

# THE FREE THINKER



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# THE FREETHINKER

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A CHRISTMAS SERMON.

SEE LUKE VI., 20, 24.



## Judge North and the Devil.

NEWSPAPERS are supposed to chronicle all important events, and as no event is more important to mankind than the death of its enemies, it is astonishing that the public prints have neglected to record the recent decease of Mr. Justice North. This "great loss," as his family call it, occurred last Friday. His lordship had been ailing for some time, chiefly, it is suspected, in consequence of so many of his judgments being reversed by the Court of Appeal. On Friday morning he occupied his usual seat in the Court of Chancery, but it was obvious to the gentlemen of the bar, the litigants and witnesses, and even the spectators, that his lordship's condition was by no means improved. His observations were confused, he put the same question to witnesses three or four times over, and at the conclusion of one important case his judgment was directly opposite to his summing-up. When the Court rose his lordship drove home, and on arriving there he was so ill that he was obliged to retire to bed. The doctor, who was summoned immediately, shook his head on seeing the condition of his patient, and muttered something about heart disease. About nine o'clock his lordship was visibly sinking, and at twelve o'clock he breathed his last. For nearly two hours before his death he was unconscious, but he sometimes murmured a word or two, amongst which "Devil," "Foote," "Freethinker," "God" and "Duty" were heard distinctly. A clergyman was in attendance during that distressing period, the last consolations of religion were duly administered, and his lordship's family and relatives are fully assured that he is now a saint in heaven.

Sad to relate, however, they are grievously mistaken. Mr. Justice North's soul went straightway to Hell. Unknown to himself, his lordship held heretical views, which the Supreme Court of Heaven pronounced to be blasphemous, on a very perplexed and subtle point in theology. Unfortunately our information on this matter is not precise, but we understood from our ghostly visitor that the point on which his lordship was eternally wrecked relates to the status of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Every soul, on arriving at Hell, is first washed in sulphur and then lodged, in a state of nudity, in a large hall, which is nevertheless free from draughts. All the arrivals wait here until they are brought singly before the Governor, who assigns to each a separate locality and punishment. His lordship looked very crestfallen, for he had anticipated a better fate. Nor was his distress alleviated by the sight of his companions, among whom he recognised two eminent scoundrels that he had himself sentenced to long terms of penal servitude, and one eminent Christian whom he had frequently seen at church on Sunday.

While his lordship waited in the hall he was greatly afflicted at his own nakedness, and still more at the nakedness of his companions; for he had always been a very modest man, and the notion of anything obscene or indecent had always been repulsive to him. Even the sight of a ragged pair of trousers had been known to cover his face with blushes. And, to add to his misery, the two criminals twitted him with his bareness, and remarked that he cut a very poor figure with his clothes off.

Prisoner after prisoner was taken out to see the Devil without returning. His lordship was kept till the last, and as he passed through the hall door and entered the Devil's private office, he literally shook with fear. Satan sat in an easy chair, sipping iced champagne and smoking a splendid cigar. His appearance belied the popular idea. No tail protruded through a hole in his nether garments, his brows were not decorated with horns, nor did his legs terminate in hoofs. He was tall and handsome. Every feature spoke resolution, and his magnificent head looked a workshop of intense and ample thought.

Catching sight of the wretched, grovelling figure before him, the Devil's dark countenance was lit up with a smile. "Well, *Justice North*," he began, with a sarcastic accent on the middle word, "I have kept you till last because I wanted a special talk with you. Most of the arrivals in this establishment—and they

are pretty numerous—have offended the upper powers, but they have generally been civil to me. You, however, have been damnably uncivil; nay, rude; indeed I may say libellous."

"I humbly crave your highness's pardon," broke in the culprit, "but I do not recollect having spoken of you disrespectfully. I always regarded you with feelings of awe."

"Indeed!" said the Devil, "just carry your mind back to the fifth of March, 1883, when you tried three prisoners at the Old Bailey for blasphemy."

His lordship turned livid with fear, but plucking up a little courage he replied, "Yes, your highness, I remember the incident, and now I fear I shall never forget it. Yet I do not recollect saying anything on that occasion in any way offensive to yourself."

"Indeed!" said the Devil, with a more withering accent, and proceeded to open a book on the table. "When you sentenced the first prisoner—who, by the way, is a very good friend of mine—you said you extremely regretted to find a man of undoubted intelligence, a man gifted by God with such great ability, choosing to prostitute his talents to the service of the Devil. Those were your very words. Do you call that civil, sir? Is it not downright abuse? Serving me *prostitution*, forsooth! If that is what you call being respectful, what on earth—or rather what in hell—would you call insulting?"

"Alas, your highness," exclaimed his lordship, "I did indeed utter those unlucky words. But it was an unguarded expression, or rather the stock language of such occasions. I had looked up the sentences passed by former judges on blasphemers, and I simply followed their lead as to the terms I employed."

"Yes," said the Devil, "and you followed their lead in another respect, even if you did not better their instruction. You passed upon my friend Foote a most savage sentence. Probably you are surprised at my calling him 'friend,' but I may inform you that all Freethinkers are my friends. Like myself they are rebels against the tyranny of heaven. The deity you worshipped on earth hates every man who dares to think for himself. He sends them here to be tortured; but as he never takes the trouble to inspect this establishment, having a silly belief in my malignancy, I am able to lighten their punishment. I give them the coolest places in Hell, and favor them in every possible way. They don't mix with the rest of the inhabitants, but associate exclusively with each other. Personally I find them excellent company, and I can only marvel at your deity's emptying heaven of what in my opinion would be its best society."

The Devil leaned back in his easy chair, quaffed a glass of champagne, and quietly smoked his cigar, while watching the effect of his words on the trembling wretch before him. By this time his lordship was green with terror. His limbs twitched convulsively, his eyes rolled in their sockets, and although he tried to speak, his voice failed him.

"Coward!" muttered the Devil; "the fellow hasn't the courage of the most abject wretch he ever sentenced."

Presently his lordship's speech returned, and he shrieked out, "Mercy, your highness, mercy! I meant no harm, indeed I did not. I unsay it all, and swear to be your devoted servant for ever."

"Worse and worse!" exclaimed the Devil. "Had you shown the least courage, I would have pitied you. Now I only despise you." Thereupon he touched a bell on the table, and a gigantic demon responded to the summons. "Take this fellow," said the Devil, "to number 2,716,542,897." The demon grinned, for it was the hottest room in Hell, right over the furnace. Seizing the culprit in his herculean arms, he swung him over his shoulder, and was marching off when the Devil cried: "Stop a minute! North," he continued, "you'll have a bad time of it, but there is a hope for you. When Foote comes here we shall chat over your case, and if he is of a placable temper, as I fancy, he may solicit a little respite for you. Meanwhile you must bear your fate like a Christian. *Au revoir*."

The Devil waved his hand, the gigantic demon hurried off with his prisoner, and ten minutes afterwards his lordship was dancing up and down like a ball on the hot bricks of Number 2,716,542,897.



## Life in Heaven.

No. 143,993 Block,

New Jerusalem.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

The happy accident of Jabers being re-incarnated upon your planet affords me an opportunity of communicating with you and describing, though briefly, some of the joys that await the blest. Heaven is greatly misunderstood on earth. How could it be otherwise? The only book which tells you much about it is the inspired Apocalypse of blessed St. John, the interpretation of which has been taken up by a set of cranks who wrest the scriptures to their own destruction. He lets the initiated see that heaven is a very dreary region; all the best places taken up by one hundred and forty-four thousand Jewish male virgins, while the souls of the martyrs are huddled up under an altar. Except upon some extraordinary occasion, such as that described by Scoffer, all we have to do is to keep bowing our knees at the name of Jabers and eternally praising Jahveh and the Lamb with seven horns and seven eyes. Perhaps the description of the jewels may put you in mind of the transformation scene in a pantomime, but I can assure you to us who have to be eternally among them it becomes awfully monotonous.

But I must tell you the curious adventure which awaited me when I reached the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem. Peter was sitting at the turnstile, and made me recite my catechism, which I flatter myself I got through creditably. He then demanded if I was circumcised. I reminded him that Paul said circumcision availed nothing. He said, Never mind what Paul says. Only those are sealed who belong to the twelve tribes. I reminded him that the tribe of Dan was omitted. Peter was obdurate. None but the circumcised could enter the kingdom of heaven. Fortunately, or unfortunately, the operation had been performed on me in my youth, and I was accordingly admitted among the elect. The whole aspect of the place, even to the jewellery, was so essentially Hebraic that I almost fancied I had got into Petticoat Lane, and the chanting around the throne forcibly reminded me of the dismal howlings I have heard in the Duke Street Synagogue.

Most of the angels appear very miserable and stupid. Having nothing better to do through all eternity than to sing psalms and play harps does not foster any display of intellect. I should imagine they are all weary of the farce of living for ever, and would gladly relinquish their immortality, which fits the most of them no better than their halos.

You have heard, no doubt, of the shindy when Joseph, who is a very drowsy man, and always dreaming that he has received angelic messages, suddenly woke up and threatened to take his wife and child out of the establishment and burst up the concern. How heartily we wished that he would carry out his threat! Anything to break the blessed monotony would be a relief. Paul recently attempted to get up some races, offering to fly Barnabas or any other comer for the celestial championship. But it was no good. All the corpulent angels objected to racing as unseemly. Then we tried to get up a controversy on the subject of justification, whether by grace, faith, or works, but the angels all got at loggerheads and kicked up such a row that the boss interfered and made each of the various sects keep to their own apartment. The truth is that, having nothing to contend with, we long to contend with each other; but this the boss will not allow.

Peter is the only happy person, for he is constantly employed in examining candidates for admission, and tumbling them over into hell to dwell for ever with Satan and his angels. Some of us wish we could get a turn down below with Voltaire, Lucian, Rabelais, Paine, Shakespeare, Shelley, etc., for the truth is we are heartily sick of that old song of Holy, holy, holy! The only break we get is when some converted murderers are swung straight from the scaffold to the gates of the New Jerusalem. We always speculate upon how many crimes they have committed, for you know the viler they have been on earth the better

reception they get in heaven. And then we have the felicity of listening while they learn the heavenly song sung before the throne, by hearing it chanted in a voice of multitudinous thunders.

Most of those I have met seem thoroughly dissatisfied. They've got tired of doing nothing but singing praises. John the Baptist complains that he has to go through eternity headless, for want of a little miracle. The twelve apostles want to know when they are going to sit on twelve thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel. Others inquire when they are going to eat and drink at the Lord's table and get the new wine which was promised in the kingdom of heaven. Papias laments that he has seen nothing of the wonderful grapes, ten thousand in each cluster, which all the elders who saw John said they heard from him that the Lord had promised to the elect. Many say they gave up their wives on earth in order to receive a hundredfold, as promised in the blessed scriptures, and when they come to heaven they find there are not enough women to go round.

This place certainly would not suit the Moham-medans, for there are no beautiful houris, and, as you know, no marrying or giving in marriage. Most of those who come here are pained to find there is no sweet reunion with their loved ones, although doubtless some are relieved to find they have not two or three Mrs. Browns waiting for them. Nor would it suit the Indians. Here are no happy hunting-grounds and no animals to hunt. I should have liked my own faithful dog to bear me company, but the only animals here are the six-winged beasts around the thrones with eyes before and behind, the lamb with seven horns and seven eyes, and the cherubim and seraphim who continually do cry.

We are all more or less tired of this celestial lubberland. Most of us wish we could get back again to earth. But what keeps up our spirits is the hope of returning and making a new heaven and a new earth, when we shall all live and reign for at least a thousand years. Thus even in Heaven we have to feed on Hope.

HENRY KUNRATH.

## The Dying Freethinker.

NAY, weeping friends, I want no priest,  
To mar my peace with bootless strife,  
Ere Death's cold kindness hath released  
Me from the prison-house of life.  
Too oft his craft to scorn I've laughed  
To send him now a suppliant cry;  
Serene I drain the welcome draught,  
And, smiling, tell you, "Thus I die!"

Yes, though the darksome shades of death  
Are closing fast around my head—  
Though well I know my failing breath  
Will leave me soon with half unsaid—  
My brain is clear, my will is strong,  
From superstition still I'm free,  
Nor tear-filled eye nor faltering tongue,  
Shall wring one recreant word from me.

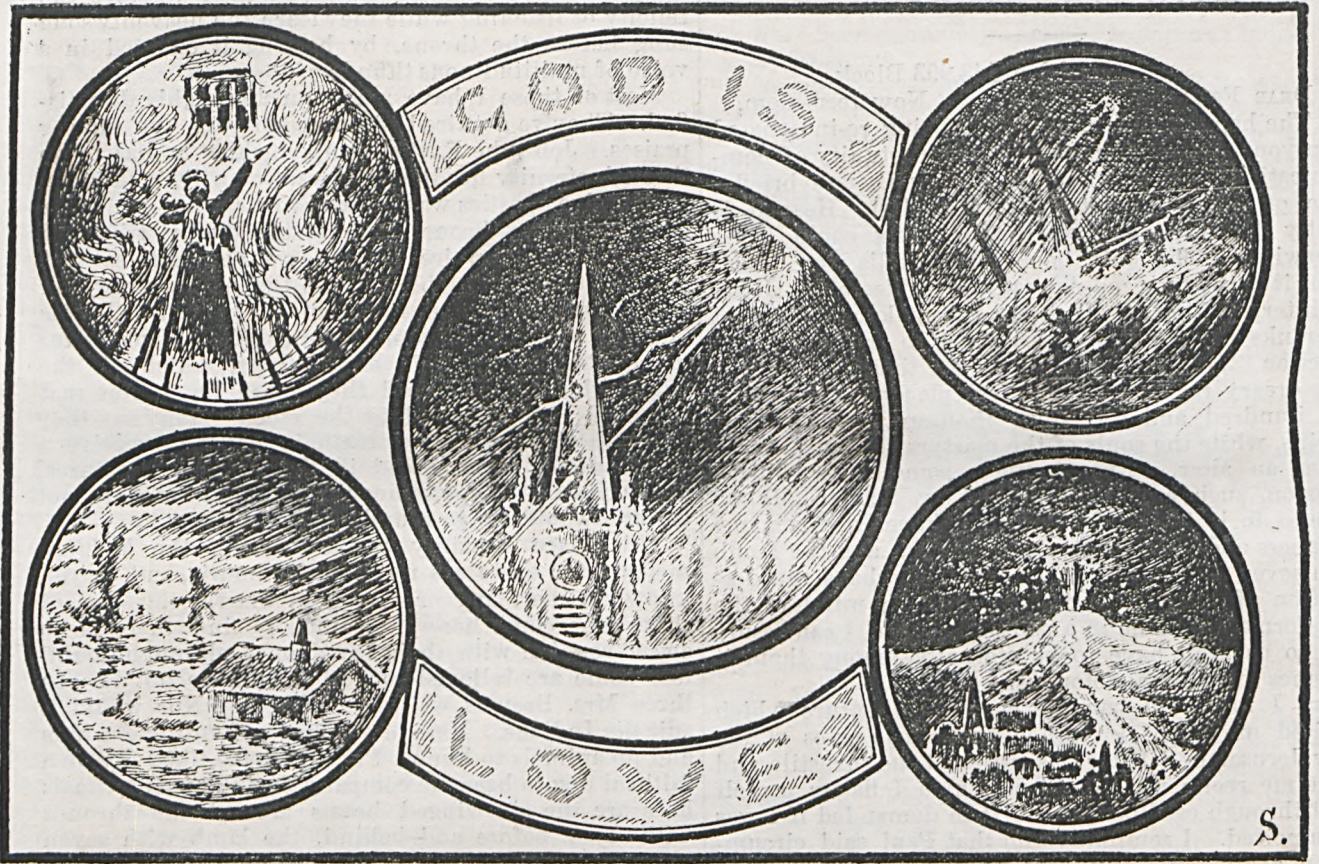
Nay, wherefore weep? Your God, you say,  
Is love supreme, enthroned above.  
Can the mistakes of life's short day  
Then separate me from that love?  
Your creed you mock with idle fears  
When mourning o'er my future lot;  
You do but waste your bitter tears  
On one who knows he needs them not.

And when beneath the daisied sod  
You put away my worn-out frame,  
Pray let no black-robed "priest of God"  
Advance for me to heaven a claim.  
Rather let one who shared my faith  
Tell of the truths I loved indeed,  
How Reason's lamp illumed my path,  
How "to do good" was all my creed.

And aye the stars will shine as clear,  
The grass grow green, the loud wind swell,  
As o'er the saint God holds most dear,  
O'er me whom men dub "Infidel."  
And whether life or naught may be  
Beyond the grave's mysterious gate,  
Guarded by Death, awaiting me,  
I bow submissive to my fate.

GEORGE GILL RTS N.





DIVINE BENEVOLENCE.

*He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love.—1 JOHN IV., 8.*



THE JERUSALEM PONY.

*And Jesus, when he had found a young ass, sat thereon.—JOHN XII, 14.*



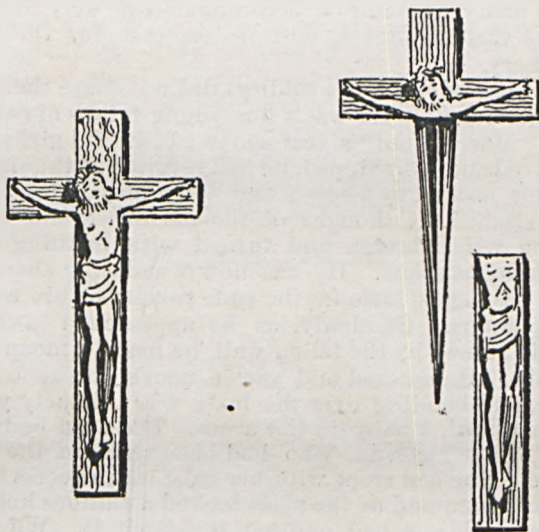


THE CHRISTIAN JOSS-HOUSE.



THE DIVINE FLY-CATCHER.

And it shall come to pass in that day, that the Lord shall hiss for the fly that is in the uttermost part of the rivers of Egypt, and for the bee that is in the land of Assyria. And they shall come.—ISAIAH VII., 18, 19.



A Significant Incident.

Mr. J. A. SYMONDS, in his "Sketches and Studies in Italy," tells us of a crucifix which was shown him, which consisted of two parts. On pressing a spring and removing the lower part of the crucifix, a keen dagger was revealed, of which the body of Christ and the lower part of the cross were merely the sheath. Whether carried by a priest for purposes of assassination, or merely for personal protection, who can say? Certain it is that this crucifix-dagger has a moral significance deeper than might be imagined at first sight. The Cross has been too often a dagger, too often the sword that Christ said he came to bring on earth. The hidden blade of the cutthroat has always been in the hands of the priest, and has too often been used with deadly effect. Liberty has been assassinated time after time. Nations have been stabbed to the heart by the secret or insidious stiletto of the Church. Is it not time the trick was fully exposed, and the world put thoroughly on its guard?



## Joshua at Jericho.

JOSHUA besieged Jericho. It was a city of fifty thousand inhabitants, and was five miles in circuit. The defenders numbered ten thousand men of arms. They were amply provided with slings and javelins as well as with swords for a close encounter. Joshua's army numbered six hundred thousand, and swarmed on the plain like locusts.

All Jericho was astonished that Joshua's army did not attempt to scale the walls. Instead of doing so, they marched round the city at a safe distance from the strongest slings. They were headed by their priests, blowing rams' horns, and carrying their fetish in a box. Six days this procession moved round Jericho, the defenders on the walls wondering at the performance, and shouting to them to come on like men. On the seventh day the procession went round Jericho seven times. Seven out of the twelve priests dropped out from sheer exhaustion, and more than half the army limped off, faint and footsore, to their tents. Suddenly the five remaining priests blew their horns with all the breath left in them, the army emitted a feeble shout, and the walls of Jericho fell down of themselves. Joshua's soldiers immediately rushed into the city from all points of the compass. The defenders who were not buried under the ruins of the wall, fought gallantly until they were all killed. Then, with shouts of "Jahveh, Jahveh!" the besiegers fell upon the other inhabitants. Men, women, and children were involved in a promiscuous massacre. Pregnant matrons were ripped open, babies were tossed out of windows and caught on spears. Even the cattle were exterminated. Dogs were thrust through, and if a few cats escaped it was only owing to their surprising agility. Night fell upon the doomed city and covered its bloody streets with a pall of darkness.

Joshua revelled in the king's palace with the chiefs of Israel. They drank the royal wines, and regretted that Jahveh's orders had necessitated the slaughter of the royal wives and concubines. The rest of the army, or as many as could be accommodated, were feasting in the various houses, with no remorse for the day's butchery.

But one of Joshua's soldiers did not share the general merriment. He was a fine young fellow of twenty-five. Married only a year ago to a beautiful girl whom he loved and worshipped, he had revolted at the sight of women hacked to pieces; and when he saw babies cut and slashed, he thought of the darling infant at his young wife's breast, and turned with loathing from the hideous scene. He was now wandering about the city, having no taste for the rude revelry of his callous companions. Suddenly, as he approached a house nearly ruined by the fallen wall, he heard a moan from within. He entered and saw a man's corpse on the floor, and bending over the body was a shapely young woman with a baby in her arms. The dead body was that of her husband, who had been slain in the massacre. She had crept with her babe into a recess in the upper room, and as the place looked a ruinous heap the savage soldiers had omitted to search it. When all was quiet she crawled out of her hiding-place, and for hours she bent moaning over her husband's corpse.

The young Jewish soldier looked pitifully on the scene at his feet. The woman raised her eyes to his face, and they were like those of his young wife! The baby, ignorant and innocent, laughed at him and cooed. Claspings the child to her bosom the woman was about to cry for mercy, when he whispered, "Hush! I will save you. Come with me. Take bread and water with you for the journey. I will lead you beyond the city wall, and then you must flee under cover of the night. Michmash is only ten miles distant. You are young and strong, and you and your babe will be there before dawn."

Cautiously they picked their way, and they were just reaching safety when a door was flung open by a dozen quarrelling soldiers. The light fell upon the three figures outside. "Hullo!" exclaimed they, "what's this? Leading the girl off, eh? A baby, too! Were you going to adopt the little one? Treason,

treason! Our order was to slay all, and leave alive nothing that breatheth."

The young woman was seized, and half a dozen hands were laid on the young man, who knew resistance was useless and therefore offered none. An hour later they were brought before Joshua. The general's eye kindled at the sight of the woman's beauty, but religion conquered and he resolved to obey his God.

"What were you doing?" asked Joshua.

"Helping her to escape," answered the young soldier.

"Why?" asked the general.

"Because I have a wife and child of my own, and these are like them."

"Traitor!" exclaimed Joshua, "all three of you shall die!"

The woman shrieked, but Joshua's sword was unsheathed, and one sweep of his muscular arm sent it through the body of the child deep into the mother's breast. Then, without wiping the bloody weapon, he raised it again. The young soldier smiled scornfully, and his expression added fresh fuel to the flame of Joshua's anger. With one blow he severed the head from the body; and standing over the three corpses, his frame dilating with the passion of bloodshed and piety, he exclaimed, "Thus saith the Lord!"

G. W. F.

### "God Almighty Died for Me."

[Translated from the words, conduct, and general self-importance of a downright believer in Christ and him crucified.]

Coward meekness, lowly bending,  
Washing feet and kissing dust;  
Non-resistance, loving evil  
When it makes an evil thrust;  
Selling out and leaving father,  
Mother, children, wife, and all—  
That's the stuff to give the simple,  
That's a dose of pious gall.

But I tell you as a member  
Of the church where I belong,  
As a child of grace that saves me,  
As a saint removed from wrong,  
That above all other notions  
Shines this truth, and makes me free,  
I am of so much importance,  
God Almighty died for me.

God Almighty's son Almighty,  
Jesus Christ, the first and last,  
All-time sovereign of creation,  
In whose image I was cast;  
He whose mandate caused the sunlight,  
He whose whisper stills the sea,  
Was informed that I was dying,  
And he promptly died for me.

Some one always dies for some one,  
Man for men or men for man;  
Country, honor, home, and fireside  
Have their martyrs—in the van  
Fall the brave to save the timid—  
Cry the timid, "Great was he!"  
What does all of that amount to?  
God Almighty died for me.

For no other living creature  
Died the Lord in any sphere;  
Man alone deserved the honor,  
Man alone his head can rear  
Over all the host angelic,  
Over hell and earth and sea,  
And exclaim, with boast triumphant,  
God Almighty died for me.

That's the secret of salvation,  
Knowing less is knowledge lost;  
And the secret of damnation,  
Ignorance of what it cost  
God to buy us, and a failure  
To assert right rigidly,  
In the face of all detraction,  
God Almighty died for me.

On the cross of wood they nailed him,  
In his side they thrust a spear;  
All the angels saw him bleeding,  
And they let him bleed—I fear  
Even angels were astonished—  
And in silent jealousy  
Bowed their radiant heads, to witness  
God Almighty die for me.



How the earth shook ; how the darkness  
Chased the day ahead of time ;  
How the temple's veil was parted ;  
How all Nature cursed the crime ;  
How, in life-cells still unfolded,  
I, the man that was to be,  
Must have felt the thrill, announcing  
God had just expired for me !

God Almighty, Christ Almighty,  
Holy Ghost Almighty, too ;  
This Almighty three Almighty  
One Almighty, as a Jew,  
Gave his life for me. My standing  
In this world's society  
Was by that transaction settled,  
God Almighty died for me.

God Almighty is my father ;  
I am God Almighty's son.  
What's the use of worm-like crawling ?  
Why do over what is done ?  
All the bloody bill was settled ;  
God with Jesus did agree,  
When they killed himself, to wipe out  
All their racket over me.

Men have died for God Almighty ;  
God Almighty let them die—  
Fiend and fagot, flame and fury,  
Did the business—God knows why.  
Let no idle speculation  
Question that which had to be.  
Let the sacred combination  
Be not busted. Bond or free,  
Kicked or kicker, king or coolie,  
Godalmightydiedforme.

FRANK FELT.

## Re-incarnation of Jabers.

Now it came to pass in the days of Cecil Lord Salisbury that Jabers came again to earth and took up his abode in Trafalgar Square. And lo ! the heavens were opened, and the Spirit like a dove descended upon him. And there came a voice from heaven straight above Nelson's Column, saying, If his mother did not deceive me, this is my beloved son, with whom I am tolerably well pleased. Then the Spirit driveth him into the wilderness around the Seven Dials. And the tempter appeared in the shape of a Leicester Square lady (for Satan can transform himself into an angel of light). And the tempter said, If thou be the son of a gun, what art thou going to stand ? Then saith Jabers, Get thee behind me, Satan, for it is written that wine cheereth the heart of God and man, but many are called and few chosen. And when the devil had ended all the temptation, she departed from him for a season. And, behold, angels came and ministered unto him.

Then straightway Jabers returned to Trafalgar Square. And he lifted up his voice and cried, Behold, a greater than Spurgeon is here ! Ye fools and blind, verily, verily I say unto you, I am the way, the truth, and the life, and all that came before me were thieves and robbers. And they were astonished at his doctrine. And, passing by the corner of the Strand, he met a man who had seventy-seven devils. And the devils besought him, saying, If thou cast us out, suffer us to go away into the cab-horses. And he said unto them, Go. And when they were come out they went into the cab-horses, and behold, they went running down Northumberland Avenue, and, jumping over the Thames Embankment, were drowned. And the cabmen besought him to depart from that quarter.

After these things Jabers spake unto them a parable, saying, The kingdom of Jingo is like unto an unjust steward that made a feast and gave it all unto the last, and from those who had nothing he took away all they had and cast them into outer darkness, where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth. For that which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of Jingo. If any man come unto me and hate not his mother-in-law and Sir Charles Warren, he cannot be my disciple.

And passing by the Thames Embankment, he went up to a plane tree to get some apples, for he was hungered. But the season for apples was not yet. So he cursed it, and immediately the tree curled up and withered away. And his disciples marvelled exceed-

ingly. And Jabers lifted up his voice and said, O generation of vipers, how shall ye escape the damnation of hell ? Woe unto ye rich bishops ! I say unto you, make to yourself friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, and ye shall sit upon twelve thrones judging the Jezreelites. But they that would not that I should reign over them, bring them hither and slay them before me. For there is more joy in heaven over ninety-nine sinners than over one just person : Therefore be ye ready. Remember Lot's wife.

Then said Jabers unto his disciples, Whom do men say that I am ? And they said, Some say that thou art Choodle and others Ally Sloper. He saith unto them, But whom say ye that I am ? And Billy the barge-owner answered and said, Thou art Jabers, the son of the living Jingo. And Jabers answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou Billy the barge-owner, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee. And I say also unto thee that thou art Bill, and with this Bill I will pay my debts, and whatsoever thou discountest upon earth shall be discounted in heaven. Then charged he his disciples that they should tell no man he was Jabers, the son of the living Jingo.

And seeing the multitude of the unemployed were hungry, he sent for twopennyworth of fish, a halfpennyworth of bread, and a halfpenny baked potato. And he blessed them and divided them among the people. And they did all eat and were filled. And they took up of the fragments that remained and loaded twelve Pantehnicon vans. And the people shouted Hosanna and Bully in the highest.

Then commanded Jabers to his disciples, saying, Go fetch me an ass and a colt tied with her. Loose and bring them to me. And if any man say ought unto you, say the Lord Nozoo has need of them. And the disciples went and did as Jabers commanded them, and brought the ass and the colt and set him thereon. And they went all down Parliament Street to Westminster Abbey. And Jabers went into the Abbey and overthrew the statues of the poets, warriors, statesmen, and lawyers.

Then was Jabers led of two policemen before the magistrate which sitteth at Bow Street. And the magistrate asked him, Who art thou ? And he answered him, Thou sayest I am Jabers, the son of the living Jingo. My profession is that of a Messiah. Verily, verily I say unto you, I am the door of the sheep. Ye are of your father the devil and children of hell. Then said the magistrate, The man is mad ; and he ordered that he should be subject to medical examination and committed to a lunatic asylum. But Jabers passed through the keyhole and ascended into heaven.

LUCIANUS.

"Young man," said a revivalist, solemnly, "do you feel that you are prepared to answer the summons at any moment ? Do you realise that when you go to bed at night you may be called before the morning dawns ?" "Oh, yes sir ; I'm night clerk in a drug store, and all you've got to do is to keep on ringing the bell until you hear me holla."

When some years ago an eminent Australian was inspecting, in that country, a lunatic asylum, miserably defective in construction and appointment, he asked what was the special feature in the lunacy of a certain patient. "He thinks he is in hell, sir," was the reply. "If that's all his delusion," was the rejoinder, "I think he has a very substantial basis for it."

"What is this I hear ?" said Mrs. Spook, "about compulsory prayer being abolished in Harvard ? Did they use to compel the students to pray ?" "Yes," said young Spook, who had just come home from college on a vacation ; "yes, the janitor used to go round three times a day and make every student get down on his knees and pray, and if the student resisted, swore at him like a pirate." "That's just right," said Mrs. Spook, "if a young fellow won't pray he ought to be sworn at until he is ashamed of himself."

TITHES IN KIND.—The following anecdote from the newspapers of a century ago is given in the *Graphic* :—"A penurious Rector of a good benefice in the North of England insisted, in contradiction to the long-established customs of the parish, on receiving his tithes in kind. This communicated universal disgust. Amongst others an honest old farmer, who kept a great quantity of bees, was exceedingly offended, and adopted the following mode of gratifying his resentment. He wrapped up one of his hives, full of bees, in a thick cloth, and took it under his arm to the Rector's house. Desiring to speak with him, he was introduced into his study. He then told his Reverence that he had ten hives : he had, in obedience to his declaration, brought him one as his tithe in kind. Without further parley, he threw it into the middle of the room and hastily withdrew, pulling to the door and locking it after him. The bees, it seems, had but little pious respect for the dignity of the profession, and almost stung the poor clergyman to death before he could possibly obtain assistance."



# MOSES AND OLD NICK.



1. God orders Moses to die, and he promptly obeys. (Deut. xxxiv., 5, 7.)



2. The Lord buries him in a secluded spot. (Deut. xxxiv., 6.)



3. But Old Nick is on the watch.



4. Suspecting foul play, he resurrects the body for a post mortem.



5. God catches sight of Old Nick's exploit and sends St. Michael to the rescue.



6. A smart dispute ensues between the Devil and the Archangel. (Jude 9.)



7. Allies being summoned by both combatants, the unseemly dispute over the "waking" of Moses grows livelier than ever.



8. Moses flung away with in pieces—which is probably the reason that "no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."





JOSEPH AND JESUS.



AARON'S SERPENT TRICK.—EXODUS VII., 10—12.



## Moses in Egypt;

OR THE INSPIRED SNAKE-CHARMERS.

A very old firm named Jehovah and Co.,  
(With partners unknown then, but now "all the go")  
Employed the sage Moses to work out some tricks  
With water and frogs, and dry dust and old sticks—  
Strange feats of their kind, much more artful and shady  
Than Maskelyne's dwarf or the vanishing lady.  
One grand trick they gave him, without common faults,  
A queer stick that could hop, a mere wand that could waltz,  
A black rod that saluted by wagging its tail,  
And could take in more tenants than Jonah's great whale.

Thus gifted by God, in the bloom of the spring,  
This octogenarian sought Egypt's king,  
To show him this novel and wonderful thing.  
The Firm whose identity now so perplexes,  
Had fully agreed to pay all the "exes";  
So as Moses was old, couldn't speak worth a "d,"  
Was too "meek" for the trade, and was dotty a wee,  
He took for companion, as soon as could be,  
A juvenile brother, aged eighty and three,  
To help him along and do all the speaking  
That conjuring needs so, as Punch needs good squeaking.  
Thus Moses and Aaron, at heart much afraid,  
Jointly showed the Egyptians the tricks of their trade.  
As wizards who practised the black art of magic,  
Among Christians their fate would have been rather tragic.  
Old *Mozizis'* rod and grey Aaron's glib tongue,  
In New England would surely have got them both hung;  
But as all the people were pagans at Cairo,  
They suffered no harm at the hands of king Pharaoh,  
Who pitted his conjurors' work against theirs,  
As the best way of settling religious affairs.

Moses wielded his stick before Pharaoh despotic,  
Like Pat before foes when he feels Pat-riotic.  
'Twas a little white staff, a mere rod made of deal,  
But when thrown on the ground it grew limp as an eel;  
Then it curled like a corkscrew, turned dark as a nigger,  
And twisted and writhed, and each moment grew bigger.  
Then hissing it crawled, and made Pharaoh's heart quake,  
For he saw the small rod had become a great snake,  
Which owned no control, until Aaron, advancing,  
Played hymns on his Jew's-harp that set it a-dancing.  
Then Pharaoh's professors, according to Kitto,  
Without God to help them, got sticks and did ditto:  
And all the fresh serpents, as merry as grigs,  
Keeping time to the music, danced waltzes and jigs,  
And even, 'tis said, with mistakes and some spills,  
Contrived to get through the first set of quadrilles.  
Then erect on their tails they swept round the hall,  
And made the big snake feel decidedly small;  
Though it hopped, and it danced, and it bowed, and it glided,  
It felt that at best 'twas but honors divided.  
Moreover, we know the old game of religion  
Is snake *versus* serpent, or hawk *versus* pigeon.  
If harmony chances, it lasts but a day.  
Or as long as saints think they can win by display.  
For since, for religion's sake, Cain killed his brother,  
The Sects are but waiting who first kills the other.  
So the serpent of God, as old hieroglyphs tell us,  
Soon grew, like his master, quite spiteful and jealous;  
His venom he spat at the pagan deluders  
Infringing his patent, base wooden intruders.  
Then the *wicked* young snakes—so they call them to bias one—  
Mockingly put out their tongues at the pious one.  
Gathering close round him, they formed a fierce ring,  
And fought a great snake-fight, reviewed by the King.  
Poor terrified Aaron and stuttering Moses  
Bit their black lips and pulled their long noses,  
And shrieked for Jehovah—the idle old Tory—  
To come down and save them and show forth his glory.  
Then God sent his serpen' without hesitation  
A good double dose of his best inspiration.  
It shook itself free and it glared at the others,  
Expanding its jaws to engulf its poor brothers.  
Like the dragon of Wantley let loose from its den,  
Like Pharaoh's lean kine, or like "Big-bellied Ben,"  
It gobbled them up—or down—there and then,  
As swiftly as ever the Church gobbled men.  
Then Pharaoh's magicians felt awfully "sold,"  
And Moses and Aaron grew saucy and bold.  
They laughed and they chuckled, enjoying the "sell,"  
They caressed their dear serpent that served them so well,  
Till it danced on its head and it wagged its tail,  
Then asked for, and drunk, a full pot of mild ale  
To wash down its dinner, still wriggling within,  
But making him plump as before he was thin;  
But his antics grew tiresome, so Aaron read prayers,  
Till he grew dull and sleepy and lost his gay airs.

Then "Hey presto!" cried Moses, "change back, and be quick!"  
And, straightway obeying, the snake was a stick!  
A rod that he flourished before all their noses!  
So great was the triumph of Aaron and Moses.

That rod was soon used—as such rods mostly are—  
To work some fresh wonders more serious far.  
Boldly pointing that stick o'er the Nile's rolling flood,  
Moses ordered the waters to change into blood,  
Whereon all the water there was in the land  
Turned to gore in a moment! Oh, wasn't it grand!  
Each cupful, ere drunk, was all clotted and gory;  
The mighty Jehovah thus showed forth his glory.  
Then, wonder of wonders, great Pharaoh's magicians  
Worked a marvel far greater on harder conditions.  
When Moses turned *all* Egypt's water blood-red,  
The magicians did likewise; but how 'tis not said.  
Then Moses fetched frogs and made filthiest vermin  
Fill the king's palace and crawl on his ermine.  
In contests like these the king's men ceased to juggle;  
They chose to be beaten, they gave up the struggle;  
For they saw in the parasites bred by the rod  
The filthy and horrible "finger of God."  
But Moses went on with the help of that finger  
To work deeds of darkness that daunt the poor singer,  
Who will not disfigure his frivolous rhymes  
By narrating in detail the dastardly crimes  
Committed by Mo and his mischievous Master  
Who so loved the world that he sent huge disaster  
And heart-breaking woe of the direst description  
Home to the household of every Egyptian,  
Till men and beasts in millions died  
And God was hated far and wide.  
There was no house but mourned its dead,  
Whose blood that awful God had shed—  
That God whose spirit fitly dwelt  
In moral darkness that might be felt;  
Such gloom that, at first sight, there must be, one swears,  
Some truth in the legend which roundly declares  
That the Serpent or rod which thus worked each vile trick,  
Was the serpent of old, that black scoundrel Old Nick.  
But then this wild theory will not hold water;  
For "Carnage" we know but too well, is "God's daughter,"  
Not old Nick's, for *he* never caused famine or slaughter;  
'Tis God always sends them, you'll see in your Bible,  
And to blame poor old Nick is a cowardly libel.  
Old Nick is a gentleman true beside God,  
Who alone worked that serpent, that death-dealing rod.  
Then to God be the glory, to Him be the fame,  
The honor, if 'tis such, if not, then the shame.

And now I bethink me 'tis near Christmas time,  
And I'm growing too grave for a holiday rhyme.  
I'll defend the old legend a bit for a change,  
And I'll ask you what is there so mightily strange  
In a dancing rod, whether slender or thick,  
Why, you often have heard of a *walking* stick.  
Nay, more, I have known of some people who talk  
Of having seen a Birdcage *Walk*!  
Such miracles, sure, are as true as the rest,  
Exactly as able to stand reason's test;  
As nonsensical almost, yet better by far,  
In not being crimes, as God's jests always are;  
Not harmful or base, no terrible stroke,  
But only in fun for a bit of a joke.  
But now it's high time that I cut short these numbers,  
Before I have preached you all into deep slumbers.  
So I'll end this by wishing you sound hearts and glad,  
And the merriest Christmas you ever have had.

W. P. BALL.

## Jehovah's Jubilee.

(Full and Descriptive Account by our  
Own Correspondent.)

THERE has been a regular jollification in heaven. Jehovah has been celebrating his Jubilee. The Queen of England has had a Jubilee, Phonography has had a Jubilee, the Pope is having a Jubilee, and God knows it's really time Jehovah had a Jubilee, or very likely Old Nick will be having one before him, and that would never do.

No Jubilee will ever surpass the one recently held in Heaven. It was something grand. All the streets of gold were thoroughly washed for this occasion. Angels in top-boots, with their robes tucked up, were busily engaged with hard brooms; and an immense amount of holy water was used to sluice the golden streets, and no doubt the earth has been blessed with a large supply of rain through the water being swept down the heavenly sinks and gully-holes.

Preparations for the holy Jubilee had been going on for some time. A large supply of Salvation flags had been ordered for decorating the streets, on some of which were



inscribed, "Long live Jehovah," "Prosperity to the Holy Ghost," "Welcome to the Virgin Mary," and "Bad luck to the Devil."

Festoons of everlasting flowers hung across the roads, and the large golden candlesticks mentioned in the Book of Revelation were placed in the main thoroughfares for lamp-posts, on which were hung splendid wreaths. Nearly every street in Heaven exhibited signs of the festive occasion; most of the chief saints had their houses gorgeously decorated.

Saint David's mansion looked superb, the windows and balconies were literally smothered with bunting, and he had a splendid device representing the slaying of Goliath in his boyhood's days, but there was nothing to represent the later episode with Bathsheba, unless it was a banner on which was inscribed "Virtue has its own reward."

Abraham's house was decorated with equal splendor. His wife Sarah had polished up the doorplate, and he had the area railings and the front of his residence painted the same colors as Joseph's coat, which of course added to the gorgeoussness of the scene. Yet the flags which hung from his windows looked rather seedy. These he had purchased from Jacob's second-hand store, who, by-the-bye, was the meanest fellow in heaven, he being the only individual who refused to give his assistants a Jubilee holiday.

Solomon's residence was decorated in grand style, and he had two large stands erected, which were covered with flags, flowers and bunting. These grand stands were for his wives and concubines, whom he had managed to smuggle into heaven when old Peter was asleep. The ladies presented an imposing sight, and as Jehovah passed on his way to the Jubilee Thanksgiving Service he bowed affectionately to Solomon's fair damsels as they waved their kerchiefs.

Jehovah went to the chief Temple in Heaven to thank himself for being allowed to live so long; and his high priests had been for months previously preparing an appropriate prayer for the occasion. Thousands of angels thronged the route the procession was to take, and police notices had been posted up forbidding any other procession or meeting on that day.\* But nearly all the angels forgot their grievances for once, as they had never had such a jolly flare up before. The thief who went to heaven with Jesus Christ was busy amongst the crowd of angels dipping his hands in their pockets while they were looking intently at the spectacle.

Gabriel was boss of the procession. Mounted angels with blue wings headed the show. They were the heavenly police. All the musicians had polished up their trumpets and cymbals, and all the harps had new strings. Of course they played "Oh dem golden slippers" to walk the golden streets.

Immediately behind the angels in blue was Saint Gabriel, who was attended on each side by two mounted donkey-men. On the right was Jesus Christ and on the left was Mr. Balaam, whose ass was telling the angelic multitude to stand back. Following these were the fire-brigade who tried to put out the conflagration at Sodom and Gomorrah. Then came another band playing "Oh for the Jubilee." The patriarch Noah was next. He was pushing a barrow in front of him on which was a model of his ark in which he squeezed the animals and his family years ago. He was followed by some watermen carrying banners. Next came a hansom cab containing Mr. Lot and his two daughters. After which, drawn by a noble Stead, was a car full of female angels from the Purity Society, all dressed in white robes. They were under the special care of Saint David—he being the only saint that could be trusted with the care of these young damsels. Another band of harpists came behind David playing "He isn't a marrying man." Then came the Worshipful Company of Wing Makers, followed by a Salvation band.

Abraham came next. The poor old fellow seemed quite done up, for he was still carrying in his bosom Lazarus with the sore leg. Some of the angels thought Jehovah would heal the old beggar's leg and let him have a walk to celebrate his Jubilee. Moses and Aaron followed arm-in-arm. Aaron had his rod round his neck in the shape of a serpent. Moses had some Jubilee fly-papers stuck round his old hat, and packets of flea-powder and small-tooth combs in a box, which he was throwing to the crowd of angels as Jubilee gifts, thereby showing that he had no idea of plaguing them as he did the Egyptians. Following Moses were all the cattle that he killed two or three times over. Of course, Jehovah admitted them to heaven after dying so often. After these came a number of angels with penny trumpets, and just behind them was Elijah in a fiery chariot. He was followed by Elisha with his two she-bears, which looked extremely fat after swallowing the forty-two children for calling him old bald-head.

Samson was, of course, in the holy Jubilee procession. He was carrying the gates of the city of Gaza on his back, and an ass's jawbone was attached to his girdle. His hair had grown wonderfully long, and he was obliged to have two juvenile angels to hold up his locks. There was much cheering as he went along. Isaiah wanted to walk in the proces-

sion stark naked, but Solomon objected, as the procession would pass his house, and his wives and concubines would be greatly shocked. Therefore Isaiah was compelled to wear a mackintosh. After this old prophet came some of the children of Israel with Jew's-harps, playing an Irish jig.

Daniel and his lions were a great attraction in the procession, and he occasionally put his head in their mouths, to the amusement of the angelic spectators. But he seemed altogether too bony to tickle the lions' appetites, and so they refused to have a bite.

A band of mounted angels with gaily-colored wings came next; following these was great Jehovah himself, in a chariot drawn by sixteen white horses, with Jubilee crowns on their heads. He was surrounded on all sides by cherubim holding flaming swords. Beasts full of eyes before and behind were in close attendance. Some of them were seen to wink at the female angels as they went along. Jehovah met with a grand reception, at which he seemed highly pleased, and he bowed respectfully to all the angels as he passed along, as did also the dove perched on his shoulder.

The twelve jolly apostles followed close up behind Jehovah. They had clubbed together and engaged a brake for the day, and were doing the thing in fine style, but some of them were smoking cigars, and others were cock-crowling at Peter, who had left the gate of heaven to take care of itself for once.

All the crowd followed them as they were last in the procession, and made their way to the temple of God to hear the Jubilee Service. There was a tremendous crush, but admission was only by ticket. It was a grand affair. Special Jubilee hymns were sung, and one and all joined in the choruses. David had composed a Special Psalm for the occasion which was being sold at a penny per copy. This Jubilee Psalm was rendered in fine style—donkeys, lions, and beasts full of eyes helping to swell the harmony. Thus concluded the morning performance of the Jubilee programme.

In the afternoon a large number of fairs were held in different parts of Heaven. The angels had never such a spree before, their existence had always been so monotonous; and they of course enjoyed the fun immensely, shying at the Holy Aunt Sallys and knocking down the hallelujah coconuts. Mountebank Moses and Juggling Jesus gave several legerdemain performances in a large booth, at which every angel was admitted free, showing them how they performed all their wonderful tricks on earth. A booth was also set apart for Samson in which to exhibit feats of strength, and Daniel was engaged to amuse the angels with his lions. Jonah had the skeleton of his whale and was allowed to charge the low price of one halfpenny for letting the angels walk through it, and for pointing out the apartment he occupied for three days and three nights. Enoch ascended in a balloon. He wanted an angel to accompany him, and it was decided that Aaron ought. There were other amusements and sports too numerous to mention.

In the evening the sight was something marvellous. All Heaven was illuminated with colored lamps and Chinese lanterns. Sheets of lightning were hung up in every street. Twelve illuminated rainbows and thousands of new stars were fixed up. Under Elijah's superintendence there was a display of fireworks, but they were restricted to sky-rockets and Roman candles. Bonfires were lit, and sacrifices of heavenly lambs and fatted calves were about to be offered to Jehovah; but he sent out instructions that the angels were to partake of the roast meat themselves instead of burning it up for him. Such generosity the poorer angels never bargained for, especially after their long spell of manna, and what with sports, amusements, and feasting they enjoyed themselves thoroughly, and are anxiously waiting for another fifty thousand years to pass to again celebrate Jehovah's Jubilee.

SCOFFER.

A young man out West was recently arrested for kissing a girl in church. He should have waited until the congregation had fallen asleep.

A minister who was speaking about heaven, said: "No feeble idiom of earth can describe or portray the beauties of that place." He was ready to scalp a reporter the next day, who rendered the sentence, "No feeble idiot of earth," etc.

The choir had not kept good time, and the organist was apologising to the minister. "Oh," said the reverend gentleman, "never mind, it was quite scriptural, you know, the singers went before and the players on the instruments followed after."

Earnest young Scotch minister: "I hear, Mr. Duncan, that my sermons yesterday had a rousing effect upon the people. I do hope great good will result." Duncan (who has a genius for *mal apropos* quotation). "Verra likely, minister; verra likely. Ye ken God often does great things wi' sma' means. Ye'll no' forget Samson, and the wonderfu' things he was enabled to do wi' the jaw-bone of an ass."

A young man was waiting for a lady at the church door. "Isn't the sermon nearly done?" he inquired of the sexton. "No, sir; another hour of it yet. He's only on his 'lastly.'" "But will it take him an hour to get through his 'lastly'?" "No, sir," was the sexton's demure reply, "but there's the 'one word more and I am done,' and the 'finally,' and the 'In conclusion' to come yet. Don't be impatient!"

\* Thousands of poor angels had got tired of eating manna, and had been holding meetings protesting against a continuation of this monotonous diet year after year while the richer saints fared sumptuously every day.



# THE MAKING OF MAN.

*And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground.—GEN. II., 7.*



1. Yahveh collects his material.



2. Sets to work.



3. Finds he has a difficult task.



4. Hallelujah! A glimpse of success.



5. Despair! Collapse during the night.



6. The watering-pot called in.



7. A second attempt.



8. Baked in the sun.



9. The breath of Life.





WALKING WITH GOD.  
*And Enoch walked with God.—GEN. v., 24.*

**Enoch's Piety and its Reward.**

ENOCH is singled out among the patriarchs who lived before the flood as having specially "walked with God." We need not interpret this in a literal sense, especially as we find that he walked with God for "three hundred years"—which evidently would be the longest foot-race on record. It may, therefore, be assumed that the walking with God was figurative, and merely signified that Enoch was a pious young man. On the other hand, however, we know that Adam and Moses and other worthies often *talked* with God in the strictly literal sense; and, if so, why might not Enoch *walk* with God in the strictly literal meaning of the word?

Whether Enoch's walking with God was literal or figurative, one fact is clear—Enoch's special piety in this close association with God. His piety is also testified to by the apostle Paul, who tells us (Heb. xi, 5) that "By faith Enoch was translated"—not meaning, of course, that he was "translated" like Bottom the weaver with his ass's head, but in a non-Shakespearian sense. "God had translated him," we find; but into what language or region we are not distinctly informed. Paul also tells us that "before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God." Jude (verse 14) further informs us that Enoch prophesied. The special piety of this antediluvian saint and prophet is therefore clearly established.

Another point is also clearly established. Enoch passed away at an early age, poor fellow. "And all the days of Enoch were three hundred sixty and five years" (Gen. v., 23). Only three hundred and sixty-five! Why, Me:huselah, the son of Enoch, lived to be nine hundred and sixty-nine.

Adam was nine hundred and thirty years of age when he died. The average age of the antediluvian patriarchs who did not specially walk with God was some eight or nine hundred years. Yet the saint, the prophet, the godly pedestrian, was put off with a miserable three hundred and sixty-five—the number of days in a year. He was cut off in his budding manhood, in the early centuries of a promising and saintly career. Such was the reward of piety in those primeval days. Whom the Gods love die young. No wonder the other antediluvians fought shy of walking in Enoch's footsteps. They naturally preferred to live out their days, and die of a ripe old age. Whether Enoch's three-hundred-year walk caused his death from natural fatigue or exhaustion, or from divine jealousy or admiration, they carefully avoided following his example and sharing his fate. One cannot help thinking that they were wise in their generation. Early death being the result of piety, it was not strange that all mankind in time became so ungodly that Jehovah had to send the Flood as his sovereign remedy for the faults of his own workmanship.

Christians, indeed, profess that Enoch's removal from this vale of tears was a great kindness, since he was taken to heaven. But I cannot find any definite statement on this point in God's Word. Paul tells us that "Enoch was translated that he should not see death." This does not tell us whether Enoch went to Heaven, or to Hades, or Sheol or Gehenna, or to Purgatory, or the Place of Departed Spirits, or to the planet Jupiter, or to the cold immensities of outer space; but we may infer that Paul means us to understand that Enoch was taken to Heaven, though this, if clearly acknowledged, would militate strongly against the Christian



DANIEL THE LION-TAMER.



doctrine that salvation can only come through belief in Christ's atoning death. But if Enoch went to Heaven, why were the patriarchs kept in ignorance of that important fact? They only knew that Enoch "was not; for God took him." This is merely such language as might be applied to the death of any godly man. Jehovah forgot to point out that Enoch had only been taken to a blissful paradise above. This forgetfulness appears to have ruined the world; for the people of those days would only have seen the awful punishment of piety in what was (according to Christian ideas) its highest reward. Hence, it is fair to assume, arose their neglect of piety and their preference for less fatal pursuits and pastimes.

W. P. B.

### Two Preachers.

Two preachers touched my soul one night;  
Both woke within me earnest thought;  
One charmed by Fancy's airy flight,  
One bitter anguish wrought.

The first, 'neath frescoed, fretted roof,  
With flowers making sweet the air,  
On ornate dais stood aloof,  
And uttered praiseful prayer.

He thanked his God, in mankind's name,  
For light, for life, for home, and friends,  
For all that through our sensuous frame  
A thrill of gladness sends.

And then he spoke, in choicest phrase,  
Of fruitful earth and glorious heaven,  
Of love that guardeth all our ways,  
Of pardon freely given.

And, listening in a cushioned pew,  
Wrapped in a dreamful, dazy mist  
Of music, lights, and warmth, I grew  
A sudden optimist.

Wealth, beauty, grace, and culture rare,  
Proud faces fashioned fair by fate,  
Filled up the pews—no hint was there  
Of misery, want or hate.

The world *was* fair—and God *did* reign—  
So ran my musings glad and sweet,  
As at the organ's grand refrain  
We surged into the street.

Into the street! 'Twas here I found  
The preacher who spoke words of woe;  
The stars shone fierce above—around  
All things were draped in snow.

And bitter was the north wind's rage,  
Yet thin-clad forms went hurrying on,—  
Forms bent with toil, disease, and age,  
From whom all joy seemed gone.

And baby voices begged for bread,  
And voices rude made night more drear;  
With oaths enforcing words of dread;  
I wondered—was God near?

And maddened men went reeling by  
To homes where wives, with inward moan,  
Hushed childhood's quick, impatient cry  
And hunger's fretful tone.

And by the street lamp's flickering glare  
I glimpses caught of faces bold—  
Girl-faces, whose defiant stare  
Their dismal story told.

From sights and sounds like these—not creeds—  
Did this strange preacher preach to me,  
His sermon was on human needs;  
His name—Humanity!

And this the moral that he drew;  
That man for men, in larger sense  
Become—what Heaven fails to do—  
A loving Providence.

SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

### Bible Curios Wanted.

THE Committee of the Christian Evidence Manufacturing Society, desiring to render as complete as possible their Biblical Museum, which has been instituted for the confirmation of Holy Writ and the confusion of Scepticism, offer the best prices for any of the following articles:—

The needle and thread or scissors with which God Almighty made coats of skin for Adam and Eve.

A model of the ventilating and drainage apparatus used in Noah's ark.

A portion of the olive tree that lived under the waters of the flood for nearly a year.

A few bricks from the tower of Babel.

Some of the salt into which Lot's wife was metamorphosed.

A photograph of that portion of the Lord which was shown to Moses in the cleft of the rock.

The original tables of stone inscribed by the finger of God.

The sticks gathered by the man who was stoned to death for collecting them on the Sabbath day.

A basketful of the stone cast down from heaven by the Lord upon the Amorites.

The ox-goad of Shamgar wherewith he slew six hundred men; and the jawbone of an ass used by Samson in slaughtering a thousand.

Some of the hairs of Samson's head in which his strength resided.

The traps with which he caught three hundred foxes, and the band with which he tied their tails together.

A model of the larynx of Balaam's ass.

Some of the armor used by the Lord as a man of war, and his "sword filled with blood."

A copy of Mary's marriage certificate.

Phonograph containing the voice from heaven heard at the baptism in the Jordan.

The shoes in which Jesus walked on the water.

Some pickled pork from the pigs into which the legion of devils were cast.

The twelve baskets which held the food remaining after five hundred had dined on five loaves and two small fishes.

The grave-clothes that were bound round Lazarus.

The saddle used by Jesus in riding the two donkeys.

The depositions of the witnesses before Pilate.

The menu of the Lord's supper.

Some wool from the Lamb of God.

The original manuscripts of either Matthew, Mark, Luke or John.

[A special subscription will be made to purchase these priceless treasures, and the C. E. M. S. will be glad to receive donations.]

### A Religious Restaurant.

IN Boston is a religious restaurant kept by a deacon. The place is famous for its coffee and cakes, and differs only from the ordinary eating-house in the literature that is spread upon its walls. Wherever the customer sits, he is confronted with a text of Scripture, in a sort of "God bless our home" frame. It is at once apparent that these texts have been selected with a view to the fitness of things. They are appropriate to the place, and suggest the idea that the proprietor did not wholly lose sight of his business while placing selections from the good Book before the eyes of his patrons. Here are a few samples:

"For thus saith the Lord God, the holy one of Israel, in returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietude and confidence shall be your strength."

Immediately underneath this is:

Ham and Beans, 10c.

"He shall feed his flock like a shepherd."

Hot Sausages, 10c.

"If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat of the fat of the land."

Hot Apple Sauce, 5c.

"Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your request be made known unto God."

Coffee and Cakes, 10c.

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want."

Oatmeal Mush with Milk, 10c.

"God moves in a mysterious way."

Hash, 10c.

"I will put my law in their inward parts."

Stewed Beef, 5c.

"Say ye to the righteous that it shall be well with them, for they shall eat of the fruit of their doings."

Cakes and Syrup, 10c.

"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

Cold Roast Mutton, 10c.

### he Wicked Cat.

AN OLD SONG.

There was a Cameronian cat,  
Was hunting for a prey,  
And in the house she caught a mouse  
Upon the Sabbath day.

Her master being offended  
At such an act profane,  
Laid by his book, the cat he took,  
And bound her in a chain.





"Thou wicked, cursed creature!  
This deed so dark with thee!  
Think'st thou to bring to hell below  
My holy wife and me?"

"Assure thyself that for the deed  
Thou blood for blood shalt pay,  
For killing of the Lord's own mouse  
Upon the Sabbath day."

The presbyter laid by the book  
And earnestly he prayed  
That the great sin the cat had done  
Might not on him be laid.

And straight to execution  
Poor pussy she was drawn,  
And high hanged up upon a tree—  
Her master sung a psalm.

And when the work was ended,  
They thought the cat was dead,  
She gave a paw, and then a mew,  
And stretched out her head.

"Thy name," said he, "shall certainly  
A beacon still remain,  
A terror unto evil ones  
For evermore, Amen."

## Letter from the Holy Ghost.

BY THE HAND OF THE "CONSECRATED COBBLER."

Sur,—ime assttonished at the drefdful ignerance of awl U fre Thinkers and Inn Fiddles. U trumpl on Gaud's Word of honner. U do nott no that the Croosy Fiction woz a glorius Fact. With the bullits of yure disgraceifull witt U riddle the oley Gost lik a siv. Even the two donkies wot Cryst hizself road on izzunt saykrid from yure blasseemus joaks, lett aloan the wonderful ass wot the oley Dove inspyred to teech his Baalamb whizdumb from abuv. Carnt U never lett the poor wail aloan 2 wot swallered Joner? Wozn't his trubbles more than enuff without yure unfealin grins to lasserait his relidjus sussepterbillitz wyle adoin Gaud's will as a faythfull servant? U O 2 B ershaymed 2 torment the poor dum anniemuls like that. The Devil wil av U iff U doant reepent and tern krisschun b4 U dye. Its the Oley Gost as rytes this by mee, soe look owt. The vice of the Lord speeks through mee. O be sage wyle thair iz yett thyme. Flea from the rorth 2 kum like me the Consecrated Cobbler as people are pleezed 2 cawl me now Gaud inspires me 2 ryte iz last will and testement. Taik pattern by mee. Eye luke after soals of men as well as of bootz, and my trade is moast onnerable; 4 wen the synes and simbols of the differunt trades gets arraigned in Evven the Buyble sez the last shall be 1st.

Ewers in Cryst Geesus,

JEREMIAH LAPSTONE, COBBLER OF SOALS.

## Some Scotch Blasphemy.

"Who goes there?" demanded the sentry of a Scotch volunteer camp one dark, wet night, as his drunken officer staggered in the direction of his post. "Jesus Christ!" ejaculated the latter individual, as he slipped and fell flat in the mud. "Guard of apostles," shouted the sentry, "turn out, and carry Jesus Christ to his tent."

Another drunken volunteer, returning to camp late at night, and hearing the challenge, "Who goes there?" defiantly retorted, "The Devil." The sentry, regardless of military regulations—as most of our unpaid auxiliary forces are—immediately replied, "Pass, Devil, and go to Hell."

"Good gracious, Joe," said a Scotch elder the other day to his shopman, who was minus a finger which he had lost in childhood, "what a fuss there'll be on the mornin' o' the resurrection when they discover that ye're nae a' there. Whan Jesus tells the Auld One that there's a finger awantin', 'Whaur is't?' the Faither 'ill spoir. 'I dinna ken,' Jesus 'ill answer. 'Then ye'd better hae anither miracle, an' gi'o the puir fellow a new anc, an' look damned sharp too, or ye'll get the sack.'"

An old man's donkey, having strayed into a Roman Catholic chapel one day, was being unmercifully belabored by its Calvinistic owner while conducting it back to the stable. "You ungratefu' camstairy brute! Did I ever set an example afore ye o' anything but the best an' purest Presbyterianism? Yet the first time ye break yer tether, aff ye rin to the Scarlet Woman o' Babylon, I'll learn ye better, ye wretch. Tak' that, an' that, an' that." We hope to be able to report by and by the donkey's dutiful return to its ancient allegiance in consequence of the convincing arguments forcibly applied by its zealous proprietor.

## Rib Ticklers.

A religious contemporary asks, "How shall we get our young men to church?" We don't know if our esteemed guide to bliss has tried a dog-cart driven tandem.

A minister in Somerset county, has his sermons printed monthly, and sends them to his sick parishioners every week. The result is that there is very little sickness in his church.

Parson to boy digging for worms: "Don't you know this is Sunday and you must not work on Sunday." Boy: "This is a work of necessity; I'm going fishing and I can't fish without bait."

A Rondout Sunday-school teacher asked a bright-looking scholar one Sunday recently, where all the bad men went to. "To Canada!" was the answer of the boy, whose father's only Bible is the daily papers.

It is said that a Baptist deacon once startled his auditory by saying that "Not one tit or jottle of that promise shall fail"—a blunder which he still further emphasised by adding, "No; I meant one tittle or jit."

Sunday School Teacher: "Why was Solomon said to be the wisest man that ever lived?" Smart Pupil: "Cause he fooled several hundred mothers-in-law, and pa says it takes a pretty sharp man to get ahead of one mother-in-law."

A Sunday-school teacher told his infants to ask any questions they had in their minds, and a little one asked: "When is the school treat coming?" Another scholar said the treat came when the teacher went out of the room.

A Berlin newspaper claims to have discovered the longest word in any language, but it is only a line and two-thirds in length. The longest word that has ever come under our notice is the clergyman's "One word more and I have done"—that would make at least a column.

"Do you realize, sir," said a long-haired passenger, "that there is one who sees and hears all we do, who can solve our inmost thoughts, and before whom we are but crushed and bruised worms?" "Give us your hand, stranger," replied the other, "I know just how you feel. I'm married myself."

Not very orthodox, perhaps, but perfectly true. A man of the world, an earnest Catholic, was asked why he never observed the Easter fast. "Because I should have to confess." "Well, what then?" "Why, I have only one scruple; when one has enjoyed oneself, a confession contains so many facts about other people."

Last Sunday afternoon one of our respectable church-going citizens rode in his carriage up to the front of the Congregational Church, and in a clear and distinct voice accosted a young man who came out of the church, with the following: "Is Helen there?" The question was perfectly correct, and asked with no evil intent, but it sounded like something else.

Parson (who has been summoned away from a dinner-party to attend a dying man, and is in a hurry to get back); "Now, my good man, you have lived a sinful life, and must prepare to meet him who is ever merciful." Hard case (impatiently); "Yes, yes, parson, I know; he's all right. He's always merciful. It's the thought of the other fellow that's bothering me."

Johnny was ill last summer and had to stay in the house while there was a circus in the town. Naturally, it did not sweeten his temper, and his mother had to talk to him. "My child," she said, "you must not complain because you are sick. It is very wicked. You want to go to heaven, don't you?" "Yes," he growled, "but not till after the circus. A little boy can go to heaven any time, but a circus ain't in the town every day."

"How is the work progressing in Dakota?" asked a Boston minister of a good brother at the Baptist anniversary the other day. "Well, I am getting along pretty well, but still it's rather discouraging. The first week I went there I had big congregations. One day there were one hundred and fifty down on their knees weeping and praying. A man came in and said there were two detectives coming down the road, and every blessed person got up and skipped."

An Irish devotee was overheard interpreting to a poor woman the ceremony accompanying the penance of Ash Wednesday, in the Roman Catholic Church. The priest on that day, as he marks the penitent's forehead with ashes, pronounces the text: "*Pulvis es et in pulverem reverteris.*" ("Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return.") On coming out of chapel, this poor woman asked the devotee what the words were. "They're Latin—that's what they are." "But what do they mane?" "Sure it's what they always says on Ash Wednesdays." "Yes; but what's the manin' of it?" "Oh, the manin' of it! Well, it's this way, it is. It manes, in a way of spakin', if it don't do ye no good, it won't do ye no harrum."

## Correspondence Extraordinary.

DAVID.—Your claim to be considered founder of the dancing dervishes is under consideration.

MARY.—It will be little use in bringing an action to prove the paternity of a ghost. Certainly you should tell Joseph the truth in the matter. Do we understand you were put in an hospital between an ox and an ass?

JOSEPH.—If Gabriel calls again kick him out. Your question as to your relationship to the Holy Ghost has been referred to the printer's devil.

OLD NICK.—Your account of the bet with Jahveh about Job's boils reflects no credit on either of you. But perhaps, as you say, you are a much maligned person.

WILLIAM BOOTH.—The two-hundred-and-thirty-first appeal for cash to hand. We have an overplus of waste paper already.

EZEKIEL.—You say the cherubims are allegorical; we hope your dinner was equally figurative.

PEARS AND CLEVER.—Yes, it must be a strange God who used water to destroy a sinful world and blood to cleanse it. We think your method of washing preferable.





JEHOVAH FISHING.

*The Lord God hath sworn by his holiness, that, lo, the days shall come upon you, that he will take you away with hooks, and your posterity with fishhooks.—AMOS IV., 2.*

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