

A MESSAGE

PURPORTING TO BE FROM

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

THROUGH A PHILADELPHIA PSYCHIC

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G. Ingersoll

Through a Philadelphia Psychic

My shaking off of the worn and corrupt mortal covering to my true self was sudden and unexpected. No thought had entered my mind of what you term death placing me in touch with what God alone knew and made me experience with love, not malice as I am fully aware many mortals believed, so as to deny me the opportunity to repent of my evil words which they felt sure would send Ingersoll to the lowest hell, designed to punish infidels and unbelievers in a God too great and mighty for mortal mind to comprehend.

My passing out was by this God's own desire, for my mortal clothing was no longer fit to hold within its grasp the fully developed spiritual form sensing its natural work, repenting of errors of judgment, thoughts and words, which was to open my eyes and hearing to wonders of God's love of which no mortal on earth to-day has the smallest conception. For the light of wisdom is not clothed in the robes of bigotry, but in the simple raiment of truth, which enters the heart through love for all mankind, high, low, great and small, white, colored, Christian and heathen, educated and uneducated, pure and impure, with the charity that sees through the darkness of evil deeds a ray of light that will some day give to all God's children their just reward and punishment, until all are purged and purified with his holy love.

My first sensation, after shaking off my mortal clothing, was one of surprise so great that I remained standing in my spiritual form as one dazed by a blow, until I was aroused by a voice of such sweetness that I felt as if my condition was simply a blissful dream and the voice I heard an angel calling me to heaven. If I had not seen my old, worn out rags lying near me I would have immediately followed the light from which I now saw the voice seemed to issue, like purest musical sounds. I then said :

"I will come with you, but I must be dressed in my proper clothing," and stooped to pick up what I supposed was my body when a feeling so repulsive entered my whole being that I hurried away from the filth my spiritual form could not touch.

I was then led by my guide into the light above me and was soon surrounded by so many dead men and women, whom I had known on earth and had seen put under the ground, and well covered to keep them from escaping, that I became somewhat frightened until one man relieved me very much by saying :

"Do not be alarmed, Ingersoll, you are in your heavenly home, a place you never expected to see."

Then one after another greeted me so kindly and lovingly that I began to feel happier than I had ever been in my life. And I had been happier than the majority of mortals while on earth. In a short time the spirit forms of my dear earthly father and mother were brought to me, and one after another until all I had ever known

and loved seemed to be around me.

But suddenly as my passing out almost, my thoughts flew to my wife and children, and then I said: "I must go back to them."

And my beautiful angel guide kindly brought me back to my family. And then I endured untold agony, for I was so close to them and they could not see me or hear me speak to them. I remained with them through the trial they had to endure at parting from my remains which I loathed as something so filthy that I did not rest until I saw it put out of sight.

As I could not help them, and soon became aware that in my efforts to speak to them I only awakened a sorrowful feeling at their loss, I called for my guide to take me where I belonged, as death placed a barrier between my living loved ones and myself which I could not overcome.

She weently answered: "This barrier you will remove in time sufficiently to return to your loved ones without the sorrowful sensations you now endure. Time will wipe away their tears and you will be able to enjoy their company and even be able to comfort them in their thoughts, through the spiritual laws, in which you will now be instructed by the higher spirits."

My guide then led me to the most beautiful resting place. No mortal tongue can find language to express the construction or material forming my couch, or reclining seat. Its blissful comfort no mansion on earth, or even the mortal idea of heavenly comfort, has ever been able to equal in its restful purity from all evil surroundings.

Left alone by my angel guide I became aware of a sensation I had not experienced before and that was the feeling of regret over my mistakes in being ignorant of this beautiful world. And then my whole life seemed to pass before my mental vision just as plainly as though every thought, word and deed of my whole earthly existence had been written down.

Many events I had forgotten all about came sailing along in the bright light of purity and love, or darkened and sorrowful, when the event contained an error of judgment or an unkind thought, word or deed towards any one I had ever known.

Many times during this trying ordeal I called my angel guide and begged her to take me back to earth and give me an opportunity to purge my work of the mistakes I knew I had made in my efforts to enlighten mankind.

"No," she sweetly replied, "you must now remain until you are fully satisfied with your surroundings, and purity and virtue will make you free."

"I do not understand this," I replied.

"You will later," she answered. "You are now repenting of your errors. When you have balanced your errors against your true lights in spirituality you will find, I believe, that purity and virtue will show a balance over your errors of judgment that will open the spiritual mind you possess to the knowledge awaiting all pure spirits, and this knowledge will make you free to go all over the earth plane with the swiftness of light. Repent now and enjoy the blessings awaiting you for trying to overcome all

errors, and you will be helped in every way you desire."

When she had finished speaking I thanked her and rested for a long time, having no desire to leave my blissful resting place.

When my thoughts reverted to anything which I regretted very much I thanked the conditions which placed me off from the other spirits. Sometimes I felt just as happy as I possibly could when I recollected some good I had done.

In time I began to feel better satisfied and wondered why I remained in the same spot so long, and was then told I could receive instructions in the spiritual laws, but was to call only higher intelligences than my own.

"I am not competent to judge of this," I replied.

"I will call an instructor," my angel friend kindly replied.

And my own mother's dear spirit form was brought to me, and from her sweet, heavenly lips I received the first lesson in the greatest, grandest and most wonderful philosophy in the universe—the truth bared of all-shams, deceptions and wrong ideas of God Almighty, the father of every being born into the world without regard to race or condition, and whose love for all his children is so great that not one soul will be lost. But all must obey his laws before they can enter the almost incomprehensible life beyond the spheres, intended as preparatory stations, or degrees of spirituality for fitness to enter a mansion too pure and holy for even the higher intelligences to fully understand.

The instruction given me by my mother helped me to move from

place to place, and I was soon developed enough to return to earth without a guide. And then I visited my own dear ones very often, but could never make them understand me when I spoke to them.

After I had learned to propel my body properly I was permitted to visit all my old friends and relatives, even ones higher than myself. And I will now try and give you a faint idea of the beautiful places I visited.

Wonderfully beautiful are all the spheres but the higher one ascends in the realms of blissful light, the greater the purity shining on the brows of the angels and spirits, whose works of loving-kindness place them in the higher spheres.

My own work placed me only in the third sphere, and I will commence with my own spiritual home.

In location I would say it was far above the skies which mortals sometimes believe is Heaven, but which we know is only a misty part of the atmosphere around you.

The formation of the sphere of which I am now trying to give you a faint idea, is not composed of silver and gold, as my orthodox church friends sometimes tell you, but is pure and unadulterated morality(?) condensed into something indescribable, for no mortal could see it with his mortal vision. I will describe its appearance as near as I can. Lights of softness play all around and interpenetrate what seems to be the foundation or principal particles entering into the home not made by mortal hands, but on which no mortal hand could put one smallest particle of improvement for its construction

is perfect, the mind of the originator understanding some things of more importance than punishment, and that is providing abiding places so lovely for his poor, ignorant children that this loving kindness causes all to repent in time and to long to obey his laws.

Every spirit in the sphere I am now trying to describe is placed in whatever location he seems to be attracted towards, for the law of attraction rules the spheres, and this creates perfect harmony, no one with whom you may not be in harmony ever entering your particular atmosphere, yet you can see and be near ones in the opposite power, or force, and not feel in any way offended, because each and all are distinct individuals, not interfered with by the law of repulsion, for its work is to keep the inharmonious apart. And these two forces, attraction and repulsion, make the spheres above a Heaven indeed, for peace, love and harmony reign supreme.

Purity and kindness govern the higher spheres, and to enter them spirits must be in touch with nothing earthly. When my spiritual nature was developed enough to long to visit the realms above, my angel guide beckoned me to follow her and then my sensations were beyond description.

The entrance to the sphere above my own sent a thrill of such delight through every nerve I possessed that I placed my hand upon my heart to keep its throbbings and desires within bounds, for I felt sure it would leap from my spiritual form.

What I witnessed no mortal eye could bear. Purity and kindness

had placed upon the brows of all such glittering crowns of glory that my spiritual development made me feel out of place in an atmosphere inhabited by angels and spirits so beautiful.

Their robes were purest white, clothing them like fleecy particles, woven into something so rare and beautiful I wondered whether angel's hands had not been the weavers, for I felt sure nothing less godly could have touched such beautifully woven and finely finished material. I at last spoke to my guide about this.

"Yes," she replied "but the work is all done by pure and holy thoughts not by the hands of the weavers. While it seems very delicate to your vision its lasting qualities will only give way to greater works of beauty. We will now enter and you will see greater wonders."

I never spoke again till I returned to my own sphere. The spheres we now entered and visited I cannot describe, my language is not equal to it.

Lakes, rivers and wonders too great to be believed by mortals were visible in every direction.

The lakes shone like bodies of pure metal and very beautiful streams were of silvery whiteness, over which glided boats and boatmen like floating white spirits, enjoying blissful rest. Laughter flowed from their lips so sweet and pure that no earthly music I had ever heard could equal its sweetness.

Joy shone upon the faces of all and lights of holiness surrounded them so grandly that the pain of mortal sorrows, remembered just

enough to make the comparison readily sensed, made me long to come back to earth, and inform all mortals of the life that awaited the pure minded.

The higher one ascends in the spheres the greater the wonders and sensations. Music and musicians, denied the humble and unfortunately poor while on earth, are furnished in their greatest, grandest and most heart thrilling pleasures to all fitted by their own spiritual desire for the higher spheres.

The Arts and Sciences too, are here enjoyed with the knowledge furnished by the higher intelligences.

Just imagine, if you can, minds so developed in every way that one thought of theirs reaches, in its vast knowledge and researches, hidden forces which put in operation controlling powers that move endless chains of revolving light, to give to inhabitants of the world below power to evolve, and accomplish, through strata after strata the ends which these great and lofty minds deem elevating enough to need their help.

Men and women not spiritually inclined will simply say Ingersoll is evidently dreaming when I tell them that the higher spheres possess the appearance of worlds of light inhabited by beautiful forms of such heavenly sweetness that the presence of one of these lights of love would so frighten an impure mortal that he would repent and fear evil far more than any sight of the orthodox devil could inspire. For the impure man or woman is not afraid of their own familiar spirit, which is the evil in them. But this evil spirit in them

fears the pure minded inhabitant of the realms above, for this purity is the power that rules, not by evil, but through kindness. The governing power compels the lower to obey the higher intelligences, and in time the lower are brought into the fold of righteousness.

Language understood by mortals cannot express what I witnessed, and should I tell one-half the wonderful works I saw, and hope some day to enjoy, my mortal friends, as well as enemies, would declare Ingersoll was the greatest liar who ever attempted to describe a heaven too grand and wonderful to be understood by ignorant mankind, but which all will sometime enter and enjoy.

I will now say a few words to my bigoted friends, materialists, deists, infidels, broad and liberal minded, Protestant and Catholic:—

Heaven is not ruled by forms and creeds, but by true love and God Almighty's laws. Could I reach you with my voice a thousand times more strong than human tongues can speak, I would warn you, encourage you and put into your hearts peace, love and true religious ideas, the truth that overcomes ignorance and selfishness and opens the eyes to see the lights of love, and the ears to hear the sweet, pure musical sounds descending at all times through the open doors of Heaven, only partly closed but never barred nor locked against one repentant soul, even if his earthly existence may have been somewhat spotted with questionable religious beliefs.

My warnings are not for the wrong doer alone, but also for the

Pharisaical Christian, who sometimes has more to repent of than the less religious for every wrong judgment he is guilty of in condemning others for not believing and doing as he does, makes him see his own little, narrow mind which is not given you to misjudge with, but to elevate and lift you above purely petty idolizing of some small god and bring you in closer touch with the mighty mind of your heavenly Father.

Education in the right line places you in touch with this mind and in this knowledge lies the light to work out your own salvation while on earth.

Prayers without deeds avail no thing. Sincere desires to do good, and efforts to work out these desires, are the only prayers which reach beyond your own vain lips which open to express in words, too often, simply what sounds very pious, but which is only outside gilding, the heart itself not being touched in the slightest degree.

To the unfortunate men and women whose circumstances and environments give them nothing but

sorrow and care from the beginning to the end of earthly existence, my encouragement will be given. Life after shaking off the mortal body gives you the most blissful feelings, only doubled by your unhappy earth experience, for every pain, sorrow and care brings to you developing opportunities which soon place you so far above your earth life that you then remember your sorrows with pleasure for you feel sure they have brought you this crowning reward.

Divine you are, one and all. Love from God, your heavenly Father, links together as one endless chain the pliable metal to finish perfectly the imperfect and rudely constructed atoms, which sometimes seem so poor and brittle that many links must be forever dropped. But though centuries may be required to bring to perfection these baser pieces of rust-eaten, but priceless virtue, which exist under all this rust, all will stand at last purified and washed white to receive in Everlasting Life the love of a Father so kind and holy that his lowest and best are rendered equal to share in his love.

