

PROPHETIC VISIONS
OF
NATIONAL EVENTS,
AND
SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS.

[IN THREE PARTS.]

BY
LUCY LOVINA BROWNE, MEDIUM.

"TO BE FOREWARNED IS TO BE FOREARMED."

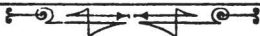
I looked in the heavens and beheld an innumerable host of angels; voices from the multitude in concord and musical tones greeted my ear, saying: "Hosanna in the highest, for judgment is now come upon the earth."

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PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

THE public may wish to know something of the amanuensis of this book from the publisher. To write a biography of all the interesting events of her life would require several books of this size in which to publish them, so I will briefly state that in the year 1850, she became a clairvoyant and began to have visions of on-coming events, and all along through the intervening years has spoken and written many things that would shortly come to pass, as the reader will note concerning Abraham Lincoln's demise; the prostrate form of President Garfield; the present war in the Old Country, and much that is yet to transpire, which comprises the Prophetic part of her book.

The communications were rapidly written in an unexpected hour, When she had taken pen in hand to answer some correspondent, instead of writing the letter, her hand was controlled by an unseen intelligence to write the communications herein published, besides many more that would fill volumes. She seemed more of Heaven than of earth. Too sensitive to cope with the money-getting portion, too spiritual to enter into the arena of trade or traffic, but so closely allied to her angel teachers that she could give consolation to the bereaved by describing their friends as she saw them in Spirit Life—sometimes their names, occupation, time and place of death.

As a healer she was ever and anon benefiting the afflicted. She also wrote several lectures by inspiration, and delivered them in halls and churches, and would have excelled in this department of her mediumship had she not been so extremely delicate, sensitive, and timid.

Little Frankie was her youngest daughter, of sweet disposition, kind and gentle to all with whom she came in contact, the consoler of her mother's sorrows and sharer of her joys. Her last sickness was heart disease, and for weeks she had to be bolstered up in the large arm-chair day and night. Just before she breathed her last, she said, "Ma, I'm dying! Ma, I'm dying!" "O, Frankie, don't say so!" pleaded her mother. "Yes, ma, I'm dying. You think you will be lonesome, but I will not let you be lonesome. I will come and put my arms around you. I will comfort you." And after giving messages to send to her friends, she quietly passed on to her beautiful home in the skies, at the age of eleven and a half years; but she kept her promise, as the reader will see by the "STARLIGHTS."

The writer of this longed so much to have her ma come to this Pacific Coast to enjoy the beautiful scenery and balmy breezes—to have her society; and as she too was a magnetic healer and speaker, she had hoped that her clairvoyant powers would be used in diagnosing disease, and together they might do treble the good that either could do alone. She came, but had outgrown or progressed beyond personalities to publishing a paper for the masses. She could not be dissuaded from it, and commenced it in Portland, Oregon. Realizing her deep spiritual nature, her high and holy aspirations, we donned our hat and was off for subscriptions, healing and lecturing by the way. The first two thousand copies were scattered; returns came in, and the dear little paper *Truth; the Rising Sun*, was published one year. Many letters of appreciation and encouragement, accompanied with the subscription price, came in.

Unremitting toil, close application to writing, undermined the editor's already feeble constitution, to our great sorrow. Many had subscribed for the second volume, and to make amends to her patrons she compiled the manuscript with trembling hands (her last work) for this book, and placed it in the hands of the writer for publication, to be distributed equitably.

Could I refuse so great a boon
From one so weak, so near the tomb?
Ah, no! Tho' years may intervene
Before its fruits to me are seen,
I'll bare my brow and onward go,
To scatter seeds of truth to grow
In minds receptive, who may need
The truths that this dear book may feed.
The "Starlights"—Frankie's story, told
By her dear mother's hand to hold
The pen, and center on her brain
Great truths, made so very plain,
Will reach great minds with living light,
Their radiance is so pure, so bright—
Health-giving in their silent power,
As some can testify this hour.
'Twill also lead the soul up higher,
From every low and vain desire,
Far into regions of the blest,
Where weary souls will find sweet rest.

F. A. L.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

TO the generous and thoughtful public this little book of revelations and Spirit communications is respectfully dedicated. How much of truth and how much of error is herein contained, I leave for time to unravel, events to prove, and the people to decide.

The visions were presented to me unsought, unexpectedly, and being impelled to write by spirit personages, who were sometimes visible and sometimes invisible, with the counsel to publish both visions and communications, I, Lucy L. Browne, medium, have therefore followed the injunction of my Spirit teachers to—

“Write what we have written in the minds of the people, and let it be heralded far and near.

“As we have written, so shall it come to pass. Do not fear or be daunted in the least.

“Carry out our plans as they are made known to you, and the consequences will justify the means used. **YOUR GUIDE AND TEACHER.**”

“Words contain the gems of truth, and in the main you will have little to cast aside.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.”



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PART I.

PROPHETIC VISIONS.

PROPHETIC VISION No. 1.

OF THE REBELLION.

The Eagle—Emblem of American Freedom in the Garb of
Treason and Attitude of Monopoly—A Time of Peace—
The Harmonial Philosophy in the field of Nature, and
another War.

IMPRESSIONS and instructions, accompanying each scene as shown me on the evening of the 5th of March, 1861, are truthfully related, but with feeble pen, to make the scenes as real as to me they seemed ; a part of which are fulfilled, a part now transpiring, and a part in the future awaiting development. On this evening the second after Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated President of the United States, it happened that my brother and three or four sisters, myself included, were visiting at Sister Mary's, who has since for several years been a resident of the spirit world.

Brother walking rapidly over the floor for several minutes, with an unusual restlessness manifest in every movement, paused suddenly, and, turning to me, said, "Come, Lucy, let us sit at the stand and see what we'll get to-night !" at the same moment

placing a stand in the center of the room. I instantly complied with his wish, for, unlike my sisters, who were engaged in conversation with a brother-in-law, I was unemployed and seemingly devoid of thought, except to notice his unusually rapid movements.

I am thus particular in prefacing with home incidents for the reason that they furnish a material background where visionary scenes were indelibly imprinted on the tablets of memory.

Seating ourselves on opposite sides of the stand, and placing our hands upon it—not for the purpose of getting raps or tippings, for in our weekly family circles we were visited by those spirits who preferred to educate us by controlling some medium to talk, giving us beautiful truths—tending to teach us how to live and make our lives pure, useful and good; also how to diagnose diseases—to comfort the afflicted—to cure the sick—to preserve health—and to live in harmony with angel teachings and the divinity of truth. On these interesting occasions our souls drank in those heavenly ministrations of divine love and wisdom emanating as they did, or seemed to, from the source of infinite intelligence.

But I will proceed to the vision:—

After placing our hands upon the stand, and closing my eyes for the purpose of shutting out the world and all thoughts of it, I instantly perceived, clairvoyantly, a high cliff, a few feet before me; upon its summit rested a deep-throated, open-mouthed cannon;

to the spirit hearing, a heavy thundering sound followed as it appeared to be fired above my head in a northwesterly direction.

The report startled me, and the scene vanished. [Impression accompanying the vision—it denotes war; being so near by—civil war soon to be inaugurated.]

Then my attention was attracted to a point a few rods at the right, my face being towards the south, where were standing a regiment of soldiers dressed in uniform, seemingly well disciplined, ready at a moment's warning for action. [Impression—of civil war confirmed.] As they vanished from sight my attention was directed to the far south, where were a platoon of negroes marching very rapidly in a northwesterly direction. A man and a little girl lay at their feet whom they had killed. [Impression—insubordination and insurrection.] The scene dissolved in a mist and was gone.

Instantly my sight rested on another scene away in the southeast; there were a vast number of men—some on horseback and others on foot; they were rushing in much disorder, wildly, madly, northward, well armed, having equipments of war. I saw them rush through woods, over fallen trees and logs, underbrush, ravines, hills and valleys, without hindrance; nothing seemed to intercept their way, or daunt them. On they came until a thicket of underbrush and forest of trees hid them from my view. Losing sight of them, instantly my attention was attracted to Washington City; it was enshrouded in a dark,

smoky atmosphere, so dense that it obscured the buildings. A standing army were arrayed in beautiful uniform; they had their position north of the White House. There were six or eight columns running from east to west, facing the south. I could distinguish the officers by their dress, as they were standing about equal distances, one from another, throughout the several columns. They were perfect in their orderly and soldierly appearance and equipments; their guns were standing upon the ground and resting against the right shoulder; in the point of each gun was a glistening bayonet. The men seemed ready for action, but awaiting orders; it seemed remarkable that they had no covering on their heads; their hands were hanging listless by their sides. I thought, from their position and silence, they were Mr. Lincoln's body-guard, or were stationed there to protect the administration; as I perceived them, reports as from a thousand guns fell upon my ear, and two-thirds or three-fourths of the men—those forming the western portion—fell to the ground; shot down by those southern men whom I had seen rushing northward. Directly above the fallen soldiers, I observed an eagle, fifteen or twenty feet in the air, standing on nothing; its wings folded closely to its sides. From the point of its beak to the tip of its talons, it was of a dark copper-color. I was deeply grieved to see the noble eagle—emblem of American freedom—in that strange and pitiable condition. I had no sooner discovered it, than it reached its head

downward to the prostrate soldiers, and began picking up coin from them. It had a mysterious way of elongating its neck as it picked up the coin, and very deliberately tucked it under its left wing; perplexed and still more grieved, I questioned, "What can it mean?" The answer came in a rich, deep-toned voice above my head, emphatically saying, "Treason! treason! treason!!" I now realized the presence of a spirit teacher ready to instruct me. The scene still remaining in full view, another, more appalling than this, if possible, opened up near by it. In the front ground, on a pile of rubbish, apparently, partly on his left side, with his face turned towards me, (as I then, in the vision, stood very near him) lay President Lincoln, assassinated by the hand of a traitor. At the instant I saw him the words "About four years" (the last word I did not hear distinctly as I was intensely startled), followed by "He'll not serve his time out," was spoken by the spirit voice above me, and were too deeply intoned on the inner ear to be ever obliterated.

The event seemed so very near of transaction that I thought it meant in about four months, the terrible assassination would occur. Altogether the scenes were intensely shocking. Had they in *reality* occurred before me, I could not have been more positive of a civil war, or of the assassination of President Lincoln. Intensely saddened and overburdened with these tragic scenes, I then wended my way northward from Washington, and passed into a beautiful

field where verdure, trees and shrubs of varied hues and kind were in their brightest colors ; the air seemed intrilled with peace and purity, and passing along until I had reached the center of the field, it seemed to me, although I could not see its boundaries, so limitless it appeared, a deep, tranquilizing peacefulness, and gratitude filled my soul, and I silently mused—how beautiful, how serene, how grand.

Turning my eyes to the left, I discovered a little boy a short distance from me, three or four years of age, with perfectly moulded form and features, sparkling eyes and symmetrical head. I thought I had never beheld so perfect a human form. As I gazed at him in speechless admiration, this significant explanation was given by my spirit teacher, who had accompanied me. "The Harmonial Philosophy in its early childhood in the field of Nature."

My soul responded with a silent joy and I passed on. Soon I found myself outside the ever-green field ; how I left it I did not know, but again I was standing with my face to the south, on an arid plain ; not a bush, tree or shrub was visible ; no human being—not a living thing ; indeed, I had little time to make observations of my surroundings had there been any, for my attention was attracted to a point in the air, a little at my left, and about eighty or ninety feet above the ground, where, soaring from the east toward the west was a face of so ancient a mould that it looked almost fossilized ; language and pen are quite inadequate to portray the emotions as expressed in the face.

The forehead was very low and narrow, the eyes sunken and dim, of a faded bluish color, the nose thin and sharp, high cheek bones, sunken cheeks, mouth wide—being stretched almost from ear to ear, disclosing a row of teeth gnashed tightly together—the chin prominent—the jaws projected—the deeply corrugated visage exhibiting extreme age, ignorance, bigotry, superstition, hatred, and revenge mingling with a consciousness of victory. * * * *

The face was surrounded by a white frill about four inches wide, extending under the chin. As it moved along slowly in the air, I questioned, "What does it mean?" The response from my spirit teacher came quickly as if a flash of lightning had photographed the whole explanation upon my mind, in the following words:

"The face you see in the air typifies the Romish power—the Roman Church. It being the oldest church known, is indicated by its extreme age; its masses of people are ignorant devotees of a blind faith and superstitious dogmas, as indicated in the pinched forehead and general expression of all the features; dimness of the eyes, incapacity to quickly perceive truth; the high cheek bones denote physical power, the thin, sharp nasal organ, and the sunken cheeks denote impoverishment in the charitable functions of the soul; the projecting jaws with their teeth denote a power and disposition to destroy that which is opposed to it; the grinning mouth indicates a vindictive rejoicing over victories gained; the white

frill in which the face is set is that form of purity the Mother Church has clothed herself with, to hide or detract from her hideous deformities.

“Behold the face before you, soaring in the air as a prophecy fulfilled; of the victory Catholicism has gained over all other orthodox demoninations in America; she will subject all others to herself.

“She will be the ruling religious (falsely so-called in the true sense of the word) power for a *day* only; for, behold! you discover only a face—it is the most exterior and visible form of life. Observe closely, there is no head behind the frill, no brain, no vitative power existing there; no ears, it has no faculty of hearing; no neck; no shoulders; no chest; no heart; no lungs; no vital organs; no body; no limbs; absolutely nothing to perpetuate its existence, and hence it cannot remain long, or survive the last great struggle for supremacy and power.

“The Protestant will succumb to the Catholic, and the latter expending all her strength and vital forces in the contest will be entirely exhausted and yield to the overmastering elements of Time and Truth.

“Behold! the old time religions, both, and all, will perish very nearly together, and find one common grave in Hades, unmourned, unpitied, and soon to be remembered as a thing of the past; for it is meet that creeds and dogmas should die and mingle with the ashes of forgotten centuries.

“Wars,” continued the informing spirit, “the one

nearest at hand and soon to commence [referring to the then approaching Rebellion] in comparison with the politico-religio war that will follow, and to which we call your attention, and have given a faint idea, is as a mosquito bite upon one's hand; while in magnitude and intensity of suffering, the latter is or will be, as the largest carbuncle that ever afflicted human flesh.

“ Wars must come in order to consume the debris—evils which have accumulated, and bear heavily upon the mind, soul and body of humanity. They must be swept away, so that mankind can rise higher, and approximate more nearly to the millenium of Truth unsullied, righteousness unadulterated, when wisdom and love, justice and mercy, unity and harmony, shall crown the era of man.”

With his impressive words ended the remarkable vision and profound revelation in regard to the then approaching Rebellion—President Lincoln's assassination—a time of peace—and another war, which, I was then, as now, impressed, will be the last in America.

I arose from the stand about thirty minutes after seating myself to “see” as brother suggested “what we'll get to-night.”

I had seen quite enough; was shocked and too intensely agitated to see more. Weighty events had pressed heavily upon my mind; and casting upon me not merely shadows but actual realities, as they seemed to me to be, rendered a verbal explanation

and description of what I had seen, at the time, almost impossible; and I sought relief by transferring them to paper.

I have not been able since to set any one of those scenes aside, and call them meaningless, or utterly false; neither can I obliterate them from memory, and I am persuaded that *all* and more that my teacher portrayed to my mind in that startling symbolical vision, will ultimately be fulfilled.

That a part of the prophecy has already been outwrought into actual history, cannot be denied; the Rebellion baptized our Nation in blood; President Lincoln was assassinated by the hand of a traitor in "about four"*—or little over four years; he will [did] not serve his time out," for which he was re-elected. The copper-colored eagle typified the "copperhead"-ish spirit of *treason, self-aggrandisement and monopoly*, that was developed with the firing of Fort Sumpter, since grown into huge proportions, has been plundering and continues to rob the soldiers and the toiling millions who were and are loyal to the Government, and who have given and are giving their labor and their lives to build and protect our nation's wealth, honor and grandeur.

In regard to the beautiful field, that, also, is true. I am a student in the vast field of Nature, where I have found the "Harmonial Philosophy" in its

*I have since learned from my spirit teachers that they do not always measure time, as we do, by months and years, but by events.

early childhood to be more beautiful, more grand, more magnificently sublime—containing within its organization and constitution indestructible principles and infinite possibilities, toward which all mankind are gravitating. It is the natural product of God's unchanging laws, the Redeemer of the human race, the Saviour of humanity.

But I feel myself nearing the farther side of this enchanting field, and may, in the not-distant future, stand upon the arid plain, and again be made to feel the desolating scourge of war. In my deepest heart I say, let it come, *if* in this terrible crucible mankind will be purified, and evils too dark to be borne or revealed, are consumed in the transition.

PROPHETIC VISION No. 2.

OF PAPACY AND THE BRITISH THRONE.

Queen Victoria Beheaded—Parliament Scattered and the British Throne Despoiled of its Power.

IN the early part of the winter of 1862, sister Mary lying very ill, it was my privilege to do what I could to alleviate her sufferings.

After tea one evening, about the third of December, I passed from the dining-room into the dark hall, and ascended the stairs leading to her room. As soon as I entered, a soft golden light partially encircled my head, extending horizontally outward about twenty inches from the perceptive organs and temples, forming more than a half-circle, appearing

like a sheet of liquid light. It lit my way as I passed up the steps and through the upper hall to her room.

I went directly to her bedside and inquired if I could do anything for her. She replied, "I do not need anything just now."

I sat down at a little distance from her, wondering in silence what the strange light could mean. I feared it might be an omen of sister's death. The thought saddened me.

With bowed head, hand covering my eyes, and grieved too deeply for tears, I questioned, "Is it a warning of Mary's death?" Instantly I became cognizant of a thrilling magnetic influence from the realm of Superior Spirit teachers. I seemed to be transported immediately across the Atlantic Ocean. I found myself standing in the presence of strangers, in a magnificent hall dimly lighted. Beautiful designs, carved in wood, graced the casings of doors, windows, and some parts of the walls. I only glanced at the ingeniously wrought work, for with every inspiration I inhaled the air of Catholicism, and keenly felt the presence of Pope and prelate.

I now observed many men standing in groups ranging from three to six or seven in a group, distributed throughout the council room. Each group of persons were engaged in low-toned conversation. I drew near to a group of three persons, who were standing nearer, and four or five yards from the door where I had entered.

Their white locks and wrinkled visages indicated advanced age.

I listened reverently and involuntarily, not thinking to question, even myself, whether or not I was intruding.

They were talking in an undertone which savored of great secrecy.

They took no notice of me, although I stood very near to those venerable, and to some degree sage-like looking personages. They were all very deliberate in their talk, each observing the strictest caution. No gesticulation, no impulsiveness manifested itself, but a deep, shrewd, calculating, methodical planning for future action. They were dressed in clerical robes, indicating their high calling. Ages ranging from twenty-five, apparently, to nearly one hundred years.

Their session seemed closed, and the princely dignitaries about to disperse. The scope of their plans being laid deep as the ocean, spanning the globe and reaching far into the future, intending to be the ruling religious power in 1900.

One plan was to control an oceanic telegraph, that all Catholics, through their high priests, may be notified "in the twinkling of an eye," as it were, of the Pope's movements and infallible decrees, so that at any moment they may be ready to do his bidding.

There was a general movement toward the door.

I was now outside the council room, standing on the ground. Darkness was all around, although

sufficiently light to see the Councilmen dispersing in different directions.

As quick as thought I was transported northward a long distance and again was standing on the ground. It seemed that considerable time had elapsed, whether months or years I could not tell.

Then a partial fulfillment of their plans, as though they had already transpired, passed in review before me.

To further extend their Papal dominion and power they had called upon Queen Victoria for approval and aid in a project in connection with some points in the Atlantic Ocean, as islands, and the same device extending to America.

They had unfolded only a part of their well-defined scheme to her attentive ear, and she unsuspectingly and very graciously granted what they required.

Discovering afterward, much to her chagrin, that papacy had become very aggressive in its movements, and going far beyond the supposed project, she deeply regretted the act, and strongly importuned them to desist from further invasion and perversion of her intended kindness. They then turned upon and dragged her from her high estate, and beheaded her.

I stood west of, and but a very short distance, as I witnessed the scene. Members of Parliament were scattered, and the throne of England despoiled of its power.

The mysterious light no longer lingered about my brow, it having penetrated the far future that is

laden with events yet undeveloped, and photographed them indelibly upon my inquiring mind. I had received no answer to my question, "is the light an omen of sister's death?" and thought from what I had seen, heard and learned, that I had neglected her, as I was confident much time had passed—perhaps an hour. But to my surprise, about five minutes by the clock had elapsed.

Several years later, when the Ecumenical Council was held at Rome, the vision was readily recalled, and applied itself with natural adaptability and persistent precision to that clerical body.

PROPHETIC VISION No. 3.

OF RUSSIA AND OTHER EUROPEAN NATIONS.

Russia and other European Nations being Wrapped in the Flames of War—Extending to America, Etc.


"To be forewarned is to be forearmed."

"He who hath a truth and keeps it,

Keeps that not to him belongs;

Keeps a pearl from him who needs it,

And a fellow mortal wrongs."

N the morning of June 28, 1872, while sitting at my table writing, all at once the air about me seemed thrilling with the presence of invisible intelligences (invisible to mortal sight), and realizing the very near approach of angelic beings, I sat quietly a few moments and gave audience clairvoyantly and clairsaudiantly to any information that might be given.

Presently my attention was attracted to a company of spirits, or angels—they seemed to have progressed into that realm of wisdom which crowns the angelic sphere. They had the appearance and courteous bearing of statesmen of a very superior order, who had a world's destinies under serious consideration.

They were in the air a short distance and west from me, standing on a cloud-like ground, while beyond them and in the distance were mountains and valleys of the same cloud-like hue of light and fleecy quality.

One of them stood a little in front of the others, extending his right arm with a wand in his hand pointing eastward. Turning his face and speaking to those who were standing with him, he said: "France and Germany will collide again!"

A light fell upon the faces of the two who stood nearest him, the others, six or eight in number, standing in the shadows.

As he uttered those words, I looked in the direction in which he was pointing, far, far away, and beheld the Russian empire. It looked almost like a solid wall, so deep and dark and dense it seemed. There were smouldering fires within it, like a smothered coal heap. Soon the cities of England seemed to crowd against its base. Then volumes of black smoke with red flames burst forth like a volcano, and overspread that part of England which I saw. The angel, turning again to his associates, with his

hands still uplifted, said in calm, earnest tones: "Behold a change!" The flames and smoke increased, rose to a fearful height, and swept over France and Prussia at the same time. Then, in maddened fury rushed onward, consuming everything before them, leaving only a small area of ground untouched.

The angel said: "Behold another change."

Instantly the vast fire-fiend plunged into and lapped the ocean waves, the water hissing and boiling as it rushed through the mighty deep toward the American continent.

Before it reached our shore, and while yet many leagues away, a fire and smoke of immense volume rolled out and met it.

Imagine huge waves of fire miles in length, one hundred feet high, rushing toward each other, plowing the watery deep, and you have a slight idea of the coming collision.

I seemed to occupy a position above the ocean, and near the southern extremity of the flaming tidal wave of the east, and saw the fire wave coming out from our shore to meet the flames and smoke that had nearly crossed the Atlantic, leaving its burning track all the way to Europe.

When the two fires met they leaped high in the air, hissing and screeching as if burdened with the frenzied cries of a myriad human voices, the eastern flames for a moment leaping over and subduing those going out from our shore.

The dark, deep waters were roaring with rage and

fury, the elements combining to make the scene hugely terrific.

Immediately a sullen mountainous wave of fire more mighty than the first moved steadily out from our shore, like an irresistible tide, before which it seemed impossible for anything to exist. The two fires being about equal in volume, resistance and destructive power, and approaching near together, the scene became too intensely appalling to witness and live (seemingly) as I stood very near and keenly felt every shock of those contending forces. With a horrible dread, such as is engendered by immense armies drawn together, about to engage in deadly combat, quickening every nerve, I begged my superior teacher to shut the view from my sight, and not permit me to witness the collision. He kindly, but regretfully granted my request.

In an instant the scene dissolved into infinitesimal particles, which for a moment only were visible in the chaotic confusion.

The angels remaining in their respective positions, the informing spirit said: "Behold another change!"

He pointed again to Russia, and turning my eyes thither, I beheld white flames arising upward, burning with a steady, intense heat. He said: "Behold, the fires of her own indignation have consumed her; and as with a consuming fire shall she be purified! Blessed are they that shall have their lamps trimmed and burning for the night cometh, when

their light shall be as the lamps of a city in the darkest night. But woe unto him who sitteth in darkness, for swift destruction shall be visited upon him."

"Behold another change!" Slowly advancing from the far east, were a large concourse of spirits. They moved forward just as a locomotive moves, with a forcible undaunted power that is not to be hindered. They stopped right over the white purifying flames arising from Russia. They placed to their lips trumpets of transparent whiteness, and in concert, slowly, in a rich, deep, penetrative voice that reached to every part of the world, to the uttermost regions of the earth, said: "The-fiat-has-gone-forth-and-can-not-be-recalled!"

They looked like sages, philosophers of ancient origin, who had gained their knowledge from the ever increasing and enduring pages of Nature's Divine Revelations, and grown wise from the accumulative experiences of the ages in the ethics of human, individual, national, universal and immortal Life, its origin and destinies.

' They had come forth in harmony with Deific principles of the universe, proclaiming to every part and portion of our world *retributive justice* to every species of usurpation and tyranny.

Coming events had cast their shadows upon me, and, being very much exhausted, I could no longer endure the awful grandeur of those terrific scenes.

The informing spirits, sages and scenes passed from my view. Then a representative seraph,

named "Goddess of Liberty," came down from etherial space, and stood before me, holding in her hand a bouquet of small, white flowers nestling amid tiny green leaves. As her keen, lustrous eyes met mine a radiant smile lighting up her face, she seemed to look beyond, peering into the near and far distant future, comprehending alike the past, present, and time to be, said, in a cheering voice that thrilled and calmed my troubled mind, "Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people!"

As she turned to go, with a smile, and graceful wave of the hand toward me, in emphatic tones inspiring confidence, said, "Trust us!"

The vision departing left indelibly its traces upon the leaves of memory, and which in a feebler manner, not commensurate with the vividness of the scenes, I then transferred to paper.

PROPHETIC VISION, NUMBER 4.

POPERY AND PROTESTANTISM.

Popery and Protestantism—Their Relative Positions—Churchianity Doomed.

ONE evening in the spring of 1874 I attended a meeting of Liberalists, who had convened for the purpose of organizing a Liberal League in the village of Augusta, Wisconsin, situated on the West Wisconsin Railway.

Before evening a lady friend said to me: "If you will go home and stay with me all night, I will accompany you." I promised to do so. The evening passed very pleasantly. An air of patriotism, loyalty, love of country, and love of liberty, seemed to thrill almost every mind in the hall. The League was duly organized, and many names were enrolled as members; each and every one being gratified with the promising beginning.

At the close of the session, I returned with my friend to her beautiful home, situated upon an eminence of ground commanding a good view of the town. Retiring for the night in a well-ventilated and capacious bed-room, on the second floor, and extinguishing the light, I expected, as usual, to fall asleep immediately. But to my surprise and annoyance, I found myself intensely wide awake, and wholly incapable of keeping my eyes closed.

The room was partially lighted through the curtains by the twinkling stars. The air, which was very clear and pure, seemingly became very heavy and thickened by infinitesimal black particles. As they were in constant motion and chaotic confusion, they defied analyzation. They accumulated rapidly, and so heavily oppressive with mysterious embryotic events, that respiration became very difficult, causing me to arise from the bed; but found no relief, until, after several minutes, I discovered particle attract particle, atom repel atom, when each found and adjusted itself to its proper place, and altogether

were moulded into forms. Turning my face eastward, I followed the forms as they passed beyond the walls of the house, and resolved themselves into the scenes I am about to transcribe to paper. I was then relieved, as the air had resumed its former invigorating qualities. The walls of the room were no longer visible, and the forms as they appeared were removed farther from me. At the right, and a considerable distance from me, sat a personage, who in stature was as a giant, his face being deeply corrugated, indicated old age, though full and flushed. His frowzy hair was of a dingy white, and bristled all over his head. The twinkle of his eye exhibiting eager expectancy, the grinning of the mouth showing a double row of teeth shut tightly, his forehead tipped slightly forward listeningly, eyes peering from under the eyebrows, as if exceedingly pleased over the culmination of some cunningly devised scheme. His dress hung loosely about him, and, though of the same color, was of a darker hue than his hair.

Leaning slightly forward, he held in his hands, outstretched as far as he could reach horizontally in opposite directions, a large white canvas upon which were the words inscribed in very large, black letters: "GOD IN THE CONSTITUTION." The canvas being so high and long, by tipping his head forward, screened him entirely from a front view. It reached just down to the toes of his rusty colored shoes that protruded over the edge of a deep, black pit several feet wide, and as long as the canvas stretched each way before him.

Another and smaller canvas was hanging at his left side, attaching itself at one end to the first, upon which were the words in large letters : "JESUS, THE RULER OF NATIONS." It also served the purpose of screen, and bore the semblance of authority.

I desired to know why, and from what the giant personage was screening himself in that mystical and self-satisfied manner ?

Turning my eyes to the left, directly before and several rods from him, were a dozen or more men, differing slightly in stature. They were all peculiarly dressed, each one encased in cap, jacket and pants, the material and quality of which were like calcareous earth solidified, forming an incrustation adhering closely to the body, and cap covering the head, ears and eyes down to the bridge of the nose.

Each one held in his right hand a paint brush that had been dipped in the blackest ink. Each right arm being extended to its utmost length, and every brush pointing directly toward those black letters on the canvas. Their earnest efforts were the same, each striving and energetically determined to accomplish their purpose. Each head protruding forward as far as their elongated necks would allow, while about the region of the heart were enumerable black threads extending backward horizontally, firmly attached to something lost in the black darkness just behind them. Each right limb was rigidly straightened, keeping pace with the head ; and the foot reaching forward as far as possible sought to plant itself

firmly upon the ground. Nearly half bent forward, they were in a most pitiable and ludicrous plight, and yet I was exceedingly amused at their zeal and indefatigable efforts to go forward, which was a feat of difficult accomplishment, as black threads, almost destitute of elasticity, held them to the darkened past.

Each man seemed intensely eager to be the first to reach the canvas with his brush to stamp indelibly beyond the power of erasement, "God in the Constitution."

Being totally blinded, by reason of the texture and quality of the close-fitting caps, they were wholly unconscious of the black, yawning pit they were approaching with unerring and fatal certainty, into which they would plunge just at the moment they were about to retouch the letters.

They were not aware that a monstrous giant had originated the plan, and screened himself behind those words, dearer to them just now than all others. But blindly on they pressed, "best foot forward," evidencing equal wisdom with the hand and head.

As I reviewed the scene scrutinizingly, as on former occasions, I queried: "What can it all mean?"

My spirit teacher quickly responded, giving the following explanation:—

"The giant personage at your right typifies Popery. The canvas before him, a fabrication, simply to screen himself from observation as the originator of the significant sentence you see enstamped upon it. The canvas of lesser size you see at its left side, is

for the same purpose, upholding words and embodying sentiments that contain a very important meaning to all persons who are interested in those gods.

“The black, deep gulf before him is the great hungry maw of Catholicism, greedy for power.

“Those several lesser personages you see before him, who are trying assiduously to hasten their movements, lured on by the idea of enstamping their God in the Constitution of the United States, represent the several denominations of the Protestant faith, in a body, as you observe, in unity, a combined and organized force, known by the familiar name of ‘Young Men’s Christian Association,’ from whose depths sprang the ‘Evangelical Alliance,’ to do valiant deeds of honor for the ‘God of Israel, the Lord of Hosts.’

“Events as typified in the scenes before you will be more and more verified as time proceeds.”

As my teacher ceased speaking, and intensely comprehending the deep meaning of his words, oh, how I longed to remove those cramping creed-caps from their heads, or make an incision just before their eyes, so that they might discover the exact position the several and collective denominations sustain toward Catholicism.

And I could but exclaim:—

Oh, wad the power the giftie gie 'em
To see theirsels as ithers see 'em;
'Twad frae monie a dogma frae 'em,
An' creedish notion, an' destruction.

I looked beyond them. The green sward stretch-

ing far away in the distance was dotted with churches including all sizes, even from the vast cathedral down to the "little church 'round the corner."

The doors were all closed. In the archway over every door, on black background, were the large letters of a dull yellow hue composing the word **DOOMED !**

I queried what it signified. My teacher, who had not left me, replied slowly and emphatically: "Churchianity, with all its forms and erroneous systems of theology, is doomed to pass away forever. Even now the seal of dissolution and decay is set upon its brow."

My guide ceased speaking. The scenes slowly passed into their former particled condition, mingled with the ever moving elements, and lost themselves with the passing moments in infinite space.

A lesson of deep import and intensely thrilling significance had been given me, and I, in turn, present it to my readers for their candid consideration; trusting that, although the pen is a feeble instrument in the hand of the writer to faithfully portray scenes so vividly enstamped upon the memory, it may serve the purpose originally designed by those exalted spirit teachers.

The night was far advanced when the angel of sleep came to my relief, and Nature's kind and best restorer slowly rolled down the curtain upon coming events, and dissipated for a time the burden of facts

(sketched in the present and future) which had so well nigh overwhelmed me.

Let him that hath ears to hear and eyes to discern the signs of the times, take heed what the spirit saith of Evangelical Theology, namely, Popery and Protestantism.

PROPHETIC VISION No. 5.

OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD BEING SUDDENLY
STRICKEN DOWN.

VERY soon after Mr. Garfield's election to the Presidency of the United States, at a moment when no thought of him was in my mind, a scene was presented that I will herein describe.

Directly before me at a distance of about three rods, I saw a ditch in the ground running east and west. It was not a square ditch, such as farmers make for draining land, but hollowed out like a new moon, some three yards across at the top, and about five feet deep in the center. Upon his back at the bottom of the ditch, Mr. Garfield was lying, having been suddenly stricken down. Now, by what or whom I did not divine. Neither could I discern whether or not life was extinct. I could not discover any movement or respiration. The ground beneath and all around him was black; his clothes were black; his face was dark as if a terrible shadow had fallen upon him.

Suddenly there appeared at his left a multitude of men standing upon the edge of the hollow, and crowding closely together they extended back as far as I could see.

They were all dressed in black, and looked down on the prostrate man in utter consternation, some with their hands thrown up, and mouths gaping—shocked beyond the power of speech, and perfectly helpless to render assistance.

I thought they were the Republican party.

On the right, gathered upon the brink and extending far back, were men (not so great in number) looking down on him in bewilderment, and equally powerless to extend a helping hand, seemingly, as no one came to his rescue.

I, too, was shocked in beholding the scene, as I thought it an omen of ill, and probably the dark, deep valley of the shadow of death to the President-elect.

The scene vanished, but not the conviction that should Mr. Garfield succeed in reaching the Presidential Chair, he, like President Lincoln, would soon vacate it by being suddenly stricken down.

As I finish copying this article for the press, I seem to come within the sphere of President Arthur, and am impressed to strongly urge him to guard against *slow poisoning* and *impeachment*, lest military dictatorship shall take control of the Government and anarchy become the ruling power.

PROPHETIC VISION NO. 6.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Prophetic Communication from Him in Relation to President Garfield's Decease.

ON the morning of July 11, 1881, reading in the *Daily Oregonian* the physicians' bulletin, relative to President Garfield, I remarked, "I wish Hon. Zach Chandler would come and inform us whether or not President Garfield will live."

Receiving no response the subject was dismissed and forgotten.

The evening mail brought me a letter from a very dear friend, a subscriber to the *Rising Sun*. It being too late to write at length and post for the next mail, I decided to acknowledge its receipt by postal card, and promise a letter soon.

I had written not quite two lines lengthwise of the card, when all at once the machinery that evolves thought was checked, and the hand refused to move. Perplexed, I tried to get another word that possibly might lead to a sentence, when my hand became controlled beyond my volition, and drawing a *Daily Oregonian* that was lying on the table before me, the following communication was forcibly and rapidly written on the printed paper.

Towards its close I thought, sure enough, Hon. Zach Chandler is answering my wish expressed at the breakfast table.

An instantaneous shock came with the writing of the *unexpected* signature.

COMMUNICATION.

"President Garfield is worse. His wounds are fatal. He will depart the form; his time expires on earth soon, when the Nation will again be draped in mourning, emblematically. His call is urgent and he must depart. So it is, and will continue to be. Rulers and usurpers will be called upon to pay the tribute of mortality at times that may seem to mankind inopportune.

"It has been decreed by sages of long ages to remove the usurper and demagogue; and wise will be the man who seeks not the place and power where he may by a nod of the head, wink of the eye, move of the hand, and stamp of foot, bend the people to his insatiate will.

Look and learn, for the signs of the times betoken sorrow to millions of our people.

"We are glad, and I am particularly so, that President Garfield is coming to this field of labor so soon, for he, like myself, has much to regret, and it is better that he come now than that he remain to lay up for himself treasures that would only corrode in the accumulation, and burn like coals of the hottest fire unquenched and made more scalding by the blinding tears of beggary and pauperism.

"We are preparing to receive him, for he needs, and will still need, the aid of this Relief Committee,

who are delighted to take charge of his departing and enfranchised soul.

"Listen for the telegraphic tickings, for his relapse will soon be heralded world wide, and then you may know the death-damp is already upon his brow.

"It is well that his course on earth shall so soon close, for could his life be prolonged upon the earth he would have much more to regret.

"I am your friend and faithful servant,

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

"With the shooting of President Garfield the back-bone of the Republican Party is broken.

"G. W."

. PROPHETIC VISION AND COMMUNICATION No. 7.

PETER THE GREAT.

(On the Determination of the People of Russia not to be Governed by a Despotic Ruler—Assassination of the Present Czar by the Use of Dynamite—Queen Victoria, Garibaldi and Empress Eugenie Soon to Join the Spirit Throng.

SOON after the assassination of the Czar of Russia, and the succession of the Czarowich to the throne, I saw at one of our public circles held at the office of the *Rising Sun*, a spirit teacher approaching from the upper air, who said as he came near:—

"Peter the Great desires to communicate, but cannot now as conditions are unfavorable. He wishes to

know if you will give him a hearing on Sunday morning next, at 11 o'clock?"

At the same moment a spirit farther away from earth looked down questioningly upon me.

Mentally I replied, "We will gladly listen to Peter the Great on next Sunday morning."

At the appointed time three or four persons were present. I soon discerned the approach of spirits, and, instead of talking to me as I supposed they would, they directed my vision away to the distant East.

I saw what appeared to be the residence and grounds of the present Czar of Russia. Then, looking out from this centre, I discovered three underground tunnels, one running from the west, one from a northerly and one from a southerly direction, all terminating beneath the grounds occupied by the Czar. One extending outward to the water's edge, where was moored a small steamer, from which were taken small kegs and conveyed to the entrance of the tunnel. The word dynamite flashed into my mind as if had been enstamped upon the kegs.

Near the mouth of the second tunnel I saw several of the common people designated as Nihilists conversing with an officer, who seemed to hold a triune office, as if he was special guardsman, policeman and militiaman. He was false in his relation with the Czar as guardsman—in deep sympathy with the common people, and was not only cognizant of a plot to assassinate the Czar, and put an end

to his authority and rule, but gave them such information as was best calculated to further their deadly schemes in their desperate efforts for freedom.

In a moment there was a terrible explosion, and a man above everything else was thrown high in the air.

The vision disappeared, and suddenly my hand became controlled, and wrote the following sentence:—

“Peter the Great is here, and will write for himself.”

Then my hand and arm being powerfully wrought upon, the name and title as he announced himself, were written in letters from three to six inches in length, followed by a communication, in rapid and smaller hand, to which we now invite your attention.

“PETER THE GREAT, CZAR OF RUSSIA:—

“Beaconsfield is here to testify to the truth of what we say.

“The Queen of England will soon be here to witness the terrible dethronement of kings and powers.

“She will soon be here to speak as before she has never spoken.

“Garibaldi also will join the spirit throng, and will then exercise a greater power for good than he can now in the material form.

“Empress Eugenie will die very suddenly from nervous exhaustion and fear.

“The crowned heads will creep from beneath their crowns, and seek places of safety as common citizens, and servants even.

“There is to be a convention of spirits called very soon; a convention of minds such as have been known by mortals as leaders and reformers of all ages; for their native earth is now passing through a change that will require all the best powers of both spheres, of the spiritual and mortal worlds.

“So we would have the lamps of mediumship brightly burning. For this and other reasons we are now searching for mediums—the material that we can use to enlighten the masses—that greater disasters may not follow, and with marked success will we accomplish our designs.

“We would have our mediums guarded as much as possible from the contamination of crude mental elements, so that they may the sooner be made bright and useful in the cause of justice to humanity.

“Good-bye.”

The pencil suddenly dropped from my fingers, and I questioned, “Why are such *startling* revelations made to me; I do not seek them?”

My hand, again controlled, picked up the pencil, and slowly, in a much smaller and very different hand, wrote the following answer:—

“Write what we have written in the minds of the the people, and let it be heralded far and near.

“As we have written, so shall it come to pass.

“There is much to be said, but we must await with yourself developments.

“We now make a request that you form a circle expressly for the purpose of permitting spirits of a

very high order in the scale of moral, social and political economy to come and impart such instruction as mankind need just now at this stage of the world's growth."

Again the pencil dropped upon the paper, and I deprecatingly remarked to those present: To receive such thrilling revelations of future events as this and others heretofore given me, with a command to write and herald them world-wide, not knowing how much of truth or error they contain, only as they are persistently enstamped upon my mind as true, is to me a fearful thing, and places me in a very peculiarly trying position, and I can but hesitate to do as I am bidden.

Whereupon my hand was again controlled, and wrote in different chirography the following communication:—

"Washington says: Do not fear. You need not hesitate to write what is given, for words contain the germs of truth, and in the main you will not have much to cast aside. Go on, then, fearlessly, for we will sustain you in the right.

"You will yet attain the phase of development when spirits will *print*; then you will have no hesitancy in publishing what we say.

"Do not fear or be daunted in the least.

"Carry out our plans as they are made known to you, and the consequences will justify the means used.

"No more now.

"YOUR TEACHER AND GUIDE."

PROPHETIC VISION No. 8.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

President Garfield in the Spirit World—Revelations in Reference to Nihilists—The Pope's Decree—The Romish and English Lions, and the Irish Fawn.

AT 11 o'clock A. M., on the morning of the 26th of September, the day of the solemn obsequies of President Garfield, a gentleman called at my rooms for a clairvoyant reading asking, after being seated, "Can you see anything for me this morning? Will you see if my spirit friends have anything they wish to say to me. I think they have."

I replied, I don't know whether or not I can see *anything* this morning.

Taking a seat before him, in a moment there appeared a spirit standing back of his chair, with his right hand upon the head of the questioner. Describing him, the man recognized him as Senator O. P. Morton.

A slight movement of his left hand upward and an inclination of the head in the same direction attracted my attention to an interesting scene in the air above and beyond him a short distance.

A black, open coffin, partially covered with a black pall, first met my sight. On the opposite side of the coffin, at the left shoulder, stood Abraham Lincoln, looking sadly down on the distinguished occupant. George Washington stood near the foot, on the same side. Benjamin Franklin occupied a position

a little back and between them—all looking in calm solemnity and silence upon the still, unconscious spirit.

There were a vast multitude of spirits and angels congregated, and extending further in the distance than the eye could see, all dressed in robes of fine, soft material of creamy white.

They came to witness the demonstrations of respect and honor paid to the Nation's late Chief Magistrate, and also the awakening of the spirit in the Father's house not made with hands.

I looked with pleasure at the celestial visitors, and on the black coffin with its unconscious occupant, in a wondering and questioning mood.

As if in answer to my thought, without removing his eyes from the confined spirit, meditatively, in tones indicating deep feeling, and slowly, Abraham Lincoln said, "Precursor — of — intense — international — troubles — and dire calamities."

I questioned why the late lamented President should be thus lying in a comatose condition? He answered:—

"The injurious treatment and drugging by the attending physicians so wrought upon the enfeebled body that the spirit also suffered, and is as yet unable to arouse to consciousness."

I wondered why spirit Garfield should lie in a coffin so utterly black and mournful?

Abraham Lincoln perceiving my query, said:—
"Emblematical of his death-dealing religion."

After a pause he continued, "We think he will be able to represent himself one week from to-day.

We have some revelations to make in regard to events about to transpire in the Old World.

"The eyes of all nations are now upon America in her sad bereavement. Very soon the eyes of the civilized world, including America, will be turned to one of the nations of Europe in a similar bereavement.

"Please give us your attention one week from to-day, we will be present, A LINCOLN."

At the time specified the same gentleman, and a lady by request, were present when the following communication was written in regard to the Nihilists, the Pope's Decree, the English and Romish Lions and the Irish Fawn.

"We would instruct you in regard to the development of a plot now in consideration by a number who are called Nihilists, and others who are not so called.

"There is a strong feeling of discontent and of outrage developing in the great heart of the general populace of Russia, that is seething and boiling like a caldron, and will soon burst forth in an unlimited degree.

"Uneducated though they are, a strong sense of justice, and a recognition of injustice, has assumed such magnitude in the common mind that it cannot much longer submit to the control of a dictator, czar or king.

“ The principle of infinite justice is struggling for supremacy, and will not be quelled, although united powers of mundane origin may decree otherwise.

“ We said last Monday we would make some disclosures referring to events about to transpire in the Old World.

“ Lord Beaconsfield is here to say ‘ The Pope of Rome will issue a decree to absolve from *criminal act* all Jesuits and others, so selected to secretly make way with any and all persons who may indiscreetly and vehemently oppose the religion of Catholicism.’

“ Hitherto the Pope of Rome has been very quiet and inoffensive. He simply manifests the spirit of the caged lion, under the tutelage of his master, within the iron bars.

“ The English lion in his English lair has growled and threatened until the Irish fawn has groveled and cringed almost long enough, and over its famishing and bleeding form the Romish and English lions will meet in *hors du combat*.

“ Look and learn! for the thunderings of artillery will soon be heard in the old country, and every eye will be turned to England, and Ireland, and Rome, the Vatican of Popish rule, arrogance and authority.

“ No more now.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

GEORGE WASHINGTON,

and others.”

“ Ques. Is President Garfield with you to-day ?

Ans. “ We said last Monday President Garfield


would be able to-day to represent himself. He is able, but not here, as he is attracted to mediumistic persons within his own household. He will join us after awhile in the deliberations of the spiritual congress.

A. LINCOLN."

PROPHETIC VISION No. 9.

SPIRIT PRINTING.

Spirit Printing by Horace Greeley and Other Representatives from the Spiritual Congress.

 WAKENED instantly from a sound, restful sleep, between the hours of 1 and 2 o'clock A. M., on the night of a day in January, 1877, my attention was attracted to a point in the air, above the house, where were standing four or more 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 deep significance of their speech, and weighty importance of their message.

I at once determined to devote one hour each day to their control.

But conditions and immediate surroundings were such as to almost preclude the possibility of such devotion.

The following August, one afternoon (the reader will please pardon the digression, as it bears directly upon the subject) in company with a lady friend, who was a Spiritualist, we visited a lady acquaintance, who was a member of the Unitarian Church, and a skeptic in regard to Spiritualism.

Her husband had passed on to the spirit home about two years previous to this time, leaving her comfortless and in the dark as to his spiritual condition.

The conversation turned upon Spiritualism. She remarked, "It is a beautiful belief that our departed friends can come back and mingle with us again; and if it be true I would rejoice to know it," and proposed that we sit in a circle and invoke their presence.

Complying with her request, clairvoyance soon revealed to me the presence of a spirit standing back of and above Mrs. Maynard's chair.

I gave an accurate description of him, even to a badly swollen and bandaged ankle (I had never seen him in mortal form), and repeated his words as he spoke them to her.

Suddenly, and with much emotion, she exclaimed, "Oh, my husband! 'Tis my husband; it's a perfect description of him; his poor ankle was terribly swollen and bandaged, just as she says it is; and those are the very words he breathed to me just before he died."

After questioning him in regard to the causes of his death and other personal matters, to all of which he made satisfactory replies, he turned his attention to me, saying, "I am very anxious, as are also your spirit band, that the art of spirit printing be perfected. We can then say just what we want to, independent of the vocal organs and sight of any other person. Incalculable will be its benefits to mankind. It is my wish that my wife and son sit with you to aid in its development."

But other matters interposed and prevented regular sittings.

The next winter, 1878, I was called to Missouri Valley, to treat, for deafness, a young gentleman and lady, son and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett.

While at their house one bright, cold night, I was awakened suddenly from a sound sleep (as I had been just one year before), and looking above the wall saw six or eight spirit personages looking kindly down upon me.

I recognized Horace Greeley, Thomas Paine, Benjamin Franklin, George Washington, Noah Webster and Abraham Lincoln.

Their presence interested and fixed my attention. I listened almost breathlessly as Horace Greeley introduced them as representatives from the Spiritual Congress.

He reminded me of the request made one year before, and without chiding repeated it, saying:—

“In addition to printing what we wish, we will give to the people a new language, and instead of writing our names, we will print the likeness of our faces, so that the reader and observer may not be mistaken in the authenticity of each communication and our identity. The likeness, like the print, will become visible by holding the paper in the bright rays of light.

“You are chosen by this delegation for this special work. It requires peculiarly organized persons.

"We have found but three; two others have received similar instructions."

Having thus spoken, and all bowing a silent adieu, they gracefully withdrew; leaving me again to ponder deeply and long over the grand significance of their mission, and its immeasurable utility to the human race.

Self-reproached for my negligence and incapacity, I resolved anew that coming days should not prove me so unfaithful to this high calling, and utterly unworthy as I seemed to myself to be of the counsel and instruction of those exalted teachers.

Soon after, taking a violent cold and overtaxing myself in treating patients, I was prostrated with illness for six weeks, and hence unable to comply with the wishes of my instructors.

Time passed quickly away. In June, 1880, while sitting with brother and sister in a circle at a stand, two spirits appeared, one standing before, the other sitting at his left, facing me. The first introduced himself as Hiram Abiff, the other as Shakespeare.

Hiram Abiff, in speaking of spirit printing, said: "We understand how to condense and combine material in the atmosphere so as to form type for printing purposes. In passing it down through the mental halo of the medium's mind, it is rendered more effective, and the instant it touches the paper it is distributed, having exhausted its force.

"We are perfecting the art, and shall bring it into use soon.

"We will aid you; never fear."

PROPHETIC VISION No. 10.

DR. M---Y.

A leading Physician in St. Paul, Minnesota, June, 1872.

THIS, like all other visions, came to me unsought, and unexpectedly revealing the terrible effects of the medico-alopathic system of practice.

I had sat down to question my spirit teachers in reference to a curiously constructed healing battery, parts of which at different times, and then the whole complete, they had shown me. Instead of getting any information in regard to it, my vision was directed far in the distance where was a man dressed in common citizen's clothes, walking towards me. Approaching near to me, I at once recognized him as Dr. M—y, one of the leading physicians of the alopathic school, of St. Paul, Minnesota.

A little change in the elements in which I discerned nothing, and then he stood directly before me, dressed in officer's clothes.

His arrogant and commanding appearance exceedingly oppressed me. Another little change in the elements, in which nothing was visible, and on looking again saw him dressed in citizen's clothes, walking from me in a narrow alley that looked black.

On either side of the alley were rows of beds as in a hospital, containing the sick, helpless and dying.

Dr. M. had in his hands a long scythe, something like a common grass scythe. It was pale as death.

He passed along the dark alley half bent, as if mowing grass, swinging the sickle from right to left over the sick, who occupied those beds. Mothers, daughters and babes, and fathers and sons were there.

I looked to see the effect produced by his swinging the long, pale sickle.

An aged woman was sitting, bolstered up in bed. His sickle passed over and touched her. She was instantly paralyzed, and fell back with her mouth open—a corpse.

A little further on, a little child, who was suffering with scarlet fever, was sitting in bed. He swung the scythe from right to left, the point of it piercing its vitals—it, too, was dead. As the pale scythe was constantly swinging over the sick and helpless on either side of him, they became paler and less helpful. At his left lay a young mother in all the beauty, loveliness and helplessness of motherhood. Again in swinging the fatal sickle its point penetrated her vitals, and her young babe was left motherless.

I looked to the right; just outside of the row of beds stood a man in all the strength of manhood, seemingly, but his face showed eruptive fever. As the doctor proceeded, he for a moment dropped his sickle, for something of value attracted his attention in one of the left cribs of sickness. He hastily picked it up, examined it carefully, and pocketed it; it seemed to largely possess the qualities of value.

Then he lighted and puffed—with a nonchalant air—a cigar. He picked up the scythe that he had been swinging so steadily, and proceeded on his way.

In coming opposite to the man who was standing at the right, he bent forward, and reaching as far as his arms could extend, brought the scythe around the man with one fell swoop; he bent backward over it; was helpless to resist its fatal stroke, and he, too, departed to bear the record of death to the land of souls.

The regular M. D. passed on and on through the long alley of suffering, swinging to and fro the instrument of paralysis, stupefaction and death, until he came to a dark, deep pit, like a large well, where the black waters were rushing madly around and down, like a bottomless maelstrom.

I looked again, and beheld several paths or alleys centering at the same dark and hideous shaft whose black waters sent up a dismal sound.

There were also numerous persons at work in those alleys, like himself, who were destined to reach the same engulfing point, around which demon-like spirits howled. And as the representative physician came to the pit, stepped off, and was being drawn down into its irresistible depths, some of those spirit victims of malpractice sprang upon him, as if to sink him deeper and hold him down forever.

They screeched and howled in the bitter spirit of frenzied revenge.

I looked again over his pathway, and beheld the

dark shadows of sorrow, and clouds of mourning,
enshrouding the desolate homes, disconsolate hearts,
and feeble hands.

The scene was sad indeed, over which angels weep.



PART II.

SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS.

HORACE GREELEY.

Poem—Disappointment.

'Tis thus we've striven day by day
To catch the glinting, passing ray
Of sunbeams o'er the tiresome way
Of disappointment.

'Tis thus we've toiled, hoped, trusted long
To win the prize. Our evening song
Has trilled the notes of suffering long
From disappointment.

We turned our course, and tried our will,
And struggled with tenfold more ill
Than we had dreamed one life could fill
With disappointment.

And when we taught our other self
To look for strength beneath the shelf
Of autocratic pilfered pelf,
Met disappointment.

So on we go through all this life—
Whether friend or foe—'tis all a strife
To gain an eminence where fame is rife
With disappointment.

And when at last we found it wrong
To scale the heights and fall headlong
From ambition's tower, how'er strong,
Met disappointment.

But then, the wheel will turn sometime,
And bring to all a change sublime,
Hope, Truth and Wisdom all will chime,
No disappointment.

The foregoing lines were quickly penciled upon a bit of wrapping-paper, while impatiently walking the parlor in a hotel at Logan, Iowa, being detained ten hours waiting for a passenger train.

After arriving at my friend's residence at Missouri Valley Junction, and reading the poem to her, I said I would like to know who dictated it. Instantly, above my head, came a familiar voice, saying, "I did it, Horace Greeley."

"Why," I said, "I didn't know as Horace Greeley ever wrote poetry?" Quickly he replied, "No, not in earth-life, but I thought it."

ZACHARIAH CHANDLER.

Communication in regard to his decease and welcome in the spirit world.

AT Pendleton, Oregon, May 12, 1880, as I was in the act of turning away from the stand where I was sitting with brother and sister for mediumistic development, this announcement was given directly overhead:—

"Zach. Chandler desires to communicate by writing."

Turning to a table and writing material, the following communication was very rapidly penned:—

"Z. Chandler desires to say to the people in general, to the Republican party and political friends in particular, you will see by this written letter, dic-

tated by me Zach. Chandler, that I am still in the land of the living, and can speak to you and of you.

"You will find me in my sphere just as active and positively engaged in the political arena as before I left the mortal form, which, I am proud to say, did me much service.

"You may think me quite out of place when I tell you I've sought a medium by whom I could give my thoughts and relate circumstances connected with my decease and entrance into the home of the spirit. Bear with me when I tell you I've sought far and near to find a person whom I could control and speak in a clear and forcible manner. I trust I have succeeded, as I find the mental tendencies adequate to the task of imparting to you, in a condensed form, what I have to say at present.

"At the time of my decease, or rather, the separating myself from the mortal form, I had no thought of so sudden and entire change in the programme I had marked out for myself.

"The transition was very rapid; even before leaving the rostrum from which I gave my last speech, I felt the power weakening which held me to earth and earthly things, and while closing that final speech the heavens seemed radiant with myriads of eager listeners, who had been drawn thither by the momentous change about to be realized by your humble speaker.

"I knew not at those moments why I felt the nearness of my father, mother, other dear relatives, and

the mental aura of some of our well-known and able statesmen.

"After retiring to my room and bed a few minutes after 2 o'clock, I think, I was aroused from a partial slumber by a choking sensation in the throat, and difficulty of breathing.

"In an effort to arise from the bed and ring for aid, I found myself too much prostrated, and rested awhile, hoping thereby to gain strength.

"Visions floated before me of loved ones gone before, and in my great joy in seeing those who were dearer than life to me, I had forgotten that I needed aid, and, indeed, (they, my dead as I supposed them to be), were aiding and comforting me, as I had never been aided, with an intensified care and tenderness.

"I thought I was dreaming, and must soon awaken with that horrible suffocating feeling, which, I at first, for a few moments only, realized. I saw at a glance on being aroused from what I supposed was only a slumber, that I had crossed "the river Death," which at once landed me on the opposite shore of mundane existence.

"The scene surrounding me, and the sensations I realized, were very tranquilizing and intensely interesting. A brief survey of my situation, of my transformation, and of the familiar faces which tendered me a fervent and kindly greeting, gave me a sense of supreme delight, for a few hours, and then I relapsed into a profound and magnetic sleep, from which I aroused inhaling the fragrance of odorous flowers,

and hearing sweeter music than had ever greeted my ear on earth ; the perfume and melody of each were so inspiring, they seemed to mingle with my very breath, and blend with the pulsations of my beating heart.

“ Oh ! the exquisite sensations, as they rapidly succeeded each other, seemed to bear me away, away—far, far away from the rudeness of mortal life. I felt myself floating in an ethereal atmosphere, so radiant with the scintillations of a glorious, immortal life, that again my consciousness gave way to beautiful dreamland zephyrs of a somnambulic sleep ; during which my body and soul rested, while my other more interior self was conducted by a glorious spirit guide to the temple of justice, in the realms of supernatural beauty, where dwell angels, who live and labor for the advancement of all races of the human species.

“ With clairvoyant vision, I perceived the needs of human souls.

“ We stood far above the clouds of earthly strife. On looking down, my spirit guide said to me : ‘ Look and learn ! ’ Thou hast now arisen to a position above which no human eye can see, and from which thou mayest look out upon the varied and devious paths of humanity, and mark the progress of mind upon your native earth.

“ Look and learn ! Behold, its peoples are now before you.

“ You can see the children of different nationali-

ties; they have grown wiser within the last thirty years. The mental atmosphere is not so beclouded as in the past; neither does it require so much of our time in removing the debris of the darker age.

"Behold, your own native country is passing through the ordeal of transition from a lower to a higher condition.

"The political arena in which you have been so recently engaged, is becoming more and more intensified with the thought and action of myriads of minds, both in the mundane and spirit worlds.

"In a short time great events will transpire, and momentous results will follow the action of statesmen now engaged both wisely and foolishly in giving form and shape to the destinies of the greatest nation in the world.

"Your history is written in the people's book, and you may now read it as it runs.

"Behold, the first opportunity to radiate the light of truth, as it reaches your interior consciousness, is now your inestimable privilege.

"Each spirit, before entering this sphere, first look to themselves for counsel and preferment among men. Not so with those who have arisen to a point of self-abnegation, where the freed spirit, forgetful of self, looks outward to all humanity, and, in his endeavors to do good to some and harm to none, becomes truly good and nobly great.

"Behold, now among men the strife for fame and eminence, position and power."


"TO THE MEDIUM:—

"The power is waning ; I desire to continue this narration at another time. I must go now, as my guide is drawing me away. Many thanks. Good bye.

Z. C."

ZACHARIAH CHANDLER, Continued.

Reflected in the Mirror of Memory—An Eventful Life.

PIRIT TELEGRAM, May 13th.—"To-morrow Zach. Chandler desires to proceed with his narrative."

Spirit telegram, May 14th, 5 o'clock P. M.—"We have been waiting several hours for you to receive our communication. We do not censure you for want of punctuality; neither can we condemn you for lack of confidence in our ability to do, as we proposed yesterday, for you do not as yet know my characteristic perseverance. But enough; I will now proceed.

"Since leaving the mortal form, a resident of the spirit world, I have been exceedingly busy in looking over my past life, both private and public, and find myself clearly reflected in the mirror of memory, which is ever round about, above and beneath me. Every thought, word, deed, motive, inspiration and aspiration, whether dark or light, whether good or evil, whether actuated by selfishness and lured into

gross neglect of others' good, whether moved to pity for others' woes, or actuated by motives too pure and holy for a breath of censure, each and all are engraved here; and turn which way I may, I invariably encounter myself; am admonished sometimes, and led irresistibly to rectify mistakes so far as I am able; and by thus doing, to benefit those in earth life, for whom I am now laboring.

"Mine has been, and is, an eventful life. Much of good and much of ill was crowded into the small space of five and sixty years while I lived on the earth plane. In looking over the past, I find much to regret, and some things to be proud of.

"I now see how I might have rendered better service and benefited my, or our, people much more than I did. And I am now come to state that if I was to live upon the earth again, with my present knowledge gained since coming here, I would do very differently from what I did.

"In the first place I would fix the standard of right and justice firmly in my own mind, and whether in private acts, or public expression, it should be the guide by which my life should be gauged.

"No longer would I seek self-aggrandizement and popular favor. No longer would I say to my brother, political, stand thou there, nor dare intrude upon our domain! No longer dare endeavor to thwart the designs of the Republican leaders, for thou art a political demagogue of Democratic dye,

and must stand aside, or be politically crushed forever.

"No longer would I work incessantly for selfish politicians, who have no higher aim than to be hoisted into position and power, simply to gratify an insatiable ambition for the acquirement of millions of the people's money.

"In looking down to-day upon America, and beholding the maelstrom of war through which our country has recently passed, and perceiving causes now existing within its national life, which may work an irreparable loss to the people, and submerge it with a tornado of strife, and deluge it with blood, I would cry aloud that I might be heard in the temple of freedom, and find a responsive echo in the minds and hearts of the people—ere it be too late.

"My countrymen, behold the signs of the times ! What do they portend ? Can you see ? Will you listen ?

"I am passed from your sight, it is true, but nevertheless speak to you at this moment; and a most auspicious moment it is to me; weighty with meaning and pregnant with thoughts, I would communicate to you.


"Nay more ! I would speak not as one risen from the dead, but as one who has a continued existence among you.

"Look and learn ! learn of the past; take lessons for the future, and never again hoist any man into office who is *unworthy* the confidence and trust of the people.

"I can write no more now.

Z. C."

ZACHARIAH CHANDLER, Continued.

PIRIT TELEGRAM, PENDLETON, OREGON.,
May 26, 1880.—“Zach. Chandler desires to
finish his essay to-morrow; says he will
write as he has opportunity and the times demand.
Do not falter or fear, we will aid you. Your guide
and teacher, G. W.”

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

Seating myself at the table, with pencil in hand, preparatory to receiving his communication, I said: “To the Hon. Mr. Chandler, ex-Senator of the United States: I await your pleasure, and am ready to write what you wish to say.”

The following from Billy Root was unexpectedly given:—

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

“BILLY ROOT.”

(Ten minutes later.)

“Now him have cum; you be very quiet, 'cause he want little girls to keep still; he say he tryin' to get good control of your hand; then he can speak his thoughts off the point of the pen without your

grinding them through the think box. Now him reddey to begin. Hip, hip, hurrah ! for old Zach Chandler. There, now, he smile at me, so me go. Good-bye. BILLY."

SPIRIT ZACH CHANDLER: " Good morning, mad-am. Being preceded by the little waif, Billy I am now at your side with a desire, and will, to speak intelligibly to my constituents—those who have been such to me. You perceive, by my foregoing statements, that not only do I live an intelligent, active life in this, the sphere beyond the grave, but I also have the power to take cognizance of events political and otherwise transpiring on the earth plane. Therefore permit me to say to you, one and all, that we are now not only reviewing our past lives upon the planet, but also examining and estimating, at their real value, our thoughts and acts as they have been enstamped upon the ineffaceable records of individual and national histories. In my own personal history I find much to regret and condemn. I am now prepared to say, were I to live again upon the earth plane, I would avoid all intoxicating liquors, in every form and shape, as I would the most venomous reptile that ever crawled the earth. I would dash the maddening bowl to the ground, and use voice and pen in obliterating from the globe the further manufacture of the liquid essence, which sets the soul on fire of hell, and damns it (not to everlasting eternity; as I once supposed the soul might be damned), but to an indefinite period and periods of time.

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

To the medium—“ We will now pause awhile.”

(A pause of ten minutes.)

“ We wish to continue, for we have but a few

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

CHANDLER."

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

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

"We will now proceed to business. Looking over the past political history of our country, and predicting its future (as I am now enabled to do with some little accuracy), I'm inclined to believe the prospects warrant me in predicting very lively times in commercial branches of business. Socialistic principles of a reformatory nature will, and are even now taking the place of the old, worn and effete elements which have composed the basis of popular society. Religious antagonisms, or antagonisms of religious opinions will assume such magnitude and destructive force that the *magna charta* of American freedom will be thrown from its foundation—buried in the dust and trampled under foot of despotic

intolerance, bigoted ignorance, and priestly usurpation. Men will be ejected from office by force of arms; men placed in office by military command. Anarchy and confusion will take the place of peace and assume control. While justice bowed in silence, mercy crouched in sympathy, and liberty—brightest star of freedom—is pinioned to the ground. Oh, ye men of little wisdom ! look and learn. Learn of the past, learn of the signs of the times, and take lessons for the future. Allow me to say, could you see yourselves as you are seen and reflected, as I can see every thought, word, deed and motive of my own reflected, you would pause and listen to the words of wisdom which would come to your inspired reason. Many times would you hesitate to act when justice required an impartial tribunal. You would not rush eagerly into prominent places and responsible offices. You would not blindly and with maddened zeal, nor with *fraudulent intent*, rush men into office whose principles were engendered in selfishness; and therefore could be no guarantee for the honesty and integrity of national life. You would weigh men in the balance of right and justice; and only those who would devote their energies to the best good of the greatest number, would ever occupy the positions which it is the people's pleasure to bestow. Politics and politicians are now being weighed in the balance, and found to be woefully lacking in principles of truth, equal rights and justice to all, which constitute the science of self-government, and is the true basis of political economy.

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


Question—Why is not the title Honorable prefixed to Mr. Chandler’s name in these letters? MEDIUM.

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

ZACH CHANDLER.

ZACHARIAH CHANDLER, Continued.

[Letter from “Over the River,” written June 23, 1880.]

O my constituents say that I wish each one and all to give particular attention to what I’m about to say. If you will lay aside party strife and preferences, nominate and elect to office men who will in their efforts strike at the very roots of existing evils, which corrode the hearts of men, and blight the prospects of womankind—evils that are poisoning the very life of society and rendering obsolete to a great extent the happiness of mankind, then would you do the world lasting favor that may in future time reflect a halo of glory about yourselves, and enable you in *this* life to look back upon your acts as worthy of an immortal spirit. Fail to make the best of the opportunities now at your disposal, fail in acting up to the highest promptings of the interior spirit, fail to listen to and heed

the voice of conscience, unbiased by party jugglery, fail in informing yourselves in reference to men and measures as connected with affairs of government—and you will fail of one of the highest privileges granted you in our glorious Republic.

“Look well to the signs of the times, and as you are now upon the eve of one of the most magnificent contests for the Presidency, it behooves each and every one of you to stand firm and positive to duty.

“Let party lines be swept away; make a new departure, and place in office the best qualified men whom you in your best wisdom and judgment may select.

“It is well, perhaps, that you do not see the lowering clouds in the future of the Nation, because of the unfitness it would produce in the minds of many who are better qualified to act under the subject to the leadership of master minds, than to assume the leadership themselves; whereas, if left to themselves, or knowing the forecast of the political horizon, they would shrink in extreme cowardice from the conflicts that we see seem inevitable.

“The watchman, heralding the coming storm, would have the Ship of State well manned with a crew that would take it safely through the shoals of adversity, over the sand-bars of obloquy, and avoid the forbidding and frowning rocks of treason, that human and individual selfishness have reared as greater barriers to national prosperity, happiness and freedom.

“You may think me tediously lengthy in my dissertation to you; but I would speak at greater length and repeat, until you as my former coadjutors, will turn your eyes toward the dome of righteousness, justice and truth.

“George Washington and myself, with others have been looking over the extent or area of America, and find it to be one of the most productive of all the continents, the least liable to earthquakes, is not subject to droughts, famines or pestilences (only small portions of it excepted).

“The finest country for the development of the richest minerals of various kinds, coal, oils, etc., etc.

“Hence the basis for the development of the most refined race of races of minds, both physically and spiritually considered; and we, together with almost an innumerable host of people in this the spirit world and summer-land, would have the people appreciate their unlimited advantages, strive to make the most of them, and aim in their efforts to become the nobler race of mankind.

“You may think it strange that I speak to you in this manner since departing the mortal tenement. I’ve learned much in regard to our people earth bound, and I would now lift my voice to point a better way to fame and glory, than which I chose in blindness to pursue while among you.

“As you value happiness here and hereafter—could you see with unblurred vision—you would choose the better way of honesty in politics, honesty

with one another as private citizens, and honesty with your own conscious self-hood. You could never allow a falsehood, or hypocritical deceitful action to gain the ascendancy in speech or deed over your interior better self, or toward your fellowmen.

"Regrets, remorse will be your portion, poignant beyond expression, stinging the very innermost center of one's soul, as a consuming fire from which there is no escape, only as one may be able to return to earth, and as best he can, in a feeble way (through some chosen medium) make amends by instructing others whom he has left in the earth home.

"Permit me, my fellow countrymen, to beg of you in my name to avoid the sink-holes into some of which you are well aware I sometimes plunged myself, little knowing at such times the fearful consequences.

"But I am arisen now, and am determined to redeem myself from error and seek the truth, not by will or force of my own so much as impelled by the law of progress, to which law we are evidently more subject and in harmony with than the majority of the people who now inhabit the earth.

"I will now bid you adieu

"Should any of my colleagues—friends or foes—desire and deign to ask questions, on my return to the Spirit Post-office, and finding your interrogatories awaiting replies, through this medium I will endeavor to give satisfactory responses so far as I may be able. Enough for the present.

"Your sincere friend and coadjutor,

"ZACH. CHANDLER."

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

CLOUDS in the horizon are looming up to overcast the future of America; becoming very dense, dark and foreboding ill, will burst in an unexpected moment upon the heads of her people.

“The mutterings of discontent, engendered by a sort of incipient, despotic rule, mild, perhaps, at present in its hold over the masses, and swelling into vaster proportions and power, will, is, breeding discontent and inharmonies in the ranks of all classes of minds who labor diligently for a subsistence and gain a small and inadequate pittance for their hourly needs and daily bread.

“The wide-spread and desolating schemes of the robbers of the people of their rightful inheritance to life, land, home and the pursuit of happiness, cannot, does not, go unnoticed by the hosts of spirits who occupy positions above the mortal sphere, where, with cultivated and penetrative vision, we discern the secret workings of men’s minds and motives, which are out-wrought in every variety of consequences.

“The happiness of the individual depends upon the uses he makes of the opportunities given him to choose and improve.

“So may it be said of a nation or government.

“If, for instance, a national government may choose to treat arbitrarily any portion of its people,

considering not their merits and needs, and ignores their inherent rights, it infringes its own right to tranquility, peace and prosperity, to that extent, that dissatisfaction and disintegration within its own dominion are engendered and the consequent issue is disruption and open rebellion.

“Then follow the crises of war, and all its attendant evils. It is thought by some to be the great revolutionary means of developing better conditions.

“John Adams, an associate spirit, has said, ‘War is the hub of civilization, the periphery of which is the spiritualization of the moral and emotional nature of the masses.’ So it will be upon the earth a while longer. But we see beyond the clouded atmosphere that is brooding over the American continent at present, a brighter sphere, which, when the portending clouds and elements have expended their forces, will come forth purified from the dross of selfishness and corruption that now pollutes society and nations.”

Since the above was written, the following article, which we clip from the *National Standard*, was received; and we copy it, as it is quite in harmony with the foregoing communication:—

“A STRONG GOVERNMENT WANTED.

“In a nation of well-disposed people, a people who believe in justice and equity, the government sits very lightly upon the shoulders of its supporters. It is the instrument of the people created to protect the

weak against the unjust attacks of the strong, the virtuous against the assaults of the vicious.

“Just governments and just laws are never opposed by the populace.

“But when the government is seized by the few, and used as an engine to promote their personal ambition and selfish interests, it becomes oppressive to the mass of the people, who will, as soon as an opportunity presents itself, shake off their oppressors, even though the process be through revolution and bloodshed.

“The condition of American labor, contrasted with that of the non-producing capitalists, is awakening a spirit of inquiry, study and discontent on the part of the former, and of fear and alarm on the part of the latter. The capitalist knows that his superior condition is the result, not of his superior skill, genius and legitimate enterprise, but of the very legislation which has depressed labor to its present degraded condition. He knows, too, that when labor has solved the problem, it will right the wrong, deprive the law-favored of their special privileges to oppress and rob the wealth producers, and re-establish the government on the basis of the greatest good to the greatest number.—*Chicago Express*.

Edwards Pierrepont raised a note of alarm in a recent speech in Cooper Institute, New York, of which the *Tribune* says:—

“He besought the millionaires, rich men, and respectable conservatives of New York, to remember that

it only needed '*a resolute leader of the populace with courage in his heart and brains under his hat to make them very uncomfortable.*' He added: 'We are prosperous just now, and all is quiet. It will not be so always; and then you will want a government such as you will not find, if you shirk political duties.'

"The wicked fear and tremble when no man accuseth, and 'flee when no man pursueth.' There is at present no threatening danger which calls for such utterances.

"But the programme marked out by the law-created money lords, when enacted, may fan the smouldering fires of discontent into a blaze of revolution.

"Knowing well the aims and objects of the money oligarchy, and the temper and intelligence of the populace clothed with the attributes of sovereignty, Mr. Pierrepont warns the 'millionaires, rich and respectable conservatives' to be on their guard, and secure a government in advance that possesses the nerve, and that dare put its iron heel on any attempt of the people to relieve themselves from the grip of the oppressor.

"The *New York Times*, in commenting upon this part of Mr. Pierrepont's speech, says that such a government as is demanded by the 'millionaires, rich men, and respectable conservatives certainly cannot be supplied by any party which will make concessions to the ignorant, and any party which does tri-

umph by the aid of the lower classes is more likely to truckle to the preachers of a socialistic propaganda than to protect the interests which their dupes may one day be goaded on to assail.'

"Superficially, the political struggle has the appearance of being between the Democratic and Republican parties. The prominent issues seem to be the personal character and fitness of the respective candidates, the past record of the contestants, and the political status of the States of the Union, and their constitutional relations to the National Government

"But these are shams, mere blinds to hold the two sectional parties together under trusty leaders, that the rank and file may not unite in opposition to the plundering schemes of the 'respectable, conservative millionaires.'


"When these respectable plunderers secure a government that suits them—one that is bold, daring and ambitious enough to carry out their measures, even if it be necessary to wrest sovereignty from the 'ignorant, socialistic lower classes,' they will throw off their mask, declare openly their policy, and under pretext of necessity and public security, deprive the 'ignorant populace' of the power to assail their interests with either ballots or bullets. A weak government will serve well an honest people, but robbers are safe only behind strong walls and barricaded doors."

"OEO. WASHINGTON."



HORACE GREELEY AND OLIVER CROMWELL.

For Dr. S. B. Brittan, Editor-at-Large of the Secular Press Bureau.

S representatives of the press, we are ever interested in the promulgation of the best literature that may be given to the world. Desiring to educate the masses, that they may at all times be ready for the reception of truths which are new to them, we have selected our coadjutor to break the bread of life to those whom we cannot reach save through the secular press.

“This work is, indeed, arduous, requiring the best talent and power of mind to accomplish the good that truth demands.

“The editor-at-large will be sustained by the many noble minds who are watching him very closely. He will necessarily be cautious in regard to his physical health, as we see a tendency to pneumonia, and a contraction of the lungs from intense thought and application to writing.

“We are more than pleased that our medium realizes in some degree the utility and importance of the labors of the editor-at-large. •

“This work brings us in communication with the general public, and opens up a highway, as a pioneer in the wilderness of minds. We may come and go to thousands, yea, millions, drawn by the magnetic threads which attract and hold in sweet communion aspiring souls.

“We wish to present the spiritual philosophy in

all its phases and bearings upon human life, and we are highly gratified that the editor-at-large is a noble, fearless and unfaltering representative to carry on the work so well begun.

"Say to him in this connection that we highly approve of his course, and bid him God speed.

"As a standard bearer of the harmonial philosophy, he will add greatly to the illuminary of knowledge, and we cannot permit him to fail in his and our undertaking.

"Say to him, and all interested in this movement, inaugurated by representative minds, there is an element before you, gaining ground every hour, that will rise in huge proportions, and make a determined effort to impede your progress, and stay the march of spiritual thought.

"The light of truth will penetrate and disintegrate the mass of errors, and Materialism, with its cementing properties of learned ignorance, will pass under the chastening rod of experience, and thus be purified in the crucible of educated wisdom.

"No more now.

"Your guide and teacher,


"HORACE GREELEY,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

—Published in the *Rising Sun* January 15, 1881.

DR. S. B. BRITTAN IN MUNDANE LIFE.

Remarkable Verification—Message from the Spirits Confirmed.

HE following letter was unexpectedly but very gratefully received, and appeared in the *Rising Sun* March 15, 1881. Prized the more highly because of its coming from one of America's most eminent editors, still living in mortal form:—

“LUCY L. BROWN: I received the January number of your paper, which I perused with interest, and I feel impelled to offer you a word of encouragement in the work you have undertaken. Some one may possibly suggest that you are reversing the established order of Nature by this attempted countermarch of the source of light and heat. True, in the natural world we are accustomed to look to the Orient for the rising sun, but the source of Spiritual illumination, which it symbolizes, is subject to no such physical limitations. It may as well rise at the Occident as anywhere else. In fact, the Spiritual sun now rises in every quarter of the heavens, while it warms and lightens all around. At the first blush one may think you have chosen an ambitious, rather than a modest, title for your paper, but closer scrutiny assures the reader that TRUTH, rather than the vehicle for its expression, is recognized as the RISING SUN, and so a moment's reflection disarms criticism.

“The message from the spirits Horace Greeley and Oliver Cromwell, on the first page of your January

number, naturally attracted my especial attention by the specific references to myself and the work which has been assigned to me by the Spirit World. This communication contains strong internal evidence that the spirits from whom it emanated are able to make a strictly truthful diagnosis of my case, and from a point of observation, which, to the sensuous mind, must seem to be remote from the object of their investigation. To our more Spiritual apprehension of the subject this is not surprising, since we know that they travel with the celerity of thought, and that personal information obtained in New York may be almost instantly reported in Oregon.

“Every word contained in the communication, respecting the state of my health, was, and is, literally true. For more than two months I have been seriously troubled with a congestive condition of the respiratory organs, and for weeks, *especially in January was constantly threatened with pneumonia.* This resulted in part from the severity of the winter, which has sorely tried my constitution. That the more unpleasant symptoms and painful indications in my case were all aggravated by intense and protracted exercise of the brain and constant writing is doubtless true. The suggestions from the spirits were timely, and have not failed to inspire in the writer a grateful sense of their constant guardianship and loving care. Remembering that time is short, and seeing how much ought to be done in the great field of my present labors, I am prone to over

step my normal limitation of physiological law, and am grateful for such words of friendly admonition from the spirits.

"In sweet fellowship with the beautiful immortals, and in loving service of our fellowmen,

"Yours Sincerely,

"S. B. BRITTAN.

"NEW YORK, Feb. 24, 1881.

"The *Lexington*, 165 East Forty-ninth Street.

"P. S.—I enclose amount of subscription for one year, wishing you success in your enterprise.

"S. B. B."

GEORGE WASHINGTON AND OLIVER CROMWELL.

OLIVER CROMWELL would speak to thee, our child. His dwelling-place is far removed from this earth-bound sphere. Conditions are such, both mundane and celestial, that he can speak by *psychophonic* communication only. Be calm, and listen to his far-away speech. Sometimes he comes within the radius of your mind, and reflects his image upon the retina of the spirit vision. You have thus seen him several times.

"With torch in hand, we are ready to light the pathway of mortals journeying through this 'vale of tears.'

"We do not mourn as formerly over the shortcom-

ings of individuals, for we have learned that each human being is destined to live long enough to work out their own salvation from sin and wrong. I am now called away. Good-bye.

“GEORGE WASHINGTON.”

“GREETING ALL:—

“Far amid the interstellar spaces, we are gathered to hold council in regard to earth’s inhabitants.

“Long and patiently labored for the enlightenment of myriads minds who have passed from, and also those who are now living upon the planet earth.

“Many changes are about to transpire in the Old World; some things that will rend the British throne in twain

“Cromwell still lives and cannot see the oppressed vassal go down to his grave of despair unrequited. With the yoke of the oppressor upon his neck, and his heel upon the soul of the toiling serf, the lamenting cries of the sorrowing millions have pierced the vault of Heaven again and again, and now echoes back in ominous tones the refrain; the prayer of the sufferer is not in vain, for Justice will sit enthroned in the temple of Wisdom, and Mercy no longer shall plead in vain for a hearing, while Freedom, the day-star of progression, will chant the requiem of kingly authority and priestly rule.

“Ho! Ye people of all nations, rejoice!
For the darkness of thy night shall cease to be,
When from tyrants and usurpers thou’rt forever free.

“OLIVER CROMWELL.”

WILLIAM PENN.

Changes Occuring and Reforms Needed.

I WILLIAM PENN, have come this morning in accordance with a previous arrangement with my co-laborers, to make known some things of interest to the people, and finding the opportunity favorable for our reception, we will now say: many changes are occurring and will take place which no human effort or power from the spiritual world can avert.

"We therefore desire that our mediums should place themselves in receptive conditions to the intelligence of the superior Spirit realm, so that they may the better endure the trial of modern times.

"In regard to affairs of national import, there will be much dissatisfaction, which will result in the disintegration and disruption of imperial governments in the Old World.

"There will be much blood shed, which cannot compensate in any degree for wrongs, however light or great.

"In looking over our own beloved country, we see elements at work that will culminate in supererogation and subjection of the masses to the few 'bondholders and Shylocks' that compose the monied oligarchy of America, and will render absolute the stars of freedom in our own land, if not speedily checked.

"The people have no idea how deeply laid are the

plans to control and subject the masses to the despotism of the money power.

“Like a vast network are corporations of the East and West, laying their schemes to entrap and confine to certain limitations the people that form the integral parts of the Republic.

“Charles Sumner is now striving to influence some members at the Capital to thwart the designs and counteract the plottings of the telegraph companies, who would control all the wires, even the submarine. And there will be a long and strong fight ere the United States Government will manage them as it does the postal department, which would be more in harmony with the people's interests.

“Another reform is very much needed, that is now being overlooked by the general populace, because they do not apprehend the dangers before them.

“The tendency of the present administration is pointing directly to the usurpation of the people's rights, religiously, politically, socially and financially.

“We would have them *arouse* to the imminent perils before them.

“As an evidence of the truth we utter, take notice that within two years a monetary panic, such as has not occurred, will follow as the direct result of the peculiarly intriguing manipulations of United States bonds, monies and properties.

“An unwise policy was instituted by a few monied men, who have held in their hands the reins of

government ever since Abraham Lincoln came to live with us.

"The barriers to the further liberties of the people are gaining strength and thickness every day. We would speak in tones that should reach every heart of the sons and daughters of toil, and quicken them to deliberate and intense thought, to vigorous and systematic action.

"A yoke more weighty than the Egyptian gods placed upon the neck of serfdom is theirs to wear, if they heed not the voices of the air, the earth and sky, and seek to resist the encroachments of the enemies of liberty.

"Now is the opportune time!

"One thing more. There is now a bill before the Spiritual Congress, and it will soon be presented to the people of the United States, so formed in justice and equity, that there can be no way of escaping its binding power to protect all men, women and children in their inherent right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and to insure this possibility each individual shall have the lawful right to just so much land as he, she or they, as a family, need for their own comfort, happiness, pleasure and home. No more; no less.

"The land, like the air and water, belongs to God and the universe. No man, nor combination of men, collectively or severally, have any more right to more than they need and can judiciously make use of, than they have to the patent and sole right to bottle

the water, or confine the air in a casket, and thus deprive the citizen and laborer of the elements which build up and sustain not only the individual life, but is the very foundation upon which national prosperity exists.

“So we make no treaties with sordid selfishness. Nor can we tolerate longer the iron arm or golden rod that goads the people on to servile bondage and squallid want. And you need not be surprised to hear of immense failures in commercial ranks. Merchants, stock-brokers, railroad magnates, and other consolidated companies, as well as individual enterprises, will by some fearful means, become prostrated and utterly fail financially.

“We desire to say more, and will at some future time.


“A crash is coming. It is inevitable; and the millionaire of to-day will be the pitiable mendicant of to-morrow. They have built an immense structure upon a false basis, and, like the sands of the restless sea, it will be washed from beneath them. Good-bye.

WILLIAM PENN.

“Ten o'clock A. M., March 13, 1881.”

CONFESSION OF A SPIRIT.

From the Dismal Abysses of Hell.

H! 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 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; feelings and inclinations to cruelty stalk beside and hiss in my face at every turn. The vibratory thought poisoned with *injustice*, and tipped as an arrow with the consuming fire of remorse, 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, Saviour! if there be a Saviour! come to me and lift the burden of iniquity from my self-depraved and self-condemned soul!

“ Oh, the tortures of an inquisitional 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 submission, to gratify my insatiable longings 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 whetted palaces by my insatiable desire, 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 environs me, only to mock at the calamities of those that perished by my fiendish hand. I've hissed when they plead with me to spare their lives, and far overcame them.

“ And now from this dreary dungeon of blackness and despair, from this damp, stifling atmosphere, which penetrates every fiber of my soul, I ask to be redeemed! I am resolved to make restitution to those thousands, yea, tens of thousands of people,

which the yearnings for oppression meted out to them.

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

"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 commanded by the *relentless—retributive—justice* of my own acts, back to the gloom of my own hell!

"Good-bye."

Question—Who is this spirit? What is the name of the author of the foregoing communication? Will he be kind enough to inform us? AMANUENSIS.

Answer—"My name is not necessary to the communication. You may write, however, that I am ready to stake my life and reputation upon what I've written, as being painfully true.

"It is not merely for the curious gossip that this sad confession is made; but because of an inexorable law which demands repentance and restitution.

"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, **CONFESSION OF A SPIRIT FROM THE DISMAL ABYSSSES OF HELL!**

"There are those in the mortal form who will recognize me by the language—some phrases that I have employed in portraying my present condition,

and past tendencies to the commission of acts of violence, in the name of a *false God, and his blood-crowned religion.*

“More anon.”

LIFE PRINCIPLE.

Written by a Spirit Teacher February, 1863.

BY means of inherent laws, which existed prior to all crude and materialistic formations, does power govern and control the universe. It had its existence in and filled, immensity of space, and by means of attraction, repulsion and transformation, produced the first cohesion of matter such as enters into the Asteroids and the floating aura of the lesser planets, of which you of earth know nothing, for the optic nerves are not sufficiently strong or penetrating to discover their altitudinous centers, neither has the ingenuity of man ever arrived at a point of investigation or ingenious application to produce a telescopic instrument so fine or extended as to descry those infantile orbs which dwell in the valleys of infinitude; they do not of themselves emit light, and only reflect dimly the living rays of heat thrown upon them from suns far and near, whose evolving residences are upon the mountain tops of an ever beginning and never ending eternity.

“The principles which control the universe are

nevertheless principles which govern and control our medium who is now holding the pen to write grand and sublime thoughts on a small scale.

“Turn your eyes to the star-lit heavens, and you see an innumerable number of worlds revolving around and around, keeping pace and time to the melody of harmonies, which is the first and life principle of all creative substances. They all move with great rapidity in perfect order and concord, never assuming to swing off and fly out of their given course of action. Hence the perfectness of the glorious symphonies which bathe each valley and mountain top, each rivulet and ocean of each terraqueous globe and spirituous sphere; each reverberating the same melody of creative energy that fills all space.

“ ‘And thrills through all extent,
Boundless, progressive and unspent.’

“We wish to inspire your mind with a creative, energetic force corresponding to the forces which move and govern the more expanded material capacities.

“Turn your eyes within the sanctuary of the divine soul which inhabits the material form; and there behold the germ or *spirit* which is the fountain or primary principle of existence as a human and spiritual being; and from this focus then trace through each organ of the brain a fine electrical substance which permeates each labyrinth and chamber of the mind, and from thence extending throughout

the entire system to the extremities, imparting an electrical, magnetical, synthetical and energizing force.

“These fine spiritual fibres, which enter into the ramifications of the brain and corporal system, cannot be discovered with the natural eye, by, or through, any microscopic instrument, and can only be discerned and comprehended in a finite degree by those of this life who have many ages since thrown off the mortal garb.

“This spirit essence is the creative energy, the positive power, the beginning, the ultimatum, the ever dissolving and ever resolving principle in all the domains of Infinitude.”

HOUSE NOT MADE WITH HANDS.

Extent of Creation, by Zantipodes, Three Thousand Years a Resident of the Spirit World.

GREETING all:—Far above, and far below, and far to every side, extend the curtains of the Father's pavilion. From sun to planet, from planets to far distant cycles of creations, mighty and elaborated wonders of an all-pervading Father, whose 'house not made with hands,' eternal in the heavens, extend far beyond the power of men mundane, or men celestial, to comprehend.

“The extent of creation no one can know. Mother substance is without bounds; there is no place where

God and nature do not build their gorgeous domains and palaces of beauty and realms of light.

“To make the subject still plainer to your understanding. In company with a friend and countryman, we set out on a tour to satisfy our longing desires to know the extent of Creation’s vast domain. We launched our ærial gondola upon the waves of ever-flowing rivers of magnetism. We went to Uranus, visited some smaller and intervening planets; from thence to Centralia, known by you as Alcyone.

“We paused long enough to learn much of the social and religious conditions of the inhabitants of that beautiful orb of light; then taking what would seem a northerly direction, floating over a sea—golden and azure tints, such as no mortal ever beheld stretching far into spaces of infinite dominions, traveling more miles than you can possibly comprehend, unnumbered Centralias broke upon our vision and admiration.

“Those glorious orbs of light that ever shine amid the splendors of the northern heavens, whose light, ever traveling with the velocity of thought itself, has never reached your earth, and yet far beyond, and still far on in the distant realm of burnished spheres are orbs of light as much larger than your solar center, or Alcyone, as one or both, are larger than your own little satellite. And still further on, in the distant regions of increasing brightness are worlds, which even we, traveling at the rate of five

thousand miles per hour, could not visit for ages to come.

"Oh! how stupendous is creation in all the realms of God.

"We are overwhelmed with the thought of its greatness.

"Among the giant angel minds above, or among the minds below, none can comprehend Infinity, grasp the thought of Deity, or compass the limitless system of worlds.

"My friend and myself were convinced of this, for while traveling o'er the seas that lie around the Centralias of the northern sidereal heavens, we saw and conversed with many brilliant spirits, who had been billions of miles on, on, in the realm of northern infinity, and they state no indications of an approaching boundary.

"Friends, let us pause briefly, to consider the difference between the angel world in their views of creation, and the opinions on the same subject entertained by the half-civilized individuals of the earth sphere.

"As before remarked, we remained long enough at Alcyone to learn much of the social and religious condition of its inhabitants. They are much larger in stature than you of the Anglo-Saxon type. Their scientific and literary attainments are beyond your comprehension. With them law is a principle, deeply fixed in the love and wisdom of the people. Each

inspired with manly good, govern and sustain the universal brotherhood.

"They have outgrown all forms of religion, such as characterize undeveloped races. They live by psychonomical law and spiritual truths.

"The Alcyonians are very beautiful and in their spiritual spheres shine like burnished gold tinted with sun rays. We have visited with more than ordinary interest the people of this center of worlds.

"They are in arts and manufacture of the finer fabrics, without parallel in all the system of worlds around them.

"Alcyone gave birth to many of the suns, and through them warmed the planets into life, as you see them.

"If you are surprised at my brief description of this beautiful world and its inhabitants, how much more astonished and delighted you would be could you go with us into their spiritual and celestial homes."

ZANTIPODES.

EUNICE HYDE.

Written to L. L. Brown, March, 1863.

MY child, we of this life are struggling with the weight of human woes. To know how to overcome them is a philosophical science.

"To actualize that knowledge, is to demonstrate it by philosophical appliances both mental and phys-

ical. We are laboring with a will and purpose not to be shaken by the puny arm of mortals, and when we wish to do so, we will cause the whirlwind of mental strife to cease in its course. What we mean is this, that when the tornado of earthly wrongs has, by natural law, passed over the land, carrying with it the elements which engender strife, then shall we declare peace to all mankind.

“But now the cry of peace, when there is no peace, is a mockery of divine wisdom, and a curse to mankind.

“And while we of this life are stirring up strife among men, we see in the distant future, bright spots upon the earth, which, when perfectly cleansed from the pollution which now corrodes the haunts of men, women and children, shall bloom with elysian beauty, and with fragrant flowers, from our summer-land home.

• “For all this we are laboring to bring about the millennium on our native earth, the children of which we desire to clothe in habiliments such as the angels wear; that when they come to our spiritual homes, they may be prepared to mingle with us in our family and circle associations, and also attend our conventions, and with a lively interest partake of, and impart to, others the spiritual and intellectual food which we so much enjoy, and which are preparing us for future scenes of enjoyment upon the beautiful plains and mountain-tops in the spheres above us.

“And now, my child, you do not understand the meaning of the word ‘sphere.’ It represents a state or condition of mind which one or more individuals occupy. There are spheres of existence which are so nearly allied to each other that one could hardly separate them, and yet there is a distinctive difference.

“For instance, one person may occupy the same plane of thought or cerebrum development, their aspirational faculties be nearly the same, and their social feelings and attractions widely differ. Yet parties living upon the same plane of development may mingle together, or separately seek other minds in harmonious concord with their own, who do not associate with any only upon the basis of fraternal brotherhood.


“Such persons are brilliant in intellect, social in converse, truthful in all their acts, and pure in all their thoughts.

“With such a brotherhood your brother Charlie, sisters Lydia and Amelia, and your own child Mary Jane, have a beautiful and ever-blooming home, amid sparkling fountains of water, and fragrant flowers.

“Their home is inthrilled with the divine melody of harmonies. It gives me great pleasure to visit them.

MOTHER.”

ZANTIPODES.

H, mortals, as we look down from the other shore of divine spirit, we would have you give a listening ear to our words.

“Amid the surging seas of time, and the rising and falling of empires and nations, the present age symbolizes the great future, filled and intrilled with the divine flatus of infinite love. Into each and every heart would we pour it, and baptize the spirit with the wisdom of the infinite mind.

“Then give ear, my children, our pupils to the inspirations that are beneficently bestowed by a divinity that comprehends alike all the needs of human souls, whether in the mundane or spirit worlds.

“Great is His wisdom and mercy, above all creeds and dogmas, and thoughts of men, is the Supreme Father, who holds all atoms and worlds in his hands, subject to immutable law and ever evolving principles of progression.

“Then, troubled soul, doubt no more; trust and believe with an enlightened confidence that whatever is is permitted in the grand economy of nature to be. And yet in man there is that divinity, complex though it may seem to some, combined with that which seems to him evil, all thoughts, motives, acts, incidents, events, are nevertheless points, atoms in his progressive existence and form

“‘Parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.’

"Being thus intimately related to Deity, it is infinitely true that not an atom in all the vast spaces, and composing the realms and universes of Good, can be lost or annihilated; but retain forever (although subject to progressive changes) immortal existence, and recognition by the infinite author of all life.

"With this dissertation and digression from the medium's intention, we will now permit her to proceed with some statements that she had in view when taking pencil in hand to say something of materialization.

"Some are now inclined to laugh, and say 'Why, I could have written as well as that—that is not spirit writing.'

"Well, may be you can do much better; it is well for each to individualize their thoughts, and express them in their own language as nearly as they can.

"When the outer covering of mortality fades away, and mingles with its mother earth, then it is that the spirit, finding itself surrounded by new scenes, encompassed by new associates, and occupying conditions unknown and unthought of before, is prompted to avail itself of every opportunity (though it may in a feeble manner act sometimes) to

" 'Do good to some,
And harm to none.'

As we find that in *this* lies our wealth, prestige, power and honor.

"I am an apostle of the New Dispensation, which

has brought life and immortality to light, and in harmony with my sphere of thought, have taken this opportunity of expressing truths, as in undulating wavelets, tinted with the glories of immortal life, they reach the more interior sense of seeing and knowing.

ZANTIPODES."

PHOEBE CARY AND OTHERS.

WELL, I declare! they say I may come and talk a little by this talking machine. They're real kind. I didn't expect this privilege, as there are so many spirits here who are crowding up, and want to send some word to earth friends. I find the rich and poor alike are dealt with kindly, and no previous condition of titles, rank, reputation, aristocracy, wealth or poverty, are any barriers to the distribution of *exact justice*. No preferences exist; no injustice done to any one here. Oh, this existence is so grand; so rich with love and wisdom; so fraught with justice and mercy, hope and charity; so beautiful a life where everyone is known and adjudged for just what they are morally and spiritually. Just think, we are living in your midst, walk with you daily—that is, when we choose so to be and do. 'Tis true, we have our habitation in our beautiful summerland; our pleasures and pains. We live again as we shall always live, each change bringing us into closer rela-

tionship with the truly good and beautiful angels. The time assigned me is nearly expired. My name was Phoebe Cary, long since known as a poetess. Many, many thanks for this privilege. Good-night."

AMA POST.

"Oh dear, I'm so tired! I came here all worn out. I had heart disease the doctor said, and I guess it was, for I knowed no rest for night or day for three months before it stopped aching. I can't say much this time, but express my hearty thanks that we have found a medium by whom we can speak again to our earth friends. There is a great deal I would like to say, but we must await our turn. So, trusting I may have the great privilege of coming again, I must bid you good-bye. Oh, it's a blest relief to come.

"My name is

AMA POST.

"New Haven, Conn."

THE RISING SON.

"It storms without and it storms within. There's not much rest, for the toil and din of a laborer's life is sure to win the hardships of external strife.

"We wager health and give up life for all the poisons of pleasurable sin. And so it is from north to south, from east to west, the plainest and the very best sometimes are victims to love's behest.

"Then come the longings and unrest of love's requited or disunited; of joys supreme and hopes

blighted. And in this endless whirl of change, the soul seeks ever a wider range.

"'Tis thus we live, 'tis thus we strive, like bees and drones in a bee-hive; and curs't is he, and worst is she who labors most emphatically to instruct *well* a colony.

"The time is late for me to prate, so I bid adieu to each and you who hold the pencil now and then, to write the thoughts of wicked men.

"Wicked men, I said? Ah, yes! that's me! this much I will confess, and come again when ready pen doth chronicle all I say. Amen.

"Scribe for Jake Anderson, the rising son."

PETE MCCARTY.

"Hurra, be jabers, I'm glad to come too! You may write me down for Pete McCarty. I left ould Ireland, the land o' me birth, in 1869. After a tirrible storm we landed all right in Boston Harbor.

"Twas but a day or to after that I found friends from ould Ireland. But I'm making my story too long. I'd been in Ameriky just two weeks when I was tuck sick with a fever which burned up me ship and landed me on this side o' Jordan. I'm not sorry, bekos I changed that fur this side o' life; but I'd like them fellows over there to know that I'm better off than them what put stricknine in me powders—'to cure him,' they said, but he's gone out afore 'em, an' now he comes back to tell 'em as how he lives again, an' can see 'em too; an' if they knew Pete was

'round, they'd feel rather shy 'bout seasoning other people's pills and powders with stricknine.

"I ain't come back to find fault pertiklor, but too much 'ov that kind o' bizness is done and too many poor, tired, hungry an' sin-struck souls like meself are sent into the land o' spirits afore they're reddy to come. When, if natur could be helped or be let alone by the regular quacks, the number of deaths would rapidly decrease.

"I can't say no more now; thanks fur this opportunity.

"I'm Pete McCarty, from Cork, ould Ireland, land of pertaters an' paupers. Good-bye."

OLE SAMBO AND BILLY ROOT.

ME hev come to tell me story; me just hurd you read the spirit story, and me tink me would like to tell me story too. So uze de medium what be goin' to hole de pen for us spirits to talk to dar earth frens."

Yes.

"Well, me be so glad, kas me ken talk sumtimes den. Dare ole massa cuff me ear, an' he say, me 'can't talk very good, an' de lady don't want to talk to cullud people.' But me *guardian* say me ken talk on; me want to anyhow. Ole massa stan' by an' lissen; an' he hav to lissen, kas de spirit wat kon-trol dis medium say it be useful lessen to him which

he hev to lurn afore he ken go eny further. He want to git away, but sumhow he don't understan' how to manage, an' he hev to stan' still, kas de law uv kompensashun kant be voided, an' uv necessity must be obade, bekas it be one uv de requisites to individual progression. So me guardian tell me, an' I repete it on dis paper. Ain't em big wurdz for dis nigger to speak? He tole me how to spell em. Well, yu se, ole massa cuff me ears as he uzed to, only more lite dis time, kas de power to do another harm an kounteracted very much by a hyer influence from others who are techers; an' so, no human spirit here ken do others so much harm as when me lived on de earth.

"But to my story afore I forget it. There be so meny tings to see an' lurn here, me sumtimes forget what me be going to say.

"Well, yu se me lived in time uv de wah; me lived fur a long time wid me fadder and mu'der on de plantation, known as de nigger plantation, kas dar was so menny niggers; we was as thick as potatoes in a hill together.

"Well, when de wah broke out, ole massa bein' pretty well off, an' knoin' there was suffishent people to do all the work an' take care o' granny an' de children, an' all de white trash on de plantashun, konkluded arter sum deliberashun to jine the army at Roanoak, so he giv instruckshuns to the boss nigger to kall all de nigs together, an' he would talk to each one sartin shuah.

"Well, we all cum together, big and little, an' ole massa arter lookin' over de hull company uv nigs he sez, with sum trenblin' in his voice and a teer dimmin' his eye, sez he, 'My children an' frens, the time hev cum when we must part; I to go an' fite for our rites, an' yu to sta' at home an' do ebery ting as you wud if I wuz here. I hev given Pete instrukshun how to manage everything while I'm gon, an' I want you all to be obedient to him as yu wud be to me. He hev authority frum me to punish severely eny one uv yu who disoba his orders. He will oversee an' look arter ebery one uv yer, an' yu must oba him in eberyting. Yu ken go now to yer work, an' I shall go on de 11 o'clock trane.'

"While ole massa wuz talkin,' the boss nigger 'sumed very much importone al 'twunst, when ole massa tole him to take kummand uv this cullud regiment; an' if eny nig, at eny time, dar disoba, to nock him rite down, an, ebery time he git up to nock him down till he be glad to do jus as he tole to do.

"Well, de upshot uv de hul bizness kulminated very soon arter ole massa lef fur the sete uv the wah, kas mity soon nuze kum to us that Massa Howton wuz, kild—shot in the hed, an' the sojers were flyin' fur their lives from the northern yanks.

"Well, there wuz a weepin', an' a wailin', an' a nashin' uv the teeth when we hurd that; an' the new massa 'sumed much more importance, kas he hed nobody to boss over him; an' he krakt his cat-o'-nine.

ober ebery nig, big an' little. He wanted we shood feel his torrity.

"Me hev to go now, kas others want to talk; so good-by. Dis nig cum again, and talk more. Yu hev plenty uv time to git dis reddy fur de paper. Yu want to kno me name?"

Yes.

"Well, the nig's winkin' like behind his back, call Massa Howton ole cuffy, an' the boss nig, Peta-jaw-back, an' me! ha! ha! ole Sambo-Scratch-de Ground."

BILLY ROOT.

"How-d'-do! You'll let a poor, little boy talk, wont you, auntie?"

O, Certainly.

"Then me want to say how-d'-do. You hold the pen over the paper, and what we want to say runs right off the point of the pen on the paper. Grandpapa says it is easy for little folks like me to talk in this way. Ain't it funny?"

"All the spirit people what stand round here are so glad. Some do cry; some do clap their hands together like they were glad 'bout something, and others do sing, and the little boys and girls do dance about and clap our hands, and shout and sing, cause everybody do seem so glad and happy-like.

"Now auntie, you'll let all the little girls and boys come and talk off the point of the pen, wont you?"

"We are just as happy as we can be, and will love you ever so much for being so kind as to let us talk this way.

"No more now; the great Father what control you say my time is up. So, good-bye, auntie. You didn't know you had a little nephew like me, did you?"

No.

"My grandmamma is here too."

CHARLES P. HYDE.

Poem—Be Not Discouraged.

To the inventor for the good,
To the laborer for the poor,
By us your thoughts are understood,
The *good* by him forevermore.

Then weep not, struggling child of earth,
Though tears long since have ceased to flow,
And all around thee seems a dearth,
Nor joyful fount, nor even glow
Of friendship's warmth, or sympathy,
Or even child's simplicity.

But look thou forward to the time
When reaping that that thou hast sown,
Thou'll richer be in truths sublime
Than kings and queens, who wear a crown;
Ah then, my toiling child of earth
Thou'lt know the soul's interior worth.

Thou'lt know—and yet will still forget,
Forgetting, yet in mem'ry'll live
The good the pure, the noble act,

SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS.

The motive pow'rs that inly strive
To leap the walls of time and space
To benefit the kindred race.

Yea, darling child, then have no fear,
For in the present coming year
Thou'lt see and know and feel and hear
That angel ministries are near,
And every thought in all your age
Is written on life's daily page.

So cease your murmuring, none can know
The inward suffering, poignant woe,
Of minds whose souls are all aglow
With mental anguish here below,
With mental powers attained so high
That naught on earth can satisfy.

But some of us on looking down
Can see misfortune's heavy frown.
We lift the veil sometimes to see
Where dwells the soul's mortality;
And find the shaft so deeply driven
Within the life—they've nearly riven
The spirit from its tortured home;
Then welcome we—Oh, come! oh, come!

Then "look aloft," for well you know
The soul's interior life will glow
With all its hopes, with all its fears,
Forever radiant in the spheres;
And every one will own the cause
That drove him on from clause to pause,
And each will know whatever he
Has thought or done—*t'was so to be.*

"Look aloft dear child, we say again, and do not
murmur. Your spirit father,

C. P. HYDE.

COMMUNICATION.

HORACE GREELEY AND ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THERE are some general principles upon which we wish to speak. The heterogeneity of mankind is presented to us, and over which we preside to a limited extent, requires our closest scrutiny, and analytical divisions into grades and classes, ranging from the least degree of development, which may be called class first, to the higher degree or development of grade and class number seven, in which may be found very exalted minds of earth.

“We wish it distinctly impressed on the mind, that as there are different degrees of development of the peoples composing the human race, so there are different degrees of advancement in the spiritual realm.

“And as there are teachers qualified here in your sphere for the education of different classes, so there are teachers qualified for the education of the several classes in each spiritual sphere.

“It is a well-attested truth, to which your mind has been called before by observation and some experience, that spirit mediums are found in almost every locality. They are directly and indirectly our pupils.

“We are trying many, as you know, in crucibles of affliction, and by various processes not generally understood by mankind.

"We are endeavoring to fit them for the world's teacher's and the world's redeemers.

"In many cases we find the genuine coin purified and ready for circulation through the highways and byways of knowledge, and the avenues leading to parks of cultured wisdom.

"We find other mediumistic coin, bright and uncorroded, but so surrounded by that which is dark and cold, that the process of development is tedious and protracted.

"But mark this—look upon all with *charity*, and treat none with foolish contempt and utter condemnation. Be lenient toward all.

"By thus acting and thinking you have opened up an avenue by which many sore-footed, heart-wounded mediumistic traveler will pass onward and upward through the ascending grades, classes, different and varied phases of mediumship, giving at every advancing step better satisfaction to the inquirer and skeptic; and you to whom we speak cannot fail to be benefited.

"HORACE GREELEY.

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

PART III.

STARLIGHTS.

OUR SATURDAY NIGHT LETTER.

FROM SPIRIT FRANKIE.

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 boys and girls.

"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, mamma? And will you sometime listen to what the little children have to say, and write it for them, so their poor papa's and

mamma'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 ! mamma, 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 has 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 mamma, my own dear mamma, that we can write by your hand ; and bye and bye 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, 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 dear earth-bound mother, Lucy L. Browne, from her own daughter, FRANKIE.”

Aug. 24, 1880.

"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."

GREETING. FOR TRUTH--THE RISING SUN.

FROM Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Hatch, of Astoria, L. I., their present residence, the following eloquent greeting to our daughter Frankie is just received.

Prized all the more highly, coming, as it does, from persons so highly esteemed and well and favorably known to the Spiritual press. It is sparkling with the brilliancy of hope and confidence that the prediction from spirits will be fulfilled, in regard to the art of *independent spirit printing*, from the fact of their own angelic daughter's prophecies having been more than realized by her loved, and loving parents. Verily the engine of immortal progress is moving onward, before whose approach antiquated theories and idolized errors are giving way, and the headlight of

truth ever pushing onward, is penetrating the hitherto unknown regions of the soul's domain.

Let in the light—starlights, fragmentary though they be—from the great central source of light and truth. They have their mission, and will aid in lighting the pathway of humanity, until all, from the least to the greatest, shall come to a knowledge, and worship that only that is pure and divine.

ED. RISING SUN.

FRANKIE:

"Sweet Spirit Instructor of the "Starlights," we send greetings to you and your little band, wishing you great joy in the success of spirit printing.

"Let us assure you that we feel it. Yes, that we have faith that your dear spirits will accomplish it.

"To the readers of *Truth*, we will state why our faith is so firm, so strong in its fulfillment.

"We once were blest with a child, a daughter to womanhood grown, so bright, so beautiful; but ere we realized it, that fell destroyer, bronchial consumption, came into our happy home, and then the angels came, and with her spirit passed to realms—to us then—not understood. But ere many weeks had passed us by, our spirit child came to us in our sorrows in various ways, and before eighteen months had flown, our Lizzie's spirit came in form materialized, and talked and walked with us, recounting many things of her past life and present doings in her celestial home. She promised us many things, and they have all come to pass as we were told.

"Are we not blest indeed to have our Lizzie, a celestial visitant, whose beauteous features and form we so sorrowingly laid in the cold grave, in our ancestral grounds, come now to greet us with her benign smile and protecting care ?

"Dear Readers, have we read this and not seen what we have related, we, who are nearer the rising sun, as we measure time, would have sought to meet our spirit child, even though we had to seek her at the setting sun on the grand Pacific shore.

"We will now relate why we feel that little Frankie's starlight spirit prophecying will come to pass.

"As our dear one's spirit comes to us in our quiet home, besides many other beautiful angel spirits in spheres far removed from earth, they each and all endeavor to show us wonders, and most marvelous to behold at times, our spirit child will come enveloped in her spirit lace, and stand before us shining as brightly as the 'starlights' of spirit Frankie's nights. Then again will she stand by our side, and throw off electric sparks, both loud and bright, and well do we remember one evening toward the close of April just past, that our spirit child had prepared to give us a surprise greater than any before; so much so that we were awe-struck—spell-bound.

"As my wife and I sat on this eventful evening, inviting the spirit's presence by the notes of subdued music, and with thoughts of angel friends that we might greet, when, without notice, the crackling of

the lightning's flash was heard and seen, but far too bright for our sight, and startling, too, so that we cried aloud, 'My God ! my God ! what is this ? Why this ? It is more than we can bear !' But ere our cry was complete, out came our dear one in her angelic beauty both of mien and raiment, with hands far extended, pointing upward, indicating from whence she came, and from whence all power proceeds.

"Now, kind readers, in our seeing and hearing so much, and far more than here related, from our dear spirit friends gone before, are we not correct in saying that little Frankie's spirit declarations will be fulfilled ? So we think. MY WIFE AND I."

Astoria, L. I., Oct. 10, 1880.

Frankie's Reply.

"Mother, I cannot find words to express my feelings for the greeting my kind friends in the East extend to your own daughter Frankie.

"Please say that I will come in person to them with their daughter Lizzie when conditions will favor, and then I will try and make suitable acknowledgment of their kind and heartfelt greeting.

"Mamma, may I say to them that my own dear precious mamma returns a fervent greeting to them, and also to those in whose presence we may appear ? I see in your mind thoughts and aspirations that wing themselves heavenward and outward to all humanity, uniting you to others in the imperishable bond of brother and sisterhood of the progressive order the world's workers.

"The Pacific and the Atlantic will be united by the magnetic belt of true humanitarian feeling for all the peoples of America.

"The barren soils and deserts will yet be made to blossom with verdure, the mountains and valleys, lakes and rivers, deserts and woodlands shall yield rich abundance to all the happy people of our own American continent, and they will know no more want, destitution, crime, war, and strife as it exists to-day. There will be no 'North,' no 'South', no East, nor West. The boundary lines will be swept away, and love, wisdom, mercy, and justice, will be the ruling attributes between man and man. Then will the era of true manhood and exalted womanhood take the place of the present socialistic structure of society, and all will aim to become as the angels in the spheres above us. The good time is already inaugurated, and Princes, Priests, and President's will from their follies learn wisdom, and practice the higher principles based upon the equal rights of individual sovereignty. Then there can be no strife such as exists to-day in the political arena, and religious domain. For this the higher or rather advanced angels, seraphim and cherubim are laboring; and the spirit of GOOD, which is God, will finally triumph over all evil, or in other words, will reign supreme throughout the universe, our own native home, the earth, included.

FRANKIE."

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SPIRIT FRANKIE TO HER MOTHER.

WHEN we come to talk with you, mother, we want to tell you how we live in in this beautiful spirit world.

“ When I was sick, I was so impatient to be over my sufferings, I’d rather die than live; and when I did cease to breathe, I was not unconscious, and knew when you let go my hands, and heard you moan, but I could not speak any more, for there was something that filled my lungs and throat and crowded away my breath.

“ You remember they laid me down by the window on something hard, and the pain had not all gone from my heart, and I tried to look at you again, and ask you to raise me up; and then I felt you close to me, and your breath upon my face, and I wanted to kiss you again; and then I felt you press so gently my eyelid down, as if you’d have me close it. I knew ’twas death—death of the body, I mean, mamma, for I knew I could come to you again, and I’m standing right by you now. I soon forgot the pain, and went to sleep. I thought I dreamed that Aunt Mary and so many little children were with me, and grandma, too, stood not far away, and she seemed to look at *you* more than at me, and made some motions toward your head, as if she would soothe your mind, and make you feel better; your head ached so hard, didn’t it, mamma? She had all she could do, so she has since told me, to hold you in the earth form, for

you were feeling so badly you came very near having congestion of the brain, and would have died if it had not been for her persistent efforts to keep you from coming with me.

"Then Aunt Mary, holding me in her arms, laid me down upon her nice soft bed made of moss and beautiful flowers, and while resting on the flowery bed the perfume that I inhaled helped me to breathe again, and cured my aching heart; and then I went to sleep, while the little girls and boys sat by me singing in soft musical tones a sweeter song than I had ever heard. It was a song of welcome, for they all seemed so glad that I had come to live with them. I may repeat it some time to you, for it would comfort some other mammas whose little girls have come to live in the spirit world. It is a song and melody of the angel spheres where little children live. It soothed me to rest and sleep; and when I awakened and found myself still surrounded by those bright-eyed and sweet-faced children, I was very happy, for I was no longer weary, and the pain was all gone from my heart.

"Every breath of air seemed to impart so much strength and joy, that very soon I was able to arise and sit up.

"But first, mamma, they called me by a new name, and then two little girls brought me some water to drink, from a spring in the beautiful garden of flowers, they said. Oh, I never tasted water like it before; it flashed like rays of light and warmth through-

out my entire system. Every nerve and vein seemed thrilling with vital strength, and I felt that I should never be tired again or suffer pain.

"Then, as the little children were very merry and happy, they asked Aunt Mary if I could go with them to gather flowers. She said I could go if I liked; 'but first Frankie needs refreshment.' Then, as I rose from the bed of flowers, I noticed that instead of a house, we were in a bower composed of green running vines and flowers of many tints and colors; and among the flowers were many, many faces; faces large and small, old and young, seemed set in flowers with tinted colors rich and rare. I looked at those before me, and saw their loving and moistened eyes follow the children in their movements; they seemed to speak, and yet I could not hear their voices. I turned, and looking, there, encircled in the flowery wall, was my own dear mamma's face, with look so full of love and anguish my heart melted at the sight, and springing to clasp her in my arms and kiss her, a beautiful hand drew gently before her face a veil so pure and white I thought it made of tiny particles of snow.

"Keen disappointment cut my spirit then, and I fell fainting forward. A gentle arm uplifted and sustained me, and in a moment's time Aunt Mary held me on her lap.

"My grief was intense; I cried as if my heart would break, and all the agony of pain seemed trooping back to storm the citadel again.

"Then, in accents low and sweet at first, and rising higher in breath of song like undulating wavelets sweeping o'er the stricken soul, baptizing it with intenser joy akin to pain, still rising higher in bird-like thrilling strains, her joyous tone seemed mingling with the breath of flowers, turning each their tiny heads and looking, as only budding flowers can look, toward my angel Auntie, who had filled their souls with song.

"The room was filled with fragrance sweeter far than I had known on earth or anywhere.

"They seemed to know when the song ran high, or low, swift or slow, for each would nod or bow so gracefully, and sway to and fro as if in keeping with the time and cadence of the flowers' rhyme.

"Then out the door, around the bower, Aunt Mary's tones went farther, higher, and all the air so clear and pure seemed thrilling with the breath of song, so deep, so far, so rich, so grand, I thought it was God's holy lyre, swept by his all-loving hand.

"The music ceased, and from the distant horizon there came a melody more grand; it came from the far-off summer land. It reached our home, and silence grew upon the flowers and children, too. It touched our hearts, and in glad song the flowers and children joined as one, and sang a chorus of glad joy. Then all was still; and for a moment I was lost in the joyous harmony that seemed to fill all the spheres and realms of God, and I nestled closely on Aunt Mary's bosom. And then I thought of my own dear mamma, and tried hard to keep from crying.

“Auntie, knowing my thoughts, kissed me again and again; and when she spoke to me, the music in her tone was like a mother’s voice—so kind, so full of love, and rich with sympathy. I don’t understand it yet, mamma, but the delicate colors that made the flowers so exquisitely beautiful seemed to impart their tinting to each word, and the delicious perfume of the flowers mingled with her breath.

“‘My darling child,’ she said, ‘borne from the earthly life to the spirit home, to dwell forever among those whom you will learn to love, and who will love you in return.’ I thought of mamma then, and interrupting, said, ‘O, none can love me as my mamma does; and what made the hand so quickly draw the veil before and hide her from my view? I want to speak to her, and hold her in my arms again.’

“‘You thought you saw your mother’s face, and that she stood outside the flowery curtain, and, indeed, ’twas true, and yet not true.

“‘In her deep sorrow for her darling child, she thought of you, and being led by a superior guide, looked in and found her risen child.

“‘And now she’s gone again; the angel hand that drew the veil before her face, knew well you could not stand the shock of clasping only empty air,—

For thought alone, though imaged fair,
’Twas thought, and not the mortal there.
And often, when she thinks of you,
You’ll see her image still more true.

“‘So, dry your tears, and then again we’ll sing

the *birdie's* joyous strain; and then the children all may go, and take you where the lilies grow.

“‘Now sing with me, my children, the happy birdie’s song.’

“I cannot write it for you, mamma, neither can I describe it.

“Aunt Mary raised her hand and gracefully swept the strings of an instrument, something like a harp, that was standing by her side; I had not noticed it before.

“Oh, such brilliant music! It was *brilliant*, mamma, for light in tiny rays, and sparkling as if composed of shining particles, like snow-flakes glistening in the sun, ran off from all the strings and mingled in the air around us.

“I noticed, as the song ran high or low, soft or loud, the rays that sparkled with the light changed colors, like the rainbow tints or diamonds strung on golden threads; so fine and particled, and each had tintings of its own, and blending in such harmony, as cadence after cadence rolled, baptizing my soul in melody.

“Then every little girl and boy arose, and in supremest joy they trilled the notes of birdie’s song.

“When one stanza was completed, the harp in Auntie’s hand alone seemed to echo every word and thought expressed in colors; so deep in tone, and rich with love, I dared not breathe or move, for fear I’d jostle all the air and lose the faintest sound. The children formed in line, and two by two advancing,

touched the harp, and passing bowed to Auntie; then the music was divine; it seemed to chant in words and song, and said to them:

“ ‘Children of earth, and now of heavenly homes, do well your work, and learn your lessons well.

“ ‘To keep the golden rule is now the pleasure of each pupil in our happy school.

“ ‘Then know that angel hands will ever guide you on to happier spheres, and teach each one to lift the fallen up, and lead each weary soul beyond their fears.’

“ ‘It ceased its music and its words; and then the younger girls stood in a long circling row, and in their prattling, childish voices, trilled the chorus of the birdie’s song; and then in looking up I saw the birds—such pretty birds, all plumaged with colors bright and gay; some were golden, some were gray. They circled gracefully around, and up and down, and mingled all their notes with the children’s voices in birdie’s song.

“ ‘Now I know why it was called ‘birdie’s song.’ Because the birds, all pure and fair, were dwellers in the upper air; and each were named, and each were called, according to their plumage rare. Each birdie knew its childish mate, and lighting on their heads so fair, they sang a chorus sweeter far than words can tell, or words shall mar.

“ ‘Oh, blissful moment, happy spell, when Aunt and children, harp and birdies, joined in the chorus—
“ ‘Tis done, ’tis well.’

"Then I knew it meant that my earth life was completed, and it was *well* that I had found so beautiful a home in the angel spheres. But every little while I would think of my mamma on the cold, bleak earth, as I felt it to be while there, and I wished she could come and live with us here. And Auntie knowing my thoughts as I turned to question her why mamma couldn't come, and how long it would be before she would come, kindly replied: 'Not yet, my child; your mother has much on earth to keep her there for some time to come; and if you backward look, you'll see so many children like yourself who need a mother's tender care, and yet they've none to love or care for them, and some will grow up wicked men, and little girls will be defamed; and mothers, too, will share the fate of those who are grown in selfish hate.'

"I said, 'Ah, now I see why it is best and well for me to leave the earth, and dwell with thee.'

"'But think you, Auntie, will it be long before my mamma will join our throng?'

"'Not many years,' she said, 'at most; but then we'll wait and hope and trust, believing that we soon shall see why she longer dwells in mortality.'

"Auntie's words and tender voice quieted again my anxious and restless mind. The children had silently listened, and crystal tear-drops nestled in the eyes of some of them.

"Then Auntie, addressing them, said: 'Children, this little girl has just come from earth to live with

us. We will all unite in trying to contribute to her happiness, and now I will introduce you to her one by one, so that she may know you all by name, and then you may take her with you in your plays, and as you expressed a wish some time ago—with you where the lilies grow.'

"And then, as she introduced each girl and boy by their pretty spirit name, that seemed to be so interblended with their form and features, and shone with a radiant luster all about their heads, I wondered I had not known their names before. Each in their turn pressed my hand and kissed my cheek, and passed on. The boys then followed as the girls had done, pressed my hand—all but one, as he drew near me he smiled and bowed, and then a thin veil, like a silvery cloud, came between us; and I, wondering, saw six large, golden letters so prettily planned, with small letters on each as if by a magic wand wrought on the silvery veil. Each letter bore upon it the name of another, combining the names of each sister and brother. I'll give you the names as I read them just then; their beauty is indescribable by pencil or pen. I'll trace for you, mamma, the large letters first; they were W-I-L-L-I-E; then, turning to the first letter again, in diamond-like letters was wrought Mary Jane. Glancing at I, I saw in diamonds then, the marvelous letters making Lucy Ellen. Then L, the next letter, was pearly and bright, unlike other letters—like brilliant stars in the night, and, reading it carefully, saw then and there the glorious name E-d-g-a-r.

"The L following was glistening with pearls, rich and fair; I questioned the meaning. The answer was rare: 'One of four girls—now living on earth—will be mother of pearls.'

"Letter I, next in turn, I gazed on and smiled; the name Charlie, though sage-like and witty, and mild, was sparkling with gems I could not define, and must leave him to decipher this childish-like rhyme.

"The last letter, E, then looking upon, was glistening with diamonds, and to state what is truth, from each tiny letter I read my childhood and youth.

"My brothers and sisters—our names all conjoined, inspired me with love and joy most profound. The veil disappeared; the names passed away, but Willie, my *brother*, stood there. He looked so like mamma I knew who he was, though I'd seen him never before.

"'Frankie, my sister!' and 'Willie, my brother!' we said, as we greeted each other.

"Aunt Mary, who was standing near and looking kindly upon us, reserved to us the right of each to introduce ourselves. I felt now that I was not alone in this new spirit home, for as my newly-found brother kissed me and led me toward the group of merry children, his hand and voice were so like mamma's, I knew he was the darling boy that she had told me of, down in the world below. Then at my dress I looked, and was surprised to see that it was not only entirely new, but like softest, finest,

downy lace, and all over it, and interwoven in the fabric were flowers, real live flowers, so pretty; some were white, and pink, and blue, and leaves of green, prettier flowers than I'd ever seen. I couldn't understand how it could be; and Willie, seeing my perplexity, said sweetly, 'We're in the beautiful spirit Summerland.' Joining the children, one of the elder girls said, 'Our darling sister, you will soon know how it is—all over your dress the flowers grow.'

"Then I noticed the right sleeve—the upper part of it clung to my wrist, and I wondered why it seemed pinned and wouldn't let go; then right where it was held, there was a dark withered flower with thorns all around it; it was one of the thorns that pinned it; it hurt my wrist and made my hand ache; and, as I looked at the withered flower and thorns, they seemed to change into piercing words, and the dark and withered flower grew darker still and frowned upon me; then I knew it all—it frowned upon me until in it I recognized my face as frowning when I was a rebellious child and earth-bound; when mamma wanted I should bring some wood I frowned, and sulky was, and said, 'I won't.' The thorns had gathered on my sleeve; and I remember well another time, when with the fever my head was racked with pain, and getting my playthings for the little boy who came to play with me, I was angry because he said some naughty thing, and I said, 'I'll strike him in the mouth if he says that again.'

"One other time, when sister Emma called me 'a

naughty girl,' I said, 'You lie!' and raised my hand to strike her then, but something told me not to strike for it would hurt me more than her. And then I knew to think to strike or hurt another person in any way, infixes thorns, dark spots, and blemishes upon the spirit and its dress.

"The children, silently impressed, were listening to my thought; and, as I brushed the tears away, one kindly said to Willie, 'We'll go now to the beautiful field, and find for each a lily.'

"The children then in groups were formed, the youngest then the tallest, and marched so prettily along to the music of the golden harp and Auntie's thrilling song.

"Outside the bower the children all were gay with song and glee, and I so free and happy now, as happy as birds could be; and looking down I saw my feet with lovely slippers on. They were in shape like those I had on earth, but oh! so beautiful; I'll tell you, if I can.

"You know, mamma, when I was sick, my feet were swollen so that you couldn't get my stockings on, neither my old worn shoe; and in trying to walk, so clumsy they were I could hardly touch the floor; but now 'twas all gone, the swelling and clumsiness, and my feet felt as light as air, as I tript along from the bower—and the 'Birdie's Song.'

"You've seen shells—beautiful sea-shells with colours, so fine and translucent; my slippers were like them, though soft and pliable; there were mirrored

the most tiny shells, sparkling gems, and shell-like flowers so exquisitely beautiful. I had never seen anything half so pretty. And as I looked, there came a shading—a dark line toward the sole of the slippers, as I looked at it, it grew darker, and then I saw it shadowed forth my disobedience, when from my mamma's counsel, sometimes I'd gone astray, and there came a darker shading, and behold the time when living in St. Paul one bright day, I begged mamma against her wish, to let me go with Mrs. S. to visit friends some fourteen blocks away; arriving there her daughter came and told me you was very sick.

“My hat I took and ran down the streets as fast as I could go, and, running up the stairs again—my heart was beating hard; and when I greeted mother dear, I thought I'd fall upon the floor. That was the beginning of my death, death of the flesh I mean, for I'm living still in a beautiful world, in the light of this glorious sheen. Oh, mamma, now the shadings are gone, the thorns and frowning flower, and I'm standing by you in your home with love and spirit power to bless the little girls and boys who listen to my story, and if they love and never grieve another, they'll reach a higher glory.

“And now, good-bye, my mother dear, until I write again, and never, never doubt or fear, your work is not in vain, your

FRANKIE.”

October, 1880.

OUR SATURDAY NIGHT LETTER.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."—JESUS.

THE angels are hovering around, mamma, to carry the tidings home; to carry the tidings to our beautiful summer home.

"Mamma, we our brother and sister, have come to you to-night, because we like to come and talk with our own dear mother on the earth-plane in mortal form.

"Oh! it's so beautiful here in our spirit home, that we can hardly restrain ourselves from taking you away from the toils, perplexities, and storms of life, to live with us; for we want so much our own dear mamma to enjoy this happiness, and be borne away from all the trials which surround her on the bleak earth. But we will not murmur, because our superior teachers say they have need of her longer among the people of earth, where they can come in direct contact with many minds they wish to reach through the columns of the *Risiny Sun*.

"But oh, mamma! we are making such a beautiful home for you and for our darling sister. She has many trials before her, but sister Mary Jane and myself have constituted ourselves a committee to attend upon her and her little ones; the discipline she is receiving is preparing her for a step out of difficulties into the glorious light of truth. Now, mamma, we will say no more at present in regard to members



of our family, for there are others—some of my pupils here who have something to say.

“Here is a little girl that has learned her letters, or rather I should say, has taken her first lessons in the language of the spheres. It is a beautiful language, unlike this that I am now using in conveying my thoughts to you. (And now, mamma, permit me to say right here, that to some of our readers it may seem strange that your Frankie should change her communications from a *childish prattle* to that which befits my present age. I talked at first as I used to, so that you should not be mistaken in the identity of your child.)

“She wishes me to say that she is little Nellie Taylor, and lived some three and a half years in Brooklyn, N. Y., and has been for three years, nearly, in the beautiful spirit world.

“You may think strange that a child formerly living so far away, should come here to send a letter back to her people, but she is one of the little children that is placed under my care, and so I brought her to you, mamma.

“She will now talk for herself.” “I miss my mamma and papa, but I can go way down to Brooklyn sometimes to see them. My pretty teacher says I may go, and she will take me with her to see them when they think about their little Nellie, and feel so bad 'cause I've gone away and don't live with them any more.

“Sometimes when I go home to my papa and

mamma, and find they feel so bad 'cause they've lost their darling Nellie, it makes me cry, too, and then I have to go right away, and my pretty teacher takes me in her arms and tells me pretty stories; and I believe 'em all, too, 'cause she said once when I went home again, I would find another little Nellie in place of me, and mamma and papa would love her as much as they did this Nellie that's now talking on the paper. Oh, I was so glad; so glad! for then papa and mamma wouldn't be so lonesome; and I wanted to go right away and find the little Nellie, and tell her she might have my dollies and all my nice things to play with, 'cause I didn't want 'em any more.

"Then my beautiful teacher—oh, she's so pretty, and I love her so much—said, 'We'll soon go and see the new little Nellie; and what will you do for her?' Oh! I'll love her and kiss her, and she shall be my own little sister, and we'll help mamma take care of her, won't we, just like you take care of me? Then my pretty teacher looked so sorry, when I said that, and she clasped me to her bosom, and imprinted kisses on my face and curly head, and said, 'We'll do all we can for your little sister Nellie!' but I couldn't understand what made her look so sad; I'm going to ask her some time when I know she'll tell me.

"The tears went away from her eyes, and she looked like she most always does, so happy, happy, and then all the children are happy, too. One morning I tho't it was morning 'cause I'd been asleep a

long time; I awoke and my teacher was sitting close by me; and the beautiful flowers she had in her hands and on her lap, seemed to murmur, or echo, no, that isn't it, seemed to *sing* in their own sweet way. Oh! now I think, like soft, æolian harps, and like so many voices, they accompanied the voice of my beautiful teacher; and they all sang,

“ ‘Were ’weaving a garland of flowers
For Nellie, sweet Nellie on earth—but is ours,
Only ours to love, to cherish and caress
While traveling the pathway of earth’s wilderness.
Dear Nellie, to Nellie these flowerets convey,
Emblematic of love, when wisdom bears away.


“Oh, the tones and music were so sweet, it seemed to tremble on my eyelids. and through them I seemed to see the meaning of those big words that my teacher since learned me to write. Oh, it’s so beautiful here; all the air is filled with the sweetest music; when we little girls get lonesome and want to go home again to our papa and mamma, such beautiful music comes to cheer us, and make us happy again. We wish mamma and papa and all the people who haven’t come to live in this spirit world, could hear it, for then they couldn’t be naughty any more, or hurt each other as some do.

“I can’t write any more now ’cause I’m so tired; and I want to ask my teacher something. You’ll wait for me, won’t you? and let me come again, ’cause you see my letter isn’t done yet. [Yes! little Nellie, we’ll wait for you on *this* side of “Heaven’s gate;” and you may finish your letter when you

choose.] Oh, goodie that'll be so nice, that I can come again; now good-bye, for only a little while, auntie, my teacher says I may call you auntie; you'll let me won't you? [Certainly if you like.] Then good-bye again, 'auntie.' [And as the little golden-haired, bright-faced child of six summers passes from our presence, her little hand wafts to us a childish kiss, and her trusting blue eyes sparkle with hope and animation. So good-bye to little Nellie, until her sweet face and winning presence shall again be seen and felt by her willing auditors.—ED.]

"November 15, 1880."

FRANKIE TO HER MOTHER.

 H! mamma, we are so happy this morning; we're so glad you've got a nice new office,* where you'll not be so frequently disturbed in writing, because we can better and oftener control and write what we desire. There are so many spirits who wish to talk to their earth friends, that whenever they find a medium, they desire them to become willing and useful instruments for them to use. There is daily an increase in the number of mediums who are being used as never before to bring glad tidings to all people,

*I had just seated myself, and taken my pen for the first time after removing into a new office room, when the foregoing happy greeting from spirit daughter Frankie was written.

"The old, grey-headed saint and sinner, the philosopher, and the foolish youths and children who stand on this border land of the spirit world, are desirous of sending messages "over the river" to the loved ones of earth. And as we each progress, the twinkling starlights will grow more brilliant and send their cheering rays into very many dark and clouded homes where the sunlight of joy seldom penetrates.

"We predict for the *Rising Sun*, mamma, a bright career, for the light of truth can never be dimmed or obliterated. The instruments through which it reaches the sensitive and prepared sensorium of individual minds, may be worn and dull, and finally the material decay; but truth is ever the same, and to the inhabitants of earth its effulgent rays are civilizing, energizing, and purifying all the mental, moral, and religious spheres; mankind in this transition period is learning wisdom more rapidly than ever before; and we see ere the closing of another year on earth, the inhabitants will have learned very many useful lessons that will be given them through the channel of mediumship. Within the next year great changes will occur in almost every country, and in almost every district.

"Spirits from a hitherto 'unknown shore' will visit the earth, and the spirit of intrinsic intelligence will be poured upon humanity general y.

"I am taking too much space in the *Rising Sun*, but hope we may be able to publish it oftener than once a month, and then we can bring many little offerings for publication.

“Little Nellie Taylor desires to continue her story, and will in our next paper.

“Willie Thornton, a little boy with large, dark-brown eyes, and quivering lips, says he wants to talk to his mamma, too; and Phoebe Price says she would like to write a little communication to her sister Mary Price, who lives in Oshkosh, Wisconsin.


“And others desire to be remembered by their relatives whether they write or not, for they are watching, waiting, and trusting the time is near when each pupil in our happy school can greet their earth friends, and all be governed by the golden rule.

“No more now, mamma, only we’ll bring many little tributes of memory, pearls from our spirit home, to deck the sorrowing brows of other dear mammas than my own.

“Ever your daughter, Spirit Frankie, and oh! I’m so glad I’m a spirit, mamma; rejoice with me that I have passed from death unto everlasting life. Now, good-bye for only a little while. Your FRANKIE.”

December 18, 1880.

FRANKIE AND OTHERS.

UR own dear mamma, we come now to say the work so confidentially entrusted to your care is not in vain, or lost upon humanity.

“We see many persons reading the *Rising Sun*

whose minds have never before been called to the investigation of the spiritual philosophy, and who would have remained in darkness, but for its shimmering rays. Now, my own dear mamma, let me say, do not falter, as you are sometimes inclined, in the publication of the prophetic visions which your spirit teachers have in the past given you. Good and not evil will result from so doing, and the more you can simplify what you see, hear, and learn from the spirit world, the better will it be for the understanding of most of our readers. A world of men, women, and children are being educated spiritually by their friends, whom they thought dead and departed.

"Here comes Willie Thornton. He says he will write for himself if you will permit him to use your hand.

FRANKIE."

[Certainly he may write if he chooses.]

WILLIE THORNTON.

"Oh, I have to think a little first what to say. I had it all fixed up what to say to Auntie Carrie when I came, but I've forgot it most, for it's 'bout our home that's far away from here, and it almost takes away my breath to try to think and write, too. But I'm going to tell her 'bout our little pet Carrie who lives with us in the spirit world. She came to us when it was evening in the old home where papa and mamma used to live. When papa bent over

the crib where little Carrie went to sleep, never to wake up as she always did before she was sick, and spring right up into mamma's arms so gleeful and bright. He bent still lower over little Carrie's face, and looked so sad it almost made me cry. I never saw him look so sorrowful but once before; that was when the angels came for Willie, and took him away from dear papa and mamma. And now his eyes were full of tears, his breath hushed because he was trying to see if pet Carrie would breathe again, and would not die. Then he whispered in his thoughts, oh, so mournfully, 'Can this be death?'

"An answering spirit said, in the same way he breathed his question, 'This is life, life everlasting!'

"And the tear drops glistened in papa's eyes as a smile lit up his face, and he turned to mamma, who was pale and motionless and cold, and pressing her to him, whispered in a tremulous tone, 'Let His will, not ours, be done. The Lord loveth whom he chasteneth, and scourgeth whom he reproveth. Let us be thankful that our darling has joined her brother in the beautiful fields of God, where angels dwell and do his will.'

"Then a sweet angel placed upon mamma's head a pretty wreath of flowers, and, like tiny dew drops, tears from her loving eyes fell upon the flowers. Then wrapping darling little Carrie in her beautiful veil, so soft and white, bore her away from papa's and mamma's home.

"Oh, I was so glad; I was just as happy as I

could be, 'cause now I had my little sister again to play with, and thought we could go together to see papa and mamma, and bring them to live with us in this beautiful spirit home. It's prettier here than any place or home on the earth. We have everything to make us just as happy as we can be, only when we think of our papa and mamma, and aunties and cousins, we would like so much to have them with us, and in our starlight school our teacher says, 'We will have them all with us sometime, and then we will be ever so much happier, and glad all the time.' I expect when our old dog Fido dies, he'll come to see us, 'cause when I whistle for him, he hears me and whines, 'cause he's so lonesome without Carrie and me.

"And now if you'll send this letter to Miss Carrie Thornton, my papa's sister, in Bloomfield, Illinois, she may get it, and then she'll carry it to papa and mamma, and read it to them.

"They don't believe much in spirit writing, but they'll come to know more about it soon.

"I'm Willie Thornton, and my papa and mamma live in Bloomfield, Illinois. Good-bye."

"LITTLE NELLIE TAYLOR,

Mamma, says she wants to carry a bouquet of flowers to her papa and mamma. We hope to arrange with some materialization medium to do so soon. She is now weaving garlands of flowers for her mamma and sister Nellie. She thought she

would finish her letter, but like other little girls, she finds much to attract her attention, and cannot write now."

FRANKIE TO HER MOTHER.

DEAR mamma, we have come again to visit. Little Nellie Taylor is now ready to write, and tell you how she left her home and earth to live with us in our spirit home. She says: 'Tell papa and mamma that I'm coming to them when I get a little older, so they can see me, and know when Nellie is with them.' She will speak for herself now:"

LITTLE NELLIE TAYLOR.

"Auntie, mamma cried ever so hard when I went away up to Heaven where the angels live. I had been very sick, and my head ached so hard, with some kind of fever, and then the cold chills would creep all over me and make me shake all through, and my teeth would chatter, and then I would grow faint, and couldn't breathe hardly. Then everything would go so far away, and I could just hear mamma when she called, 'Nellie, Nellie; oh my dear Nellie, don't go from us! We cannot let you go!' And then she cried so hard. I tried to go way back to her, after I'd gone so far and almost reached the border land of the spirit world, where I could see so many little children, in such a pretty, soft light. And the light was all full of little twinkling star

lights, oh, so pretty—like the prettiest diamonds, when they twinkle and glisten in the sunlight, only they were dancing up and down, and moving about in every direction. And I wanted to go quicker to the starlights, where all the little children were so merry and pleased 'bout something. And I wanted to know if everything whirled round the rooms, and their papas and mammas and the pictures on the walls, and the windows, and everything so fast they couldn't see 'em, just as it did when I lay in my little crib and my head ached so hard.

“ But when mamma again called, ‘ Nellie, Nellie,’ I just came back as quick as I could, and saw me lying in mamma's lap, so white and cold. But pretty soon I felt her soft hand brush over my hair, and her warm breath and lips upon my face; and then it all seemed like a dream. But pretty soon I felt the chill creep over and through me again, and the little children all beckoned me to come, and I clapped my hands for joy, and kissed mamma and papa good-bye, 'cause I was going to see and play with them. Then a beautiful spirit man held out his hands to me and said:

“ ‘ Come, little Nellie, come with me.’

“ He took me in his arms and said, ‘ I'll take you to a beautiful home that we've been making for you since you've been so sick.’ And he bore me away from the room where everything whirled round so fast, away from papa and mamma, and my crib, and away from all my pretty playthings,

and I forgot all about the chills and fever. And soon we were so far away that when mamma again called, 'Nellie! oh, my poor little Nellie!' I couldn't go back. And papa's sobbing and mamma's crying grew more faint and far away, until I could no longer hear them, and I couldn't see 'em any more.

"Then I nestled down close to the bosom of the beautiful angel, and as I listened to his beating heart and deep and quiet breathing, it seemed as if the beating was keeping time to the lullaby in his breath, and I felt as if the big spirit man couldn't let me fall. He had enfolded me in a warm, fleecy, ethereal garment which warmed and comforted me.

"My beautiful teacher says—for I just now asked her—the "garment" is called the aroma of love.

"Then I went to sleep and dreamed the sweet 'lullaby' in his breath had come down all around me. I could see it going way off from his mouth in wave after wave, until it reached the border land of the brilliant starlight home of the spirit children. And then each thought wave of breathing melody, tinted with the tiniest particles of the rainbow, set in motion all the twinkling starlights, which seemed to contain merry, tinkling bells.

"And when they all in chorus rang
The breathing thoughts the children sang,
So loud, so clear, and then so mild,
The greeting to an earthly child,
It woke me from my pleasant dream;
And looking up, the radiant beam
Of the kind angel's dark-blue eye

Looked like mamma's—but I didn't cry.
It was more *real* than it did seem,
I found it was not all a dream,
For now we'd reached the other shore
Where children never suffer more.

“ The angel bowed his head to mine,
And said: ‘ My child will ne’er repine
With all these children fair and gay
With whom you’ll live from day to day,
And learn the wisdom of our school,
Which is the Starlight’s golden rule.
And now with ardent love, I place
You in our home, which you may grace,
And to this teacher’s tender care
I leave you now with fervent prayer.’
And then he placed me on her arm,
And said: ‘ My child need fear no harm.’

“ Auntie, I cannot write any more. I must go.
You won't forget to put this in the *Rising Sun*,
will you, and send it where you sent my other
letter? I think papa'll get it sometime, and he and
mamma'll be so glad to hear from Nellie again—their
own little Nellie. Maybe they'il think 't isn't *their*
Nellie, but my teacher helps me to spell the big
words, and tells me what they mean; and it's all
true, too, if it don't sound like a little girl like me.
Now auntie good-bye.

“ February 15, 1881.”

FRANKIE'S ROSES.

TO MRS. LUCY L. BROWNE.

I sought among the sweet roses,
The best that the bushes did bear,
For the thornless, where beauty discloses

The freshness just born of the air,
To weave for mamma a garland—
A garland of roses so fine,
That bloomed in the mellow-hued gardens,
Alive with odors divine.


I culled them with careful attention,
And braided them limb after limb,
But it chokes me at best when I mention
The nicest had thorns on each stem.
I knew that my mamma would read them,
As tokens from angel-life spheres,
Bespeaking the glorious freedom
Unfolded from trials and tears.

The lilies and lilacs are precious,
The violets, daisies, and all;
But the bright-blooming borders so spacious
The roses the most do extol.
So, mamma, the woes and the smilings,
So blended by God's holy love,
Bring the fruitage of life in the highlands
As pure as the roses above.

March 15, 1881.

[In the above touching lines, penned by Mrs. Tryphena C. Pardee, medium and contributor, we recognize the love tokens of spirit daughter Frankie.]

FRANKIE'S SECRET.

UR dear mamma, we are so glad to come
this morning and talk with you. We
have a secret to impart.

"We have learned by experiment how to cure
people who are sick and suffering, by magnetic
process.

“It is simple but effectual.

“You have heard of magnetized paper, prepared by controlling spirits and their mediums. There is much truth in the statements of those who testify to the benefits derived by this means.

“Pupils in our starlight school have been experimenting, under the direction of our celestial instructors, with a few children on the earth, who have been suffering with scarlet fever and diphtheria. Where we can control, partially even, the actions of attendants, we are enabled to avert much suffering, and generally to save the patient's life—that is, when it is better that he or she remain longer on the earth.

“There is a wide difference in the ultimatum of our work, and we are compelled to pass by unheeded, unnoticed, and even scorned by many who are so imbedded in fossilized errors, and erroneous systems of treating body, mind, and spirit, that in sorrow we leave the couch of pain, unable to gain access to the poor, tortured sufferer.

“There is this difference: Where the barriers of superstitious ignorance and assumption are not reared to prevent a flow of knowledge from the superior realms of spirit life, there is where our work is most satisfactorily accomplished. And where the individual mind, or community of minds, are receptive to the influences of God's holy truths, unobstructed by the mists of feudal ages, there we can come and baptize our suffering fellow-mortals with the magnetic aura from our beautiful spirit land, and redeem them from the couch of pain.

"You will please observe, as an item to substantiate the truth of the assertion (although it is a new thought to you now), that nine out of every ten children and adults who die with scarlet fever and diphtheria—the air in which they live and breathe most of the time is strongly saturated or infilled more or less with the mental tendencies, moral inclinations, and spiritual aroma of the Calvinistic and other doctrines of theology.

"Where the love of good, of truth, of wisdom, and of justice, exists, there can we with potent power, minister to the needs of soul and body.

"We have made the discovery that there lies in the human mind a spark of divinity or divine life which enables each human soul to graduate from ignorance, error, sin, and crime, and live pure as the angels in celestial spheres are pure.

"And now, mamma, will you send to all the little children, whose names will come to you, the Starlight communications? For they will prepare the way to the hearts and homes of those who need our aid, to come and benefit them, oh, so much! by the magnetic aura from our own spirit hands.

"And will you, too, aid us in our work by sending magnetized papers which will be prepared by your own spirit physicians?

[I will do what I can, most willingly, to aid my dear daughter in her work for others.]

"Thanks, mamma. Good-bye now. I'm going to teach another class in our starlight school. These pupils who have accompanied me this time have learned a useful lesson. Good-bye."

" STEER STRAIGHT FOR ME "

BY SPIRIT CARRIE THORNTON.

Childish voices once hushed are now calling to thee,
Dear father, dear mother, steer straight for me.
If lost amid fogs on the pitiless sea
Of dishonor, deceit, and dark treachery,
Of manifold crimes, yielding deep misery,
Then listen, dear parents, and steer straight for me,
Steer straight for me.

Dear brother and sister, temptations may be
Strewn in your pathway that lures you from me,
Beguiling from principles of virtue and truth.
Then listen to me while yet in your youth,
And sail not away upon sin's trech'rous sea,
But turn your course hev'nward, and steer straight for me,
Steer straight for me.

Come listen, oh listen, to those o'er the strand—
Loved voices now calling from the bright summer land.
Then not in vain our pleadings will be,
Come father, come mother, now steer straight for me.
Come sister, come brother, from the mists of life's sea,
Come nearer, now nearer, and steer straight for me,
Steer straight for me.

Life's trials may linger and bear thee away
From hope's broken anchor, and to night turn thy day.
Some burdens may crush thee, and drive to despair;
Oh, then, please remember a child's urgent prayer,
To never surrender; still steer for the lea.
Sail beyond every error, and steer straight for me,
Steer straight for me.

THOUGHTS.

BY SISTER MARY AND DAUGHTER ELLEN.

IN the land of the hereafter,
Where the thoughts of men are read,
Where the thoughts of all kin mortals,
Whether white, or black, or red,
Are foreshadowed on the visage,
In the eyes, and on the lips,
On the brow, and every feature,
Speaking from the finger tips.

Every gesture, every motion
Indicate some thought within,
Whether good or whether evil,
Tells of virtue, or of sin.

Oh, the joys of the hereafter,
Truths sublime are spoken here,
Whether in a tear or laughter,
Love's divine, and heart's sincere.

All intrigue is left behind us,
Now we've climbed the golden stair,
Golden stair of self-salvation,
Gladdened by *your works*, and prayer.

Now we see each struggling mortal,
In their homes upon the earth,
And we step within the portals,
In the sphere that gave them birth.

And we nearer draw beside them,
When the mind is free from strife,
Draw aside the veil that blinds them,
To reveal the better life.

There are those of whom we'd mention,
Dearer than all other kin,
Who attract our kind attention
To their struggling thoughts within,

To their holy aspirations,
Far out-reaching native sin.

'Tis for them we have a kind care,
For we know their life's divine,
Out-wrought from depths of soul prayer,
From beginning through all time.

Oh, the gates of Heaven, for mortals
Such as those we speak of now,
Are ajar, and through its portals
We will bless them from afar.

Only list in speechless silence,
When we speak to you in dreams;
When we breathe our thoughts give credence,
Whether waking—though it seems
That the thought germs inly growing
Into words and language spoken,
May be from your own mind's knowing;
But we sow when sleep's unbroken.

In the mind—the cultured soil,
Seeds of wisdom, seeds of mercy,
For the patient laborer's toil.
And ere long they'll have fruition,
For the germ seeds cannot rest
In the soil of intuition,
And this is the soul's unrest.

Then cheer up our way-worn sister,
Traveling o'er this earthly plain;
There are dark days—there are brighter
Ones in store for you again.

SISTER MARY.

OH, my mother, we will bless you,
When we come to you to-night,
And I would caress and love you,
And reveal me to your sight.

But the curtain hangs too thickly,
Curtain of soul grief and care,
And we'd fain dispel it quickly,
And answer well your heartfelt prayer.

We would draw the curtain lightly,
And reveal a sight so grand,
That your eyes would sparkle brightly,
And you'd leave for summer land.

Know you not 'twould be rash madness,
Thus to snatch your soul away
From the sphere of earthly sadness,
Where your work by night and day
Is most needed for the helpless?
'Tis for them you needs must stay.

Yet a little while, my mother—
Years it may be, who can tell?
There are many souls to gather,
Gather from the sinks of hell;
Then be patient and enduring,
For the work is all too vast
For the laborers—few—are doing;
On them the martyr's mantle's cast.

YOUR SPIRIT DAUGHTER ELLEN.

Augusta, Wisconsin, May, 1875.

"FATHER, FORGIVE THEM!"

BY L. L. B.

"Father, forgive them!" if these words were oftener breathed
From the tried heart, from the wierd mind with torture
wreathed,
From the deep soul, when pierced with selfish, vengeful wrong,
Breathed those words divine in whispers, or in sweet song,
They'd reach each sinning child, and turn to good ere long.

"Father, forgive them!" the power these words contain
To reach the vilest heart—the darkest soul reclaim
From inbred sin and crime—from deepest, poignant woe,
To teach the erring truth! Could saint and sinner know
Their depth, their height, their worth, 'twould be THE prayer
below.

"Father, forgive them!" with His latest breath, He said,
With arms outstretched, and meekly bowed his head:
"Oh, Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!"
While thorns were on His brow, His hands and feet pierced
through—
In sorrow for his son, the Father, God, withdrew.

"Father, forgive them!" whether near or far away
Those who have wronged us, be it in our hearts to say.
"For they know not what they do," whether good or ill.
Only the Father knoweth whom He chasteneth still.
"Father, forgive them!"—'tis THINE it shall be *our* will.

