

THE FREETHINKER.

EDITED BY G. W. FOOTE.

Sub-Editor—J. M. WHEELER.

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COMIC BIBLE SKETCH.—No. 128.



GOD'S FEET.

“Then went up Moses, and Aaron, Nadab, and Abihu, and seventy of the elders of Israel: and they saw the God of Israel: and there was under his feet as it were a paved work of a sapphire stone.”—EXODUS xxiv., 9, 10.

A BISHOP ON INFIDELITY.

BISHOP ELLICOTT recently preached a sermon at Clifton, a fashionable suburb of Bristol, on the dangers of modern thought. What he really meant was the danger of *any* thought. His text was “Keep that which is committed to thy trust” (Timothy vi., 20). The *Bristol Daily Press* prints it as “Guard that which is committed unto thee.” Probably the reporter caught the text as well as he could, and was unable to revise his version because there was no Bible at the office. We advise the editor to invest in a shilling copy if he means to report sermons, or to apply for one *in forma pauperis* to the British and Foreign Bible Society.

The words of the text, says Dr. Ellicott, “were, as we know, originally spoken to the bishop of a great city.” As we know! Who are the *we*? Bishop Ellicott is simply gulling his hearers. As a scholar, he knows quite well that the postscripts to the Epistles to Timothy are neither ostensibly nor actually from the pen of Paul, even if the Epistles themselves are. To assert that Timothy was Bishop of Ephesus, in any proper sense of the word, is to show a gross ignorance of the state of Christianity in Paul’s lifetime, or else to practise a wilful fraud.

It is useless for Bishop Ellicott and his like to meet “infidelity” in this way. Asserting what everybody knows to be false, and arguing from it as an established truth, is worse than the folly of Mrs. Partington, who tried to sweep back the Atlantic with a broom. “Infidelity,” says the Bishop, “is the deadly principle that

is really at work in every movement of modern thought.” It is, therefore, a real danger. Yet all the Bishop can advise the faithful to do is to keep on sweeping.

And what is this infidelity? According to Bishop Ellicott, it means any deviation from the literal meaning of Scripture. Allegorising is an especial form of sin. Refining away the stories of the Garden of Eden and the Fall as a kind of moral parable, is tampering with the very foundations of the faith. Bishop Ellicott sticks to his first man, Adam, who was made out of mud, and his first woman, Eve, who was made out of a spare rib. And when the faithful cry out that if they stand by these dogmas they will surely be drowned by the advancing tide of Darwinism, the Bishop simply says: “Sweep away, beloved, sweep away!”

Bishop Ellicott is most of all concerned about the “infidelity” which is creeping into the pulpit. “We are not now,” he says, “dealing with the objections of infidels—the Church has always known how to answer *them*.” Yes, right reverend father in God, she has. Her answer has been the axe, the gibbet and the stake; the rack, the wheel and the thumb-screw; slander, starvation and imprisonment. But these pious methods of controversy are pretty nearly played out now. Your Church has lost her power of life and death; she cannot even anathematise with any effect; she can only caress her rusty old Blasphemy Laws, and get Sunday-school children to petition against infidel members of Parliament.

See, says Bishop Ellicott, Rome on one side and Agnosticism on the other. Both are deadly perils. Here, in the centre, the golden mean, is our dear old Church of England. Cling to this as the Rock of Ages! Bishop Ellicott reminds

us of the gentleman in a certain besieged city, who told the inhabitants that there was nothing like leather.

By way of frightening them still further, the Bishop affirms that we shall all be made responsible for our "opinions and convictions" at "the final judgment." A more immoral doctrine was never preached, and history shows that it has filled the world with confusion and bloodshed. There is no form of persecution, however cruel, which it does not sanction. Intellectually, it is a doctrine for fools and slaves. To say that there is a God who endowed us with reason, and who will damn us for exercising it, is to make God a Devil. We fancy that even the Lord must be ready to cry, "Save me from my friends!"

G. W. FOOTE.

THE BRAVO'S HYMN.

FOR human sympathy and aid
I know 'tis vain to search;
'Tis to religion I must turn,
To God and to His Church.
I pay God's priest, and then confess,
And God forgives and angels bless.

His tender mercies ever sure
Are over all his works;
Over each priest and prostitute,
Each bravo as he lurks.
O'er all his works, and I am one!
For me he gave his only Son!

'Tis true I am a man of blood;
Nay, list'ner do not start;
Great David was a man of blood,
Though after God's own heart.
I cannot hope to equal him,
And saw and rend men limb from limb.

As through the midnight gloom I steal,
Grasping my deadly blade,
I love to count my sacred beads
And call on saints to aid;
And better still on God's own Son:
I come to him; he casts out none!

Deeply I thank thee Lord above,
My raptured heart it wins
That faith in Christ and in his saints
Absolves me from my sins.
Oh, blessed boon, beyond all price
To those who live by crime or vice!

By thy good priest thou pardonest;
My conscience thus is eased.
Thou art my Father and my God
In whom I am well pleased.
Oh, grant me many a good affair,
Well paid, and thou shalt have thy share.

Good Jacob bargain'd thus with thee,
And for thy help he swore
To give a tenth of all his gains.
Lord, I will give thee more.
And I will use all means of grace
Thy priests provide to meet my case.

The sacred medal that I wear
Guards me from man's great foe.
'Twill blot out my iniquities;
Thy Church assures me so:
For on that magic piece of gold
The Immaculate Conception's told.

Christ's heart I worship; then I know
That, having done my part,
I'm "unconditionally saved"
By Jesu's sacred heart.
This makes assurance trebly sure;
I feel I am indeed secure.

And thus I know that I have gain'd
Salvation's priceless gem.
Widows? orphans? victims?—bah!
Why should I think of them?
'Tis by God's will the bravo thrives;
'Tis God, by my hand, takes men's lives.

How many I have slain for him
'Tis better to forget;
But he has helped me through each deed,
And will through many yet.
Thanks to his aid, since I began
Once only have I miss'd my man.

The coward—he had amour on
Beneath his gay attire.
The knife glanced off—I had to fly,
Or face his pistol's fire.
I know, Lord, how that came to pass;
That month I had not been to mass.

I tore my hair, and bitterly
Repented of my sin;
And for my long neglect of thee
Wore sackcloth next my skin.
My penance over, thou didst bless,
Next time thou gavest swift success.

'Thou knowest, Lord, my cause is thine;
For by thy priests' advice
I work thy will on heretics
At half the usual price.
Not being sin, it costs me less,
When I, to make all sure, confess.

The Three above, the Three in One,
Mould all things as they like.
They want the lives I take, or else
They would not let me strike.
Inscrutable, God reigns supreme;
My deeds are part of his great scheme.

When children weep and widows wail
They feel his chast'ning rod.
It serves them right; they should not love
The creature more than God.
They learn to fly to heav'nly aid,
Thanks to me and to my trade.

Then bless my keen stiletto, Lord,
As thou didst Ehud's knife.
'Twas not his hand that stabb'd so well;
'Twas thine that took the life.
So Sisera was slain asleep.
Yea, 'tis thy will that widows weep.

I know by many a token sure
How well thou lovest blood;
Each hour thou takest human lives
By sword and flame and flood;
I do but work thy holy will;
I ask thy blessing ere I kill.

Murderers, many, met in heaven,
To thee will humbly bow.
We only lack'd thy power to do
As mighty works as thou.
Thy victims in their millions fell;
And countless billions howl in hell.

By faith thy merits now are ours
For ever we shall be,
Like the good thief upon the cross,
In paradise with thee.
Uriah's murderer we shall meet,
With Christ his "Son" oft at his feet.

W. P. BALL.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER: "Who tempted Eve?" Freddy: "It's the gentleman who lives in hell. I've forgotten his name."
LUSHINGTON GROGG, who had been committed in default, wrote on the walls of his cell, "Jug not that ye be not jugged."

MOST Christians deem their Bible more precious than gold. Yet they lock up their silver at night, and allow the Word of God to remain on the parlor table.

AT a recent revival meeting a young man concluded a fervent address by saying, "I wish to be a friend to the friendless, a father to the fatherless, and a widow to the widowless."

AN old darkey, who was asked if, in his experience, prayer was ever answered, replied, "Well, sah, some pra'rs is ansud, an' some isn't—pends on w'at you axes fo'. Jest arter de wah, we'n it was mighty hard scratchin' fo' de culled brederin' I 'bsarved dat w'enebber I pway de Lo'd to sen' one o' Marse Peyton' fat turkeys fo' de old man, dere was no notice took ob der partition; but w'en I pway dat he would sen' de old man fo' de turkey, de matter was 'tended to befo' sun-up nex' mornin'."

AN ORIGINAL EXCUSE.—Willie M—, an Ayrshire farmer, was somewhat remiss in attending Divine service, and his parish minister, on one of his pastoral visits, took occasion to refer to it in rather a pointed manner. Willie excused himself on the score of advancing years; but his spiritual guide would not condone the offence on that ground. "That will scarcely do, William, for I observe you are very regular in your attendance at market every Friday." "Ou, ay, sir," replied Willie, "but that's easy explained. Ye see, when we gang tae the toon, we can get what we like; but, when we gang tae the kirk, we hae just to tak' what thou likes to gie us!"

RIDICULE AND CHRISTIANITY.

THE patched dogmas of the Christian creed are in themselves so incongruous and repugnant to common sense that a plain statement of them is enough to show their absurdity. Its deity walks in the garden in the cool of the day, curses Adam and Eve and all their posterity for the crime of eating some fruit, and four thousand years afterwards takes it into his head to come to earth and be born of a Jewish woman (who nevertheless remains a virgin), in order to repair the mischief caused by this fruit-eating fiasco. He is ignominiously put to death by his own people, but rises again and ascends into heaven, his people nevertheless refusing to believe in him. So they and all other unbelievers will be condemned by a merciful God to suffer eternal torments in hell. Make such a sober statement as that of his creed to a Christian, and he will say that you are ridiculing him, and "ridicule is not argument" he will gravely declare. There is nothing he objects to so much as a plain exposure of his absurdities.

"Ridicule is not argument" said the spiritists when *Punch* depicted Mrs. Marshall, the medium, with her apparatus of stuffed gloves and elongating sticks. "You mock sacred things," said the Jesuits, when Pascal exposed their casuistry (see *Les Provinciales*, Lettre XI.) Doubtless the priests of Baal said the same when Elijah chaffed them, asking whether their God was asleep, or peradventure on a journey. The artifice of inculcating a solemn and reverential manner of treating absurdities is the approved recipe, as the history of all superstition shows, for sanctifying, in the estimation of the timid and credulous, the most enormous deviations from truth and common sense. The medicine-man of the savage preserved his authority by a grave demeanor and by having his person *tabu*—not to be touched or subjected to a too scrutinising inquiry. "Priests of all persuasions," says Oliver Goldsmith, "are enemies to ridicule because they know it to be a formidable antagonist to fanaticism, and they preach up gravity to conceal their own shallowness of imposture." Just so with Jahveh. No one was allowed to enter his holy of holies but the priests. Over fifty thousand persons were slain for venturing to look into his travelling trunk. All persons who rebelled against his private secretary, Moses, were suddenly swallowed up by earthquakes, or came to some equally bad end. Forty little children, who called Elisha bald-head, were torn to pieces by God-inspired bears. The sanctimonious airs and pious gravity of priests and prophets, coupled with tales of this kind, served to protect their pretensions from inquiry.

Nothing serves better to unmask them than a little well-directed raillery. When a sky-pilot tells me I shall go to hell, I tell him I've had a telegram from the late Bishop Wilberforce to say that the temperature of that region is much reduced. If he asks me to believe in the incarnation I tell him that with the salary of the Archbishop of Canterbury I might believe in all the incarnations of Vishnu. If he extols the merits of faith I lament that the Bible does not exercise mine sufficiently and I profess my readiness to believe that Jonah swallowed the whale, that Moses talked with God by means of a telephone, and that Elijah mounted to heaven on a bicycle.

Sydney Smith remarks: "We are a good deal amused, indeed, with the extreme disrelish which Mr. John Styles exhibits to the humor and pleasantry with which he admits the Methodists to have been attacked; but Mr. John Styles should remember that it is not the practice with the destroyers of vermin to allow the little victims a *velo* upon the weapons used against them." Christianity we regard, as Sydney Smith regarded the Methodists, as not only silly but mischievous. We trace to its dogmas much of the insanity and misery that have afflicted the world. It only ceases to be pernicious because it is no longer believed in. People only believe that they believe, and need to be shamed out of their hypocrisy. For this purpose a little laughter is often more efficacious than all the solid arguments in the world. In a Comic Bible Sketch, for instance, a Christian sees his creed in a point of view which has never struck him before. He is perhaps shocked at first, but the shaft sticks. The magic halo of sacred association with which his fetish Bible has been invested is dispelled. Ridicule is, indeed, the most pointed form of argument—the *argumentum ad*

absurdum. If Christians wish to repress the mirth of Freethinkers, let them exhibit less absurd doctrines.

J. M. WHEELER.

ACID DROPS.

So the Tories and bigots are once more victorious in the House of Commons. Mr. Hopwood's motion is defeated by an unexpectedly large majority, and Northampton is still half disfranchised by the arbitrary conduct of the representatives of smaller constituencies. Mr. Bradlaugh spoke truly in his dignified protest to the Speaker. His only appeal now is to the constituencies. We shall be greatly astonished to find a tithe of the recreant Liberals who have assisted the bigots in this ugly business returned to the next Parliament.

AMONG the Liberal abstentions from the division were Sir A. Lusk and Alderman Lawrence. The latter is the political representative of retrograde Unitarianism, and, somehow or other, he is constantly explaining to his constituents why he fails to turn up on critical occasions. Whenever Liberal principles are at stake, there seems a universal conspiracy of the forces of nature to prevent Alderman Lawrence from reaching the House of Commons. It is strange, but true; and, as Byron says, truth is strange—stranger than fiction.

FINSBURY Torrens voted with the Tories against the political rights of Freethinkers. Every Freethinker in Finsbury is bound to oppose this renegade, even if he repents at the last hour.

THE Irish party voted solid against "Bradlaugh," whom they appear to hate with a perfect hatred. Parnell and Tim Healey were as brutally discourteous as the forms of the House would allow. The joke is that neither of them (so rumor says) is burdened with much more religion than Mr. Bradlaugh. Yet they not only oppose and insult him in the House, but send some of their slavish, and perhaps dependent, minions to oppose the candidature of the "arch-infidel" at St. Luke's. Probably in the whole history of the world there never was a party who clamored so loudly for their own freedom and howled so lustily against everybody else's.

WITH Parnell, Tim Healey and the priests at the top in Ireland, under Home Rule, what a glorious green isle of freedom it would be for everybody with sense enough to think for himself and honesty enough to say what he thinks!

BOTH the McCarthys, father and son, voted with the bigots. Yet we defy them to prove that they have a grain of religion between them. People who know them would smile at their professions of piety. On the whole, politics seem becoming a sink of corruption, which honest men would rather keep out of.

SIR NATHANIEL ROTHSCHILD has been created Lord De Rothschild. His father was kept out of the House of Commons for twelve years for being a Jew. What a vice then appears a virtue now, for it is difficult to see what claim a Rothschild has to a peerage except his creed, unless it be his money. The Jews are certainly getting their revenge for centuries of persecution. They swarm everywhere, own half the papers in Europe, and instigate half the wars. Surely the end of the world is at hand; for Haggai's prophecy is fulfilled, and the "desirable things of all nations" are flowing in to the Jews.

THE *Manchester Examiner* recalls some of the incidents in the history of the Hebrew settlers in this country. The persecutions were especially severe during the fervor of the Crusades. The excited Christians frequently plundered the houses of the Jews, burnt them to the ground, and massacred the inhabitants. At York a thousand Jews with their wives and children escaped to the castle, but after a siege, recognising the hopelessness of their position, they escaped torture, shame and ignominious death at the hands of their meek and lowly Christian brethren by slaying themselves. How strange that when the vaunted religion of love had power it produced such horrors, and now when it is fast losing that power it boasts of its tolerance in admitting a Jew to the House of Lords instead of burning him alive and seizing his riches.

MR. J. RAMSEY COOPER, a chemist in Canterbury, attended divine service at a Congregational church last Sunday morning, and on returning home committed suicide. Another sad illustration of the connexion between suicide and Atheism. Religious papers please copy.

A NEW weekly journal is announced with the title *Religious Opinion*. The advertisement says that it will be totally unsectarian and aim at giving a digest of every denomination. If it fairly gives all the conflicting opinions founded on the infallible Word of God it will prove a nice mixture.

CANON MORSE, of Nottingham, is going to support the Conservative candidate on the ground that, "though more of a

Liberal than a Conservative," he is "more of a Churchman than either." Exactly. Scratch a Churchman and you find a Tory.

THERE is a proposal to erect a church and institute in Liverpool for the deaf and dumb. Poor creatures! Let us hope they may be spared the infliction. Most church-goers are beginning to wish that they were deaf or the preacher dumb.

THERE has been a nice little row at Stroud Green, Hornsey, respecting the appointment of the Ritualistic Mr. Linklater to a church alleged to have been built by Evangelicals. At a meeting of that clergyman with his parishioners he got hissed and hooted, and resolutions were passed condemning Mr. Gladstone for appointing him to the charge. This is one of the effects of having a State Church.

"THERE is no freer Church in the world than the Church of England," said the Rev. Harry Jones, at the Ely Diocesan Conference. A comment is supplied by the clerical letters in the *Times*, complaining that the Revised Version of the Bible cannot be used until sanctioned by Parliament.

THOMAS HOLMES, of Lincoln, believes in faith healing; so he refused to send for medical aid when his child was seriously ill. The faith-healer whom he had in to pray over the child, in accordance with biblical instructions, was not able to bring down the Holy Ghost in sufficient quantity to be of any use, and the child died. The coroner's jury severely censured the father for obeying God's revealed instructions and regretted they could not punish him—the earthly father of course, not the heavenly one.

HOPE HALL, Liverpool, has lately been occupied by the peripatetic "faith-healers," and, judging from the report which appears in the *Porcupine* from the pen of a sceptical investigator, faith-healing is scarcely in the ascendant. "Brother Sandford," the principal performer, was, before being converted, a "Yankee drummer"—i.e., commercial traveller, and seems to have had as a fellow-passenger on the "Catalonia" when crossing to Europe, the sceptic before mentioned, who records the fact that sea-sickness was prevalent on board, "Brother Sandford" not being exempt, and none were aware of the great blessing within their reach.

"STILL there's room" might well have been the refrain of the hymn sung on the occasion, for although the sceptic arrived late, the most remarkable feature of the hall was the large number of vacant seats. At the close of a dreary service, those who wished to be "healed" were invited into the vestry, and thither—after the usual collection "to defray expenses"—repaired a dozen women and five men, including the candid inquirer. The latter, however, was soon invited to leave, so that for an authentic (!) report of what followed reference must be had to the columns of the *Christian Herald*!

"BROTHER BAXTER" was there, with his prophetic mantle on, and in a blood-curdling address prognosticated the end of all things in 1896. Those who call to mind "Brother Baxter's" success in the prophetic line, which almost places him on a level with Mother Shipton, will need no further remarks on this point to enable them to appreciate the value of the prediction.

"GEORGE ROTHERHAM" upholds faith-healing. He says: "The secret is, ask and believe you have received, and before long that receiving will take a definite shape." Believe you have received, pretend you have received, and before long "that receiving" (!) will be a fact! Thus falsehoods are asked for by faith-healers as the price of healing, and miracles merely hoped for in the future are declared to have really occurred in the past.

"GOD Save Ireland!" is usually printed in prominent type at the bottom of bills announcing a "grand demonstration" of "patriots" anxious to denounce "seven centuries of wrongs." It does not seem to have struck these gentlemen that the "saving" is rather a slow process. The phrase above quoted is usually in juxtaposition to an appeal for funds, so that it is evident "patriots" are practical on some subjects.

THE contents-bill of the *Liverpool Courier* on Monday contained in prominent type the words "Bradlaugh's Next Move." A perusal of the paper showed only the following reference to Mr. Bradlaugh: "Mr. Bradlaugh is to begin to-night." That was all! But it eased one or two Freethinkers of a copper.

THE General Presbyterian Assembly recently resolved that the Roman Catholic Church being apostate could not be recognised as a portion of the Church of Christ. Its priests were pronounced usurpers, its ordinances unscriptural, and its baptism invalid. This is exactly what the Romanists say of the Protestants. We agree with Voltaire, who, when he heard two old women abusing each other, declared, "I believe you both."

"UNCLE IKE" in the *War Cry* tells us how "a large assemblage waited on God for power," and he says: "God came and filled and flooded each one of us." They had "a heaven-on-earth time, everybody on the go, singing, shouting, and volley firing." "Startling testimonies" were also given by "redeemed slaves

now welding-hot Soldiers." Subsequently on a hot day they "dipped in the Water of Life and had a real good refreshing time." At night it appears they carry out "gigantic" marches headed by their "magnificent brass band," concertina band timbrel band, and "Hallelujah Miriams" in red and blue sashes.

IN India "the Blood-and-Fire Flag" has been planted on an "idol Temple" in one of the Gujarati villages. We shall have Salvation Army riots in India as frequently as in England if this kind of thing goes on.

A UNITARIAN minister holds that law in modern science is invested with attributes which simply make it another name for God. This indicates the common tendency of Unitarianism to Pantheism *en route* for Atheism. God is disappearing and natural law is taking his place. At present they are being merged together and identified. But the vague lingering anthropomorphism which still puts an "executive power" at the back of law will fade away. Allegiance will gradually have been transferred from deity to humanity, from God to nature, from fiction to fact. Law is but sequence of event.

SCHOOL Boards are not allowed to maintain training colleges, so that the teachers they require have usually to pass through the existing institutions, which are all sectarian though mainly supported by public money or by the students. Only about one-eighth of the cost of these places is defrayed by voluntary contributions, yet no one can enter them without submitting to religious tests of a stringent character. Are the instructors of the nation unworthy of religious liberty? No wonder that they are slow to give their pupils the religious freedom granted by law. A conscience clause for teachers would make them respect the conscience clause for their pupils a little more.

"LITERATURE AND DOGMA."—The *Catholic Times*.

A FRENCH professor is endeavoring to throw doubt on the reality of the execution of Bruno. By rejecting Gaspard Schopp's account of the burning as a literary forgery, and by treating Mersenne's reference as merely an echo of Schopp, he thinks the ground is clear for assuming that Bruno was only burnt in effigy and was kept for the rest of his life in some quiet convent where his opinions would make no stir. As if it were the nature of the Church after hunting down its victims to take pity on them! Heretics were only burnt in effigy when the Church could not catch them in person. The professor claims that after Bruno's extradition at Venice and his delivery to the Church, there is no certain evidence of his fate. This alleged lack of evidence is supposed to prove that the professor's rash guesses are facts. There is not a hundredth part as much evidence that Christ was executed as there is that Bruno was burnt.

TWENTY villages have been burned down in Austria, the fires in every case being kindled by lightning. Great hurricanes have also committed fearful havoc there. Jahveh is surely in his tantrums again. Perhaps he does not like the new Austrian Sunday law.

MR. FORD, an evangelist, was not satisfied with the confession of one of his converts that she was the "greatest sinner in the district." He said to her, "But do you know that you are a hundred times worse than you think you are? The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Hereupon he says, "the woman got into a terrible passion of anger." Naturally enough. Why should he insult her in this stupid way?

MR. FORD explains to the girls of his Bible-class that "Jesus was a free gift from God." Does God the Father give away God the Son, or does the Holy Ghost give him away, or does God the Trinity give away part of himself? and which then is God, the part given away or the part that remains?

THE Bishop of St. Andrews writes to the *Times* advocating an alliance between the established churches of England and Scotland in common church defence. Are, then, the Episcopalians going to adopt Presbyterianism, or will the Presbyterians put themselves under bishops? The only common ground of alliance is that both parties have a strong objection to resigning the loaves and fishes.

THERE is a Cycling Club in connexion with the Young Men's Christian Association at Sheffield. It is composed, according to one of its members who ought to know, "of young men whose hearts have been touched by the Holy Ghost." These inspired apostles intend to preach Christ, and the other two members of the Trinity, in the country villages, and to distribute leaflets as they whirl along. What a pity these handy machines were not invented eighteen centuries ago. Christianity might then have spread a great deal faster. Fancy J. C. on a bicycle! There would have been no crucifixion, for it would have been impossible to arrest him. He evidently wanted to get off, and all he needed was the means.

"THE GRAND OLD MAN" Cigars are so named because—like the Grand Old Man himself—they have never been equalled.—Thornes, Maker, Bradford, Yorks. All Liberal and Radical Clubs should try them.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

MR. FOOTE'S ENGAGEMENTS.

Sunday, July 12, Secular Hall, 61 New Church Road, Camberwell, at 8, on "The New Bible; or God's Word Brought Up to Date."

JULY 19, Milton Hall; 26, Claremont Hall.

CORRESPONDENTS.

- ALL business communications to be addressed to the Manager, Mr. W. J. Ramsey, 28 Stonecutter Street, London, E.C. Literary communications to the Editor, 14 Clerkenwell Green, London, E.C. The *Freethinker* will be forwarded, direct from the office, post free to any part of Europe, America, Canada and Egypt, at the following rates, prepaid:—One Year, 6s. 6d.; Half Year, 3s. 3s.; Three Months, 1s. 7½d.
- SCALE OF ADVERTISEMENTS:—Thirty words, 1s. 6d.; every succeeding ten words, 6d. *Displayed Advertisements*:—One inch, 3s.; Half Column, 15s.; Column, £1 10s. Special terms for repetitions.
- J. H. PORTER.—We don't want to be unjust even to "General" Booth. Better men than he have been drawn into unpleasant litigation. Besides, it may be only a good advertisement, and we decline to assist him in that object.
- J. R. BATTERSHELL.—A good idea, but the Rev. E. S. Blackburn's little sermon isn't worth powder and shot. There is really nothing in it, and *ex nihilo nihil fit*.
- J. SPENCE.—Thanks for the cutting. We hope the debate will not fall through. If Mr. Harvey is ready, we are; and we are confident that Freethought will gain by the encounter; for our principles are such, that the more they are known the better they are liked.
- H. BARRETT.—Lend the reverend gentleman a copy of the "Jewish Life of Christ," or Mr. Bradlaugh's "Genesis," and see if he can answer the arguments or impugn the scholarship. But, after all, common people must be saved or damned in their own language; and you might tell the parson that if God Almighty spoke in Greek or Hebrew two or three thousand years ago, he might as well take the trouble to speak in English now. As for Latin, the Lord never spoke in it at all. The Vulgate Bible is a translation by St. Jerome.
- W. WRIGHTSON asks us to announce that the Barnsley Branch of the N. S. S. will start from Barnsley Joint Station, Sunday, July 12, at 7.15 a.m., for a trip to Hazlehead and Langsett Moors. Fare 1s. 2d. Friends invited.
- G. KITCHING, 5 Seneca Road, Sandmere Road, Clapham, S.W., will be glad to correspond with Freethinkers in the neighborhood, with the view to starting a Secular Hall.—Our correspondent writes: "I must thank you for your 'Crimes of Christianity.' It is without doubt the finest impeachment of the creed ever written."
- W. B.—By all means shut the door on the priest if you find he is after your dying brother's cash. Anointing a consumptive man with oil, on the pretence of curing him, or doing him any good, is quite on a level with fortune-telling or the three-card trick, and ought to be dealt with in the same way.
- J. SMYTH.—Thanks. The signature shall be appended.
- A. SMALLEY.—Part II. of "Comic Bible Sketches" will be published shortly. Glad to hear you think our Summer Number "immense."
- T. SHAW.—Mr. Foote never yet wrote in a Freethought journal without signing his name to every article from his pen.
- E. WAINWRIGHT.—Thanks. We had already seen the paragraph.
- M. S.—Mr. Foote is certainly not "above lecturing in the open air," but the work is very trying and Mr. Foote's duties are already so exacting that he cannot risk the possibility of a day's break-down. Fortunately there are plenty of other workers in the field. We hope Messrs. Brown and Crocker will be supported in their open-air propaganda in Hyde Park, of which you furnish such a satisfactory account.
- L. A. WARDEN, 75 Gladstone Street, Leicester, writes that the Sunday Cricket Club is trying to get private ground, but does not intend to discontinue playing on the public pasture. Its members wear the Northampton colors. Mr. Warden will be glad to correspond with any friends who wish to begin Sunday cricket.
- W. FARLEY, 35 Radnor Street, Southsea, will be glad to hear from any local Freethinker who will assist in tackling the Sankeyite lecturer on Southsea Common, "who talks very bad English, but pretends to a knowledge of Hebrew."
- S. BROWN, 11 Whitelock Street, Leeds, will be happy to send a parcel of literature to the Secretary of one of the N. S. S. branches who was in need of some several weeks ago.
- FREETHINKER.—We never heard of any person being struck dead while "blaspheming," except perhaps a few parsons who have died in the pulpit.
- A. H.—Read Gibbon's 15th and 16th chapters, Greg's "Creed of Christendom," and "Supernatural Religion," with "Crimes of Christianity." This will do for a beginning. You can have a hundred *Freethinkers* sent carriage free for 6s. 3d.
- T. B. BARROW is thanked for his well-meaning though stupid attempt to enlighten our "dark, black and ignorant mind."
- PAPERS RECEIVED.—Brighton Guardian—Women's Suffrage Journal—Commonweal—Republican—Malthusian—Evening Standard—Manchester Examiner—Weekly Dispatch—Manchester Guardian—Unitarian Herald—Ironclad Age (2 numbers)—Boston Investigator—Truthseeker—Forfar Dispatch—Nottingham Daily Express.

"FREETHINKER" PRIZES.

The Guinea Prize for the best Comic Bible Sketch is awarded to A. Smith, 89 Wardour Street, Soho, W., on condition of a slight alteration being made in the drawing.

The Guinea Prize for the best Religious Topical Sketch is again awarded to F. Wilcockson, 76 St. Stephen Street, Salford.

Highly Commended.—Javeha. It may be used though it is doubtful if it will reproduce properly in consequence of many lines not being black and distinct enough. W. F. Curtis, R. McPherson.

Commended.—James Wright (good idea). C. Hogarth (good idea, inadequately drawn in bluish ink which will not reproduce), G. T. H., H. W. Thorne, H. L. C., Malta (in blue ink).

We offer another *PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA* for the best Comic Bible Sketch, and a *PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA* for the best Religious Topical Sketch suitable for reproduction; the competition to close on August 1.

The drawing must be done on white cardboard or thick white paper in pure black ink. The lines should be bold and well distinct. Washes or colors must not be used. The size should be about one-third broader than our ordinary single or double column size.

SUGAR PLUMS.

A complete edition of Ingersoll's "Mistakes of Moses" is just issued by the Progressive Publishing Company, with a brief introduction by G. W. Foote. The work has never before been published in its entirety in England, and it will probably command a large sale. It is the only book that Ingersoll has ever written. Every Freethinker should possess himself of a copy. The volume runs to 140 pages, and has very little connexion with the author's lecture bearing the same title. We may fairly say that it knocks the Pentateuch into a cocked hat.

PART V. of "Crimes of Christianity" will be ready next week. It will deal with Pious Frauds of every description, from the forging of documents to the traffic in purious relics; and will be one of the most entertaining numbers of the series.

MR. FOOTE'S exhaustive articles on "Mill's Christ" will, after careful revision, be published as a pamphlet on good paper. It will be on sale next week. A copy will be sent to all the leading religious papers. Freethinkers would do well to keep a copy by them for lending to any orthodox friend who may put faith in Mill's panegyric on "The Savior."

OUR Summer Number should be the event of the season to the general public, as it is to every Freethinker. Where else can you get as much wit and fun for threepence? A week at the seaside with a copy of our "budget of blasphemy" ought to cure a confirmed hypochondriac. Long-faced people, full of piety and biliousness, would find great ease from a single dose. It is said that Judge North is going to order as many copies as will supply every juryman in the metropolis. Lord Halsbury, late Sir Hardinge Giffard, finds it a welcome relief after the dullness of the woolstack. Sir William Harcourt told a bosom friend that it came just in the nick of time to save him from suicide, he was so dreadfully cut up by his loss of office. The Archbishop of Canterbury drove past our shop-door several times, but hadn't the courage to come in. However, we will post him a copy, which he can remit for or not, as he pleases.

THE London *Quarterly Review* has an article on "The Poetry of Despair," in which it deals largely with the poems of the late James Thomson (whose name is persistently spelt with a "p"). He is described as "the Poe of English poetry," and his pessimism is attributed to his Atheism. One of B.V.'s most exquisite songs appears in the current number of *Progress*.

THE bigots have sustained another defeat at Oakenshaw Colliery. At the end of the quarter, as usual, they moved the rejection of the *Freethinker* from the reading-room table. The vote was taken without any speeches on either side, and it was found that the numbers were equal. The chairman, a local preacher, declined to give a casting vote, and on a second division being taken the bigots scored one additional vote and their opponents eight, the *Freethinker* thus triumphing by a majority of seven. *Progress* was allowed to remain without protest. We wonder whether the bigots will continue to fight such a losing battle. If they persist in their stupid tactics they will so advertise the *Freethinker* that in a short time there will be scarcely a Christian left in the district.

MR. FOOTE'S lecture at the Camberwell Hall this evening (July 12) will begin at 8 o'clock instead of 7.30, so as to leave time for the members to attend the demonstration on Peckham Rye against the Lord's Medical Relief Clause.

THE *Freethinker* paragraphs are circulated all over the civilised world. They are clipped out by all sorts of advanced papers. Mr. Symes's *Liberator*, in Melbourne, finds them serviceable. The Freethought journals in India spice up their pages with them, and they are reproduced in many Liberal papers in America. Monroe's *Ironclad Age* has just reached us with nearly a column of them, duly acknowledged. We are delighted to be of so much use to the good old cause.

THE West Bromwich Secular Hall Building Company will meet at the Bridge Inn, Spon Lane, at 7 o'clock (July 12). Important business will be brought forward and all friends of the scheme are requested to attend.

THE Rev. Dr. F. G. Lec has been thumping the pulpit vigorously at All Saints', Lambeth. One evening last week, when

the reverend sky-pilot was full of the spirit of Jeremiah, or something equally exciting, he fell to denouncing the "Atheistic Board Schools," which in his humble opinion were "sapping the morals and religion of the people of this country, and only needed a figure of the Devil on their porticoes to complete their hideousness." Coming from a parson, this is a very handsome testimonial to the efficiency of the Board Schools.

SKY-PILOT Lee next had a fling at "recent legislation," the result of which was "to dethrone God, and cause all manner of social and national evils, that might ere long culminate not merely in robbery and anarchy, but in the proscription of the Christian religion." What progress we are making! Two years and a half ago three men were sent to gaol for laughing at God and the Bible. Now one of Jehovah's priests tells us that he is dethroned, and that Christianity is going under water. Dr. Lee deserves our thanks for this prompt admission, and when his creed is played out, and parsons have to work honestly for a living, we will remember his case, and see if we cannot save him from the workhouse by procuring him a good street-crossing to sweep and presenting him with a subscription broom.

CARDINAL MANNING has just been denouncing the Board Schools again as Atheistic institutions that are "steadily undermining the religious education of the people of this country." We are always glad to hear this shrill-tongued old cardinal on the rampage. It shows how fast religion is dying and Free-thought taking its place.

WE heard a good story the other day about Cardinal Manning. He was celebrating an aristocratic wedding, when a shower of glass descended on the priests, and a black tom-cat fell right on the altar. Monsignor Capel was carried out fainting; and Cardinal Manning, who was dreadfully frightened, and turned as pale as a sheet, afterwards confessed that he really fancied the black tom was Old Nick himself.

THE body of Orson S. Murray was cremated at Lancaster, Penn., on the 19th inst. Charles Murray, editor of the Cincinnati *Price Current*, the deceased's son, had charge of the arrangements. Mr. Murray, senior, was an infidel, and believed that death ends all. It was his desire to be cremated. He was one of the original abolitionists, and was mobbed in Boston, with Wendell Phillips. Twice his testimony was ruled out in important cases in Cincinnati because of his Atheistic doctrines.—*Morning News* (Paris).

THE Bishop of Manchester cautions newspaper readers against one deplorable feature. In the daily press it seems that "Christian motive and Christian principle" are merely indicated as "respectable ancient traditions, which it is not convenient and perhaps not quite decent as yet openly to ridicule and set aside."

BEECHER is continuing his sermons on Evolution. He makes immortality conditional, and of the Bible he says: "On the theory of the plenary inspiration of the book the Bible is already set aside. I don't believe that any honest and consistent man who believes that God spoke every word in the Bible can save himself from going head first into the gulf of Infidelity. If he doesn't go over it is because he is too stupid."

THE Sabbatarians have sustained another defeat at Eastbourne. They demanded a poll of the shareholders on the question of Sunday music on the pier. The result is that 293 voted for the band, and only 92 against it.

MEN like Rénan and Havet are to be appointed to the new State professorships of the history of religions. The *Christian World* sees in this fact not merely Anti-State Churchism, but downright Atheism. Its Paris correspondent, Dr. Pressensé, wails over the tyranny which the Republic is displaying towards the clergy. It actually makes theological students serve in the army like other students, and has decided that "curés and pastors belonging to the reserve should be required to wear their uniform every year during the military manœuvres."

THE *C. W.* stupidly asks whether the spread of Atheism in France has anything to do with some five or six recent murders, as if no murders ever happened in Christian England. The last sensational murderer in Paris was a trader in piety. He attended church and went to confession with exemplary regularity, and actually put himself publicly forward as a champion of "moral order" against the Freethinking Democracy.

A PIOUS contemporary, in a long, learned and serious article on Dr. Robertson Smith's recent articles in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," confesses that "the priest is the lineal descendant of that equivocal character who, in the earliest dawn of the religions of nature, is still partly a sorcerer, one who possesses certain spells, talismans or incantations by which the dark and capricious powers that afflict mankind may be propitiated." Quite so. The modern priest is only the ancient wizard with a suit of black clothes outside and a ton of hypocrisy inside.

THE same article says that Christ announced himself as "the

Prince of Peace." He never did anything of the kind. The phrase does not occur in the Gospels. What Christ did say was that he came "not to bring peace, but a sword."

MILL'S CHRIST.—IV.

As for the "personal originality" of Mill's "unique figure," he might be safely challenged to demonstrate it from the gospels. We shall have something more to say about the originality of Christ's teaching presently; we confine ourselves now to his personal character. Take away from the Gospel story the pathetic legend of Calvary, which throws around him a glamor of suffering, and what is there in his whole life of a positive heroic quality? He is a tame, effeminate, shrinking figure, beside hundreds of men who have not been made the object of a superstitious cultus. His brief, ineffective career, so soon closed by his own madness or ambition, will not bear a moment's comparison with the long and glorious life of Buddha. It pales into insignificance before the mighty genius of Muhammed. Doctrine apart, the Nazarene is to the Meccan as a pallid moon to a fiery sun. With the single exception of Cromwell, who was a more original character than twenty Christs rolled into one, where shall we find Muhammed's equal in history? As Eliot Warburton well said, he stands almost alone in "the sustained and almost superhuman energy with which he carried out his views, in defiance, as it would seem, of God and man." Christ quails in his Gethsemane. Mohammed struggled through his seven years' ordeal of obloquy and danger like a resolute swimmer, who scorns to turn back, and will reach the other shore or die. When his followers faint under the burning desert sun, he tells them that "Hell is hotter," and silences their murmurs. Christ cries in an agony of despair, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" When Muhammed's assassination is resolved on at Mecca, each of the tribes devoting a sword to drink his blood, and Abuleker, the companion of his flight, says "We are but two," the indomitable prophet answers "We are three, for God is with us." Christ implores "O my father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." When Muhammed is threatened by the Koreishites, so that his most devoted followers remonstrate against his projects, he makes the sublime answer, "If they should place the sun on my right hand, and the moon on my left, they should not divert me from my course." Within a century after the Hegira, the empire of Islam had spread from Arabia eastward to Delhi and westward to Granada. Oh, it is said, Muhammed used the sword. True, but not before it was drawn against him. The man who rode into Jerusalem, and called himself King of the Jews, would have used the sword too had he dared. "The sword, indeed," snorts Carlyle at this rubbish, "but where will you get your sword? Every new opinion, at its starting, is precisely in a minority of one. In one man's head alone, there it dwells as yet. That he take a sword, and try to propagate with that will do little for him. You must first get your sword. On the whole, a thing will propagate itself as it can. We do not find, of the Christian religion either, that it always disdained the sword, when once it had got one." True, thou sarcastic old sage of Chelsea, and the sting is in the tail. From Constantine downwards, Christianity has not been imposed on mankind without, as Sir James Stephen remarks, exhausting all the terrors of this life as well as the next.

Mill tells us that Christ was a "martyr" to his "mission" as a "moral reformer." We should like to know how he discovered the fact. Certainly not from the Gospels. It was not the Sermon on the Mount, but his vagaries at Jerusalem, that led to the crucifixion. Christ deliberately chose twelve disciples, the legendary number of the tribes of Israel, and told them that when he came into his kingdom they should sit on twelve thrones as judges. Professor Newman answers those who call this language figurative with the just remark that "we should call a teacher mad who used such words to simple men, and did not expect them to understand him literally." When the disciples ask him, "Lord, wilt thou at this time restore the kingdom unto Israel?" he does not rebuke them (although it is after his resurrection), but simply says that the time is a secret. His triumphal entry into Jerusalem can only be considered as a declaration of sovereignty, and his countenancing the shout of *Hosanna!* (the war cry of previous

insurrections, and an appeal to Jehovah against the foe) could only be construed as rebellion against Rome. His conduct inside Jerusalem was that of a man intoxicated with vanity and ambition, without judgment, policy or purpose. The very inscription on the cross shows that he was believed to aim at earthly royalty. Pontius Pilate tried to save Jesus, acting wisely and humanely as the representative of an empire that was always tolerant in matters of religion. He would not receive a charge of blasphemy, but he could not overlook a charge of sedition. Yet he still gave Jesus an opportunity of escaping. "Come now," he seems to say, "your enemies want your blood. Your blasphemy is no business of mine, and I shall not decide a squabble between your rabid sects. But I must try you if they accuse you of sedition. You are young, and cannot wish to die. Plead 'not guilty.' Deny the charge. Say you are not the King of the Jews and do not contemplate rebellion. One word, and I save you from death. You shall go free though all the rabbis in Jerusalem howled like mad dogs. Rome shall stand between bigotry and blood." But Jesus actually admits the indictment, and afterwards remains contumaciously silent. Pilate had no alternative; he sentenced Jesus to execution; but amid all the absurd fictions of the narrative, the fact shines out clearly that he did so with the utmost reluctance. To call the death of Christ, in these circumstances, a martyrdom, is to degrade the name. He died for no principle. The truth would have saved him, and he would not utter it. Either he was in a stupor of despair, or so crazed with the Messianic delusion that he still trusted to the legion of angels for his rescue. In any case, it was an act of insanity. He courted his doom. It was not a martyrdom but a suicide.

We may also observe that, if a cultus had not been formed around it, and men's imaginations suborned in its favor from the cradle, the "martyrdom" of Christ would be obviously less severe than that of many persecuted reformers. Giordano Bruno's Gethsemane was an Inquisition dungeon, where he languished in solitude for seven years, and was tortured no one knows how often. What was Christ's few hours' agony of weakness before death compared with this? Bruno died by fire, the most cruel form of murder, while Christ suffered the milder doom of crucifixion. Christ was watched by weeping women, whose sympathy must have alleviated his pain; and it was not until the hand of death touched his very heart that he despaired of assistance from heaven. Bruno stood alone against the world, without any sources of courage but his own quenchless heroism. Christ quailed before the inevitable. Bruno met it with a serene smile; for he had that within him which only death could extinguish—a daring fiery spirit, that nothing could quell, that outsoared the malice of men, and outshone the flames of the stake.

Mill's remarks on the originality of Christ's teaching betray his utter ignorance of the subject. It is of no use, he says, to assert that the Christ of the Gospels is not historical. Begging his pardon, that is the most important factor in the problem. If the Gospels are what we allege (and no scholar would dispute it) George Eliot is right in saying that the materials for a biography of Jesus do not exist, and Mill's "rational criticism" is a purely fantastic process. But the reason he assigns for his position is still more absurd. Who, he asks, could have invented the sayings ascribed to Jesus? Certainly, he says, not St. Paul: a sentence which alone stamps him as an incompetent critic. No man who understood the subject would ever have thought of anticipating such a preposterous objection. "Certainly not the fishermen of Galilee," is equally futile, for no student of the origin of Christianity supposes that the Gospels were written by the first disciples. They are of much later date. But, except for that fact, why might not the "fishermen of Galilee" have been able to invent the *logia* of the Gospels, as well as Jesus? He was only a carpenter, and there is no reason in the nature of things why fishermen should not equal carpenters as prophets, preachers and moralists. Mill is altogether on the wrong scent. There was no need for Christ or his disciples to invent the sayings ascribed to him. As we have already remarked, they were the common possession of the East before his birth. The Lord's Prayer is merely a *cento* from the Talmud, and as Emanuel Deutsch showed, every catchword of Christ's was a house-

hold word of Talmudic Judaism before he began his ministry. There is not a single maxim, however good or bad, however sensible or silly, in the whole of Christ's discourses that cannot be found in the writings of Pagan moralists and poets or Jewish doctors who flourished before him; and his best sayings, if they may be called his, were all anticipated by Buddha several centuries before he was born. It is also well known that the Golden Rule, as it is called, was taught by Confucius long before the time of Christ, without any of the absurdities with which the Nazarene surrounded it. "Love your enemies" says Christ, as though it were wise or possible to do so. Confucius corrected this exaggeration. "No," he said, "if I love my enemies, what shall I give to my friends? To my friends I give my love, and to my enemies—justice!"

We think we have said enough to show that Mill's panegyric on Christ is utterly valueless. Mr. Matthew Arnold is far more subtle and dexterous in his eulogy; but he knows the subject as well as Mill knew it badly. If the apologists of Christianity are prudent, they will cease to make use of Mill's tribute to their Blessed Savior, or at least employ it only before people who are in that blissful ignorance which fancies it folly to be wise.

G. W. FOOTE.

REVIEWS.

Women's Suffrage Journal. July. Trübner and Co., London.—Ablely conducted in the service of a great cause. Should be read by all reformers.

The Commonweal. July.—The Socialist League is certainly working hard for its principles. There is a great deal of matter in its monthly organ. We have no space to do more than commend it to the attention of those who wish to see what English Socialism can say for itself.

Emigration no Remedy for Poverty. By T. BONSER, M.A. Standing, London.—Well thought out and carefully written. A good corrective to the growing Tory policy of fostering emigration so as to divert attention from the questions of Land and Population at home.

The Republican. July. Standing.—An interesting number.—The editor's pen has been very busy this month, and he is certainly happy in his "Apotheosis of Cheek," an article on Lord Randolph Churchill.

The Malthusian. July. Standing.—Fights gallantly a hard battle. But why is it not more lively in style? Its ideas would make greater progress if they were presented in a more readable manner.

DYNAMIC.—How to estimate the force of "Progress."—By Foote-pounds.

THE *Church Review* warns those young Ritualists who think they will have more freedom in the disestablished Church, that in the unestablished Episcopal Church of Scotland the clergy are found to be in strict subordination, not to their bishops, but to their vestries. The vestry is usually less inclined to put up with clerical nonsense than the bishop.

A CORRESPONDENT in the *Manchester Examiner* points out some of the discrepancies between salary and work in the Church. Sixty livings, with less than 100 souls in any one of them, return £10,000 a year. One living with 30 souls pays £185 per year. The Rev. H. Banfater, of Beeston, Norwich diocese, has £190 a year for looking after 39 people, but as there is no church the position is a sinecure. One parson has £400 for taking care of 2,200 souls, and another has £930 and house for superintending the salvation of 467 souls.

PRAY AND PREY.

"O let us pray," the parsons say,
And prey the most they can;
But then the way these creatures prey
Is on the rights of man.

CHILI, according to recent reports, must be rather a warm corner. The State and the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church are at loggerheads over the marriage laws, and the Chilian who wishes to have his marriage valid and also remain a "good Catholic" is under the necessity of getting married twice, which involves double fees. Under these circumstances it is not surprising to learn that many of the poorer classes are dispensing with the marriage ceremony altogether. As illustrating the arrogance of the priests, we may add that they threaten with excommunication those who subscribe to journals opposed to their views.



PROFANE JOKES.

COUNTRY VICAR: "I think we'll pray for rain to-day, John." Parish Clerk (an old farmer): "Yo moight as weel whistle as pray whoile th' woind sticks where it is."

"If you two boys in the gallery are not quiet," said the Salvation captain, "I'll come up and put you out neck and crop," and, turning to the congregation he whined out. "My dear friends, let us sing 'Scatter seeds of kindness.'"

A BAPTIST Minister appointed a day to baptise a penitent. The day being cold he engaged a friend to perform the duty; whereon the penitent also, not to be outdone, found a substitute to be baptised. This is how they go on in the Far West.

A PATIENT in a lunatic asylum was much given to prayer. One occasion he was on his knees in the day-room when a fellow patient popped his head in at the door and asked him to come and take a walk in the airing ground. He replied "All right," and hastily finished his prayer thus: "Well, amen in the meantime, friend Jesus; I'll be with you again shortly."

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