

# A Remarkable Article on Obsession by W. J. Colville will Appear Next Week.

## Do Not Depend Upon Others for Your Spiritual Reading; This Winter, But Take a Wide Awake Paper.

# The Progressive Thinker.

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NO. 733.

## ISA THE PROPHET AND JESUS THE GOD.

BY WILLIAM HENRY BURR.

The Mohammedan Review recently announced a most important discovery, namely, the tomb of Jesus Christ at Nablus, Palestine. He was an Israelite named Isa Sabib and Shad-Nah (Prince Prophet). The Review is responsible for translating Isa Sabib Jesus Christ. That person, says the Review, did not die upon the cross, but, being taken down, recovered

and fled, traveling eastward to India. The story of Isa the Masich (healer), as recorded in the Chronicle of Al Tairi, collected about A. D. 900, was printed in The Progressive Thinker several years ago. And I contend that the Mohammedan Review antedates both the Christian and the Hebrew Scriptures. I now submit a parallel of the two legends:

Isa the masich (healer) was the son of Mariah, a young maiden of the temple, whose chief priest was Zachariah, her uncle. Isa was begotten by Gabriel in the guise of her young cousin Yussuf, a choroboy in the temple, the son of a deceased carpenter.

Mariah and her child fled to Egypt, escorted by Yussuf, who was not her husband. They fled to escape a slaughter of infants, ordered by King Herod.

Mariah and Isa remained in Egypt thirty years. They returned to their own country. Herod was dead. So was Zachariah, having been slain for alleged adultery with his niece Mariah.

Zachariah's son Yahya, a little older than Isa, became Isa's first disciple.

They were cousins.

Isa wrought miracles in Egypt in his boyhood, beginning at twelve years of age. He made a bird from clay which flew into the air.

In Judea he restored sight to the blind, cured leprosy, raised the dead, and wrought other miracles. In spite of these miracles the people remained infidel and said he was only a magician.

He claimed to be the apostle of Allah, sent to confirm the law, and to call the people to Allah.

He announced the coming of Ahmed (Mohammed).

The ministry of Isa was two or three years. He had twelve disciples, who went about with him.

One of his disciples betrayed him for thirty pieces of silver. Another, Simon, denied he had forsaken Isa.

He was accused of being a magician and a deceiver. King Herod (Archelaus) gave the accusers orders to slay him.

The people seized Isa and bound him hand and feet. His disciples forsook him and fled. The people dragged him to a place where they had ready a stake to crucify him.

When they would bind him to the stake Allah removed him from their sight and gave the form and aspect of Isa to their leader Isoua.

Isoua remained on the cross seven days. Mariah came to the cross every night and wept for her supposed departed lord.

After seven days Allah caused Isa to come down from heaven to his mother. Then her heart was comforted.

The same night Isa came to his mother's house and caused Yahya to be called.

There remained only ten disciples. Simon, who had denied his master, was no longer a disciple; another, not named, had betrayed him, and had slain himself.

Seven of the disciples met their master. Isa sent forth the seven disciples to preach. To Greece and Rome he sent Paul and Peter (not Simon or Simon who had denied him, but another disciple named Peter), to Babylon he sent Thomas, to Kaptoun Philip, to Ephesus John, and to the Hedjaz Bartholomew. James and Yahya were to remain at Allia-Aelia Capitolina of the Romans.

Yahya, the son of Zachariah, was beheaded by King Herod after the translation of Isa to heaven.

These parallels could be multiplied and their variations tend to favor the priority of the Arabian or Moslem story. How much of either is credible, or whether any part thereof is historically true, let the reader judge. But assuming the existence of such a person as Isa or Jesus, which or what was his true phonetic name?

The vernacular of Judea and adjacent lands 1900 years ago was Aramaic or Syriac. The ancient Syriac alphabet was phonetically the same as the Hebrew, though the shape of the letters was very different. In Murdock's Pictorial version of the New Testament, claimed to be as ancient as either the Greek or Latin codex, and written in the very language spoken in Palestine

Jesus the meshiba (anointed) was the son of Mary, a young maiden of the temple, whose chief priest was Zachariah.

Jesus was begotten by the Holy Ghost, as announced by Gabriel, and his mother was espoused to an aged carpenter named Joseph.

Mary and her child fled to Egypt, with her husband Joseph, a "holy family."

They fled to escape a slaughter of infants, ordered by King Herod. The holy family remained in Egypt three years.

They returned to their own country. Herod was dead. So was Zachariah, having been slain for alleged adultery with his niece Mariah.

Zachariah's son John, a little older than Jesus, proclaimed the coming of the latter.

They were cousins. Jesus on his journey to Egypt, wrought miracles, as recorded in the apocryphal gospels.

He made birds from clay, when a boy, which flew.

In Judea he restored sight to the blind, cured leprosy, raised the dead, and wrought other miracles. In spite of these miracles the people remained skeptical and said he cast out devils by Beelzebub.

He claimed to be the Son of God, sent to fulfill the law, and to set up the kingdom of heaven.

He announced his second coming, to judge the world.

The ministry of Jesus was three years, or more, or less.

He had twelve disciples, who went about with him.

One of his disciples betrayed him for thirty pieces of silver. Another, Simon, denied that he knew him.

He was accused of calling himself the Son of God.

The chief priests, elders and captains of the temple arrested him. They brought him before Pilate for condemnation.

His disciples forsook him and fled. Pilate reluctantly condemned him to be scourged by his soldiers and then crucified.

He was affixed to the cross and crucified between two thieves. After two hours he bowed his head and gave up the ghost.

Jesus was on the cross about seven hours. Mary, with two other Marys, stood by the cross at the crucifixion.—John xix:25.

After two nights Jesus rose from his tomb, and was first seen by Mary Magdalene and other women.

The same night Jesus appeared to his disciples assembled with closed doors.

One disciple, Thomas, was absent. Simon, who had denied his master, was yet the chief disciple, but Judas had betrayed him and had hanged himself.

Eleven of the disciples met their master. Jesus sent forth the eleven disciples to preach. From the canonical and apocryphal gospels it appears that Simon Peter went to Rome, Thomas to India, Philip and Bartholomew to Lydia and Greece, John to Ephesus, while James remained at Jerusalem. As for Paul, he was a later convert who visited various countries and ended his days at Rome.

John the Baptist, the son of Zachariah, was beheaded by King Herod before the ascension of Jesus.

## The Light Among the Hills.

### A Charming Narrative.

Most Beautifully Suggestive is "The Light Among the Hills," by Mrs. L. L. Lewis, of Bethel, Vt. It is a narrative founded on facts alone, and every Spiritualist should read it.

(Continued from No. 732.)

One day as Martha and her mother were at work in the kitchen, Martha suddenly asked, "Mother does God change?"

"Certainly not. He's the same to-day as he always was."

"Well, he used to have his people go into a country and kill everybody, babies and all, but people would think it dreadful to do such a thing now. What made God do so?"

"The people were wicked, and he wanted them destroyed, I suppose."

"The babies were not wicked, and if God wanted the people killed, why did he not kill them himself instead of making other people murder them?"

"I don't know. I wish you would 'tend to your dishes and stop asking questions.'"

"But I want to know," persisted Martha.

"Well, you never will. The Bible don't tell us much about some things, but it tells us all we ought to know. Elder Reams says that God never intended us to know about some things, and only a fool will try. You want to stop thinking about such things, or you'll be an infidel next. Why, I could reason myself into infidelity any time, but I won't. I just make myself stop. Elder Reams says that God permitted many things in those days just to furnish us with warnings and examples."

"Well," said Martha stoutly, "I don't believe Elder Reams knows any more about it than I do. I can read the Bible and that's all he can do."

"Martha Jane Weston!" said her mother, lifting the broom with which she was sweeping, threateningly, "if you talk in that way I will knock you down if you are as big as the side of the barn, with which I dread that Mrs. Weston usually concluded every argument wherein her daughter got the best of her."

September came and brought the annual camp-meeting, which to the Westons was a most important event, for it was the one break in the monotony of their existence. At camp-meeting Mrs. Weston found staid and gloomy-faced women who had renounced the fashion of the age, and with them she could talk over old times and bemoan the broadness and frivolity of latter-day religion.

As for Martha she enjoyed the companionship of young girls who did not deride her parents' religion nor make outlandish remarks about her style of dress, for Mrs. Weston sternly forbade the wearing of feathers, jewelry or in fact anything that cost a little extra money. This year Mr. and Mrs. Weston were full of excitement for the noted Elder Reams had promised to honor the encampment with his sanctified presence.

It was a pleasant afternoon near the close of the camp-meeting week, and the cold-hearted had become warm, and the faltering filled with zeal. Religious

fervor was running high and many wild and foolish things were being passed for truth every day. A soft golden light bathed the rock-strewn hills and flickered through the leaves of the stately sugar maples and beeches that formed the grove. Upon rough board, backless seats, were crowded some three thousand people. Among these on the front seats sat the Westons, listening to a slender, well-dressed man a little past middle age. It was apparent from his speech that he was well educated—an unusual thing for the clergy of his denomination—and it was also apparent that at some period of his life he had been accustomed to good society, for he had the manner and bearing of a gentleman. His voice was clear and penetrating and he spoke with the earnestness of strong conviction, and he had deep magnetic eyes that seemed to compel the attention of his audience. He announced his text: "To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God." As he talked he walked to and fro upon the raised platform which served for a pulpit. Behind him hung a large chart upon which appeared many strange and terrible beasts, which looked as if they had been conceived by the brain of a savage or a madman.

Elder Reams was certainly an orator after a sort, and he quoted Bible texts with surprising fluency. From the chart and the Bible he quoted, he gave the history of the world from the creation of Adam six thousand years before, up to that present moment, and proved conclusively from the prophecies that the end of the world was at hand, giving evidence he made his church with a "Hush, hush the Lord," and his assertions were greeted with loud "Amen's!" "Praise the Lord!" "Glory to God, the Father!"

After he had finished his argument, proving that the trumpet might sound and the dead arise before the next morning, he began a passionate appeal to the sinner to make his peace with God before it was too late. The dead and lame and aged who had gathered upon the front seats were hurried away, and a general stir now ran through the audience as he now in soft, appealing tones began to call upon the unsaved to come forward and seek salvation.

Many of the more zealous clergymen began walking up and down the narrow aisles between the rows of seats, pleading with those they were especially interested in to come forward and seek the Lord. The singers began to sing, "This is the last call of mercy that lingers for thee!"

Martha felt a strange throbbing of the heart and her sensitive face flushed and paled. A strong power seemed drawing her toward the mourner's seat, and she felt as if she were being drawn into a whirlpool of doubt. While thus engaged her parents came and bade her good-bye promising to return the following morning. After their departure the young person invited her to go to his tent, telling her that his wife and a few sisters whom he mentioned, would be pleased to join them in prayer.

"There is something I want to tell you first," said Martha. "Something strange happened this morning and I want you to explain it to me."

"I will explain anything I can for you," he said gently.

Martha hesitated and then began timidly: "I was awakened this morning by hearing my name called three times. I started up in bed, wide awake. I did not know the voice, but it was a man's voice, and I did not see him."

"I was going to get up a voice began to sing. The voice was just outside my open door and I could plainly see there was no one there. I never heard such singing before, so clear and sweet and strong. The hymn was 'The Reapers of the Harvest,' and I felt that the words were changed some, and I felt that they were meant for me. Oh! I shall never forget it."

The young man smiled with gentle superiority. "You were dreaming, little one," he said.

Martha did not move.

"Martha Weston," said her mother sternly, "it is nothing but your pride that keeps you from starting. Do you go along! Do you s'pose I want to see my own daughter burned up?"

Martha felt a touch upon her shoulder and looking up saw her father bending over her, with tears streaming down his cheeks. "Go, my child," he said, brokenly.

As trembling and faint Martha half rose to go she felt a firm clasp upon her wrist and looked up into the dark, magnetic eyes of a handsome young minister. "Come," he said, authoritatively, and his fingers closed still more closely around the slender white wrist. With one word Martha followed him and passively knelt beside him at the mourner's bench. She had a dim idea that she ought to have new and strange sensations—strong feelings which would incline her to weep and pray, but instead a strange calmness took possession of her and the odd idea that an unseen being was standing close beside her. She heard as if in a dream the sobs and shouts of her companions, and the elder's voice calling upon the Lord to save, and she wondered vaguely what it all meant. Then it was over and she stood with the rest waiting for the various preachers, of whom Elder Reams was foremost, to come and shake hands with her and offer her words of counsel.

The young preacher still stood by her side with one slender white hand resting lightly upon her arm. Then the voice of Elder Reams sounded close beside her, and his hand clasped hers as he kindly inquired as to the state of her feelings.

"I do not know," said Martha, as she looked about her in a bewildered way.

"You are tired," said the elder. "Go home and take a good night's rest, and in the morning you will know whether you have salvation or not."

Perhaps the elder never gave any more sensible advice, but he proved a false prophet, for in the morning Martha did not know. She performed the usual household duties, and then once more accompanied by her father, sought the encampment. She felt restless and dissatisfied as the day wore on, and when the young preacher appeared, who the day before had led her to the mourner's seat, she confided to him her perplexity and doubt. "While thus engaged her parents came and bade her good-bye promising to return the following morning. After their departure the young person invited her to go to his tent, telling her that his wife and a few sisters whom he mentioned, would be pleased to join them in prayer."

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"Oh, no," said Martha earnestly. "You are mistaken. I was wide awake. I heard my father clattering the milk pails and wondered what time it was while the voice was singing. Besides, Charlie heard it, too, and told me at the breakfast table that he never knew I could sing so well before."

The young man made no reply, but as they had reached the tent, he pushed back the curtain which served as front door, and the two entered. The tent was empty. "All gone," said the preacher cheerily. "Well, it does not matter. Where two or three are gathered in my name, I know. Let us kneel down here by ourselves, and ask the Lord to give you a clearer understanding of his word and your duty as a Christian."

He took Martha's hand in his, and with simple confidence she knelt beside him. The young person prayed earnestly, even eloquently, and Martha listening intently to his words did not notice that he had drawn closely to her. She heard as if in a dream the sobs and shouts of her companions, and the elder's voice calling upon the Lord to save, and she wondered vaguely what it all meant. Then it was over and she stood with the rest waiting for the various preachers, of whom Elder Reams was foremost, to come and shake hands with her and offer her words of counsel.

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## IMPORTANT QUESTIONS.

Who Am I?—Whence Came I?—Whither Am I Bound?

These are the questions the thoughtful minds are asking and have been since the human race began the existence of time. These questions come, echoing down the corridors of the ages, and are as interesting a study as when first whispered into the thoughtful intellect of man in the early dawn of civilization.

Who shall rise to the height of the Infinite horizon, to probe to the depths the dark gloom of mental doubts, and give to the world the satisfying message enough to answer the skeptic's question: "What is the meaning of life?"

Man has sought light in the prophets and seers of the past, and worshipped at the shrine of Buddha and Jesus, but the great truths and soul mysteries of being, sphinx-like remain hidden from the world's thinkers.

That there are psychic phenomena and spiritual illuminations of minds given here and there along the pathway of human experiences running like a thread of gold impinging upon the mortal plane of life impalpable to the finite senses, yet with all these evidences the world still lingers in doubt, and waits the coming of the Messiah. These answers must be sought not from without, in books of learned minds, nor yet from the chosen leaders of religious sects, but deep down within one's own inner individual consciousness, the soul itself.

Everything points in the direction of man's will power, the soul's attributes in the concentration of one's own mental faculties unhampered by the psychological influences of dogmatic control either from exoteric or deistic minds, for the higher and better unfoldment of spiritual and intellectual growth.

Time and space melt before this soul-power, with its marvelous energy quickening into new life, mind and will, making the body subservient to its divine away, and points unerringly to a possible answer to these world-wide questions when man shall fully awake from the lethargy of mere sense knowledge and become one with his own soul.

Recent experiments in the psychical and occult phenomena of mind over mind psychologically proves conclusively that the inner consciousness of man is the subjective will or mind in perfect harmony with the soul where dualism and intelligences are operative and governed by the law of the unity.

Man is a soul now as much as he ever will be when divested of his mortal body and the fact of his inner powers related to the subliminal self or soul where under its benign sway the future lies out before the seer like a written page to read the history of men and nations through that law of psychometry.

Every individual, shows the possibilities of the finite mind as related to the infinite co-eternal.

The awakened intellect to-day feels the near approach of wonderful powers where the intuitive faculties sense a new world, as it were, governed by laws not understood by the finite mind, yet in accord with the ripening intellect of spiritual progress that opens the vast storehouse of infinitude.

When it comes to the momentous question of where the spirit goes at the dissolution of the mortal body, I know of no one who can so correctly settle the question as the soul itself of the individual without the aid of intermediaries known as spirit mediums each person his own medium, looking across the boundaries of infinitude.

The signs of the times point to the near approach of selfhood, when leadership will be impossible, when the sovereign rights of an individual mind will be held sacred and each individual will be spheres in his own orbit, like the planets in space, moving, rhythmically vibrating the harmony of soul-music, chanting the progress of the ages.

The time has passed when investigations in psychic phenomena and kindred subjects excite ridicule; only in the most ignorant and illiterate minds does this occur. Granting that such is the case, the psychic plane of soul communion with the denizens of the unseen worlds those few are felt and have set in motion the vibratory waves of thought and their secret messages are molding anew the voice of truth and spiritual knowledge and the air is sweet with the fragrance of divine love and the upliftment of man.

BISHOP A. BEALS.

Summerland, Cal.

MY MOTHER'S HANDS.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands! They're neither white nor small; And you, I know, would scarcely think That they are fair at all. I've looked on hands whose form and hue

A sculptor's dream might be; Yet are these hands of mine Most beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands! Though hard they were weary and sad, Those patient hands kept toiling on, That the children might be glad. I always weep, as, looking back To childhood's distant day, I think how those hands rested not, When mine were at their play.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands! They're growing feeble now, For time and pain have left their mark On hands and heart that were so brave. Alas! Alas! the nearing time, When 'neath the daisies, out of sight, Those hands will fold and die.

But oh, beyond this shadow land, Where all is bright and fair, I know full well these dear old hands Will palms of victory bear. Where crystal streams through endless years

Flow over golden sands, And where the old grow young again, I'll clasp my mother's hands.

—Boston Budget.

## ROME ATTACKING OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

### HOW THEY PLAN IT.

The Boston Citizen has frequently referred to the apparently concerted action of the Roman hierarchy, for the division of the public school fund, in the interest of their parochial schools. That this action is carefully planned to be put into effect just before the presidential campaign, there can be little doubt. Rome is skilled in politics, and knows where she can get the most from "the powers that be"—the political powers—who are hungry for votes.

How does Rome propose to enforce her demands upon the politicians? (By Rome, we mean the hierarchy, for the Roman Catholic people, if left to themselves, would stand loyally by the American public school system—but the people are simply sheep who blindly follow their leaders, the priests.)

In the Catholic Citizen, of Milwaukee, Nov. 14, was a letter written by "Father P. F. Judge, of the Sacred Heart Church, Omaha, Neb."—a letter which doubtless voices the sentiment of the priests generally. In this letter Priest Judge says:

"With the advance of enlightenment and religious toleration and the disappearance of sectarian bitterness and bigotry, the day is fast coming when the people and therefore the government of this country will endorse the position of the Catholic church, not only by words, but in fact, according to her schools as well as to similar schools of other denominations, their pro rata share of the taxes to which they are entitled."

"Short as is the time since I gave expression to that view, a good many things have happened to make me still more sanguine than I then was. Both within the church and in small part outside of it, much discussion has been going on since which seems to indicate that some kind of crisis is coming. The Catholic Federated Societies in convention at Atlantic City last July, passed the most important resolution on the question. Only last month the German Catholic societies of New Jersey decided to apply to the legislature for state support for their parochial

schools. The New York Sun opened its columns to a discussion of the subject by which much light has been given. The Rev. Dr. Montague Geier, of the Protestant Episcopal church, contributed two important articles, which, if they voice any large body of opinion in his denomination, are of great moment, as showing the trend of sentiment in that quarter. The Rev. John Talbot Smith and the Rev. Michael Glone gave each an able and unanswerable contribution to the discussion. At the conference of Catholic colleges held in Philadelphia last week a timely paper on the matter was read by Rev. Benedict Guider, S. J., Boston college. Moreover, the Most Rev. Bishops, McManis and Messmer, and His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons gave expression to their views, and very much to the point, quite recently."

"How unanimous is the expression on the part of the hierarchy, is clearly shown by the above."

The priest then proceeds:

"A famous advice once given in Ireland is the wise and practical course for us to adopt in the present circumstances: 'Agitate, agitate, agitate.' Ireland has struggled until 'tough' against darker and more merciless tyrannical, and she has won by peaceful means and parliamentary proceedings."

"Can we not, in an official and representative way, bring our case before the state, before the legislature and before the intelligent public opinion of the nation? We can hardly expect the state to come to us and ask what we want, or, in fact, consider the matter at all until we become more practical by making out our case and bring it before them in a business-like way and emphatic manner. How may this be done? One way that suggests itself to me is this:

"Suppose, for instance, that to-morrow our official and lay leaders, which, of course, would mean our bishops, educators and representative laymen, should confer together at a kind of round table conference and agree on a plan of campaign. Suppose they were

to agree upon presenting to every legislature of the whole union, and to the government of the United States, an immense, mammoth memorial, or petition, couched, of course, in the most respectful, temperate and argumentative language, setting forth our grievances and demands, demonstrating how these might be granted not only without detriment, but to the entire enhancement and advantage of the present public school system, and I did not see how I was going to get up a voice began to sing. The voice was just outside my open door and I could plainly see there was no one there. I never heard such singing before, so clear and sweet and strong. The hymn was 'The Reapers of the Harvest,' and I felt that the words were changed some, and I felt that they were meant for me. Oh! I shall never forget it."

The young man smiled with gentle superiority. "You were dreaming, little one," he said.

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An Object Lesson in Immigration.

The horrible tragedy which occurred

Nov. 25, near Altoona, Pa., has a lesson

aside from the brutality manifested.

The press reported the case without

comment, leaving the reader perplexed

to know how it was possible for so

many to be burned to death in a one-

story building, with a wide-open door

for escape.

When the true story is told, it is al-

most beyond belief, that there could be

such brutal disregard for life, and de-

based selfishness among people called

civilized and Christian. One hundred

and fifty Italians were working for a

contractor on the Pennsylvania railroad.

They rented for sleeping purposes a

one-story wooden building, and ar-

ranged tiers of berths around its sides.

These they filled with straw for bed-

ding. About 2 o'clock in the morning,

fire broke out in one of these straw-

filled berths, and quickly spread. The

alarm was given, and those nearest the

one door easily escaped. In a minute

more all would have reached safety.

But those who had reached the outside

at once saw that the building was

doomed. The day before had been pay-

## Is This Science, or Quackery?

Charles Churchill, of Columbia, O.,

was taken to the Lakeside Hospital,

Cleveland, O., suffering from lockjaw.

A wound in his hand from a blank car-

tridge was the cause. The attendant

doctors exhausted their resources, and

still the horrible disease lightened its

hold. Then they resorted to the new

fad of antioxin, the serum of the blood

of a horse poisoned over and over again,

until its blood is so thoroughly ferment-

ed with the virus that the vital forces

cease to react. For quickness of effect

they injected this deadly stuff into the

base of the patient's brain.

Now let it be borne in mind this was

the thing to do as laid down in orthodox

medical books and taught by the most

"advanced" professors in medical col-

leges. It is advertised as the specific

cure for lockjaw or tetanus. The great

and famous surgeons who gave it are

protected by their fame, and diplomas

from a charge of malpractice.

As reported, the experiment—it can

be called by no other name—was beau-

tifully successful. But the victim died

shortly afterward. The heart could not

stand the new energy.

The question now resolves itself into

whether the patient died of lockjaw, be-

fore the antioxin got in its work, or if

the latter cured him of the disease and

then killed him?

Had an attendant injected the poison

into the brain of the acting surgeon,

death would have followed with the

same certainty.

If a man stabs another with a dagger,

it is murder. If he has a diploma, and

stabs a patient with a needle through

which he injects a poison more deadly

than that which comes from the fangs

of a viper, it is science! Blood-letting,

blistering, purging, vomiting, salivation

with mercury have had their day and

their millions of victims. The present

fad of injecting horrible germ-infected

blood chemicals to heal disease in man,

will go the same way, after it has re-

ceived its hecatombs of victims.

Now Methodists Would Convert the Pub-

lic Schools Into Revival Meetings.

The Methodist Conference of Vir-

ginia, by its resolutions has joined

hands with Catholicism in an attempt to

bring the public schools into disrepute.

The American school system is main-

tained intact, against the assaults of

Romanism, by the solidarity of the

Protestant churches. The latter take

their stand not because they do not de-

sire one and all to control the schools

according to their own peculiar relig-

ious bias, but if one is granted the high

privilege all must be, and hence to keep

the others out each sacrifices its own

demands.

The Methodists have boldly confessed

and revealed inadvertently their plan of

conducting their campaign. This is the

resolution, unanimously adopted:

"Resolved, That we urge a canvass of

education, gradual, but effective, for the

use of the Bible in our public schools

and the more constant use of it in our

own schools."

Interpreted into plain language, the

preachers, presiding elders, bishops and

laymen of the Methodist church are to

work, "gradually," but "effectively," by

insidious advances, to the end of forc-

ing the reading and study of the Bible

into the public schools! It must be by

"a canvass of education!" The people

at large, those who send their children

to the public schools, do not want the

Bible read, but they are to be unknow-

ingly educated into wanting it!

And should they be by this stroke of

Jesuitism, what then? Would not the

Catholic complaint, that the public

schools conducted for the whole people

theoretically free from sectarianism,

## Graphic Description of Heaven

Girl's Visions Not Caused by Suggestion

—Mary Kidder Still Has Trances—

She Grows Weaker and Her Parents

Expect She Will Die—Interest in the

Remarkable Messages Grows in In-

terity.

Later developments and investigation

into the statements made by Mary A.

Kidder, aged 14 years, of 314 First

street, Kalamazoo, Mich., (says the Tel-

graph), whose ability to give names and

describe deceased persons whom she

has never seen or heard of, is attract-

ing so much attention in that part of

the city, are startling.

The trances still continue, although

in a milder form. The girl continues

her graphic descriptions of heaven and

beliefs in the other world, although her

physical condition is fast becoming

alarmed. Mr. and Mrs. John Kidder,

parents of the child, say they have re-

signed themselves to their daughter's

death, believing it is God's will.

The possibility that the amazing

statements made by Mary were caused

by mesmeric suggestion, was scouted

this morning by several persons, to

whom the girl has given messages from

the dead.

"Mesmeric suggestion is absolutely

out of the question," said Mrs. Edwin

G. Russell, of 632 First street.

"When I was called to see the girl

the other day I knew nothing of what

was to be told me and was not think-

ing of either my dead brother or my chil-

dren. My brother, George Hartman,

had been dead over six years and was

never in Kalamazoo. I had not thought

of him for probably 25 years, and when

the child named and described him I

was too amazed to speak. She gave me

this message:

"George says, tell my sister she is

not preparing herself to come, but she

must do so at once."

"When she named my two dead chil-

dren I was not thinking of them, and

am absolutely positive that no member

of my family was at that time.

"One of my boys, Victor, died 15 years

ago in Pennsylvania, and the other,

Carlton, died in this city ten years ago.

Both were very young and I question if

a half dozen of my relatives could re-

member the names of the two children."

Mrs. Addie Hess, of 709 First street,

deceased over thinking of her deceased

husband, Cyrus Hess, at the time Mr.

Hess was named and described by Mary

and a message given Mrs. Hess from

her husband.

"It is past my understanding," she

said this morning. "I was not think-

ing of my husband at the time and sim-

ply went into the Kidder home out of cur-

iosity and to see how the child was get-

ting along."

John Kidder, father of the girl, said

this morning:

"The wonderful statements my child

has made to me cannot be explained.

God, I believe, has marked her for his

own. He is simply fitting her for a

greater work and I have resigned my-

self to the inevitable. I know she will

not be with us long."

"I believe as faithfully in what the

child has seen as she does. When she

told me she had seen Joseph Kidder, a

cousin of mine who died during the

civil war, I was not thinking of him—

in fact, I had to stop and think to re-

call his name. 'Was his name Joseph?' she

asked, and then I remembered. She

named and described a large number of

my relatives who have been dead for

years and gave me messages from them.

She told me of my first wife, who was

killed in a railroad accident at Decatur

in 1884, and gave me a message from

her. As yet she has made no mistakes

## THE HOLY HEIGHTS.

I am tired to-day—overworked,

As the world goes wheeling on;

Let my soul fly up to the summit

Of the best days lived and gone.

I would not throw off my burdens,

Not even the ones which smile,

But I must rest, let me dream

In Memory's holiest light.

There are sacred days in all lives,

No matter how low they run,

Rich in the impressions which last

Longer than earth or sun;

Little actions which intertwine

Around the immortal part.

As well as the tempo, wherein plays

The blood of the mystic heart.

The days when we loved our best loves;

The days when some unseen law

Smote us prone as we clashed with it,

Weak as if 'men of straw'.

But those from our quick prostration

Wisper and hither and yon,

Ready to say, 'There are many things

'To learn, to avoid, to do.'

All human lives are such brief things,

If they had not our joys in thrall;

It would seem but a silly waste of time

To let them waste at all.

For in all the whirling and rushing

Of a restless universe,

The ephemeral factors which make up

men.

Are the easiest to disperse.

Light, heat and life are so shifting,

And their products change so soon!

Lies deadlier than the moon.

The heart which is super-sensitive

To life, with its state and shocks,

Thrills, hurts and burns for a little

space.

But soon with the years deadlocks,

Two factors abide eternally.

Outworking all things there be—

Matter and Gravity—they are the gods

Laboring creatively.&lt;/











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