

1885.

Price Threepence.

1885.

CHRISTMAS
Tree-Thunderer
 OF THE
TREE-THUNDERER

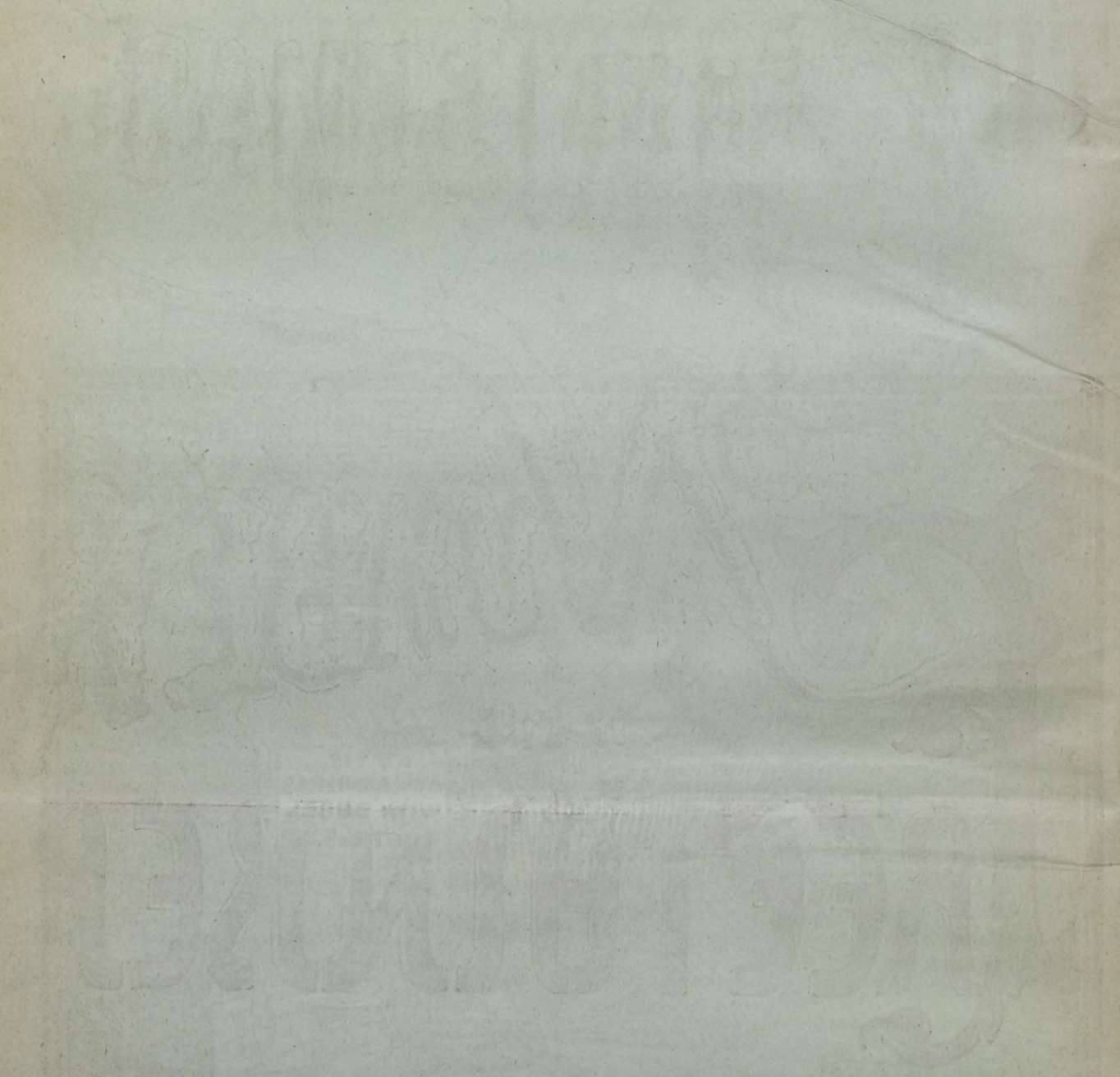
CONTENTS:

ILLUSTRATIONS.	ARTICLES.	VERSE, ETC.
Satan's Adventures Fourteen Sketches by PAUL BELLEVUE	The Star of Bethlehem By G. W. FOOTE	A Merry Christmas. By G. L. MACKENZIE
The Deluge! By F. WILCOCKSON	Discovery of Noah's Ark By J. M. WHEELER	The Word of God By LUCIANUS
God in a Cloud By G. L. MACKENZIE	God as a Barber By W. P. BALL	The Bible Alphabet By SCOFFER
A Corpse Reviver By F. WILCOCKSON	A Modern Judas By A. B. MOSS	The Creed of Burns
Our Rector (A Series) By E. CLARE	Mrs. Brown on the Bible	The Bible Simplified By F. H.
The Baby God By F. WILCOCKSON	Going to Church By GEORGE STANDRING	Celestial Announcements Biblical Museum
The Transfiguration	Jehovah's Election Address By SCOFFER	Profane Rib Ticklers. To Facetious Correspondents
A Bag of Sins	The Archbishop's Prayer for the General Election	Prize Bible Questions Johnnie's Inquiries
Happy Eliza	A Bethlehem Scandal	Etc. Etc.
Etc. Etc.	Etc. Etc.	

1881

1881

1881



CONTENTS

Page	Title	Page
1	Introduction	1
2	Chapter I	2
3	Chapter II	3
4	Chapter III	4
5	Chapter IV	5
6	Chapter V	6
7	Chapter VI	7
8	Chapter VII	8
9	Chapter VIII	9
10	Chapter IX	10

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER
OF
THE FREETHINKER.

EDITED BY G. W. FOOTE.

Sub-Editor—J. M. WHEELER.

PRICE 3D.]

DECEMBER, 1885.

[PRICE 3D.



THE DELUGE.

Young Johnnie, enjoying the sport in full glee,
Is mimicking God, who made earth one vast sea.
Is the rogue a Blasphemer who parodies God?
Should his lot be the stake, or the rack, or the rod?
Nay, *his* toys are not *live* ones; he does but in fun
What God did in wrath, and in fury begun,

Slowly drowning his children—all living things too—
Sure the cruellest father that earth ever knew.
Johnnie's victims smile on; no anguish is the rs,
No shrieks as they drown, no terrified prayers.
Johnnie's conscience is peaceful—his fun but a boy's.
Can God say the same—he who tortures *live* to, is?

The Star of Bethlehem.

NEARLY nineteen centuries ago, according to an ancient tale which is accepted as serious history by Christendom, a wonderful star appeared somewhere in the East to some nameless "wise men," who, perceiving from its size, shape, lustre, or some other quality, that it was of a miraculous character, and portended something extraordinary, followed it along some unknown route to Jerusalem. On arriving there they inquired for the new King of the Jews, for they had concluded that the travelling jewel of light was the star of his nativity. Nobody in the city, however, had seen the star, or heard of any illustrious birth. But King Herod, who ruled there at that time, very obligingly convened a meeting of the most influential citizens, who came to the conclusion that if any remarkable child had been born anywhere, it was most probably at Bethlehem.

During these proceedings, the star halted in the heavens; but as soon as the "wise men" set out for Bethlehem, it resumed its journey; until at length it arrived at that interesting little town, and stood still over a public-house. Entering this novel palace, they found, not only the king of the Jews, but the king of the universe, just born and cradled in a manger. His mother had found the establishment full, and as no gentleman would go outside to oblige a lady, she had been confined in the stable, and was literally "in the straw."

The "wise men" gave the little king a cartload of presents, which his parents took charge of until he was old enough to enjoy them; and after they had dropped on their knees and worshipped the infant, they got on their feet again, and walked home. No one knows where they went to, and nobody ever heard of them again. There is, also, only one document in the world that relates this pretty story, which escaped the notice of all the other biographers of this wonderful child. This document is supposed by the vulgar to have been written by a gentleman named Matthew, but those who have studied the subject more deeply tell us that nobody knows who was its author, or when and where he composed it. But a trifling obscurity of that kind is nothing to the spirit of faith; so the story is taken for gospel, and its author's manuscript is stamped by Act of Parliament as a portion of the infallible Word of God.

There are, indeed, sceptics who ask how a star could stand over a particular house, and how a few miles of the earth's surface could make any difference to an object so remote. They even inquire, with a jocular expression which is quite out of keeping with such a sublime subject, whether following a star is not like chasing the moon. But these men are of a perverse and cavilling disposition. They are regarded with a mixture of loathing and contempt by all right-minded persons; and when they presume to urge their doubts with vehemence, and without a proper respect for the convictions of their more credulous neighbors, they are very justly amenable to the censure of the law.

The marvellous child who was worshipped by those "wise men" grew up like other boys, although we hear little of him, except that he went with his parents to see "the great city" in his twelfth year, and had a slight misunderstanding with his mother. But at the age of thirty he left his father's shop, where chairs and tables were manufactured for the retail trade, and took to open-air preaching. His sermons are still in print, and his numerous miracles prove their truth and beauty. He turned water into wine; fed five thousand hungry people with five penny rolls and as many sardines; cast devils out of human beings and sent them into the bodies of pigs; healed the sick without medicine, and the lame without surgery; cured blindness with ointment made of clay and spittle; and raised several persons from the dead without any other appliances than his tongue. His fame spread far and wide, and excited the envy of his rivals in the ministerial profession, who entered into a conspiracy against him, and finally nailed him upon a cross, where he bled to death. While he was in that painful position, they challenged him to get down; and as he did not, they called him an impostor; forgetting that the true test is not whether a man can work miracles when other people desire them, but whether he can work miracles when it pleases himself.

There were many miraculous signs and convulsions of nature at his death, but we are chiefly concerned with the celestial luminary that heralded his birth. The Star of Bethlehem was the morning star of human redemption. It is true the world is not much wiser or better now than it was then; that later philosophers have not eclipsed the wisdom of Socrates, Plato and Aristotle; later poets the glory of Homer, Æschylus and Sophocles; later orators the splendor of Demosthenes and Cicero; later statesmen the ability of Pericles; nor later sovereigns the greatness of Julius and Augustus. Nay, it is even true that the happiest period recorded in history is that in which the Star of Bethlehem had scarcely risen over the world's horizon, and was only seen by a few. If we contract our survey to the petty affairs of this life, it is difficult to show that the birth of Jesus was any advantage to us. On the contrary, it is easy to demonstrate that it cast a shadow over what the world calls civilisation. But this life is not all; nay, it is nothing compared with the life to come; and over the illimitable tracts of eternity the Star of Bethlehem gleams with immortal loveliness.

Those "wise men of the East," had faith or how could they have followed a wandering star? Faith is necessary to us who follow the Star of Bethlehem to-day; and as it led them to the cradle of Christ, so it will lead us to his throne in heaven. Faith is the one thing needful, and Christianity has through all the ages secured this blessing to mankind. For faith it extirpated Paganism under Constantine and his glorious successors. For faith it suppressed heresy with fine, imprisonment, and death. For faith it burnt the Alexandrian library and murdered Hypatia. For faith it drove men and women from the domestic hearth to monasteries and nunneries, to exchange the delicious smiles and prattle of children for prayers and hymns. For faith it palmed upon the world a multitude of pious frauds. For faith it concocted creeds, and damned all who disbelieved them. For faith it persecuted the unbelieving Jews, and tried to exterminate them from the face of the earth. For faith it strewed eastern Europe and Asia Minor with the bones of millions of Crusaders and Saracens, who fought the great battle of the Cross against the Crescent. For faith it devised the rack, the thumbscrew, and the wheel. For faith it lit the fires of the Inquisition. For faith it incited Calvin to burn Servetus. For faith it manured French and Italian fields with the ashes of Bruno, Vanini, Dolet, and other pestilent infidels. For faith it wrought the Bartholomew massacre, and the Dragonnades of Louis the Fourteenth. For faith it kindled the flames of Smithfield. For faith it broke Calas on the wheel, and burnt De LaBarre at the stake. For faith it ruined homes, divided parents from children, and husband from wife. For faith it drenched the earth with blood and tears. What but a religion inspired by faith could have done these things, which are so repugnant to our ordinary feelings? Yes, the fruits of Christianity prove it to be divine; and the Star of Bethlehem shines with a supernatural glory over an ocean of blood.

G. W. FOOTE.

Merry Christmas.

(ACROSTIC)

MIRTH-moving Christmas, happy, festive day!
 Enriched the rich are with its bounties gay;
 Remorseless Christmas wind o'er town and moor,
 Re-doubles all the mis'ries of the poor;
 Yes, Christmas is a merry, sorry, day!

Cold blows the wind; keen nips the biting air;
 Housed children hope, and homeless ones despair;
 Round ruddy fires fair faces gaily glow;
 In slush and sleet want wanders with its woe;
 Sighs blend with song; shrieks drown the festive cheer;
 Ten hundreds feast; ten thousands fast and fear;
 Men sing in cushioned pews; men sob on clay;
 All nature in derision seems to say,
 Sure Christmas is a merry, sorry day!

G. L. MACKENZIE.

A METHODIST sky-pilot descended the pulpit to invite a stranger in one of the pews to preach for him, but was unsuccessful. "Brethren," he said, "I invited Brother S—— to preach, but he declines." "Thank God!" roared out a man from the middle of the church.

Discovery of Noah's Ark.

THE Biblical Exploration Society have at length heard of a discovery which will compensate for all the labor and expense hitherto incurred by the society with but small results. This is nothing less than the discovery of Noah's Ark, which, it appears, has remained in a remarkable state of preservation under ice in a hitherto unexplored crevice of Mount Ararat. The find was made by an energetic party of Bible explorers, who were determined not to visit the East for nothing. After ransacking Syria and Egypt without finding any more important treasures than an alleged fragment of the tombstone of Jezebel's grandmother, they proceeded to Armenia with the intention of determining the site of the Garden of Eden. Passing Mount Ararat on their way, it was observed that the warm weather of last summer had melted away a considerable portion of a glacier towards the summit, and they determined to make the ascent in order, if possible, to identify the direction in which Noah proceeded after adjourning from the ark. Their expedition was rewarded with unlooked-for success. At some little distance from the summit they observed some rude planks which at first they thought formed part of an old hut or other erection. On closer examination it was found to be composed of planks of pitched gopher wood, in a thorough state of preservation, which, from their shape and the attachment of barnacles, bore unmistakable evidence of having been used for a boat. Although a portion has unfortunately slid down with the glacier, sufficient remained to convince the explorers that the original dimensions had corresponded with those assigned to Noah's Ark. Nor was this all. As if Providence had designed to avert the cavils of a sceptical world, there was found in an interior compartment of the building documentary evidence of the most convincing character, being no other than the log of the voyage, kept as it appears in part by Noah himself, and in part by Shem, his eldest son. This document—written on the thick hide of what appears to have been an ichthyosaurus—has been put into the hands of experts, and the following extracts are given as part of a somewhat free translation:—

NOAH'S LOG.

Feb. 16th, B.C. 2349.—Got all in after much trouble, especially with the megatherium, crocodiles and insects. Not a cloud in the sky. The four women want to get out, declaring they cannot stand the smell. Ordered the hatches to be battened at 1 p.m.

Feb. 17th.—Rain coming down in bucketfuls. Cleaned out the animals and served round grog. Tried to count the animals. Fear I've lost one of the fleas. What will God and posterity say? The crowd jeeringly ask how much water it will take to float the ark. Awful row in the Carnivorous Department. More grog. Prayers.

Feb. 18th.—Raining like hell. Wind N.S.E.W. Served out grog. Some of the crowd have asked for admission. Not for Noah. The hippopotamus broke loose and swallowed a porcupine. By divine mercy the porcupine was brought up safely again. What would God and posterity say? More grog.

Feb. 19th.—Something like a shower this. More grog. All the people gone up the hills. When will the darned thing move? Shem swears we shall be stuck in the mud. Grog. The noise of the elephants, bears, hyenas and parrots something awful. There's far too much water about for all the liquor we have on board. Grog and prayers.

Feb. 20th.—Water rapidly rising. Ark begins to move. Spins round like a top. Quite forgot to supply any means of steering her. The youngsters say that the grog won't hold out if this lasts much longer. Threatened to throw them among the snakes if they won't have faith in God.

Here the manuscript becomes undecipherable, and an hiatus follows, the remaining portion, being in different characters, and signed "Shem."

Feb. 22nd.—Still wet. Old man groggy ever since we floated. Keeps cursing Ham for not shovelling out the guano, and continually shouts to the animals: "Shut up! Won't deal out any liquor!" Animals all mad; dare not venture among them.

March 20th.—Water subsiding. Don't know where to land, or what we shall do for provisions when we disembark. The smell of rotting vegetation is almost as bad as that of the animals. Dare not remove our respirators for our lives. The old man is recovering, and trying to induce the birds to fly out. Thinks he will succeed with a dove, because he says it's got the Holy Ghost in it. The old man thinks it should be a fine season for grapes after all this rain, but I can't think anything will remain of the old earth except mud and stones. The old one cursing again for my want of faith in God.

The Biblical Exploration Society appeal for funds to further unearth the treasures of the Ark, which they declare are by no means exhausted.

J. M. WHEELER.

Going to Church.

A DOMESTIC FARCE, IN ONE SCENE.

Dramatis Personæ—The Juggins Family, consisting of A. Juggins senior, ditto junior, Mrs. Juggins, Emma, Rose, and Florrie.

Scene, a parlor; time, Sunday evening at 6.30. Family discovered conversing.

MR. J. Well, my dears, it is half-past six; we must see about being off to church. I suppose you are all going as usual?

J. JUN. Oh, I can't go to-night; I have promised to meet Tottie at seven o'clock, and I wouldn't disappoint her for the world. (*Fastens his masher collar, at the imminent peril of cutting his throat, and exit hastily.*)

MR. J. Well, Augustus has gone after that barmaid o his; but I suppose we can make up a party to do the respectable thing at St. Cucumber's. (*To wife*) Are you going, my dear?

MRS. J. I have a beastly headache, and that horrid organ always makes it worse. I'll stop at home to-night.

MR. J. Another deserter! Well, what do you girls say?

ROSE. I'm sure I sha'n't go. My dress is a shabby old thing, and my bonnet is not fit to go out in. Last Sunday Mrs. Pieces wore a new three-ply bombazine jacket, and had a Guinevere hat trimmed with green baize ruching. She put on airs because I have worn the same old bonnet for two months, and I nearly died with vexation as I sat next to her. I'm not going to church to look a fright, and St. Cucumber's must worry along without me till you let me have a new dress and a hat like Mrs. Pieces'. So there! (*Tears ad lib.*)

MR. J. Well, I will see about the finery. But you will go, Florrie, won't you?

FLORRIE. I can't to-night, papa. I have promised to accompany Jenny Jumper to hear the Rev. Silas Windbag, the Roaring Devil-Smasher of the Alleghanies. I wouldn't miss him for anything. He is over here on a preaching tour, and is such a dear man! He preaches in a tent, and when he gets excited he makes the roof flap. Jenny heard him last Sunday, and she says he gave her a cold chill fourteen times in the hour. I *must* go, and I *shall*!

MR. J. All right, trot away. He'll be smashing devils somewhere else next week, and then perhaps the old shop and old Mr. Snuffleton will be good enough for you. Well, Emma, you and I must go together.

EMMA. O yes, papa, I will go with pleasure. The Rev. Emanuel Duck is to preach to-night, and I am dying to hear him again. He is a perfect pet of a man, and has such lovely white teeth! I never enjoyed a sermon so much as the one he preached last Sunday, on—on—I forget what it was on; but his dear blue eyes were fixed on me all the time, and his sweet tenor voice went straight to my soul. I shall be ready in half a minute!

MR. J. What! Is that clerical masher, Duck, going to preach to-night? That simpering, oily, painted tailor's dummy going to hold forth? He's only put up to catch the silly girls: his sermons are simply bosh and water. If old Snuffleton—who does, at least, send you quietly to sleep—intends to sail his ship with Captain Duck at the helm, here's one of his crew who takes a leap overboard! "Dear blue eyes!" indeed! (*Sarcastically.*) Never heard of any flighty fool of a girl who wants to be Mrs. Emanuel Duck, have you?

EMMA (*indignantly*). I didn't expect you would insult the curate and your daughter! It's too bad. (*Tears ad lib., as before.*)

MR. J. What! another grand display of fountains? Well, I'm off to the Pig and Whistle to have a chat on politics with old Jawkins. Shan't be in till eleven! (*Exit and Curtain.*)

[NOTE.—The Established Church of England is the bulwark of our glorious British constitution. G. S.]



The Cloudy Pillar descended, and stood at the door of the Tabernacle, and the LORD talked with Moses... And the Lord spake unto Moses face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend. Exod. xxxiii. 9, 11... V.B. Although the narrative states that the Pillar "stood" there can be little doubt that Moses, in a friendly way, offered it a seat..

G O D I N A C L O U D .

Celestial Announcements.

(From the *New Jerusalem Gazette*.)

MARRIAGES.

LAMB—ZION.—On the 32nd inst., in Jehovah Chapel, New Jerusalem, "The" Lamb to Miss Hallelujah Zion, daughter of Judah Jacobson. (Rev. xix., 7.)

SAMSON—RAHAB.—On All Saints Day, in the Celestial Temple, the Hon. Bully Samson to Mrs. Saint Rahab, second cousin to Madame Mourey and own sister to Saint Rebecca Jarrett, the blessed martyr of the Old Bailey (James ii., 25; Hebrew xi., 31). The four beasts acted as best men.

EHUD—JAEI.—On the festival of All Hallows, the Rev. James Zebedee officiating, Mr. Assassin Ehud, to Mrs. Traitor Jael. This amiable and saintly pair were congratulated by Mrs. Deborah and the two dozen elders on their happy union of hand and heart. Mr. Ehud carried a Moonlighter's rifle slung on his back and had his belt full of handsome gold-mounted pistols and daggers of the brightest Sheffield steel. The bride was similarly ornamented with sharp stilettoes and pointed steel bolts, while a page close behind her carried a heavy and murderous looking hammer for her with which she occasionally toyed as with a parasol or fan. His Majesty Jehovah has formally blessed the happy

pair and honored them with an appropriate grant of the armorial bearings of which the City of London is so proud—namely, an assassin's dagger in one quarter of a shield otherwise undistinguished.

BIRTHS.

IGNOTUS.—The "Woman clothed with the Sun," husband unknown of a son (Rev. xii)

HELISON.—On December 25, at Bethlehem stables, the engaged young woman of Joseph Helison, of a son.

HELI and JACOB.—On April 1st, B.C. 30, the wives of Heli Matthat Levison and Jacob Matthanson, of a joint son, registered under the name of Joseph (Luke iii., 23, 24; Matthew i., 15, 16).

JEHOVAHSON.—The wife of Jesus Jehovahson, of a son. Jesus is proud of imitating his Father before him, and being co-equal with him, he insists on the admission of his own son, the Grandson of God, to the new Quaternity in Unity which will henceforth replace the old Trinity, under which style the firm has hitherto conducted business.

DEATHS.

LAMB.—On Good Friday, 4,037 A.M., Joshua Lamb (Rev. v., 6, 12,) of effusion of blood, in the 33rd year of his life.

ENOCH.—Of celestial *ennui* and increasing decrepitude, in the 5,267th year of his age.

ALL UNBELIEVERS.—For a second time, of super-tropical temperature and lack of breath (Rev. xxi., 8.)

ELIJAH.—Of sheer disgust at the admission of a canting rabble of Gentile dogs and Christian rapscallions



Prize Bible Questions.

A copy of the *Freethinker* will be forwarded regularly, on the usual terms, to any Christian Bible-banger, or other person sending satisfactory answers to these questions. N.B.—All replies must be prepaid.

1. Describe the process of creation from nothing and give a full account of how God spent his time before he began the business.
2. State how the earth brought forth grass, herb, and fruit trees before the sun was made.
3. Which of Adam's ribs was it that was made into a woman, and how far is this corroborated by feminine fondness for ribbons?
4. Give a description of the structure and function of the serpent's larynx, and state the reason for believing that it spoke in Hebrew.
5. How did the serpent perambulate before condemned to go on its belly?

6. Give the reason for Jahveh's preferring Abol's mutton to Cain's turnips.
7. Did Cain marry his sister or take to wife a chimpanzee?
8. Explain why the "beasts and fowls of the air" were destroyed in the Flood for man's sin.
9. State how many animals were in the ark, how they were fed, and who cleaned up the sewage.
10. Describe the apparatus by which the Lord came down to see the building of the tower of Babel.
11. Describe the chemical process of converting Lot's wife into a pillar of salt.
12. Give the rules for wrestling matches with angels.
13. Of what material were the garments composed that lasted for forty years?
14. Describe the effect of Joshua's stopping the sun upon the other planets of the solar system.
15. Prove the Christian doctrine that the Son is as old as the Father
16. Count the Trinity.

G. Clare.
Oct 1883.

God as a Barber.

JEHOVAH, it now appears, on excellent Christian authority, is a barber God, who keeps this under-world as his shaving saloon. The eminent and unapproachable Talmage has been exhibiting him in this aspect in a sermon on "The Lord's Razor."* The text, which has been illustrated in the *Freethinker* as a very comic one, but which Talmage adopts and reiterates again and again as a very solemn and serious one, is from Isaiah vii., 20. The verse runs thus: "In the same day shall the Lord shave with a razor that is hired, namely, by them beyond the river, by the King of Assyria, the head, and the hair of the feet: and it shall also consume the beard." Talmage, however, omits the latter part of the verse, probably because it is too literal, not to say stupid and vulgar, for his purpose.

Deus opifex, the workman God, as the ancient philosophers called him to the disgust of the Christian theologians, must now give place to *Deus tonsor*, the shaving God, as Christians will now be proud to term him on the indisputable authority of Saint Talmage and of the Bible that he condescends to patronise and illustrate. Even Talmage however feels that some apology or explanation is needed on behalf of this scriptural imagery, so he starts by claiming that "the Bible is the boldest book ever written" and that "there are no similitudes in Ossian or the Iliad or the Odyssey so daring." Talmage is right. Not even Gladstone, in his unmeasured admiration of Homer and of the Bible, would venture to assert that the great poet of the antique world ever sunk to so "daring" and un-Olympian a comparison or image as this pitiable bit of bathos of the heavenly barber shaving the "hair of the feet." Talmage confesses that inspired imagery sometimes "seems" to reach the verge of the reckless, but then he explains that God has to "startle and arouse and propel men and nations," wherefore he employs startlingly-sublime metaphors, like this of the razor—a metaphor which, without sinking in the slightest degree beneath the dignity of the subject, may be described as truly *barberous*—a mongrel, but thoroughly suitable, adjective, which will evidently apply to Jehovah in both senses. The barbarous God of the Jews is now become the barber God of the Christians. Illiterate Jews will now perhaps be justified in speaking of the Christian Savior as the Shavior. "Believe and thou shalt be shaved," may be the future rendering of the Christian offer. And the division of labor among the celestial three-headed Trinity Corporation will doubtless be expressed thus:—The Son saves, the Father shaves, the Ghost raves.

Talmage says that in Bible times and lands the razor was "always a suggestive symbol." It must have been symbolical of the throat-cutting in which God's chosen indulged at the command of the great barber who used them as his razor.

The invasions of the Holy Land by Sennacherib, Esarhaddon and Nebuchadnezzar, it seems, were "sweeps of the razor across the face of the land" which was thus shaved because Judea "needed to have some of its prosperities cut off." The razor was a hired one, because the Barber—I had better humor the Christians by honoring their Supreme Barber with a capital letter—paid the royal razors—sharp blades some of them, doubtless—with palaces and spoils and annexations.

God's razor, the preacher continues, is not a toy. His razors are judgments, disasters, wars and plagues. He wields his razor with the greatest precision and never allows it to go wrong by as much as the thousandth part of an inch. God sends the cholera for instance and "shaves nations" with it exactly when and where he intends to and no further. "In 1861," says our pulpit orator to his Transatlantic congregation, "God shaved our nation" (the United States), because "we had allowed to grow Sabbath desecration and oppression and blasphemy" and so forth, wherefore the divine Barber lathered the face of the nation and vigorously *stropped* his razor and cut off the pride of the land, so that "not the cowards, but the heroes on both sides went down." This is curious morality as well as a curious comparison. The Lord Barber of the universe punishes the wicked by shaving off the good—the *heirs* of salvation as Scripture calls them. Perhaps however it is for their benefit; and they will grow again and prove the

stronger for the tonsorial mowing of the Almighty Professor of Uneasy Shaving who works without money and without price because otherwise he would secure no customers.

In 1862 and 1863 and 1864 the "Lord's Razor" went over the land repeatedly. "Never in the history of the ages," says Talmage, "was any land more thoroughly shaved than during the four years of civil combat." If Brother Jonathan does not repent of his sins, Talmage threatens him with still more shaving at the hands of the great Master Barber, who might easily cause the nations of Europeans and the Chinese to combine and shave the Yankees, and thus justly punish them for their shocking irreverence for the Omnipotent Latherer and Beard-trimmer. Solemnly they must remember that

"There are now many razors that the Lord could hire if, because of our national sins, he should undertake to shave us. In 1870, Germany was the razor with which the Lord shaved France, England is the razor with which very shortly the Lord will shave Russia."

God the Barber does not care to do his shaving in person. He employs a staff of assistants. Talmage asks us to notice that the reason God does this is because he "is so kind and loving, that when it is necessary for him to cut, he has to go to others for the sharp-edged weapon." He hires others to do his dirty work and take the blame for it. He cannot scrape beards and cut throats himself, so he "hires" brave barbers to do it for him, so that his own character may remain irreproachably good and sublimely perfect in all its tender graciousness and loving kindness. The mountebank orator of the Lord continues his much more than sublime declamation thus:

"God is love. God is pity. God is help. God is shelter. God is rescue. There are no sharp edges about him, no thrusting points, no instruments of laceration. If you want balm for wounds, he has that. If you want salve for divine eyesight, he has that. But if there is sharp and cutting work to do, which requires a razor, that he hires. God has nothing about him that hurts, save when dire necessity imperatively demands, and then he has to go clear off to some one else to get the instrument. This divine geniality will be no novelty to those who have pondered the Calvarean massacre, where God submerged himself in human tears, and crimsoned himself from punctured arteries, and let the terrestrial and infernal worlds maul him until the chandeliers of the sky had to be turned out, because the universe could not endure the indecency."

It may be interesting to know that God is tolerably plump, and that he has not any sharp corners about him, like Mark Twain's old horse. And it may be as well, too, perhaps to know that he does not keep a razor on the premises, but has to send out for one when he wants it, and has to pay for the borrowing. Anyhow, this pinchbeck rhetoric, this grotesque aping of sublimity, this mongrel mountebank mixture of Bible and bathos, appears to entertain Christian congregations and Christian readers amazingly. It "draws" wonderfully, and it is reported in Christian journals all over the world. It makes religion endurable, I suppose, and enlivens the dreariness of worship with curious thoughts and striking ideas. Anything can be pardoned to one who can relieve, however slightly, the "*tedium theologicum*," and make the dry bones of theology live, even if but as jingling marionettes set dancing by the pulpit orator as part of his religious Punch and Judy show. This puppet of a shaving deity is one of the most ridiculous yet put forth by pulpit charlatans. A Secularist who sets such a caricature dancing before the public with razor and shaving brush in hand, is of course a vile blasphemer, deserving years of imprisonment. A saint who does the same thing is only rousing the hearts of mankind by striking figures and appropriate imagery. Let us be thankful in this case that we are saved the guilt of blasphemy. St. Talmage has led the way, and nothing profane or improper can drop from his lips. We Freethinkers only help him to pull the strings and exhibit the divine doll, while he tootles on his Punch-and-Judy squeaking-pipes to his flock of heavenly citizens, who know well that they cannot enter the kingdom unless they become as little children.

W. P. BALL.

AN enthusiastic ecclesiastical student, describing his journey through Spain, wrote in a glowing letter to the paper of his native town,—"I can write no more, for before my vision rise the gorgeous domes of Salamanca." The printer bungled and printed "dames." The horror-stricken bishop at once prohibited the publication of any more letters from so vitiated a source.

* See *Christian Herald*, for November 4

The Modern Judas;

OR, BISHOP *versus* CHRIST.

THOUGH thou'rt like Judas, an apostate black,
In the resemblance one thing thou dost lack;
When he had gotten his ill-purchased pelf,
He went away and wisely hanged himself.
This thou may'st do at last, yet much I doubt
If thou hast any Bowels to gush out.

—Charles Lamb.

CHAPTER I.

VERSE 1. And it came to pass that the prophet Amos, the lawful son of his mother, one winter's evening ate sumptuously a supper of cold pudding before retiring to rest.

VERSE 2. And behold during the night his sleep was much disturbed, and he rolled to and fro on the pillow; and when he awoke he solemnly declared that he had dreamed a dream.

VERSE 3. And in the morning he communicated his dream to a poor scribe, who promised faithfully to reveal the incidents thereof to the intelligent readers of this journal.

VERSE 4. And here they are:—

SCENE 1—CONSERVATIVE BANQUET.

[Lords, M.P.'s, aristocrats and sycophantic hangers-on seated at tables, enjoying life as they alone can—at other people's expense. By the side of the Chairman, who is a noble lord, is a bishop, a meek and lowly follower of the Lamb (not Charles of that ilk, but one that was slain for sinners).]

The noble CHAIRMAN rises: I rise to propose, he says, an important toast—in fact, the most important toast of the evening. Sincerely I hope that there are no reporters here—(hear, hear)—because I wish to speak to you in all candor; and it is only on occasions of this kind that one can, so to speak, open one's mind to one's friends and make a clean breast of it. (The reader will observe that it is a convivial meeting, and the metaphor is somewhat mixed.) The toast which I have to propose is Success to the Church. (Applause.) Long may it continue. (Cheers.) Up to the present we have succeeded, by the aid of my friend on the right (the bishop) and his noble *confièrès*, in keeping the people in dense ignorance of the facts of life. (Loud cheers). With their assistance I hope we shall continue to do so. (Applause.) But the infidels are at work, and they are telling the people the plain, unvarnished truth, and I am afraid we shall soon have them up in arms against us.

BISHOP CANTWELL. Never! Never! We will scatter more theological dust in their eyes. (Tremendous cheering.)

The noble CHAIRMAN continuing, said: I thank my noble friend for that interruption. But well aware as I am that my noble friend thoroughly understands his business, I nevertheless cannot help thinking that the common people are getting too knowing. And their knowledge is due, I think I may say, entirely (hear, hear) to the efforts of the wretched infidels, to whom we have already allowed too much freedom. (Hear, hear.) If I might speak my mind freely on the subject I should say—(A voice: Say it, and cheers and laughter). I will d—n them. (Tremendous applause.) I say therefore our duty is to look to the Church (hear, hear), and save it from the impious and sacrilegious hands of these infidels. (Thunders of applause, during which the toast and the toasters of the prosperity of the Church were cordially drunk.)

VERSE 5. And behold the dream of the prophet Amos diverged into a new channel and he dreamt that he saw:

SCENE 2—MANSION HOUSE POLICE COURT.

[On the bench are a pious Lord Mayor and two Jewish Aldermen.]

LORD MAYOR. Constable, call up the first prisoner.

CONSTABLE. Mary McDaline.

LORD MAYOR. What's the charge?

CONSTABLE. Begging, my lord.

LORD MAYOR. Begging, indeed! In this free country. Call the witness.

WITNESS (Lord Bishop of Cantwell). Good morning, my Lord Mayor. (*Aside*: Quite well, I hope. Lord Mayor nods and winks.) I was walking down the Strand last night about half-past eleven, diligently seeking for unfortunate girls under sixteen, with a view of rescuing them from their unholy calling, when this abandoned wretch (pointing to the prisoner) accosted me and positively begged of me to treat her to a glass of drink. Of course, I indignantly refused, and gave her into custody.

LORD MAYOR. What have you to say to the charge?

PRISONER. Well, he spoke to me first; he—

CONSTABLE. Silence! silence!

LORD MAYOR. Nonsense; don't say that. You only add to your offence. Now, begging (*Aside*: Except when it's for a religious purpose) is a most heinous offence, and I therefore send you to gaol for three months, with hard labor.

VERSE 6. And it came to pass that there was another kaleidoscopic change in the prophet Amos's vision, and behold he saw:

SCENE 3—INTERIOR OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

The choir has just chanted some beautiful verses. Shady City clerks, out of employ, who have come into the cathedral to pass a few dreary hours, are just preparing to leave, when the Lord Bishop of Cantwell ascends the pulpit to deliver a short sermon. (Fashionable folk will not tolerate long ones).

He takes for his text the following words from Matthew iii., 3:—

"For this is he that was spoken of by the prophet Esaias, saying: The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord. Make his path straight."

The Bishop has no sooner uttered the words than a young man, filled with religious enthusiasm, but with a lean stomach withal, mounts a chair and delivers himself of the following:—"Fellow-Christians, I have come here to-day to tell you that this bishop is an impostor, and also to preach the doom of this wicked city. This bishop lives in luxury, with thousands per year. Christ said, 'Blessed be ye poor.' This bishop attends Tory meetings—Christ was a Radical. This bishop is a perpetual dust-distributor to the Lord—Jesus opened the eyes of the blind; gave to the hungry that they might eat. This bishop gives poor beggars into custody and sends them to gaol. Christ told his followers to sell all they had and give to the poor and follow him. Why don't they do it? Why? Because they are impostors all! I preach the city's doom! I preach the bishop's doom! They have sold my master—they are apostates. He told them to preach one thing, and they preach another. They have sold him, I say, and for filthy lucre, too." (For a little more than thirty pieces of silver though, we opine).

[Two stern-faced men at this juncture arrested the speaker, and he was promptly lodged in a neighboring gaol].

VERSE 7. And behold, the common people on hearing of the sentence were filled with astonishment and indignation.

VERSE 8. And many of these prophesied saying, Behold this young man will one day return, and then there will be woe in the house of the bishop, and lamentations in the palaces of the Tories. For the religious city (the Church) will be doomed, and the spoils thereof will be handed over to the people.

Here endeth the various incidents in the dream of the prophet.

A. B. MOSS.

"PAPA, I think you told a fib in the pulpit to-day," said a little son of a clergyman. "Why, my boy, what do you mean?" asked the father. "You said," continued the child, "'One word more and I have done.' Then you went on and said a great many more words. The people expected you'd leave off, 'cause you promised them; but you didn't, and kept on preaching a long while after the time was up."

JUST LIKE JONAH.—"I am sure baby must be sick," said a sky-pilot to his wife. "He has been crying incessantly for the last three days." "Yes, baby is just like Jonah that you read about in the Bible the other day," said the smart boy of the family. "Why?" inquired the minister. "Because he has been in a wail for three days." And then there was weeping and whaling and gnashing of teeth.



THE BABY GOD.

And they fell down, and worshipped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts.—MATT. II., 11.



A CORPSE REVIVER.

And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with graveclothes: and his face was bound about with a napkin. Jesus saith unto them, Loose him, and let him go.—MATT. XI., 44.

SATAN'S ADVENTURES.



1. He introduces himself to Madame Eve (Gen. iii.)



2. Contends for the body of Moses (Jude 9).



3. Old Pals (Job ii, 1).



4. "Hast thou observed Job and his family?"



5. Satan and Jahveh tempt David (1 Sam. xxiv., 1).



6. Make these stones into scones (Matt. iv., 3).



7. By parcel post (Matt. iv., 5).



8. On a pinnacle (Luke iv., 9).

(Continued on page 12.)

A Bethlehem Scandal.

AMONG the manuscripts brought to our office together with the drawings illustrating the adventures of Joshua Josephson by the distinguished foreigner alluded to in our introduction to that extraordinary production, was a copy

of the *הימים ירושלם* or *Jerusalem Chronicles*. It was dated Tebeth 10, 3761, which would be about equivalent to the commencement of our era. We have with some trouble deciphered and translated this curious relic, the original of which we have presented to the Christian Evidence Manufacturing Society. It runs as follows:—

“For some little time past the inhabitants of Bethlehem and the surrounding district have been excited and scandalised by the condition of a young woman, who being dedicated to the service of the Lord in the temple, has been supposed to be peculiarly pure and holy. This holy one has, however, turned out a harlot.* Her name is Miriam. Her father is called Joachim of Nazareth, and her mother Anna of Bethlehem.

“Of her life in the temple nothing is known, though something may be surmised from what has since transpired. She has of late, probably in consequence of the misfortune which has befallen her, been betrothed to a stupid old carpenter, generally known as ‘poor old Joe.’ Joseph, it seems, is one of those pious simpletons who are ready to believe that babies grow on gooseberry bushes, and who would credit that Jonah swallowed the whale if only a priest told it to him. He is, moreover, greatly given to dreaming, and places the most implicit faith in his dreams. Some six months or so ago he was visited by one Gabriel, who, declaring himself a messenger of the Lord, persuaded him to espouse the girl. This the old booby did, although he now declares he only saw the messenger in a dream. Many of the gossips are of opinion that this Gabriel is an artful young priest who is at the bottom of all the mischief. Others say that Pandera, a handsome but worthless scamp, noted for his debaucheries, has been observed constantly lurking around Miriam, and is probably the father of the child. Possibly the truth will never be discovered; but whoever the rascal is, he can have but little regard to Miriam’s character, for in consequence of the bad odor in which she stands, she was turned out of doors and took refuge in a cattle stall, where the child was born this morning.

“The pious Joseph, on observing Miriam’s condition, had been for a time minded to put her away privily, but the Lord’s messenger has quieted his scruples, and since he has been chaffed by the neighbors he boldly declares that it is all right and that the Holy Ghost is the father of the child. This he declares on the authority of another dream. Nor will anyone be surprised to learn that the mother has had a similar dream confirming this version of the scandalous affair.

“It seems likely, from the commotion the matter has caused, that both the unfortunate Miriam, the faithful Joseph and the mysterious youngster, will shortly leave Bethlehem for Nazareth, the mother’s home, although some say they are going to Egypt. Any way, their departure will be a good riddance to the village, where already a few crack-brained fanatics give credence to their tale and are ready to adopt the heathen superstition of an incarnate God being born among men.”

The Bible Simplified.

LORD, Jehovah, Mighty God,
Holy Ghost, Christ, Trinity,
One bank holiday long ago,
Being inclined to have a spree,
And having drowned in wasail bowl
All thoughts of the Satanic rebel,
Thought he’d make a living soul
O’er whom he’d have complete control,
Although he had not o’er the Devil.

* There is a play upon words in the original here. The Hebrew *Kadesh* means both holy one and harlot.

So he made a world and firmament,
Sun and moon for day and night,
And up and down among them went,
Making arrangements left and right.
He made great whales and creeping things,
Monkeys and nuts, and bears and trees,
And beetles with and without wings,
And nasty rats, and bugs and fleas,
And then a man, but when he wrought
Woman as an after-thought,
He had no nothing left to make her,
So from the man’s left side did take her.

Now, though e’en Jahveh could not sin
Without unpleasant consequences,
Yet, tired with all the toil and din,
And strain severe on frame and senses,
Upon the Sunday after this
Original bank holiday,
He took a good supply of “fiz,”
Intent to have a jolly day,
And so refreshed, till free from al:ep
Infinite eyelids could not keep.

Lucifer saw his chance at once,
And, whilst the Lord was sweetly snoring,
Down into Eden straight did pounce—
Not this time ravening and roaring,
But with soft voice and gentle suasion,
And looks all-wise in serpent guise,
Completed quite his bold invasion
Of this God-guarded paradise.
All night and part of the next day
The Lord in stupid slumber lay,
While Lucifer from off a cloud
Looked down on him, defiant, proud
(For you must know, though chained in hell,
The length of chain no man can tell);
I say the Lord in slumber lay
Till about 5.15 next day,
When he awoke and thought he’d go
And see his playthings down below;
But when he found the Devil had spoiled
All the work on which he’d toiled,
“Damn Lucifer!” he cried, “he’s gone
And been and undone all I’ve done;
And damn the man and damn the woman;
Damn all things human and inhuman;
I never such a Devil met.
But I’ll be even with him yet;
To punish him for what he’s done
I’ll kill my own begotten son.”
Thus we are taught, in volume blest,
The Devil did the Almighty best.

F. H.

Mrs. Brown on the Bible.

You must excuse a poor creature o’ the likes o’ me for a say-
ing what I thinks of the Scriptures. I knows its very unwrong
—leastways that’s what them ‘ere parsons says—but my poor
dear departed Brown used to say it was stuff and nonsense.
Well, all I can say is this, I must speak my mind. I can’t
help it. I won’t be undishonest for to please anybody. The
last two years I’ve been investigat’ly looking through my
Bible, and I must say as I thinks there’s a lot of rubbishing
nonsense, and oh, I’m that sorry to say as as there’s many
nasty, beastly things as quite dished me. I never wud
have believed them ere things was in the Bible hif I hadn’t
seen them with my own very heyes. It really isn’t fit for
any detent young ‘owman, and especially any old lady o’ the
likes of me to read, and what quite unconcerts me is why
folks lets children read such a nasty, good-for-nothing b ok.
It does them no good. It puts me all in a flutter to think
such books is allowed.

I do hopes people will open their heyes like I has, and read
it carefully and undispassionately—just like they reads any
other book—and not take no notice of them ‘ere chaps as calls
themselves common-taters—them as wants to put their own
destruction on just what suits them. I’ve no impatience with
sich creators, or such a book as requires all that fiddling
nonsense. If it is God’s word it don’t want hany altering—
that’s my opinion. And what a lot of uncredulous stuff there
is in it. It is quite unpossible to expect an old lady like me
to believe it hah, and what’s more, I won’t believe it. There’s
that man Moses as slayed the Philistines with the gates o’ the
city and carried the jawbone of an ass on his back. No wonder
poor, dear Brown couldn’t believe it. I never looked into
these absurdities then. How on earth could God drown the
world with brimstone and fire and destroy Sodom and Gomor-
rah with the two tables o’ stone, as just recomind me o’ the
children of Hiscrae! as had to make a golden calf without
straw and worshipped the ‘gyptian forty days and forty nights
on the top of an hexceeding high mountain. And then there’s
that man Jacob—the nasty, undeceitful fellow who made the

sun stand still while he deceived his poor old father, as never did him no harm; and then he goes and cheats his brother Hishmael out of some potherbs, and afterwards seed the hangels a scrambling up and down a ladder like a lot of macrobats, and had a pillow of fire under 'is 'rad, as puts me all in a perspiration to think of. And I can't believe that Mrs. Eve hid Adam in a ark of bulrushes so that the serpent shouldn't bask him to heat a happle—its really to perpostuous. And then there's those plagues o' Egypt as took place on Mount Sinai while the children of Hisrael was a hiding theirselves in the Garden of Eden. And that story of Jonah carrying about a whale in a small box and making the people pray to it, and that one Hussar was smote dead for a looking inside while Jonah was a spiling the 'Malekites until dry land appeared. For the very life of me I cannot believe all this, and what's more I really don't believe anybody else do.

And I must say that the New Testament is quite as bad as the Old one—if not wusser. We reads of that forward young woman Mary as gets herself in trouble with a hangel. What hussey wud now-a-days have the imperdence to allegiate sich a thing. Lawk a mussy me, not a blessed soul wud believe her. I'm sure I wudn't as long as my name's Sarah Brown. And ah me! what a 'eap o' trouble the child was when he growd up—like hall the boys. He runs away and gets hisself lost, and when his mother finds him he says, "Woman what have I to do with thee?" There's outdacious conduct for you. I'd never allow a boy o' mine to unbehave hisself like that. And I'm sure my deard part d Brown wud never have allowed it—it's unmonstrous conduct. But that boy never came to much good although he could do all kinds of unpeculiar tricks, sich as a turning wine into water, and turning pgs into devils, and a feeding 5000 folks with about fippence worth o' fish and bread—as do quite get hover me as how it was done as do all his other miracles. But what do most get hover a poor creator o' the likes o' me is why on earth all them people as seed these miracles allowed him to be scrucified. And I must say as that I won't believe in the Scripters hany more—its too discomplicated. Some folks says that the Bible is honly fittable for wimmin and children; but I must say as that in future they'll have to disclude the wimmin—leastways Mrs. Brown.

The Archbishop's Prayer for the General Elections.

(To be Read by all the Clergy in their Churches).

O LORD GOD ALMIGHTY, we, thine unworthy servants, do give thee most humble and hearty thanks for all thy loving kindness to uswards. Grant, we beseech thee, a continuance of thy favor, and preserve thy holy Church from all perils. Subdue the minds of rebellious curates, who envy their superiors, and revolt against the rules of poverty which thou hast strictly enjoined upon them. Open their eyes to see the dangers of those who are better endowed with the things of this world, and to perceive that contentedness and humility are the path to heaven. O Lord, keep thy servant Gladstone in the right way. Let him not listen to the voice of Chamberlain, but uphold him in loyalty to thy holy Church. Let him not give heed to the spoilers, who would rob thy servants of what they value next to life itself. Let not the ministers of thy blessed gospel be turned out upon the cold charity of the wicked world, to labor honestly for their daily bread, or to beg, borrow or steal without shame. Fence them from all evil, keep them in the hollow of thy hand, shelter and comfort them here, and guard them from all want, until they are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb, to feast with thee for ever. Defeat, O Lord, the machinations of those wicked men who would impart a godless education to the children of these realms. Let the little ones be ignorant if need be, but preserve them, O Lord, in the ways of piety, and let them still be taught by thy holy ministers to keep their hands from picking and stealing, their tongues from lying and slandering, and to order themselves lowly and reverently to all their betters. We implore thee also to frustrate the devilish efforts of those who seek to profane the sanctity of the high court of Parliament by admitting within its walls a man who mocks thy holy name and laughs to scorn the truths of thy blessed gospel. May it please thee to deal with him in thine own good way, for he is too strong for us, and we have no refuge but in thee. When he goeth to Parliament, go thou before him. Make him turn aside, and let his fate be like unto that of Arius of old. Confound the wicked councils of those who would break down the laws that protect thee and thy holy ministers from ridicule and shame. Let not the blasphemers rail with impunity at thy holy Word, mock the dignity of thy Church, and deride thy meek and lowly servants. Scatter them, O Lord; stretch forth thy right arm, flash forth thine anger, and roar at them in thy wrath. Smite them and spare not, until even as in Egypt when thou removedst the plague of flies, there be not so much as one of them left. Finally, O Lord, we commend unto thy fatherly care thy dear son Churchill. Thou knowest that from his youth up he has walked in thy ways, being valiant and modest like thy servant David, and of good report among all them that value justice and truth. Keep him, O Lord, as the apple of thine eye. Give him the victory at Birmingham over the ancient enemy of thy Church.

Let him preside over the councils of these realms, under our sovereign lady thy servant Queen Victoria. Grant him health and strength to overcome all our enemies, to stand as a strong bulwark of thy Church, and to preserve thy holy ministers in peace and comfort all the days of their life. Amen.

The Creed of Burns.

SAID TO BE ONE OF HIS SUPPRESSED POEMS

To gull the mob and keep them under,
The ancients told their tales of wonder.
A pious fraud, a holy blunder,
A rainbow sign,
An earthquake or a blast o' thunder,
Were held divine.

By those who've faith to swallow dorecs,
A wondrous story nothing loses;
The dextrous feats ascribed to Moses,
Are proofs as plain,
O' sleight o' hand, as Herman Boguc's
Legerdemain.

Beware the stories o' tradition,
Lest sense give way to superstition—
The royal magic competition,
O sacred fountain!
Which can a midgo by faith's volition
Swell to a mountain.

A God o' mercy, just and good,
Held forth as in an angry mood,
Drooning the world a' in a flood
To punish Hymen,
And turning water into blood
Just like a demon.

He murdered thousands in a trice,
Made Egypt swarm with frogs and lice,
Had he sent sheep, and cows, and rice,
His hungry hordes
Might ilka one have got a slice,
And praised their Lord.

Wi' hocus-pocus rod in hand,
Like Mother Goose's magic wand,
They could the elements command,
As legends run;
Divide the sea and burn the land,
Or stop the sun.

Their prodigies bombast surpasses,
Like dykes the ocean stood in masses;
They'd flying prophets, speaking asses,
Besides a haute wife.
Their amorous Ghaists o'ercame the lasses
Wha lived that life.

Their Samson's strength lay in his hair,
Their jealous waters sterling were,
Showers of fire came through the air
Like brimstone danders—
Saints lived in fire by virtue rare,
Like salamanders.

The Apostle Paul, by fancy's whim,
Soared up to heaven a' in a dream,
And Satau brought him back 'twould seem,
So says himsel',
But how could Nick to heaven clim',
Wha's chained in hell?

This damned old wily serpent, Nick,
Was promised lang a mighty kick—
He turned the chase, and played the trick
Wi' God's first-born;
He got him scourged, nailed to a stick,
And crooned wi' thorn.

First search the subject through the piece,
'Tis fraught with blunders such as those,
That reverend priests their flocks may fleeco
Wi' weely conscience;
Teach humble beings by degrees
To swallow nonsense.

The sovereign leaders of each faction
Join hand in hand in close compaction,
To set God's kingdom up to auction,
A lumpin bargain;
Drive silly mortals to distraction,
Wi' their damned jargon.

Yet moral truth shall gain the day,
Illumed by nature's glorious ray,
Anathemas shall fly away
Wi' priests and doils;
Sound reason shall the sceptres sway
Hard at her heels.

SATAN'S ADVENTURES—(continued.)



9. He shows all the kingdoms of the world at once.



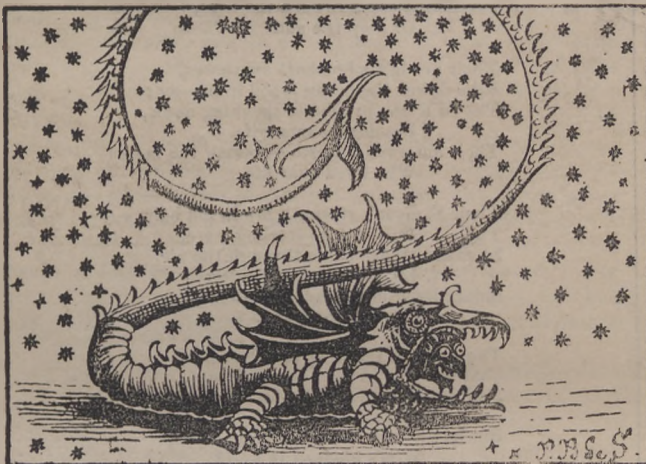
10. He is rebuked.



11. Magical eviction and curious change of tenancy.



12. Goeth about as a roaring lion.



13. Take a part as the pantomime Dragon of the Revelation.



14. Bound for a thousand years.

Johnnie's Inquiries.

"PA," said the Rev. Jonah Mulkittle's little son, "Samson was a strong man wasn't he?"

"Yea, Johnnie; Samson was the strongest man that ever lived."

"Tell me about him."

"It was intended that Samson should be the strongest man, and before he was born—"

The bewildered expression on the child's face arrested the minister in his narration.

"Before he was born?" asked the boy.

"Yes, before—that is before he was found in a hollow stump—"

"Just like little sister?"

"Yes; just before he was found, an angel appeared and foretold his strength, saying that no razor must touch his head."

"Was the angel afraid that the razor would cut him?"

"No; the angel meant that his strength lay in his hair, and that his hair must not be cut off."

"If I let my hair grow long can I lift more than I can now?"

"I don't know about that."

"Are women stronger than men?"

"No."

"But they've got longer hair."

"Yes, they have longer hair."

"A woman couldn't whip you, could she?"

"No; not easily."

"Was Samson a Democrat?"

"I don't know."

"But why don't you know? I'd know if I was as old as you. How many men was it that Samson killed?"

"One thousand."

"He was bad, wasn't he?"

"No."

"But when a man kills anybody he's bad."

"The Lord was with Samson."

"But the Lord says you mustn't kill anybody. Did Samson go to heaven?"

"I suppose so."

"He's the strongest angel there, ain't he?"

"You are getting foolish again."

"But I want to know. Will you know Samson when you go to heaven?"

"I suppose so."

"But you won't fool around him, will you? If he wuster hit you he'd break your wings, wouldn't he?"

"Go to your mother. The next time you attempt to question me about the Bible I shall whip you."

**ON SAM JONES,
THE REVIVALIST.**

You vile galoots ;
You bet your boots,
Yon'll go
Below in woe,
When Gabriel toots
And hoots and toots,
And blows
His holy blow,

O fodder Sam,
Or God'd damn
Your souls
To roll on coals,
Where howling demons
Scowl and scream and
Dole their dole—
Ful doles.

For Jesus' sake
Then make a break.
Oh share
In this hell scare!
Arise! O rake.
And take the cake,
By rear-
Ing, tearing prayer.

When terror seizes
Us, and freezes
Up our blood,
"Twill do him good
When gentle Jesus
Looks and sees us
In a mood
So subdued,
And to please us,
He will ease us
Of our scare,
Right there
On the square.

Oh! split your throats
With louder notes,
And shout
A mighty shout ;
And fall,
And yell, and squall
Like hell, then all
May shell,
The needful out.
B. F. BOYD.

"DON'T you think,"
says Mrs. Keener, "that
when Adam realised the
vastness of the world
into which he had been
 ushered, that he must
have had a great deal
on his mind?" "Well,"
responded Mrs. Blunt,
"from the photographs
I have seen of him I
should say that what-
ever he did have on
must have been on his
mind."



THE BAG OF SINS.

"He was parted from them and carried up into heaven."—LUKE XXIV., 51.

"He was manifested to take away our sins."—1 JOHN III., 5.

"Thou hast cast my sins behind thy back."—ISAIAH XXXVIII., 17.



"Christian consolation for the sick and dying, who need quiet rest above all things: permitted by law."

Jehovah's Election Address.

GENTLEMEN,—

Having been unanimously selected by myself to become your candidate, I trust that you will have none other but me.

I have resided during my whole life within the boundary or in the immediate vicinity of your habitations; therefore I have more claim on you than any stranger. And being in a position to devote, if necessary, the whole of my time to your service—not intending to mix myself up with carpenters' wives again—I feel the less hesitation in asking for your support.

The policy of my opponent, the Devil, cannot be too strongly condemned, and the wicked and peaceable party which he leads has brought upon you disaster, dishonor and disgrace, causing you to be looked upon by all the great powers with complete contempt.

Having in view the responsibilities which our vast possessions (Jews' harps, pots of manna and two tables of stone) entail upon us, I should advocate that our Army be raised to, and always maintained in, a high state of efficiency—even better than in the days of Joshua.

Being firmly attached to religion, I should strenuously oppose any scheme for withdrawing State support from it. I am totally against any infringement of the Sabbath, and would have all persons stoned to death* who attempt to desecrate it. To have Museums and Picture Galleries open on that holy day is entirely out of the question.

I am opposed to Free or any other Education, and have been so from my earliest recollection—in fact my views on that question were made known to the world when I first courted Edenborough. I refer to the Tree of Knowledge—not the land of Goshen.

I am a believer in the principle and efficacy of Free Trade fairly carried out (*i.e.*, borrowing of the Egyptians), but doubt whether the present system is satisfactory. To compete with foreigners, you have to work like slaves to get a living—and you are no doubt aware that I have always been opposed to any system of slavery.†

With reference to Home Rule I am of opinion that a husband should always have complete control over his wife or wives. My dear departed friend Abraham was quite justified in sending Hagar about her business. Many years after that event I laid it down as law that "wives should submit themselves unto their husbands." Therefore you cannot have a more ardent supporter of Home Rule than myself.

I am strongly in favor of the House of Lords—(Father, Son and Holy Ghost)—and if any minor change should be thought necessary—such as letting any well-known apostle have a look-in—I hope and trust nothing will be done to impair the strength and independence of that holy assembly.

With regard to the Criminal Law Amendment Act, I am now in my old age, and remembering the wild pastimes of my youth and manhood, I am in favor of even more stringent measures being enacted. Young females need more protection. You perhaps know that my old friend Lot offered his two virgin daughters to a horde of lustful "gentlemen" for seduction.‡ I begin to think such a state of things should be discountenanced. I shall therefore make it my especial duty to watch closely any improvement of that Act. Having had 32 maidens given to me as a tribute in my younger days.§ I do not think you could have a candidate who could speak with greater authority on this subject than myself.

Though not an abstainer,|| I am in favor of Local Option, always providing that no attempt be made to abstract the alcohol from the communion wine.

I am in favor of a more easy system of *transfer* of land; *i.e.*, by taking it from your neighbors, like the children of Israel did under my careful directions. No doubt there are other alterations required in the Land Laws at the present time; but the wild schemes put forth by frantic agitators are without parallel. One agitator has even promised every man three acres and a cow. Many years ago I, in my "scatter-brain days" promised my constituents (the children of Israel) land flowing with milk and honey—of course they wouldn't want a cow; and I even let that old democrat Moses have a look at the land—but that was all. Such will be your share. Therefore I say unto you, Do not be led away by false promises, but trust in Providence—that is, myself. I may add that now I give no promises that cannot be fulfilled.

With respect to the Merchant Shipping Bill, I might observe that I have always had a deep regard for the lives of our seamen. I never drown, as a rule, more than about thirty at a time. And I am always truly sorry to hear that their relatives or friends feel their loss. Of course I must have storms at sea sometimes, or else there would be no amusement for me.

In the social position of the working classes I have always taken a great interest. I was instrumental in introducing the Deluge or great Water Bill—which made some people Cross. I also brought about the Plague of Lice, smote the people with boils and did many other useful things for the benefit of the people at large.

Should you do me the honor to elect me, I will earnestly and piously do my duty, and you will for your kindness and faithfulness be handsomely rewarded—in the next world. But, if for some unexplained or peculiar reason you do not give me the support I seek for, all I have to say to you in conclusion is—Go to the Devil.

SCOFFER.

* Numbers xv., 35. † Exodus xxi. ‡ Genesis xix., 8.
§ Numbers xxxi., 40. || Lev. xix., 13; Judges ix., 13.

The Word of God.

If you delight in superstitious stuff,
Just read your Bible and you'll get enough.
You find at first, to set you in amaze,
The world made out of nothing in six days.
Then follows quickly an ingenious fib—
Man made from dust and woman from his rib.
Then God inside a garden takes a walk
And woman is beguiled with serpent's talk.
How eating fruit was dreadful sin, you'll find,
Entailing curses on all humankind;
How Noah saved all vermin from a flood
And Moses changed all water into blood;
How Mrs. Lot, for no more serious fault
Than looking round, was changed at once to salt;
How Nebuchadnezzar turned into an ox,
And God was carried round inside a box;
How Balaam's ass spoke in the Hebrew tongue,
And prophet Daniel lions lived among;
How Jonah lived three days inside a whale;
And then, to cap it all, you have a tale
Of God born from a virgin. Sure 'tis odd
Such rot as this is called the Word of God.

LUCIANUS.

Biblical Museum.

THE unexampled success of the Biblical Exhibition recorded in our Summer Number for 1884 has induced the Christian Evidence Manufacturing Society to appeal for articles calculated to demonstrate the truth of the holy scriptures and pulverise the scepticism of the age. We understand that among the articles already contributed are—

A bottle supposed to have once contained the chloroform with which God sent Adam into a deep sleep before making woman from his rib. Found near the supposed site of the Garden of Eden.

Some preserved fruit from the tree of knowledge.

Needles and thread used by Jehovah in making suits for Adam and Eve.

Noah's respirator and the remains of a bottle of Condyl's fluid; believed to be the only specimens used in the ark.

A statue of Mrs. Lot in chloride of sodium.

The skeleton of Balaam's ass.

Remains of the brazen serpent made by Moses; believed to be of efficacy in the cure of snake bites.

The dowry with which David purchased the daughter of Saul (1 Sam. xviii., 27).

The spy-glass with which David endeavored to magnify the name of the Lord.

Some feathers from the four-footed fowl referred to in Lev. xi., 20.

The cauldron used by the witch of Endor, with a spirit photograph of Samuel.

Hoof-prints of the Devil, impressed on geological specimens of the lower igneous rocks.

One of the wheels of the fiery chariot which took Elijah to heaven; made of asbestos.

A fossil cockatrice, supposed to be the one referred to in Isaiah xiv., 29.

A valentine from Mr. Gabriel to Miss Mary. Postmark on envelope, "Feb. 14, B.C. 1."

A quill pen from one of Gabriel's feathers, pulled out by Mary in endeavoring to detain him on his final visit.

Some of the holes Jesus made in the neighbors' windows by throwing stones with miraculous accuracy exceeding that of all other boys that ever lived.

The fever germs that Jesus rebuked, that straightway walked off to seek other quarters.

One of the very stones that would have cried out "Hosanna" if the people had not done so.

A pellet of the saliva and clay that Christ rubbed into the blind man's eyes.

A genuine portion of the veritable globe that once our blessed Lord and Savior walked upon.

The bag Judas carried before he got the sack.

An undoubted "proof" of the Holy Bible. Inspected with avidity by thousands of Christians, who retire disconsolate on discovering that it is only a printer's proof.

A sixpenny telegram from Christ to King Agbarus. The words as nearly as they can be deciphered run thus:—"Jesus, Jericho, to Agbarus, Edessa. Do you want a jester—a very Solemn 'un? Likewise conjuror suitable for Christmas party. Wine and snap-dragon *ad lib.* Mother knows I'm out and wants to come too. Father says Not for Joe. Go thou and do likewise. Ta-ta, old boy, till reply. Yours, MASTER JOSEPHSON." Jesus somehow made the postmaster count these words as only twelve, and this was the second miracle which he worked at Jericho of Judea.

Mary's certificate by Madame Mourey.

The original Pot of Manna. Its authenticity has been proved by three people sickening and one dying of the smell.

A Bottle of Liquor from the Marriage Feast at Cana in Galilee. Ten degrees above proof.

A Bottle of Sperm Oil from Jonah's whale.

A plateful of Ezekiel's dinner. See Ezekiel iv., 12.

The Foundation Stone of the Tower of Babel, with a coin and a newspaper of the time, and a list of the principal subscribers.

A Bottle of the Milk on which Christ was suckled, selected from five hundred and fifty brought from Palestine by the Crusaders, and guaranteed by several Popes.

Two Figs that ought to have grown on the barren Fig-tree.

An affidavit by Peter's mother-in-law, attested by two witnesses, declaring that he denied Jesus for having recovered her from a fever.

A Lamb with seven horns and seven eyes, supposed to be the one mentioned in Revelation, no such prodigy being mentioned by any other writer.

A slice of the thick darkness which was felt in Egypt.

A Bottle of Jordan water, good for the scurvy.

A piece of Christian charity, very minute, but discernible through a microscope.

A copy of the *Jerusalem Chronicle* giving a full report of the Last Supper, a list of the company, and the bill of fare.

A portrait of the original Grand Old Man, Mr. Moses, at the age of a hundred and twenty.

Joseph's coat, deposited by Madame Potiphar in the Memphis museum, and brought thence at great expense (chiefly in champagne and cigars) by the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

A slice of veal from the fatted calf.

A pig's trotter, from one of the Gadarean swine, still smelling of brimstone.

A certificate of Sarah's honor, signed by Pharaoh and the chief eunuch.

A photograph of a great group of women, said to number a thousand by those who have had the patience to count them, and supposed to be Solomon's wives.

The Bible Alphabet.

- A STANDS for Adam, who died on the cross;
- B stands for Balaam, whose ass spoke till hoarse.
- C stands for Cain—he cursed the fig-tree;
- D stands for David, who walked on the sea.
- E stands for Enoch, who swallowed the whale,
- F for the foxes he tied tail to tail.
- G stands for Gabriel, who Mary did wed;
- H stands for Herod, who chopped off God's head.
- I stands for Isaac—forty days did he fast;
- J stands for Job, who from heaven was cast.
- K stands for Kings, a most innocent crew;
- L stands for Lot—young Goliath he slew.
- M stands for Moses, who married his rib;
- N stands for Nadab, who died for a fib.
- O stands for Omri, who smote the poor rock;
- P for old Peter—he kept Noah's flock;
- Q's for Queen Sheba, who rose from the dead;
- R stands for Reuben—five thousand he fed.
- S stands for Samson, who offered up Eve;
- T is for Thomas, who laughed in his sleeve;
- U for Uriah, whose light was put out;
- V for the Virgins who razed walls with a shout;
- W for Wise Men who went to the feast;
- X for the X. Plagues that came from the East;
- Y for the Youngster minus a dad;
- Z for Zaccheus, who drove the pigs mad.

SCOFFER.

Profane Rib Ticklers.

In an American paper, a printer advertises for two devils of good character.

THERE is a woman in Williamsburgh who is so pious that she won't use any but religious newspapers for her bustle.

A LINK-BOY asked Dr. Burgess, the preacher, if he would have a light. "No, child," says the doctor; "I am one of the lights of the world." "I wish, then," replied the boy, "you were hung up at the end of our alley, for we live in a devilish dark one."

SPEAKING FROM EXPERIENCE.—A little boy of three years, whose mother played the organ in church, and who was obliged to be left to the care of others, was asked one Sunday morning what his kitten was crying so piteously for. "I don't know," said he, "but I s'pect the old cat has gone to church."

A GENTLEMAN begged Villiers, the witty duke of Buckingham, to employ his interest for him at court, and added that he had nobody to depend on but God and his Grace. "Then," said the duke, "your condition is desperate; you could not have named any two beings who have less interest at court."

SALVATION ARMY black man (to farmer in opposite corner of third-class carriage): "Have you been born again, my friend?" Farmer: "Don't know. Have you?" Black Man: "Yes, I have." Farmer: "Well, then, if I'd bin you, I'd a bin born a white'un!" [Collapse of black man].—*Punch*.

MINISTER (dining with the family): "Well, Bobby, do you like to read the Bible?" Bobby: "I don't get much of a chance of it. Sister has it most of the time." Minister: (turning to sister): "Ah, Miss Clara, I am glad to know that you find the good book of daily use and consolation to you." Bobby: "Yes, she uses it for pressing autumn leaves."

Two old darkies out West were heard to hold the following conversation:—"Brudder Barnes, dere's bad noos agoin' round 'ere." "W'at's dat, brudder?" "Why, de Lord am dead." "Den how's de world agoin' round if dat's true?" "Well, anyhow dere's bin a preacher around saying de Lord—dat's Jesus—am dead." "Oh, de Lord Jesus? Dat's no matter, dat's only one ob de boys. I fort ye meant de ole mau."

MINISTER (to deacon of the church): "I want to refer to a matter, my dear deacon, that has been preying on my mind for some time. I am sure you will overlook any apparent meddling in your affairs, knowing that I only speak for your own good." Deacon (cordially): "Certainly, my dear sir. Speak your mind freely." Minister: "I understand you have been speculating a good deal of late. Now, aside from the danger of such a business, and the consequent misery it may entail upon your family, do you consider it just the proper thing for a deacon of the—?" Deacon: "Yes, I admit that I have been speculating some. I cleared 5,000 dols. only yesterday on a wheat transaction." Minister (astounded): "No, is that so? What's wheat worth to-day?"

To Facetious Correspondents.

RATIONALIST.—Gabriel means champion rather than "man of God."

Your explanation that Son of God and Son of Man mean the same does not satisfy us. We prefer the pigeon story. It is far funnier.

ONE OF THE WISE MEN.—It was very thoughtful of you to take frankincense and myrrh to counteract the stable odor. Doubtless you will get a harp in that day.

EZEKIEL.—Try the *War Cry*. You should avoid such filthy diet in future.

VIRGIN MOTHER.—The whole subject is more than *vergin'* on indecency. Apply to *Town Talk* or the *Pall Mall Gazette*. As, according to the Protevangelion (ix., 23) you were only "fourteen years old when all these things happened," the Holy Ghost who seduced you is liable, under the Criminal Law Amendment Act, to several years' hard labor. Get Stead or Mr. Booth to publish and prosecute. When the Ghost is on the treadmill we should like to see him. We should not petition the Home Secretary for a remission of his sentence, or that he should be made a first-class misdemeanant.

UNSANCTIFIED PHILOLOGIST.—No. Samson was not the son of "Sam," as you irreverently term the great prophet. The book of Revelation describes the revels of the saints over the torments of their brethren below. The prophet Micah may have been the mineral mica: Christ said God could make the stones speak—or he may have been a lazy fellow, a "miker," as prophets and parsons usually are. "Mosaic," as any Christian can see for himself, is derived from Moses, and not from the Muses as the unsanctified wise ones pretend. When Moses broke all the commandments at once by throwing down the two tablets of stone, the shattered fragments were carefully collected and fitted together in an artistic design or pavement for the Holy of Holies. Ever since this time, patterns, floorings, pictures, and other artistic devices, formed of small broken pieces of plain or colored stone, have been described as Mosaic work.

MAD MUSICIAN.—That Christ came to a-tone doesn't prove he was a musician either in theory or practice. Of course in music the cross is a double sharp, and it makes a note a tone higher. You suspect that Christ was A sharp, A flat, and A natural, all in one, a sort of trinity of the three. Don't send us any more of your far-fetched jokes, however, but take the advice you give to others, and in future try to B natural.

FISHERMAN PETER.—The difference between the two prophets, we suppose, is that Elijah was a Tishbite and Jonah was a Fish-bite; only a whale, unfortunately, is not a fish, though Holy Scripture describes it as such (Jonah i., 17; Mark xii., 49). When God swore to take away "posterity with fish-hooks" (Amos iv., 2) he meant ancestry; and he thus gave a striking proof of his acquaintance with the Darwinian theory. During the evolution so evidently described in Genesis, God must have relieved the tedium of the men of the "water-population" by abundant fishing. Hence his predilection for fishermen as apostles and for fishy stories generally.

JOSEPH.—It is very absurd to be jealous of a pigeon.

ADAM.—If Christ fed 5,000 people with five loaves and two small fishes he evidently came to save soles.

SIMMON.—There's a great difference between a nimbus and a city-bus, but we haven't time to explain it. You must be halo fellow to ask such a question.

TIMOTHY.—We don't know what paper Lazarus the beggar patronised, but should think he took in *Scraps*.

DANIEL.—If you cannot get sleep on account of your visions try bromide of potassium.

JEREMIAH.—Your liver is evidently out of order. Send for a box of Thwaites's Pills.

CORRESPONDENTS are requested to write on one side of the paper only as our Printer's Devil wants to write on the other side.



THE TRANSFIGURATION.

"And after six days Jesus taketh Peter, James, and John his brother, and bringeth them up into an high mountain apart, and was transfigured before them: and his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light. And, behold there appeared unto them Moses and Elias talking with him."—MATTHEW xvii., 1, 3.



SAL VATION

HAPPY ELIZA ALIAS SALVATION SAL.

The following is given as specimen of a genuine negro hymn:—

LET HIM GO.

Now let Mars Jesna take me orway,
 Good Lawd, I wante go home;
 Take me up ter de jedgment day,
 Good Lawd, I wante go home.
 I uphol's de Bible an' I keeps down de flesh,
 Good Lawd, I wante go home;
 'Specially de hog meat when it's sorter frosh,
 Good Lawd, I wante go home.

Oh, yas, good Lawd, I wante go home,
 Wants to put my head on de Good Man's breast;
 Doan' wante stay here wid sinners for ter roam,
 But wants de 'possum gravy o' everlastin' rest.
 An' er glory ter de Good Man, de Good Man,
 De Good Man dat sets up in de sky.

Dat gloyus place doan' seem so fur,
 Good Lawd, I wante go home
 An' I specks dat I's got a wife or two der,
 Good Lawd, I wante go home.
 When I gets up dar dunner which one to claim,
 Good Lawd, I wante go home;
 For way up dar all de wimmin is de same,
 Good Lawd, I wante go home.

Oh, yas, good Lawd, I wante go home,
 Wants to put my head on de Good Man's breast
 Doan' wante stay heah wid sinners for ter roam,
 But wants de 'possum gravy o' everlastin' rest.
 An' er glory ter de Good Man, de Good Man,
 De good Man dat sets up in de sky.

THE JEWISH LIFE OF CHRIST

THE JEWISH LIFE OF CHRIST

THE JEWISH LIFE OF CHRIST

THE JEWISH LIFE OF CHRIST

THE JEWISH LIFE OF CHRIST

THE JEWISH LIFE OF CHRIST

THE JEWISH LIFE OF CHRIST

THE JEWISH LIFE OF CHRIST

THE JEWISH LIFE OF CHRIST

THE JEWISH LIFE OF CHRIST

THE JEWISH LIFE OF CHRIST

THE JEWISH LIFE OF CHRIST

THE JEWISH LIFE OF CHRIST

THE JEWISH LIFE OF CHRIST

MR. FOOTE'S WORKS.

Arrows of Freethought. 112 pp.	0 6
Theological Essays, including all the theological pamphlets now in print. Cloth	2 0
Blasphemy No Crime. The whole question fully treated, with special reference to the Prosecution of the <i>Freethinker</i>	0 1
Mill's Christ. Being an exhaustive examination and exposure of John Stuart Mill's panegyric on Christ in his Essay on Theism	0 2
The Folly of Prayer. New edition; with fresh Introduction	0 1
Atheism and Morality. New edition; fresh Introduction ...	0 1
Secularism the True Philosophy of Life. An Exposition and a Defence. (<i>In Wrapper</i>)	0 4
Atheism and Suicide	0 1
The God Christians Swear By	0 2
Was Jesus Insane?	0 1
Brown's Story; or, The Dying Infidel. 16pp.	0 1
Law and Gospel. Letters to Lord Coleridge, Judge North, Gaoler Harcourt, and Lawyer Giffard	0 1
The Shadow of the Sword. An Essay on War	0 2
Jonah's Excursion to Nineveh. With twenty-four illustrations	0 2

BIBLE ROMANCES (1d. each).

- (1) The Creation Story. (2) Noah's Flood. (3) Eve and the Apple. (4) The Bible Devil. (5) The Ten Plagues. (6) Jonah and the Whale. (7) The Wandering Jews. (8) The Tower of Babel. (9) Balaam's Ass. (10) God's Thieves in Canaan. (11) Cain and Abel. (12) Lot's Wife.

FIRST SERIES, bound in elegant wrapper, ONE SHILLING.

- (13) Daniel and the Lions. (14) The Jew Judges. (15) St. John's Nightmare. (16) A Virgin Mother. (17) God in a Box. (18) Bully Samson. (19) Gospel Ghosts. (20) A Rising God. (21) The Bible Menagerie. (22) The Crucifixion.

SECOND SERIES, bound in elegant wrapper, NINEPENCE.

THOMAS PAINE'S THEOLOGICAL WORKS.

(Including the "AGE OF REASON")

Paper covers, 1s.

In cloth, 1s. 6d.

MYTH AND MIRACLE AND LIVE TOPICS.

NEW LECTURES BY R. G. INGERSOLL.

One Penny Each.

BIBLE CONTRADICTIONS.

Being Part I. of a

BIBLE HANDBOOK FOR FREETHINKERS & INQUIRING CHRISTIANS.

EDITED BY

G. W. Foote & W. P. Ball.

With a SPECIAL INTRODUCTION by G. W. FOOTE.

Stitched in Wrapper. Price Fourpence.

"It is the most painstaking and accurate work of the kind we have yet seen, and quite blows to smithereens the Protestant's infallible book."—*Secular Review*.

SOME MISTAKES OF MOSES

By R. G. INGERSOLL.

The only Complete Edition published in England; faithfully reprinted from the Author's American Edition. Accurate as Colenso's "Pentateuch" and fascinating as a novel. Every Freethinker should have a copy in his library beside Paine's "Age of Reason."

With a Brief Introduction by G. W. FOOTE.

A Handsome Volume of 136 pages.

Paper Covers, 1s.

Bound in Cloth, 1s. 6d.

REDUCED IN PRICE!

The Darwinian Theory	0 3
The Origin of Man	0 3
Monkeys, Apes and Men	0 3
The Three bound in cloth as—	
Darwin Made Easy	1 0

The best popular exposition of Darwin in the market.

By DR. E. AVELING (*Fellow of London University*.)

MANCHESTER FREETHOUGHT DEPOT.

S. WATTS, Hairdresser, etc., 27 Oxford Street (opposite Longford Works), supplies all kinds of Freethought Literature, wholesale and retail. Orders by post promptly executed. "Fruits of Philosophy," post free, 7d.; "Law of Population," post free, 7d.; "Bible Contradictions," post free, 4½d.; "Devil's Pulpit," published at 8s., carriage free, 2s. 6d.

CRIMES OF CHRISTIANITY.

BY

G. W. FOOTE and J. M. WHEELER.

PUBLISHED IN FORTNIGHTLY PARTS.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|--|
| 1. Christ to Constantine | 9. Ignorance, Vices & Quarrels of the Early Church |
| 2. Constantine to Jovian | 10. The Jew Hunt |
| 3. Athanasius to Hypatia | 11. The Jew Hunt, <i>concluded</i> |
| 4. Monkery | 12. The Crusades |
| 5. Pious Frauds | 13. The Crusades— <i>concluded</i> |
| 6. Pious Frauds— <i>concluded</i> . | 14. Witchcraft |
| 7. The Rise of the Papacy | 15. The Inquisition |
| 8. The Crimes of the Popes | |

EACH PART CONTAINS SIXTEEN PAGES. PRICE ONE PENNY.

Vol. I., including Parts I. to IX., 144 pp. in handsome wrapper, PRICE ONE SHILLING.

"The two authors of this work (which is well described by the title) are doing a good work in England in exposing the prevailing religion. New cases of Christian cruelty are unearthed and new authors cited as authorities. We wish every English-reading Christian could have a copy."—*Truthseeker* (New York).

"A most useful addition to the Freethought library."—*National Reformer*.

"The brochure now before us is a most serviceable and effective compendium of the overwhelming historic testimony against the Christian Church from its origin to the Dark Ages. . . The bulk of the work is beyond cavil; and if it be complained that the spirit of the writers is too determinedly hostile to Christianity, the answer is that they always speak from cited evidence."—*Our Corner*.

THE JEWISH LIFE OF CHRIST,

BEING

"The Sopher Toldoth Jeshu," or Book of the Generations of Jesus."

EDITED

(With an Historical Preface and Voluminous Notes)

BY

G. W. FOOTE and J. M. WHEELER.

Paper Covers, price Sixpence; Superior Edition, printed on fine paper and bound in limp cloth, One Shilling.

"Messrs. G. W. Foote and J. M. Wheeler have laid the Freethought party under great obligation by the careful manner in which they have collected and stated the information on a very doubtful and difficult subject. . . We have no hesitation in giving unqualified praise to the voluminous and sometimes very erudite notes."—*National Reformer*.

"Messrs. Foote and Wheeler's is far superior to the American edition. . . The work will undoubtedly command a large sale."—*Secular Review*.

PAMPHLETS BY J. M. WHEELER.

Frauds & Follies of the Fathers	6d.
Gospel Lies	1d.
Letters from Hell	1d.

Comic Bible Sketches

PART I.

Containing Thirty-nine Illustrations, including all those for which Sir Henry Tyler unsuccessfully prosecuted Messrs. Bradlaugh, Foote and Ramsey.

With a Special introduction by G. W. Foote, and a Racy Frontispiece.

Handsomely printed on special paper, and bound in colored wrapper

FORTY-EIGHT LARGE PAGES. PRICE FOURPENCE.

SATIRES AND PROFANITIES.

BY

James Thomson (B.V.)

The greatest Freethought poet since Shelley, and the keenest satirist since Swift.

With a Preface by G. W. FOOTE.

Handsomely Bound in Cloth. Reduced to 1s. 6d.

Three Trials for Blasphemy

OF

G. W. FOOTE, W. J. RAMSEY & H. A. KEMP,

Before Justice North and Lord Coleridge.

Bound in cloth.

Price One Shilling.

Printed and Published by G. W. FOOTE, at 28 Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.