

Religio-Philosophical Journal.

CHICAGO, OCT. 19, 1871.

No. 6.

S. S. JONES, Editor and Proprietor.

Vcl. XI

To the Readers of the Journal.

DEAR READERS:—

But ten days since our city was enveloped in flames. Immediately after our Publishing House was burned, and while the conflagration was yet raging, we issued a miniature edition announcing our intention to reinstate our Publishing House and resume the publication of the JOURNAL at the earliest moment possible—at the same time appealing to our friends in the strongest manner to render us such pecuniary aid as justice demanded from those who are indebted to us for papers already received. And not only to that class did we present our earnest appeal for aid, but we felt at liberty, under the crushing calamity that had so overwhelmed us, to ask all readers of the JOURNAL to promptly renew their subscriptions for another year; aye, we asked for temporary loans of convenient sums for immediate relief, under the positive assurance that every dollar so furnished us should be promptly paid with interest, at such times as the friend making the loan should fix; pledging our sacred honor that all obligations thus contracted should be promptly paid.

The appeal then made we now renew, and if possible to assign a more potent reason therefor, it would be the fact that all we then promised to be done on our part has been entered upon with all the energy of our nature.

Our first business was to find new quarters for our Publishing House in the new business centre of Chicago. That being found quite commodious, at No. 148 West Washington Street, we next turned our face toward New York for supplies. We reached that city on Saturday evening, Oct. 14th, through the kindness of Mr. Clelund, Gen'l Sup't of Pittsburg and Fort Wayne and Penna. Central R. R. Co.'s, in presenting us with a free pass—for it must be remembered that money is very scarce in Chicago, and but for his or some other person's kindness we might not have been able thus speedily to have performed the journey.

On arriving in New York we sought for and found an especial friend, not a spiritualist—(we hope he may be some day.) He promptly placed one thousand dollars at our disposal. The next day, Sunday, we met Brother Paul Bremond of Houston, Texas, who, in the goodness of his heart, on shaking hands with us, left a one-hundred-dollar bank note sticking to our palm. We accepted it with gratitude, but only on condition that it should be considered as a loan, to be fully paid, at the earliest possible moment after we are fully "reconstructed," from legitimate receipts for subscriptions now past due, and new ones in advance. Several other gentlemen and ladies cordially met us, and at the Sunday lectures in New York made us glad by new subscribers, renewals and payments of arrearages. These assurances of energetic action to obtain new subscriptions made us feel that we were truly among friends.

On Monday morning our first business was to visit the type-foundries, in view of purchasing supplies for refitting our PUBLISHING HOUSE.

How to approach these men was the question. How were we to interest them in the wants of a burnt-out spiritualist, one who had but little money, and that borrowed? "A bold front" was necessary; and never being ashamed to confess that we are a spiritualist, we introduced ourself as the editor and proprietor of the little sheet that was published during the conflagration, four by six inches square. We told them we had many thousand dollars due us for subscriptions to that paper; that honest men and women owed us money enough to pay for a new outfit; and that if they were honest, as we supposed they were, when we were sending the paper to them, they would now, in this our hour of trial, pay us every dollar due us, and renew for a year longer, paying us three dollars or more to help us make a better paper than we have ever published.

These men looked at us, and at the little paper, as much as to say, Do you call that a newspaper? We understood that an explanation was needed at that point. We made it. Again, these business men seemed to indicate that subscribers who allowed their bills to run behind were doubtful—in some cases, at least. We again took the hint, and explained that it was all right—they were spiritualists, and that it was now fortunate that we had so much due us—the debtors being poor but honest spiritualists, would make a desperate effort, and by that means would easily raise the money and help us out of our difficulty promptly.

Strange as it may seem, the argument was potent, and its effect was all that was desired. We purchased on credit! yes, on credit! and we pledged the integrity of every subscriber to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL that the debt should be honorably and promptly paid.

We ask you, brothers and sisters, to stand by this pledge. It was made in the name of Spiritualism. It was made by one who never yet violated a pledge of honor!

But it is a pledge that must be backed, to be maintained, by those whose duty, and whose sympathy may be awakened! We have an abiding confidence that every subscriber will be willing to do the fair thing in re-establishing the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, and the re-issue of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

We ask for nothing but justice and that sympathy that is potent to every feeling soul towards his fellow-man under similar circumstances. We ask not for a single dollar as a matter of charity. We will return dollar for dollar with interest.

We will give you a handsomer and a better paper than we have ever before been able to furnish.

Our stock, entirely new, is of the most perfect kind, and we feel confident of being able to get our Publishing House reconstructed, and our paper out within the next ten days.

We will do our part faithfully; night and day will we work to place before you a new and well-spread table of the richest viands—aye, mental and spiritual food. Again we ask you to aid us promptly.

To our correspondents and friends we appeal, and say that our "MSS" was all consumed; let us hear

from you, as you may be inspired to write. Any interesting items or other matter that you may be in possession of will be acceptable.

Philadelphia Department.

By HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscriptions will be received, and papers may be obtained at wholesale or retail, at No. 634 Race Street, Philadelphia.

FIRE! FIRE!!

The element of fire is pure: it burns as brightly in the cot of the peasant as in the palace of the king.

The 9th and 10th days of October, 1871, will be memorable days in the history of the world. The fire fiend held high carnival over the beautiful city of Chicago, and, though we were eight hundred miles away, the echoing notes of the groans and shrieks of terrified, suffering and dying human beings came to us over the telegraph lines of sympathy even more rapidly than the flashing lightning told of the fearful destruction. It was not the same as in the battle hours of the rebellion, when heart throbs beat loud and painfully, and yet there was something akin to it, and we felt that grand and heroic deeds were being acted that the recording angels above alone would keep.

On and on the fire fiend rolled, and as it licked up alike the cot and the palace, it seemed to mock at the puny arm of man. Those terrible shocks to humanity are full of deep meaning.

They are profound lessons, which all should study.

When our Nation's heart was struck dumb, and almost paralyzed by the brutal assassination of Abraham Lincoln, how we looked into each others' faces, and drew closer together in the contemplation of the horrible deed.

Out in the country, away from city life and customs, if two persons meet, there is recognition, an interchange of thought, and a feeling that we belong to a common humanity. So, when such a fearful catastrophe rends the heart of humanity, the cold formalities of city life are for the time laid aside, the heart speaks, and man greets his fellow-man in a common interest.

The most redeeming trait of the late war was the philanthropic movement of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, for the relief of the suffering ones. It was the highest thing that poor humanity, with its war spirit still alive, could do, first maim men and then do all they could to relieve them. We look for the coming of a better time, when such commissions shall not be needed.

To-day the philanthropy of the world has been awakened by this terrible devastation and loss of life and property as it never was before; money and provisions and clothing have been given freely for these suffering ones, and, as it is always "more blessed to give than to receive," the world is being abundantly blessed.

Those who know of the thrift and energy of our people, and especially of this, the most wonderful of all cities, know that such a calamity will only fire anew the ardor and enthusiasm of the enterprising citizens of this great metropolis of the West or rather centre of our country.

Already business has revived and in a few months this will be greatly extended, and in a very few years this city, that now lies smouldering in ruins,

will rise, phoenix-like, and be seen again in queenly beauty. Our readers are aware that the office of the *Journal*, with almost all its contents, was swallowed up by the devouring element.

We are glad to know that the appeal of Brother Jones for assistance has been so promptly responded to, especially in the effort to obtain new subscribers.

We repeat the suggestion, that each one of the present subscribers should resolve to obtain at least one new one, and as many more as they can, and would also propose, that those who feel able, should subscribe at once for an additional copy of the paper, to hand to some one who will read it. This is not a matter of charity, for each one who subscribes gets the worth of their money. Indeed, we know of no better way of investing small sums of money, than in circulating our books and papers, which are silent, but powerful messengers of the living Gospel to the people wherever they go.

BROTHER JONES.

We were highly gratified to see him at our office in Philadelphia, on the evening of October 18th, on his return from New York.

Never before have we seen him so calm and collected; manifesting the coolest and most heroic determination to bring order out of chaos at once, and have our *JOURNAL* again before the world in a very few days.

He estimates his loss at about ten thousand dollars, on which there are insurances of no value; but as you will see by his editorial in this number, and hastily written in our office, all will be right very soon.

We think if the spiritualists do the best they can, we shall have a list of forty thousand subscribers in less than a month from the day of the fire. To do this, each subscriber must obtain at least two new ones. We have pledged ourselves for a hundred, and if our friends will aid us we could easily make it five hundred.

Send on your subscriptions at once, either to the Central Office, No. 148 West Washington Street, Chicago, or to our address, 634 Race Street, Philadelphia, and we will gladly forward them.

We must be in earnest now.

This is the time to work in the East. Not only has Chicago been devastated by fire, but large sections of our country have been laid desolate by the same devouring element. Our subscribers and friends in those sections can do nothing now. Let us be in earnest then!

A QUAKER hearing a man expressing very loud sympathy for one in distress, asked him quaintly, "Did thee feel in thy pocket for him?"

Third Annual Meeting of the New Jersey State Society of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress.

The Third Annual Meeting of the Society will be held in Camden, N. J., at Central Hall, corner of Fourth and Plum Streets, on Wednesday, Nov. 29, at 2 and 7 o'clock, P. M.

Victoria C. Woodhull, Dr. H. T. Child and Mrs. Kingman will be in attendance. Dr. Cooley and other speakers are expected.

All Friends of the Cause throughout the State, and other States, are cordially invited.

SUSAN C. WATERS,
President of Society.

STACY TAYLOR,
Chairman of Ex. Committee.

L. C. Draper

Nov 4 1871

Religio-Philosophical Journal.

CHICAGO, NOV. 1, 1871.

No. 7.

S. S. JONES, Editor and Proprietor.

Vol. XI

CHICAGO AND HER DESTINY.

The Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Great even in the horrors of her recent conflagration!

For a night and a day even the stoutest hearts quailed at the fearful loss of property, and the more terrible loss of life and human suffering.

An hundred thousand human souls driven from their homes and every comfort of life destroyed! Two hundred and fifty millions of dollars worth of property destroyed! No pencil can paint, no pen can write, and no tongue can depict the horrors of those terrible hours.

It will be a theme for conversation for centuries to come. The aged grandfathers and grandmothers, now little boys and girls, will tell the tale to their great grandchildren, and they will listen with awe-stricken horror to the truthful tale as it shall be recounted eighty years hence by those who were eye-witnesses of the unparalleled devastation.

Chicago—unparalleled in life and vigor—unparalleled in the devastation of life and property—unparalleled in recuperative powers—unparalleled in ability to bring order out of chaos. But eighteen days have elapsed, at this writing, since a sea of flames enveloped the heart of this city, and nearly five square miles of solid buildings, one-third of which were palatial structures, were swept out of existence.

The terrible conflagration, with its attendant horrors, aroused the sympathy of the civilized world. Every means of conveyance was brought into immediate use, and freighted with the *necessaries of life* for the homeless and destitute. A more noble example of the *innate goodness* of human nature was never manifested.

Man "totally depraved!" The sentiment is an abominable lie. The manifestation of the holiest feelings known, towards the sufferers of Chicago, by all classes of people, is evidence that the germ of goodness is found in every human soul, and only needs proper conditions to cause it to germinate and bring forth fruit.

The noble impulse of the world towards poor, suffering Chicago, has inspired every one of her sons and daughters with new zeal and courage. The waste places already show signs of speedy reconstruction. Scarcely a place remains intact as the flames left it.

The streets are all cleared of their rubbish. The fallen *debris* is being carefully assorted, and all that is valuable for rebuilding (brick, stone and iron) is being carted out and placed in proper condition to be re-used in building.

All over the burnt *district* new structures are being erected. Some are permanent and good—of brick, stone and iron—others are temporary, for immediate business purposes, while others are

workshops and shelters to the many thousands of busy mechanics, who have come up from abroad to aid in the great and noble work of rebuilding the city of Chicago.

Our population is made up from the blood of all nations. In this the hour of these terrible trials they are not forgotten by their countrymen and relatives. From all quarters capital is flowing in, not only to relieve sufferers by free donations, but capital is seeking investment among known friends and business men to rebuild the city.

We have no hesitancy in saying that such a scene of desolation was never presented to the human eye as Chicago presented the day after the fire. No such scene of life and activity among ruins was ever seen as Chicago to-day presents.

Work will be continued throughout the winter. Every able-bodied man who may come here for work, will find employment at good wages. Our beloved city will be rebuilt with a rapidity only equaled by the activity of the element that destroyed it.

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will appear in full size at the earliest possible moment. We stated in our last miniature edition, that we had purchased an entire new outfit for our Publishing House, and that the same had been shipped to this city. Every day since, we have been anxiously awaiting its arrival, but as yet, not a single box has come to hand. Transportation companies are taxed to their utmost capacity, and immense piles—hundreds of thousands of tons of goods are piled up awaiting their turn for shipment. We shall continue to look for them until they arrive, and then we shall make all possible haste to arrange our Publishing House and issue the JOURNAL in regular size. We confess our impatience, but, nevertheless, our philosophy tells us to *bide our time*, and not to look for *mechanical impossibilities*. It will be but a few days at farthest before we shall be fully under way in publishing our regular weekly editions of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

To those who have already so kindly responded to our urgent calls for relief, we tender our *heartfelt* and unfeigned thanks. Gratitude, we believe, is a dominant element in our nature. The many who have written, promising renewed efforts to aid us by procuring *new, advance paying subscribers*, are entitled to and do receive our most cordial thanks. Others who have sent us remittances to aid in sending the JOURNAL to the poor, have worked in the right line. While we do not ask nor receive one dollar as a charity or donation, yet, every dollar invested in a subscription to our paper, for some poor person or friend (and there are multitudes of them), aids us very much at this time, and, at the same time is a means of *breaking the bread of life* to those who would *mentally starve* but for such charity. While the world is sending bread to the destitute of our city, will not our friends exert, and every one send,

three dollars for mental food for some starving soul within his or her knowledge? We urgently appeal for this kind of aid. It benefits us and it benefits those who will call you blessed. Aye, it will make many souls rejoice—mortal and immortal souls. Angels will look upon such deeds with smiles of approval and tears of sympathy.

If our friends would but realize the anxiety that their spirit friends have in the promulgation of the faith in spirit communion, each and every one would redouble their efforts to circulate the journals devoted to spirit-communion.

To the very many who are *yet indebted* to us for arrears, we look for speedy responses. It is that class to whom we must look for immediate and speedy relief. *Even-handed justice* will prompt every one who owes us, to raise it at all hazards. All that is required, is a will to deal by us as they would wish to be dealt by, if they were victims of a similar calamity. We ask no one to send to get money to pay us just dues, but we do ask them to use every honorable means to accomplish the object. Not a subscriber, thus situated, will fail to borrow sufficient to cancel such indebtedness, if he or she tells the facts in regard to the one or which the money is to be appropriated.

To that class we do most emphatically appeal; not a day should pass without the remittances being made. We have given credit freely, when our means would admit. Now is the hour of trial with us, and we in turn simply ask that which the world awards us right and just.

Spiritualists, Libertists, Free-thinkers throughout the world, to you we look for that support which shall enable us to send forth, broadcast, liberal thoughts, based upon the philosophy of life, which are so potent in banishing the errors and superstitions of an old and effete system of theology. We trust that we shall not look in vain.

BOOK DEPARTMENT.

We are now prepared to fill all orders for books such as we have heretofore advertised in the JOURNAL, or any other miscellaneous works. Orders are respectfully solicited. Address,

STACY TAYLOR, 150 Fourth Ave., Chicago.

Special Positive and Negative Powders for sale as usual.

Mrs. A. H. ROBINSON, continues to treat the sick by letter as heretofore. See her advertisement in old papers. Address her at her residence, 148 Fourth Ave., Chicago.

The OFFICE of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is located at 150 Fourth Ave., Chicago.

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Philadelphia Department.

By HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

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Watchman, What of the Night?

The vast tidal wave of feeling that has swept over the great sea of humanity within the past month, has been fraught with lessons of the most profound interest to all mankind, and especially to the philosopher and student, who would look beneath the surface of things to the grand causes that are operating there.

Our brethren on the other Continent have been using the term *Solidarity*, which Louis Kossuth introduced, and although scholars object to it as a bad word, it seems to us more expressive than our popular term, the *Masses*, because it means the unity of the race—the oneness of the great mass of humanity.

Mankind are one, more essentially to-day than ever before. The arteries of commerce have sent the life blood all over the globe, and the nerves of the telegraph have given us power to feel for each other.

There are no strangers on this little ball of earth. There is not an island in the far-off oceans but holds some throbbing human heart that beats in sympathy with all mankind. From the highest to the lowest, from the most cultivated and enlightened nations to the lowest and most ignorant, this bond of union extends.

The external means to which we have referred are not all. Commerce, with its white wings and its steam; the glorious telegraph, with its flashing lightnings, do their work; but "there is a power behind the throne greater than the throne." Spiritualism has revealed and is revealing to us the fact that over and around all nations there are bands of spirits closely allied to these in interests and destiny, and that these great national bands are not isolated as they were in former times, when "lands separated by a narrow frith abhorred each other."

To-day these national councils, great and small, of spirits, mingle much more freely than earth's children do, and they are seeking to bind all nations and peoples together, and make us one, by showing us that we have common interests and a common destiny. As the facilities for travel on earth have greatly extended the bonds of brotherhood, so in spirit-life, where the freedom of travel is much greater, the opportunities to do this are correspondingly increased, and with the more general mingling with each other, and interchange of thoughts and feelings there is a much better understanding existing.

In the recent wide-spread calamities, more terrible than anything of the like character that has ever fallen upon humanity, we have witnessed a more universal outburst of sympathy and practical benevolence, than has ever been seen on this globe. Humanity, standing on a higher plane, has taken a grander step, leading it to a diviner position: the blessings conferred and the obligations sustained, have bound together the human family more firmly and enduringly than ever before.

These agonizing heart throes have sent a ripple over the great ocean of humanity, which will carry healing and blessings to all nations. In the light of such a scene, the littleness of selfishness and the narrowness of bigotry are for the time lost sight of, and only the better nature of man speaks. Man realizes something better than he had known in the past. A feeling has come to humanity that never can be lost; they may fall back into the old ruts, but the divine draught which they have taken will never permit them to sink so deeply again.

Every holy sympathy that is awakened, every divine impulse that sweeps across the human soul and draws out its native harmony, lifts man into a higher condition.

It is not the giving of external goods (although the obligation rests upon all who can, to do this), it is the feeling of kindly sympathy that really blesses both giver and receiver, and that all may and do give whose souls are touched with a divine impulse.

Chicago will rise again, phoenix-like, and in her resurrection will have the blessings of the civilized world, and millions of human beings who may never have heard of this city and who may not know a single inhabitant of it, will feel a live interest in its welfare.

Upon the citizens of this great metropolis rests an added responsibility which they can only fulfill by remembering the words of the blessed Jesus: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto me."

AN INVOCATION.

By Mrs. N. J. T. Brigham, delivered at Harmonical Hall, Philadelphia, and reported for the Journal by Henry T. Child, M. D.:

Our Father and our God! Thou in whose hands we are forever! Thou whose spirit is our breath and life. We are grateful for the light that Thou hast given us. Thou art the Infinite and we are the finite, and as all plants grow upward, climbing towards the brighter light, and as the vines cling to that which constitutes their support, so do we grow upward, upward to Thy light, and pray ever to Thy beautiful and perfect nature to sustain us. When our spirits are disappointed; when we have trusted in our own plans and they have failed us; when those upon whom we have looked as the very emblems of earthly excellence prove to us how vain are these expectations; then, oh Father, we can turn to Thee and find that Thou hast never disappointed us. For though in the grand working of Thy law of compensation, the results may come slowly to us, yet they are eternally sure. Not to-day may we see the realization of our brilliant expectations; not to-day may come the fulfillment of all the prophecies of the angels, but it comes to us gradually, as the spring-time comes, and we find at last that all we have deserved we shall surely receive. We find at last that after disappointments, that after griefs and countless troubles in this earth-life, there comes to us a beautiful manifestation of Thy loving mercy and enduring kindness. So, oh Father, we can trust Thee. Whatever comes, we can, in the weariness and weakness of our natures, lay back upon Thy Divine arm, and be rested with the magnetic life and love that flows to us from Thee. So teach us to trust in Thee when our faith grows weak; teach us to look to Thee when disappointments gather around us, so that we may always feel that we are overshadowed by Thy love evermore.

The Food of the Ancients.

Not one of us but has felt curiosity about the food of the ancients. Diodorus Siculus says that the first men ranged over the fields and woods in search of food, like the beasts, eating every wild herb they could find and such fruit as the trees produced. An ancient writer affirms that the diet of the primeval race differed according to the productions of their respective countries; the Arcadians having lived on acorns, the Argives on pears, the Athenians on figs, &c. Plutarch relates that the Argives, led by Inachus, searched the woods for wild pears to support them. Pliny laments the savage condition of the first ages, "which subsisted on acorns." Galen not only thinks these accounts are true, but he tells us that "acorns afford as good nourishment as many sorts of grain; that in ancient times men lived on acorns alone, and that the Arcadians continued to eat them, long after the rest of Greece had made use of bread-corn."

Herodotus relates that upon the death of Lycurgus, the Lacedaemonians, meditating the conquest of Arcadia, were told by the oracle that there were among them the best acorn-eaters, who would repel them, in case they attempted to carry their arms thither, as afterwards happened. Is it not strange with what perverse hallucination philosophers and poets have ever spoken of those periods in the history of the race as the "golden ages"? At length, by what steps we cannot know, agriculture, doubtless in simplest, rudest forms, began. Hesiodus ascribes this invention to Ceres, and admonishes the husbandman to pray to Jupiter and to her before he enters upon his labors. Pliny attributes still further the invention of the plow, grinding corn and making bread, to Ceres, and adds that "Divine honors were paid her in Attica, Italy and Sicily, on this account." At length, as the wonderful story goes, the Creator gave man permission to eat the bodies of animals. This is said to have been given first to Noah, in the following words:

"Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you; even as the green herb have I given you all things." And, immediately, another addition was made to man's stomach indulgence. "Noah began to be a husbandman, and he planted a vineyard, and he drank of the wine, and was drunken." Of course he did not permit his family to indulge in wine until he had first fully tested it upon himself. Might it not be poison? Might it not kill? With that self-sacrificing spirit so characteristic of man, Noah first tried it fully upon himself. Beer was discovered not long after. Herodotus informs us that in the corn province of Egypt, where no vines grew, the people drank a sort of wine, made of barley. This, it is thought, is the strong drink mentioned, together with wine, in many places in the Old Testament. It is thought, by those who have given most attention to the food of the original race, that different foods were introduced, much in the following order, viz.: Fruits, seeds, herbs, bread, milk, fish, flesh, wine and ale; to which may be added, butter, honey, eggs, olive oil and cheese.—*Dio Lewis*.

THE DAVENPORTS have recently held a series of successful exhibitions in this city.

LAURA V. ELLIS is now holding scenes at Mercantile Library Hall.

VERGILÆ ANIMÆ, OR AFFECTION.

Numbered blessings, rich and free,
Have come to us, our God, from Thee.

Angels written with Thy name,
Bright angels from Thy face they came.

Angels came with open face bright,
Angels with prayer's own living light.

Angels were called, and soft and slow,
Our spirits to our grave and home.

Angels, perchance, perchance, if with good,
We met you first, and many feet.

Ye came, you, our hearts to live,
Ye came, our hearts to touch and give.

We were, we have, we were, when you came,
We were, we were, we were, we were.

We were, we were, we were, we were,
We were, we were, we were, we were.

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MIRACULOUS CURE OF A SISTER OF MERCY CONVENT
IN ST. LOUIS.

In the convent of the Sisters of Mercy, corner of Lwrens-Bard and Morgan Street, St. Louis, Mo., a wonderful cure has just occurred which has caused a great sensation, and is authenticated by clergymen, Sisters of Mercy, and reputable physicians.

Theresa Schafer, a quiet, modest, well-behaved girl, 22 years of age, was reared in St. Vincent's German Orphan Asylum until ten years of age, when she was adopted by Mr. Schafer, who was childless. For several years her health had failed more and more, until finally a great tumor appeared on her right side, in the region of the liver, causing her severe pain.

A number of very able physicians attempted to cure her, but in vain, and at last, after praying for many days, she seemed at the point of death, and was given up by the doctors, when she went into a trance, and was at once, as she alleges, cured by spirit aid. One very able doctor says:—

On the morning of Saturday, August 27th, I was consulted by the sister in charge to know if the last rites of the church should not be performed, or rather to learn if the patient was not dying, so that the Sacrament might be given. I found her in an unconscious and evidently in a

dying condition. It was my impression that she might survive as much as twenty-four hours, hardly more. I left the house immediately after, and on the following morning I again visited the institution and found the patient entirely well. On Monday, August 28, she was examined by Drs. Papin, Cooper, Quries and myself, the tumor was gone, the functions of the body were evidently in a perfectly healthy condition and properly performed, and the patient was well.

M. YARNAL, M. D.,
No. Ninth St., St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 1, 1881.
Other doctors confirm this statement.

Let us say that the house of our worship is not every cathedral like St. Peter's, nor any church like St. Paul's, but in our every-day lives. The power of our religion is within our hearts, and its consecrating fires burn brightest and best where most of truth and purity are gathered in heavenly accord. The holy flame ascending from such altars will purify all homes and keep them free from guile. I believe in home and domestic virtues, in the family and in fidelity to the loved one of which it should always spring; and more especially do I believe in attaining to that love which shall be perfect as to be continuous, with unceasing years continually growing deeper and truer, and nearer akin to that of angels, and which shall finally overleap the barrier of the grave, swallowing death up in an eternal and victorious joy. It is to Spiritualism as a religious faith, and to the concomitants of Spiritualism, to the various beneficent reforms which are based on its doctrine of the equality of souls, that I look for that influence which is to secure spiritual perfection to the earthly family. The popular notion that Spiritualism is a foe to and a disorganizer of society, is true only in the sense that it seeks to burn, as with fire, the gross materiality which now rules the family, and substitute for it the domination of spiritualized and intellectualized affection; and finally, it teaches that the perfect earthly family is never dissolved.—Mrs. Woodhull.

J. JOHNSON BERRY called on us on his way to Connecticut, to fill an engagement with Mrs. R. Annie Hinman. He looks well and is in good spirits, his arm which was broken by the falling of a window sash upon it is doing well, and we are glad to know, will not interfere with his holding public circles.

CAROLAN B. LYAN has just closed a very successful course of lectures in the New Hall of the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia, at Broad and Spring Garden Sts.

For every conflict of testing is borne to the end a higher revealing, drawing us on from the vale of tears to the bright homes of the angel spheres.
M. M. JONES.

When a man lives with God, his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn.
PERKINS.

VICTORIA G. WOODHULL will lecture at Institute Hall, Broad and Spring Garden streets, on Thursday, the 6th of November, at 8 P. M.