

**GABRIEL'S TESTAMENT: (INSIDE)-BLOW-
BLOW-BLOW-(OUTSIDE): GABRIEL'S
SIDE SHOW CIR-CUR: 3. A SINGLE ACT--
CUS-CIR-CUS: PICTURE SIGNS OF THE
TIMES: DICTATION OF THE GOSPEL-WIRE**

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Gabriel's testament: (inside)-Blow-Blow-Blow-(outside): Gabriel's side show cir-cur: 3. A single act-cus-cir-cus: picture signs of the times: dictation of the gospel-wire by Elijah Josiah Berryman

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ELIJAH JOSIAH BERRYMAN

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E. J. Burdeman

GABRIEL'S TESTAMENT.

(Inside)—**Blow—Blow—Blow**—(Outside)

Gabriel's Side Show—Circus.



A Single Act—Eys—Eir—Eys.

PICTURE SIGNS OF THE TIMES,

DICTION OF THE GOSPEL-WIRE.



1891

SANT-A-ROSA, SONOMA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

SOME ASK SOME CATCH ON MORE.

70124

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS,
in the year 1891,
In the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

copy

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Berry dead at work—Dead Berry dead at Dead
work—Look in the Letter—She.



By respect I am Joe McGinty Gabriel—or Baby Joe,
The Son—o—ma Boy, giving all this why is He my Friend ;
Because I love not in affection—but in duty I am bound
To the red-men of the north-west who prophesy a Messias.
I am permitted to say—a better one does not come in time,
I promise—I Am—I fulfill when snow is about there.

Now and again, I Am,

ELI JOE BERRY-MAN.



GABRIEL'S TESTAMENT,

—OR,—

PICTURE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

INTRODUCTION.

I am to introduce introduction
One two second our—Two Strike—minute our
Son Born Again,
A First over a Second—this educated flies with Gabriel's
Trumpet. He that made Trumpet maid—spider.
Now come educate His flies—maid that flies he spied her.
Come now, educate; you are one of His flies.
This is His—flies hear Gabriel's Trumpet—flies all
Over the world hear Gabriel's Trumpet.
All over the world flies blow Gabriel's Trumpet.
One of the world fly-blows Gabriel's Trumpet.
Gabriel come in the world—he flies, come hear him
Blow off Gabriel's Trumpet.
God above, fool take care; God above blows fool away;
Away fool, blow for God above!


I am Eli Josias Joseph, by respect
To Him, my Friend, this book to me is dictated without
affection.
I love to fulfill His Promise; for my writing I do
Willingly pass proceeds not mine,
For I Am Antonio Bassanio, or, &c. This is mine, letter the
Last.
Son, see cook—see first picture of life and last picture of life.
Now take stay down sentiment of his Friend; I Am his
Publis-her, by FRIEND SHIP.

Sentiment—he works, a fool may know;
His Works no fool can know—His Works the fool may see;
His Works a fool can—Will see;
His Works the blind fool may feel; the fool never feels like
him
At work. This is after McGinty words; over after dead
Picture. This is my Dead-eye-case-Son—

Dead-eye-case-shun—Dead-eye-dick-shun—
 Dick Dead Eye shun—I case Dead Son—
 Dead sons eye the case.
 Dead I Am, case hard—Dead Son, your case harden ;
 Into your case, Dead Son, hard then; now then, Son Come
 Again.
 Son again Born ; SON BORN AGAIN.

Into your work at thirty, half time; near thirty-one, half time.
 Into your Work at thirty-one, full time.
 Just as you are—into your Work just as you are.
 Work out time; just as you are, hard work, heavy tire ;
 Work all heavy tire, down shift work, heat, heavy tire ;
 Work lose heat, tire heavy, work loose heat,
 Loose yourself—die dig-eye—dive headlong,
 Along ahead into her.

Please tell me what to write, I Am; I am the same
 Son, I am the same Son Dead, I am the same Dead Son.
 Come just at man, dive me in; then I die, I am same Son.
 I write anything, dead, for I Am.
 When dead I write anything for my Publis-her. I Am a Jew.
 I dive out into it, for I Am The Jew;
 I am the Common Jew Trinity :

FATHER —  — SPIRIT

Book Cross of Trinity.

I am to you a Saviour Work for the Common Trinity.
 Father of Christ, I Am, Eli Joseph.

Father of Christiamity, Joseph.

Common Trinity. Father—of Christ—ianity—Joseph.
 Common Trinity Son—a scrub crank, turning towards heaven.
 Common Trinity Holy Spirit—Mary. return to earth of
 Venus.

Our God above made three one.
 Three is one—one is three—Joseph, John and Jesus.
 First comes last—last comes first—Jesus is John Joseph.

Many years departed, in the Home of the Free,
 Joe McGinty is mud, still his Spirit kicks the bottom of the
 holy see.

He is waiting, on the Kingdom of God, as Joseph of an ancient line;

Brave in love of God, he would hold Christ to the cross; in present time.

Remaining as Joseph (son of Jacob) true, noble, continent man,

Vile woman went her ways, this Joe obeys Gods command.
In beginning unscen, the Mystery, comes to life by His word,
With his power some blind will see, some born deaf now have heard.

God, Himself, his word owns, pictures of evil life it contains,
Pictures, the greatest evil his Spirit could retain.

He gave it for evil—some evil believe he was right.

Some profess to know, His kite flies not as high as it might.

Great men like their own way.

They may live without trouble, they may draw their own pay.
God kills the white man and red, they with His power shall never die,

They accept God's ways, His understanding of man,

Christ was the model of God's love, death the first of God's plan.

Others may snuff his bread of literature.

It remains fresh and ready and just the same.

The red man's life is for the Happy Hunting Ground,

Noble Brave his Great Spirit, in white trash is seldom found.

To God subdued to nature, they lived in ancient days,

The white man crowds him unthankful takes his home,

Binds his Spirit it will not stay,

That Spirit prefers to fall backward, in the jaws of death, Its own way.

Apart from white trash they soar to the Home of the Free

Well pleased with kindness, independence and liberty.

They beloved of old, may help that Spirit named Christ, in all ages in God's Home;

Never was flesh of man to see Christ, that Spirit is in man unknown.

Who can reveal the secret thoughts of a Christ, when by himself alone.

It is beyond the scope of reason,

For simple man, to view the original scene of a life in ancient times.

For the pleasure of judgment, I simply write

As judgment indicates, without change from the original record,