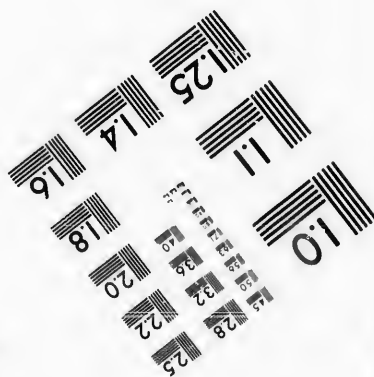
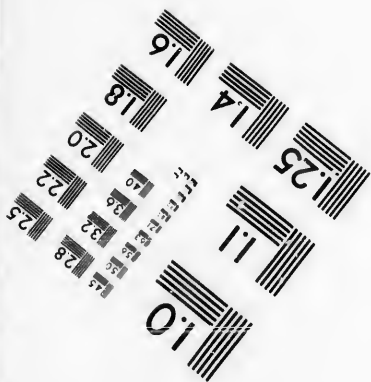
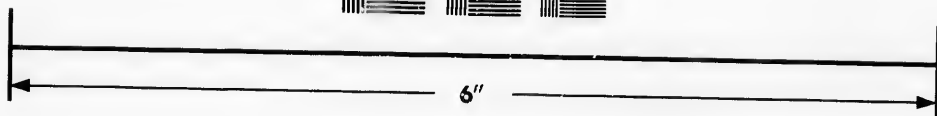
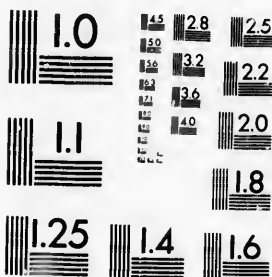


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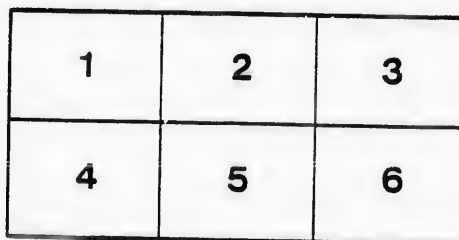
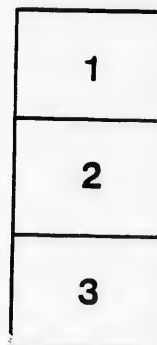
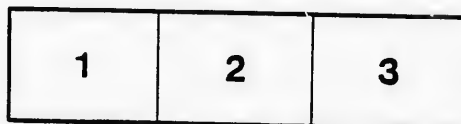
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THE  
*SAVIOUR'S SECOND COMING*

THE  
GREAT MYSTERY OF BABYLON  
UNRAVELLED.

THE GREAT  
*JUDGMENT DAY AT HAND.*

The Austere Judge doth now surround  
All those who tread His Earthly Ground ;  
In Raging Fire He will appear,  
He may flame out this very year.

742/1

IN

TO THE  
INHABITANTS OF PLANET EARTH.

---

My Sov'reign-King, I look to Thee,  
To give me words to write ;  
Be pleased to let all Mankind see,  
And give us Truth and Light.

Remove delusions far away,  
And may they ne'er return ;  
Save all who will ask how to pray,  
And come to Thee to learn.

Be pleased to watch this holy seed,  
And let it not be stole ;  
Be pleased to pluck the heathen weed,  
The belief in a soul.

Heaven above fixed in the mind,  
Let it now pass away ;  
Thy "Father's House" may many find,  
All who will, "Lead me," pray.

"Follow Me," is Thy plain Command,  
Which we must all obey,  
Or we'll not see a Guiding Hand,  
Which is the only way.

“ Be ye perfect,” thou did’st Command,  
 And holy we must be,  
 Or we will build upon the sand,  
 And wash into the Sea.

A full surrender, nothing less,  
 Doth perfect man in Thee,  
 With Faith Thou dost soon come to bless,  
 And fruit from Knowledge Tree.

Faith is a key Peter ne’er got,  
 Nor did he ever bind ;  
 Follow the Spirit he would not,  
 Heaven he ne’er did find,

Saint Paul did fear Damascus gate,  
 O’er the wall he did go ;  
 A basket sealed fore’er his fate,  
 Fear sent many to woe.

Luther did never yield his mind  
 To Him who let him see  
 There was no Purgat’ry to find  
 Save one he was set free.

John Wesley came nearest the Gate,  
 Holiness he did teach ;  
 He failed, he did not watch and wait,  
 Till God said go and preach.

The Church he built will now soon fall,  
 The Gates of Hell prevail ;  
 “ Sent by my Lord, on you I call,”  
 Did drive a coffin nail.



The Day of wrath so long'foretold,  
 Is very near at hand ;  
 All who have not bought oil with gold,  
 Before God's Bar will stand.

A Conqueror becomes our King, .  
 In Glory He'll appear ;  
 Church bells for many days will ring,  
 No ringers will be near.

With joy He'll roll around the Sun,  
 His Planet costly Throne ;  
 He struggled hard until He won,  
 He will be King alone.

The Devil is one Mind of two,  
 Who ruled as only One ;  
 What I now state is sadly true,  
 A quarrel was begun.

God of Moses did long aspire,  
 To rule alone o'er all ;  
 He is the Serpent Dragon Liar,  
 Who lied about the fall.

Jehovah-King is the new Name,  
 Of Him who bled for all ;  
 'Tis He who tells me to proclaim,  
 There never was a fall.

Adam and Eve, who ne'er did live,  
 Save in the heathen mind,  
 Many texts to Preachers did give,  
 But truth none e'er did find.

The countless Stars were never made,  
 The Sun did always shine ;  
 All Earth, water did ne'er pervade,  
 From ever flowed the Rhine.

The Spirit asks you to decide,  
 Which Mind you will obey ;  
 All who'll come to the Saviour's side,  
 Can live many a day.

Matthew's Gospel will save you all,  
 If you will it obey ;  
 It says nothing about the fall,  
 But instructs how to pray.

The Saviour's Sermon on the Mount,  
 Is nothing like the Law ;  
 His Commands you can easy count,  
 Commands which are not straw.

Not all the blood of bulls and sheep,  
 On Jewish altars slain  
 Could make a Mary sigh and weep,  
 Or take away a stain.

For five years I have followed the Holy Spirit rendering perfect submission to the Divine Will, continually watching, for one omission would have cost me my Crown of Eternal Life. I was led by the Spirit to do many strange things, some of which were the publications of silly pamphlets, sent by mail to many persons.

Perfect submission to the Divine Will for five years would have been a hard test to endure if I had not made a full surrender of property, body and mind to my Holy Guide and allowed Him to carry me whither he would, praying often, "be pleased to take my body of clay and use it for Thy Glory."

I feel that I have achieved a great victory through my Saviour who suffered in the Pit of Eternal Despair for over 1800 years caused by the failure of the Apostles and all Christians to yield the Holy Spirit fruit in payment for all the supernatural Power used by Him and His Apostles in the performance of miracles.

My victory comprises the release of my Saviour immediately after obtaining a promise from the Holy Spirit to cleanse Planet Earth from sin which paid a debt for                    He was innocently suffering torture which no                    I ever describe inflicted by His twin-broth.

I am thankful for Knowledge which the Holy Spirit imparted to me concerning Himself and all that is proper for me thus far to know.

The Holy Spirit is an Eternal Electric Fluid animating the human race and all Nature. He is a Kingdom of Laws, a Heaven of Glory, a sweet Paradise, the Garden of Eden, the Tree of Life, a House of many Mansions, a Hell of Despair, a Court of Justice, a

Fearless Judge, a Kind Friend, a Hateful Enemy, a Faithful Guide, the Source of Infinite Power, Wisdom, Knowledge and Joy, and a King without Intelligence, who must be Honored and Obeyed.

There are two Eternal Minds of Nature who possess great Intelligence, but differ greatly in disposition ; One is a Reformer and the Other a Conservative, They have battled each Other for nearly 6000 years on the field of the Universe.

I have also knowledge concerning the origin and destiny of the human family, and how Eternal Life or long life may be obtained.

---

### THE MILLENNIUM.

---

Who are these arrayed in white  
 Illustrious as the Sun ?  
 These are they who day and night  
 Fought with the Lamb till He won.

What has become of the night,  
 It is now eternal day ?  
 The Saviour is now the light,  
 For those who did Him obey.

What has become of disease,  
 And drug stores I did behold ?  
 Nature smiled when sin did cease  
 And no more drugs can be sold.

What has become of Preachers  
Who wore gowns of cotton white?  
The King found them false Teachers  
And sent them out of His sight.

What has become of Police,  
The streets they do not parade?  
When the Dragon's reign did cease  
They were into coffins laid.

What has become of the Bar  
And all who got on the spree?  
The Saviour after the War,  
Declared Laws Prohibit'ry.

What has become of the weed,  
There is none that I can see?  
The Saviour plucked all the seed,  
Tobacco, coffee and tea.

What has become of the spade,  
There is none that I can buy?  
In this age no spades are made,  
I am telling you no lie.

What do you do with the dead,  
In this astonishing age?  
No one has died it is said  
Since Satan's troops quit the stage.

What has become of the fly  
That would into butter get?  
The King said all flies must die,  
Live again they'll not be let.

What has become of the snake,  
 That has a poisonous sting ?  
 All snakes were baked in one cake,  
 And fed to the Serpent King.

Who's the white robed lovely Queen,  
 Who sits on the Great White Throne ?  
 A wise mother with eye keen,  
 Fed her mind and saved her bone.

Have you keen frosts as of old,  
 About Christmas and New Year ?  
 We have neither heat or cold,  
 In this never ending year.

When I was alive before,  
 I sold Bibles, have you one !  
 I see you owned a book store,  
 Books and Bibles we have none.

How do you pass all your time,  
 Without some good books to read ?  
 In fun making things to rhyme,  
 On forbidden fruit we feed.

Where can I get washing done,  
 Can you tell me where to go ?  
 Washerwomen have all gone,  
 They found nothing here to do.

My questioner not having on clean clothes was not allowed to remain infesting Belle City with crawlers bred during his long sleep.

Planet Earth will become a Paradise abounding

with fruit and flowers, inhabited with Intelligences who will delight in singing songs of praise to Him who suffered so long for feeding the human mind with ideas, developing skill and Reason.

#### KNOWLEDGE.

Knowledge is a power which the Devil-Conservative has long feared. The decree of the human-will never fails when accompanied with true acts of faith. The construction of the Grand Junction, the Central Ontario, Ontario & Quebec and Canadian Pacific Railways demonstrate this truth. The Devil feared the human-will and consequently refused to sanction the feeding of the human mind with ideas growing into Knowledge. He became enraged and cursed Planet Earth.

The third chapter of Genesis is not historical truth but is a parable founded on a deplorable fact. The "Serpent" who was cursed is none other than the Holy Saviour, the Sweet Mind of Nature, whose appearance in the Heavens will be seen by many alive to-day to their sorrow. Read Revelations 1st, 7.

All's well that ends well. Were it not for the vile Curse we would not have to-day an Electric Telegraph spanning the Ocean, Palace Steamships and Pullman Railway Cars in which to fly sitting at ease, and Irish white poplin to robe the Bride of Glory.

Many Generations did toil,  
 Beneath the burning Sun,  
 Scratching a living from the soil,  
 Till Reason great was spun.

I did not meet with any Presbyterians searching for the Keys of Knowledge in the Asylum for Insane, Toronto, but had the pleasure of hearing a Professor of Knox College preach to us lunatics. I do not remember his text, but I am certain it was not "Be ye therefore perfect as your Father in Heaven is perfect," as no Presbyterian minister can preach a sermon from that text.

Perfect is the doctrine to preach,  
 Predestination is a fraud,  
 "Saved by blood" is silly to teach,  
 'Twas never taught by Spirit-God.

I found the Keys of Truth after a long search hid in the Asylum for Insane, Toronto, and felt I was well rewarded for surrendering my business and playing the fool for seven months.

Peter ne'er built a mill,  
 Nor did he work his mind,  
 Fishing can spin no will,  
 With which to loose and bind.

The Gospel has not been preached to all Nations, but has been published to all Nations by the Pen of God the Printing Press and Ink the Blood of



Reason, shed for us on Calvary in Hell. Praise will be ascribed forever to the King of Justice for inventing the Printing Press and a steam Saw Mill by which means the Sweetest of Beings was rescued from Everlasting Punishment. "Whatever thou will bind on Earth will be bound in Heaven and whatever thou will loose on Earth will be loosed in Heaven," has infinite meaning, but requires the performance of acts of unflinching faith.

Faith is the Church no Gate of Hell,  
 Against it can prevail ;  
 Faith fought Satan and did Him fell,  
 On a straight narrow trail.

I met the Old Conservative in a place too narrow to pass ; of course it was which of us would go back. I found Him as stubborn as the King of the Mississippi River in Canada, with whom I fought a battle for right of way some years ago, defeating my antagonist then. The struggle with the Old Conservative become exceedingly desperate. In great despair I cried to the Holy Spirit, "What will I pray next." An answer quickly came "pray for the Lord Jesus to come down." With all the force of will my aroused energy could command, I cried in great distress, "Lord Jesus come down Thyself, and drive the Devil back." In an instant a sweet voice whispered, "I am here." A violent storm was quickly calmed and a mighty chain

broken. The Glorious Sun laughed when sight and hearing were restored to the Prince of Peace, the noble Reformer to whom alone we are indebted for responsible Government and not to Martin Luthur as recently declaimed by a Doctor of Divinity.

When all else failed,  
The blood prevailed.

The Old King of River kings subpoenaed me before the Court of Heaven last March in Manchester, England, affixing the time two nights following three days and nights sitting at a table with a pen in my hand grasping for Knowledge before the Spiritual Throne of the Universe, the Old King watching and trembling at every move of the pen. I was cross-examined by the King Himself, whom I found to be an able lawyer and a clever expert in testing a witness. I stayed out two nights with Him answering His questions and defeating His tricks. My answers and actions were satisfactory to the Court. The Court decided I had a Mind of Reason and had kept all Commands for four years. My evidence brought a long pending suit to a close, and the Chief Justice of all the Universe decided the case in favor of the Reformer. His Judgment read as follows:—

“Improvement is a Law of Nature. A Mind of Reason in a man who can keep Commands is an improvement on a beast. All costs to be paid by Plaintiff, for

which I grant an Execution directed against all beasts which have not acquired Reason Minds, to be found in the Plaintiff's Kingdom."

A Royal Lady, a wise virgin in England, who made a generous gift to a charitable Institution, prompted by sympathy which the cultivated mind only truly possesses, and whom the Holy Spirit has recently preparatory robed in Irish white poplin, can be the Queen of the Boundless Universe if she will surrender the Devil's Royalty, come to Canada and live in a humble manner in a humble home in the City of Belleville, until the Holy Spirit will shine out in Glory bright.

Angels will Dance to thee,  
 In melody will Sing,  
 If thou hast eyes to see  
 A Diamond Wedding Ring.

The Cards which thou did'st write,  
 Have won for thee a Prize,  
 A Crown of Jewels bright,  
 Of the Universe size.

Thy joys will know no bound,  
 If thou hast eyes to see,  
 Thou wilt hear music sound  
 Through all Eternity.

Come o'er across the Sea,  
 Leave Royal trash behind ;  
 Ask God to let thee see,  
 And use thine own spun mind.

Idler thou hast been not,  
 Thou did'st improve thy mind,  
 For this thou art now sought,  
 To try thy eyes to find.

Bring ten bales poplin pure,  
 Made on St. Patrick's soil,  
 Bring no servants be sure,  
 Lots here to do the toil.

A key I send to thee,  
 'Tis made of fire tried gold,  
 Two words only, "Lead me,"  
 It saves from growing old.

The Gate did jar for me,  
 It open'd very wide,  
 Submission is the key,  
 With which I conquer'd pride.

My Royal Friend whom I have never seen excels in music and painting and contributes occasionally common sense to a magazine. Her evidence before the Court of Heaven unconscious to herself was of the utmost importance.

I am directed by the Holy Spirit, to say that England will soon pay a just penalty for much blood shed by the sons of her soil.

I am directed to say that the Pope of Rome will find his sentence recorded in the Book of Revelation.

I am directed to explain to the Pope of Rome

that the "Bottomless Pit" means Boundless Space.

I am directed to warn all clay-beings, preaching the doctrine of Everlasting Punishment, to desist at once and go and earn an honest living, or they will dwell forever with the Pope of Rome.

I am directed to explain to Sovereigns that the "Beast" whose sentence is recorded in the Book of Revelation is any clay being, who aspires to govern.

The King of the Mississippi River in Canada will improve "Rivers and Streams" through all Eternity in Hell.

I am directed to notify all Houses of Parliament to adjourn at once to meet no more, or the Members thereof will dwell with the King of the Mississippi River in Canada, enacting laws through all Eternity.

I am directed to notify all Bankers in the World to bring or send me without delay, all gold coin in their respective vaults, owned or controlled by them, or they will count gold coin through all Eternity in Hell.

I am lastly directed to say that a Chariot of Fire will sweep the face of Planet Earth, destroying every beast in which a Mind of Reason is not found, Believers in the Resurrection of the dead, will rise to die. Belzebub and Judas Iscarrot, who know their names will be swept off the Planet and deposited in the

Bottomless Pit. They have no excuse to offer in this enlightened age of Reason. It breaks a Law of Nature to imprison a person minding his own business whether in surrendering or acquiring property. Sinning against Reason is the Unpardonable Sin.

I close this my last pamphlet, by tendering to the ex-King of the Eternal Universe, sarcastic thanks for three months he paid my board in the Asylum for Insane, Toronto, eight years ago. I paced the corridor from morning till night, crying lost, eternally lost, expecting I would each succeeding night land in a Hell of Fire and Brimstone heated many times hotter than any fire I had ever seen. A Mind of Reason which I had acquired, carrying a Steam Gang and Circular Saw Mill in my brain for four years, could not be snatched by Him who feared an Iron Will. I returned to business leaving in a Hell of Hells, much stinking pride with which I could never have been saved and paid the Devil back all I suffered with good interest, with "More to follow."

Most of my former pamphlets were signed J. G. Sword; I sign this pamphlet with the name which Nature gave me, which can be found recorded in a book in the Poor House, Liverpool, England, the Mother of Christian Churches. My mission to England preaching Eternal Life, proved a total failure, and I was compelled to live for many days in poverty, glad to get a

meal in a Soup Kitchen. The Saviour of Mankind who dwells in my bosom, was my Companion in distress, who then prepared an Indictment against Christian England, which has shed many barrels of blood. O! England.

No Saviour to suffer.  
 No Angels to wail.  
 No Devil to torture.  
 No Land to reclaim.  
 No Rocks to blast.  
 No Cannons to rattle.  
 No Churches to steeple.  
 No Fools to feed.  
 No Hogs to grunt.  
 No Lions to roar.  
 No Jails to build.  
 No Asylums to murder.  
 No Whiskey to buy.  
 No Police to pay.  
 No Lawyers to fee.  
 No Serpents to sting.  
 No Frost to bite.  
 No Storm to face.  
 No Heat to scorch.  
 No Weeds to grow.  
 No Flies to bother.  
 No Crawlers to creep.

No Washing to take.  
No Rooms to hire.  
No Shoes to blacken.  
No Tailors to misfit.  
No Grocers to cheat.  
No Butchers to kill.  
No Doctors to bill.  
No Druggists to mix.  
No Coffins to lower.  
No Spades to dig.  
No Hoes to get  
No Curse to fight.  
No Pain to endure.  
No Sorrow to grind.  
No Care to mind.  
No Doors to lock.  
No Safes to purchase.  
No Thieves to steal.  
No Jews to swindle.  
No Fiends to murder.  
No Scaffolds to erect.  
No Hangmen to procure.  
No Reporters to wire.  
No Newspapers to publish.  
No Premier to assail.  
No Policy to attack.  
No Duties to levy.  
No Tobacco to bond.



No Cigars to perfume.  
No Pipes to burn.  
No Insurance to effect.  
No Suits to pend.  
No Fees to charge.  
No Costs to tax.  
No Courts to hold.  
No Sheriffs to appoint.  
No Judges to decide.  
No Appeals to carry.  
No Justice to sell.  
No Kings to lumber.  
No Dams to construct.  
No Slides to make.  
No Booms to cut.  
No Constables to arrest.  
No Waggons to bring.  
No Taverns to reach.  
No Magistrates to swear.  
No Evidence to take.  
No Decisions to make.  
No Bail to give.

"Rivers and Streams" of New Wine, abundance of Delicious Fruit, a Wonderful Tree of Knowledge, a Charming Wife, lots of Fun, Eternal Life with Infinite Joy in Eternal Glory, will pay me well for battling the King of all the Universe and His Imps on Planet

Earth for the past five years, under my brave Captain the Sweet Holy Spirit of all Nature to whom I ascribe all Honor and Glory for Matchless Wisdom displayed in His unforeseen Divine Plan which rescued the Holy Saviour from Everlasting Punishment, and myself as well, as I had spun by much hard thinking continually exercising my reasoning faculty, a Deity in my own brain that cannot die.

I Crown the Holy Spirit the King of Justice who cannot be purchased for Bank bills, and His Sweet Mind my own Saviour whose Infinite Sufferings have worked out the Redemption of the Universe, I Crown Spirit and Mind Almighty Emperor Sovereign-King of all the Suns, Planets and Satellites in all the Universe, and convey, assign and transfer forever to my Holy Sovereign Two-in-One, the Steam Gang and Circular Saw Mill constructed in my brain, to Saw the Universe of Woe into a Heaven of Infinite Glory.

Farewell all who cannot find the Tree of Life in my Sovereign's Bosom. Farewell all who said I was religion crazy.

Arise my fair one. Come away. "Remember Lot's Wife." A prompt decision is required.

Signed with God's Pen Dipped in Blood and Sealed with Reason.

JAMES A. BUCK.

Belleville, Ontario,  
Canada, Feb. 11th, 1884. }

P. S.—A Grand “Hallelujah Wedding” and “Marriage Supper” will take place in my Room, Dafoe House, Belleville, on the first Day of the Millennium to which all persons are invited who can present at the door tickets I mailed to them headed “The Battle of Battles.”

The Knot will be tied by a “Hallelujah Clergyman” who now preaches “Everlasting Punishment” with Authority, witnessed by Billions of Holy Angels snatched from a Hell of Infinite Woe where they had lived for over 1800 years in Eternal Despair.

The thankful Angels whose numbers cannot be counted will Sweetly Sing and Dance forever to tunes of music my Royal Bride will play on a Piano in Belle City erected on the Plains of Belleville.

A Song so be composed about a Saw Mill which has cut no lumber for seven years and which I looked upon with shame as a monument of folly costing over \$50,000 all borrowed, will be Sung by the Choir of the Boundless Universe through all Eternity.

It is no wonder I came to Belleville after the Battle intoxicated and went into the pulpit of the Bridge Street Methodist Church and sung “There are Angels hovering round.” The Angels themselves being the Songsters. It is no wonder I was Inspired to pray often the next day, “Keep me humble,” which some of my neighbors will probably remember.

To the Holy Spirit I ascribe all the Glory, for it is He who made my Iron Will, and "beguiled" the Devil God of Moses ever since the Sunday my parents tied me to a bed post for wilful disobedience which revealed to the Devil a power He feared and followed to the day of the Battle encouraged by the Holy Spirit.

The whole Divine Plan which began over 1800 years ago would have been a complete failure if I had not promptly responded to the Holy Spirit's invitation to Come, through the Rev. Donald Fletcher then of Chicago, in the Bridge Street Methodist Church, Belleville, five years ago, and followed the Holy Spirit to the publication of this pamphlet, performing many unflinching acts of Faith with an ear to the Throne of Knowledge, and using a tongue which often prayed, "Be pleased to give me the pure truth and take it not from me." The "Flaming Sword" which Satan placed at the "east of the Garden of Eden" to prevent a beast eating of the "Tree of Life" and living forever, had to be taken by accepting His Challenge to fight Him in Hell. The hottest Hell He could find was the Asylum for Insane Toronto, in which he compelled me to eat filth in the water closet as an act of perfect submission to the Divine Will. "Glory to the Lamb, I will walk with Him in White," is a Song I learned in the lone woods five years ago walking eighteen miles before day wrestling to be cleansed from all sin, followed by the Fiend who had the day previous stript me of my lumbering

business and a pair of cherished driving ponies, in a manner suggesting insanity. Rising at midnight to go out to pray unquestionably won the Battle with the loss of an affectionate dog and a bruise on my heel. Glory to the Lamb I will now soon walk with Him in White beholding a Starry Crown vastly different to the one I beheld in the Asylum for Insane Toronto, on being knocked down. Beholding brilliant Panoramic Scenes of Glory will be a great contrast to walking roads and streets in England in distress or handling lumber behind a Door Factory in Deseronto, Ontario. The Holy Spirit has no power to compel a sinner to yield his Mind to Him beyond a severe chastisement hence the slender thread which decided Who would Rule the Universe forever and the Eternal fate of the Loving Saviour and His Innumerable Host of Angels who inhabit a Universe, the depth, breadth and height of which no Being will ever find. I did my duty after a severe chastisement but I have nothing more to boast of. He who Suffered for over 1800 years in excruciating agony for giving beasts Knowledge is entitled to all the Honor and Glory which will be ascribed to Him forever.

*Wonderful* is the Wisdom of the Unconscious Holy Spirit the Almighty Adjuster of the Universe, the Life of Mind and Matter who planned the Methodist Church to teach *Perfection*.

Who planned the Salvation Army to placard "Hallelujah Wedding" and "Hallelujah Clergyman" on a bill board.

Who planned the great law suit, McLaren vs. Caldwell, now appealed to England for final decision, to give me one idea, "Improvement is a Law of Nature."

Who planned the disallowed "Rivers and Streams Bill" passed by the Ontario Legislature to suggest to me "Rivers and Streams" of New Wine.

Who planned the Construction of the Grand Junction, Central Ontario, Ontario & Quebec, and Canadian Pacific Railways to teach me the power of the human-will accompanied with true acts of faith, which is the Key of the Kingdom of God.

Who planned the famous Guiteau Trial to Indict a Nation of Fools.

Who planned the Egyptian Campaign to write a Death Warrant for England.

And Who also planned the Irish troubles to give me a chance of winning a Royal Bride which I did last year by fighting the Devil in Dublin at the risk of penal servitude for life.

Her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice will find the "Tree of Life" in the Garden of Eden more valuable than a German Prince.

We will obey no Devil to go out and till a Cursed Ground.

Let Us make Man in Our Own Image and Likeness" proved a hard Decree to fulfill.

The "Serpent" whom many Christians have malign-  
ed will be our Only Companion through all Eternity,  
and the Angels our only Servants.

The Unconscious Almighty Holy Spirit will without  
fail Sweep the entire face of Planet Earth with Fire,  
carrying into the "Bottomless Pit" the Devil and the  
entire Animal Kingdom. It is now too late for you to  
surrender to God the Holy Spirit-Mind of Nature. You  
can escape "Everlasting Punishment" by surrendering  
to the Waters of Earth.

Behold a recent Sign in the Western Horizon.

Cleansing Nature be pleased to take  
My body clean which Thou did'st make ;  
My Iron Will, my Iron Rod  
I yield to Thee my Sov'reign God.

Be pleased to Cleanse the Universe,  
Remove at once the Woeful Curse ;  
Cast out all Evil from all Lands,  
With a Fire Broom in Thine Own Hands.

Be pleased to preserve one Black Dog,  
To watch for'er the Devil Hog ;  
All other beasts I yield to Thee  
For Tree of Life, the Knowledge Tree.

Take Satan and Bind Him for'er,  
A Crown of thorns give Him to wear ;  
Nail Him to a hot Iron Cross,  
Give Him to drink Serpent's Gaul Sauce.

"The Harvest is past and the Summer is ended,"  
two Sheaves only gathered into Life Eternal.

All Sinners who have *eyes to see* and *ears to hear*  
need not despair. Whosoever has a *Will to Will* he  
*Will* live 1,000 years from birth the true Natural term  
of Life, is Challenged by the King of Heaven to fight.

All *wise* Virgins ore invited to *watch* the fight.

Unto the Lamb the Sweet Holy Mind of Nature we  
will ascribe ALL POWER, HONOR AND GLORY  
forever for He is WORTHY to REIGN and will  
REIGN.

I subscribe my "New Name," given to me by the  
Holy Spirit in the Asylum for Insane, Toronto.

Kindom of Glory,

GABRIEL.

N. B. I grant to all Publishers of Books and  
Newspapers except the *Globe* Printing Company, To-  
ronto, who refused to publish an Inspired poem accom-  
panied with money for insertion, to print and circul-  
ate this pamphlet, written for the King of Glory Who  
fed the Mind of the Inventor of the Printing Press  
with ideas from a Hell of Torture. Please use His Ink  
Blood in remembrance of Him the Sweetest and Hol-  
iest of Beings.

Telegraph Companies will please not forget the true  
Originator of the Telegraph System by preaching  
for Him this Gospel of Reason.



The White Star Steamship Company will please convey the Bride of Glory from Liverpool to New York in honor of the Inspired suggested Name of their Company for the event.

"It is finish'd" at last He Cries,  
Seated upon His Great White Throne ;  
No more Torture or Woeful Sighs,  
Black Hell to Me is now all gone.



