were pushed to an extent that
necessitated a full employment of
their forces, not only during the day
but far into the night. Broadway and
side streets, wherein jobbing houses
are largely located, presented busy
scenes. For blocks the sidewalks
were covered with cases of merchan-
dise turned out for shipment, and it
seemed as if the business of the city
was being conducted in the streets
rather than in doors. The electric
lights were brought into requisition,
and altogether such scenes of activity
and animation were never before wit-
nessed in New York. It is estimated
that fully \$4,000,000 in gold left for-
eign ports last week for this point.

The special feature of the stock
market last week was the active de-
mand for the investment in shares,
which in many instances reached the
highest figures ever recorded."

Democratic and Republican Papers
—What they Have to Say.

The following articles found in the
Hartford Times, and *Hartford Post*,
of Sept. 11, 1880.

Mr. Chandler has anything to
say? We will listen defren-
tly. [Ed.]
In the *Hartford Times*, Aug. 26.]

THE RISING SUN, published at Port-
land, in its issue of August
26, contains a spiritual communica-
tion from Zach. Chandler. It is de-
signed as a stern protest against
the course of the democratic party
in the present campaign. He says it is the curse
of the world, and men should shun in-
teger liquors as they would dead-
en the mind. He was then questioned
as to the republican party:
"Will the republican party
long exist in power, or as a party?"

Ans. by Mr. Chandler—"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 princi-
pally by money—the lever now ap-
plied to the government—and at a
time when it deems itself the most
strongly intrenched behind the bul-
warks of the millionaire, then will it
have reached its acme of power, and
its pedestal be hurled to the
ground, stripped of its hughtiness,
pride and assumption; slain like the
giant Goliath of old by the little Da-
vid, who is now steadily and with
firm tread marching confidently for-
ward to victory.

I will now bid you adieu.

ZACH. CHANDLER."

[Hartford Post (Rep.) Aug. 27.]

ZACH. CHANDLER AS A DEMOCRAT.

The *Hartford Times* is happy now.
Having looked the whole field over
so far as its finite vision can extend,
it was growing absolutely dishearten-
ed regarding the future of the demo-
cratic party; but it has discovered in
a western paper a spiritual communi-
cation from Zach. Chandler, late of
Michigan, U. S., and it seizes it with
all the avidity that a drowning man
catches a straw, and now proposes to
run the rest of the campaign on the
paraffine plan. We are told that the
late Zach devoted the first part of his
communication to a discussion of the
great evil of intemperance, and he
was then "questioned as to the repub-
lican party as follows:—"

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

Ans. by Mr. Chandler—"As a party
for some time to come. They will
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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 Da-
vid, who is now steadily and with firm
tread marching confidently forward
to victory.

I will now bid you adieu.

ZACH. CHANDLER.

This is hardly up to Mr. Chandler's
usual style of composition, but it is
possible that the stages of develop-
ment through which he is passing may
interfere somewhat with intellectual
effort. As to this, however, we can
express no opinion with confidence,
and trust the *Times*, as an expert, will
make all necessary explanations, if
any are needed, even if it has to sus-
pend publication for a day and go in-
vine innux. It is an important mat-
ter, and the country that has a demo-
cratic party has fallen back upon the spirit
of a departed chairman of a republi-
can national committee for campaign
assistance.

As the matter now stands perhaps
the republicans have no cause for
alarm; but they should be watchful
lest some fraud is attempted in fur-
thering this disembodied interference
with strange mortals. The chief dan-
ger is that the *Times* will, through
the connections it has above the de-
filement of earth, arrange in behalf of
the democratic national committee
for materialization seances through
the country in which the late distin-
guished citizen of Michigan may be
personated. And if the democratic
campaign should be run by Zach.
Chandler or his alleged Doppelgan-
ger, it would at least make things
lively.

But we beg to warn the *Times* on
this point. Mr. Chandler was al-
ways considered somewhat shrewd in
his political maneuverings. He may
even now from his high estate have
designs on the democratic party, and
it will hardly be safe to accept med-
iumistic communications bearing his
signature as entirely trustworthy. But
if he shall succeed in getting at the
head of the Hancock campaign in
spite of this warning, the republicans
of the country will cease all further
effort in the flesh, and leave him

alone to manage things."

CHANDLER.

In reply to the above allusion to the "shrewdness" of "political maneuverings," I beg leave to add my testimony. But with all my cunning, I failed to perceive the inimitable laws underlying all national and governmental action.

I find myself not too old to learn something new every day.

And it were better for both parties, or men composing each party, to stop in their wild career; pause and reverently listen to the voices of those who have passed to the spirit land, before it be too late to redeem either party from the fate, which seems inevitable.

SPIRIT ZACH. CHANDLER.

Independent Spirit Printing,

BY MAGNETIC PROCESS.

Announced By Spirit Horace Greeley,

In the Winter of 1877.

Awakened instantly from a sound restful sleep, between the hours of 1 and 2 o'clock, A. M., on the night of January, 1877, my attention was attracted to a point in the air, above the house, where were standing four or more spirit personages. The foremost one looking like Horace Greeley.

He began speaking to me, saying, by way of introduction: "We are come to you, as delegates from the Spiritual Congress, of which we are members.

We desire to speak directly to the Congress of the United States.

The affairs of the nation are not conducted as we would have them. In order to speak directly to Congress, we will print upon paper what we have to say. To some extent, we understand the laws of chemistry and the *modus operandi*, by which we can so speak.

We desire you to give one hour each day, to our control, in order to perfect our purposes.

When the time of mediumistic preparation is passed, you will hold between your hands note paper, a sufficient length of time for purposes hereafter made known.

You will pass the paper quickly through a solution; then lay it on a marble stand.

The paper, receiving the imprint, will show no mark or letter, until you hold it in strong rays of light, when the letters will be tinged, a light brown, legible to the eye."

Having thus spoken, they withdrew, leaving upon my mind a marked fullness, and a means of current, two weighty importance of their message.

NARRATIVE BY A SPIRIT.

Incidents in Farth-Life and Entrance into the Spirit World.

CHAPT. III.

When father and I were in the woodshed one day, we were talking about the probabilities of those men returning, sometime, for the child whom they claimed.

As we had no intention of giving her over into the hands of the marauders, we determined to fortify ourselves against the time when an onslaught might be made to recapture her.

Acting in harmony with the final decision of our interview, we procured each a rifle and revolver. Mother was to be apprised of our precaution, and purchases; and was to give the signal for using them if it should become actually necessary. I had cautiously secreted the rifle which I called mine, at the head of the bed behind the curtain where it was neither visible to any one outside, or in sight of any one occupying the bed.

Following mother's whispered instruction, I seated myself on the bed near the child I had vowed to protect; and while the speaker was giving orders, I whispered to her to keep perfectly quiet, and she shouldn't be taken from us.

I think an angel from heaven came down and stood beside and sustained her, for she looked the very picture of calmness, and bade me not be troubled about her making an alarm. She placed her hand in mine and whispered in sweetly winning tones—"Carrie will never be afraid while you are her protector. Do not fear, God will help you!" The utterance of the name thrilled me with an indefinable feeling, as I vaguely remembered hearing it, in the long ago, as if wafted on the zephyrs of some far away dream-land.

In obedience to the commands of the austere voice, Hank in a doubtful, half-relenting manner, shrugging his shoulders, said, "Well, I s'pose I must 'ba orders; that's what I'm here fur," and began climbing the ladder which led into the upper story of the house. Dick bending forward caught hold of the ring of the trap door which formed a part of the floor, and giving it a hard quick jerk, up it came, and down with a crash as he fell back on the floor.

Although every nerve in my body was on the *qui vive*, and I felt the strength of a Samson in my arm, I was amused with the expression, pleasure instead of fear, as she exclaimed in a whisper, "What will he do next?" and with suppressed mirth, continued, "Oh I'm so glad; I hope he'll never get up!"

But her hope was vain, he did get up, and strode across the floor, having caught a glimpse of the curtain as it swayed slightly by the effort to conceal her smothered laughter.

Coming directly to the bed, and pulling aside the curtain, he exclaimed, "Oh, my God! here she is! and here's the rascal! I've caught him, now!"

The man who had ordered father to "move not a peg" rushed furiously toward me, and as he was about clutching my throat, the revolver in my pocket came into requisition at once, nor did I wait for mother's order; with a quick firm pull upon the trigger he fell upon the floor.

Father sprang and caught Dick by the collar as he was about to strike the instrument of death from my hand, and throwing him upon the floor, held him down until he begged for life, and promised to never return, or attempt to steal away the child.

Hank clambering down the ladder, half-intoxicated, hastened out of the house. Dick upon being released, shuffled out of the house in clumsy haste, evidently too much under the influence of liquor to move quickly.

Father, mother, and myself were and liberty to do as the emergency of the situation demanded. First, becoming assured of the safety of our

Carrie, (I was delighted in knowing she name,) we laid the fallen man on a mattress on the floor. Examining his pulse, found that it had ceased beating. Father said he "would gas the doctor," hoping he might hence, restored to life. On going out, lost his eyes fell upon Dick who was doubled up head downward in a den, but which father with other help had dug a few days previously, for the purpose of draining the cellar. Father, becoming intensely agitated, said to me, "hurry, Jake, saddle the horse and ride to town and get the doctor as quick as you can, and stop to old Hinkley's, and tell him to come at once. What shall we do?" I ran to the stable, saddled the horse, jumped upon his back, and was about giving rein to the steed when the animal snuffed the air, throwing his head around in a frightened manner. I cast about to discover the cause, when suddenly my eyes became transfixed upon an object on the ground, across the way. I hastily scanned the features, and recognized in them and the clothing the man (One of "Hank." I hallowed at the

my voice to father; and on his coming to me I pointed to the wretched man at the road side. Father, overcome with excitement by the triple tragedy, was pale and speechless. I thought he would fall to the ground; but quickly recovering himself, he

waved his hand for me to go.

As the horse sped away, minutes seemed like hours, but after a brisk ride of seven and half miles, I neared the habitation of our old friend Mr. Hinkley. There were three men just approaching the gate as if about to enter. Seeing me, I motioned them to wait. Approaching, I hurriedly told them what had happened, and said, "Go at once with Mr. Hinkley to my father and mother; they need you."

I put whip to the horse, and in ten minutes was at the Dr's door, requesting him to go at once and see what could be done. With the hasty disclosure of the circumstances, and appeal for aid, I turned the horse and rode rapidly homeward. Meeting a man (whose name I learned was Peter Harlan) on the road with a horse and wagon, I begged him to accompany me; he consented to do so. On our way home he stated the fact of his knowing by reputation the three men who had so recently played a tragical part in the drama of life and death.

He said, "They were looked upon as desperadoes in the community in which they lived, and the people would only be too glad to get rid of such vile vagabonds." However that might be, I cared not much for what others thought, or how they felt; I was sure of one thing, dead or alive, they would never again attempt to deprive us of our darling child. I had constantly felt a dread of them as of vultures that might at any time pounce down upon its prey and bear it away.

When we reached home, there were gathered quite a group of men, women and children; some two or three men were bending over the man at the road side, as if examining him.

Peter Harlan hitching his horse to the fence, I turned mine into the yard, and quickly repaired to the house where was mother and our Carrie, with her arms twined around mother's neck.

There were others in the room whom I did not know.

While absent, a neighbor had called, and from him the news spread over the country.

They had succeeded in lifting the man from the ditch and laid him upon the ground, and had removed the man from the house and laid beside him. Some of the younger ones were weeping, others swearing, and two or three looked at me as if they would, if they could annihilate the one who had sent the shot home with deadly effect. But amid all the confusion there were two who seemed unmoved, and calmed the turgid flow of wrath as it began setting in against the author of this narrative.

Once, Mother stood calmly as a rock amid the surging tide, with its towering head toward the skies when the denning waves break over and lash the

only she clasped the child Carrie for the doctor, a bosom, who had, during the moment of the tragical scenes, seemed fearless and strong.

Coming from father and myself to the group of people, mother said in a ringing tone, which resounded in her spirit home, touching the hearts of all her hearers,—"This is my child; my own poor long-lost child, come back to me! and now that she is saved from these cruel monsters who lie dead before you, she is safe! safe forevermore, and shall have the care of her foster mother.

Her story is too sad for me to recount to you to-day, but some time, when these bodies, who claimed the title of men, are laid aside in the deep dark ground, and fear of them is buried in the same grave; then, will we rehearse her little history to you. Take these bodies away; do with them what you will; we will stand before God with clear consciences, having done our duty as best we could."

"Here! here! out the way!" cries a husky voice to those who are gathered about the dead.

The crowd divide as the coroner and sheriff ride up to the scene. Alighting and giving the rein into the hand of a trusty-looking man, the

sheriff steps to my side, touches my shoulder and says, "Here, my lad, you are now my prisoner! I want you to go with me. If there's anything to say to your people, now's the time; we'll not trouble them just yet. You did the killing, didn't you?"

"Yessir!" I replied in a firm voice and a thankful feeling at my heart. "Where am I to go, sir?" I inquired; "to jail" he responded, "and then to court where you will be tried for murder." "All right!" I said; "I'm ready to go any time if that's it," with a secret feeling of relief that I could go away and feel sure that no harm would come to my darling sister, as I had learned to call her.

"There! now, boys, stand back! You needn't gather up so close to me, nor snivel like that—'cause I'm goin' to jail."

"Oh my! if I don't worry some of the lawyers, though, I'll miss my guess!" I said, as the shadows of coming events cast themselves before me.

Come father and mother and pet Carrie; don't shed a tear for Jake; for he's goin' to come out all right. If I get a little experience in jail, in a murderer's cell, it may benefit me—who can tell?"

Father raised his eyes to heaven; his prayer will ever remain as a sweet benediction upon the life of his son. In beseeching tones he said, "Oh God! have mercy upon my poor son, his aged mother and little sister."

The brief invocation closed as the hushed and silent listeners stood in the doorway and around the dead.

The coroner busied with his official duties, took no note of time as it sped on its untiring way, and it was evening before arrangements were made to remove the bodies to a place of safety, where they might be kept until they could be identified, and claimed by relatives and friends.

Mother leaving the company prepared tea and a good appetizing supper for the sheriff, coroner, Pete Harlan and myself before we should set out for the county seat, where I was to be lodged in jail. The scenes of the day, together with the idea of losing my freedom, and being separated from all I held most dear and sacred, so wrought upon me that whatever else I did, I could eat nothing.

Supper being over, I was bidden by the officer to make myself "ready for transportation to jail." Without hesitancy, in a few minutes I announced myself ready to accompany him. The sheriff had engaged Peter Harlan to carry us in his wagon to our place of destination, he leading his own horse behind the wagon.

As I bid father good-bye, he raised his eyes in a supplicating manner toward the skies, and placing his hand upon my head, large tear drops coursing adown his cheeks, remained speechless. Extending my hand to mother, she clasped me in her arms, imprinted kisses upon my brow, cheeks and lips, and looking calmly in my face, said with firm tenderness, "My son, put your trust in God!"

Turning to Carrie, her upturned face and lips met mine; and throwing her arms around my neck, whispered, "Jake! my own Jake! my mother, my own dear mother, will take care of you. I saw her when you sat on the bed, when they had come to take me away. Remember Carrie. Good-bye."

Bidding father and mother good night, the sheriff, Peter Harlan and myself were soon on our way to my lodging house.

It was near midnight when we reached the little village. As we approached the town, the moon now and then making rifts in the clouds, shone fitfully down upon tall church spires as they pointed straight upward toward where God was supposed to dwell; as if in stern, cold mockery pointing the finger of derision and contempt for creating, and permitting such men to be, and live, as those who had nearly crushed the life out of one of the loveliest and purest creatures on earth. My feelings were quite in harmony with the spectres, as they seemed to me to be, for I could

not solve the problem of an all wise, all loving, all powerful God who could permit any one of his creatures to commit such gross injustice towards another, and, in that way compel as it were, an innocent youth (as I knew myself to have been), to the commission of so fearful a crime. I wished for a thousand—a million church spires, and in imagination I fancied there were as many pointing like fingers of scorn, of contempt and derision toward that God, for undertaking to make mankind good, and coming so far short of the original design—judging the lamentable failure by evidences on every hand.

As we drew nearer, and entered the village, lights here and there glimmered through the darkness, and as we drove to the largest building I could see, the sheriff slapt my shoulder, and said he in a cheery voice, "see here young man, is your home for a time."

I hope not long. You're to stay here untill we can know what the court will do with you. Jump out! Jump out!" he exclaimed hurriedly as the wagon stopped at the gateway. "Jump out and come with me; you'll have to be locked up to night in one of the cells, but you must make the best of it, and to-morrow we'll see what we can do for you." So saying, he opened the jail door and proceeding along a dismal hallway, finally halted before a grated door which he opened and bade me enter by saying, "There! turn in there, you'll find something in the corner to lie on. Now good night!" closing the door and turning the key in the lock as he ceased speaking, leaving the boy of sixteen summers to his own reflections, to sleep if he could, or to a sleepless night in a black loathsome cell. And now as the deeper gloom of midnight enfolds the youth, the curtain falls and hides him from view, until it shall rise again and reveal to the wondering gaze another scene.

Continued.

STAR-LIGHT'S.

Our Saturday Night Letter.

FROM SPIRIT FRANKIE.

Aug. 24, 1880.

"Don't worry, mother, we are going to help you in many ways. I'll help you on the paper. I'll write for the little girls and boys."

Now don't be startled, when I tell you, you'll see me pretty soon standing right by you in the room.

I think I can make myself visible to you, mother. I used to call you ma, didn't I? But I'm larger grown now. * * *

There are a great many little children coming to you, mother, because they think they can send letters to their folks who live on the earth; and I said to them I would help them to write by my own mother's hand. Do you care, mama? And will you some time listen to what the little children have to say, and write it for them, so their poor papa's and mama's, and brothers and sisters, can hear from them?

Now, my blessed mother, I will come to you soon, so you can see me, and then you'll know it's me, won't you, ma? I look as I used to sometimes—you remember.

We all want to write little letters for *The Rising Sun*. Isn't it a pretty name, m—other, (I liked to have said ma again, as I used to.)

We want to fill one column, and perhaps more, sometimes; and we've selected a real pretty name for the heading of the children's column.

Mother, I'm a teacher now in this spirit school, and the little children who will write messages are my pupils. Oh! isn't it nice to be a teacher in this beautiful spirit world?

Oh! mama, when I can, I want to tell you all about my sufferings, death and burial, and entrance into the spirit-home.

You'll listen, won't you, when I tell you all? and how I found aunt Mary,

and Ellen, and grandma, and Oh! so many little children. Oh! it's so beautiful here, mother; but ever-so-many-times when I first came here, I wanted to go back and live with you again, when I saw how lonely you was without me; but my kind guardian teacher said, if I would wait patiently and do everything well that I found to do, that they would help me in time to come back to you, so that you can see me just as you used to see me standing by you. And now the time is almost come, and I'm so glad! Oh! I'm so glad! I had to come and tell you first, so as not to take you by surprise too much.

I cannot tell you to-night, mother, about my suffering and death, because you could not bear it now.

But Ellen, Mary Jane, and I, and our darling brother are all coming to see you, and have a good visit, and help you in your work. So don't be discouraged, nor feel bad, for you will be helped more than you think.

Oh! we're so glad, mama, my own dear mama, that we can write by your hand; and by and by we can tell you more, when we can *print* what we want to say.

I'm learning now how to set type, as your printers would say; but the process of printing by *spirit magnetism* is quite another art from printing with leaden type.

Your spirit teachers and controls think they will be able to perfect arrangements so as to print very soon. "Oh! won't it be grand for the new paper? (if you will be passive and not worry too much.) They say they will have to draw largely from your brain power in order to make impressions on the paper. They intend informing you soon in regard to your part of the work."

Mother, you have been very impatient, sometimes ill-natured; you have had many things to try you, and have been exceedingly tried by permission of your teachers.

In disciplining you by severe trials, your strength is tested, your capabilities are known, your tendencies are ascertained, your will power is weighed and measured according to the weight and measurement of our system of weights and measures; and if found of sufficient merit to endure the tests or crises of severe physical, mental and spiritual suffering—through these processes of discipline which your superior teachers believe is for your best good and highest development, then, it is best, isn't it, to be calm, trustful, firm and quiet, so that they may the better aid in the accomplishment of their purposes—to wit, namely,

SPIRIT PRINTING.

We are all looking forward anxiously to that time, mother, when we can say just what we want to say, and have it published in our *RISING SUN*. Then the people will receive the truth from the upper spheres.

Now mother, don't worry or be troubled any more; for we will not forsake you, nor let you want for bread again.

Ellen, Mary Jane and Willie, with many others of our relatives, join me in pronouncing the benediction of love upon our own dear earth-bound mother, Lucy L. Browne, from her own daughter,

FRANKIE.

Star Lights.

When we come to you mother, with the little children, it will be when the stars are twinkling in the blue ethereal sky above and around you.

Our coming in the stillness of evening, and gloom of night, is symbolical of the *light* each one may bring to the weary ones in the twilight of affliction, and in the darker gloom of sorrow.

So, as you see, we have chosen the beautiful name above for the heading of the children's column.

Your daughter, Spirit FRANKIE.

Mrs. Sigourney said: "I never turn a beggar from my door unrelieved, for fear of offending the beautiful angel that brought him there."

Billy.

A little boy is here, mother, who says his name is Billy.

He wants to say that Zachariah Chandler desires to say something pretty soon.

Billy.—So you see me have come back, me have been away a long time, going with the big member of congress-man what speak in the *RISING SUN* before.

Me say he will speak 'bout some things what going to take place in the future. Me am Billy. You know me, don't you aunty, only me growing like every thing. Me don't go, but me not speak any more now.

POEM.

The following beautiful poem just received (with others that will appear in due time), from our highly esteemed contributor of California, cannot fail to reach the heart and awaken therein a holy affection—a desire to go "together with those me love, down—or, better, like our venerable correspondent *up* the grade of time joyfully, trustingly to the summer-land."

Written for TRUTH—THE RISING SUN.

My Wife and I.

By Col. H. Winchester,

Down lifes hill hand in hand,
My wife and I
Are marching to the summer-land
On the river's other strand,
There to meet a happy band
My wife and I.

Those who've passed away from earth,
Born into a heavenly birth—
Those we knew in joy and mirth
My wife and I.

We have trod life's path together
My wife and I
For five and forty years, or more,
Hand in hand we've traveled o'er
Barren wastes toward that shore,
My wife and I.
And through all the years gone by
We have loved, and hope to die
Together in one grave to lie,
My wife and I.

Through long years of toil and pain,
My wife and I
Have seen hopes once bright and fair,
Fade like castles built of air,
Dimming eyes and bleaching hair
My wife and I.
Though old and gray, yet still it seems
Hope with all its happy dreams
On life's pathway casts its beams.
My wife and I.

We have seen in years gone by
My wife and I
The dearest hopes all fade and die,
Withered like the leaves that fly
When autumn's winds wail and sigh
My wife and I.
Oh! 'twas sad to see them fade,
Hopeful youth and blooming maid
In the cold ground see them laid,
My wife and I.

Well, we know life's end is near
My wife and I
But we have no doubt or fears,
We for ages, and for years
Will live together in spirit spheres,
My wife and I.
And when worlds on worlds decay,
Earth and all things pass away,
We shall live! hail glorious day,
My wife and I.

From The Truth Seeker—N. Y. City.

Sun Spots.

Probably the most remarkable assemblage of sun spots that has appeared for several years is now visible north of the suns equator. The spots extend in a row, approximately parallel with the equator, over a distance of about 140,000 miles.

They are congregated into five principal groups which comprise the largest spots are surrounded by enormous penumbrae or rings of shade.

About the largest spots, and scattered along between the groups are smaller spots in great numbers. Some so minute that a high telescopic power is required to show them.

Around the whole wonderful procession, in which about thirty spots were counted recently, and for thousands of miles on each side of it, the surface of the sun is heaped up into those ridges of light that the astronomers call *faculae*.

A good view of those spots may be obtained with an ordinary telescope magnifying twenty five times.

When seen with an astronomical telescope their appearance is startling, especially when their images are thrown upon a screen in a darkened room. These images can be enormously magnified; then, by a kind of stereoscopic effect, they strikingly resemble the vast sun caverns they represent.

Brief Items Selected.

"To perservere in one's duty and be silent is the best answer to calumny."

John Stuart Mill of England said: "There must be some motive to induce people to take care of themselves; and that to be helped to help themselves if they are physically capable of it, is the only charity which proves to be a charity in the end."

A. J. Davis in "Death and after Life", says: "Men and women get more humility when they get more wisdom. Pomposity of intellect is the best proof of its shallowness."

When a truly sublime idea comes to you, then expressive silence is alone natural and worthy. Words are an impertinence."

Mrs. John Adams, wife of President Adams, said: "I feel a pleasure in being able to sacrifice my selfish passions to the general good, and in imitating the example which has taught me to consider myself and family but as the dust of the balance when compared with the great community."

John S. C. Morr, Historian says: True democracy demands impartial suffrage and equal rights for all, if anything is certain, this is certain, that true democracy will never rest content until this shall be obtained.

Whoever, therefore, places himself in opposition to this fundamental principle of true democracy does but perpetuate conflict, and postpone the long looked for hour when the bitter strife of parties shall cease.

It is vain for the demon of aristocracy and of exclusive privilege to clothe itself in the garb of democracy and assume its sacred name. The masses cannot long be thus deceived, and those defrauded of their rights will not acquiesce unresistingly.

It is not slavery alone which saps the foundation of public prosperity, it is any attempt to keep any portion of the people ignorant and degraded, and deprived of privileges conferred upon others no more deserving.

[In regard to music we accept the following rendition from the inspired pen of Mrs. Child, as supremely true, and grand as the universe is true. Ed.]

"Music is the supranote, the feminine principle, the heart of the universe,—because it is the voice of love,—because it is the highest type and aggregate expression of passionable attraction, therefore it is infinite; therefore it pervades all space, and transcends all being, like a divine influx. What tone is to the word, what expression is to form, what affection is to thought, what the heart is to the head, what intention is to argument, what insight is to policy, what religion is to philosophy, what moral influence is to power, what woman is to man, is music to the universe. Flexible, graceful, and free, it pervades all things, and is limited to none. It is not poetry, but the soul of poetry; it is not mathematics, but it is in numbers, like harmonious proportions in cast iron; it is not painting, but it shines through colors and gives them their tone; it is not dancing, but it makes all graceful motion; it is not architecture, but the stones take their places in harmony with its voice, and stand in 'petrified music'. In the words of Bettina, 'every art is the body of music, which is the soul of every art;' and so is music, too, the soul of love, which also answers not for its workings, for it is the contract of divine with human."—Mrs. Child.

"The Scientific Man."

"A weekly illustrated journal of science" claimed to be "by far the cheapest publication of science in the world, and the *best* for all youth and the general public." "Each number contains a popular science lecture, by an eminent scientist, such as Roscoe, Wyndal, Huxley, Carpenter, Geikie, Lackyer, Jevons and Lubbock. Most numbers contain also current news and notes of science."

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Will appear in our next issue; omitted for want of room.

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To Our Subscribers.

Please inform us without delay, if
THE RISING SUN fails to reach you.

Wanted.

Agents in every town, county and
state in the Union to obtain subscriptions for

THE RISING SUN

the new spiritual paper of the great
west; published in Portland, Oregon.

Materialization.

In our next issue we shall say
something in regard to spirit-physical
phenomenon, materialization,
rope tying, etc,

Now is the time to subscribe for
THE RISING SUN. The three months
expires with this issue. Send for
the paper and get your neighbor to
do likewise. It will pay reader and
publisher. Send money order or
registered letter.

Liberal and Spiritual papers for
sale at this office.

Celebrating the Advent of Modern Spiritualism.

Celebrating the anniversary of the
advent of modern spiritualism in the
joyful and appropriate manner our
people are accustomed to do, is praise-
worthy, and serves to fraternize and
cement together the great body of
spiritualists into one vast brother-
hood.

But we have silently wondered,
why it is that no one in the ranks of
spiritualism has never proposed to
celebrate the anniversary of the su-
preremely glorious day in which the
(now) world-renowned seer, over-
coming physical sense and sound,
space and time, penetrated into the
depths of infinity, explored the hid-
den mysteries of universal NATURE and
announced in measured tones, and
impressive accent, her forthcoming.

"Divine Revelations!" Oh, it was
an hallowed hour, born in the pres-
ent age, and consecrated in the halls
of memory for all time to come;
when the unlettered youth ventured
to scale the heights and descend into
the depths of infinity, and bring back
from the limitless ocean of truth some
of her richest treasures; to deck the
mortal spirit's

The emancipation of his mind for
brief periods of time, from its en-
vironment, is a prophetic reality of
the possibilities and attainments of
other emancipated souls—even while
encased in the human form. Under
the guiding, tender care of superior
spirit teachers, his vision pierced the
clouds of ignorance, dissipated the
mists of superstition; and in thus
rifting the clouds of darkness, the
light of truth in its divine revelations
has illumined the minds of millions
of people, and warmed their souls
into beauty and grandeur.

Then, kind reader, permit me to
ask, who are they, and where to be
found, those persons who will cel-
ebrate with THE RISING SUN in an
appropriate manner, the anniversary
of the ever to be remembered day,
which heralded to mankind "NA-
TURE'S DIVINE REVELATIONS?"

A Plea for Little Children.

A Word to The Mothers Who Need It.

Mothers, would you have your
little ones peaceful, healthy and
happy?

Then, instead of punishing them
unmercifully, when they are nervous,
and fretful from excitement, or play
in the hot sun, illness, unkind influ-
ences from others, acting directly
upon the brainial faculties and ner-
vous system, or, no matter what be
the causes to produce irritability of
temper and obstinacy; would it not
be better to kindly take them on your
lap, and while with tenderness you
maintain firmly in preparing them for
a good bathing in tepid water after
bathing them, pass the towel gently
over the body until thoroughly dry,
and the surface is tinged with pink;
imprint kisses upon the face, soft-
ly sing some sweet lullaby,
and by the time you can dress or
wrap the child in some loose gar-
ment, it will fall asleep under the in-
fluence of your magnetic kindness,
and natures best restorers will prove a
far better cordial, and more effectual
corrective power, than all the threat-
enings, thumpings, scoldings, slap-
pings, lyings, deceivings, frighten-
ings and whippings ever invented by
father-man or mother-woman.

And as you put your little child in
the crib for a quiet sleep and rest,
earnestly pray to the kindest and most
loving father to aid in the control of
your own temper, as you would aid
and instruct your little one. Try
it! Try it! Try it! It will rectify
your own morals, and correct the
ascidity of your own temper.

SPIRITUALISM.

To the Mourner—An Invaluable Comforter.

Passed to spirit life, from Minne-
apolis, Minn., June 21st, 1880, Mrs.
Caroline Barber, after a lingering ill-
ness. She was a spiritualist and me-
diumstie, therefore did not fear the
change called death, but rather chose
to go. We can pronounce no greater
eulogy upon our very dear arisen sis-
ter, than that she was a true sym-
pathetic friend to the friendless, ever
ready to impart comfort and aid to
those in need of counsel and sym-
pathy. The following impressive let-
ter from her daughter, Mrs. Nellie
Carroll, conveyed to us the foregoing
intelligence. She writes:

"MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Aug. 28.

"My Dear Absent Friend,—

"I am to-day the happy recipi-
ent of the second copy of THE
RISING SUN,—and was glad therein
to learn of your whereabouts. Allow
me to congratulate you, that through
your strong, energetic will, you have
at last achieved your highest am-
bition, and are climbing on the upper
round of the ladder to popularity and
fame. My dear friend, no one re-
joices more than myself that you are
rapidly progressing, and may the good
angels guide and protect you in your
noble work. I think THE RISING SUN
a very well written, worthy sheet, and
may you be richly compensated for
your efforts. I hope to see my name
written upon its pages some day, as a
co-worker in the vineyard of truth.

* * * I see you do not know of
the great trial I have passed through,
—feel that I have had more shadows
than sunshine since parting with you,
but the good angels have stood by
me, given me strength to pass through
the terrible ordeal, filled me with
new courage and hope in this hour of
need. But my dear, lost mother—
and not altogether lost—I cannot feel
that way, for I am aware of her
presence almost daily. * * * Oh!
I can never tell you what an aching
void there is in my heart and home,
and it is now that I am thankful for
the great truth found in spiritual-
ism."

Journals and Exchanges

received; for which compliments,
we tender to each editor our sincere
gratitude.

Wonders Will Never Cease.

The "Dispatch."

We clip the following from the
Santa Barbara Independent:

Dr. H. E. Licks, of Bethlehem,
Penn., claims to have invented an
instrument called the diaphote. A
similar invention was announced in
the public prints, with ambitious
prophecies as to its future, as long
ago as 1876, but nothing seems to
have come of it. By means of the
diaphote pictures can be telegraphed
as are sounds. Dr. Licks has ap-
plied for seven patents on his inven-
tion, and will soon begin to manu-
facture the instruments. The forms
and colors of different objects, trans-
mitted over a wire leading from a
neighboring apartment, were thrown
upon a screen and seen by a party
of scientists who wished to test the
merits of the invention. If the in-
strument proves a success, wonder-
ful results may be expected from its
application, and it is not unlikely
that it may yet supersede the tele-
phone, for it is suggested that a
railroad manager by using the
diaphote could see the various trains
passing to and fro before his eyes
as in a panorama, and thus would
receive warning when accidents
were imminent. If a great con-
flagration were raging in a distant
city, the blazing scene could be
flashed over the wires on to a sheet
of canvas, and an engraving speedily
made for use in a pictorial paper."—
Industrial Gazette.

The next thing in order, to dis-
cover, is a chemical compound, pos-
sessing the quality when applied to the
quicksilver on the back of a mirror,
to affix and retain for all time the re-
flection of the person, or any other
object desired. The man, woman or
child who is the recipient of the in-
spiration leading to such discovery,
will be immortalized, and adored by
all coming generations. We believe
it can, and will be done within a few
years, at most.—ED]

Spirit Zachariah Chandler.

In his communication of May 28th,
of the present year, as published in
the second issue of THE RISING SUN,
occurs the following paragraph.
"Looking over the past political his-
tory of our country, and predicating
its future (as I am now enabled to do
with some little accuracy) I'm inclin-
ed to believe the prospects warrant me
in predicting very lively times in
commercial branches of business."

In this connection permit us to
say, we perceive a misunderstanding
on the part of some of our readers,
in supposing that Spirit Zachariah
Chandler said that Gen. Grant would
be nominated and elected to the pres-
idency.

If they will read carefully his state-
ments, they will discover he makes no
allusion whatever to the nomination
or election of any man to the execu-
tive office.

He says emphatically, "Men will
be ejected from office by force arms.
Men placed in office by military com-
mand," etc.

Please read, and see "what the
spirit saith" to the people.

"Mind and Matter."

Spiritual journal of eight pages
edited and published weekly by J. M.
Roberts, Philadelphia, Pa., \$2.15
per annum. Is in its second volume,

It bears the impress of golden grain,
Garnered 'neath the rays of Truth.

"The Word."

Vol. 9 No. 5. A monthly journal
of reform. Edited and published by
E. N. Heywood, Princeton, Mass.
Price 75 cts. per year, lies before us,
containing many excellent articles,
among which is one from the pen of
D. M. Bennett, entitled "Free
Speech, Free Mails."

Pope: "For modes of faith let
graveless bigots fight.

His can't be wrong whose life is in
the right."

"Friend of the Family."

A large four page monthly edited
and published by Frank A. Marsh,
at Milan, Ohio. Fifty cts per year.
It seems to be what its name indi-
cates. Especially so, as it has a de-
partment devoted to temperance,
conducted by J. W. V. Vannamee, sta-
tion D, N. Y. City.

"The Hammer."

"A paper for the people". Edit-
ed by E. Mc Lean, published at
Orangeville. Vol. 1 No. 10 is re-
ceived. The editor says: "As the
Hammer is a paper for the people,
its columns are open to all". We
trust it will strike many blows upon
hydra headed Error.

"The Banner of Light."

Edited and published by COLBY
and RICH, in Boston, Mass. The ol-
dest spiritual journal in the world, is
eminently an able exponent of the
spiritual philosophy. Its columns
are replete with lectures, letters, es-
says, poetry and accounts of marvel-
ous manifestations produced by spir-
its who have passed the portal, called
death.

"Light for All."

An eight page monthly journal de-
voted to the growth attainment and
perfection of the spiritual philosophy.
Edited by A. S. Winchester, publish-
ed in San Francisco, Cal. One dol-
lar per annum.

No. 4 of Vol 1 is just received: It
has the appearance of a periodical,
that has come to stay, or rather re-
peat its visits more frequently to the
homes of those who need just the
light it brings.

"Miller's Psychometric Circular"

is a monthly journal devoted to the
young science of psychometry. Office
of publication No. 17 Willoughby
Str., Brooklyn, N. Y." No. 2 of
Vol. 1 came to our hands as a mes-
senger of light. We hail it with joy!
believing it is the paper just now
needed all over the land, by those
who are desirous of learning more of
the attainments and possibilities of
mind. Not that we pretend to com-
prehend the masterly work it has tak-
en into its hands, but it is capable of
enlightening us, we verily believe.

For THE RISING SUN.

Memory.

BY WALTER HYDE.

Every act however trivial fixes its
impress on the memory. Though
covered up, and, perhaps, forgotten
for a time, the full effect remains
through the centuries. Reparation
for acts injurious, consists in making
amends to the fullest extent of our
ability.

Errata: In "Bryant's Chivalry,"
second number RISING SUN, read im-
mortal, not immortal.

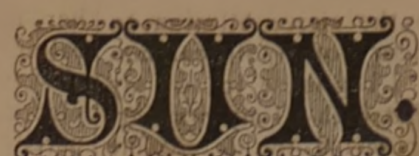
Fortunate for the poet that the
little t possesses the magical power to
immortalize his poem, while it is ut-
tely unable to render immortal an
"immoral" blunder.

"Long May it Wave."

A young mother was in the habit
of airing the baby's clothes at the
window. Her husband didn't like it,
and believing that if she saw her
practice as others saw it, she would
desist; he so directed their afternoons
walk as to bring the nursery window
into full view from the central part of
the town. Stopping abruptly, he
pointed to the offending linen flapping
unconsciously in the breeze, and
asked sarcastically: "My dear, what
is that displayed in our window?"
"Why", she said, "that is the flag of
our union." Conquered by this pun-
gent retort, he saluted the flag by a
swing of his hat, and pressing his
wife's arm closer within his own,
said, as they walked homeward, "And
long may it wave."

Gift MHS 18 Aug 1980

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, SEPT. 15, 1880.

{\$1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.}

No. 3.

"The Rising Sun."

BY LYDIA DAVIS THOMSON.

Though clouds may gather o'er the sun,
They cannot veil its light;
We know that just behind the gloom
It still is shining bright,

Though clouds of doubt and ignorance
"The Rising Sun" would hide,
Still may it take its onward course;
With Wisdom for its guide,

Go forth, from out the threatening dark,
To fairer, clearer light;
And like the sun in yonder blue,
Attain meridian height.

Aye, broader and grander be its rays;
Its brightness wide unfurled,
Till like its namesake it shall give
Glad light to all the world.

Byfield, Mass.

Confession of a Spirit.

From the Dismal Abysses of Hell.

"Oh! I'm so weary! weary!!
weary!!!

Oh! God, how long must I remain
in this dark, loathsome cell, to linger
out a miserable life—more of death
than life? is now the agonizing prayer
of one who is suffering for deeds done
in the body.

Oh! how long shall I remain an
outcast from society in this miserably
damp, cold, slimy hell? Is there no
rescue; is there no God; is there
nothing in heaven, on earth or in
hell on which a man may lay hold and
lift himself up out of this dungeon of
darkness and despair?

No! Oh, no! I see no light, hear
no sound, save that of the moanings
and wailings of those whom I have
wounded and crushed in my fiendish
might and will to conquer.

Motives rise up before me as grim
spectres to haunt my weary life; feel-
ings, and inclinations to cruelty stalk
beside and hiss in my face at every
turn. The vibratory thought poison-
ed with injustice, and tipt as an ar-
row with the consuming fire of re-
morse, quivers in the halls of memory,
and stings as a scorpion the sin-
stained soul. I see no light, I hear
no sound, save that of the moanings
and wailings of those whom I have
wounded and crushed in my fiendish
might and will to conquer.

NARRATIVE BY A SPIRIT.

Incidents in Farth-Life and Entrance into the Spirit World.

CHAPT. III.

When father and I were in the
woodshed one day, we were talking
about the probabilities of those men
returning, sometime, for the child
whom they claimed.

As we had no intention of giving
her over into the hands of the ma-
rauders, we determined to fortify our-
selves against the time when an on-
slaught might be made to recapture
her.

Acting in harmony with the final
decision of our interview, we procur-
ed each a rifle and revolver. Mother
was to be apprised of our precaution,
and purchases; and was to give the
signal for using them if it should be-
come actually necessary. I had cau-
tiously secreted the rifle which I
called mine, at the head of the bed be-
hind the curtain where it was neither
visible to any one outside, or in sight
of any one occupying the bed.

Following mother's whispered in-
struction, I seated myself on the bed
near the child I had vowed to protect;
and while the speaker was giving
orders, I whispered to her to keep
perfectly quiet, and she shouldn't be
taken from us.

plead with me to spare their lives,
and fear overcame them.

And now, from this dreary dungeon
of blackness and despair, from this
damp, stifling atmosphere which pen-
etrates every fibre of my soul, I ask to
be redeemed! I am resolved on mak-
ing restitution to those thousands,
yea, tens of thousands of people,
which the yearnings for oppression
meeted out to them.

Would you know why I'm here
to-day? It is to relieve myself of
this terrible incubus that has weigh-
ed me down for years, it seems like
centuries, so acute have been my suf-
ferings.

And why acute? you ask; because
of the wrongs committed against my
fellow beings on the earth plane.

Would you know my name? then
find it deeply written in the heart's
core of those whom I've wronged,
with a demon's love of wrong, hate,
and revenge.

Long—long—Oh! how long will it
be, before I can undo or atone for
the wrongs inflicted upon men, women
and children by my own indomitable
will and extensive power?

We now turn our eyes to the old
world, and behold my birth-place.

I was born to rule; and to crush,
was my greedy desire everything and
every one that did not conform to
my wish, will, and mandate.

You will find my name in letters
of blood, wrung from the heart's
core chronicled by the pen of the
almighty sovereign which takes up
his abode sooner or later in the soul
of man. My name is well known to
the literary world; and to my friend,
Horace Greeley, who has aided me
to-day to come and write as I have
by this medium's hand.

Noble soul! possessor of many gifts,
and many virtues; he is one of the
emancipators of human souls from the
bondage of sin, moral death and
despair.

Oh! would to God I had as clear
a conscience, and brilliant life record
as he, who has so kindly aided me.

But my time expires; and I am
of the situation demanded. First

becoming assured of the safety of our
Carrie, (I was delighted in knowin
her name,) we laid the fallen man on
a mattress on the floor. Examining
his pulse, found that it had ceased
beating. Father said he "would go
for the doctor," hoping he might be
restored to life. On going out
his eyes fell upon Dick who was
doubled up head downward in a deep
ditch, which father with other help
had dug a few days previously, for the
purpose of draining the cellar. Father
becoming intensely agitated, said to
me, "hurry, Jake, saddle the horse
and ride to town and get the doctor
as quick as you can, and stop to see
Hinkley's, and tell him to come at
once. What shall we do?" I ran to the
stable, saddled the horse, jumped
upon his back, and was about giving
rein to the steed when the animal
snuffed the air, throwing his head
around in a frightened manner.
I cast about to discover the cause, when
suddenly my eyes became transfixed
upon an object on the ground
across the way. I hastily scanned
the features, and recognized in them
the features of the man called
"Hank." I hallowed at the top of
my voice to father; and on his com-
ing to me I pointed to the wretched
man at the road side. Father, over-
come with excitement by the triple
tragedy, was pale and speechless.
I thought he would fall to the ground
but quickly recovering himself, he

Chandler's Prophecy.

Evidence of its truthfulness. In
THE RISING SUN No. 2 read what he
says in regard to "commercial branch-
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"A BUSY WEEK."

"Wonderful Scene of Activity in New York."

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larger than that of the previous week
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all parts of the country, although
those from the south were largely in
the majority. Business with the com-
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jobbers were pushed to an extent that
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their forces, not only during the day
but far into the night. Broadway and
side streets, wherein jobbing houses
are largely located, presented busy
scenes. For blocks the sidewalks
were covered with cases of merchan-
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The special feature of the stock
market last week was the active de-
mand for the investment in shares,
which in many instances reached the
highest figures ever recorded."

Democratic and Republican Papers —What they Have to Say.

The following articles found in the
Hartford Times, and *Hartford Post*,

We shall live! hail glorious day,
My wife and I.

From The Truth Seeker—N. Y. City.

Sun Spots.

Probably the most remarkable as-
semblage of sun spots that has ap-
peared for several years is now visible
north of the sun's equator. The spots
extend in a row, approximately par-
allel with the equator, over a distance
of about 140,000 miles.

They are congregated into five
principal groups which comprise the
largest spots are surrounded by enor-
mous penumbræ or rings of shade.

About the largest spots, and scat-
tered along between the groups are
smaller spots in great numbers. Some
so minute that a high telescopic pow-
er is required to show them.

Around the whole wonderful pro-
cession, in which about thirty spots
were counted recently, and for thous-
ands of miles on each side of it, the
surface of the sun is heaped up into
those ridges of light that the astron-
omers call faculæ.

A good view of those spots may be
obtained with an ordinary telescope
magnifying twenty five times.

When seen with an astronomical
telescope their appearance is start-
ling, especially when their images
are thrown upon a screen in a dark-
ened room. These images can be
enormously magnified; then, by a
kind of stereoscopic effect, they strik-
ingly resemble the vast sun caverns
they represent.

[Hartford Post (Rep.) Aug. 27.]

ZACH. CHANDLER AS A DEMOCRAT.

The *Hartford Times* is happy now.
Having looked the whole field over
so far as its finite vision can extend,
it was growing absolutely dishearten-
ed regarding the future of the demo-
cratic party; but it has discovered in
a western paper a spiritual communi-
cation from Zach. Chandler, late of
Michigan, U. S., and it seizes it with
all the avidity that a drowning man
catches a straw, and now proposes to
run the rest of the campaign on the
paraffine plan. We are told that the
late Zach devoted the first part of his
communication to a discussion of the
great evil of intemperance, and he
was then "questioned as to the repub-
lican party as follows:—"

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

Ans. by Mr. Chandler—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 princi-
pally by money—the lever now ap-
plied to the government—and at a
time when it deems itself the most
strongly intrenched behind the bul-
warks 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 Da-
vid, who is now steadily and with firm
tread marching confidently forward
to victory.

I will now bid you adieu.

ZACH. CHANDLER.

This is hardly up to Mr. Chandler's
usual style of composition, but it is
possible that the stages of develop-
ment through which he is passing may
interfere somewhat with intellectual
effort. As to this, however, we can
express no opinion with confidence,
and trust the *Times*, as an expert, will
make all necessary explanations, if
any are needed, even if it has to sus-
pend publication for a day and go in-
to mourning.

It is an important mat-
ter, what expression is to form,
what affection is to thought, what
the heart is to the head, what inten-
tion is to argument, what insight is
to policy, what religion is to philoso-
phy, what moral influence is to pow-
er, what woman is to man, is music
to the universe. Flexible, graceful,
and free, it pervades all things, and
is limited to none. It is not poetry,
but the soul of poetry; it is not
mathematics, but it is in numbers,
like harmonious proportions in cast
iron; it is not painting, but it shines
through colors and gives them their
tone; it is not dancing, but it makes
all graceful motion; it is not archi-
tecture, but the stones take their
places in harmony with its voice, and
stand in 'petrified music'. In the
words of Bettina, 'every art is the
body of music, which is the soul of
every art; and so is music, too, the
soul of love, which also answers not
for its workings, for it is the contract
of divine with human.'—Mrs. Child.

"The Scientific Man."

"A weekly illustrated journal of
science" claimed to be "by far the
cheapest publication of science in the
world, and the best for all youth and
the general public." "Each number
contains a popular science lecture, by
an eminent scientist, such as Roscoe,
Vyndal, Huxley, Carpenter, Geikie,
Lackyer, Jevons and Lubbock. Most
numbers contain also current news
and notes of science."



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, SEPT. 15, 1880.

{\$1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.}

No. 3.

"The Rising Sun."

BY LYDIA DAVIS THOMSON.

Though clouds may gather o'er the sun,
They cannot veil its light;
We know that just behind the gloom
It still is shining bright.

Though clouds of doubt and ignorance
"The Rising Sun" would hide,
Still may it take its onward course;
With Wisdom for its guide,

Go forth, from out the threatening dark,
To fairer, clearer light;
And like the sun in yonder blue,
Attain meridian height.

Aye, broader and grander be its rays;
Its brightness wide unfurled,
Till like its namesake it shall give
Glad light to all the world.

Byfield, Mass.

Confession of a Spirit.

From the Dismal Abysses of Hell.

"Oh! I'm so weary! weary!!
weary!!!

Oh! God, how long must I remain
in this dark, loathsome cell, to linger
out a miserable life—more of death
than life? is now the agonizing prayer
of one who is suffering for deeds done
in the body.

Oh! how long shall I remain an
outcast from society in this miserably
damp, cold, slimy hell? Is there no
rescue; is there no God; is there
nothing in heaven, on earth or in
hell on which a man may lay hold and
lift himself up out of this dungeon of
darkness and despair?

No! Oh, no! I see no light, hear
no sound, save that of the moanings
and wailings of those whom I have
wounded and crushed in my fiendish
might and will to conquer.

Motives rise up before me as grim
spectres to haunt my weary life; feel-
ings, and inclinations to cruelty stalk
beside and hiss in my face at every
turn. The vibratory thought poison-
ed with *injustice*, and tipped as an ar-
row with the consuming fire of re-
morse, quivers in the halls of memory,
and stings as a scorpion the sin-
stained soul. I see no light, I hear
no sound, save the dull, hollow, and
sometimes frenzied echo of my own
voice as it reverberates back from the
earth-bound shore throughout the
vaults of this darkened hell of the
condemned criminal—that I am.

Oh! God! if there be a God!

Oh! Savior! if there be a Savior!
come to me and lift the burden of in-
iquity from my—self-depraved, and
self-condemned soul!

Oh, the tortures of an inquisitorial
hell have been mine since 1846, when
I first began to go the downward
course in iniquity and crime.

I cannot now tell what brought me
here to-day, for I've persecuted
those, who were like yourself, in many
respects.

I've tortured the innocent into sub-
mission, to gratify my insatiable long-
ings for gold and power.

I've laid men low in their plots and
schemes of destruction. I've neither
spared the innocent, the true, the saint
nor sinner. I've worried and wearied
the sick and dying in their hovels and
wretched palaces by my insatiable de-
sire, or mania, rather, for wealth,
power, fame and glory.

I've gloated over the sufferings of
my subjects. I've tortured many
people on the rack of persecution.

I've laid snares deep as hell and
strong as the remorse which now en-
virons me, only to mock at the calam-
ities of those that perished by my
fiendish hand. I've hissed when they

plead with me to spare their lives,
and fear overcame them.

And now, from this dreary dungeon
of blackness and despair, from this
damp, stifling atmosphere which pen-
etrates every fibre of my soul, I ask to
be redeemed! I am resolved on mak-
ing restitution to those thousands,
yea, tens of thousands of people,
which the yearnings for oppression
meeted out to them.

Would you know why I'm here
to-day? It is to relieve myself of
this terrible incubus that has weigh-
ed me down for years, it seems like
centuries, so acute have been my suf-
ferings.

And why acute? you ask; because
of the wrongs committed against my
fellow beings on the earth plane.

Would you know my name? then
find it deeply written in the heart's
core of those whom I've wronged,
with a demon's love of wrong, hate,
and revenge.

Long—long—Oh! how long will it
be, before I can undo or atone for
the wrongs inflicted upon men, women
and children by my own indomitable
will and extensive power?

We now turn our eyes to the old
world, and behold my birth-place.

I was born to rule; and to crush,
was my greedy desire everything and
every one that did not conform to
my wish, will, and mandate.

You will find my name in letters
of blood, wrung from the heart's
core chronicled by the pen of the
almighty sovereign which takes up
his abode sooner or later in the soul
of man. My name is well known to
the literary world; and to my friend,
Horace Greeley, who has aided me
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emancipators of human souls from the
bondage of sin, moral death and
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Oh! would to God I had as clear
a conscience, and brilliant life record
as he, who has so kindly aided me.

But my time expires; and I am
remanded by the *relentless—retribut-*
ive—justice of my own acts, back
the gloom of my own hell!
Good bye."

[Ques.—Who is this spirit?

What is the name of the autl or be
the foregoing communication? ill not
he be kind enough to inform t bread

ANS.—"My name is not nece, with
to the communication. You oin me
write, however, that I am reach love
stake my life and reputation moth-
what I've written, as being pain, own
true.

It is not merely for the curious
iper that this sad confession is made;
but because of an inexorable law
which demands *repentance* and *resti-*
tution.

I am now enabled, by means of
communicating by your hand to rise
one degree out of this darkened cell;
and the twilight of hope is casting its
glimmering beams athwart my mental
horizon.

You may name my communication
CONFESSON OF A SPIRIT From the
Dismal Abysses of Hell.

There are those in the mortal fo op
who will recognize me by the lang on
uage—some phrases that I have em-
ployed in portraying my present con-
dition, and past tendencies to the
commission of acts of violence, in the
name of a *false God*, and his blood
crowned religion. More anon."

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Mr. Chandler has anything to
say in reply, we will listen defren-
ing [Ed.]

in the *Hartford Times*, Aug. 26.]
its sic H. CHANDLER'S VIEWS!

THE RISING SUN, published at Port-
land, in its issue of August
enactains a spiritual communica-
ed fea Zach. Chandler. It is de-

Ruinly to a stern protest against
ward ance. He says it is the curse
in clerid, and men should shun in-
even g liquors as they would dead-
hear n. He was then questioned
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any are needed, even if it has to sus-
pend publication for a day and go in-
vine influx. It is an important mat-
ter, and one that should be discussed
in the country. The republican party
has fallen back upon the spirit
of a departed chairman of a republi-
can national committee for campaign
assistance.

As the matter now stands perhaps
the republicans have no cause for
alarm; but they should be watchful
lest some fraud is attempted in fur-
thering this disembodied interference
with strange mortals. The chief dan-
ger is that the *Times* will, through
the connections it has above the de-
filement of earth, arrange in behalf
of the democratic national committee
for materialization seances through
the country in which the late distin-
guished citizen of Michigan may be
personated. And if the democratic
campaign should be run by Zach.
Chandler or his alleged Doppelgan-
ger, it would at least make things
lively.

But we beg to warn the *Times* on
this point. Mr. Chandler was al-
ways considered somewhat shrewd in
his political maneuverings. He may
even now from his high estate have
designs on the democratic party, and
it will hardly be safe to accept med-
iumistic communications bearing his
signature as entirely trustworthy. But
if he shall succeed in getting at the
head of the Hancock campaign in
spite of this warning, the republicans
of the country will cease all further
effort in the flesh, and leave him

alone to manage things."

CHANDLER.

In reply to the above allusion to the "shrewdness" of "political maneuverings," I beg leave to add my testimony. But with all my cunning, I failed to perceive the inimitable laws underlying all national and governmental action.

I find myself not too old to learn something new every day.

And it were better for both parties, or men composing each party, to stop in their wild career; pause and reverently listen to the voices of those who have passed to the spirit land, before it be too late to redeem either party from the fate, which seems inevitable.

SPIRIT ZACH. CHANDLER.

Independent Spirit Printing,

BY MAGNETIC PROCESS,

Announced By Spirit Horace Greeley,

In the Winter of 1877.

Awakened instantly from a sound restful sleep, between the hours of 1 and 2 o'clock, A. M., on the night of January, 1877, my attention was attracted to a point in the air, above the house, where were standing four or more spirit personages. The foremost one looking like Horace Greeley.

He began speaking to me, saying, by way of introduction: "We are come to you, as delegates from the Spiritual Congress, of which we are members.

We desire to speak directly to the Congress of the United States.

The affairs of the nation are not conducted as we would have them. In order to speak directly to Congress, we will print upon paper what we have to say. To some extent, we understand the laws of chemistry and the *modus operandi*, by which we can so speak.

We desire you to give one hour each day, to our control, in order to perfect our purposes.

When the time of mediumistic preparation is passed, you will hold between your hands note paper, a sufficient length of time for purposes hereafter made known.

You will pass the paper quickly through a solution; then lay it on a marble stand.

The paper, receiving the imprint, will show no mark or letter, until you hold it in strong rays of light, when the letters will be tinged, a light brown, legible to the eye."

Having thus spoken, they withdrew, leaving upon my mind the spiritual knowledge. I hope it several weighty importance of their message.

NARRATIVE BY A SPIRIT.

Incidents in Farth-Life and Entrance into the Spirit World.

CHAPT. III.

When father and I were in the woodshed one day, we were talking about the probabilities of those men returning, sometime, for the child whom they claimed.

As we had no intention of giving her over into the hands of the marauders, we determined to fortify ourselves against the time when an onslaught might be made to recapture her.

Acting in harmony with the final decision of our interview, we procured each a rifle and revolver. Mother was to be apprised of our precaution, and purchases; and was to give the signal for using them if it should become actually necessary. I had cautiously secreted the rifle which I called mine, at the head of the bed behind the curtain where it was neither visible to any one outside, or in sight of any one occupying the bed.

Following mother's whispered instruction, I seated myself on the bed near the child I had vowed to protect; and while the speaker was giving orders, I whispered to her to keep perfectly quiet, and she shouldn't be taken from us.

I think an angel from heaven came down and stood beside and sustained her, for she looked the very picture of calmness, and bade me not be troubled about her making an alarm. She placed her hand in mine and whispered in sweetly winning tones—"Carrie will never be afraid while you are her protector. Do not fear, God will help you!" The utterance of the name thrilled me with an indefinable feeling, as I vaguely remembered hearing it, in the long ago, as if wafted on the zephyrs of some far away dream-land.

In obedience to the commands of the austere voice, Hank in a doubtful, half-relenting manner, shrugging his shoulders, said, "Well, I s'pose I must 'ba orders; that's what I'm here for," and began climbing the ladder which led into the upper story of the house. Dick bending forward caught hold of the ring of the trap door which formed a part of the floor, and giving it a hard quick jerk, up it came, and down with a crash as he fell back on the floor.

Although every nerve in my body was on the *qui vive*, and I felt the strength of a Samson in my arm, I was amused with the expression, pleasure instead of fear, as she exclaimed in a whisper, "What will he do next?" and with suppressed mirth, continued, "Oh I'm so glad; I hope he'll never get up!"

But her hope was vain, he did get up, and strode across the floor, having caught a glimpse of the curtain as it swayed slightly by the effort to conceal her smothered laughter.

Coming directly to the bed, and pulling aside the curtain, he exclaimed, "Oh, my God! here she is! and here's the rascal! I've caught him, now!"

The man who had ordered father to "move not a peg" rushed furiously toward me, and as he was about clutching my throat, the revolver in my pocket came into requisition at once, nor did I wait for mother's order; with a quick firm pull upon the trigger he fell upon the floor.

Father sprang and caught Dick by the collar as he was about to strike the instrument of death from my hand, and throwing him upon the floor, held him down until he begged for life, and promised to never return, or attempt to steal away the child.

Hank clambering down the ladder, half-intoxicated, hastened out of the house. Dick upon being released, shuffled out of the house in clumsy haste, evidently too much under the influence of liquor to move quickly.

Father, mother, and myself were at liberty to do as the emergency of the situation demanded. First becoming assured of the safety of our

Carrie, (I was delighted in knowing her name,) we laid the fallen man on a mattress on the floor. Examining his pulse, found that it had ceased into beating. Father said he "would give for the doctor," hoping he might be restored to life. On going once, and his eyes fell upon Dick who was doubled up head downward in a deep ditch, which father with other help had dug a few days previously, for the purpose of draining the cellar. Father becoming intensely agitated, said to me, "hurry, Jake, saddle the horse and ride to town and get the doctor as quick as you can, and stop to old Hinkley's, and tell him to come at once. What shall we do?" I ran to the stable, saddled the horse, jumped upon his back, and was about giving rein to the steed when the animal snuffed the air, throwing his head around in a frightened manner. I cast about to discover the cause, when suddenly my eyes became transfixed upon an object on the ground, across the way. I hastily scanned the features, and recognized in them and the clothing the man (strictly "Hank." I hallowed at the tone of my voice to father; and on his pointing to me I pointed to the wretched man at the road side. Father, overcome with excitement by the triple tragedy, was pale and speechless. I thought he would fall to the ground; but quickly recovering himself, he

waved his hand for me to go.

As the horse sped away, minutes seemed like hours, but after a brisk ride of seven and half miles, I neared the habitation of our old friend Mr. Hinkley. There were three men just approaching the gate as if about to enter. Seeing me, I motioned them to wait. Approaching, I hurriedly told them what had happened, and said, "Go at once with Mr. Hinkley to my father and mother; they need you."

I put whip to the horse, and in ten minutes was at the Dr's door, requesting him to go at once and see what could be done. With the hasty disclosure of the circumstances, and appeal for aid, I turned the horse and rode rapidly homeward. Meeting a man (whose name I learned was Peter Harlan) on the road with a horse and wagon, I begged him to accompany me; he consented to do so. On our way home he stated the fact of his knowing by reputation the three men who had so recently played a tragical part in the drama of life and death.

He said, "They were looked upon as desperadoes in the community in which they lived, and the people would only be too glad to get rid of such vile vagabonds." However that might be, I cared not much for what others thought, or how they felt; I was sure of one thing, dead or alive, they would never again attempt to deprive us of our darling child. I had constantly felt a dread of them as of vultures that might at any time pounce down upon its prey and bear it away.

When we reached home, there were gathered quite a group of men, women and children; some two or three men were bending over the man at the road side, as if examining him.

Peter Harlan hitching his horse to the fence, I turned mine into the yard, and quickly repaired to the house where was mother and our Carrie, with her arms twined around mother's neck.

There were others in the room whom I did not know.

While absent, a neighbor had called, and from him the news spread over the country.

They had succeeded in lifting the man from the ditch and laid him upon the ground, and had removed the man from the house and laid beside him.

Some of the younger ones were weeping, others swearing, and two or three looked at me as if they would, if they could annihilate the one who had sent the shot home with deadly effect. But amid all the confusion there were two who seemed unmoved, and calmed the turgid flow of wrath as it began setting in against the author of this narrative.

Mother stood calmly as a rock amid the surging tide, with its towering head toward the skies when the eddying waves break over and lash the rocks.

Only she clasped the child Carrie to her bosom, who had, during the moment of the tragical scenes, seemed fearless and strong.

Coming from father and myself to the group of people, mother said in a ringing tone, which resounded in her spirit home, touching the hearts of all her hearers,—"This is my child; my own poor long-lost child, come back to me! and now that she is saved from these cruel monsters who lie dead before you, she is safe! safe forevermore, and shall have the care of her foster mother.

Her story is too sad for me to recount to you to-day, but some time, when these bodies, who claimed the title of men, are laid aside in the deep dark ground, and fear of them is buried in the same grave; then, will we rehearse her little history to you. Take these bodies away; do with them what you will; we will stand before God with clear consciences, having done our duty as best we could."

"Here! here! out the way!" cries a husky voice to those who are gathered about the dead.

The crowd divide as the coroner and sheriff ride up to the scene. Alighting and giving the rein into the hand of a trusty-looking man, the

sheriff steps to my side, touches my shoulder and says, "Here, my lad, you are now my prisoner! I want you to go with me. If there's anything to say to your people, now's the time; we'll not trouble them just yet. You did the killing, didn't you?"

"Yes sir!" I replied in a firm voice and a thankful feeling at my heart. "Where am I to go, sir?" I inquired; "to jail" he responded, "and then to court where you will be tried for murder." "All right!" I said; "I'm ready to go any time if that's it," with a secret feeling of relief that I could go away and feel sure that no harm would come to my darling sister, as I had learned to call her.

"There! now, boys, stand back! You needn't gather up so close to me, nor snivel like that—'cause I'm goin' to jail."

"Oh my! if I don't worry some of the lawyers, though, I'll miss my guess!" I said, as the shadows of coming events cast themselves before me.

Come father and mother and pet Carrie; don't shed a tear for Jake; for he's goin' to come out all right. If I get a little experience in jail, in a murderer's cell, it may benefit me—who can tell?"

Father raised his eyes to heaven; his prayer will ever remain as a sweet benediction upon the life of his son. In beseeching tones he said, "Oh God! have mercy upon my poor son, his aged mother and little sister."

The brief invocation closed as the hushed and silent listeners stood in the doorway and around the dead.

The coroner busied with his official duties, took no note of time as it sped on its untiring way, and it was evening before arrangements were made to remove the bodies to a place of safety, where they might be kept until they could be identified, and claimed by relatives and friends.

Mother leaving the company prepared tea and a good appetizing supper for the sheriff, coroner, Pete Harlan and myself before we should set out for the county seat, where I was to be lodged in jail. The scenes of the day, together with the idea of losing my freedom, and being separated from all I held most dear and sacred, so wrought upon me that whatever else I did, I could eat nothing.

Supper being over, I was bidden by the officer to make myself "ready for transportation to jail." Without hesitancy, in a few minutes I announced myself ready to accompany him. The sheriff had engaged Peter Harlan to carry us in his wagon to our place of destination, he leading his own horse behind the wagon.

As I bid father good-bye, he raised his eyes in a supplicating manner toward the skies, and placing his hand upon my head, large tear drops coursing adown his cheeks, remained speechless. Extending my hand to mother, she clasped me in her arms, imprinted kisses upon my brow, cheeks and lips, and looking calmly in my face, said with firm tenderness, "My son, put your trust in God!"

Turning to Carrie, her upturned face and lips met mine; and throwing her arms around my neck, whispered, "Jake! my own Jake! my mother, my own dear mother, will take care of you. I saw her when you sat on the bed, when they had come to take me away. Remember Carrie. Good-bye."

Bidding father and mother good night, the sheriff, Peter Harlan and myself were soon on our way to my lodging house.

It was near midnight when we reached the little village. As we approached the town, the moon now and then making rifts in the clouds, shone fitfully down upon tall church spires as they pointed straight upward toward where God was supposed to dwell; as if in stern, cold mockery pointing the finger of derision and contempt for creating, and permitting such men to be, and live, as those who had nearly crushed the life out of one of the loveliest and purest creatures on earth. My feelings were quite in harmony with the spectres, as they seemed to me to be, for I could

not solve the problem of an all wise, all loving, all powerful God who could permit any one of his creatures to commit such gross injustice towards another, and, in that way compel as it were, an innocent youth (as I knew myself to have been), to the commission of so fearful a crime. I wished for a thousand—a million church spires, and in imagination I fancied there were as many pointing like fingers of scorn, of contempt and derision toward that God, for undertaking to make mankind good, and coming so far short of the original design—judging the lamentable failure by evidences on every hand.

As we drew nearer, and entered the village, lights here and there glimmered through the darkness, and as we drove to the largest building I could see, the sheriff slapt my shoulder, and said he in a cheery voice, "see here young man, is your home for a time."

I hope not long. You're to stay here untill we can know what the court will do with you. Jump out! Jump out!" he exclaimed hurriedly as the wagon stopped at the gateway. "Jump out and come with me; you'll have to be locked up to night in one of the cells, but you must make the best of it, and to-morrow we'll see what we can do for you." So saying, he opened the jail door and proceeding along a dismal hallway, finally halted before a grated door which he opened and bade me enter by saying, "There! turn in there, you'll find something in the corner to lie on. Now good night!" closing the door and turning the key in the lock as he ceased speaking, leaving the boy of sixteen summers to his own reflections, to sleep if he could, or to a sleepless night in a black loathsome cell. And now as the deeper gloom of midnight enfolds the youth, the curtain falls and hides him from view, until it shall rise again and reveal to the wondering gaze another scene.

Continued.

STAR-LIGHT'S.

Our Saturday Night Letter.

FROM SPIRIT FRANKIE.

Aug. 24, 1880.

"Don't worry, mother, we are going to help you in many ways. I'll help you on the paper. I'll write for the little girls and boys."

Now don't be startled, when I tell you, you'll see me pretty soon standing right by you in the room.

I think I can make myself visible to you, mother. I used to call you ma, didn't I? But I'm larger grown now. * * *

There are a great many little children coming to you, mother, because they think they can send letters to their folks who live on the earth; and I said to them I would help them to write by my own mother's hand. Do you care, mama? And will you some time listen to what the little children have to say, and write it for them, so their poor papa's and mama's, and brothers and sisters, can hear from them?

Now, my blessed mother, I will come to you soon, so you can see me, and then you'll know it's me, won't you, ma? I look as I used to sometimes—you remember.

We all want to write little letters for *The Rising Sun*. Isn't it a pretty name, m—other, (I liked to have said ma again, as I used to.)

We want to fill one column, and perhaps more, sometimes; and we've selected a real pretty name for the heading of the children's column.

Mother, I'm a teacher now in this spirit school, and the little children who will write messages are my pupils. Oh! isn't it nice to be a teacher in this beautiful spirit world?

Oh! mama, when I can, I want to tell you all about my sufferings, death and burial, and entrance into the spirit-home.

You'll listen, won't you, when I tell you all? and how I found aunt Mary,

and Ellen, and grandma, and Oh! so many little children. Oh! it's so beautiful here, mother; but ever-so-many-times when I first came here, I wanted to go back and live with you again, when I saw how lonely you was without me; but my kind guardian teacher said, if I would wait patiently and do everything well that I found to do, that they would help me in time to come back to you, so that you can see me just as you used to see me standing by you. And now the time is almost come, and I'm so glad! Oh! I'm so glad! I had to come and tell you first, so as not to take you by surprise too much.

I cannot tell you to-night, mother, about my suffering and death, because you could not bear it now.

But Ellen, Mary Jane, and I, and our darling brother are all coming to see you, and have a good visit, and help you in your work. So don't be discouraged, nor feel bad, for you will be helped more than you think.

Oh! we're so glad, mama, my own dear mama, that we can write by your hand; and by and by we can tell you more, when we can print what we want to say.

I'm learning now how to set type, as your printers would say; but the process of printing by *spirit magnetism* is quite another art from printing with leaden type.

Your spirit teachers and controls think they will be able to perfect arrangements so as to print very soon. "Oh! won't it be grand for the new paper? (if you will be passive and not worry too much.) They say they will have to draw largely from your brain power in order to make impressions on the paper. They intend informing you soon in regard to your part of the work."

Mother, you have been very impatient, sometimes ill-natured; you have had many things to try you, and have been exceedingly tried by permission of your teachers.

In disciplining you by severe trials, your strength is tested, your capabilities are known, your tendencies are ascertained, your will power is weighed and measured according to the weight and measurement of our system of weights and measures; and if found of sufficient merit to endure the tests or crises of severe physical, mental and spiritual suffering—through these processes of discipline which your superior teachers believe is for your best good and highest development, then, it is best, isn't it, to be calm, trustful, firm and quiet, so that they may the better aid in the accomplishment of their purposes—to wit, namely,

SPIRIT PRINTING.

We are all looking forward anxiously to that time, mother, when we can say just what we want to say, and have it published in our *RISING SUN*. Then the people will receive the truth from the upper spheres.

Now mother, don't worry or be troubled any more; for we will not forsake you, nor let you want for bread again.

Ellen, Mary Jane and Willie, with many others of our relatives, join me in pronouncing the benediction of love upon our own dear earth-bound mother, Lucy L. Browne, from her own daughter,

FRANKIE.

Star Lights.

When we come to you mother, with the little children, it will be when the stars are twinkling in the blue ethereal sky above and around you.

Our coming in the stillness of evening, and gloom of night, is symbolical of the *light* each one may bring to the weary ones in the twilight of affliction, and in the darker gloom of sorrow.

So, as you see, we have chosen the beautiful name above for the heading of the children's column.

Your daughter, Spirit FRANKIE.

Mrs. Sigourney said: "I never turn a beggar from my door unrelieved, for fear of offending the beautiful angel that brought him there."

Billy.

A little boy is here, mother, who says his name is Billy.

He wants to say that Zachariah Chandler desires to say something pretty soon.

Billy.—So you see me have come back, me have been away a long time, going with the big member of congress-man what speak in the *RISING SUN* before.

Me say he will speak 'bout some things what going to take place in the future. Me am Billy. You know me, don't you aunty, only me growing like every thing. Me don't go, but me not speak any more now.

POEM.

The following beautiful poem just received (with others that will appear in due time), from our highly esteemed contributor of California, cannot fail to reach the heart and awaken therein a holy affection—a desire to go "together with those me love, down—or, better, like our venerable correspondent up the grade of time joyfully, trustingly to the summer-land."

Written for TRUTH—THE RISING SUN.

My Wife and I.

By Col. H. Winchester.

Down lifes hill hand in hand,
My wife and I
Are marching to the summer-land
On the river's other strand,
There to meet a happy band
My wife and I.

Those who've passed away from earth,
Born into a heavenly birth—
Those we knew in joy and mirth
My wife and I.

We have trod life's path together
My wife and I.
For five and forty years, or more,
Hand in hand we've traveled o'er
Barren wastes toward that shore,
My wife and I.
And through all the years gone by
We have loved, and hope to die
Together in one grave to lie,
My wife and I.

Through long years of toil and pain,
My wife and I
Have seen hopes once bright and fair,
Fade like castles built of air,
Dimming eyes and bleaching hair
My wife and I.
Though old and gray, yet still it seems
Hope with all it's happy dreams
On life's pathway casts it's beams.
My wife and I.

We have seen in years gone by
My wife and I,
The dearest hopes all fade and die,
Withered like the leaves that fly
When autumn's winds wail and sigh
My wife and I.
Oh! 'twas sad to see them fade,
Hopeful youth and blooming maid
In the cold ground see them laid,
My wife and I.

Well, we know life's end is near
My wife and I,
But we have no doubt or fears,
We for ages, and for years
Will live together in spirit spheres,
My wife and I.
And when worlds on worlds decay,
Earth and all things pass away,
We shall live! hail glorious day,
My wife and I.

From The Truth Seeker—N. Y. City.

Sun Spots.

Probably the most remarkable assemblage of sun spots that has appeared for several years is now visible north of the suns equator. The spots extend in a row, approximately parallel with the equator, over a distance of about 140,000 miles.

They are congregated into five principal groups which comprise the largest spots are surrounded by enormous penumbrae or rings of shade.

About the largest spots, and scattered along between the groups are smaller spots in great numbers. Some so minute that a high telescopic power is required to show them.

Around the whole wonderful procession, in which about thirty spots were counted recently, and for thousands of miles on each side of it, the surface of the sun is heaped up into those ridges of light that the astronomers call faculae.

A good view of those spots may be obtained with an ordinary telescope magnifying twenty five times.

When seen with an astronomical telescope their appearance is startling, especially when their images are thrown upon a screen in a darkened room. These images can be enormously magnified; then, by a kind of stereoscopic effect, they strikingly resemble the vast sun caverns they represent.

Brief Items Selected.

"To persevere in one's duty and be silent is the best answer to calumny."

John Stuart Mill of England said: "There must be some motive to induce people to take care of themselves; and that to be helped to help themselves if they are physically capable of it, is the only charity which proves to be a charity in the end."

A. J. Davis in "Death and after Life", says: "Men and women get more humility when they get more wisdom. Pomposity of intellect is the best proof of its shallowness."

When a truly sublime idea comes to you, then expressive silence is alone natural and worthy. Words are an impertinence."

Mrs. John Adams, wife of President Adams, said: "I feel a pleasure in being able to sacrifice my selfish passions to the general good, and in imitating the example which has taught me to consider myself and family but as the dust of the balance when compared with the great community."

John S. C. Mott, Historian says: True democracy demands impartial suffrage and equal rights for all, if anything is certain, this is certain, that true democracy will never rest content until this shall be obtained.

Whoever, therefore, places himself in opposition to this fundamental principle of true democracy does but perpetuate conflict, and postpone the long looked for hour when the bitter strife of parties shall cease.

It is vain for the demon of aristocracy and of exclusive privilege to clothe itself in the garb of democracy and assume its sacred name. The masses cannot long be thus deceived, and those defrauded of their rights will not acquiesce unresistingly.

It is not slavery alone which saps the foundation of public prosperity, it is any attempt to keep any portion of the people ignorant and degraded, and deprived of privileges conferred upon others no more deserving.

[In regard to music we accept the following rendition from the inspired pen of Mrs. Child, as supremely true, and grand as the universe is true. Ed.]

"Music is the supranote, the feminine principle, the heart of the universe,—because it is the voice of love,—because it is the highest type and aggregate expression of passionable attraction, therefore it is infinite; therefore it pervades all space, and transcends all being, like a divine influx. What tone is to the word, what expression is to form, what affection is to thought, what the heart is to the head, what intention is to argument, what insight is to policy, what religion is to philosophy, what moral influence is to power, what woman is to man, is music to the universe. Flexible, graceful, and free, it pervades all things, and is limited to none. It is not poetry, but the soul of poetry; it is not mathematics, but it is in numbers, like harmonious proportions in cast iron; it is not painting, but it shines through colors and gives them their tone; it is not dancing, but it makes all graceful motion; it is not architecture, but the stones take their places in harmony with its voice, and stand in 'petrified music'. In the words of Bettina, 'every art is the body of music, which is the soul of every art; and so is music, too, the soul of love, which also answers not for its workings, for it is the contract of divine with human.'—Mrs. Child.

"The Scientific Man."

"A weekly illustrated journal of science" claimed to be "by far the cheapest publication of science in the world, and the best for all youth and the general public." "Each number contains a popular science lecture, by an eminent scientist, such as Roscoe, Wyndal, Huxley, Carpenter, Geikie, Lackyer, Jevons and Lubbock. Most numbers contain also current news and notes of science."

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tions for

THE RISING SUN

the new spiritual paper of the great
west; published in Portland, Oregon.

Materialization.

In our next issue we shall say
something in regard to spirit-phys-
ical phenomenon, materialization,
rope tying, etc.

Now is the time to subscribe for
THE RISING SUN. The three months
expires with this issue. Send for
the paper and get your neighbor to
do likewise. It will pay reader and
publisher. Send money order or
registered letter.

Liberal and Spiritual papers for
sale at this office.

Celebrating the Advent of Modern Spiritualism.

Celebrating the anniversary of the
advent of modern spiritualism in the
joyful and appropriate manner our
people are accustomed to do, is praise-
worthy, and serves to fraternize and
cement together the great body of
spiritualists into one vast brother-
hood.

But we have silently wondered,
why it is that no one in the ranks of
spiritualism has never proposed to
celebrate the anniversary of the su-
premely glorious day in which the
(now) world-renowned seer, over-
coming physical sense and sound,
space and time, penetrated into the
depths of infinity, explored the hid-
den mysteries of universal NATURE and
announced in measured tones, and
impressive accent, her forthcoming.

"Divine Revelations!" Oh, it was
an hallowed hour, born in the pres-
ent age, and consecrated in the halls
of memory for all time to come;
when the unlettered youth ventured
to scale the heights and descend into
the depths of infinity, and bring back
from the limitless ocean of truth some
of her richest treasures; to deck the
mortal spirit's brow.

The emancipation of his mind from
brief periods of life, from its envi-
ronment, is a prophetic reality of
the possibilities and attainments of
other emancipated souls—even while
encased in the human form. Under
the guiding, tender care of superior
spirit teachers, his vision pierced the
clouds of ignorance, dissipated the
mists of superstition; and in thus
rifting the clouds of darkness, the
light of truth in its divine revelations
has illumined the minds of millions
of people, and warmed their souls
into beauty and grandeur.

Then, kind reader, permit me to
ask, who are they, and where to be
found, those persons who will cel-
ebrate with THE RISING SUN in an
appropriate manner, the anniversary
of the ever to be remembered day,
which heralded to mankind "NA-
TURE'S DIVINE REVELATIONS?"

A Plea for Little Children.

A Word to The Mothers Who Need It.

Mothers, would you have your
little ones peaceful, healthy and
happy?

Then, instead of punishing them
unmercifully, when they are nervous,
and fretful from excitement, or play
in the hot sun, illness, unkind influ-
ences from others, acting directly
upon the brainial faculties and ner-
vous system, or, no matter what be
the causes to produce irritability of
temper and obstinacy; would it not
be better to kindly take them on your
lap, and while with tenderness you
maintain firmly in preparing them for
a good bathing in tepid water after
bathing them, pass the towel gently
over the body until thoroughly dry,
and the surface is tinged with pink;
imprint kisses upon the face, soft-
ly sing some sweet lullaby,
and by the time you can dress or
wrap the child in some loose gar-
ment, it will fall asleep under the in-
fluence of your magnetic kindness,
and natures best restorers will prove a
far better cordial, and more effectual
corrective power, than all the threat-
enings, thumpings, scoldings, slap-
pings, lyings, deceivings, frighten-
ings and whippings ever invented by
father-man or mother-woman.

And as you put your little child in
the crib for a quiet sleep and rest,
earnestly pray to the kindest and most
loving father to aid in the control of
your own temper, as you would aid
and instruct your little one. Try it!
Try it! Try it! It will rectify
your own morals, and correct the
ascidity of your own temper.

SPIRITUALISM.

To the Mourner—An Invaluable Comforter.

Passed to spirit life, from Minne-
apolis, Minn., June 21st, 1880, Mrs.
Caroline Barber, after a lingering ill-
ness. She was a spiritualist and me-
diumist, therefore did not fear the
change called death, but rather chose
to go. We can pronounce no greater
eulogy upon our very dear arisen sis-
ter, than that she was a *true sym-
pathetic friend to the friendless*, ever
ready to impart comfort and aid to
those in need of counsel and sym-
pathy. The following impressive let-
ter from her daughter, Mrs. Nellie
Carroll, conveyed to us the foregoing
intelligence. She writes:

"MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Aug. 28.

"My Dear Absent Friend,—

"I am to-day the happy recipi-
ent of the second copy of THE
RISING SUN,—and was glad therein
to learn of your whereabouts. Allow
me to congratulate you, that through
your strong, energetic will, you have
at last achieved your highest am-
bition, and are climbing on the upper
round of the ladder to popularity and
fame. My dear friend, no one re-
joices more than myself that you are
rapidly progressing, and may the good
angels guide and protect you in your
noble work. I think THE RISING SUN
a very well written, worthy sheet, and
may you be richly compensated for
your efforts. I hope to see my name
written upon its pages some day, as a
co-worker in the vineyard of truth.

* * * I see you do not know of
the great trial I have passed through,
—feel that I have had more shadows
than sunshine since parting with you,
but the good angels have stood by
me, given me strength to pass through
the terrible ordeal, filled me with
new courage and hope in this hour of
need. But my dear, lost mother—
and not altogether lost—I cannot feel
that way, for I am aware of her
presence almost daily. * * * Oh!
I can never tell you what an aching
void there is in my heart and home,
and it is now that I am thankful for
the great truth found in spiritual-
ism."

Journals and Exchanges

received; for which compliments,
we tender to each editor our sincere
gratitude.

Wonders Will Never Cease.

The "Dispatch."

We clip the following from the
Santa Barbara Independent:

Dr. H. E. Licks, of Bethlehem,
Penn., claims to have invented an
instrument called the diaphote. A
similar invention was announced in
the public prints, with ambitious
prophecies as to its future, as long
ago as 1876, but nothing seems to
have come of it. By means of the
diaphote pictures can be telegraphed
as are sounds. Dr. Licks has ap-
plied for seven patents on his inven-
tion, and will soon begin to manu-
facture the instruments. The forms
and colors of different objects, trans-
mitted over a wire leading from a
neighboring apartment, were thrown
upon a screen and seen by a party
of scientists who wished to test the
merits of the invention. If the in-
strument proves a success, wonder-
ful results may be expected from its
application, and it is not unlikely
that it may yet supersede the tele-
phone, for it is suggested that a
railroad manager by using the
diaphote could see the various trains
passing to and fro before his eyes
as in a panorama, and thus would
receive warning when accidents
were imminent. If a great con-
flagration were raging in a distant
city, the blazing scene could be
flushed over the wires on to a sheet
of canvas, and an engraving speedily
made for use in a pictorial paper."—
Industrial Gazette.

The next thing in order, to dis-
cover, is a chemical compound, pos-
sessing the quality when applied to the
quicksilver on the back of a mirror,
to affix and retain for all time the re-
flection of the person, or any other
object desired. The man, woman or
child who is the recipient of the in-
spiration leading to such discovery,
will be immortalized, and adored by
all coming generations. We believe
it can, and will be done within a few
years, at most.—ED]

Spirit Zachariah Chandler.

In his communication of May 28th,
of the present year, as published in
the second issue of THE RISING SUN,
occurs the following paragraph.
"Looking over the past political his-
tory of our country, and predicating
its future (as I am now enabled to do
with some little accuracy) I'm inclin-
ed to believe the prospects warrant me
in predicting very lively times in
commercial branches of business."

In this connection permit us to
say, we perceive a misunderstanding
on the part of some of our readers,
in supposing that Spirit Zachariah
Chandler said that Gen. Grant would
be nominated and elected to the pres-
idency.

If they will read carefully his state-
ments, they will discover he makes no
allusion whatever to the nomination
or election of any man to the execu-
tive office.

He says emphatically, "Men will
be ejected from office by force arms.
Men placed in office by military com-
mand," etc.

Please read, and see "what the
spirit saith" to the people.

"Mind and Matter."

Spiritual journal of eight pages
edited and published weekly by J. M.
Roberts, Philadelphia, Pa., \$2.15
per annum. Is in its second volume,

It bears the impress of golden grain,
Garnered 'neath the rays of Truth.

"The Word."

Vol. 9 No. 5. A monthly journal
of reform. Edited and published by
E. N. Heywood, Princeton, Mass.
Price 75 cts. per year, lies before us,
containing many excellent articles,
among which is one from the pen of
D. M. Bennett, entitled "Free
Speech, Free Mails."

Pope: "For modes of faith let
graveless bigots fight.

His can't be wrong whose life is in
the right."

"Friend of the Family."

A large four page monthly edited
and published by Frank A. Marsh,
at Milan, Ohio. Fifty cts per year.
It seems to be what its name indi-
cates. Especially so, as it has a de-
partment devoted to temperance,
conducted by J. W. V. Vannamée, sta-
tion D, N. Y. City.

"The Hammer."

"A paper for the people". Edit-
ed by E. Mc Lean, published at
Orangeville. Vol. 1 No. 10 is re-
ceived. The editor says: "As the
Hammer is a paper for the people,
its columns are open to all". We
trust it will strike many blows upon
hydra headed Error.

"The Banner of Light."

Edited and published by COLBY
and RICH, in Boston, Mass. The ol-
dest spiritual journal in the world, is
eminently an able exponent of the
spiritual philosophy. Its columns
are replete with lectures, letters, es-
says, poetry and accounts of marvel-
ous manifestations produced by spir-
its who have passed the portal, called
death.

"Light for All."

An eight page monthly journal de-
voted to the growth attainment and
perfection of the spiritual philosophy.
Edited by A. S. Winchester, publish-
ed in San Francisco, Cal. One dol-
lar per annum.

No. 4 of Vol 1 is just received: It
has the appearance of a periodical,
that has come to stay, or rather re-
peat its visits more frequently to the
homes of those who need just the
light it brings.

"Miller's Psychometric Circular"

is a monthly journal devoted to the
young science of psychometry. Office
of publication No. 17 Willoughby
Str., Brooklyn, N. Y." No. 2 of
Vol. 1 came to our hands as a mes-
senger of light. We hail it with joy!
believing it is the paper just now
needed all over the land, by those
who are desirous of learning more of
the attainments and possibilities of
mind. Not that we pretend to com-
prehend the masterly work it has tak-
en into its hands, but it is capable of
enlightening us, we verily believe.

FOR THE RISING SUN.

Memory.

BY WALTER HYDE.

Every act however trivial fixes its
impress on the memory. Though
covered up, and, perhaps, forgotten
for a time, the full effect remains
through the centuries. Reparation
for acts injurious, consists in making
amends to the fullest extent of our
ability.

Errata: In "Bryant's Chivalry,"
second number RISING SUN, read im-
mortal, not immoral.

Fortunate for the poet that the
little t possesses the magical power to
immortalize his poem, while it is ut-
tely unable to render immortal an
"immoral" blunder.

"Long May it Wave."

A young mother was in the habit
of airing the baby's clothes at the
window. Her husband didn't like it,
and believing that if she saw her
practice as others saw it, she would
desist; he so directed their afternoons
walk as to bring the nursery window
into full view from the central part of
the town. Stopping abruptly, he
pointed to the offending linen flapping
unconsciously in the breeze, and
asked sarcastically: "My dear, what
is that displayed in your window?"
"Why", she said, "that is the flag of
our union." Conquered by this pun-
gent retort, he saluted the flag by a
swing of his hat, and pressing his
wife's arm closer within his own,
said, as they walked homeward, "And
long may it wave."

Gift MHS 18 Aug 1980