THE SOULS OF INGERSOLL
AND
JOAN OF ARC

By Ernest B. Lydick

PUBLISHED BY

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LYDICK, TURNER & CO.,
530 Sheridan Ave. Pittsburgh, Pa. U. S. A.
THE SOULS OF

INGERSOLL

and

JOAN OF ARC

"Read not to contradict, nor to believe, but to weigh and consider."—Bacon.

By Ernest B. Lydick

SECOND EDITION
REVISED AND ENLARGED

(First Edition published under the title of "Where Is The Soul of Ingersoll? and Messages From The Maid of Orleans.")

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THE MAID OF ORLEANS

The proof of inspiration great, did everywhere abound;
'Twas not imagination that, she had the Dauphin crowned;
'Twas not imagination that, she told them in advance,
Of distant battles being fought, with heavy loss to France;
'Twas not imagination that, she told them through her tears,
"The English shall be driven out of France in Seven years;"
'Twas not imagination, no! 'twas on supreme advice,
She said, "To night with Angels I will be in Paradise."

Among the many high exalted spirits reporting at the Aber Intellectual Circle's seances we are proud to mention Joan of Arc—Maid of Orleans—Deliverer of France; who, after having rescued her country from England, and secured the crowning of the Dauphin, Charles VII, king of France, was then betrayed by those she had befriended, sold as a prize, and burned at the stake by the Roman Catholic Church, at Rouen, in the year 1431, when she was but nineteen years of age.

Speaking of her marvelous career, Mr. Kitchen, in his History of France, vol. i. p. 537, pays her a beautiful tribute in a few words when he says:

"The noble figure of the heroine of France stands out in amazing beauty against the background of treachery, meanness, cruelty and, smoke of devouring fire. In all she is lifted far above her countrymen and her age; in all she is perfect in her simplicity, piety, self-devotion. She stands alone on the page of history."—(From The Oracle Encyclopedia, vol 3, p. 514).

The spirit of this pure girl, the immortal Joan of Arc, appeared frequently at the Aber Intellectual Circle's seances, in full-form, visible materialization, with a starry coronal upon her head, and robed in a silvery white garment of lace, her form, from head to foot, being radiantluminous above the light of the room, luminous with silvery lights and sparkling as if set with burnished jewels.

Her appearance at these seances was usually preceded and followed by the radiant spirits of such celebrated characters as Bruno, Galileo, Servetus, Copernicus, Hypatia, Buddha, George Washington, Thomas Paine, Henry Clay, and Abraham Lincoln.

On one occasion, standing in full view of the entire audience and speaking in a rather low, but clear, distinct whisper she said:

"I am one of the few fortunate ones chosen by this band to in this way convey to the world of mortals some idea of experience in the spirit world."

"I had a varied experience in your world, and, out of trials and tribulations there brought on me because of great soul sympathy for my people, I came to the spirit world with yearnings for such as need a guiding hand out of dark conditions; and soon the course of my future life was opened unto me.

"And to lead me along, I was caused to meet many who needed assistance and sympathy; and as such touches went out to make their burdens lighter, my own soul began to grow and round out and open up to itself greater powers of appreciation of new beauties, new grandeur, new delights, everywhere, increasingly shone on me out of that which had been darkness and gloom unto me.

"And now, my very being continually more and more thrills in unison and sympathetic harmony with the rolling of the spheres; and so, they tell me, will it ever and endlessly be; and what has been and is mine in spirit life is awaiting you all, dear friends."

About three months later the radiant spirit of Joan of Arc appeared again before the same circle and said:

"While on earth I did try to make better conditions for the common people, but in doing what I thought right I ran antagonistically to what other people thought right to such an extent that I had many persecutors who worked themselves up to an insane frenzy and sought in almost every way to persecute me; and at last they seized me and dragged me through the streets to my death.

While they thought they were torturing me, they were not. I was surrounded
by hosts of glorious spirits, who held my spirit in serene happiness.

"As the mad yells of my would-be tormentors went out on the air to the great delight of my enemies, there stood to my vision, but unknown to those ruffians, a great army of immortals speaking peace to me, relieving me of all pain and fear and suffering of every kind, and, gathering me into their arms they bore me away from the old body and escorted me into the most delightful scenes and conditions of supreme enjoyment that I had ever known.

"But you may say: 'Why did not those mighty spirits save the body alive—snatch it away from my persecutors?'

"I would answer: 'They had not the necessary conditions at their command to handle the physical body against the ruffians, while they did have spiritual power over my spirit, or rather, over me as a spirit, or, perhaps better still, over me, the spirit.'

"I would further answer: My work of earth was done. My time to go had come. I had grown ripe on this earth, as a tree of life and ready to drop off of it out into more spiritual spheres and more glorious conditions for which my work of earth had prepared me.

"The work which I began on earth was destined to be continued in the spirit world, that others and I might rise to higher spheres in the radiant, all-absorbing Morning Land."

"Soon my persecutors, one by one, closed the mortal to enter homes in spirit life that they had made for themselves.

"And, as I saw them approaching their necessarily uninviting abodes on this side of life, the very yearnings of my nature went out to them in their darkness."

"And I approached them with such garlands of this beautiful country as would invite their attention to seek that clime or condition where there is light enough for such garlands to grow. And I was so glad to help the poor souls out of darkness into light."

"And now the little ones—so many of them come over here—I am at last fitted to the pleasing task of caring for them. Oh, the tender, pure little innocents! What glorious heaven it is to me now to care for them! It seems no higher, brighter conditions could be desired, even in the highest spheres, than the task of unfolding to these innocents the grand lessons of eternity as they individually reach the condition to know them."

"I may be permitted to give you more of my long time experience in these higher realms of light. And now, for the present, good-by."—(From "Beyond the Vail," p. 18, 134, 135, Price $1.75).

As a tribute to the immortal Maid of Orleans we submit the following verses from a valedictory, delivered by an eleven-year-old girl, Purdy Bauneyvet, at a Fourth of July celebration, entitled.

**JOAN OF ARC**

*By Ernest B. Lydick.*

We've met today to celebrate escape from British rule,
And why we celebrate this day, is taught in every school;
But there's one antecedent fact of greatest potency,
Connected with the great event of our liberty,
Which all historians ignore, when speaking of this day,
And of the heroes aiding in the Continental fray.

While flags of loyal stars and stripes are floating in the air,
While piercing notes of fife and drum are sounding everywhere,
I will recall the deeds of one whose heart did never quake,
Although betrayed, and sold a prize, to perish at the stake;
The deeds of one brave, noble girl, who aided in a way,
To bring to us the freedom that we celebrate today.
DELIVERER OF FRANCE

While gun and cannon everywhere, with roar and boom resound,
That jars the glass in window frames, and shakes the very ground;
While many famous orators, in eloquence sublime,
Are speaking of the deeds performed by men, once on a time;
While silver tongues of men extoll man’s patriotic spark,
I’ll raise my little voice to sing—the praise of Joan of Arc.

We’ve heard about the warlike men, and deeds of valor done;
We’ve heard the names of men of fame compared with Washington;
We’ve heard of the assistance that a LaFayette did bring,
To aid us in our struggles ’gainst a tyrant English King;
Yet, LaFayette, who came to us, when days were drear and dark,
Was prompted by the spirit that illumined Joan of Arc.

“And who was Joan of Arc?” you ask, perhaps you do not know,
She was the Peasant Girl of France who laid the British low;
Had England spread her kingdom o’er the sunny hills of France,
And, gaining strength by laying tax upon that broad expanse,
She would have wielded such a force our land could not resist;
And then, the Great United States, today, would not exist.

And while we’ve met to celebrate a victory complete,
And honor those who gave their aid the British to defeat;
Let us recall the valiant deeds of one divinely great—
Of one who fought for Freedom’s Cause, and met an awful fate;
Let us review the glorious life of this Inspired Maid,
Whose spirit with the saints above sent us the greatest aid.

For courage that was marvelous, and purity of heart,
She stands alone in history without a counterpart;
A military genius, such, was never seen before—
She was a past grand-master of, the cruel art of war;
In placing and commanding men, the Maid had matchless skill,
She was a tactitician great, with superhuman will.

Napoleon’s skill was the result of training all his life;
His soldiers had been taught the use of gun, and spear, and knife;
And Caesar’s forces were the best trained veterans of Rome,
While those commanded by the Maid, were raw recruits from home,
Who, often even lacking arms, they fought with club and stone,
And followed fearlessly the Maid, where’er her banner shone.

She’d taken charge of Frenchmen, who had only known defeat,
Been crushed by foe invasion, till, despair was most complete.
The nation’s courage paralyzed, the King prepared to fly—
’Twas then that Joan of Arc appeared, with power from on high;
She turned the English forces back, where’er they did advance,
And won the glorious title of “Deliverer of France.”
Throughout her whole career, the Maid, was always calm, serene;  
Her conduct had the dignity becoming to a queen—  
Was not depressed by failure, nor elated by success—  
The ruling passions of her life, were, love and gentleness;  
While Washington’s veracity was rated very high—  
Sweet Joan of Arc was also one, who never told a lie.

When Joan was just a little girl she was so pure and good,  
She daily visited the sick and cheered them all she could;  
Her home was near a church with bell of melancholy tone,  
Which caused the thoughts of men to turn to God upon the throne;  
And Joan’s devoted heart was touched by the Angelus Bell—  
She gave the sexton skeins of yarn, to ring it long and well.

Beside their farm the river Muse flowed silently along,  
And woodland birds came near to cheer the Maid with sweetest song:  
When thirteen years of age, one day, a light from heaven shone  
Around her in the garden where the child was all alone;  
Two apparitions then appeared to cheer the good Pucelle,  
And told her that a lady in the heavens loved her well.

Those angels came most every day her trusting soul to search,  
And said, “Be good, obedient, and often go to church;”  
And thus with angels often near, so sweet, and pure, and kind,  
To lead her on the path of life, and train her growing mind,  
She grew to be a lovely girl, possessing beauty rare,  
Divinely good, divinely pure, and most divinely fair;

Those angels often came by day, in ornaments of gold,  
To talk with Joan about their homes, and mysteries unfold;  
And when they came they always seemed so kind, so pure, so sweet,  
She wished she might go with them to their heavenly retreat.  
And often they would come to her at night when she did sleep,  
Their voices then so tender that it made the Maiden weep.

She spoke of them as “voices,” for their forms were oft concealed.  
At times when deeper secrets they so plainly had revealed:  
She ne’er disclosed those visions, when confessing to the priest,  
Nor mentioned them to little friends, for many years, at-least;  
She kept those secrets well concealed within her little head.  
Although they never told her not to mention what they said.

At last their purpose they reveal, and action then implore—  
“Go thou to aid the King of France his kingdom to restore;  
“Go first to M. de Braud-ri-court, the Lord of Vau-co-leur,  
“He will conduct thee to the King, and make thy mission sure.”  
The Maiden trembled in surprise, they said, “Be not afraid,  
“Saints Margaret and Catherine will be thy constant aid.”
DELIVERER OF FRANCE

She went afoot to Vaucoleur, in coarse red shepherd dress,
And lodging at a wheelright's house, began her cause to press;
She preached her mission everywhere she found an audience—
To heal the sick, and prophesy, 'twas there she did commence;
Her fame it spread from house to house, so great it quickly grew,
That many lords, and dukes, and priests, came for an interview.

'Twas there she won the confidence of all who heard her speak;
Her fame, it reached the Dauphin King, within a single week;
She single handed won her cause, with all the seers of France—
She won in every argument the wise men could advance;
And when convinced the Maiden was, to them by heaven sent.
The hearts so cold to her at first, completely did relent.

The "voices" told her to adopt the costume of a man;
De Braudricourt gave her a sword, her mission then began;
The citizens subscribed the funds, and bought the girl a horse;
'Twas then the Duke of fair Lorraine, her mission did endorse,
Securing her an interview at Chinon with the King,
From which the fame and glory of the Maiden quickly spring.

The castle is in ruins now, where Charles received the Maid,
And pale, wild roses growing there, creep o'er the esplanade,
Creep round among the rugged rocks, then up the crannied wall,
Where, from its very top they seem to waive a smile to all;
And those pale roses, chaste and pure, remind one of the Maid—
The buds appear, in beauty bloom, and then they quickly fade;

But as they fade and pass from view, their perfume, rich and rare,
Is wafted far on kissing waves of cir-cum-am-bient air;
Is carried by the gentle breeze, both up and down the dale;
And into chambers where recline the feeble, old and frail,
To cheer the hearts that beat in grief, and banish sorrow's gloom,
From many a weary, troubled soul who never saw them bloom.

The crown-room shown in splendor on that one eventful night;
'Twas grandly draped, and fifty torches shed bewildering light
Upon a score of nobles, and three hundred cavaliers,
When Joan of Arc, the peasant girl, in shabby clothes appears;
The King had mingled with the crowd, another held his seat,
All eyes were turned, with skeptic gaze, upon the Maiden sweet.

She paused bewildered, looked around, for just a moment, then,
With confidence she did advance, right through that crowd of men;
She went direct to where Charles stood, and, falling on her knees,
Said, "Gentle Prince, I'm sent to you by King of Heaven, please,
"To say you shall be crowned at Rheims, lieutenant to the King,
"Who owns all France, and He has willed, that I, this message bring."
The face of Charles grew grave, then pale, he took the Maid aside, 
While thoughts of deepest interest throughout the room abide; 
And in that one short interview, with Charles, the Dauphin King, 
Proof that her mission was of God, the Maid did quickly bring, 
By giving him, from her own lips, in no uncertain way, 
An answer to a private prayer which he had prayed that day.

He mustered out six thousand men, the bravest in the land, 
And Joan of Arc, the shepherd girl, then took supreme command; 
She took in charge this army-force, at eighteen years of age, 
Directing with a wisdom that, soon proved the girl a sage; 
Although she had no training in the military art— 
She had direction from on high, and purity of heart.

Her armor was a shining white, 'twas made of burnished steel, 
Inlaid with silver fleur-de-lis, and it inspired zeal 
In all her soldiers, for they seem to see a conqueror, 
Whose armor glistened with a gleam just like a god of war; 
Her very sight to English foe had such a magic charm, 
That courage fled from out the heart, and strength from out the arm.

Her presence with the soldiers always banished every fear; 
She was divine to look upon, her voice divine to hear, 
It was so clear and vigorous, it rang out on the air, 
'Twas heard above the battle's din resounding everywhere; 
She swiftly dashed from place to place in manner fearless, bold, 
The sun shown on her armor bright, it gleamed as flaming gold.

The standard that she carried was of linen, creamy white, 
A gold embroidered Savior from the center glowing bright, 
With fleur-de-lis and angels, worked in most artistic way; 
This was the flag the "voices" said to carry in the fray— 
"This is the standard of thy God to wave above thy head!" 
"Take it and carry boldly on!" that's what the "voices" said.

The sword which M. de Braudricourt gave Joan at Vaucouleur 
Was never carried in a fight, she used one doubly sure: 
Her "voices" said there was a sword, at Frier-boys, in a church, 
To send a page, and in a pile of debris, make a search, 
And he would find a better sword, that of Saint Margaret— 
'Twas found as had been stated, and the edge was sharply whet.

Dressed in a crested uniform of gold and purest white, 
And mounted on a snow-white steed, she was a wondrous sight, 
With sword and banner both upraised, no hand to guide the rein, 
Her horse in wildest fury dashed across the battle plain, 
Straight to the point of fiercest fight, ne'er swerving from its course— 
The unseen hand directing her did also guide the horse.
She rode the fields of battle, on that steed of snowy white,
It leaping over fences in its haste to reach the fight.
Where'er the noble Frenchmen were in danger of defeat,
Arriving there, the British always fled in wild retreat,
They saw about her banner, and in air above her head,
A host of holy angels, and, no wonder that they fled.

In hottest carnage of the fight her banner always shown,
She sought to save her soldiers' lives, regardless of her own;
And foesmen fled at her approach, they seemed to feel that death
Resulted from her horses' touch, and even from his breath;
And those who had clairvoyant sight, saw saints, immortal, ride,
Upon their pale and ghostly steeds, close to the Maiden's side.

The British had a mighty force besieging Orleans, (Or-la-an)
With William Glasdale in command, a brave, though cruel man;
He felt resistance in the town must soon capitulate;
They had their battlements well built, their arms were up to date;
And he had made an awful threat, so histories record—
"To capture all the citizens, and put them to the sword."

To her first battle Joan's white horse went dashing down the street,
At such a speed that fiery sparks flashed underneath his feet;
With breast bent forward on his neck, hair streaming down her back,
And sword held high above her head, prepared for fierce attack;
With standard streaming in the air, and armor blazing bright,
She met her soldiers in retreat, all fleeing from the fight.

She neither stopped, nor said a word, she dashed right through the troops;
They whirled about and followed her with war-cries, yells and whoops;
She fought three hours on that field where missiles thickly flew,
She had no fear, she seemed to hear, "No harm can come to you":
And all the English soldiers who did meet her in that fight,
Were either killed or captured by her men before the night.

The Maid returned triumphant then, and marching up the street,
The people gazed in wonder on a warrior so sweet;
They closely crowd around the Maid, in adoration grand,
It seemed a benediction then to even touch her hand,
They kiss her fingers, arms and shoes, they even kiss the horse.
Of she who came to raise the siege held by the British force.

She was a greater hero now, than they had known before,
She'd checked the tide against them in "A Hundred Years of War;"
She'd won for them a victory, the first that they had known,
And great devotion for the Maid then everywhere was shown;
Each morning when she went to church, to hear the mass and pray,
They scattered ferns and roses 'round about her on the way.
Before the battle of Monest, the Maid was heard to say,  
"The fighting will be fierce, and I'll receive a wound today";
But this foreknowledge did not cause her courage to assuage—
She bravely led the fighting still, where thickest carnage rage;
In every battle that she fought, her bravery was shown;
And she led the wildest charges that the world has ever known.

That day the Maid was wounded in the shoulder on the right;
An arrow came with awful force, and pierced her armor bright;
It had protruded through her form five inches in the rear;
The Maid withdrew this dart herself, the act, it brought a tear;
She suffered most intensely, from the pain, began to cry;
Then fell prostrate upon the ground, it seemed the girl would die.

But presently she rallied, yes, she rose from where she'd lain,
And led the charge another time, regardless of the pain;
The British thought her killed, when here, she comes before their sight;
Or is it Michael the Saint, so radiantly white?
And then they saw a wondrous scene, which filled their hearts with dread—
They saw white doves, and butterflies, and angels 'bove her head.

Then heedless of the arrows, and the bullets in the air,
Her soldiers swarmed right up the wall, as if it were a stair;
They rushed en masse upon the foe, the swords and axess fell,
Steel blades were clashing amor'd steel, three thousand tongues did yell;
It was an awful sight to see, an awful noise to hear!
Within that fort all foes were killed, who did not flee in fear.

The Maid was standing near the bridge, and Glasdale just above;
She called to him to stop the fight, her voice was soft with love,
She said, "Yield thee to Heaven's King, and all will yet be well;"
His answer was a stream of oaths, by far too vile to tell;
Yet, while he thus abused the Maid—consigning her to sheol,
She very kindly answered him, "I've mercy on your soul."

He then did start to cross the bridge, which, burning underneath,
Had weakened all the strong supports, and leaving but a sheath,
The bridge gave way beneath his weight, and dropped him in the Loire—
This man who had insulted her, so vilely, just before!
And when she saw him disappear, the waves above him roll,
She knelt in tears and prayed to God, "Have mercy on his soul."

That closed the fighting for the time, the night was coming on,
Next day, it was the Sabbath, and, 'twas seen at early dawn,
The battlements were smouldering—it was a joyful sight,
The English force had burned its forts, and gone within the night,
Although first time in history that cannon had been used,
And thoughts of certain victory their forces had enthused.
This raised the siege of Orleans (Or-le-an), the King met her at Tours, He stood bare-headed at her side, and said, "Great fame is yours";
"To show that I appreciate the deed which you have done,
"I'll honor all your family, ennoble every one;
"No more shall they pay taxes to my kingdom on their farms—
"And France's lilies, evermore, they'll quarter on their arms."

She now proposed a march to Rheims, to have the Daughin crowned,
But Britains and Bur-gun-di-ans had forces all around;
As this was quite a solemn fact, which Charles then chanced to know;
He felt no haste to get the crown, in fact, refused to go;
He found excuses for delay, while enemies were near,
To all her importunings said, "I'm very happy here."

He seemed to be so faint of heart, so filled with fear and doubt,
He did not wish to leave Chinon, till foes were driven out;
She was impatient with her King, because the Maiden knew,
She had so very little time, in which so much to do:
Just after she had raised the siege, her "voices" made this clear,
They told her that, "In war, the Maid, will only last a year."

At length an expedition formed, to venture up the Loire,
With Joan of Arc in chief command, as she had been before:
She sought to ride a horse of black, a wild and fractious steed,
A fine majestic thoroughbred, a horse of greatest speed;
But every time she sought to mount, he gave a vicious lurch;
The Maiden told the men to take the horse before the church,

They led him there, he calmly stood, she in the saddle sprang,
And then this sentence from her lips, upon the breezes rang,
As, turning to the citizens, the Maid, commanded thus:
"Ye priests, and people of the church! make prayers to God for us."
Then drawing in her charger's reins, his neck in perfect arch,
She waived her saintly sword on high, and shouted, "For-ward-march!"

The army left Chinon for Rheims, to have the Dauphin crowned;
While confidence, and perfect trust, did everywhere abound;
The glory of her figure in effulgence brightly shone,
While choristers were singing songs, of grave and solemn tone;
And as she rode beside of Charles, the King, the Royal Limb,
All eyes were turned upon the Maid, few thought to look at him.

They gazed with bated breath, upon, this charming chevalier,
And marveled that so sweet a maid, had such a great career;
All eyes at her did wildly stare, she was the one renowned,
And some remarked, "Instead of Charles, the Maiden should be crowned!"
It was a great triumphant tour, the whole two thousand miles,
While Joan and Charles returned salutes, with bows and loving smiles.
The whole way long that line of march throughout the loyal land,
The people met the Maid and King, in adoration grand;
And as the army did proceed, from Chinon up the Loire,
Attacking all invading foes, with conquest as before;
And in that last triumphant tour, her saints were close at hand,
Suggesting movements to be made, in aiding her command.

In all her charges, there, again, those saints were seen to ride,
Upon their ghostly, milk-white steeds, close to the Maiden's side;
And forming thus, to make a charge, then, flying like a dart,
The sight, it drove the courage from, the strongest British heart,
To see this apparition, down, upon their forces glide,—
The black horse in the center, and the white ones at the side.

Retreating in confusion wild, nerves paralyzed with dread,
The Frenchmen then pursued, and killed, the British as they fled;
The foe deserting every place, sometimes without a fight,
Thy seemed to feel that they were wrong, and she was in the right;
Success upon successes then, in quick succession came,
As she continued up the Loire, in King of Heaven's name.

A slight resistance had been made by foemen holding Rheims;
But soon a flag of truce, in air, above the fortress gleams;
The Maid then stood beside the gate, to see the foes depart,
At length there came before her gaze, a sight to make her start;
She saw a chained and shackled band of fellow-men advance,
The English sought to take with them, their prisoners of France.

She stopped the march at peril of this momentary peace,
And then compelled the British foe those Frenchmen to release;
This done, the enemy proceed, in long and steady streams;
With heavy heart, and sullen brow, they march away from Rheims:
Among the foemen there in line, was one, Pi-erre Cau-chon,
A bishop of the Catholic Church, we'll hear of him anon.

For hours Joan of Arc stood there, to watch them go away,
And when the last one passed the gate the Maid had won the day;
This was the one supreme triumph, for which she'd labored long,
For this, the spirits gave their aid, and made the Maiden strong;
With flying colors, pealing bells, and deafening roar of gun,
She entered Rheims, the King was crowned, and then her work was done.

The Maid returned triumphant now, with soldiers to Chinon,
If any one lacked faith at first, all doubt at last was gone;
And while her every effort had been crowned with great success,
She still remained devoutly pure, and filled with holiness;
Her armor, it was battered, and, her banner faded now,
But quite a royal wreath of fame, was resting on her brow.
Great feasts for her were then prepared, most everywhere she'd go,  
Prepared in honor of the Maid, who vanquished British foe;  
Yet viands rare and costly, she, would never even touch,  
But smiling very sweetly, say, "I have no need of such."  
'Twas just the plainest kinds of food, o'er which the Maid enthused,  
And bread, with wine and water, was the diet mostly used.

And Charles appreciated what the Maid had done for him,  
He tried to fill her cup of joy completely to the brim;  
He crowned the Maid a Princess, with the income of the same,  
The title, "Maid of Orleans," to be her royal name;  
He bought her many garments fine as any queen did hold,  
Most costly silk and satin robes, and one of cloth of gold.

And all the time she was with Charles she suffered no neglect,  
Where'er she went she was received, with greatest of respect;  
Was entertained by royalty, at many a fine resort,  
And dearly loved by all the greatest ladies of the court,  
She wore her laurels lightly, in an attitude serene,  
Though treated with distinction due a princess or a queen.

No thought of glory for herself, did from her pure heart spring;  
Her only aim and purpose was, to crown the Dauphin, King;  
When this had been accomplished, then, she tears of joy did weep,  
And to the feet of him she crowned, most humbly she did creep,  
And said, "O King! Now is fulfilled, the promise from above,  
"My mission's o'er, let me return, to those I dearly love."

The King she crowned would not allow, the Maiden to depart,  
To seek the scenes, and friends so dear, to her young girlish heart;  
But kept her there, and generals grew jealous of her fame,  
And sought in most deceitful ways to soil the Maiden's name;  
And jealousies against the Maid, were not in war, alone,  
Behind her back the priestcraft, too, did wish her overthrown.

They knew that when upon a march, she'd stop and go to mass,  
The Maid and all her soldiers, at the Churches they would pass;  
But all such pure devotion, no! that did not count with them,  
And even when she'd crowned the King, her course they still condemn,  
Because she asked no holy aid, from either priest or pope—  
Her aid it came from higher source, in Heaven was her hope.

Besides, they claimed the Church, alone, was able to decide,  
Just when a miracle's performed, and it should be the guide;  
For miracles could never be performed before the eyes,  
Except by Saints, in Grace of God, the Church had Canonized;  
And those who do such wondrous things, without the church's grace,  
Well, any power they possess comes from the "other place."
And yet she was not touched with pride, ambition never knew,
To serve her country and her God, had been her only view,
She sought no glory for herself, she asked for no reward,
She felt she was the messenger, and handmaid of the Lord;
And yet the Bishops of the Church proclaimed the Maid a witch,—
Yes, even those the Maid's career was serving to enrich.

The old Archbishop, down at Rheims, whom she did reinstate,
Did entertain for her no thought, except the deepest hate,
For when she'd crowned the Dauphin, King, her most triumphant day,
He criticised the holy Maid, maliciously did say—
And surely, from all points of view, his reasoning was lame,—
He said, "Give God the glory, but this Maid from Satan came."

Her nation still was in distress, invaded by a foe,
That burned the towns, destroyed the crops, and brought her people woe;
The Maiden's heart in sympathy, did bleed from this great wrong,—
To see her nation in distress, her King in mirth and song,
And think no force was being sent, no move was being made,
To drive the British from the land, or bring her people aid.

At length she did persuade the King to start the army out,
To put remaining forces of the enemy to rout;
But Charles did not support the Maid, as he had done before,
And inspiration from the Saints, that too, was also o'er;
And yet she fought the British with a courage strong as steel,
And charged against their battlements, with more than human zeal.

At Dennis she was wounded, yet her courage there was shown,
By fighting till she fell, and then, they left her all alone,
To lie in pain and suffer there, upon the battle ground,
While bleeding unattended from a deep and ghastly wound;
Her trusted friends had, every one, been taken from the Maid,
And sent to distant parts of France, to render others aid.

The sunshine of her life is past, a storm begins to rise;
The traitors to the cause of France, now cursed schemes devise:
When she recovered from the wound, she asked to be released;
This was refused though jealousies continually increased,—
When this request had been denied, the Maiden shed a tear,
And said, "If I must still remain, I'll only last a year.

'Twould seem the scene grows darker now, the shadows close around;
Her "voices" don't encourage, like, before the King was crowned;
They seem to have a sort of sad, and melancholy tone,
And frequently, for many days, they leave her all alone;
The only message brought her now, she knew not what 'twould mean,—
"The Maiden will be captured." "When?" "Before the feast, St. Jean."
This message came to her a month before the act occurred; And often in her dreams at night, “Before St. Jean,” she heard: She heard it on the battle-field, when forts she did assail, When cannon belched their bullets out, flung forth great stones as hail; “Before St. Jean! Before St. Jean!” these words would pierce her heart; And yet the Maid continued still to play a valiant part.

When asked if she was not afraid, by friends who held her dear, She told them then, that, “Treason, is the only thing I fear.” And now, that one and only thing, of which she is afraid, A sly, and skulking treachery, is lurking near the Maid; For Charles now had within his court, a crafty counsellor, Who held him back, discouraged him, from aiding her in war.

Through his advice her trusted men, were taken from the Maid, Then in the battle of Compeigne, she was at last betrayed— Betrayed by one, De Flavy, while she fought to save his life; His crime, it proved so vile, that he, was murdered by his wife: The wife was then arraigned in court, where justice did preside, And cleared of blame, the jury said, “The deed was justified.”

When she was captured by the foe, some Frenchmen did rejoice, Te Deums sang at Notre Dame, in cheerful, happy voice, Bon-fires lighted in the street throughout some cities great, While Tours and Orleans, alone, did mourn the Maiden’s fate— All night throughout their streets proceed, a long bare-foot parade, With moans, and tears, and dirg, they mourn, the capture of the Maid.

Then that same vile ingratiating, the Archbishop of Rheims, He writes a slanderous letter, and, against the Maid blasphemes— He said, “Because of growing pride, and love of costumes fine, “Because she followed her own will, and not the will divine, “That God had suffered her to be, thus captured by the foe, “That what she did was not of Him, an He did overthrow.”

That wearing costly garments is a sin, we’ve oft been told, Yet Angels came to Joan of Arc in ornaments of gold; And seers, who in the astral form, have seen the cherubim, Have functioned on the Seventh Plane, and talked with seraphim— Thy state that all the holy saints, within that higher zone, Wear more resplendent costumes than the world has ever known.

That God admires elegance, in dress, is plainly seen— He robes His birds in costumes fine, as those of any queen, The mountains, valleys, hills, and dales, are clothed in beauty rare, The lily, rose, and violet, are blooming everywhere, And splendor shown by blossoms in the orchards on the farm, All prove that God, does not esteem, the beautiful a harm.
While Joan of Arc was faithful to her country and her King,
While she had done so very much, great victory to bring,
While she secured for Charles the crown, was by his men betrayed,
He never sought to set her free, he came not to her aid;
He might have caused the girl's release, by one scratch of his pen—
But no! the aid she rendered him, was all forgotten then.

All England thought the Maid a witch, who from the Devil came!
They could not think that God above, would perpetrate a shame,
Upon a nation that He had, oft aided in the past—
Would turn against their kingdom now, with such an awful blast,
And blow the courage from their hearts, and cause their men to flee,
From any foe, especially French, first time in history.

When captured, she was quickly sold, sold as a princely prize,
Sold to a Bishop of the Church—they torture then devise,
To try to force from her some word, against the King of France,
Which might in some way injure him, and England's cause enhance;
They tried to prove the Maid a witch, to justify their course,
In order that the people might, this fiendish crime endorse.

The King could kill her body, but, the Church could kill her fame,
By burning as a wicked witch who from the Devil came;
'Twas English "francs" that bought the Maid, and bought the Bishop too,
The Inquisition, also then, came 'round to get a few;
The Bishop bought to try the Maid, was one, Pierre Cauchon,
A Bishop of the Catholic Church, whose godly grace was gone.

He was a French Burgundian, and Joan's arch enemy;
Because, when she had taken Rheims, they drove him from his "see,"
Along with all Burgundians, who long had held the place—
He sought the Duke of Winchester, and won that Britain's grace,
With the result, that, soon was found, a place for him to pray;
And thus, Pierre Cauchon became, the Bishop of Bauvais. (Bo-va).

They kept the Maid in irons cold, within a cruel cage.
And there she suffered vile abuse, to satisfy a rage,
Incurred by England's great defeat, for which she was the cause;
And then those Lords and Bishops, they, forgot all human laws—
A torture long and terrible, the Maiden did endure,
More bitter than a thousand deaths, to one so good and pure.

The sacrament was not allowed, nor a confessor's care,
Although a wretch was sent as such the Maiden to ensnare;
Request for council was denied, appeal to Pope refused,
And never in earth's history was maiden so abused—
They broke the Inquisition rules, yes, from the very first,
They kept her in a cell with men, highwaymen of the worst.
The masses were denied, because, "The charges were so grave;"
The Catholic Bishop did not care, the Maiden's soul to save;
A church stood on the street that led, from cell to trial hall,
Her guard would often let her stop, to pray beside its wall;
At last Bauvais, he learned of this, the act he had espied,
And in the future, even this, one pleasure was denied.

Her torture brought a fever on, with temperature so high,
Her persecutors were alarmed, for fear the Maid would die;
'Twas then the Earl of Warwick spoke, and his vile heart revealed,
By a demand that she be cured, at least, be partly healed—
"Do everything your science can, to cause her to revive,
"She must not die a natural death, she shall be burned alive."

Although her sickness had been caused, by long and vile abuse,
They called the greatest doctor in, the kingdom could produce,
The price the English nation paid, for her had been so high,
Those Cardinals and Bishops felt, they should not let her die:
Her health beginning to return, new tortures then they press,
And wound her body with a hope, to make the Maid confess.

Yet what confession could she make, but that the Saints above
Had aided her to help the King, and country of her love:
Had come to her Domremy home, when she was just a child,
And then with thoughts heroic had her growing mind beguiled,
Had placed the sword of Marguerite within her little hand,
And aided her to fight the foe and drive them from the land.

Alone she stood for trial with, a courage strong as steel,
Her answers always ringing with, a patriotic zeal;
For many weeks they questioned her along most every track,
With threats that she must answer or they'd put her to the rack;
"Just put me to the rack," she said, "and tear me limb from limb,"
"I'll not divulge a single fact that is not true to him."

At last she was convicted, as a witch, and heretic,
Who must be burned—then at the stake in finest rhetoric
A mighty Theologian a eulogy did preach
To her about the Holy Truth their creeds and dogmas teach:
She knelt before her judges, and, she prayed both long and loud,
When an impatient, mean remark, did reach her from the crowd.

She rose from praying and they saw, the Maiden quickly turn,
And boldly climb up to the stake, at which she was to burn;
She then was chained against the post, upon that scaffold high,
Where tortured by the cruel flames her body now must die:
She asked no mercy of Cauchon, the execution boss,
She simply said, "Will someone here most kindly bring a cross?"
One man complied with her request, and did the best he could,
To whittle out a little cross, from just a stick of wood;
But as the lurid, scorching flame, around her madly licks,
A priest ran to a near by church, and brought a crucifix,
And then he sprang upon the stage, and held the cross on high,
While even those who had condemned the Maid began to cry.

And while the flesh was blistering upon her lovely face,
She told the priest, he might get burned, he'd best keep back a pace:
When her form was quite concealed, by scorching flames and smoke,
Her clear, sweet voice rang on the air, as joyfully she spoke,
Proclaiming to that crowd around what they had not believed,—
"My voices are of God, and now, I know I'm not deceived."

One villain came who sought to make his brags and wager good,
"That her expiring sight should see him piling on the wood;"
But the Eternal God did not permit this to occur;
For as the man ran with the wood, while closely watching her,
He saw her spirit as a dove speed upward in its flight,
He fell prostrate upon the ground, and died before the night.

She lisped the name of Jesus, as her head sank on her brast;
Her soul then left her body for the realms of the blest;
The lifeless form began to warp, and shrivel in the heat,
And then in ashes crumbled down, the crime, not yet complete,
The Maid's heart was not consumed, though broken with the pain;
They took the heart and ashes, then, and threw them in the Seine:

But when her form was seen to fall in ashes at the stake,
The Bishop who had caused her death in fear began to quake.
He sought the priest who held the cross before her as she burned,—
Alas! alas! that word remorse! its meaning he had learned;
His every nerve and muscle then, in fear grew weak and faint,
As he cried out, "My soul is lost, alas! I've burned a Saint."

The "Shades" from Lost Atlantis, tell us all about their land,
A hundred thousand years ago, with Golden Age so grand;
And Spirits from Lamura, too, they have reported here,
And told about their continent, e'er it did disappear;
But not a sign has come to us, no word, or slight remark,
From those who crucified our Christ, and burned sweet Joan of Arc.

She was not charged with any crime against the British throne,
This is a fact that all sincere historians must own;
She did no wrong against the church, this also is a fact
Yet notice how those bishops, priests and cardinals did act;
They brought these charges 'gainst the Maid, as criminal complaints,
"That she had seen, talked with, and touched, the pure and holy saints."
These “saints,” the judges ruled, were fiends, that both deceive and lie;  
And as the Maid did worship them, by fire she must die;  
And yet, those Saints, they came to her, upon their own accord;  
They came because she was sincere, in service of the Lord;  
This charge against the Maid would seem, to be a little odd,—  
No sorcerer would summon fiends, by fervent prayers to God.

While on the board that tried her sat both French and English men,  
The great disputes, between their Kings, were all forgotten, when,  
With fiendish purpose, motive vile, her history they search,  
To try to find some sort of crime, or act against the Church;  
And while the Maid was sold a prize, the British paid the bill;  
They’d mighty cause to wish her dead, the Church had none to kill.

She’d always been a Catholic, her faith was orthodox,  
With older folks she’d gone to church, in little girlish frocks,  
She’d made confessions to a priest, since seven years of age;  
In every duty to the church devotely she’d engage,  
Her mother too was orthodox, a church enthusiast;  
Who’d gone to Rome to see the Pope quite often in the past.

And while Joan followed her career, as France’s Warrior Maid,  
She always daily went to mass, and fervently she prayed;  
No priest or Pope that ever lived, could have been more devout,  
And when they burned her at the stake, they knew, they’d found that out;  
They’d sent detectives to her home to get a bad report,  
With which they hoped to injure her by using it in Court.

Each man returned a statement true, told what the people said,  
“That she was pious and sincere,” (and almost lost his head);  
They’d learned her history complete from birth right up to date,  
And every fact that they secured, her life did vindicate.  
No one could these detectives find in any town or place,  
That Joan of Arc had ever lived, who spoke in her disgrace.

While they had tortured her for months, then burned her at the stake,  
When she was dead, by purjury, her honor they would take;  
’Twas said that from old Satan came, the power she possessed;  
’Twas said that e’er the Maiden died, this fact she had confessed:  
In shame we find that later, then, another course they take,—  
And claim, not Joan, but some one else, had perished at the stake.

Her family was ennobled by the deeds which she had done,  
And twenty-three years later a new trial was begun;  
The trial was successful and it brought out every fact;  
It showed the fiendish way in which her murderers did act;  
It vindicated Joan of Arc from every cruel strain,  
Gave them a stigmatism, which, forever, will remain.
But e'er you seek to place the blame, on person, church or state;  
Just pause a while, and ask yourself, who led her to her fate?  
And if there may not be some cause, for every pain she knew,  
For all indignities received, which are concealed from you?  
When starting on her great career, quite early in its morn;  
She said, "God clears the way for me, for this have I been born."

The "voices" came unto the Maid, at thirteen years of age;  
And took five more, to make of her, a warrior and sage;  
'Twould seem they came to her because, no other could they find,  
To equal her in holiness, and purity of mind.  
They led the Maiden to the King, she was equipped for war;  
She took command of France's force, the front they started for.

She raised the siege, she crowned the King, just as they said she would;  
And though she led a soldier's life, she still was pure and good;  
Yet when she had the Dauphin crowned, her mission was not done;  
Her fame and glory were secured, her sorrow then begun;  
The "voices" did not cease to come, though calls were growing few;  
But when they came they did not tell the Maiden what to do.

They simply state a solemn fact, which might inspire fear,  
"That, with the army of the King, she'd only last a year;"  
They told her she'd be captured; yes, but neither when, nor where;  
Because, she said, "If I had known, I would not have been there;"  
They're with her in the prison, and they make a solemn vow,  
"The Maid shall be delivered," but they do not tell her how.

They say that "Her deliverance will be a triumph great;"  
The form of that deliverance the "voices" do not state;  
They're with her in the trial, and they say, "Speak boldly out;"  
And that was what the Maiden did, beyond a single doubt;  
They're with her when the Maiden meets her sad and awful fate;  
And, through the flames, she did secure, "a triumph truly great."

If she must know what torture is, be purified by pain,  
To function with the seraphim, upon the higher plane;  
'Twould seem her greatest victory, was burning at the stake,  
A conquest far more mighty than a thousand forts to take;  
From there her soul ascended up to realms of the blest,  
Where in a golden glory she forever more will rest.

(Kneeling and looking up to sky.)

Sweet Joan of Arc, thy spirit form in glory now I see,  
Surrounded by immortal saints who fought for liberty.  
Surrounded by the seers of old, who taught God's holy truth;  
Surrounded by the martyrs pure, who died in bloom of youth;  
Surrounded by the scientists, who perished in the flame,  
And by the souls of those whose names adorn the "Hall of Fame."
In mansions of the Father's House, where heroes congregate,
I see thee now surrounded by the spirits of the great;
I see with thee our Washington, our Hamilton, our Paine,
Our Franklin, Henry, Webster, and the souls of soldiers slain;
Who gave their lives for freedom in the Continental fray,
And fought to win the liberty we celebrate today.

I see no scars upon they form inflicted by the flame;
I see thou hast forgiven all thy foes of every blame;
I see that thou are pleased to note what all the speakers say,
When they recall this great event we celebrate today.
Yet while in glory so supreme, it seems there's resting now,
The shadow of a slight distress upon thy hallowed brow,—

A sorrow caused by men who write thy history today;
And show a disregard of facts, when viciously they say;
The extraordinary deeds, connected with thy life;
Which caused defeat to England in the Franco-British strife,
Was a result of sentiemnt, and superstititious thought;
Which a belief in sorcery, and necromancy taught.

They say imagination was your only gift divine;
That you imagined that you saw those lights around you shine;
That you imagined that you heard those "voices" in the air;
That you imagined that the Saints were leading everywhere.
These strange phenomena, in fact, they firmly do insist;
'Twas just imagination, and they never did exist.

And some encyclopedias cling to this silly claim;
Thus injuring your fair renown, detracting from your fame;
The greatest of historic proofs, they carefully evade,
And hold that spirits never yet did render mortals aid;
But this one fact they don't explain to us in their review;
Why your imaginations all, should every one come true.

Yet proof of inspiration great does everywhere abound;
'Twas not imagination that you had the Dauphin crowned;
'Twas not imagination that you made the British fly;
'Twas not imagination that you oft did prophecy;
'Twas not imagination that your prophecies came true;
'Twas not imagination that your early death you knew.

'Twas not imagination that your mission was performed;
By overthrowing mighty forts and battlements you stormed.
'Twas not imagination that you told them in advance,
Of distant battles being fought with heavy loss to France;
'Twas not imagination that before your march began;
You said you'd enter Orleans and never lose a man.
'Twas not imagination that you said the wind would change;  
The night your army crossed the Loire within the British range;  
'Twas not imagination that you told them you would raise,  
The English siege of Orleans in eight or seven days;  
'Twas not imagination that you said the fort would fall;  
That 'twould be yours the moment that your banner touched the wall.  

'Twas not imagination, no, nor visionary dreams;  
That you did clear the valley of the Loire from Tours to Rheims;  
'Twas not imagination that you captured on the way,  
Both Suffolk, down at Jargeau; yes, and Talbot at Patay;  
'Twas not imagination that you were a virgin pure,  
A court of royal ladies made that one assertion sure,  

'Twas not imagination that you said, "I am betrayed,"  
A month or more before the fiends could spring the trap they laid;  
'Twas not imagination that you told them through your tears  
"The English shall be driven out of France in seven years;"  
'Twas not imagination, it was on divine advice,  
You said, "Tonight with angels I will be in paradise."

'Twas then thy pure and holy life, which ended in the flame,  
Attracted thee unto the zone from which thy "voices" came,  
Within A-ru-pa levels of the De-va-chan-ic Plane,  
Where most exalted spirits of this planet now remain;  
And now I see thy radiant soul, among the angels fair,  
Most glorious A-sek-ha, in the Suk-ha-va-ti there.

I see thee pure and holy in that blissful home sublime,  
Now welcoming the heroes that arrive from every clime;  
I see those heroes crowd around thy spirit form so grand,  
To tell you of the cruel wrongs existing in their land;  
I see you working for a cause which all mankind will bless;  
A cause to check and overthrow all powers that oppress.

May thy true life and purpose be, in all lands understood,  
May all men know your only aim, was doing others good,  
And may the stigmatism which, some place on thy fair name,  
Return to them with awful force, redounding to their shame,  
And may thy name forever live, among the truly great,  
That those who seek the upward path, thy life may emulate.

(Rising to a standing position.)

There's a moral to this story that 'tis well you all should heed,  
And it flashes from the text so plain that he who runs may read;  
That while we sing the praise of one who lived long years ago;  
Who seemed to meet a great defeat her deeds to overthrow;  
And yet we now can plainly see her mission has been done;  
That while she sank in darkest night, she shines now as a sun.
DELIVERER OF FRANCE

Her statues cast in every land, of silver, bronze, and gold; In every language of the earth her wondrous deeds are told; Medallions made of metals rare perpetuate her name; And statuettes in miniature adorn the Halls of Fame; Her picture done in oil, is hung, upon the Louvre wall, With those of mighty kings and queens, but greater than them all.

And when the waves of trouble roll around your earthly bark, Recall the tribulations of the Saintly Joan of Arc; Recall the troubles suffered by that maiden of nineteen; Recall the torture she endured, in manner so serene, Still faithful to her God, and King, within the scorching flame; And let her life inspire you, to hold a constant aim.

The powers of the spirit world, have, with a purpose true, Arranged for all the great events that are to come to you; And if your aspiration is, a good and worthy one, You'll win it e'er your journey on the earthly path is done; Though disappointments may be met, quite hard to understand, Be sure they're for a purpose that will later come to hand.

Proposing as a postulate that all must recognize; I now will call attention to some facts that may surprise; The history of Joan of Arc, all nations now endorse; It comes from statements sworn in court, a most authentic source; While stories of all Saints and Saviours in the days of yore, Are not from court proceedings, but traditionary lore.

It comes with proof most absolute, from statements under oath, Of many different witnesses, who testified in both The trial when she was condemned, and when she's cleared of blame, Where every charge of infamy was taken from her name; As these are facts beyond dispute, the story must be true— If true—it bears a message from the spirit world to you.

The story teaches there's a land, where saints immortal reign; It teaches that these holy saints, return to earth again; It teaches that beyond a doubt these powers of the air, Are watching everything you do, are with you everywhere; It teaches that they scan events; transpiring here below; And sometimes take a hand themselves, and nations overthrow;

That all the arts of peace and war are held within their list: And that they wield a mighty force no human can resist. If they could make a chevalier from just a modest maid; It might be well for you to call their power to your aid; If by their help a peasant girl such mighty deeds could do, Would not assistance of the saints be valuable to you?
There is a standard sure and true, within the realms above,
That's used to measure efforts of the heart that beats with love;
The heart that seeks another's good, regardless of its own;
That's always touched most deeply by the tear, the sigh, the groan;
Is aided by an unseen force, a holy spirit band;
And often wins a great success that few can understand.

And here's a thought to hold in mind, a fact to keep in view,
That when you make a loyal fight, with purpose firm, and true,
You will receive a just reward, whatever that may be,
Which may continue for a time, or for eternity;
And if you have the strength and will, temptations to withstand;
You're qualified for action, and great forces to command.

If you are pure in heaven's eyes, have always sought the right;
And kept your golden lamp of love, well trimmed, and burning bright;
I you are radiating joy, and sunshine all around,
In one effulgent gleam of bliss, transcendently profound;
If you have led a life of grace, forgiving every foe.
Who sought, or aimed to injure you, by either word or blow;

If you have conquered inward strife, and banished every fear,
And all of earth's humanity, you hold as brothers dear;
If you have given honest thought, to aiding fellow man,
To place all work upon a great, co-operative plan;
If you will fight for cause of truth, and liberty sublime,
Just like our noble heroes fought, for you, once on a time.

Then all your noble acts will be, extolled by tongue and pen,
Your name will be immortalized, within the hearts of men,
And don't forget this solemn fact, the moral I would show—
That, as we praise the Maid who lived, five hundred years ago,
If you are faithful to your trust, redeeming every vow—
Some other lips may sing your praise, five hundred years from now!
—From "Purdy Bauneyvet, the Girl with the Money Hump."

By Ernest B. Lydick.

AN EXPLANATION.
The marvellous statements contained in the preceding poem are based on historical facts, and any person who will read some of the best biographies of Joan of Ark will find the picture has not been overdrawn.

We can supply the following books at prices stated:

"Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc," by Mark Twain, Price $2.00.
To those who care to read but one history of The Maid of Orleans, we recommend that by Mrs. Oliphant, (which we can supply at $1.65) as she has written a most beautiful—a lovely story of the Inspired Maid—Joan of Arc—Deliverer of France.

ECHOES FROM THE SHINING HIGHWAY

It takes away the sting of death, it robs the grave of victory;
To know that e'er the parting breath thy spirit friends are near to thee;
And after death, with joy supreme, you'll see your loved ones with you there;
That you'll awake to music grand, without a thought of grief or pain,
And then reside in glory there, upon the Transcendental Plain.

THREE MARVELOUS BOOKS.

In every chapter of this brochure will be found many quotations from the Aber series of books consisting of “Rending the Vail,” “Beyond the Vail,” and “The Guiding Star.”

These three books contain the messages received from the spirit world by “The Aber Intellectual Circle,” at Spring Hill, Kansas, during a period of nearly thirteen years, terminating Feb. 26, 1903. This “Circle” was formed at the suggestion of exalted spirits, and for the express purpose of giving to mortals, on this planet, all the information regarding spiritual things that it is possible for the brightest celestial minds to impart to man.

Books Written by Spirits of the Dead.

These books were, in fact, written by the spirits themselves, as the messages they contain were received as spoken or written communications from the spirits of the so-called dead, in full-form, visible materialization.

These materializations consisted of men, women, and children, ranging in size from infants less than a foot long to giants more than seven feet tall; and some of the faces were so radiantly luminous that they shone with a brilliancy above the light of the room, while the eyes seemed to sparkle with delight.

A Hundred Living Witnesses.

The spiritualistic phenomena described in these books is therefore the most marvelous that has occurred in any age of the world’s history; and it comes to us substantiated by the sworn testimony of nearly a hundred living witnesses whose addresses will be found in the last book, The Guiding Star.

At some seances there were as many as forty-one full-form, visible materializations in a single evening, nearly all of whom either wrote messages, delivered lectures, or conversed with members of the circle.

These spirits state that it is a pleasure to thus demonstrate the continuance of life, and that it does them good to talk to those who can appreciate what is said.

Spirits Twenty Thousand Years Old.

Those messages come from the brightest minds who have been in the spirit world from a few months to Twenty Thousand Years, from the noble souls whose lives were devoted to liberating the minds and bettering the conditions of their fellow-men, from great spirits who had the courage to give the world their honest thoughts, regardless of consequences; and now they return from across the vail with still more important truths.

First Experiences On the Other Shore.

They tell of their passing out of the body and reception on the other shore; also describe the various planes of the spirit world, and the employment of the different grades of spirits. But what is more important, they tell what should be done during life in order to secure a home in the higher planes: also how to advance in the celestial realm.

The Class of Spirits Reporting Here.

Among the hundreds of great spirits that came “down the shining highway” to attend the Aber Intellectual Circle’s seances were the following historical celebrities:

George Washington and his wife, Buddha and his wife, Joan of Arc, Hypatia, Henry Clay, John Adams, James Monroe, Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, Thomas Paine, Alexander Hamilton, Abraham Lincoln, General Grant, General Sherman, Bruno, Galileo, Cato, Aristotle, Emperor Julian, Humboldt, Gibbon, Volney, Voltaire, Ingersoll, Prof. Faraday, John Pierpont, Prof. Hare, Dr. Reed, Prof. Denton, Robt. Dale Owen, the artists Raphael and Titian, Yerma and Orondo, governors of the Lost Atlantis, and Father King, a great planetary spirit who has traveled around the stars for twenty thousand years.

It is a particularly significant fact that many of those great spirits appearing at the Aber Intellectual Circle’s seances were the following historical celebrities:

George Washington and his wife, Buddha and his wife, Joan of Arc, Hypatia, Henry Clay, John Adams, James Monroe, Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, Thomas Paine, Alexander Hamilton, Abraham Lincoln, General Grant, General Sherman, Bruno, Galileo, Cato, Aristotle, Emperor Julian, Humboldt, Gibbon, Volney, Voltaire, Ingersoll, Prof. Faraday, John Pierpont, Prof. Hare, Dr. Reed, Prof. Denton, Robt. Dale Owen, the artists Raphael and Titian, Yerma and Orondo, governors of the Lost Atlantis, and Father King, a great planetary spirit who has traveled around the stars for twenty thousand years.

It is a particularly significant fact that many of those great spirits appearing at the Aber Intellectual Circle’s seances were the following historical celebrities:
are the great souls who were persecuted, tortured, and murdered by the Christian religion because they sought to enlighten and liberate their fellow-men. Among those great martyrs for truth and liberty of mind we find present at those seances, Hypatia, Joan of Arc, Copernicus, Bruno, Servetus, and Galileo.

The Messages They Bring To Man.

In their various messages those great spirits tell how they reached their present eminence in the spirit world; and those who wish may follow their example. Then, when they swing across the vail, they'll be attracted to the same high plane and become members of the great celestial organization to which this band of noble souls belong. And all the creed that mortals need is this:

- Think pure thoughts,
- Speak kind words,
- Do noble deeds,

And then, remember, that you can rise to the higher planes of the Spirit World, only by good deeds done for others.

Preachers, the Devil and Spiritualism.

Billy Sunday says, “I think the work of the spiritualistic methods is of the devil pure and simple. Their religion is adulterous, unclean, the gospel of carnality and free love.”

If that is the case isn’t it strange that it is necessary for both the medium and sitters to lead temperate, pure and holy lives for a period of six months in order to attract the higher exalted spirits to their meetings? See “Materialization,” by Mme. E. De Esperance, pp. 31-37. (Price 10c.)

If it is of the Devil pure and simple isn’t it strange that the great scientists and philosophers who have entered its ranks to expose its fraudulent nature have, after years of the most careful investigation, become themselves believers and pronounced its phenomenal manifestations not of the Devil, but of God?

Isn’t it strange that such a man as the late Dr. George Sexton, the eminent scientist and lecturer, at one time an infidel, after fifteen years investigation in his own home, found the truth of spirit-return through members of his own family?

Isn’t it strange that Sir William Crooks, F. R. S., the eminent English scientist, investigated under absolute test, conditions in his own home and proved scientifically the phenomenon of materialization?

Isn’t it strange that thirty-nine of the leading scientists of the world have investigated and endorsed the truth of Spiritual phenomena? See “One Hundred Conundrums for the Clergy,” p. 12. (Price 5c.)

Morality and Spiritualism.

Regarding the morality of Spiritualists the following statement should have some weight with persons who have honest hearts and discriminating minds.

Dr. J. M. Peebles, nearly one hundred years old, who has been around the world six times, served as United States Consul under General Grant, in Trebizond, Asiatic Turkey, says, “I personally know over three thousand mediums, psychics, intermediaries, sensitive, clairvoyant visionists, and ecstasies in America, Britain and other enlightened countries and without the least hesitation, or mental reservation, I pronounce these mediums and trance ecstasies not only superior in intellect, but quite the peers of our best citizens in morality and the duties pertaining to civic life. Pray what can there be tending to “immorality” in conversing with a dear spirit mother, a venerable father, a pure spirit sister or with the savants of past ages.”

Do you believe your mother’s mind
Would first learn how to lie,
When it had gained a home within
The mansions of the sky?

Can’t you believe the statement of
A friend both pure and good,
Who while he journeyed here on earth
Did everything he could,
To teach the pure and holy truth
Among his fellow men—
Should not his word from spirit world
Be good as it was then?
Do those who live true, honest lives
While here, first learn to lie,
When they have joined the angel band
In mansions of the sky?

A Thought of the Serious Import.

The exalted planetary spirit, James Victor Wilson has told us that “Many modern philosophers have not given, since their death, a atom of evidence that they ever now exist. They have departed this life, and not having spoken, with conclusive power and manifest presence, they seem “dead” in the
literal sense of that appalling term. Millions, and billions, and trillions of persons, once on earth, seem to be literally lost in space or annihilated, for they have made no sign of life.” (From “Views of Our Heavenly Home,” by A. J. Davis, p. 166, Price 90c).

And an exalted teacher from a higher zone who came down to a lower sphere to take the developed spirit of Amanda Rankin Wickham and her class of pupils on a tour of inspection through the Dark Abodes of the First Plane, commonly called hell, where dwell the undeveloped souls, and evil earth-bound spirits, said:

“As man at one time was so undeveloped that he was not fitted to live as a spirit, so there are some mortals to day, so poorly developed as spirits that they fail not only to advance, but they retrograde slowly but surely, until they cease to exist in any form.” (From “Experiences In Hades And Heavens,” by Dr. Tilney, p. 19–20, Price 50c.)

It would seem that, as Angel Ministers from higher plains go down to the Dark Abodes with light of truth, to rescue spirits there—that there is hope for every soul in hell.

It also seems to show that there are millions of souls so undeveloped that they drop out of existence before they reach those Dark Abodes.

And these facts would seem to show that the Honorable Mr. Windle was in a measure correct, when he intimated that it is a waste of money for “Trail Hitters” to save their souls, as they haven't got sense enough to go to Hell.

However, this information from two exalted spiritual teachers, supplemented by messages received from many other spirits who state that, “Only the developed souls are happy immediately after death,” should carry some weight with people and cause them to seek some information which will have a developing influence on the spiritual gifts sleeping within the soul of each individual.

Develop Your Spiritual Gifts.

If you wish to play the piano, you must develop your musical talents. If you desire to paint beautiful pictures, you must unfold your artistic gifts. If you would like to become a skilled mechanic, you must train your mechanical powers. And it is just as necessary to develop the spiritual gifts, occult powers, and divine talents of the soul, if you wish to soar to the higher zones of celestial bliss, and be happy immediately after death.

Some Things to Think About.

If you knew that, on a moment’s notice, you were going to France to remain among French people of wealth and refinement, in a magnificent palace of perpetual delight, during the remainder of your natural life, would you not spend a little time in studying the social laws and customs of that land, in order that your residence among those people might be a happy one—a pleasure to them, as well as to yourself?

It’s Only a Question of Time.

Fifty million people die on this planet every year—twelve thousand seven hundred a day.

It is only a question of time till the day will arrive when you shall be included in that number; you will then go to the spirit world to remain, not for the balance of a lifetime, but forever.

Would it not seem advisable to devote a little time, to familiarizing yourself with the social laws and customs of the spirit world which must be your home for all eternity?

What Henry Clay Found After Death.

Henry Clay, the great statesman, whose spirit appeared in a glorified form at several of the Aber seances, and seemed overjovied when he was recognized by the circle, had reported himself to a number of friends in New York City in July, 1852, within a month after his death in Washington, and delivered the following, with much more of the highest significance:

“My worldly wisdom availed me not when my new life commenced. It is very beautiful to become a little child again, * * * in a life where the vanities of earth have faded from my view, and the bright glories of heaven are opening upon my soul. * * * And yet, how I am overwhelmed with the foreshadowing of the glory which is yet in wait for me!” From “Death and the After-Life,” by A. J. Davis, p. 138. (Price 75c.)

If the “worldly wisdom” of a great man like Henry Clay “availed him not” in the spirit life, it might be well for other people to let up a little on their chase for wealth, and fame, and political honors, and turn their attention to studying the messages that these great spirits have brought to earth regarding conditions in the celestial home which each person must some day meet and be governed by for all eternity.

All Spiritual Laws Explained.

Persons who have been seeking for books that teach Spiritualism will find in the Aber Series exactly what they have
longed for, as every question regarding the future life is fully answered in these books which furnish a preparatory course of spiritual training that enables the graduates from this school to enter the Celestial University among the advanced spirits and become leaders of spiritual bands engaged in teaching those on plains below them.

As an illustration of the kind of questions asked by the audience, and the nature of the answers given by the spirits, we submit the following:

One question regarding the creation of the earth and the length of time man has existed, was answered by the spirit of Prof. Wm. Denton, in the following words:

"I have said here that man always existed; that, by help of higher intelligences, I have been able to trace man back through protoplasm and molecule to the atomic and there is primordial eternal life.

"Your world is composed of the atomic in combination with the atomic. Man, therefore, was planted in your earth at the planting of the earth.

"And the atomic life, ever active, with endless duration for its evolution into expression, finally moulded the earth for a germinating garden, and finally budded and blossomed and brought forth man as ripening fruit upon the branches of this great round world, as a tree of life." (376)

In answering a question regarding Spiritual Architecture, or the construction of heavenly homes, the spirit of Dr. Reed said:

"Spiritual architects there are, who construct ethereal palaces adorned with architectural beauty and grandeur beyond the power of human speech to describe or the human mind to discern. Far, far transcending all beauties of the highest art of your earth."

"That your loved ones gone before prepare for you homes of beauty such as you never dreamed is no idle fancy. When you go, you go to also prepare a place for your loved ones coming after." (84)

"Other spirits say they are able to so manipulate spirit either as to construct any desired article or thing as realistic to spirit senses as the same ideal constructed of physical material is to the spirit while living in the earth body. And that all natural material forms have their natural spirit counterpart existing in spirit realms, discernible to spirit perception." (214)

In answer to the question, "Why can spirits manifest in the dark and not in the light?" the spirit of Thomas Paine said:

"That certainly would be a foolish question for a scientific person to ask. The scientific man talks about the beginning of the manifestation of life. I might ask: 'Why is this all in the dark?' Your own manifestation is in the dark. The working together of life protoplasm is in the dark. That kind of chemistry that produces life-manifestation does its work in the dark. You hide the grain of corn away in darkness as one condition essential to germination. Why does your artist have to keep his photographic plate and some of his chemicals in the dark? Certain chemical processes must be in the dark; this every scientist knows."

"Spirit manifestations are chemical, and of a finer grade of chemistry than any scientist of earth knows anything about, and light interferes with its perfect work in a greater degree than it does with the manipulating of the sensitive plate." (85)

In these three books you get all the information that hundreds of exalted spirits could reveal to man during a period of thirteen years; information of such an important nature that those great spirits left their realms of glory and came "down the shining highway" on purpose to disclose.

If you admire such noble characters as those whose names we have mentioned, you will be interested in reading the messages they have given at the Aber Intellectual Circle; and to show that the information is not for a chosen few, but for all people, one of the leading spirits in the psychic band said, "This work is for the benefit of the whole world."

**Spirits Aid Great Seers of Earth.**

Dr. Peebles and Dr. DeVoe have great bands of exalted spirits who come to aid them in their work, while Dr. De Laurence as an Oriental Adept has thousands and thousands of Chelas and Disciples on both sides of the "River of Death" to assist in preaching the Eternal Truth to both the living and the dead.

This language may seem extravagant to some, but Mr. Leadbeater, the celebrated Theosophical Psychic has given us some valuable information on the subject in the following lines:

"For an Adept to work on the Astral Plane would be a far greater waste of energy than for our leading physicians
or scientists to spend their time in breaking stones upon the road."

"The work of the Adept lies in the higher regions—chiefly upon the Arupa levels of the Devachanic Plane or heaven world, where he may direct his energy to the influencing of the true individuality of man, and not the mere personality which is all that can be reached in the astral or physical world."


"The latest advices from the higher realms state that sometime previous to the passing out of every person, the Masters of Wisdom notify the spirit friends who repair to the loved ones on earth, and remain with them till the death struggle is over; then bear the spirit to the abode of its condition of development qualified to enter. The psychics also state that, "there has not been a single case in thousands and thousands of years, where anyone has died who was not surrounded by spirit friends." This explains why so many persons have premonitions of the approaching end.

"The average duration of the last sleep is from three to eight days. The spirit awakes gradually. And if it has been taught the foolish dogma of the resurrection and day of judgment, its condition of development will land it among the tombstones in the graveyard near its corpse. If the mind has been poisoned by the false doctrines of eternal woe, the Devil may be expected any moment, or a great billow of brimstone flames may be seen approaching in the distance, the spirit flees in fright, running on and on till some kindly psychic catches it and proves that hell is just imagination.

"A young man whose mind had been poisoned by the doctrine of a burning brimstone hell was compelled to have a surgical operation performed. It was necessary that chloroform be administered. As he sank to sleep, under the influence of the drug the only thought that pierced his heart was this: 'If I die in this chair I'll awake in Hell.' He did not die. If he had he would have found the conditions that his superstitious fear had pictured.

"Under the same circumstances another man went under an operation but with this thought in his mind 'If it is ordained by the Masters of Wisdom that this shall be the period of my passing out, I am now surrounded by the spirits of my friends; when I again open my eyes, it will be to gaze upon a brighter scene in a better world where all is kindness, purity and love.'"

This is a religion to live by and a religion to die by. It is a religion founded on truth and it results from a growth in the cortical centers of the brain. It comes as gently and as silently as the dew of night that kisses the flowers to revive their drooping leaves; and in the hour of affliction it is a solace to the wounded heart, bringing assurance of sustaining power from the spirit world:

"It takes away the sting of death,
It robs the grave of victory
To know that e'er the parting breath
Thy spirit friends are near to thee;
That they have come to bear your soul
To spirit plains more bright and fair
And after death when you awake
You'll see them all around you there,
In kindness, sympathy and love
Then ministering unto you,
Just like they did before they died—
Just like they always used to do.—
You'll note their faces beaming with
A glad enthusiastic glow,—
They'll have so very much to tell
So many wondrous scenes to show
You'll thus awake among your friends
With ne'er a thought of grief or pain
And find yourself in glory there
Upon the Transcendental plane."

"Your first sensation after death will be one of unbelief. As your mind will be more bright than during life you can not believe that you are dead, but think you're only dreaming. When knowledge of your true condition comes to you, don't waste any time waiting for the Devil to put in an appearance, because he will not come. Just start to learn from exalted spirits that come to aid you the natural laws of the spirit world, and begin your course upward till you reach the higher plains where dwell the noble seers and saints like Joan of Arc, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln.—From "What to Do 'Till the Devil Comes," p. p. 54-56. (Price 25 cents.)

When you have read these books you'll have no further fear of death, nor wail in grief for those who die, because you'll understand that death is but the entrance to a more glorious land, and that, by thinking high, pure, noble thoughts, and doing deeds of mercy, kindness, love, you can now start to build yourself a beautiful mansion in the spirit world, transcending in glorious splendor all the architectural creations that physical eyes have even seen.

It, therefore, all depends upon your
self, whether after death you are attracted to a vine-covered celestial mansion of silver and alabaster on the transcendental plane; or land in a lake of slime among the beasts in zone one.

**Price of the Aber Books.**
1st Book, Rending the Vail, Price $1.75.
2nd Book, Beyond the Vail, Price $1.75.
Price of the complete set of three books, $5.50.

We will deliver these books within 500 miles of Pittsburgh at this price. Beyond that distance, 10 per cent additional, and to foreign countries, 20 per cent extra must be sent to prepay postage.

**For Those Who Can't Afford These Books.**

Note. Persons who feel that they cannot afford to buy the three Aber Books, nor even one of them, should get a copy of "Experience in Hades and Heavens," which was written by three different spirits, automatically, through the hand of Dr. Tilney.

These spirits tell how they went to sleep in death and awoke in the spirit world. They describe the scenery on the different planes; the crystal lakes that clothe the spirits; the ethereal streams emitting strains of heavenly music; the celestial flowers that sparkle like gems, and nourish the newly arriving spirits who inhale their perfume.

In this book they tell how spirits advance from plane to plane, and how they travel to the distant worlds; how the purest spirits from the higher planes descend to the lower ones as teachers; and how the dark spirits in Hades are controlled, and why they cannot be prevented from returning to earth as evil obsessing spirits.

**Some Spirits Seen In Hades.**

They also tell of having seen great clusters of dark spirits in Hades wailing in distress, and upon inquiry learned that they were those who lived unclean, dishonest lives, yet went to church on Sunday, sang and prayed, and believed at death their souls would swing to glory through faith in the Atonement; having never heard that what is of the greatest importance to the spirit after death is, "absolute honesty in regard to the most trivial affairs of daily life."

Persons who read this book will get a good start in the right direction. They will understand that "death is but the hyphen connecting this world with the next," and they'll know that they have nothing to fear when arriving on the other shore, if they were honest, faithful, sincere, and led clean lives while here.

We will send a copy of this 110 page book, "Experiences in Hades and Heavens," prepaid to any part of the United States or Canada for 50 cents, and to foreign countries for 60 cents.

Many of the spirits delivering messages through full-form visible materialization at the Aber Intellectual Circle in Kansas, were formerly connected with the spirit band which delivered messages through telepathy at the Star Circle in Massachusetts; and the reports of those messages, which are equally reliable, are published in "The Faraday Pamphlets," and "The Bowles Pamphlets." For sale by The Star Publishing Co., Lake Pleasant, Mass.
WHERE IS HEAVEN?

The great Clairvoyant Visionists, and Adepts both agree—
About the zones where spirits dwell, throughout eternity;
And spirits coming from their homes, with love, to bring us light—
They all proclaim the very same, and so, it must be right.

Information regarding the location of the Celestial Zones, where dwell the spirits of the so called dead, comes to us from many sources. It comes from exalted spirits who frequently return to earth with messages of wisdom, encouragement and love; also from Theosophical Psychics, Hindu Adepts, Clairvoyant Visionists and Ecstatists. The following article on the nature of the work done by those seers who have thus developed their spiritual gifts, and the information they have given out regarding the condition of different grades of spirits after death, will help the reader to understand why their statements regarding the location of the Spirit World should have some weight with intelligent persons who have minds, and are not afraid to think.

Dr. DeLaurence, the Greatest Adept outside of India, an exalted seer who travels in the astral form through various planes of the Spirit World, says:

"In the atmospherean region which rotateth with the earth, behold there are many plateaus larger than the earth, being habitable zones belonging to the earth. Their component parts are like unto the earth, and they are adapted to the abode of spirits even as the earth is for mortals."

"According to the exaltation of man's soul, so shall he inhabit these planes. According to his own soul's growth and development, so shall he ascend outward away from the earth; grade unto grade."

"For the beast of the field and the birds and fowls of the air, and for many animals that are companions to man, is made a place where their spirits shall survive." "And this spirit life for animals is graded one."

From "The Great Book of Magical Art, Hindu Magic, and East Indian Occultism," by Dr. L. W. DeLaurence, p.p. 77-78. (Price reduced from $12.00 to $8.75.)

Nature's Laws Are Universal.

As the entire Universe is governed by the same Laws of Nature, this would seem to be a good description of the Spiritual Planes surrounding other worlds. Planetary spirits who have journneved around the stars for the past five thousand years have brought back much valuable information regarding human life on the other worlds, which is confirmed by messages received from exalted spirits, reporting at the Aber Intellectual Circle's seances at Spring Hill, Kan., from which the following extracts are taken:

At a seance held January 15, 1898, the materialized spirit of Prof. William Denton, the celebrated geologist, psychologist, psychometrist, and author, wrote a message describing the Spirit Home which corroborates the statements of the great Adept, DeLaurence. The following extracts are only a small part of this important message:

"The belts or zones that lie around your earth are designed for the habitation of spirits out of the body; and as they outgrow the passions of earth and become more refined they pass to another or higher zone."

All Planets Are Inhabited.

The same Spirit appeared at a seance held October 11, 1891, and in a social chat with the Circle said:

"All planetary bodies are inhabited by beings, either carnate or decarnate or both."

"Each planet is made the home of some decarnates, whose home while carnate was some other planet. But some planets are inhabited only by excarnates."

"I have not yet known or learned of the existence of any spirits not produced on some planetary body by the general laws of generative production." "Rending the Vale," p. 322-360.

Conflicting Reports About the Spheres.

The materialized spirit of Prof. Michael Faraday appeared at a seance held by the same Circle November 27, 1897, and in answering the question "Why different spirits report differently as to the number of spheres?" he wrote the answer on an ordinary pencil tablet, stating in part:

"There are innumerable spheres in the Spirit World. Some spirits tell you there are only seven. That is because they have no knowledge beyond that sphere."

"I do not mean a place with fixed boundaries; for the spheres or degrees
in spirit life are only conditions, and are not confined to a limited space."

"The surroundings of a spirit are such as would be in harmony with the spirit itself."

"As the soul develops it naturally rises above its surroundings, and consequently experience a change in its spheres or conditions."

**The Spirit World Described By Paine.**

The spirit of Thomas Paine appeared in full-form visible materialization before the entire audience at the seance held by the Aber Circle April 19, 1891, and delivered a lecture in perfect vocalization. In answering the question, "Where is the Spirit World," he replied:

"Everywhere. There is no space where the Spirit World is not." "For convenience," he said, "the primary condition, beyond the earth condition, may be generalized into six degrees."

"Your natural home in spirit life, on first entry there, is in such of these degrees as you,.may be fitted for by your earthly evolution."

"If your earth life has but poorly developed you, your first home in spirit life will be in the lowest degree, or first sphere."

"Very few persons are ever prepared in earth life for the sixth sphere or degree of unfoldment."

"Beyond all this, another condition, the celestial, higher, or ethereal sphere—the heavenly paradise into which, from the highest attainments of the sixth sphere, the etherealized spirit passes on to higher, grander, more glorious beauties."

"Rending the Vale," p.p. 322, 360, 395 and 443. (Price $1.75.)

While all the different inhabitable worlds are surrounded by an atmospheric heaven, about forty five miles high, there is a larger celestial abode where many bands of spirits from different planets make their homes. It is called The Summerland, and is located beyond the furtherest orbit of the planet Mars. And while it is more than One Billion Three Hundred Million miles from this planet, spirits make the journey in from three to five hours. (See "Views of Our Heavenly Home," by A. J. Davis, price.90c).

**Where Spirits Are First Received.**

The hospital plane where spirits of the dead are first received, seems to extend from one-half mile to five miles above the earth.

Dr. Andrew Jackson Davis, the greatest clairvoyant visionist of modern times, in describing the process of death, under different conditions observed by him peri-scopically, says:

"At the battle of Fort Donaldson I saw a soldier instantly killed by a cannon ball. One arm was thrown over the high trees; a part of his brain went a great distance; other fragments were scattered about in the open field."

"Of this person whose body was so utterly annihilated at Fort Donaldson, I saw that all the particles streamed up and met together in the air. The atmosphere was filled with those golden particles—emanations from the dead—over the whole battle-field."

"About three-quarters of a mile above the smoke of the battle-field there was visible the beautiful accumulations from the fingers and toes and heart and brain of that suddenly killed soldier. There stood the new spiritual body three-quarters of a mile above all the discord and din and havoc of the furious battle."

"And the bodies of many others were coming up from other directions at the same time; so that from half a mile to three and five miles in the clear, tranquil air, I could see spiritual organisms forming and departing thence in all directions." From "Death and the After Life," by A. J. Davis, p.p. 17-18. (Price 75c.)

**A Tragic Death in Boston.**

In describing a tragic death at Boston, which he watched clairvoyantly, Dr. Davis says:

"During seven hours and a half—the longest period I ever watched—I observed the process. It took him seven and one-half hours to be born into the other sphere. This was done without his consciousness of having any existence."
HOW TO REACH THE HIGHER PLANES

If you would lead a perfect life, exempt from every care;
If you would lead a life as pure, as sun-kissed mountain air;
If you would lead a life of joy, be always kind and true;
Then let this motto be the guide that always governs you;
In every circumstance, or place, wherever you may be.—
Say, "Will this please the angels that are watching over me"

"Thy spirit is as the seed of a beautiful tree, which thy Creator planted; give thou it good and clean soil, that the blossoms and the fruit thereof may glorify thy Creator and thee."

"Wait not for a Saviour to save thee; nor depend thou on words of prayer; nor on harkenings to good sermons, flattering thyself, thou hast done well; but begin to save thyself."

"By purifying thy flesh, by purifying thy thoughts, and by the practice of good works done unto others, with all thy wisdom, love, and strength."

"For through these only is there any resurrection for thee, either in this world or the next."

From "Rending the Vale," pp. 297-299.

The spirit of Dr. Reed wrote two messages in answering questions regarding "Progression in the spirit life," and "Scars left on the soul by sin," from which the following extracts are taken:

"When a spirit enters life in the spirit spheres, there are bands of spirits whose only duty is to teach spirits of this class the laws of progression in the new life."

"In order for a spirit to progress, he must first forget his earthly surroundings as much as possible; and, in order to do this, the first step is to lay aside the earthly name. Some, however, still use the first name. Others are given new names."

"Some spirits who have been in spirit life for a long time tell me that they sometimes have to think for a minute what their earth names were. They outgrow their old surroundings just as a child outgrows its childhood. The earth life is only the kindergarten in the school of life and knowledge. We call it the new birth—into a newer and fuller life, a life no pen can describe or tongue tell the beauty of."

"The key that unlocks the mysteries of this beautiful land beyond the tomb is called love, and every human being has it in his power to open the door and enter in."

Regarding Scars on the soul, he said:

"Your conscience is your judge, and will see that the scales of Justice balance perfectly; and, when you enter spirit life, you will naturally take the place that, through your own thoughts and actions, you have designed for yourself."

"After you come to the full realization of the wrongs you committed in the body and have undone them, you will progress more rapidly."

"It is not always easy to undo a wrong act, especially after you have passed out of the body; for, very frequently, the person wronged does not believe in spirit communion, and then it is indeed difficult to make reparation."

"Every wrong thought or act not only leaves an indelible scar on your own
How to Reach the Higher Planes

Soul, but starts waves of vibrations that bring evil to all they come in contact with.

"In time you make such compensation as will hide these scars, but they are still there. Mortals cannot live too pure a life. The purer your life is on earth, the more beautiful will be its surroundings in the other life."

"Love your fellow-man as yourself, and feel that all humanity is akin. No matter what their station in the earth life may be, when they pass into spirit life you find that all are of one large family, and are estimated at their true worth." (290-291)

Each Spirit Gets What It Deserves.

The spirit of Thomas Paine, in full-form visible materialization, before the Aber Intellectual Circle, said:

"It is a well-ascertained fact that persons always take place in the Spirit World in accordance with their moral status, and not in accordance with their intellectual tastes, inclinations, or social conditions."

Each Act of Life Recorded There.

"Everything that any person ever does records itself in a book of spirit ether. That book is open to the inspection of the whole spirit world when you come over here with it."

"Every bad act you ever do, as well as all the good, is indelibly recorded in that book * * * a book of psychic ether."

"While you cannot blot out the dark pages, you may overbalance the dark with bright and better pages."

God Blots Nothing From the Book of Your Remembrance.

"The orthodox clergymen tell you that if you repent and be baptized that God will blot out from the book of remembrance all your sins. That is not true."

"When your eyes be opened on this side of life, you will see the book of remembrance opened to yourself and to the whole spirit world."

By you, your misdirections will be read in sorrow and anguish: but by good angels in pity, and great compassion.


A Spirit from the Higher Spheres.

At a seance held July 3, 1902, Mlle. Antoinette Francis Talleyrand appeared clothed in white, having a starry girdle about her waist, and a crown, appearing as though set with sparkling jewels upon her head and small white slippers upon her feet. After standing a moment in the door of the cabinet, in plain sight of all the circle, she stepped to the writing desk, took a tablet and wrote a message of some four hundred and sixty words.

Six weeks later she returned and delivered a vocal message of nearly a thousand words, which were pronounced in slow measured tones as taken down by the secretary. From these two messages the following extracts are taken:

"I belong to what you might call "higher spheres" but am yet engaged in messenger work to lower conditions. Our means of intellectual research are superior to yours. We reach out into physical as well as spiritual science. We endeavor to have as much of our attainments reach the earth plane as people there can assimilate."

"The spiritual philosophy teaches that whatever a man or woman soweth that, he or she shall also reap. Upon the road that it would have mankind to travel are found nothing that is uncharitable; nothing that is impure; nothing that degrades the body or soul. It teaches that all men and women must save themselves by living pure lives and dispensing charity, light, and mercy. And still such a philosophy is condemned by the Church and those who do not feel inclined to give up their evil ways."

"This is not the kind of religion bad men and women want. They prefer a salvation that can be purchased at the last moment; that will transfer the murderer into glory in a minute, and a corrupt old sinner into a beautiful angel for a small sum of money given at the brink of the grave to some charitable institution. They prefer a God who can be persuaded by go-betweens to reconsider a sentence to hell, and change that life to one of endless felicity in a place where the streets are of gold and the decorations are of precious stones."

"Spiritualism is not mystical enough to be profitable, financially speaking, to the theologians. For it requires no learned dissertation on the fall of man, or on the doctrines of total depravity, predestination, and election to uphold and sustain it. It is formulated by the Divine mind and its application made universal. It is of Nature and everything in the material and spiritual world bears witness that this is true." (From The Guiding Star, p. p. 37-38 and 108-110, Price $2.50.)
THOMAS PAINE IN GLORY

I've stated facts in this brochure, which false religion shakes;  
I've told you how the spark, divine, within the soul awakes;  
I've told you how you ought to live, and pointed out the way,  
By giving just one simple creed, to guide you every day;  
And as those words are holy truths, that live forever more,  
You will rejoice I told you, when, you reach the other shore.

Thomas Paine, that great champion of personal liberty, who did more than possibly any other man who ever lived to uplift the human race, having passed to the spirit world more than a hundred years ago, still continues to work to liberate the minds of his fellowmen.

Thomas Paine, whose soul the orthodox ministers have been roasting in hell for a hundred and seven years, because he gave the world his honest thoughts, has frequently returned to earth from his home in glory, bringing messages of eternal truth from the higher planes of the spirit world.

Inventing Lies About the Dead.

When Thomas Paine died, in 1809, the ministerial scalowags, unable to answer the arguments of Paine, sought to discredit his teachings by claiming that he recanted when he came to die.

And hoping to establish such a claim, Willet Hicks, an honest Quaker who was with Paine at the last moment, was approached by Christian clergymen—representatives of Christ—and offered large sums of money if he would remain silent and let them lie about Paine's death.

Failing in this they invented the Mary Himdale or Mary Roscoe lie which has been preached from the pulpit ever since, and even now, is being circulated in the form of a Religious Tract by fool Christian fanatics, taught to children in the Sunday School, and given out from the pulpit by thousands of hypocritical ministerial scalowags, including the great religious grafter and monumental liar, Billy Sunday.

Which Shall We Believe?

Some persons who have read this chapter have said: "This is different from what I have been taught; how am I to know which statement to believe?" The answer is this: Ask any Christian Minister who is slandering the name of Thomas Paine to produce the evidence upon which his statements are founded. Examine it carefully, while remembering that it is not denied that he was a literary genius, a fine speaker, a great writer, and an honest man free from any taint of political corruption. That he did not copyright his greatest works, but gave them free to the people, for he said, "I do not wish to make money out of either my politics or my religion." That he was a true patriot and contributed all the money at his command for the cause of Liberty when the soldiers at Valley Forge needed shoes. That he was a brave man and went alone in a boat down the Potomac river past the British forts to carry a message when no one else had the courage to go. That he wrote the Age of Reason as a duty to his fellow man, and as he supposed, the last work of his life, and that within six hours after finishing the first part he was arrested, thrown into a Paris jail and his death warrant signed by Robespierre, and to get the whole truth regarding Paine's death we would say:

Read John E. Remsburg's Six Historical Americans, p. 49 (price $1.25); Conway's Life of Paine, vol. 2, p. 414 (price $5.00); Foote's Infidel Death-Beds, p. 70-75 (price 25¢); Ingersoll's Vindication of Thomas Paine (price 15¢); Sale's Life of Paine, p. 178; Rickman's Life of Thomas Paine, pp. 182-187; Sherwin's Life of Paine, p. 225.

The Spirit of Thomas Paine Returns.

The spirit of Thomas Paine, in full-form visible materialization, came to the seances held by the Aber Intellectual Circle, at Spring Hill, Kansas, over a hundred times during the thirteen years beginning May 28, 1890, and delivered messages, both written and spoken, from which the following extracts are taken, the number at the end of a sentence in-
dicating the page upon which it will be found, in "Rending the Vail":

**Messages From Thomas Paine.**

“When I was on earth I was persecuted. Little children were taught to mock me on the street. There was no hell dark, dismal, sulphurous enough in which to punish me for my alleged heresies. Slanderous tongues made their slimy trail in the very air concerning me.”

“But you can say to them that Thomas Paine passed to the higher life in peace, assured of the fact that no God of vengeance or an endless hell awaited him.”

**Great Joy Awaited Him Above.**

“But, oh, the rapturous joy and ineffable delight that met me among the beautiful hills that rise on the evergreen shore! I was met and hailed by my dear friends and comrades, as a brave soldier that dared to live his honest convictions and abide the consequences.”

“The happiness I have enjoyed since coming here is worth more than all the millions of dollars—dollars, did I say? The language of mortals is too poor to express the thrilling joy of an awakened soul in this beautiful summer land of song.”

**Believed In Immortality.**

“Let me say that while on earth I was not a Spiritualist, as you would now understand it. Nevertheless, in a very liberal sense, I was a Spiritualist. I believed in immortality, and that, in a very ethereal sense, the departed could hold communion with mortals. The way had not then been made clear, as it is today.”

**Christianity Must Die.**

“Standing in the light of higher schools than those of earth, I am here to say that this mythology that hangs like a dark cloud over the souls of men, shutting out the sweet sunshine of the spirit world, must come down, must be dissolved away.”

**The Study of Christian Theology Is the Study of Nothing.**

“The study of theology, as it stands in the Christian churches, is the study of nothing; it is founded on nothing; it rests on no principles; it proceeds by no authority; it has no data; it can demonstrate nothing and it admits of no conclusions.”

“Not anything can be studied as a science, without your belonging in possession of the principles upon which it is founded; and, as this is not the case with Christian theology, it is therefore the study of nothing.”

**Teachings of Christianity a Curse to the Spirit After Death.**

“I now discern more clearly than ever before the far-reaching effects of the doctrines of the Roman Church, keeping its poor deluded adherents in the low, dark valley of blinded ignorance away over into spirit life, where the beautiful light of heaven shines on sightless eyes, the sweetest strains of enrapturing music falls on deaf ears, and the touch of sympathetic fingers meet no response.”

**The Christian’s God Does Not Exist.**

“Since in higher life, I have seen that the so-called church is one of the greatest hindrances to progress and a barrier to post-mortem felicity; and I find that most of my efforts to uproot superstition were right.”

“There is no evidence on earth nor in spirit life that there ever did exist such a man as they say is God.”

“Several noble souls of immortal glory helped me in my earthly studio, and now I propose to write something back to you.”

**The Judgment After Death.**

“When your eyes be opened on this side of life, you will see the book of your remembrance open to yourself and all the spirit world. By you, your misdirections will be read in sorrow and an-
THOMAS PAINE IN GLORY

“Everything that any person ever does records itself in a book of spirit ether. That book is open to the inspection of the whole spirit world. You never can get away from that book. Every bad act you ever do, as well as all the good, is indelibly recorded in that book.”

“When you get over here you will find a record of every transaction of your whole life, in characters as plain as daylight, which you and all the spirit world may read at pleasure. This record is the judgment.”

No Savior Can blot Out Your Sins.

“No God or Son of God, but yourself can blot out the book of your own remembrance.”

Man Can Advance to Higher Planes By Good Deeds Done For Others.

“While you cannot blot out the dark pages in the book of life, you may overbalance the dark with bright and better pages.”

Extend the Kindly, Helping Hand.

“It is the duty of every enlightened spirit today to hunt the records for spirits in prison and go and preach to them. For this cause come we down the shining highway.”

“Do not disavow a friend, even though from a brothel: he may have passionate longings, (13) and Dr. Peeble’s has said: ("The gospel of true Spiritualism ever speaks the commanding word, 'Despise none, despair of none; aid the prodigal on the way to his father’s house.'" Peeble’s Demonism of the Age, p. 257.)

Spirit Friends Are Glad To Aid You.

“When you are lonely and despondent, you are so, sometimes, because you have driven the good angels away. Be assured that you have a host of loving friends on the spirit side of life who would at all times be glad to help you in hours of darkness.”

Prayer Is Beneficial.

“Prayer may be of benefit to the honest, sincere suppliant. Prayer may bring you into closer relation with the angels, to whom your prayers should be directed.”

“If, at night, as you repair to rest, you ask that good, kind, loving spirits watch over and care for you while the night is rolling away, sweeter influences will be given you.”

“These angels are they that exercise the fatherly care over you. They are your heavenly parents:”

“Your parents, in this regard, are your guardian angels. No angels here with wings; they all are human, having eyes, ears, hair, and every characteristic of the human perfect.”

“When you become a Spiritualist you must be pure.”

“Nothing uplifts a man or woman like pure Spiritualism.”

“It is the best religion on earth and the only one you’ll find in higher life.”

Preparing for the Upper Zones.

“Spiritualism is baffling the world of thought on your side of life today as never before, and soon you’ll begin to learn that it is a primary school for the higher life.”

“You are therefore serving the highest good you possibly can when using in wisdom your energies to assist the angel world to dispel dark clouds and mists from blinding the vision of mortals to that religion that must endure.”

“We come to tell you for the world of the glorious realities beyond the tomb.”

“We have a vast army over here. Call to us when in trouble and we will meet you with outstretched hands.”

“We are always here when needed.”

From Paine’s statements in “Rending the Vail,” p.p. 35 to 426. (Price $1.75.)

It is well for the reader to understand that the spiritualistic phenomena at nearly all of the Aber Intellectual Circle’s seances surpassed in splendor the “Transfiguration” scene described in the Bible. And while Paul has stated that after His death, the spirit of Jesus appeared to His disciples five times (1 Cor. 15:5), yet the spirit of Thomas Paine has appeared at those seances more than a hundred times, and in a glorious form of more radiant luminosity than that of Jesus, as related by the Bible writers.

No Angels There With Wings.

In describing the heaven world, the spirit of Thomas Paine has said that there are “no angels here with wings.”

And yet, Father Giustiniani has stated that, among the holy relics preserved in a secret chamber at Rome, they claim to have “the feather of a wing of the archangel Gabriel, which he left when he saluted the Virgin Mary” and begot Jesus. (See Papal Rome As It Is,” by Giustiniani, p. 72.)
CHRISTIAN MINISTERS IN HADES

For the mind that's fed on falsehood, from the placid days of youth—
It will have to grow new brain-cells, e'er it can believe the truth:
Here's some thoughts for calm reflection, food to feed the hungry mind;
Facts to open up the vision, truths to lose the cords that bind.

Many persons imagine that, after death, the ministerial hypocrite will go
on to glory, leaving the dupes he has deceived and swindled to languish in
hell; but there is a law which compels him to remain in the depths till the last
one of his victims is released by the light of truth.

Those They Deceived Will Drag Them Down.

The materialized form of Professor Michael Faraday appeared before the
Aber Intellecual Circle at Spring Hill, Kansas, August 29, 1890, and wrote a
message on a pencil tablet containing this significant sentence:
"We have a positive law in the Spirit World that holds the teachers of error
to the ideality of their victims until the power of error is broken by the influx of
truth." (Rending the Vail, p. 430.)

Waiting In Darkness and Distress.

This statement explains why the spirits of orthodox ministers have been
found, by rescue missions, in the dark zones of the spirit world, together with
their dupes, waiting for Gabriel's horn to sound, calling them to the day of
judgment.

Calling To Others For Aid.

It explains why spirits of orthodox preachers have been coming to Dr.
Peebles for the past 60 years and pleading with him to pray for their release
from the dark abodes in which they have been confined since death. In describing
this circumstance Dr. Peebles says:
"Many clergymen who have passed
from their pulpits into purgatory during
the past sixty years have come to me
from their depths of despair, pleading
of us to pray for them. It will undoub-
tedly be a portion of the occupation of
our speakets and our mediums in future
years to spiritually enlighten and up-
lift the earth-bound orthodox of this cen-
tury." From "Reason" April, 1914, p.
15.

The following extracts from the Diakka of Andrew Jackson Davis, Seer
of Poughkeepsie, and the greatest Clair-
voymant Visionist of modern times fur-
nishes valuable information regarding the
change called death:
"Death does not change the character
of man, but simply strips off his mask
and compels him to stand forth as he is,
and he becomes after death the image
of his own character." (p. 88).

An exalted spirit, after referring to
the Swedenborg Hell and Heaven as
signifying mental states, and explaining
that a spirit after death gravitates to
the zone or plane his moral condition
grounds him to enter, and, that he lo-
cates there among congenial spirits such
as himself, continues to describe the
nature of a Diakka in the following
words:
"A man governed by selfishness, who
takes delight in sensual thoughts and
in the supreme gratification of evil af-
fections, is in hell, in which he is to a
certain degree happy." (p. 74). From
"The Diakka and Their Earthly Vic-
tims," by Davis, p.p. 74-88. (Price 75
cents).

While the ordinary "sinner" seems to
awake after death among congenial spi-
rts in the Land of the Diakka, where he
is in a measure happy—the pious hypo-
crite and ministerial liar seems to strike
a zone in the Hadean depths from
which every form of pleasure has been
eliminated, and the only thrills the soul
feels there are pangs of wild remorse.

The information regarding the condi-
tion of orthodox spirits after death, al-
though coming to us from innumerable
sources, seems to agree touching the
deporable condition of spiritual igno-
rance, which results from the false teach-
ings of the Christian ministers and their
Bible.

And everyone who has been interested
in developing this fraudulent book, and
founding this false religion, which lands
believers after death in the lower planes
as earth-bound spirits, must themselves
remain in darkness till all their dupes
are freed by the light of truth.

Spirits of Bible-Writers Flee in Fright.

It is found that the spirits of those
who worked in establishing the fraudu-
 lent Christian religion, in order to de-
ceive the masses and enrich themselves,
are even now, after a period of 1500
years, still wanderers in the dark abode
of spiritual distress, conscious guilt ever
present with them as an accusing angel,
causing them to shun the presence of ex-
"falsified spirits as described by the spirit
of Prof. Michael Faraday, who after making extensive investigations regarding the early history of the Christian religion, says:

"There is nothing more certain than the fact that the Christian religion originated at Rome. Its ramifications extended to the remotest bounds of the Empire, but from this side I see all the threads or waves of power center at Rome."

"By following the magnetic waves of ideas, I have approached the true source. I have had to proceed with great caution, for many of these spirits are so darkened by their dishonest courses that they shrink from my presence like detected criminals." (Faraday Pamphlet No. 5, p. 69).

**Christian Spirits Haunting Houses.**

Speaking of conditions after death, the great clairvoyant visionist, Andrew Jackson Davis, says:

"Religionists are highly astonished because they are not taken immediately into the presence of the great Jehovah, or cast down in the low places where they fry souls in cheat brimstone. Some people who have been in the Summerland for years are still prayerfully expecting that the great day of judgment 'will come,' and that they will either be 'caught up' to a higher glory, or 'snatched down' to some lower depths." From "Death and the After-Life," by A. J. Davis, p. 22. (Price 75c.)

The spirit of Prof. Wm. Denton told of finding ministers and their congregations in haunted houses as earth-bound spirits. "I have met many," he says, "who seemed to care for nothing but to make a racket and to use their energies and time in such a way—they seem to know nothing of any higher attainments for themselves—and some who did not want to know anything else."

"I have talked with them and advised them to seek other and better occupations."

"Some ask, 'Why and how is it that you know so much?"

"One says, 'I tried to live right, and tried to teach the people the right as I thought, and to show them the true light. Now how is it that you come to me, as though I had missed the true way and undertake to tell me of things I fail to find?"

"I say to him: 'I see here about these haunted houses many of your pupils. This is not the kind of country you taught them about, and you have hunted and they have hunted for such person-
ment of the pride of self could the inner nature become sufficiently active to discern the light which shines to guide the pilgrim's foot-steps to the portals of that gate opening into the true life."

"We advised him to cast aside his pride and go to his people with a frank confession of his ignorance. In that way he would gain sufficient spiritual strength to lead them all into the light."

"There was no longer any disdainfulness in his manner; and the word 'lead' seemed very offensive to him. 'No,' he exclaimed bitterly, 'I will not lead them, but shall go only as one of them." (Demonism of the Ages, p.p. 365-367. (Price $1.67."

**A Great Adept Tells What He Finds.**

Regarding the teachers of various false religions, and the condition of their dupes and themselves after death, Dr. DeLaurence, the greatest adept outside of India, who has thousands of Chelas and Disciples on both sides of the River of Death, says:

"As Christian spirits in the lowest zones, as wanderers on the earth, there are this day more than Three Thousand Million," p. 68.

"In the First Zone there are hundreds of millions of spirits, strolling about that are earth-bound, crying out: 'I want to go to Brahma, I want to go to Buddha, I want to go to Jesus, I want to go to Christ. I want to be changed in a moment, 'in the twinkling of an eye, and rise and sit on the right hand of God."


"And there are hundreds of millions who, being dead, know not anything; but through belief in a 'Judgment Day,' went to sleep, and are waiting for the trumpet of Gabriel to call them forth." P. 69.
perfume, coated with oil, and burned at the stake beside the altar. The altar was made of some kind of metal and bore the symbol “I. H. S.” At the rear of the altar the burning stake was erected in the form of a cross. The man was bound to the cross, his hands stretched out and tied to the crosspiece. The wood was piled up around him and set on fire.

“The Priests are dressed in black robes, and with raised hands they howl prayers to their offended God as the man continues to burn and the eclipse progresses. “From the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land until the ninth hour.”

When the eclipse goes off the Priests remove their black robes and put on white ones and rejoice, claiming that they have propitiated their Sun-God by thus offering him this human sacrifice. The victim was a prince, an only son, and heir to the throne. He died for the redemption of his people; was then declared to be a God and worshipped as the Savior of the world.

“This scene illustrates the ideas of theology which have descended to modern times as revelations of the Deity. Here the idea of an Atoning Sacrifice is exhibited in its true relation to God and man and equally dishonorable to both, for it had no other foundation than ignorance of the causes of a harmless event of nature.”

The spirit of the victim did not find conditions after death as promised by the priests. They told him he would live in glory in the sun, but he says: “I never went there. I lost myself in the flames. I went out in darkness, and it has been like a dream ever since.”

For 4483 years his spirit has remained in the Dark Abodes with spirits of those priests. When brought to the Star Circle he learned the facts: the force of this religious error was broken by the light of truth. He would then return with information thus secured and lead the other victims to the light. And when the last of their dupes had been rescued from the Dark Abodes, the Priests themselves would be released and led to seek the light. A complete description of this wonderful scene, together with the complete message from this victim, also messages from Caiphas, Josephus, Nero, Marcus Aurelius, Dioecletian, Hypatia, and many other ancient seers who lived before, during, and after the foundations for the Christian religion were laid, explaining where the name Jesus came from, the significance of the cross, meaning of the letters “I. H. S.,” and the part played by Pagan priests in founding Christianity; how the great stones used in building the Egyptian pyramids and temples were placed in position; solves the “riddle of the Sphinx” by explaining the three mysteries the image was designed to propound, why the oldest sphinxes were constructed with a finger resting on the lips, and what it was intended to signify. All these important disclosures together with much more of the most absorbing interest will be found in the Faraday Pamphlet No. 5.

Talmage Vilifies Spiritualists.

The Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage preached a sermon on Spiritualism consisting of an abusive tirade, which had been answered by Editor Francis in the Progressive Thinker.

Among the many charges of indecency hurled by Talmage at all believers in Spiritualism were the following:

“Spiritualism is a marital and social curse. Deeds of darkness and orgies of obscenity have transpired under its wing. It is an unclean and adulterous religion. Women by the hundreds have by Spiritualism been pushed off into a life of profligacy. Spiritualism not only ruins its disciples, but it ruins its mediums.

“If Spiritualism had full swing it would turn the world into a pandemonium of carnality. For the sake of man’s honor and woman’s purity, let it perish.” From “Live Coals,” by Talmage, p. 506-515.

With the superior foresight that all exalted spirits seem to possess Father King and Thomas Paine discibed before the Aber Intellectual Circle, July 2, 1901, the inward nature of Rev. Talmage, the great harm he has done during life and the punishment that awaits him after death, using the following concise and expressive language:

Talmage Roasted by Exalted Spirits.

The spirit of Thomas Paine, in full-form, visible materialization, before the entire audience, said:

“Francis is correct when he says, ‘Spiritualists, as a class, are the purest people on earth,’ and Talmage, on that point, a base liar.”

“When the books are opened and another book (Talmage’s) is opened then it will be seen that there are thousands in your peniteniaries who have not done humanity one-tenth the great wrongs that this self-conceated vicegerent of God on earth has done and is
doing. No devil ever did more damage than he; and when the mists are cleared away, and the scales fallen from his eyes, hissing serpents and stinging scorpions will meet him on every hand." (Rending the Vail, p.p. 118-119.)

The Dark Abodes for Great DeWitt.

Father King, the greatest planetary spirit associated with the psychic band furnishing information at the Aber Circle, appeared at the same seance and said:

"The 'great I am,' DeWitt, has a great place fixed up for himself, but he'll never get to that heaven. He has deceit all through his cranium. He was born with it. He has it three times a day and all night. He'll die with it."

"Here he will find himself in that ditch, and hear those around him saying: 'Behold our blind guide! Lie down here as corduroy for us to get out over from where you have led us!'"

"And if this 'high Driest' should ever get out of the ditch, he'll have to climb out by the smoke of his torment." (Rending the Vail, p. 450.)

One significant fact connected with this incident is that Talmage died within a few months after he had incurred the displeasure of and been castigated by those exalted spirits.

As Mill-Stones About Their Necks.

From all sides the evidence seems to show that the great hordes of innocent dupes who have been deceived by ministerial hypocrites and swindled by religious grafters, will, after death, hang as a mill-stone about the necks of those self-appointed representatives of God, dragging them down to the lowest depths of the spirit world.

Think of the Weight About the Neck of Billy Sunday After Death.

In this connection it is an appalling thought to contemplate the dark and dreary lakes of slime awaiting the soul of Billy Sunday when his lying tongue shall have been stilled by death and his spirit is snatched away from the glitter of his ill-gotten gain to meet the fate that awaits him on that other shore where eternal justice is meted out to each and every one.

He will have to seek the spirits of Trail-Hitters and confess,

To all the lies he preached to them,

Before his spirit can progress.

Our purpose in publishing these facts regarding Christianity is to help rescue the reputation of the Deity from the slanders of the Clergy; and to aid the Christians in escaping the troubles which await them after death, by giving them the glorious light of truth in a condensed form, which they will have time to read, and in language which they can understand, plainly demonstrating that they will not be saved by "faith" in the blood of god, man, beast, or devil, but according to the deeds of mercy, kindness, charity, and love which they may have performed during life.

So many persons ask, "Why do you find fault with Mr. Sunday, or criticise the Christian religion? When anyone tries to do good you should never lay a straw in their way."

Our answer is; The Christian religion is not a benefit, but a curse.

The idea of a Personal Savior, to secure the Soul something it has not earned —admission to a home it is not qualified to enter, is not based on principles of justice, but rests entirely on fraud and furnishes the base for religious graft. The Christian religion is therefore a curse to a man or woman during life, and retards the souls progression after death, as has been fully explained in this chapter.

Another proposition frequently thrust before us and which is here well answered by Colonel Ingersoll, is:

The Religion of Mother.

"For thousands of generations the myths have been taught and the miracles believed. Every mother was a missionary and told with loving care the falsehood of "faith" to her babe."

"This in part accounts for the longevity of religious lies. Ministers with clasped hands and uplifted eyes ask the man who is thinking for himself, how he can be wicked and heartless enough to attack the religion of his mother."

"This question is regarded by the clergy as unanswerable. Of course it is not to be asked by the missionaries, of the Hindus and the Chinese."

"The heathen are expected to desert the religion of their mothers as Christ and his apostles deserted the religion of their mothers."

"A cannibal was about to kill a missionary for food. The missionary objected and asked the cannibal how he could be so cruel and wicked."

"The cannibal replied that he followed the example of his mother. 'My mother,' said he, 'was good enough for me. Her religion is my religion. The last time I saw her she was sitting, propped up against a tree, eating cold missionary.'"

THE LIFE OF INGERSOLL

Be careful how you speak about the spirits of the honored dead,
Because, sometime you must account, for each and every word you said;
Besides, developed spirits now, exert so strong a force of will—
They can, not only bless and heal, but they can also curse and kill.

Woodrow's Monthly, for May, 1914, contained an editorial article citing some incidents from the early life of Colonel Ingersoll not previously published from which we quote the following:

"Andrew Jackson Davis, the greatest apostle and seer of Modern Spiritualism, was Ingersoll's friend and confidante, to whom he went for spiritual advice and consolation.

"Mr. Davis first saw Ingersoll in Chicago in the early '50s; the next morning after delivering a lecture, he saw a young man on the street and the spirit admonished him to follow that man.

"The young man was Ingersoll, dispondent, discouraged, and after following him a few blocks, Davis called to him and Ingersoll, turning around said:

"Good morning, Mr. Davis; I heard you last night. I would give the world to have a talk with you."

"Mr. Davis suggested a near-by hotel as a suitable place for a conference.

His Future Life Foretold.

"Getting in a quiet room to themselves, Ingersoll spoke of his downcast state of mind; then the spirit began to pour the oil of hope upon him.

"Mr. Davis told him he had a great and bright future; that he would become prominent and be the most talked of man in all the world; that he would be prominent in military affairs, and be a leader in a great war; and among other things of a private character told him of accidents in the war, being shot and captured by the enemy; and finally that he would marry a most lovely character."

The Prophecy Fulfilled.

"The next time Mr. Davis met Ingersoll was in the '60s in the city of Washington. Ingersoll dressed in military clothes—"Good morning, Colonel Ingersoll," and "Good morning Mr. Davis," was the mutual salutation.

"Then Ingersoll said in an undertone.

"Every word came true that you told me, every word; and I have married a most lovely woman."


He Liked Spiritualists.

In the year 1882 Colonel Ingersoll said:

"There is one thing about the Spiritualists I like, and that is they are liberal. They give to others the rights they claim for themselves. They do not pollute their souls with dogmas of eternal pain. They do not slander and persecute even those who deny their "phenomena." But I cannot admit that they have furnished conclusive evidence that death does not end all."

"Ingersoll," Vol. vii, p. 140.

"In 1885 Colonel Ingersoll was asked, "Haven't you just the faintest glimmer of a hope that in some future state you will meet and be reunited to those who are dear to you in this?" to which Ingersoll replied:

"I have no particular desire to be destroyed. I am willing to go to heaven if there be such a place, and enjoy myself for ever and ever. It would give me infinite satisfaction to know that all mankind are to be happy forever. * * *

"I have never said a word against heaven—never said a word against the idea of immortality. On the contrary, I have said all I could truthfully say in favor of the idea that we shall live again.

He Hoped There Was Another World.

"I most sincerely hope that there is another world, better than this, where all broken ties of love will be united. It is the other place I have been fighting. Better that all of us should sleep the sleep of death forever than that some should suffer pain forever. If in order to have a heaven there must be a hell, then I say away with them both.

"My doctrine puts the bow of hope over every grave; my doctrine takes from every mother's heart the fear of hell. No good man would enjoy himself in heaven with his friends in hell. No good God could enjoy himself in heaven with millions of his poor, helpless mistakes in hell.

"The orthodox idea of heaven—with God an eternal inquisitor a few heartless angels and some redeemed orthodox, all enjoying themselves, while the vast multitude will weep in the rayless gloom of God's eternal dungeon—is not
calculated to make man good or happy.

"I am doing what I can to civilize the churches, humanize the preachers and get the fear of hell out of the human heart. In this business I am meeting with great success." - Ingersoll, Vol. viii, p.p. 247-248.

Ingersoll Admired Jesus.

That Ingersoll was a sincere admirer of the man Jesus is well shown by many kindly references in his lecture entitled "What Must We Do To Be Saved?" This lecture, first delivered in 1890, contains the following statements:

"For the man Christ I have infinite respect. * * * To that great and serene man I gladly pay the tribute of my admiration and my tears. He was a reformer in his day. He was an Infidel in his time. He was regarded as a blasphemer, and his life was destroyed by hypocrites. * * * Had I lived at that time I would have been his friend, and should he come again he will not find a better friend than I will be."

In Matthew's report there are a number of statements attributed to Jesus which Ingersoll regarded as good. Among these are mentioned several different conditions upon which man may be saved. Some of the conditions which Ingersoll accepted are:

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."
"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."
"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."
"For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your Heavenly Father will also forgive you."
"I accept the conditions," says Ingersoll. "There is a square promise. If you will forgive others God will forgive you.

"I accept the terms, and I never will ask any God to treat me better than I treat my fellow-men."

But for the theological Christ Ingersoll had a different feeling, and in his lecture, "Why I Am An Agnostic," delivered in 1898, after quoting the interpolation, "Depart from me ye cursed into everlasting fire prepared for the Devil and his angels," Ingersoll said: "This gives to the Holy Ghost—the Dove the beak of a vulture and fills the mouth of the Lamb of God with the fangs of a viper."

A Spirit Speaks of Ingersoll.

At a seance of the Aber Intellectual Circle, held at Spring Hill, Kan., April 30, 1891, a full form visible materialization of spirit of Thomas Paine, in the presence of the entire audience said:

"Mr. Ingersoll, as noble as any soul of your earth, is doing more good for the world than all the priesthood of entire Christendom.

"He is as much of a Spiritualist as I am, but he has his work to do, in his own way, and right gallantly he is doing it.

"He went the other evening to see a medium in Boston. I saw him there. I was so glad to see my good brother engaging and preparing for the good work. He did not see me as he could if he were here. We can often see you when you do not see us." From "Rending The Vale," p. 400. (Price $1.75.)

Lectures In Two Worlds.

Three years later the spirit of Bishop Haven (four years after his death) attended a meeting in Liberal Valley, of the Spirit World, and listened to a lecture by the spirit of Thomas Paine, to the other spirits there assembled, in which he stated his purpose in writing "The Age of Reason."

In the course of this lecture Thomas Paine said:

"My fight was with a faith that crippled, that made men lawless, because of the surety of forgiveness later. My fight was for a better world there; instead of sinning till one's sins were crimson; with the assurance that one could be made 'white as wool.' My fight was with the hypocrites, 'the wolves in sheep's clothing' who lived on the hard earnings of the innocent, and dealt out heaven or hell to them, according to their capacity of enriching the pockets of the preachers."

"They said I did not believe in God—I did not, nor do I yet believe in their God. But I believed in universal and inexorable law; and I believe in it yet. So does Robert Ingersoll, who, in his world is the apostle of an unpopular truth. By many, his great intellect is looked upon as wasted. Positions of trust are kept from him, because he does not believe in a God, while the men who swear they do believe in a God are wrecking the nation." From "Glimpses of Heaven." by Bishop Haven, p.p. 47-48. (Price 25 cents.)

Another Spirit Mentions Ingersoll.

The spirit of William Denton, appeared before the Aber Intellectual Circle, July 7, 1891, in full form visible materialization, and being asked about Ingersoll said:

"Only a little time till he will advocate Spiritualism." Rending the Vale, p. 353.

The N. Y. Journal, July 26, 1895, published an article on Spiritualism by Colonel Ingersoll, in which he said:
"There are several good things about the Spiritualists. First, they are not bigoted; second, they do not believe in salvation by faith; third, they do not expect to be happy in another world because Christ was good in this; fourth, they do not preach the consolation of hell; fifth, they do not believe in God as an infinite monster; sixth, the Spiritualists believe in intellectual hospitality. In these respects they differ from our Christian brethren, and in these respects they are far superior to the saints.

"I think that the Spiritualists have done good. They believe in enjoying themselves—in having a little pleasure in this world. They are social, cheerful and good-natured. Their belief does not make them mean or miserable. They do not persecute their neighbors. They ask no one to have faith or believe without evidence. They ask all to investigate, and then to make up their minds from the evidence. Hundreds of thousands of well educated, intelligent people are satisfied with the evidence and firmly believe in the existence of spirits. For all I know they may be right.

"The mother holding in her arms her dead child, believing that the babe has simply passed to another life, does not weep as bitterly as though she thought that death was the eternal end. A belief in Spiritualism must be a consolation. You see, the Spiritualists do not believe in eternal pain, and consequently a belief in immortality does not fill their hearts with fear.

"Christianity makes eternal life an infinite horror, and casts the glare of hell on almost every grave.

"The Spiritualists appear to be happy in their belief. I have never known a happy orthodox Christian."

He Hoped for Everlasting Life.

"It is natural to shun death, natural to desire eternal life. With all my heart I hope for everlasting life and joy—a life without failures, without crimes and tears.

"If immortality could be established, the river of life would overflow with happiness. The faces of prisoners, of slaves, of the deserted, of the diseased and starving would be radiant with smiles, and the dull eyes of despair would glow with light.

"If it could be established. "Let us hope."

Twelve Days Before He Died.

Twelve days before Colonel Ingersoll died, in a letter to a friend, denying the report that he had changed his opinion regarding religion, Colonel Ingersoll said:

"I still believe that all religions are based on falsehood and mistakes. I still deny the existence of the supernatural."

Ingersoll As He Is, by Macdonald, p.p. 187-188. (Price 25c.)

All advanced Spiritualists believe the same. They deny that any miracle was ever performed by Jesus or any of the other 15 Saviors, and insist that all spiritualistic phenomena, as well as everything else that takes place must occur in accordance with the immutable laws of nature. See "Nature's Divine Revelation," by A. J. Davis, p. 508. (Price $3.50.)

DEATH OF INGERSOLL.

Colonel Ingersoll died at noon, July 21, 1899, and his death was a most ideal one. He died sitting in an easy chair, surrounded by his wife and children. With a last loving look into the eyes of his wife and a smile on his lips he passed away without even a sigh.

And death did not come as a surprise to Colonel Ingersoll. Early in 1897 he developed angina pectoris and his physicians told him that he was likely to die at any moment out, acceding to his earnest request, they did not tell his family. See "Ingersoll As He Is," by Macdonald, p.p. 187-188 and 197-198.

The Truth Seeker recently published a two page article entitled, "Unbelief and Ethics," by Thos. M. Armstrong, in which the life and death of Colonel Ingersoll is treated at considerable length from which the following extracts are taken:

Two days after the death of Ingersoll the N. Y. Herald devoted an entire page to its account of the sad event and said in part:

"His widow and daughters sit in the room where he died last Friday and where the dead form lies. His face is a smile as though he had greeted them."

"All Flags at Half-Mast."

Among the hundreds of telegrams of sympathy received by the family was one from the citizens of Peoria, Illinois, where Ingersoll once lived, who held a memorial service to Col. Ingersoll, and drew up a long list of resolutions which were wired to Mrs. Ingersoll, the message closing with the statement that "all flags in the town are at half-mast."
In referring to the death of Ingersoll the Rev. George H. Hepworth said: "Admitting that Colonel Ingersoll was sincere, and admitting also that he was wrong, can he be saved? How can any sane man answer that question except in the affirmative? * * * * Every honest man will go to heaven, for the other place is not large enough to hold him."

The Rev. Charles W. Beckley, M. E., of Philadelphia said: "Ingersoll's many good acts and strict moral life will plead with him who abundantly pardons."

The Washington Post at its close of "Stories of Ingersoll" said: "Ingersoll was happy in his death as befits a man whose life had been beautiful."


In one sermon Bill Sunday says: "I have read everything that Bob Ingersoll ever spouted from one end of the land to the other, and I have read it carefully. And if Bob Ingersoll isn't in hell, God is a liar, and the Bible isn't worth the paper it is printed on."

In a later sermon Sunday said: "I never read a line that Bob Ingersoll wrote or spoke that I know of, and when I wrote that sermon they raised such a row about, I had no idea where the part they say is Ingersoll's came from."

And yet, in a sermon a few days later Billy said: "If I hadn't had four years instruction in the Bible **** before I saw Bob Ingersoll's book **** I would be preaching Infidelity tonight instead of Christianity. Thank the Lord I saw the Bible first. "Since I have taken his book and lectures and placed them by the side of the Bible **** I have never considered him honest." "The Case of Billy Sunday," by Morton, p. p. 30-31. (Price, 10 cents).

WHO'S A LIAR? BILL OR GOD?

Words and Music By Ernest B. Lydick

Sing to the tune of "The Rinkedyoo Cafe"

Here's a mighty proposition for the Christians to decide—
Either Holy Billy Sunday or their Bible God has lied;
If it's Bill that lied he's not ordained by powers in the sky—
If their God has lied how can they hope he'll save them when they die?

CHORUS:
"Unless Ingersoll's in hell, God is a liar!"—
Were the words the Holy Billy Sunday said;
And we know he's not because his radiant spirit
Has oft returned to earth since he is dead:
By others he's been seen in Pleasant Valley,
With the souls of Franklin, Jefferson and Paine,
And among the seraphs there,
In a raiment bright and fair,
He is happy on the Devachanic Plane.

Bill thus vilifies the memory of both Ingersoll and Paine,—
After their exalted spirits have returned to us again;
And he howls that they recanted, when at last they came to die,—
That their souls in hell are burning, when he knows it is a lie.

He cannot answer any speech that Ingersoll has made,
But he can howl that "Bob's in hell, and make his dupes afraid
To read the bright inspiring words the brilliant Colonel said,
Which Billy hopes to counteract with lies about the dead.
No, Ingersoll is not in Hell!  
But those who sent him there  
They are the ones we find have failed  
To climb the "Golden Stair."

Five months after the death of Colonel Ingersoll his spirit appeared in full-form visible materialization at the Aber Intellectual Circle's seance & held at Spring Hill, Kansas, Dec. 21, 1899. His spirit not only appeared but delivered a vocal message in the presence of the entire audience. And during the following year he returned eleven times and delivered a vocal message on each occasion.

The twelve messages, or lectures, by the spirit of Colonel Ingersoll, together with messages received from the spirits of many other prominent persons who have passed out of the flesh, are published, in full, in a book of 500 pages entitled, "Beyond The Vale," from which the following statements by Ingersoll are taken, the page references indicating the order in which they were given at the various seances:

Ingersoll's Spiritual Orations.

"When I was called, I was not so well versed in the geography of the beautiful world and country and people of my immortal home as I should have been. * * * Yet when it was mine to go I was made to realize that the supreme hour had arrived, and beautiful visions of most beautiful things and beings presaged the glorious dawning, as the things of earth and sorrowing of loved ones in the mortal faded away." (P. 13)

"I did know this much of Spiritualism, that there were certain phenomena not accounted for; but so sure was I that at some time it would all be accounted for independently of any spiritual basis that I did not care to be at the pains to know. * * * * *

"I did not wish to indorse Spiritualism as an investigation might have compelled me to do. I thought I could do more good otherwise." (P. 46.)

"Although I sometimes hoped for future life and sometimes hoped that spirit return might be true, yet the preponderance of my convictions was that death ended all." (P. 67.)

"Is Glad He Made the Fight He Did."

"On the other hand, I am glad that I made the issues I did, in regard to those so-called orthodox theological notions and teachings.

"I honestly made the issues to the world in my writings. I earnestly believed the whole business erroneous, and a curse to the human race; and I now find that I made the issues aright, and know that what I said and wrote concerning theological dogmas is true, and that the creedal preaching of the whole sacredotal world is false.

"When I saw so much deception played upon the people and false theological notions taught them, my soul yearned to try to counteract, to uproot the evil, and I honestly labored to that end; and now I can reach out in any direction to take by the hand any laborer in the same field." (P. 67.)

"During my short stay in this beautiful country, I have met a great many who had reached this fair land before I came, and some who came since my arrival.

"As beautiful as this glorious world is, it is darkness and gloom to those whose spiritual discernment is but rudimental. The blind man beholds not the glorious sunshine, nor do deaf ears hear the enchanting music of aerial songsters.

"Many of those whom I have met predicted a hell and frowns of an offended God for me.

He Finds No Frowning God.

"But, although I have made a search, somewhat exhaustive, I fail, so far, to find either. And many who had a hell fixed up for me are themselves in darker conditions that I ever experienced." (p.p. 168-169.)

"I tried to teach that they of the popular churches are on the wrong road, the road leading away from the truth. That they are embracing an injurious delusion.

"I felt then and I feel now that this delusion is one of the greatest hindrances to a general humanitarian elevation. I sought then and seek now to break the chains used by this mythical idol to bind down in servitude the very souls of men and women.

"And, therefore, I am at work right along the same lines as I did on earth, for amelioration of the children of earth, by the breaking up and destruction of false gods and the uprooting of idolatry." (p.p. 260-261.)

The Crowning Feature of His Work.

This is the one fact required to crown the life-work of Colonel Ingersoll:

From his home in glory his spirit now returns to state that he finds he was right in the fight he made against Orthodox theolgy and that he is now able to
extend a helping hand to others laboring in the same field.

Why are these facts not generally known? "Rending The Vale," was published in 1901; yet orthodox ministers from a thousand pulpits have been con- signing the soul of Ingersoll to hell every Sunday for the past sixteen years. And Billy Sunday, more foul-mouthed than any of the rest, has said "Unless Ingersoll is in hell God is a liar."

Why are they allowed to go on spreading their lies for the glory of God without being slapped in the face with the eternal truth? Why are the masses in general not familiar with these facts?

For three reasons:

**Why These Facts Are Hid.**

First, The Christian pulpit and press will not publish such facts because they want their dupes to believe that not only the great infidels, but all the little infidels are burning in a brimstone hell. They prefer that the glory of God should more abound through their lies.

Second, A great majority of the Spiritualists are careful not to even mention Colonel Ingersoll, because the Christians have spread so much odium around his name that they feel it would hurt the cause of Spiritualism for them to say anything in vindication of his honored name.

Third, The Rationalists regard all thoughts of a future existence as so closely associated with an orthodox heaven or a brimstone hell, that as a class, they prefer annihilation to a con- tinued existence after death. Therefore, the Rationalistic defenders of the glorious Colonel feel compelled to deny every form of Spiritualistic Manifestation.

And the result is that, although it is now sixteen years since the spirit of Colonel Ingersoll returned and told us that he is happy in the Beautiful Land—that he did not go to the "Dark Abode" to which the Christian ministers con- signed him; but that he sees many of the preachers, who sent him to hell, are now there themselves; and although it is fourteen years since these facts were published in book form and given to the world, yet in all that time not one person in ten thousand has ever heard of those important messages.

Surely all the true friends and sincere admirers of the pure teachings of Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll would be delighted to know that he is now in glory on the transcendental plane, and that his spirit has frequently returned with loving mes- sages for his friends.

One single fact which all should re- member is this: If you will faithfully follow the pure teachings of either Thomas Paine or Colonel Ingersoll, your spirit will land in glory after death, regard- less of whether you believed in a future life or not.

But if you accept the statements of Billy Sunday, that, "Morality don't amount to a snap of the finger with God," and, in following his example, steal the literary works of others, lie about the dead, while deceiving the ignorant and swindling the cowardly to enrich yourself, you will open your eyes in perdition after death and cry for spir- itual helpers to lead you to the light.

**Orthodox Preachers In Hell.**


These, as well as many other revela- tions 'from the other shore plainly show that it is not the noble infidels who lived pure, honest, manly lives, devoted their labors to the benefit of their brothers, and always told the truth to help improve the moral tone of the human race, it is not they but the ministerial liars—the self-appointed representatives of God, who open their eyes in hell after death, and being in torment cry to the Spiritualists to pray for their release.

**To Do Your Duty Well.**

Let every man and every woman who feels a desire to improve their own spiritual and intellectual condition, and to extend a helping hand to brother- man, start to study Ingersoll’s Works, and preach the truths of Ingersoll to others, at first in conver - tations with per- sonal friends, later in writing for the press, then from the lecture platform. No one need hesitate on account of lack of education—Ingersoll was not a college graduate, he was a self-educated man, everything he knew that contribut- ed to his success was learned out of school.

Then those who take up a similar line of work have this advantage—the spirit of Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll has as- sured them that from his home in glory
he can reach out to aid all those who labor in the same field.

To the young man who hopes to make something of himself—who wishes to attain a position of wealth, honor, fame, and social distinction in this world, and secure admission to the great celestial band of "Masters of Wisdom" in the next:

To the intelligent girl who takes a grand view of life's possibilities, and hopes to marry a good man and be the queen of a home in which purity, kindness, and love will be the ruling sentiments:

To the father and mother of a family of beautiful boys and girls that they hope to train up into noble men and magnificent women, an honor, not only to themselves, but to the land of their birth and the age in which they live:

To all these we would say:


Get the Dresden Edition of Ingersoll's Complete Works, and study them. Get them, even if compelled to practice the most rigid economy in personal expenses for several years in order to afford this matchless collection of brain-building material for men and women who wish to make life worth living.

To parents we would say:

Read Ingersoll to Your Children.

If you wish your children to grow up honest, pure and noble, an honor to you, as Ingersoll was an honor to, not only his parents, but to all American citizens, keep them out of Sunday School and entertain them on the "Holy Sabbath" by reading to them from Ingersoll's works, while they are little and encourage them in reading for themselves as soon as they are able and thus fill their souls with facts instead of Christian lies and make little missionaries of them to teach the eternal truth to other little boys and girls at school; and be sure to impress this fact upon their minds, that from his Home in Glory Ingersoll can now reach down and help the little boys and girls who work to spread his teachings among their playmates.

Teach Them to Preach Ingersoll.

Start them on "Why I Am an Agnostic," and "What Must I Do To Be Saved." Tell them about the spirit of Ingersoll now ready to aid them from the heaven world, and instruct them to tell the other children at school that Ingersoll was one of the best men that ever lived, and that now he is happy in the celestial realm, while many Orthodox ministers who consigned his soul to hell have already gone, and others are going as fast as they die, to the Dark Abode of the Borderland, where they will have to atone for the lies they told, and pray to spiritual helpers to lead them to the light.

The Dresden Edition of Ingersoll's works with the index is a great aid to everyone who aims at self-improvement. Ingersoll seems to have expressed his views on almost every conceivable subject, and by the aid of the index it is possible in a few moments to refer to Ingersoll's treatment of any subject in which they may be interested.

To anyone who ever expects to speak in public Ingersoll's advice regarding Oratory is worth the price of the entire edition. The lawyer will be able to win a larger number of cases. The doctor will be more able to spread the healing influence of cheerfulness among his patients and produce more cures. The politician can make a better presentation of his claims for support at the polls. The law-maker will be able to introduce his bill in the clearest possible light and make a winning fight to secure its passage. The merchant will be able to prepare advertisements that will carry the conviction of truth in every line, inspire confidence, and sell the goods. The traveling salesman will acquire a flow of language, and a pleasing manner having a cash basis which will be demonstrated by the number and size of orders sent to the house. The minister will be able to prepare sermons that will delight his congregation, filling the pews with an intelligent audience at every service; and when the grim destroyer comes among the flock, he will be able to deliver a funeral eulogy which will lift the glare of hell from the coffin of the dead.

CARRY HIS PAMPHLETS IN YOUR POCKET.

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Address, Lydick, Turner & Co. 530 Sheridan Ave. Pittsburgh, Pa
The soul of Colonel Ingersoll
Is happy in the heavenly home,
Where wingless forms of seraphim—
The seers of earth, in glory roam;
His many kindly acts of life,
Did after death, attract him there,
Within the zone of perfect love,
Where everything is bright and fair;
Where charming groves of blooming trees,
With bending boughs bedeck the dale,
And shade the clear ethereal streams
Serenely flowing through the vale;
Where suns are rolling over head,
And smaller planets whirling by,
And fiery comets sweeping in
And dazzling splendor through the sky—
Which look, to new arriving souls,
Who join the grand celestial horde,
Like messengers from other spheres,
Or flaming angels of the Lord;
Stars rise and set like silver moons,
While golden suns shine from above,
Which gild the towering mountain peaks
With splendor of celestial love;
And all the hills and valleys seemed
To sparkle with a beauty rare,
When soul of Colonel Ingersoll
Was welcomed by the spirits there.

The spirits of Chal-de-an age,
Before the days of ancient Rome;
And others from Per-sep-o-lis,
Where marble halls had been their home;
Some few from Ec-ba-ta-na, and,
A mighty band from Nin-e-veh;
And those who dug the Ophir Gold,
In hills along the Persian Bay;
A few who lived in Egypt when
The crouching Sphinx was in its youth,—
And other noble seers who worked,
Like Ingersoll, to teach the truth;
While Pla-na Al-phos Brotherhood,
Which meets at Ag-ga-me-da Hall,
Sent seers from Ak-ro-pan-a-medem,
To help to welcome Ingersoll.
And there were some exalted souls,
Who ruled La-mu-ra's charming land;
And seers from Lost At-lan-tis, too,
Were numbered with the spirit band,
Which welcomed Colonel Ingersoll,
When he had passed from earthly pain,
Through Doors of Death, and then awoke,
Upon the Tran-scen-den-tal Plane;
And greatest Hin-du A-depts from
The charming valley of Kish-mar,
Who, by a concentrated mind,
Had pried the Gates of Fate ajar—
Who, by their oc-cult powers, pulled
The somber Veil of Death aside,
And functioned in the Ru-pa Zones,
Where brightest angel-forms abide;
All these, and they who taught the truth,
Which did expose "Old Adam's Fall,"
They all were kindly waiting there,
To welcome Colonel Ingersoll.

And other ancient seers were there,
Who form a scientific band;
The first of earth's Astronomers,
Who lived in Egypt's sunny land
When I-sis and O-si-ris ruled,
As Deities, along the Nile,—
And long before O-lymp-ic Gods
Of classic Greece became the style:
'Twas there, those great astronomers,
With skill and intellect sublime,
Did map the sky, then name the stars,
And by their flight, record the time;
They lived before the first designs
For Egypt's Pyramids were made;
And now, they're angel-ministers
To those who can receive their aid;
From them Co-per-ni-cus received
The scientific facts to prove,
Without the aid of telescope,
That planetary bodies move:
Upon the mount Car-pa-thi-an
Co-per-ni-cus communed with them,
And learned those scientific truths
Which Church of Rome did them con-demn;
And those astronomers were there,—
They recognized the Colonel's worth,
And came with love to help receive,
So grand a spirit from the earth;
WHERE IS THE SOUL OF INGERSOLL?

While other great exalted souls,
Those mighty plan-e-tar-y seers,
Who've journed 'round the other worlds,
For more than twenty-thousand years;
They left their homes on higher plains,
In answer to a spirit call,
Came through the gates between the stars,
To help to welcome Ingersoll.

Thus Ingersoll was welcomed there,
And there he rests, in bliss sublime,
Surrounded by the mighty seers,
Of present age, and olden time:
His pure and stainless soul at death
Was born by holy angels there,
To join the friends of earth he loved
Now living in that realm fair;
Where lands are flower-covered, both,
Upon the hills and down the dell;
Where music from etheric streams
In strains of glorious billows swell;
Where rivers of celestial light,
That from the distant darkness spring,
And fill the land with music grand,
As all the wavelets seem to sing,
And constantly throughout that zone,
There's music throbbing everywhere;
It seems to gurgle from the streams,
And falls in showers from the air;
It comes in waves of melody
Upon the zephyrs of the breeze,
With perfume from sweet-scented shrubs,
And boughs of ever blooming trees;
From wondrous mountains in the rear,
The deep-toned bass vibrations fall—
Such are the scenes and joys within
The spirit home of Ingersoll.

And joys within that land of bliss
Surround the spirits everywhere;
The distant hills and mountain peaks
Are glowing with a golden glare;
And whirling through the sky above,
In clusters, suns and planets fly,
The little clusters whirling in
The larger clusters through the sky;
And constellations swinging round
Some other constellations grand,
To form the firmament above
This spirit home—the Summerland.
Celestial birds, in colors bright,
    To represent emotions fair,
Are warbling strains of melody
    Which fill the flower-scented air;
Fruit-laden trees, with blooming boughs,
    In beauty everywhere abound;
While violets and daisies dot
    The velvet mossy-covered ground;
The cal i can thus, lily, rose,
    And other flowers bloom so bright,
They shine like gems, or jewels rare,
    And sparkle with a brilliant light;
A range of mountains in the rear,
    Some snowy peaks project above;
And through the verdant valley flows
    A stream aglow with warmth of love;
Along this stream, within the groves,
    Where velvet mosses form the sod,
There dwell in perfect peace and bliss,
    Those children of the Living God:
And there the Colonel's spirit now
    Resides in that celestial land,
Among the grandest souls of earth
    Who formed the mighty spirit band
Which welcomed him with out-stretched arms—
    At death within their charming fold,
Of grander glory than the eye
    Of mortal man did e'er behold:

And here resides a Brotherhood,
    Assembled for this purpose grand,
To aid mankind with light of truth,
    To cleanse and purify the land;
And help, in all affairs of life,
    Come from this glorious brigade,
Which kindly is extended to
    All those who can receive their aid:
They send ambassadors to earth
    To help the people every day,
To lead a life of joy and bliss,
    And scatter roses on the way:
Those angels meet the hypocrites,
    Dissemination they detect,
Stand face to face with vice and fraud,
    More often than you may suspect;
'Tis they who prick the conscience, and,
    Instill despair into the soul,
Of those whose carnal passions get
    Beyond the pale of self control;
WHERE IS THE SOUL OF INGERSOLL?

Those evil promptings in the mind,
Which the Di-ak-ka often cause,
They're always able to suppress,
By knowledge of the higher laws;
And earth's inhabitants receive
The greatest blessings they have known
From this illustrious Brotherhood,
Whose kindly aid is daily shown;
Along the river called Nez-zar,
Those gifted sages now abide;
And bands from Jupiter and Mars,
And Saturn also there reside;
An alabastor mansion with
A dainty ivy covered wall,
Stands near the center of the scene,
The home of Colonel Ingersoll.

There little spirit children play,
Beneath the trees, on mossy banks;
They skip and gambol on the green,
And play their lovely little pranks;
They have their jolly games of sport—
Have jumping-ropes, and swings, and toys,
Sweet dollies for the little girls,
And kites, and wagons for the boys;
And everywhere the children go,
Upon the hills, or down the glade,
The Angel Mother, Ma-Abo-sha,
Always there to render aid;
And where she is there's not a child
Without the tender care of home;
Because, with love, she's always near,
No matter where the children roam;
Upon the slopes vibrating with
The sweetest music's softest strains;
Or deep within entrancing groves,
That form the forests on the planes.

The world is but a foaling-nest,
For spirits that shall never die;
They only change from earthly homes
To glorious mansions in the sky;
And death's a door of perfect peace
Through which we pass, from aches, and pains;
From earthly grief to joy and bliss
Eternal on the higher planes;
We know that when the blossoms fall,
From off the wondrous tree of life;
That they will grow to perfect fruit
Where droughts and blights are never rife;
And though as blossoms chilled by frost,
They fall from life's amazing tree,
They will mature to perfect fruit,
In orchards of eternity:
And he who journeys all the length
Of life's uneven, winding road;
Who limps along, with staff, and crutch,
At death will lose his heavy load;
Deaf ears will hear, and eyes, though blind
Will open on a brighter shore,
Where he will have a perfect form,
And need his crutches nevermore.

And then, among the ancient seers,
In habiting the Summerland,
The proof of an immortal youth,
Is evident on every hand;
The oldest spirits in this home
Have countenances bright and fair—
Seem younger than the spirit forms
Of many new arrivals there;
The graceful manner of those seers
Is strikingly in evidence,
To all who gain admission there,
Where soul-unfoldment must commence;
And this is always the result,
Which comes from purity of thought;
And deeper feelings of the mind,
When soul-unfolding truths are taught:
And there, among those ancient seers,
Within the lovely Summerland,
The soul of Ingersoll resides,
A member of this spirit band.

And then we see a strange abode,
Away beyond the shining plane.
Where dwell those earth-unfortunates,
The zone where Suicides remain;
Bright angels come and breathe upon
Those sad unhappy spirits there—
Alas! they are enveloped in
A mental darkness everywhere;
They cannot see the glorious forms
Of angels when they hover near,
Though loving voices kindly call,
Their ears are deaf, they cannot hear;
They slew themselves upon the earth,
And reached this zone in profound sleep;
The joys they should have known, they miss,
They now can only sigh and weep;
They do not see the lovely scenes,
Surrounding them on every hand,
Nor hear the music of the streams
Serenely flowing through the land.
They do not see the grandeur of
Majestic mountains all around,
Nor sense the gladness of the scenes
Of joy that everywhere abound;
By self-destruction they have forced
Themselves into a sphere of night,
Where ears are deaf, where tongues are dumb.
And eyes are blind to heaven's light:

At last the darkness disappears—
The Suicides receive their sight;
Then all those bright celestial scenes,
Of glory fill their souls with fright;
They missed the peaceful silence, and,
Oblivion for which they aimed;
And when they see the angels pure,
They try to flee, they're so ashamed;
They cannot rest in heaven's home,
Among the spirits bright and fair,
A stain of guilt is on their souls,
They feel they have no business there:
In grief they leave, they flee away;
Return to scenes they once held dear;
Return to hauts of earth, because,
Their work had not been finished here.

But though the Suicides return,
To earth, and with a purpose true;
Alas! they have no bodies now—
And work undone they cannot do;
And here for ages they remain
Dark earth-bound spirits, in distress;
They killed themselves, and cannot go
Unto a victim, and confess;
Cannot secure forgiveness for
The awful self-destruction crime;
But in remorse, and grief remain,
For an eternity of time:
The soul that's stained with murder, will,
In Dark abodes less time abide,
Than those who shrank from facing fate,
And left this world by suicide.

Bill Sunday tells how twenty-five,
"Were fished from out a reservoir—"
The bodies of the suicides,
Who started for the other shore,"The day after 'Bob' Ingersoll,"
"Had lectured on the subject there;"
"And that a hundred, in a week,"
Took this route "up the golden stair."

WHERE IS THE SOUL OF INGERSOLL?

One simple fact will plainly prove,
That Holy Billy Sunday lied—
“Bob” never lectured anywhere,
Upon the subject, Suicide.

The Colonel’s mission seemed to be,
To fight the Church for truth and right;
And all religious hypocrites
His shafts of logic put to flight;
He did not preach against the Church,
Nor teach the world Agnostic thought
For cash, or notoriety,
Or the distinction that it brought;
But just because, within his soul,
He felt that was what he should do;
Because he knew the Church was wrong,
And that Agnostic thoughts were true:
He felt that next to finding truth,
The greatest joy is honest search;
He searched and found no truth exists
Among the dogmas of the Church;
He never cared about belief,
Or faith in any Christian creed;
The gospel that he grandly taught,
Was one of thought, of word, and deed;
He feared no phantoms of the air,
Nor Gods of whom the preachers tell,
Nor was he frightened by their lies,
About a burning brimstone hell.

He cared not for the Saints, insane,
Disdained the gospels that they taught;
And ridiculed the miracles,
Inspired savages had wrought;
He tested all their holy creeds,
With fires of a glowing mind,
And in the dregs thus analyzed,
A single truth he failed to find;
Then gave the world his honest thought,
Well knowing the result would be
To brake the shackles of the mind,
And set the souls of mortals free:
He proved the creeds to be absurd,
The dogmas all a farce, a fraud;
And that the Christian’s Holy Book
Could never be the Word of God;
But that it was the work of “Priests,”
And “Saints,” who both deceive and lie;
Who never were inspired by
The Ghosts and Goblins of the sky.
To him Jehovah was a beast
    That seemed to thirst for human gore;
That liked the smell of burning fat,
    And gloated over scenes of war;
He sought the facts about this God,
    He found the stories were not true;
Then started on a lecture tour,
    And told the people what he knew.

Then Christian lies, like vipers, did
    Attack the Colonel everywhere;
And many sought to have him killed,
    By an appeal to God in prayer;
While cowards often sent their notes
    Which threatened Ingersoll with death;
But all their threats of violence
    Ne'er caused a tremor in his breath.

The ministers who killed their wives,
    And those who failed in the attempt;
And other Christian criminals
    All held the Colonel in contempt;
While leprosy of slander sought
    To soil the glorious Colonel's name;
Attacked his sterling honesty,
    His grand career and warlike fame;
And yet his life was pure and good,
    His teachings always were sublime;
In intellect he towered far
    Above the clergy of his time;
And those who once engaged with him,
    In controversy, or dispute,
Were never known to come again
    And try his statements to refute;
They could not answer any speech
    That Colonel Ingersoll had made;
Of both his logic and his wit
    The clergymen were all afraid;
And yet, in most deceitful ways,
    To kill the good which he had done,
They circulate misleading yarns
    In every land beneath the sun
Where Colonel Ingersoll had been,
    Or where his lectures had been read,
Thus hoping they might counteract
    All good results from what he said.

The Christian clergy used to burn,
    All noble men like Ingersoll;
Or tear their bodies limb from limb,
    On racks within a torture hall;
They did those things, in name of Christ,
   And blood of millions soaked the sod,
Shed by the hands of holy saints,
   Who did it to protect their God.
The Church has lost the power great,
   From which those holy murders sprung;
And yet they still protect their God,
   But with a preacher's lying tongue;
It seems the clergy seek for more
   Protection for their God to day;
As lying tongues, by public press,
   Are in a measure held at bay.
Therefore they ask that laws be passed,
   Excluding papers from the mail,
That criticise the Church, its God,
   Or any holy names assail:
Protection for their God's a bluff—
   They want protection for themselves,
From him, who in the court records,
   Among the Crimes of Preacher's delves.

Investigation will not hurt
   A Church that was ordained by God;
And those that fear a searching light
   All rest upon religious fraud.
Strange that those saints, who preach to lead
   Men's souls to worlds future of bliss,
Must ask a common court of law,
   That it protect their God in this,
From criticisms of the "worms
   Of dust who must forever, die."
The reason is, their God's a fraud,
   And not the Ruler in the sky.
Absurd! that laws, shall punish those,
   The preachers claim, blaspheme and curse,
To thus protect a Deity
   Who made the mighty universe.

If a protection God should have,
   'Tis from the preacher's, "on the flim;"
And gutter-snipe evangelists
   Who claim they're representing him.
The honest fakir works his game,
   A ball beneath a little shell;
But holy grifters swindle fools
   With lies about a burning Hell;
Those self-appointed seers of Christ,
   Who in God's name, deceive and lie
They are a blight upon the land
   The greatest curse beneath the sky
They stunt the souls of all their dupes
   For ages in eternity,
And should be swept from off the earth,
   And fed to fishes in the sea.
WHERE IS THE SOUL OF INGERSOLL?

It seems to be a travesty
Upon the justice of our land,
That he who swindles other men,
By selling them a mansion grand,
To which he holds no title now,
Nor in the past did ever own—
The law will throw him into jail,
As court records have often shown.

But holy Billy Sunday, who,
By preaching Brimstone-Fire-Lies,
Pulls down a thousand plunks a day,
From sales of Mansions in the Skies;
Pretending he's an Agent, in,
The service of Almighty God;
Yet hasn't got credentials that
Will prove he's not a grafting fraud;
He cannot show us that the Lord
Will honor, or approve the sale—
Why don't the Law prevent this Fraud,
And throw the Grafter into Jail?

Here's how Bill works his holy scheme,
Of selling mansions in the sky;
He rings in other ministers
To boost the game, and help him lie:
The "Saint" who preached the begging spiel
In Pittsburgh for this grafting fraud,—
He said, "By generous gifts to Mister
Sunday you'll get right with God!!!"
Then all the fools in our town,
The silly, rattle-brained bohunks!
They all untied their purses strings,
And gave Bill Fifty Thousand Plunks:
Throughout a siege of seven weeks
They smelled the fakirs Brimstone Fire;
Then sought to bribe Almighty God,
By giving money to a liar.

Of all evangelistic frauds,
Deceiving fools on earth today;
Bill Sunday tells the biggest lies,
And also draws the largest pay;
And here's the one most mammoth lie,
That vulgar Bill did ever tell—
He said "God is a liar, if
"Bob" Ingersoll is not in hell!"
As Ingersoll is not in Hell,
This proposition's up to Bill;
Let him come out and answer this,
With his prevaricating skill;
WHERE IS THE SOUL OF INGERSOLL?

We will be glad to have him show,
How nicely he can now evade,
By the invention of new lies,
This mighty blunder he has made;
Because Bill's language seems to prove,
To thinking people, that his God,
Is much like Bill, in one respect,
He's both a liar and a fraud:
"An honest God," said Ingersoll,
Is sure the noblest work of man;"
So it would seem that Bill has made
The finest brand of God he can;
Because Bill's such a scurvy knave,
With such a coarse, and vulgar mind,
And selfish heart, and lying tongue,
He could create no other kind.

The Colonel also told us why
The Christians killed so many Jews;
The facts are filled with interest
More thrilling than divorce-court laws;
And, briefly stated, they are these:
The Jews were in Jerusalem,
And knew the Christian's Son of God
Was never crucified by them;
They knew no miracles occurred,
No temple vail was rent in twain,
The dead did not come from their graves,
The time they claim that Christ was slain;
They knew no earthquake did occur,
No darkness struck the town at noon,
No sun's eclipse could happen then—
Because it was the full of moon:
The Jews were there, you understand,
The Holy City was their home;
And then, they also chanced to know—
Those lies, they came, in Greek, from Rome:
Those simple facts did plainly prove,
The Christian's Book, was just a fraud,
That came to man, from Pagan Priests,
Instead of from Almighty God:
The Jews then gave this knowledge out,
They only stated what they knew—
And Christians, to defend their lies,
Then many millions of them slew;
They stained the world with human blood,
To thus protect a Book of Fraud—
A Book, they claimed, had been revealed,
To them from their Jehovah God:
And then for eighteen hundred years,
The Church pursued, with fire and sword,
And murdered Hebrews everywhere,
In name of Christ, to please the Lord:
And even now, with fiendish rage,
The Christians still pursue the Jews;
Because they told the honest truth,
Which hurt the Churches revenues.

Religion is a sort of mine
In which the golden nuggets flash;
And fakers dig up fortunes there
By swindling "suckers" of their cash
In every age, since Christians claim,
Christ's body by a spear was gaffed
The preachers have deceived their dupes
And fattened on religious graft.
'Twas not their purpose to protect
Their God from what the Colonel said,
That prompted ministers to tell
Malicious lies about the dead—
They feared the light of truth might cause
The "scales" from eyes of dupes to fall,
And thus reduce the preacher's pay—
Was why they lied on Ingersoll.

The clergy used to claim that all
The crimes Jehovah did were right;
But lately they have changed their plea,
Since Ingersoll has brought them light,
By proving that there was a time
Their God endorsed polygamy,
Bebauchery of little girls,
Seduction, rape, and slavery;
But now the Devil prompts those things,
(So all the preachers claim to know),
Therefore, the Devil is as good,
Now, as their God was years ago;—
For then, their God Jehovah was,
As bad, in every fiendish way,
Of tempting and debauching men,
As the Old Devil is to day:
So now, by "Exegesis", they,
Present to us another plea,
And try to prove their God is not
As bad now as he used to be:
This is the answer that they make,
When e'er His fort by Truth is stormed—
They still insist the Bible's true,
But claim Jehovah has reformed.
WHERE IS THE SOUL OF INGERSOLL?

We know the Colonel was sincere
   In everything he did and taught;
In every lecture that he made
   He gave the world his honest thought:
Sometimes he seemed to think and feel
   That mortal man might live again—
That after death he might awake
   Upon some other, brighter plane;
And then, again, at other times,
   All hopes of future life would fall,
'Twas then the Colonel seemed to think,
   And feel that death would end it all:
And yet, he led a perfect life,
   Because, it seemed to be a fact,
That if man chanced to live again,
   He'd profit by each kindly act
That he had done for fellow-man,
   To help to make his burdens light;
Besides, he'd find a profit here,
   By doing what he thought was right;
And if he chanced to live again,
   Beyond the shroud, the pall, the bier,
The man whose life was pure and good
   Would never have a thing to fear.

And while, with dark uncertainty,  
   We find he frequently did grope;
Yet, speaking of immortal life,
   He frankly said, "we have our hope,"
And if there be another world
   Beyond the verdant shores of this,
All those who lead an honest life,
   Will sure awake to joy and bliss;
If there should be another life,
   Beyond the shadow of the grave—
No one need fear, whose life had here,
   Been upright, honest, kind, and brave;
That all the great and good who die
   Upon this orb would sure be there,
With love to welcome all their friends,
   Within a mansion, bright, and fair.

When speaking of the spirits, and,
   The frequent claim that they return;
He never grew sarcastic, no,
   Nor uttered caustic words that burn;
But in a manner most sincere,
   In sentences, both frank, and true,
That fell in kindness from his lips,
   He answered in an interview,
When asked if spirits do come back
   To prove man's immortality?
He said, "They may return to some,
   But they have not returned to me."
WHERE IS THE SOUL OF INGERSOLL?

He always said the best he could
About a happy future life;
Where all of earth may live again,
In harmony, instead of strife;
He spoke the word to gild a grief,
Increased the sum of human joy;
And labored with a mighty will
All superstition to destroy.
His reasoning was most profound,
His oratory was sublime,
He stood alone upon the stage
The greatest speaker of his time;
He preached the creeds of fellowship,
That man should be a friend to man,
Should always render kindly aid;
In every honest way he can:
His thoughts were pure, his words were true,
He kindly did the loving deed,
And by his actions, it would seem,
He did endorse the Buddha’s creed:
He had his faith, ’twas built on facts,
All ancient myths he did ignore;
His reason was his only guide,
In steering for the other shore;
His genius, courage, intellect,
Were far above most other men,
And glorious achievements crowned
The labors of his tongue and pen;
He fought the battles of the poor,
In justice waged against the rich;
He bent no knee to gods of wealth,
His palms were not the kind that itch.

His great soul only tarried here,
Until his work of life was done,
Then stepped across the Border Land,
Where higher, grander work begun:
And now he’s with a White-Robed Throng,
Upon a high celestial plane;
With those who passed through trials great,
Were purified by earthly pain,
Had washed their robes as white as snow—
Not by the slaying of a Ram—
Nor yet, in the Atoning Blood,
Of any Sacrificial Lamb;
But in a Sparkling Silver Lake,
That Purifies both Mind and Soul—
The Holy Waters of the Will,
Exerted over Self-Controll:
And there, among this mighty band,
Whose spirits passed beneath the pall,
We see,—In Sparkling Robes of White,
The Soul of Colonel Ingersoll.
WHERE IS THE SOUL OF INGERSOLL?

The clouds had fallen from his life
Long years before he met his death;
'Twas then he smiled a tender smile,
As he inhaled his final breath;
Surrounded by the ones he loved,
He calmly saw approach the night;
He knew his duty had been done—
This knowledge filled his soul with light;
Clairvoyant vision came to him,
As it has come to many more,
Enabling them to see at death,
The glories of the other shore;
With him 'twas just a change of homes,
From earth to one more bright and fair;
And as he looked across the gulf,
He saw a host of friends were there;
And thus he closed his eyes in death,
In perfect peace, so calm, serene,
While gazing on the other shore,
Across the shoals that intervene;
For all the kindly, generous deeds,
And noble acts which he had done,—
They came as stars, to light the night,
And shone with brightness of a sun:

He lived a noble, honest life,—
Was, therefore, not afraid to die,
And saw with joy, the angels come,
To kindly bear his soul on high.
With cheerful smile bestowed upon
The wife and children of his love,
He calmly closed his eyes on earth,
To open them in bliss above:
For years he knew "The Reaper, Death,"
Was stalking closely at his side;
And yet, to shield their hearts from grief,
His true condition he did hide;
And when, at last, the twilight came,
Then quickly changed to deepening gloom,
He saw the gold fade from the west,
As angels gathered in the room;
He went to sleep within their arms,
They bore him to the higher planes;
From dream of death, he then awoke,
To heavenly music's sweetest strains;
And saw the spirit friends he loved—
A mighty host of them were there,
In robes that shone with silvery lights,
And gleamed with gold, and jewels rare.
WHERE IS THE SOUL OF INGERSOLL?

No mortal man who trod the earth
   Was ever more sincere than he,
Regarding line of thought he taught
   To man about eternity;
And 'mong the great exalted souls,
   From this, and many other lands,
He stands with them today, and they,
   Are kindly reaching out their hands,
To help the people everywhere,
   Along the rugged path of life,
To live in harmony, and love,
   Avoiding grief and mortal strife;
And as he practiced what he preached,
   Throughout his long, and grand career,
He laid his mortal form aside,
   Without a sigh, a groan, or tear;
And holy angels came at death,
   From glorious realms, bright and fair,
And tenderly, in loving arms,
   They bore the Colonel's spirit there;
He there awoke, surrounded by
   His spirit friends, long gone before,
Who welcomed him within their home,
   To live with them Forevermore.

The hope of immortality
   Is planted in the human breast;
The savage weeps above his dead,
   Yet feels his lovedone's with the blest;
And light of truth now shines so bright,
   The mists and clouds all disappear;
With messages from spirit world
   No doubt can longer linger here;
And mysteries of life and death,
   We in a measure comprehend;
Because of daily intercourse,
   With spirit of a faithful friend;
The bridge of life projects from gloom,
   But rests on golden shores of joy,
Where perfect peace forever reigns,
   Where troubles never can annoy;
And echos of the spirit feet
   That tread the bridge are daily heard,
And make a music sweeter than
   The trills of any forest bird.
The gloom that shrouds the human eye,
   When curtained by eternal dark;
Was long a theme of mystery
   For speculation and remark;
68 WHERE IS THE SOUL OF INGERSOLL?

But veil of death is pulled aside,
   And light of truth shines o'er the tomb,
Proclaiming man's immortal life,
   Dispelling darkness, doubt, and gloom;
The star of hope is shining bright,
   Within the hearts of mortal men,
Without the rustle of a wing,
   Our spirit friends return again;
We know that death is now a good,
   We know the grave is not the end;
But that the spirit, at this change,
   To glorious mansions will ascend,
Where wait the kind and loving souls,
   That once were held so very dear;
And with them there, on higher planes,
   Begins a new, a grand career,
Which shall continue, on and up,
   Through countless ages, evermore,
In lands of joy celestial,
   With all the lovedones gone before.
And then there comes this promise grand,
   Which every mortal must believe,—
"All this," they say, "it shall be thine,"
"When thou art worthy to receive."

What can we say about the dead?
   The psychic goes to where they dwell;
While spirits of the dead return
   From their abodes, and freely tell
Us where they live, and what they did,
   When they awoke beyond the gloom,
And saw their dearest friends on earth,
   All weeping 'round their dreary tomb:
Though cradles used to ask us "whence,"
   While coffins always queried "where;"
But now, those mysteries are solved,
   By echos from the Golden Stair;
While dark-robed priests and ministers,
   They still remain in ignorance;
Because, when psychics come with proof,
   They only smile, and look askance;
Then preach that spirits of the dead
   Are sleeping underneath the sod,
Awaiting toot of Gabriel's horn,
   To call them all before their God;
And thus, like bats, and owls of night;
   To light of truth, they close their eyes;
Yet hold their jobs, and draw their pay,
   For preaching old barbaric lies.
When Colonel Ingersoll was dead,
The Saints of God got busy then;
Invent new lies to circulate,
Intended to deceive the men;
And 'tis a stain upon the Church,
The way the priests and preachers lied,
About the perfect life he led,
And most ideal death he died.
They tell their congregations, how,
His soul was wracked by dying pains;
And how the devils gathered there
And scared him with their clanking chains;
Then pictured how the holy saints,
Lined up along the Jasper wall,
To see the blackest fiends of hell
Lug off the soul of Ingersoll.

'Twas then a dirty dog appears,
The meanest cur above the sod,
To soil the honored Colonel's name
He swears to lies for love of God;
He said his name was Barry, and,
Disgraced that name forevermore,
By making out a list of lies,
To which the Christian villain swore:
And even now that Barry lie
The grafting preachers circulate;
And those too dumb to understand
What Ingersoll did advocate—
Those who can not repeat a word
The glorious Colonel ever said—
Join in and help the ministers
To spread their lies about the dead.

Now here's a fact! a solemn truth!!
Those lying sharks should all beware,
The way they vilify the names
Of men whose lives were "on the square;"
For they become exalted seers,
Within the bright celestial land,
Are welcomed into joy supreme,
By heavens greatest spirit band;
And preachers should be careful how
They speak about the honored dead;
Because, sometime they must account
For each and every word they've said;
Besides, those higher spirits, now,
Exert so strong a force of will,
They can, not only bless and heal,
But they can also curse and kill.
And when the glorius Colonel died,
    The grand old world swept proudly on;
And yet, 'twas poorer for a time,
    When Colonel Ingersoll was gone;
But now, 'tis vastly richer thanp
Before the Colonel died, by far,
Because his spirit has returned
    To earth again, through Gates Ajar,
And brought those messages of truth
    He learned from many mighty seers,
Who've journeyed 'round the universe
    For more than twenty thousand years.
And now, he leaves his home above,
    And, gliding down the Shining Stair,
He comes to earth, to teach the truth,
    Comes in a costume bright, and fair,
Bedecked with golden ornaments,
    Adorned with gems and jewels bright,
That glow with shimmer of the stars
    And sparkle with celestial light;

He thus arrayed, now comes to us,
With glory shining from his soul,
To teach mankind to seek the right,
    And use the Will, in Self-Controll;
In spirit form he's working still,
    To teach the truths of greatest worth,
Just as he did in mortal form
    When he was living here on earth;
And 'mong the many facts he learned,
    Those two stand first upon the list—
The Christian's God, and Brimstone Hell,—
    He finds they never did exist.

Although the river of his life
    Has passed the dark and somber sea,
His soul comes back again, and proves,
    The truth of immortality;
With kindness, charity, and love,
    He comes, the simple truth to tell,
To help to counteract the lies
    About the Christian's burning Hell:
The moment he had passed away,
    His honored name they vilify;
But he returns to earth again,
    And gives those ministers the lie;
By proving that no frowning God
    Consigned his soul to Flames of Hell,
And thus expose malicious lies
    Which Christian hypocrites did tell;
He failed to find their Beastly God,
    No Flames of Hell has scorched his hair,
His soul was born to zones of bliss,
    And welcomed by the angels there:
WHERE IS THE SOUL OF INGERSOLL?

In life, the Colonel spoke the truth,
    His spirit speaks the same to day,
When he, from high celestial zones,
    Comes down the "bright and shining way;"
And now he tells us that he finds
    He fought on earth, a worthy fight;
The war he waged against the Church,
    And all its creeds, he finds was right;
And now he comes, this battle to
    Renew again, with added force—
Renew it with the shafts of truth
    Which he received from highest source,
In order that the grafting frauds,
The preachers who deceive and lie,
Who claim they hold a mission from
    The holy powers in the sky,
But do not know a single fact
    About the zones where spirits dwell;
Yet preach their old barbaric lies,
    And scare their dupes with Flames of Hell;
But after death, those holy frauds,
    Go to a place, both dark and drear,
And they remain for ages there,
    Because they swindled people here;
The souls of Paine and Ingersoll,
    And many other spirits tell,
About the Christian Ministers
    They've seen in Dark Abodes of Hell.

The soul of man desires, soon,
    Or late, the consolation true,
That courage, and undying hope,
    Have always brought to those who knew
That true Religion must embrace
    The universe of suns and stars;
Who knew that justice, goodness, truth,
    Prevail the same on planet Mars,
And Jupiter, and Saturn, as,
    They do upon our little sphere;
And hold that every human soul,
    From there is equally as dear—
No matter where his birth occurred,
    Or where he happens to reside—
And that, through endless ages, all
    Immortal souls will sure abide,
With perfect love and harmony,
    Together in a blissful home—
And that, throughout the universe,
    Together they may often roam;
Thus perfect justice is revealed,
    And boundless goodness, shining bright;
True love's affection throbs the heart,
    It fills the soul with heaven's light;
WHERE IS THE SOUL OF INGERSOLL?

It brings a consolation to
The sorrowful, and the bereaved;
And it uplifts with courage strong
The toiling ones by wealth aggrieved;
It fills despairing hearts with hope,
And fears of future ills will cease,
Because it breathes within the soul
The perfume of a perfect peace.
They calmly see the coffin pass,
Serenely stand beside the grave;
And pity those deluded souls—
Who think that "Faith in Christ will save;"
They know this is the only creed
That lifts the gloom from shroud and pall;
And this religion is the kind
Now, preached by Paine, and Ingersoll.

And of the future life of which
The Colonel dreamed, he speaks to day;
Not as a mere conjecturer,
Nor in a legendary way;
But as a pilot who has sailed
Across the dark and somer sea;
He tells us of the glories there,
And truths of immortality;
He tells us they have colleges,
In which the sciences are taught;
And that the lines of teaching there
All rest on Liberty of Thought;

He found that Christianity
Is just a myth, a farce, a fraud,
Invented by the Pagan Priests,
Who also made the Christian's God;
He also found their Holy Book
Did not describe conditions there—
No talking Beast, with seven heads,
No scent of brimstone in the air.
No "pearly gates," no "streets of gold,"
No harps that have "a thousand strings,"
No "Holy Ghost," no "Son of God,"
No "angels" there with "feathered wings;"
No "Paradise" with "throne of gold,"
Surrounded by a "jasper wall;"
Where all the joys the spirit knows—
Is "yelping" that "Hosannah" squall;
Instead of such a Paradise
He found a world of floral bliss,
Where love's enrapturing delights
Transcend the highest joys in this.
And thus he often comes to us,
The facts about his home to tell—
At other times the Colonel goes,
To aid the Ministers in Hell.
The tides of life that long have ebbed,
    Have now, at last begun to flow;
And spirit waves are waiting in,
    The souls of those we used to know;
The homeward sails are coming here,
    Across the dark, mysterious sea,
In fleets of joy that bring to us
    The proof of immortality;
Though fate sometimes declines to speak,
    And destiny is often dumb,
Yet spirits of departed friends,
    They now reveal those things to some;
And message that come to us,
    Now banish every doubt and fear;
We know that we will meet again,
    All friends and comrades gone from here;
We know that we'll awake from death,
    Within a home of joy above,
And be forever happy there
    With those we used to know and love.

And Silence stands beside the tomb
    Of Colonel Ingersoll no more;
Because his spirit thus returns
    To tell us of the other shore—
To tell us of the friends he found,
    Awaiting him in glory there;
All gathered in a band to greet
    His coming up the "Golden Stair;"
And time is coming when his works
    Will fill the world with peace, and joy;
When they'll be taught in public schools
    To every little girl and boy.

The teachings of the Colonel now
    Are bursting grandly into bloom,
Since his return has rent the veil
    That long has hung around the tomb;
He closed his eyes, and passed away,
    Right in the zenith of his fame,
When all the powers of his mind
    Were glowing with their brightest flame;
His eyes then closed to scenes of earth,
    To open in a brighter land,
Among the most exalted seers,
    Who form a mighty spirit band,
Within a brighter paradise,
    Than that described, with "Streets of Gold,"
The glories of a realm whose
    Transcendent beauties can't be told:
WHERE IS THE SOUL OF INGERSOLL?

The garments of the Colonel's life
Were never stained by graft, or fraud;
Although he never bent a knee,
Or bowed his head to any God;
By nature he was always frank,
The Colonel never did pretend,
Throughout his glorious career
He never did deceive a friend;
He never did pretend to be
The kind of man that he was not;
But all his life he was sincere,
In every precept that he taught;
Was governed by the Buddha's creed—
Helped other people all he could,
He radiated thoughts of love,
Was always busy doing good,
Was always ready to extend,
In charity, the helping hand;
His object always seemed to be,
To make this world a better land;
And it is better for the life
That Colonel Ingersoll has led;
And it is brighter since his soul
Returned in glory from the dead;
And now, throughout all lands of earth,
Where words with English accent fall,
The better class of honest men
All praise the name of Ingersoll.

To every one who reads these lines,
A loving message we extend—
The mighty soul of Ingersoll
Will gladly aid you as a friend;
If you will always listen to
Directing voices of your soul,
And overcome the inward foe,
By using Will, in Self-Control;
If in your daily acts of life
You always keep your conscience clear,
And feel that you could stand before
The "Throne of God" without a fear;
If you will practice charity,
In thought, as well as word, and deed;
Refrain from criticisms that
Might cause some tender heart to bleed;
WHERE IS THE SOUL OF INGERSOLL?

If you'll be kind to everyone
    You chance to meet along the way;
Sincerely seek to rescue those
    Unfortunates who go astray;
If you will show compassion for
    The timid, sickly, weak, or frail!
Extend your kindly sympathy
    Wherever slanderers assail;
If you will send your thoughts of love
    To those who worry in distress;
To help to ease their pains of grief,
    To comfort them, to cheer, and bless;
Then after death you will awake
    To music sweet, and joyous songs.
Surrounded by the spirit band
    To which the Colonel now belongs;
You then will be rewarded by
    Admission to this spirit band,
Which names among its members all
    The greatest souls from every land;
Then in a gorgeous mansion, with,
    A dainty ivy covered wall,
You will be kindly welcomed by,
    The soul of Colonel Ingersoll.
Spirits from the Wisdom Zones.

It has been shown in the preceding pages that the spiritualistic phenomena at Spring Hill, Kansas, was the most marvellous which human eyes have ever seen. It was also explained that the controlling spirits at the Aber Intellectual Circle, where messages were delivered through full-form visible materialization, was the same that directed the operations at the Star Circle’s seances in Springfield, Massachusetts, where messages were delivered by telepathy.

The careful reader will have noticed that many of these messages were devoted to exposing the fraudulent claims of the Christian religion. It will also have been noticed that the higher spirits appearing there were the greatest seers of ages past, whose lives on this planet were devoted to teaching the truth in regard to religion in order to liberate the minds and bodies of their fellow men.

The spirit taking the most important part at both the Aber and the Star Circle’s seances was Prof. William Faraday, who, during mortal life, at the age of 30, moved into the rooms of the Royal Institute of England and held the position of chemist and electrician for forty-six years, making, during that time 16,045 tests; a man, so honest that he refused a bribe of $750,000.00 and died poor, and his returning spirit tells us that he is glad he did, for he is now getting his reward. (See “Rending The Vail,” p. 430.)

That position at the Royal Institute, he tells us, was secured for him through the influence of Sir Humphry Davy, and that he was assisted in his work by spirit chemists and electricians from the higher zones.

The following statements regarding the messages received at the Star Circle’s seances are from the Faraday Pamphlet No. 5, a book of 208 pages costing 80c and for sale by The Star Publishing Co., of Lake Pleasant, Mass., the page number following important statements refer to this book and indicate where the complete message from the spirit may be found.

How This Information Was Obtained.

Speaking of this work the spirit of Prof. Faraday said:

“Upon my entrance into spirit life, like others, I sought for knowledge of the Christian ideal Deity. I could find no spirit answering to the description of such a character, nor could I find any spirit, however exalted, who could give me any reliable information regarding his place of residence, or of his actual existence. I became satisfied that there was some error about the ideas. After finding a suitable channel upon earth, through which to work, I began a careful series of experiments to determine the natural relations existing between the material and spiritual realms; and with the aid of a powerful band of ancient Chemists and Philosophers gave to the world some ideas of the true relations existing between the two realms, from the stand-point of experimental analysis.

“During these experiments I found, that, as the electric force, when rightly applied gives us power over physical conditions, so by a similar application, it will give us the same results in the spiritual world.

“During these experiments I found, that, as the electric force, when rightly applied gives us power over physical conditions, so by a similar application, it will give us the same results in the spiritual world.

“In applying this force the minds who had sent their religious ideas into the world of mentality were brought to the front, and their past actions were made as plain as though a full blaze of electric light had suddenly been thrown upon them.

“Like detected criminals they at first sought to evade, and flee from the presence of this power, but in vain. Some of them willingly and others reluctantly, confessed their complicity in the strange drama which for fifteen centuries, has played so important a part in the history of the race.” (p. 196.)

The Honest Spirits Gladly Came.

The noble spirits who had during life been Roman Emperors, philosophers, historians, and magicians were glad to come and disclose the knowledge they possessed regarding Christianity, while the Christian Fathers, Pagan Priests, and Historians who had taken leading
parts in establishing this fraudulent religion were compelled to come by the force of a will power which they could not resist.

Many of the Christian spirits came complaining and said: "Why do you bring me back?" "What do you want?" "I come because I am forced to come and testify to the truth." "Why do you ask us to come and reveal the secrets of the world?" "What power greater than ours now compells us to come from the shadows and confess what we have so long concealed?" "It is a powerful impulse which compells me to come and disclose the true reason why I subverted the religion of Pagan Rome." "What power is it that compells us to obey your wishes? I came intending to deceive you; yet some power stopped me at the threshold." "What power is it that compells me to come in this manner?" "I thought that when a person's name and memory had vanished from the face of the earth, no power was able to force him back to it's scenes and experiences. And yet I am here in the presence of a mortal who shines with almost immortal radiance and before him I fear to speak falsely."

How Christianity Was Founded.

From the spirits of the Pagan Priests of Rome who came and confessed we learn that about 225 A. D. the Greek Philosophy had exposed the fraudulent claims made regarding the Olympic Gods causing the temples of worship to lose the patronage of the people. Fabricius Paternus, a Priest of Apollo, admitted that they sought power and found it in controlling ignorance; and when they saw the Gods of Rome must pass away they aimed to establish a New God retaining all that was beneficial in the old to enable them to maintain a perpetual influence upon the earth. (p. 103.)

In order to make the scheme a success, the Pagan Priests, when inventing the New God, had to cling to the astrological significance of a Deity, as understood by the initiated, and also present a Personal Deity, a God in the flesh that could be comprehended by the ignorant masses.

The spirit of the Pagan Priest Valentius explained that they were entrusted with the oracles, and for two or three centuries preceding and following the Christian era they were in a false position. They knew the baseless fictions of their Gods, but could not publicly admit it with safety, as it would probably have cost them their lives for countenancing deception so long. (p. 112.)

The spirit of Valentius, a Pagan Priest of Latonia, said:

"We held a position in the ancient world analogous to the priesthood in the modern. We taught ideas that were acceptable to the people and invented Gods and tales of their actions. Aside from the one important fact of spirit intercourse, which belonged to all religions in my day, we knew, as well as you, that our pretended revelations from the Gods were fictions." (p. 108.)

"The Gods themselves were generally fabricated from the characters of prominent men who had lived in previous ages. We purposely surrounded these Gods with obscurity and none except ourselves understood their true origin. We claimed to stand between the people and these Gods. and obtained our livelihood by ministering at the Altars, where sacrifices were offered to the Gods and consumed by us." (p. p. 108-109).

How Pagan Priests Invented Christ.

The spirit of Publius Agrentius, an Augurer of the Temple of Jupiter said:

"We used the name Christos to designate the type of character we invented. J. E. S. (in Greek I. H. S.) was taken from an old altar of the Sun which originally came from Syria, and the Latin terminal US added. By tautology we made the meaning of Jesus the same as Christos, or correctly, Kristos, the illuminated. And in attempting to combine the attributes of Jesus with Christos we gave the name which generations have worshiped as we worshiped Jupiter and Hercules." (p. p. 59-60.)

The original form of the symbol I. H. S. was the scepter, cross, and serpent. The Scepter represented kingly authority from which there was no appeal. The Cross, copied from the Nilometer, came to express the mortal state, and signified knowledge of immortality. The Serpent became the emblem of crafty, or earthly wisdom.

The symbol I. H. S., was used on altars of the Sun-God in Egypt, Syria, and Rome and representing the scepter, cross, and serpent in combination stood for the emblem of the eternal order of nature. I. O. N. was the name for the sun in coptic Egypt and stood for one light, one sun, one God, and is similar in meaning to the Greek I. H. S. (J. E. S.) See pages 78, 92, 94 and 193.

"The tale of the miraculous incarnation and birth of Jesus was inserted in the Gospels about the beginning of the Fourth Century. It was a modified account of one of Buddhas incarnations,
but its locality was placed in Judea.
(p. 66.)

"After we had manufactured the character we secretly launched it upon the world as a new revelation from the Gods." (p. 58.)

"We concocted this scheme in Rome and we used the civil powers to enforce it. Under Constantine we made it a success. (p. 61.)

"Pagan oracles became dumb when Christian credulity served our purpose better. We were not overthrown by Christianity, but we merged our name and fame into its ideas and still held control of the spiritual nature through superstition." (p. 66.)

This plot was organized about 225 A.D. Though I was an actor in it I was not one of the original instigators. I knew of the plot from the secret confessions of some of the Pagan Priests."

Virgin Birth and Son of God.

A Priest of Minerva proposed that the idea of Horus be accepted and the paternity ascribed to the Supreme Deity, while the material side will be in accordance with the popular ideas of a virgin mother. This was adopted and then the claim made that it was the only conception of the kind that ever occurred. Thus all the Philosophic ideas of Divinity were attributed to his character. (p. 96.)

Apollo Changed Jesus.

The Sun-God Apollo was changed to Jesus and the figure of Apollo placed in the center of the signs of the zodiac in place of the sun, as seen on the front page of many almanacs at the present time. This figure represented Apollonius or the New Apollo, Jesus Christ the Sun God; and Constantine is shown to have recognized the connection of Jesus with Apollo by striking medallions to the "Victorious Sun" having the name of Christ and the figure of Apollo on them; also by setting apart for Christian worship as a Sabbath the Great Day of the Sun. (p. 68.)

Why Christianity Prospered.

The old dogmas of Paganism, based upon the laws of Numa Pompilius, meted stern justice to all, both in this world and in the world to come. This stern justice was met by the alleged Atonement of a Son of God, who died for the sins of the world, and thus was offered an excuse for accepting the new religion without violating the ideas of justice taught by the old religion. Thus Christianity became a reward for crime by granting pardon to all malefactors who accepted their dogmas and believed in their mythical God. (p. 69.)

From the Tabularium at Rome the founders of Christianity learned where criminals had been executed on the cross, and placed the scene in Palestine as the most ignorant and obscure country where their frauds would be less liable to detection.

The Ancient Seers Reveal the Truth.

Among the many other important statements given out by the Ancient Seers, Pagan Priests, and Christian Fathers were the following: The spirit of Marcus Aurelius said:

"Philosophy destroyed Polytheism, and Christianity was the natural result among minds that could not rise above the idea of personal Deities.

"The influx of true ideas about it's nature, and the ascertaining of the facts from spirits will be the means of it's overthrow as authority. The time is ripe for it's decay and removal from the earth.

"The world survived the loss of Tuti and it will endure the loss of Jesus with equal fortitude for neither ever had any such existence as religion attributed to them," (p. 54-55.)

"The spirit of Apollonius of Tyana, who lived in Judea at the time Jesus is said to have lived, reported at the Star Circle's Seance, held December 3, 1882, and said: "The world may construct it's Gods and religions, but spiritual light will ever reveal their true origin. Jesus of Nazareth should have been my contemporary by nativity. I traversed that country where he is said to have lived, and indeed conversed with the chief priests and rulers of the Jewish nation. I also conferred with the Rabbi Gamaliel, but I never saw or heard of this wonder-worker of Judea. Those who lived in the centuries after me say that I was the person whom the Roman Priesthood used in constructing a New Divinity when the ideas of spiritual philosophy had nearly overthrown the faith in the Pagan Gods. Now the world worships as a reality, a mythical creation of that band of deceivers. It is a source of regret to me that this is the truth, and that so pure a code of morals should be bound to so absurd a fiction as the conception and birth of a Virgin-born-God." (p. 12.)

Damis, the friend and companion of Apollonius said, "Centuries ago I wrote an account of the work and life of my friend, and that work of mine has been made the basis for the construction of a character which many enlightened nations worship as God revealed in the flesh. Apollonius was endowed with marvellous spiritual powers. Copies of
the sacred rolls of India were brought back by us and deposited in the library at Alexandria. Copies were sent to Rome by Vespasian and placed in the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus where a statue of Apollonius was erected. I also gave Vespasian a copy of the history of his life and teachings, which with the sacred rolls of India served to give the world the gospels of Marcion and Lucian. The Indian scrolls were principally about the traditions of Buddha, his incarnations, and the mystical rites of the Brahmins. These writings furnished the main facts out of which the Christian ideal was fabricated. Such is the blindness of mortals that they follow the leadership of the crafty and unscrupulous in matters of a religious nature." (p. pp. 18-21.)

Pictures of Jesus Copied from Apollonius of Tyana.

Vespasian says, "Apollonius was my confidential friend and medium. He was one of the most powerful magicians of that age. I valued his services so highly that I caused a record of his life and writings to be placed among the archives, and his statue to be placed among the tutelar divinities of the Empire. I did this, not as a superstitious act, but as a recognition of his worth as a man, philosopher, and magician. He had brought from India the sacred writings of that nation and copies of them were made for the use of the libraries of the citizens. Apollonius' magical gifts and his connection with these books furnished the Priests of after ages a basis for the construction of a New God. The statues and the pictures of Apollonius were the models for the Christian Jesus. I never heard in my earthly life of any such a person as Jesus. I know that in the Christian records my friend Apollonius is recognized, although somewhat disguised. He was one of the greatest minds that ever lived and he drew to his aid the love and sympathy of the wisest and purest spirits that ever came to man. His virtues were made resplendent by purity and humility and none knew him but to love and reverence him for them. Time will yet reveal the fact that Apollonius of Tyana furnishes a large portion of the story of the Christian Jesus." (p. pp. 32-34.)

No Persecutions Did Occur.

Nero said, "It has been the fashion to paint me as the great persecutor of the early Christian Church. All the tales about my cruelties to Christians are pure inventions of the Priests in subsequent centuries to give credence to their claims for the existence of their religion. There were no persons of that sect know to me in my day in Rome." (p. p. 28-30.)

And regarding the persecution of the Early Christians, the following Roman Emperors and historians have revealed the truth in lengthy messages from which the following extracts are taken:

Tacitus, a Roman historian of the 1st century, says, "You will find no mention of the Christians as a sect by any authentic writer previous to the third century. Nero was detested for his vicious practices, but at my time no charge was made against him that he burned the city. I never alleged that he committed such crimes as Christians believe about him. He was not guilty of persecuting any religious sect." (p. p. 30-31.)

Domitian said, "I have been accused of persecuting the Christians as traitors. There is no proof that the Roman Empire instituted or tolerated violence against any nation because of its religious belief. No other religious sect under the Roman yoke complained of persecution, and it is strange that Christianity alone should have had such a terrible experience with the Roman civil power before it triumphed and became the State religion. As far as I am concerned I hurl back their accusations of persecution as base fabrication. It ill becomes the teachers of a faith which destroyed the records of Grecian and Roman civilization, and sank the world in darkness for a thousand years, filling it with woe and bloodshed because of denial of its claims to supreme control of the conscience, to accuse the early emperors of persecution, when the remaining Roman records bear witness that persecutions of religions was not the policy of the nation under the Pagan rule. A religion that depends upon such evidence as this has need of secrecy in its methods of propagation, and ignorance upon the part of it's believers to ensure its hold upon the intellect. It has reason to fear the advent of spirits, for the truth once told by the men of that age of the world will unravel the mystery which surrounds its origin, and unmask the deception practiced upon the race." (p. p. 34-36.)

Trajan, the Roman emperor said: "I did not persecute or authorize the persecution of any one because of religion. In the civil code we had no religious tests whatever, and men were tried and punished for crime against the State, not for blaspheming the Gods. Whenever a nation was incorporated as a part
CLINCHING FACTS TO CLOSE THE BOOK

of the empire, religious toleration was granted to all sects and individuals. Much of what has descended to the present age as history is far from the truth. Most of the records falling into the hands of Christian Priests were manipulated by them. There has been some stupendous lying about the subject of persecution during the first three centuries of the Christian era by writers of a subsequent period, who fabricated the religion and sought to substantiate its claims by mutilation of the records and wholesale defamation of the characters of men who never heard of the subject of Christianity during their earthly lives. Since my transition to the world of spirits I have watched the progress of the so-called Christian religion and unhesitatingly pronounce it a fraudulent offspring of Grecian Philosophy and Roman Paganism. There is not a trace of Judaism about the idea of the origin of Jesus, and it appeared at Rome, Alexandria, and in Syria long before it was known in Palestine." p. p. 37-41.)

Josephus Never Heard of Jesus.
The spirit of Josephus was asked if he wrote the article referring to Jesus in his History of The Jews, bk. 18, ch. 3, to which he replied:

"No, I did not write that paragraph for I had never heard of any such person. I know not who the writer of that paragraph may be, but the early writers of the Christian Church can tell if they will. The addition was made by those who needed forgery to supplement fraud."

"Is it likely that I should have penned so short a paragraph about so important a matter, (the birth, life, death, resurrection, and ascension of the only begotten Son of God) when I gave chapters to things of less note " (p. p. 26-27.)

To show that Josephus spoke the truth Ambrose admitted that he and his colleagues forged the "Acts of Pilate"; changed the documents containing accounts of the campaigns of Vespasian, Titus, Nero, and Domitian; falsified the writing of Tacitus and Livy, and introduced the fraudulent paragraph in Joseph's History of The Jews. (p. p. 155-156.)

The spirit of Edward Gibbon, the great historian gave a lengthy interview containing the following information:

"I am interested with Prof. Faraday in this work of rectifying history. There is no tracing of Christian annals which can be made available back of Eusebius. There are manuscripts in Paris, which, read in the light of these phenomenal revelations will prove Eusebius to have been a most consummate liar. Between him and Ambrose of Milan, the facts were so manipulated as to give a very different signification from the doctrines as taught by their predecessors. The Gospel of Matthew was the work of Eusebius. The Gospel of John was made up by certain changes, from the writings of Clement of Alexandria." (p. p. 114-115.)

The spirit of Eusebius was compelled to confess that, as bishop of Caesarea, he "changed the writings of Gnostics, Neo-Platonists, Pythagoras, and Israelites to correspond to the God we were to defend. I did manufacture many of the records running back to the time of Christ's nativity. But in no other way could we give to posterity a reasonable excuse for the existence of our faith. We compiled the sacred books from the older writings, changing names and supplying prophecies to them to correspond with the archives. The previous writings were destroyed afterwards when we could find them." I did not believe Christianity to be a revelation from God. I regarded it as a new means of obtaining power. It has been a curse to me and to all connected with it in spirit life. There has been very little light in my realm. If I go among intelligent spirits I constantly hear, "Eusebius the Prince of Liars! The Father of Falsehood In History!" (p. p. 137-142.)

Story of the Resurrection.
The spirit of Eusebius gave out the following information: "The masses did not grasp the idea of the appearance of the dead with spiritual bodies and we thought it the best policy to insist upon a literal resurrection of the physical body, and invented the tale about the resurrection of Jesus' body as proof of the dogma. I put the story in Matthew, but I was not the originator of it. That was done by an obscure presbyter at Alexandria." (p. 45.)

Constantine in Dark Abodes.
The spirit of Constantine came from his dark abode and told the truth in the following words: "My hands were embued in the blood of my own afflity. Bad as were the Gods of my country they had no pardon for a parricide or a fratricide and it was chiefly the hope of pardon from the New Divinity which caused my adhesion to his professed disciples. It was a false hope and as a spirit I have suffered ages of remorse for my crimes. Christianity has been no benefit to me as a spirit. I have been
obliged to meet the consequences of my earthly deeds and no pardon has ever been bestowed upon me. I have freed my soul by this confession, and thereafter I go to join the ranks of those who believe in speaking the truth.” (p. 131-135.)

Eusebius admitted that Constantine did not see the sign of the luminous cross in the sky, that he lied to Constantine, told him that he had seen the sign of the cross, in a vision; but when recording the event in his history he not only stated that Constantine had seen the phenomenon, but that Constantine had declared to him under oath that the luminous cross had been seen in the sky at noon by him and all his soldiers. (See Mosheim’s Ecc., Hist. vol. 1, p. 83.)

Why Christians Burned Historic Books.

The spirit of Pope Hilarius (5th century) said:

“I had charge of both the secular and religious records of the Empire. We burned those at Rome which we wished destroyed. Those which are left tell such tales as we wished them to tell. The original records were the worst kind of heretics. There was enough in them to vitiate every evidence of Christ and Christianity for the first 300 years. Any scholar who obtained them would have made sad work with the Holy Church.” (p. 177.)

He confessed that he changed all secular history that had not already been falsified by Eusebius, Jerome, and Ambrose. (p. 182.)

While they could falsify history by changing the records and thus conceal, for a time, the true origin of Christianity; while they could murder the mediums as witches, inflicting upon them the most terrible tortures and appalling death; yet they could not silence forever the messages from exalted spirits of the heaven world.

Hypatia’s Spirit Has Returned.

While the ignorant followers of a mythical God could burn the great Alexandrian library because it contained historical records that exposed the falsehoods of hypocritical founders of Christianity; while they could drag the beautiful and learned Hypatia from her chariot into the church of Caesarea, kill her with a club then mutilate her body; yet her spirit has returned in a glorified form and says, “Because we unveiled the features of Christianity and it stood revealed as the offspring of Paganism the Christian bishop of Alexandria incited a mob to murder and pillage. I know that a woman’s life and a woman’s power seemed a small sacrifice to them, but the results of that deed yet affect the world. I envy not the fate of those who depend upon violence and bloodshed to gain success in the world of mortals; the responsible actors in that tragedy, whereby the school of Philosophy was destroyed, have not yet ascended above the plane of deception and intrigue.

Not in vain have we waited for a better day to dawn upon the world of mortals; when the truth might safely be told and the source of religious error be revealed. That day is at hand; and the actors in these historic dramas shall pass in review before the nations. From the realms of immortality both murderers and victims are coming. At last the world shall know from us directly, why Christianity feared to confront Philosophy, and why it has sought concealment for so many centuries from the light of science and of revelations from the world of spirits. At last, O! Truth, thou shalt be unveiled, that all may see thee in thy glorious beauty.” (p. 171-172.)

Religious Frauds All Work The Same.

That religious superstition is the same in every age is proven by the following statement from Ambrose, and by a review of the spectacular career of Billy Sunday.

After explaining how historical records had been falsified and Christian creeds invented by him and his colleagues, Ambrose said:

“If the Platonists taught to rule by the intellect, we aimed to subdue through fear of a judgment to come, and we had great success among the ignorant and the vicious.” (p. 156.); while Billy Sunday, by his hell-fire and damnation doctrine has been able to scare 271,000 ignorant dupes into the Sawdust Trail, and filch from them $411,665.91, in a few years by preaching a doctrine which he knows is false, for he has said, “If you believe history you are a fool to believe the Bible,” and that “morality don’t amount to a snap of the finger with God.”

Those who follow Billy Sunday, or clinging to the Christian religion show to which class they belong, for Fabricius Paternus, a Pagan priest of Rome, who took an important part in founding Christianity said: “We sought for power and found it in controlling ignorance. (p. 104.)
Pagan Priests and Vestal Virgins.

An exalted band of spirit philosophers who lived five thousand years ago have given out the following information regarding the deception, fraud, and lecherous practices of the ancient religious teachers in the following words:

"The priesthood claimed a higher position for themselves in morals than they demanded of the common people, but usually their lives were below the average moral standard." “One code of morals was provided for the worshippers; a different code was arranged for the theologians. Living sumptuously on sacrificial offerings they developed abnormal animal passions which caused much of the degeneration in temple and cloister.

"The vestal virgins in ancient religions offered the passions of the priesthood a safe and secret method of gratification. The birth of a child from one of the sacred priestesses was considered by the people to be evidence of the proximity of a God in the temple, and the woman so favored was regarded as honored beyond other women; but in modern days no woman even in religious seclusion can attribute the paternity of her child to the favor of the Almighty and be believed.

"Since the acceptance of Jesus as the only son of a virgin begotten by a God, the public occupation of such virgins has changed in religious orders, although you have no evidence that the real object for which the order was instituted has been nullified.” ("Origin of Religions," pp 29-30, Price 11c.)

Sons of God Were Numerous.

The result of this “Virgin Birth, and Son of God” idea is well shown by the spirit of Flavel, a Greek Philosopher who lived 700 B.C., when he says:

"I once stated in a public assembly at Athens that the Gods were not the fathers of certain children that were attributed to them, and that assertion nearly cost me my life, so firmly had this idea been impressed upon the minds of the people as possible and probable. I knew that Nature and the priests themselves could account for all the Virgin born Gods who were nearly as common as dogs in the streets of Athens, I knew that the doctrine of Virgin born Gods was a device of the priests to facilitate the gratification of their licentious passions, and it is a fact that the ancient temples were often the assignation places of the priests and their victims. (p. p. 5-6.)

Clergymen and Female Deacons

That the hypocritical nature and licentious practices of the self-appointed representatives of God are the same in every age is shown by the history of the Order of Female Deacons, established for the alleged purpose of giving women baptism by immersion, which Chrisostom abolished in the latter part of the Fourth Century, because, he discovered that they were being used only for the debaucheries of the clergy,” (Monteil’s Catechism, p. p. 91-92, Price 35c.)

Speaking of Virgin-born-Gods, the spirit of Plotinus, a distinguished Egyptian philosopher, who, during the third century visited Rome, said, “The licentious conduct of the priesthood was justified by the attributed immorality of the Gods.” (p. 119.)

"The sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and the sons of God came in unto the daughters of men and they bare children unto them.’’ (Holy Bible, Gen. 6:2-4.)

Why Many Preachers Fall from Grace.

"The spirit of Pope Hilarus we learn that he has been an earth-bound spirit for more than 1,500 years, residing in the vicinity of Rome and using his spiritual powers in directing affairs at the Vatican. That he has also been working in connection with other Catholic spirits to debauch the Protestant Clergy, by sending lecherous spirits to obsess the sweet sisters of the Protestant flock, compelling them to tempt the ministers of Christ—the holy preachers and lead them from the paths of virtue. This probably accounts for the fact that crimes among preachers are about 300 per cent. greater than among the same number of priests. (p. 183.)

Many Popes Were Wise and Good.

Some of the Protestants may be surprised to learn that many of the Popes were wise, good, pure, and honest men; but such is the case, as the following statements will show:

"The spirit of Pope Urban, (14th century) said, “Although many wise and good men have been Popes, yet scarcely any have dared to attempt reforms of abuses, which have crept into the Catholic Faith and become integral parts of it. I did all I could to eliminate what was bad in the Church, but one man has little power to stem the current which generations of previous ages set in motion. There is no element of power in that religion which does not depend on ignorance for its existence. The influx of mental light is death to the exercise
of ecclesiastical authority over the intellect and conscience. My earth life I entered spirit life: and I have labored for the enlightenment of all who desire a knowledge of the truth. I have never seen Jesus nor Mary in spirit life and believe that all manifestations from this life which purports to come from them are impositions upon the credulity of mortals; and while individuals of such names may exist here and manifest to the world as the original characters, they are unworthy of confidence. The sooner all attempts to connect them with the spiritual advancement of the race are abandoned the more rapid will be the advance of true knowledge about the spiritual nature.” (p. p. 186-187.)

Warnings From Catholic Spirits

In closing his message at the Star Circle Pope Hilarius said: “Don’t give out to the world anything which you know to be untrue. Be careful that you approve of no error and publish none to the world.” (p. 183.)

The spirit of the Christian Father, Lactantius, (4th century) in a lengthy interview gave out the following important advice: “I wish to reach the Bishops and the Priests of the Roman Catholic Church with my message. Strive not against the influx of spiritual power which comes to earth through the channels of earth’s mediums. The errors, the darkness, the ignorance and mystery which envelops so many of your believers can only be removed by a knowledge of truth. If you stand between the light and your people, your positions will be reversed in the life to come. They shall stand between you and the light. For every assertion you make in a public assembly that the spirits of the dead cannot return, or the spirits who do come are the spirits of the lost, you stamp your own soul with a falsehood which will brand you, falsifies through eternity. The punishment for falsehood or prevoration to your flock will fall upon your heads, not upon theirs. There are no secrets which the world of spirits are unable to disclose. Although a powerful organization supports you upon the spirit side of life, a more powerful one will compel you to change your doctrines radically, or will overturn your Church from it’s foundations.” (p. 124-126).

Christianity Not a Moral Force.

In closing the work of recording those marvelous messages the spirit of Prof. Faraday said: “We have no objection to acknowledging Jesus Christ as a God, God-man, medium, or spirit, if we could obtain any trustworthy evidence in the world of spirits. Such evidence is unattainable by the means which we can use to detect the existence here of any spirit, who ever inhabited a mortal body.

The links of evidence here are perfect, in tracing the origin of spirits, and origin of ideas; and the power of correctly transmitting the evidence to earth, is becoming more and more perfect, with the proper training of the instruments here.

Natural methods of intercourse exist between the world of spirits, therefore intelligent and truthful ideas can be transmitted, as well as the vague and deceptive ideas, which have so long held sway over the world of mortals. Spirits who know how to use this power intelligently, can use it truthfully; and although their statements oppose the teachings of ignorant spirits, they will be found to accord with the facts of material as well as spiritual science.

The Moral Christian’s Future Life.

“Those who trusted in Jesus and were moral on earth do not stand highest in spirit life; their morality helped them to ascend, but not so high as those who combined equal moral excellence with intellectual freedom from error. The latter stand far higher in spirit life and are transcendentally glorious in appearance. They attained this eminence by obedience to natural laws for the development of the spiritual nature. They condemned none because of unbelief, nor did they seek to perpetuate error for the sake of exercising control over others. They cultivated the noblest faculties of the mind and ruled themselves by the laws of justice and truth. These men called “Pagans” have ascended so far above the perceptions of their traducers that they cannot be seen or scarcely sensed by the latter, even in the highest spheres occupied by Christian spirits.” (p. 199.)

Aside from the inherited and acquired progress of man there has been no revelation of religion or of anything else. Man discovers by the growth of his own mental faculties. Religious superstition is not a moral force in restraining the ignorant. Intellectual and moral training are a thousand fold more efficient than the maledictions of priests. In every nation, he who obeys moral laws from a love of them, obtains the key which unlocks the gates of heaven. Blessed indeed are those who have a right to the fruitage of a good life and blissful are their rewards.
If mortals understand this principle and obey it, there will be no need of priests, rites, and ceremonies, to exert moral influence; while the priests absorb the earnings of the ignorant and superstitious populace, and prevent them from discovering the baseless character of the religious fictions which they support. From the world of spirits, we come to give you this knowledge. If you will heed our instructions you will find, upon your entrance here, that you have not been deceived by us."

(From "Scenes Beyond The Grave," published in 1859, containing statements made by Marietta Davis regarding information gained by her during a nine day trance in which she visited the Christian Heaven, saw the Redeemer with golden locks hanging over his shoulders, (as portrayed on the cover of many Bibles, and copied from pictures of Apollonius of Tyana). He had a crown of light upon his head and shook hands with Marietta and welcomed her to the city with "streets of gold" which she had reached by passing through the "Perly Gates."

Then she, with hosts of holy angels bowed down in worship at His feet and joined in singing songs of praise, glory to the Lamb, etc.

She learned that all heaven revers the Cross—saw the "White Robed Throng" and angels with wings flying through the celestial realm. She also saw the scientists and philosophers engulfed in a hell of despair. And then the scenes of the Illustrated Children's Bible were all enacted before her admiring gaze.

She saw the Child Jesus and Mary in Bethlehem. She saw the scene of Jesus being betrayed, arrested, scourged and crucified. Also saw the Devil come from the smoking pit to direct the ceremonies at the crucifixion. Saw the darkness envelop the city of Jerusalem while Satan and his imp were there in glory. And then she saw the Resurrection, Ascension, and the return to earth of the spirit of Jesus.

Marietta told her dream to a preacher, the Rev. J. L. Scott, who wrote the book from memory, and it bears the endorsement of another preacher, the Rev. George Walker.

Why Such Trances Do Occur.

The spirit of Prof. Faraday says: "The truth about the alleged appearance of Jesus, Joseph, and Mary, through different mediumistic channels is this: a body of spirits closely allied with the organized band of men on earth, devoted to the ideas of Catholic supremacy, foreseeing the danger to their faith, should Spiritual Science become a recognized force in religious affairs, have used this power to seemingly verify the existence of Jesus as a mortal. This band of deceiving spirits know not the value of truth as a factor of spiritual progress, and many of them believe that in spirit life there exists no higher condition than that found in the benighted region which they inhabit. There are multitudes of spirits still looking for the appearance of their Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, and while waiting are re-enacting their old lives through the sensitivies on earth, and from them dwellers in the mortal form receive their psychological impressions that Christianity is true." (p. p. 198-202.)

Charles Dawbarn has given some valuable information on the same subject in the following words: "Suppose you have experienced the magnetic emanation called "conversion," and your thought is all of God and angels and sinners perishing in hell. By this law of harmony, you draw to yourself the powerful influence of the sphere where dwell spirits who think as you do. And though you name no name but Jesus and curse Spiritualism, your utterances will be inspired and your thoughts have double power. You may all unconsciously have spirits furnishing thoughts for you, and they may show you visions of Peter and Paul, and the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world. Perhaps you may even be favored with a glimpse of the great "I Am," sitting on a throne, listening to music and answering prayer. But by just so much will you be obsessed, as much as the poor wretch, who, under the same law, seeks companionship in grogtery and brothel. For all spirit control is obsession, if it hold you today to the standards of yesterday, whether it be in the name of God, or man, or Devil." (From, "The Science of Spirit Return," by Dawbarn, p. 17, Price 15c.)
WHY CHRISTIANS FIGHT SPIRITUALISM

Why Christians Fight Spiritualism.

In speaking of Spiritualism, the Rev. Dr. Talmage said:

"The first leading remark that I have to make in regard to Spiritualism, is that it is a very old doctrine. The wall between the spiritual and the material is a very thin wall. That there are communications between this world and the next world there can be no doubt."

And then he lets the pussy out by explaining in the following words, why the Christian ministers fight Spiritualism:

"It first makes a man quarter of an infidel, then it makes him half an infidel, then it makes him a full infidel. The whole system is built on the insufficiency of the Bible as a revelation. You will either have to give up the Bible or give up Spiritualism. No one ever for a very great length of time kept both of them." (From "Live Coals," by Talmage, pp. 506-515.)

Spirits Expose Religious Frauds.

The spirit of Apollonius said: "The world may construct its Gods and religions, but spiritual light will ever reveal then true origin. Jesus of Nazareth should have been my contemporary by nativity. I never saw or heard of him." (p. 12.)

Among the different spirits who were familiar with all important events occurring in Judea at the time the Christian's God Jesus was said to have lived, died, arose from the dead, and ascended into heaven, the following important personalities have returned to tell the truth:

Pontius Pilate came to say: "All statements of any person having been crucified for attempting to found a religion, while I was Procurator of Judea is false. I never heard of any such person as the Christian Jesus, when I was in mortal life. The public archives were in possession of the Christians for centuries. All writings attributed to me were forgeries." (p. 21-23.)

Caiaphas, the high priest said: "No such person as Jesus was ever accused before the Sanhedrin, nor would such accusation have availed anything for the Jewish laws were annulled in all cases where they conflicted with the laws of Rome." (p. 23-26.)

Josephus, the Jewish historian says he never heard of any such person as the Christian Jesus. (p. p. 26-27.)

Constantine and Pope Urban VI, both report that they have failed to find Jesus, and Pope Hilarius states that he has not seen Satan. Of all the Popes, Bishops, Christian Fathers, Pagan Priests, and Roman Emperors reporting at the Star and Aber Circles, not one of them from the 1st to the 19th century, has stated that he ever saw either Jesus or the Devil, which clearly proves that they are both myths, that neither one does now, or ever did exist.

Besides, Pope Leo I admits that "They deliberately decided what should be taught as truth; that no revelations were ever given to them by the Deity; that Christianity has not, and never had any rightful claims to human allegiance." (p. p. 174-175.) While Jerome states that there is no proof of the existence of Jesus Christ, and that the Church's claims are fictitious. (p. 168.)

Suetonius, Roman historian, said: "I never heard the title Christian applied to any religious sect. No punishment for religious belief was permitted by the Roman laws. These quotations from my history are forgeries." (p. 42.)

Marcion, a Gnostic of the second century, said: "There was no persecution of any class in my day. In earth life I knew nothing of such a person as Jesus Christ, either historically or traditionally." (p. p. 50-52.)

Marcus Aurelius, Roman emperor, of the second century said: "There were no charges made of persecution previous to the third century, on account of religious belief. The statement in history that I persecuted the Christians is totally false. The ingenuity manifested by the Fathers of the early Church to verify the fictions of their creed almost exceeds belief. The policy of craft is concealment or distortion of truth. As facts come to light it will appear that no Virgin-born God, nor any such person as the reputed Jesus ever lived." (p. p. 53-57.)

Billy Sunday has said: "If you believe history you are a fool to believe the Bible," and Talmage intimated that "You cannot believe the Bible if you believe Spiritualism." As Spiritualists know these messages from exalted spirits are true, is it any wonder they do not believe the Bible to be the inspired Word of God?
Christian Creeds All Stolen Myths.

We cannot credit, with even originality, the hypocritical sharks who founded the Christian religion. All its tenets, creeds, and ceremonies are old Pagan ideas, revamped and introduced under other names.

The symbol I. H. S. was seen by Caius Manlius on altars in the Pagan temples in Egypt, and at Carthage, Ephesus, and Rome. (p. 78.) And the "Altar Fires" which preachers howl about, even at the present time, is another stolen myth; as, from a psychic scene we learn that the "fires from heaven," which burned continually on many of the Pagan altars, was kept going day and night by means of a concealed wick connected with a pan of oil hid beneath. (p. 88.)

The doctrine of the Blood Atonement, and human sacrifice was stolen from the ancient Phonecians. (p. 77.) The Eucharist was copied from the Eleusinian mysteries; the Golden Rule was filched from Confucius; the "Lord's Prayer" was a Jewish chant, hundreds of years old when Eusebius copied it in Matthew as having been coined by the Christian's mythical Jesus. (See Gems of Bib. lit. Teller p. 39.)

Unanswerable Proof of Fraud.

Additional and conclusive proof of the fraudulent foundation and Pagan origin of the Christian religion will be found in "Doan's Bible Myths," a great volume of 614 pages. (Price $2.50.)

In speaking of this book Colonel Ingersoll said: "This work demonstrates the fact that there is nothing new or original in Christianity; that its maxims, miracles, and mistakes, its doctrines, sacraments, and ceremonies, were all borrowed; that its virgin mothers, miraculous babes, courier-stars, crucifixions, resurrections, and ascensions were familiar things hundreds of years before the founder of Christianity was born. It shows that all the machinery of the supernatural has been in active operation for countless generations; that all the nations of antiquity had about the same religious experience, and substantially agreed as to the correctness of about the same mistakes. Catholicism administered on the estate of Paganism, and appropriated most of the property to its own use. Christianity furnished new steam for an old engine. Fables, like most other things, wear out and have to be patched, gilded, or replaced.

"The author of 'Bible Myths' has succeeded in showing that our Bible is not the great central fire giving light to the world, but a collection of candles and tapers and sparks borrowed by the 'chosen people' from those whom Jehovah, according to the scriptures, had left in the darkness of nature."

In reviewing "Doan's Bible Myths" the Boston Commonwealth says: "Here we have evidence upon evidence that there is no myth, legend, supernatural occurrence, doctrine, rite or ceremony recorded in the Bible which cannot be paralleled in some ancient record centuries older than the page on which the same thing is narrated in the Hebrew and Christian scriptures. We confess we are curious as to how the orthodoxies of the Christian world will greet this book. We more than suspect that they will not greet it at all, but will be content to pass it by in fearful silence."

We can supply "Doan's Bible Myths" to any address for $2.50, subject to conditions stated on inside of front cover of this brochure. Address Lydick, Turner & Co., 530 Sheridan Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
BEFORE YOU HIT THE TRAIL.

As I would feel it my duty to rescue a little bird from the charms of a horrible serpent, just so do I feel it my duty to rescue the innocent and confiding people from the obsessing power of Billy Sunday and his band of fetish worshipers by stating the truth regarding Billy Sunday and the gospel he preaches, which is not the gospel of Jesus Christ, but the gospel of Paul, who said, "Being crafty I caught you with my guile," and, "If the truth of God hath more abounded through my lie why am I judged a sinner?" (2 Cor. 12:16; Rom. 3:7.)

Billy Sunday not only preaches falsehoods, but he fosters crime by claiming "Morality don't amount to a snap of the finger with God." That it is all faith in the atonement that lands the soul in glory after death.

As some persons feel considerably disconcerted when approached by some self-appointed representative of God, who may question him regarding the salvation of his soul, I am pleased to offer the following:

Answers to Questions Frequently Asked by Evangelistic Workers.

Q. Are you saved?
A. I was never lost.

Q. Have you made your peace with God?
A. I never had any trouble with God.

Q. Have you accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as your personal Savior?
A. No! I have not accepted the 16th Christ, nor any of the other 15 Christs as my personal savior; but if it becomes necessary to wear a Christ in order to be in style with the Religious Depravity of the present age, I will accept the New Messiah, the 17th. Savior, the Hindu Christ, Krishnamurti, who purposes visiting America in the near future.

Q. Don't you know that nothing but the Blood of Jesus will cleans from sin and save your soul from Hell?
A. Purification of the soul is a growth, an unfoldment, that does not take place "in the twinkling of an eye;" and the Blood of Jesus has no more power to save a soul from Hell than the Blood of the Devil.

Q. Don't you know that Jesus was the Only-Begotten Son of God, and that he died to save the world?
A. That is what the self-appointed representatives of God have been claiming for more than 1800 years! yet, according to their own statements, the Christians are saving but 130,000 out of the Fifty Million who die every year, leaving the other 49,870,000 immortal souls to go to Hell to be fried in cheap brimstone forever.

Q. Don't you know that the only possible "Plan of Salvation" by which the soul of man can be saved from the "Wrath of God" is through faith in the Atonement of Jesus Christ?
A. Your scheme of "The Atonement" is a relic of barbarism which Christian hypocrites stole from the Devil-Worshipers of the Dark Ages; and the thought is too absurd to be entertained by any intelligent individual.

By your "scheme of the Atonement" you claim that your Trinity—your Three-Headed-God gave a part of himself as an atonement to himself for sins committed against himself.

And since your "scheme of the Atonement" has been on trial for 1800 years, yet for every one who goes to heaven 383 go to hell—does not this show that your "Redeemer" died in vain?

Since you claim that your God, Jehovah, is the supreme power in the universe, and that nothing can exist except in accordance with His will, then—

If the Devil was the cause of sin entering into the world, why should God's Wrath be appeased by the death of His Only Son? Why did God not kill the Devil?

Price of Circulars like this, 4c a dozen, or 20c a hundred.

The History of
THE LORD'S PRAYER.

While the “Lord’s Prayer is engraved on marble tablets in thirty-two different languages on one of the churches in Jerusalem; and while the Kaiser, at the beginning of the present war said, “I want Christian soldiers who say the Lord’s Prayer,” yet the Encyclopedia Biblica, Vol. 3, p.p. 2816-2823, contains the following statements:

“The Lord’s Prayer is a significant example of the scantiness and incompleteness of Christian tradition. It is not to be found in the second gospel—i.e., in the oldest, as most scholars are agreed—(unless there is a trace of it in Mk. 11:25) nor in the fourth; and the two gospels which contain it, refer it to different occasions, and give it in varying forms. —But it is quite impossible to say anything definite on the source from which Luke and Matthew took the piece.”

The Lord’s Prayer (Matt. 6:9-13) was derived from a Jewish chant used by wondering tribes long before Jesus was born. Its original form, from which is derived the modified Biblical version, has been translated from the Hebrew tongue by the Rev. John Gregorie, and is here reproduced that their close relationship may be perceived:

“Our Father, which art in heaven, be gracious to us, 0 Lord our God; hallowed be thy name, and let the remembrance of thee be glorified in heaven above and in the earth here below. The holy men of old said, Remit and forgive unto all men whatsoever they have done against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from the evil thing. For thine is the kingdom, and thou shalt reign in glory for ever and for evermore.” See “Gems of Biblical Literature,” by Teller, p. 39. (Price 25 cents.)

Origin of the Lord’s Prayer.

That this chant originated previous to the Babylonian captivity is quite obvious, for the Hebrews first heard of the Devil from their captives, the Persians. Previous to that time God had to do his own tempting, and his heavenly home was regarded as headquarters for all things infernal, as is shown in Gen. 22:1, where “God did tempt Abraham.” Again in 1 Kings, 22:20-23 when, in order to deceive Ahab, Jehovah placed “a lying spirit in the mouth of all his prophets.” Also when he instructed Samuel to lie to Saul, (1 Sam. 16:2); commanded Moses to deceive Pharaoh, (Ex. 3:18); tempted David to number the people, (2 Sam. 24:1); it was an “evil spirit from God” that annoyed Saul, (1 Sam. 15:16); and in addition we find that it “rained brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven.” (Gen. 19:24).

Such was the conception entertained by the early Hebrews regarding the Deity at the time the Lord’s Prayer was evidently composed.

While Samuel tells us that God tempted David to number the people, it is stated in 1 Chron, 21:1, that “Satan stood up against Israel and provoked David to number the people.” These two conflicting accounts of the same circumstance are accounted for by the fact that the internal evidence of Chronicles shows it to be the latest book of the Old Testament, written after the Persian supremacy and probably about 300 B. C. See “Enc. Bib. Vol. 1, p. 764. (Price $20.00.)

Regarding the Lord’s Prayer Dr. DeLaurence says:

(2). “The Petro-Paulite forgers of the New Testament have sought to blend God and the Devil into one by assigning to Him the qualities of Satan. This is the Dualism of what is falsely called the Lord’s Prayer, in which God is entreated not to lead into temptation—as if the Supreme Father of Love and Wisdom were a Jew Fagan, whose peculiar calling is to seduce and instigate the innocent into crime, and when he has accomplished that awful end whose delight it is to torment them in fire and darkness for having followed their Tempter.” “The Immanence of God”, by Dr. DeLaurence, p. p. 37-38. (Price $3.25).

The Lord’s Prayer, therefore, like nearly everything else associated with the Christian religion, rests on fraud.
A NEW PRAYER FOR CHRISTIANS

A New Prayer For Christian Fanatics, "Trail Hitters."
And All Other Worshipers of Jehovah.

The barbarian origin of The Lord’s Prayer, which Eusebius placed in Matthew, has been so well established by recent investigations that Christians will hardly care to use this "Prayer" any more, since the text carries an insult to God by implying that He tempts His children to do wrong. I have therefore composed a New Prayer for the Christians, which covers man’s modern wants more fully than the barbarian version of the "Lord’s Prayer ever did. And I have given it free to the people in order that this prayer may be printed in all future editions of Christian prayer-books, hymn books, and Rodeheaver Live Wire Songsters.

LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION.

Words and Music By Ernest B. Lydick
Sing to the tune of "The Rinkydoo Cafe"
Or recite as a Declamation to a soft piano accompaniment

Oh Jehovah of the Hebrews; sitting on Mount Sinai!
It is not for bread I’m asking, give me cake, ice cream and pie;
Also kindly send two nickels, every day, so I can go
With my darling Tootsie Wootsie to a moving picture show.

CHORUS
Kindly let Old Beelzebub do all the tempting;
That is what your “Chosen People” got him for;
And to bear the blame of crimes that you committed,
Against the human race in days of yore;
For you know they got their Devil from the Persians,
While they were being held as captives there;
And they liked his work so well,
That they also borrowed Hell,
To scare the geezers up the “Golden Stair.”

Oh Jehovah of the Hebrews, any time you’re short on pie,
Send me quail on toast, with mushrooms, coffee, and Mumm’s Extra Dry;
Or some Frangipanni flip-flaps, with a fry of tender squab.
Which will prove to unbelievers that you still are “on the job.”

If some sins I have committed, which from you cannot be hid,
Blot them out when you remember what your Holy David did;
While there may be naughty actions, which have marred my course in life,
I have never killed a servant ’cos I wished to steal his wife.

Oh Jehovah! if you still do like the smell of burning fat,
Take your nose to Kansas City, where they render in a vat
Tons of hog and beef intestines, with their contents all complete,
And you’ll smell what Bible writers used to call a “savour sweet.”
"WHAT TO DO 'TILL THE DEVIL COMES"

By Ernest B. Lydick.

This is a delightful little book in prose and verse which exposes clerical hypocrisy, superstitious ignorance, and religious graft. The arrangement of the narrative, the logic of the argument, and the references cited to substantiate every important statement made must appeal to every thinking mind. It is a book consisting of scientific facts and eternal truths, with foot-notes showing the sources from which they were collected.

A FEW ENDORSEMENTS FROM SOME CELEBRATED PERSONS.

The "Old Pioneer" and Famous Author, Dr. J. M. Beebles, M. A., Ph. D., of 5719 Fayette St., Los Angeles, Calif.—A Man 97 Years of Age Who Has Made Six Journeys Around the World and is Personally Acquainted with 3000 Mediums and Psychics, writes:

I received your booklet and perused it with pleasure. It contains many excellent thoughts and stirring religious ideas—just what this materialistic and indifferent age demands. We are in the center of a crisis; old theology is dying with its hell and devil, and the new is just being born. Hence there are many contradictions and controversies. But none fear that the truth will ultimately become triumphant.

The Celebrated Author of "Healing Currents," "Mystic Words," "Doors of Life," "Science of Regeneration," etc., Dr. Arthur De Voe, 2057 E. Sixty-ninth St., Cleveland, Ohio, writes:

I have your interesting booklet of "What to do 'Till the Devil Comes!" It will seem shocking to the orthodox, unbelievable to the materialists, but interesting to all who read it with an unprejudiced mind. I am sure that it will startle many from their false dreams and nightmares, and at last start them to thinking of the great possibilities that exist for them as immortal beings. May all your efforts to speak the Truth be empowered of Divine Wisdom. Blessings!

A Clairvoyant Visionist and Psychic, Mrs. William D. Webster, 218 E. Sixth St., Muncie, Ind., writes:

I am in possession, all my life, of facts which prove that after death we do live and recognize our friends gone before. I therefore consider your book, "What to Do 'Till the Devil Comes," an educator for everyone, and especially for unbelievers. Being clairvoyant I have many times witnessed such ones in a very wretched, forsaken state, while earth friends were viewing their bodies for the last time before burial.

The Author of "The World's Greatest Emancipation," Ernest A. Hornberger, 5910 Bryant St., Pittsburgh, Pa., writes:

I have read your book "What to do 'Till the Devil Comes!" I do not believe there is any work in all history that contains such a compilation of salient truths—sifted from the history of the ages! I sincerely recommend it to every human being who seeks a true religion that cuts away the debris of ancient superstition, and leaves only the one "Infinite Creator to worship, and strive to meet in the hereafter."

An Eminent Pittsburgh Minister and Author.

The Rev. Dr. Chas. E. Snyder, Pastor North Side Unitarian Church, writes:

I have read your book, "What to do 'Till the Devil Comes," with very great interest and find it full of suggestive subject matter which shows a wide reading and a careful selection and thoughtful preparation. I hope that the book may have a large clientele of readers who are freed from superstitious fear of anything outside the realm of their personal theology.

A Distinguished Minister and Clairvoyant Medium.

Mrs. Mary Hatton, Pastor of the New Progressive Church, 807 Federal St., North Side, Pittsburgh, Pa., writes:

Your book, "What to do 'Till the Devil Comes," is, to those searching for truth, an education, and to the advanced minds, an inspiration. O consistency, what a jewel thou art! Here is a book that will be a guide through life to all who read and accept the message it contains. It is, indeed, so very interesting that the more I read it the better I like it. Your soul
DO WE BELIEVE IN A GOD?

has desired wisdom that you might be able to impart it to others, and some dear angel has certainly filled your soul with a message of love which enabled you to produce this book. I feel certain that it will be the means of giving to the general public knowledge of the higher truths which everyone should know. My prayer is that God and the angels may bless you and that your book may be a light to guide the children of earth into the harbor of safety.

The author's views regarding God are clearly set forth in the following poem:

DO WE BELIEVE IN A GOD?

By Ernest B. Lydick.

We believe in a Father
Infinitely Wise,
Who never came down
From His home in the skies
To wrestle with Jacob,
Or smell burning fat,
Enter Eden to see what
His children were at;
Then clothed Mother Eve
In a garment of fur,
Which pictures all show
Was too little for her,
Then turned her right out
With this one single dud
And drowned all the world
In a terrible flood;
Then placed a rainbow
In the sky before men,
To prove that He never
Would drown them again.
We believe that He could,
But He didn't.

We believe in a God
Of unlimited skill,
But not in Jehovah,
"The God of the hill,"
Who journeyed with Israel
Clothed in a cloud;
Delivered His word in
The thunderings loud;
Wrote ten of His laws
On a stone for the Jews—
All copied from tenets
The Pagans did use;
Who first had His courts
On the mount Sinai.
And later removed to
A house in the sky;
Then quickly invented
Those tortures refined,
To punish forever
Each Liberal mind.
We believe that He could,
But He didn't.

We believe in a Father
Of mercy and love,
Who cares for a sparrow
"The God of the hill,"
Who sought to make earth
A most beautiful place,
Delivered His word in
The thunderings loud;
Wrote ten of His laws
On a stone for the Jews—
All copied from tenets
The Pagans did use;
Who first had His courts
On the mount Sinai.
And later removed to
A house in the sky;
Then quickly invented
Those tortures refined,
To punish forever
Each Liberal mind.
We believe that He could,
But He didn't.

We will mail a copy of the book, "What To Do 'Till The Devil Comes" to price. Send us the names of your friends any address, prepaid for 25 cents, three copies for 50 cents, or seven copies for One Dollar. And if so desired we will mail them to different addresses at this price.
"EXPERIENCES IN HADES AND HEAVENS"

Written by Spirits of the Dead Through the Hand of
William D. Tilney, M. D.

This is a book of 110 pages consisting of messages received from planetary spirits who have journeyed around among the stars.

Death As Seen from the Other Shore.

The book is arranged in three parts, consisting of messages from three different spirits, who have described the sensations experienced by them in passing through, and when awaking from, the change called death.

Saw Her Own Body Buried.

The first spirit was an advanced clairvoyant visionist, and she witnessed the parting of the vapory cord connecting her spirit with the body as it lay upon the bed. Then, in a conscious state, she remained with her father till after the funeral. When all was over, a number of spirit friends with bright garments, many she had seen in visions before, came to accompany her to the First Plane, where all the dead must go direct from earth, and from where begins the preparation for the Higher Planes.

Awoke From Death Among Spirit Friends.

The second spirit had a different experience to relate. As the intellect is the immortal part of the individual, this spirit, being less advanced than the first, did not awake for some time after death, and then found the spirit of his mother and many other friendly spirits near to comfort, cheer and minister unto him, as he was borne to a realm of celestial bliss.

Appeared to Loved Ones Miles Away, Just Fifteen Minutes After Death.

The passing out of the third spirit was the most remarkable of all, as he appeared to, shook hands, and conversed with a favorite daughter then living 130 miles from the home in which his body lay upon the bed, and just fifteen minutes after his heart had ceased to beat. This strange circumstance is verified by many witnesses from both sides of the river of death, and the statements substantiated by affidavits of honest and highly respected citizens of the state of Indiana.

Belief Not Necessary.

"Experiences in Hades and Heavens" may be regarded as a personal message to each one who reads it—a personal message to you. And while it is not necessary that you believe the message it contains, in order that you may be benefited by reading the book, it is, however, imperative that you remember the important statements made therein:

A Message For the Other Shore.

Then, someday when you "cross the bar,"
To scenes so strangely new;
You will recall those messages
The spirits penned to you:
You then will find that every line
Is absolutely true;
And having well remembered them,
You'll know just what to do.

It Teaches How to Seek the Light.

The Phoenician Prince who was burned at the stake as a sacrifice to the Sun-God and remained in the "Dark Abodes" for 4,483 years would have escaped from the "Hadean Depths" within four days after his awakening there, if, before he died he had read the message contained in "Experiences in Hades and Heavens," because he then would have known the way to take to seek the light.

The Price of the Book.

We will send one copy "Experiences in Hades and Heavens" to any address prepaid for 50 cents, or three copies for One Dollar. And, if desired, we will send them to three different addresses for this price, thus giving every one a chance to do a great missionary work at small expense. Lydick, Turner & Co., 530 Sheridan Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
This is a little book treating on the science of psychology as applied to personal advancement along both material and spiritual lines. It is the personal experience of one who had followed various methods of “Going Into The Silence” and practicing “Auto-suggestion” for years without success, and then at last discovered

A Twelve-Word Prayer

that opened the gates to the Path illuminated by the Inner Light. The author tell us that “Want, Worry, Fear, then went their way, Sickness disappeared, the Gloomy Valleys of Strife and Limitations were left behind, as, with sure and steady step I journeyed upward to the mountain peak of Peace and Plenty; tasted of the true delights life has to offer the developed spirit, and enjoyed the ecstasy which thrills the awakened souls when the lofty heights at last are gained.”

Help From The Higher Planes.

Persons wishing to enlist the assistance of occult forces to aid them in the their journey through life should read this little book. It is the key which unlocks the mysterious chamber of the soul, and opens up new avenues along which the weary feet may travel straight to the tripple goal of success, prosperity and happiness.

A Book For Beginners.

Those who have never seen a New Thought Book, nor heard of Transcendentalism had best begin the study of Psychology with the little book entitled “Across Lots to Success.” It makes the esoteric teaching so plain it might be called the Occult Primmer, or First Book On Mental Science.

Invaluable To The Novitiate.

The students of the superphysical who have read a thousand volumes treating on the subject; have been Sitting In The Silence and practicing Auto-Suggestion for years, and yet have been unable to draw upon the Emanations of the Infinite for all things needful will find in this book, “Across Lots to Success” important information which discloses the cause of their failure. They may therein learn where the trouble lies and start progressing on the Path leading to the Golden Treasure-House of Love, Joy, Peace and Prosperity.

THE KEY TO SECRET POWER.

This little book, “Across Lots to Success” is the master-key that unlocks the jeweled door before the mystic chamber enabling the occult disciple to “Enter the Silence” and draw upon the Infinite Supply for all things needful.

EXTRA SPECIAL OFFER.

Send us 25 cents for a copy of “Across Lots to Success,” read it, and if the occult message it contains is not worth a quarter to you, send back the book and we will refund your money. Address Lydick, Turner & Company, 530 Sheridan Ave., Pittsburgh, Penna.
SPIRIT OBSESSION, OR DEMONISM OF THE AGES.

A Wondeful Book of Thrilling Surprises.

By J. M. Peebles, M. D., M. A., Ph. D.

This is a book that pictures both sides of Spiritualism, the good, the bad, the beautiful, the hideous, the angelic, and the diabolical.

It shows that death does not clean the mind of carnal passions, nor translate a vicious criminal into an angel of purity; but that the prevailing characteristics of the individual are carried through death, to the spirit world, and the foul-mouthed blackguards here continues the same over there, as many dark, earth-bound spirits have been found who use the most vulgar, profane, and obscene language.

It proves that men and women may be hypnotized by spirits, both good and bad, as well as by mortals; and, that, if spirits can bless and heal, they can also curse and kill.

Results of Spirit Obsession.

It shows that drunkenness, and all other debasing habits are frequently the result of spirit obsession; that nervous irritability, peculiar personal characteristics, and mysterious diseases may result from the same cause; while a desire to steal, to destroy property of others, to inflict pain on persons or animals, and to commit murder nearly always results from spirit obsession.

And what is still more surprising—pure thoughts, honesty of purpose, and a clean life seem to be no protection from the evil influences of dark, earth-bound, obsessing spirits.

Fiendish Cruelty of Evil Spirits.

Then, an abundance of evidence is produced to show that these evil obsessing spirits seem to take the same delight in torturing a child till it dies, or in annoying a pure girl till she becomes insane, or in tormenting a man until he murders his sweetheart and kills himself, as the good spirits do in shedding their benign influence and protecting care over those whom they regard as worthy of their assistance. And it may surprise many persons to learn that their most bitter enemy may return as an obsessing spirit after death, and cause more trouble and distress than he ever did during life.

The book treats of demon obsession in all stages of the world's history, and among all classes of people, from the sons and daughters of wealth and refine-
A Parting Word.

Having read this book, what is your verdict? Do you accept—receive as truth—the Spirit Messages recorded here, or doubt that they are genuine and then make this reply:

“I can’t believe what others say—I’d rather see those things myself.”

You want to see—you ask to be shown? Very well, your wish may be gratified.

I can send you where you will be shown all that you wish to see, and when you come away you can say,—“I have seen, conversed with, and touched the spirits of the so-called dead.”

Do you want to go?

If you sincerely desire this experience write to me and I will make an appointment for you with the Test Circle holding seances nearest to your home.

Yours for the higher and the better life,

Ernest B. Lydeick

530 Sheridan Ave. Pittsburgh, Pa.
THE SPIRIT LIGHT

THE ABER CIRCLE

THE STAR CIRCLE

FROM WISDOM ZONES