

NATIONAL SECULAR SOCIETY

COL. INGERSOLL'S AMERICAN SECULAR LECTURES.

Personal Deism Denied.

BY

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MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL OF FREE THOUGHT IN AMERICA.

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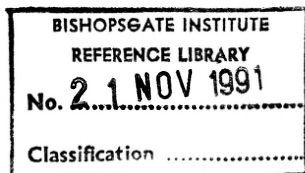
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PERSONAL DEISM DENIED.

WHOEVER attacks the prevailing religious opinions of his time must, in his turn, expect to be attacked. We have not yet outgrown the barbarism that argument can be answered by personal abuse. The religious world of to-day has not yet outgrown the belief that you have to answer every argument not by showing it is bad, but by showing that the man who makes it is bad. It makes no difference whether the maker of an arithmetic turned out to be a rascal or not, we should still have to believe that ten times ten is a hundred. I expected to be attacked, and I have not been disappointed. I had always supposed religion taught men to love their enemies, or, at least, treat their friends decently, but I never knew of a minister who ever loved me, or who could forgive me. In return, I only want them to act so that I won't have to forgive them. I don't pretend to love my enemies, for I find it hard work to love my friends, and if I have the same feelings towards my enemies as towards my friends, I have no humanity in me. I deny that any man is under obligation to love his enemies. I believe in returning good for good, and for evil Confucius' doctrine, exact justice without any admixture of revenge. All I ask of the Christian world is simply to tell the truth, but that is a good deal more than they will ever do. There was a time when falsehood from the pulpit smote like a sword, but now it has become almost an innocent amusement. Lying is now the last weapon left in the arsenal of Theology. They say I am in favour of too much liberty, but I am only in favour of justice, liberty, society. You can't make men good by slavery; there is no regeneration in the chain. You can't make a man honest by tying his hands behind him. Good laws don't make good people, but good people make good laws. There was no reformation in force or in fear. You might scare a man so that he would not do a thing, but you could not scare him so that he would not want to do it. All the laws in the world won't change the disposition of a human being. It has been charged against me by the Rev. Joseph Cook, that I am in favour of the dissemination of obscene literature.

When Cook made that statement he wrote across his reputation the word liar. When he said that, he knew he lied wilfully and malignantly, and every man who repeated the slander knew that he lied, and every religious editor who put it in his paper knew that he lied. With one or two exceptions I never knew an honest editor of a religious paper; if truth was red-hot it would never scorch them. I am simply in favour of allowing to the Literature of Science the same rights exactly in the mails of the U. S. as is allowed to the Literature of Superstition. I despise beyond the power of speech the man who would read or circulate

a book, the tendency of which would be to leave a stain on that fairest of all flowers, the heart of a girl or boy. The Rev. Joseph Cook is said to have spent a year in an insane asylum ; that is the way I account for this lie of his. His friends made two mistakes, they were a little too slow in putting him in, and a little too fast in letting him out. If any orthodox clergyman will read to his congregation certain passages in the Bible that I will select, I will pay him \$100 in gold. There wouldn't be a lady left in the church, and if a man stayed, it would be to chastise the man for insulting the women. I believe in keeping the family pure, and men who are trying to blacken my reputation are not fit to blacken my shoes. It is one of my arguments against a personal God that such men exist, an infinitely wise God would never have produced them. Nearly everybody is afraid to express his thoughts on the subject of God. They imagine there is some kind of being up yonder who would be filled with wrath at some poor human being who dared to express his best thoughts. Can you injure this God? No. Why? Because he is infinite. What do you mean by that? Conditionless. How can you injure a man? Only by changing his condition. If there is a God who is conditionless, you can't possibly change his conditions, because he hasn't any; therefore you can't interfere with him in any way. You can't commit a single sin against him; therefore, you need have no fear. I can say my say fearlessly, and so can every other man. But all these hundreds of years the clergy have been telling the people there is such a crime as blasphemy. There is a personal God up there that made the world. He made you, and you ought to go down on your knees and thank him. Thank him for what? Ought the beggar to thank him, who is starving in the midst of plenty? Ought the man who is born under some despotism and has to toil hard year after year, yet never sees a decent dress on his wife, nor takes a decent meal? Ought the woman whose husband is a drunkard? Ought the poor invalid who is a slave to some hereditary disease? Ought the one who is born deformed? Ought the millions of poor slaves to thank God? Let us be honest! Ought the black man to thank God for having made the white man mean enough to hate him because he was black? Ought the poor widow who lives in misery and destitution? Ought the man who is forced to enter the army of a despot against his will? If you credit God with every thing that is good, let us keep a double set of books, so as to keep the accounts straight on the other side and debit him with everything that is bad.

Suppose we go to some strange island of 100,000 inhabitants, we see a gentleman there who tells us all about it. Who do you have for your governor? An infinite being. Does he know everything? Everything. Can he do just what he wants? Exactly. After a little while I see some men dragging a woman along, tearing her child from her, and the poor woman shrieking in agony. I ask, what are they going to do with that woman? They are going to burn her. Does your governor know of it? Oh yes, he knew of it the moment they intended to do it. Could he have stopped it? Perfectly easy. Is that woman an enemy of his? Oh no, just the opposite; she prays and thanks him morn, noon and night, and she will do it in the midst of the flame and smoke. Are

the men who are burning her his friends? No, they are his enemies. Such is the God that governs this world. Suppose the next man who tried to commit a murder should drop dead; suppose the hand of the next man who raised it to strike his wife a cruel blow should fall paralyzed at his side; suppose the next man who tried to commit any crime should fall to the ground, how many crimes do you think would be committed when that state of things came round generally? Not many. Is it possible any intelligent person really believes there is some Being who interferes with the affairs of this world? I read extracts from two sermons the other day. How I came to do it I don't know, but I did it. One was a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Moody on the subject of prayer, urging upon people to pray that portion of the Lord's prayer, "Thy will be done," as if it was necessary to coax God to have his own way. He says in his sermon, there was a poor woman who had an exceedingly sick child; the doctor told her it couldn't live. Oh! said the mother, I can't consent that my darling child should die. She prayed to God such a prayer that it was almost a prayer of rebellion, "I can't spare my child, oh, God, spare it to me." She didn't want God's will done, but her own. God heard her prayer and saved the child, but when it got well it was an idiot, and the poor woman had to watch over and take care of that child 15 long years, and the moral of the story is, how much better it would have been to let God kill that child when he wanted to. Is there any one here who believes in such a God as that? Yet this doctrine is preached from almost every pulpit in the world. I read in another paper a sermon by the Rev. De Witt Talmage about Dreams, that God still appears to men in dreams. Just think of it! An infinite being catching some poor fellow asleep and going at him.

According to this story there was a poor old woman that had the rheumatism, and another woman nearly as poor that hadn't got rheumatism, and the woman without rheumatism used to wait on the other and take care of her. All at once the one without the rheumatism died. Then the other old lady said, where am I going to get anything to eat? That night God left his throne, after having given directions about winding up the sun and the moon, and came to this old woman in a dream. He took her out of her house and carried her to where there was a large mountain of bread on the right hand and a large mountain of butter on the left hand. When I read that I said to myself, what a good place to start a political party. God said to the poor woman—all these provisions belong to your father; do you think he will allow one of his children to starve? And the reverend gentleman says that the next day a man was in some mysterious way moved to go to the old lady, and, seeing her destitution, he took pity on her and took care of her till she died. Is it possible there is a being who interferes with the affairs of this world, and interfered to feed that poor woman! Then why don't he feed hundreds and thousands of others? Why show her mountains of bread and butter, and allow millions to die of famine in other parts of the world? Look at that terrible famine in China, which might have been prevented by a slight change in the wind. If God had changed the wind that would have changed the direction of the clouds, and they

would have gone over all that parched-up district and emptied themselves upon it, and there would have been plenty. But God didn't change the wind, and the clouds emptied into the sea. What would you think of a gardener who had an immense barrel of water in his garden, and when the ground got parched and the flowers and fruit were all dying from drought, took a pail of water from the barrel, carried it round the garden and emptied it into the barrel again. That is what God did to China when he allowed the clouds to empty themselves into the sea. Has God ever interfered in the affairs of this world? This is an all-important question, for upon it depends the question whether we have any human right at all. If there is an infinite being who does everything to suit himself, we have no rights and can't have any. Let him go on and do what he likes, we needn't trouble ourselves any more because we can't alter his plans.

No one ever interfered to prevent slavery in any country—at any time or in any place. No one ever interfered to prevent any other form of human oppression or wrong. Hence you can't start a religion without a miracle. You must show that the facts of nature have been changed. Hence they have always proved that point, that there is a God who interferes with the affairs of this world. But admit that he is infinite and it matters not whether you pray to him or not. It makes no difference what you do. It is like trying to lift yourself by the straps of your boots; it is no good but you get good exercise from it. So it is with prayer. Let us go back to the time when society was first formed, a long time ago. Blackstone and Locke have always taken the ground that society was first formed by contract. I don't believe it. They write as though they supposed the trees formed groves by contract; that animals formed themselves in flocks and herds by agreement. How did men originally come to act together? By contract? No. By necessity? Yes. When men first formed themselves into society, they were not equal to the beasts. The latter were superior, and that is the reason why men at first worshipped beasts. No man ever worshipped anything that he didn't believe his superior. Let us get to the foundation of this idea of worship. When man first looked upon the lion he saw an animal that had greater strength than he. When he saw the serpent climb without hands, run without feet, and live apparently without food, it struck him with awe; when he saw the powerful eagle flying against the storms and gazing at the blazing sun, he saw something that was superior to him. He didn't know how they got their living. He was filled with wonder and admiration, and the result was that he began to worship beasts, and made gods out of lions, snakes, and eagles. The story of the serpent in the garden of Eden and of the brazen serpent in the wilderness, are but reminiscences of an old serpent worship. Almost all kinds of animals were deified. The old Jews themselves, including Moses, worshipped Jehovah in the form of a bull. That accounts for the "horns on the altar." They not only worshipped that God but many others. Even in the time of Solomon and Jeroboam there were thirty temples in which other gods were worshipped besides Jehovah. After men found out that one animal by itself was not their superior they began to make gods

composed of several animals. They took the lion for strength, the eagle for swiftness, and the serpent for cunning, or long life, making together an animal that could not be killed. Take the Mexican Indians. What is their name for God? Stone spirit. One who wore an armour of stone. Where did they get that idea from? The armadillo that could not be pierced with their arrows; something they could not kill. I want to convince you all, as we go along, that we manufacture these gods ourselves, and everyone of them is a poor job. After men got through worshipping beasts, simple and compound, they began worshipping man, the bestial qualities in man as well as the good ones. The gods were first beasts, then men. Right here let me tell you that there is not a person in this house who can think of God except in the form of man. Why? Because that is the highest intellectual form you are acquainted with. You can't think of God on four legs or as a woman. Why? Because man made all religions. We haven't yet become civilized enough to worship a principle.

If we worshipped God as a woman I should be more apt to join some church myself. Now having traced the origin of God, the next question is—does God interfere in the affairs of this world, for upon this depends the great question of human rights. The savage has always believed it. When his poor hut was blown down he thought God was mad with him or with one of his neighbours. Just think of the infinite maker of every world getting mad at the poor savage and pulling up his house. I tell you this world has been mightily abused, and it almost makes one die of pity to read its religious history. The priest said—You will have to employ me. I have influence. I am a lobbyist in the legislature of heaven. The priest said to the poor fellow—Divide with me. That was the commencement of slavery. The next point was to teach that God would hold a whole community responsible for what one man did. There could not be a meaner principle. They then taught that this God wanted to be worshipped, and a fine temple must be built to worship him in; that an infinite Being likes to see men go down on their knees and thank him. How gratifying would it be to us to have the millions of little animalculæ everywhere around us go down on their knees to us! Since God demanded worship, there must be some order to it, and certain gentlemen knew just what this being wanted, and just the kind of ceremony that would suit him. Hence the church, and all these religious mummeries. All at once some terrible calamity would befall that community. Then what? Somebody has insulted God; has not brought his sacrifice, has not killed his sheep. Let us hunt him up and kill him and then our God will be appeased. They went so far as to say without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins; and they would sacrifice to God the one they loved best. Think of that man in Pocasset, Mass., who read the old and new testament so carefully and believingly that he killed his own child as a sacrifice. And no wonder either, if he believed those books. God told Abraham to take his son Isaac and kill him; Abraham started off to do the inhuman work and was just going to kill his son when God fortunately stopped him in the nick of time. Jephtha made a bargain with God that if God would let him whip his enemies, he would

sacrifice the first thing that greeted him on his return. The prayer was granted and as he neared his home, a company of girls met him, and at their head was his own daughter. He sacrificed her. That man in Mass., having read these beautiful stories—infamous lies I call them—made up his mind God wanted him to sacrifice one of his children. If God told me to sacrifice one of my children to him, I wouldn't do it though I knew it was God who demanded it. I would say to Him, dash me to the lowest depths of hell, and I will go there rather than have the blood of my darling on my hands. This man only followed the example of God himself who sacrificed his own Son. I say there never was, and never will be a God who demands a sacrifice. Could it make any infinite Being any better to give up to him that which you love most. It is simply insanity. The next step taken by the priest was to teach not only that all religion came from God, but all political power came from God also—that God had made priests to tell people what to believe, and kings to tell them what to do. Only a little time back we found kings claiming that they reigned by divine right. The Bible says, "Be subject to the powers that be, because they are ordained of God." I deny it. If that doctrine had been carried out, there never would have been any revolution in the world from that day to this. All political power comes from God, said the priest, consequently if a man said a word against the king, or one of his nobles, he was a traitor to the Divine Being. The altar and throne fitted each other like the upper and lower jaw of a hyena, and crushed liberty under foot. Just so long as men believed political power came from God, they were cringing slaves, and the men who taught such a doctrine were themselves hypocrites and tyrants.

After a while people began to think that after all, political power didn't always come from God. The kings, however, kept on taking a little more and a little more, and the people grew more and more wretched and downtrodden, till finally they said, Power does not come from God, and in 1776 our fathers retired God from politics altogether. They said power comes only from the consent of the governed, and not from God. The true source of power is the will of the people. We are not going above the clouds to look for authority. Did our fathers understand religious liberty? Only two or three of them. How then did they come to leave God out of the Constitution? The colonies were not in favour of religious liberty; the pilgrim fathers were not. They left England for conscience sake; they wanted the right to worship God as they thought best, and went over to Holland. There they had to worship God according to their conscience, but other people also had the right to worship in a different way and to preach different doctrines, so the pilgrims came over here. They left England to escape persecution, and left Holland to get away from religious liberty. When they got over they were ready to kill all those who differed from them. How then did they come to frame a Constitution without God? Because no three States had the same religion, and they could not agree upon which religion should be the bride of the State, which church should be married to the Constitution, so each church, rather than see some other church the bride of the State, was willing to see the State a

bachelor, and God was left out in the cold. It was all owing to the meanness and jealousy of these churches, that we have got a Constitution with no superstition in it. There are some lunatics even now-a-days who want to put God in the Constitution. I am opposed to it. If you get one infinite Being in, there will be no room for other folks, and I don't think God himself would feel much complimented by being put there. These men had no idea of human rights, for they believed that God would hold a community responsible for the deeds of some individual. When the train of cars went down recently in Scotland the pulpit resounded with talk about Divine Judgments for violating the Sabbath. One of the passengers was a sailor coming home to see his widow mother, to take care of her in her declining years. Just think of God killing that man for crossing that bridge on a Sunday. Imagine some rosy-checked little boy in a boat on Sunday fishing. At the end of their lines are fastened pin hooks, and an Infinite Being descends and keels over their boats because it is Sunday.

Our fathers had no idea of religious liberty in their time, and their descendants to-day have not. In many States a man cannot testify in a court of justice because he doesn't believe in their God. If my wife and child were killed before my eyes and I took their corpses into court I would not be permitted to say who did it. This is not only depriving me of testimony, but it deprives the State of testimony. I can't believe in a personal God in any land where there is injustice; where innocence is not safe, where honest men toil and rogues ride in carriages, where hypocrisy is crowned and sincerity degraded. I can't conceive of this world being governed by an infinite being. If any good is to be done, man has got to do it. We must depend on ourselves. We must not consider the lilies of the field—we must sow the field and reap and harvest the crops ourselves.

I want to show you the extent to which the church has gone. Religion has never relied upon argument. Protestantism never gained an inch of soil except at the mouth of the cannon or the point of the sword; the smallest island in the seas has never been taken by Catholic or Protestant except at the point of the bayonet. Religion of love has always been shot into nations. Who are the most warlike nations in the world to-day? Christian nations. Who invent the best guns and greatest cannon for killing human beings? Christian nations. Does any one of you wish to become a millionaire and famous for the rest of his life? Then invent a cannon that will blow more Christian brains into froth than the best cannon will, and your fortune is made, and your name will become famous. In the last eight years the national debts of Christendom have increased over \$6,000,000,000. What Catholic nation is the most orthodox to-day? Spain. And is there any meaner nation? What next? Portugal. What next? Italy, the land covered with brigands, every one of whom carries an image of the Virgin Mary or some favourite saint, and who crosses himself with holy water in the cathedral before he starts on his brigand work. What next? Ireland, poor Ireland, crushed beneath the heels of oppression for hundreds of years. Why? Simply because her oppressor was of a different religion.

It is religion which has reduced Spain to a guitar, Italy to a hand-organ, and Ireland to exile. What is the most orthodox Protestant nation to-day? Scotland; and in 1877 there were 12,000 women arrested in Glasgow for drunkenness. What nation is the most infidel to-day? France. Which is the most prosperous country in Europe to-day? France.

Go with me to Siberia. Who are these poor creatures drawing waggons on their hands and knees. Girls of sixteen, seventeen and eighteen or twenty! what are they there for? For having said a word in favour of human liberty. That is all. Do you blame the lovers or parents of these girls if they endeavoured to send a bullet to the heart of the Czar who allows such brutality? In such a case my sympathies are closed around the point of the dagger. I have said that in many of our States an infidel is not allowed to testify in a court of justice. Let me prove it. [The lecturer here read extracts from the laws or constitutions of the various States in support of his assertion.] In alluding to the judgment day, he said: Won't the orthodox be happy on that day? I want to show you a little picture I got from the old church where Shakspeare was buried, giving a description of the judgment day. About fifty fellows are coming out of their graves, and little devils grabbing them by their heels. There was a great cauldron with about twenty fellows in it, and devils pouring boiling pitch into it; five or six more were hung upon hooks by their tongues. Right in the other corner were some saints, and I never saw such a self-satisfied grin on any person's face in my life. They seemed to say to the sinner, "How now, Mr. Smartie, what did I tell you?" I believe there are lots of clergymen in the United States willing to die to see me in hell. I once read a little poem, translated from the Persian, of a good man who worked for seven long years in acts of charity and then mounted the steps of heaven and knocked at the gate. Who is there? cried a voice. Thy slave, O God! No answer. Again he toiled seven long years, in acts of charity and piety, and again ascended to the gate and knocked. Who is there? Thy servant, O God. No answer. Again he went back and toiled seven more years, and then mounted to the gates of heaven and knocked. Who is there? Thyself, O God! The gate opened and he entered heaven. The next great thing for us to do is to get God out of religion. Just so long as God is in religion there will be popes, cardinals, priests, clergy, cathedrals, and churches, and all these religious creeds coming down from high for men to swallow. There will be no religious liberty until man himself is the source of religion, and humanity takes the place of superstition. I want to take a "d" from the name of the devil, so as to make it evil, and I want to stick an "o" into the word God, so that it will be the supreme good that men will worship in the future. When we do that, there will be perfect religious liberty, and not till then. Hell is rapidly cooling off, and a man will have to take his overcoat with him. The liberty of man is asserting itself, and will eventually become the religion of the world.

RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE.

Lecture by Col. R. G. INGERSOLL, at Pittsburgh Opera House,
October 4th, 1879.

THE SABBATH—PREACHERS.

“**H**OW anybody ever came to the conclusion that there was any God who demanded that you should feel sorrowful and miserable and bleak one-seventh of the time is beyond my comprehension. Neither can I conceive how they can say that one-seventh of the time is holy. That day is the most sacred day on which the most good has been done for mankind. Now, there was a time among the Jews, when if a man violated the Sabbath, they would kill him. They said, God told them to do it. I think they were mistaken. If not, if any God did tell them to kill him, then I think he was mistaken. I hope the time will come when every man can spend the Sabbath just as he pleases, provided he does not interfere with the happiness of others. I would fight just as earnestly that the Christian may go to church as that the infidel may have the right to spend his Sabbath as he wishes. Are the people who go to church the only good people? Are there not a good many bad people who go to church? Not a bank in Pittsburgh will lend a dollar to the man who belongs to the church, without security, quicker than to the man who don't go to church. Now, I believe that all laws upon the statute-book should be enforced. I do not blame anybody in this town. I am perfectly willing that every preacher in this town should preach. They are employed to preach, and to preach a certain doctrine, and if they don't preach that doctrine they will be turned out. I have no objection to that. But I want the same privilege to express my views, and what is the difference, whether the man pays the day he goes in, or pays for it the week before by subscription?

What would the church people think if the theatrical people should attempt to suppress the churches? What harm would it do to have an

opera here to-night? It would elevate us more than to hear ten thousand sermons on the world that never dies. There is more practical wisdom in one of the plays of Shakespeare than in all the sacred books ever written. What wrong would there be to see one of those grand plays on Sunday? There was a time when the church would not allow you to cook on Sunday. You had to eat your victuals cold. There was a time they thought the more miserable you feel the better God feels. There are sixty odd thousand preachers in the United States. Some people regard them as a necessary evil; some as an unnecessary evil. There are sixty odd thousand churches in the United States; and it does seem to me that with all the wealth on their side; with Providence on their side; with all these advantages they ought to let us at least have a right to speak our thoughts.

RIGHT AND WRONG.

Col. Ingersoll next entered into his argument on the origin of religion, referring to the first impressions of the savage. Having enunciated these views.

"The history of the world shows me that the right has not always prevailed. When you see innocent men chained to the stake and the flames licking their flesh, it is natural to ask, why does God permit this? If you see a man in prison with the chains eating into his flesh simply for loving God, you've got to ask why does not a just God interfere? You've got to meet this; it won't do to say that it will all come out for the best. That may do very well for God, but it's awful hard on the man. Where was the God that permitted slavery for two hundred years in these United States? The history of the world shows that when a mean thing was done, man did it; when a good thing was done, man did it.

"But there was a time when there was a drought, and this tribe of savages with their false notions of religion, said somebody has been wicked. Somebody has been lecturing on Sunday. Then the tribe hunted out the wicked man. They said you've got to stop. We cannot allow you to continue your wickedness, which brings punishment upon the whole of us. What is the reason they allow me to speak to-night? Because the Christians are not as firm in their belief now as they were a thousand years ago. The luke-warmness and hypocrisy of Christians now permit me to speak to-night. If they felt as they did a thousand years ago, they would kill me. So religious persecution was born of the instinct of self-defence.

DUTY TO GOD—DUTY TO MAN.

Is there any duty we owe to God? Can we help him? Can we add to his glory and happiness? They tell me this God is infinitely wise—I cannot add to his wisdom; infinitely happy—I cannot add to his

happiness. What can I do? May be he wants me to make prayers that won't be answered. I cannot see any relation that can exist between the finite and the infinite. I acknowledge that I am under obligations to my fellow-man. We owe duties to our fellow-man. And what? Simply to make them happy.

The only good is happiness; and the only evil is misery, or unhappiness. Only those things are right that tend to increase the happiness of man; only those things are wrong which tend to increase the misery of man. That is the basis of right and wrong. There never would have been the idea of wrong except that man can inflict suffering upon others. Utility, then, is the basis of the idea of right and wrong.

The church tells us that this world is a school to prepare us for another, that it is a place to build up character. Well, if that is the only way character can be developed it is bad for children who die before they get any character. What would you think of a school-master who would kill half his pupils the first day?

THE BIBLE.

Now, I read the Bible, and I find that God so loved this world that he made up His mind to damn the most of us. I have read this book, and what shall I say of it? I believe it is generally better to be honest. Now, I don't believe the Bible. Had I not better say so? They say that if you do, you will regret it, when you come to die. If that be true, I know a great many religious people who will have no cause to regret it—they don't tell their honest convictions about the Bible. There are two great arguments of the church—the great man argument and the death-bed. They say the religion of your fathers is good enough. Why should a father object to your inventing a better plough than he had? They say to me, do you know more than all theologians dead? Being a perfectly modest man, I say I think I do. Now we have come to the conclusion that every man has a right to think. Would God give a bird wings and make it a crime to fly. Would he give me brains and make it a crime to think? Any God that would damn one of his children for the expression of his honest thought, wouldn't make a decent thief. When I read a book and don't believe it, I ought to say so. I will do so and take the consequence like a man.

THE CONSTITUTION.

Col. Ingersoll next gave his views of the Puritans, declared that they left Holland to escape persecution, and came here to persecute others. He referred to the persecutions heaped upon those of other religious belief by the Puritans, paid the Catholics the compliment to say that Maryland, which they ruled, was the first colony to enact a law tolerating religious views not held by themselves, and went on to explain that God was never mentioned in the Constitution of the

United States because each colony had a different religious belief, and each sect preferred to have God not mentioned at all than to having another religious belief than their own recognised. "In 1776," said the speaker, "our forefathers retired God from politics. They said all power comes from the people. They kept God out of the constitution, and allowed each State to settle the question for itself."

The present laws of different States were next reviewed, so far as they relate to the prevention of infidels giving testimony and to religious intolerance in any way, and these features were all branded and discussed as a gigantic evil.

The lecture was attentively listened to by the immense audience from beginning to the end, and the speaker's most blasphemous flights were the most loudly applauded.

E. C. INGERSOLL'S FUNERAL.

A very affecting scene was witnessed at the funeral of Ebon C. Ingersoll in Washington, June 2, 1879. His brother Robert had prepared an address to be read on the occasion, but when the large company of friends had gathered, and the time came, the feelings of the man overcame him. He began to read his eloquent characterization of the dead man, but his eyes at once filled with tears. He tried to hide them behind his eye-glasses, but he could not do it, and finally he bowed his head upon the man's coffin in uncontrollable grief. It was only after some delay, and the greatest of self-mastery, that Robert was able to finish reading his address, which was as follows :

COL. R. G. INGERSOLL'S FUNERAL ORATION.

MY FRIENDS : I am going to do that which the dead often promised he would do for me. The loved and loving brother, husband, father, friend, died where manhood's morning almost touches noon, and while the shadows still were falling toward the west. He had not passed on life's highway the stone that marks the highest point, but being weary for the moment he laid down by the wayside, and, using a burden for a pillow, fell into that dreamless sleep that kisses down his eyelids still. While yet in love with life and raptured with the world, he passed to silence and pathetic dust. Yet, after all, it may be best, just in the happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage, while eager winds are kissing every sail, to dash against the unseen rock, and in an instant hear the billows roar, a sunken ship. For whether in mid-sea or among the breakers of a farther shore, a wreck must mark at last the end of each and all. And every life, no matter if its very hour is rich with love, and every moment jewelled with a joy, will at its close become a tragedy, as sad, and deep and dark as can be woven of the ward and woof of mystery and death. This brave and tender man in every storm of life was oak and rock, but in the sunshine he was love and flower. He was the friend of all heroic souls that climbed the heights and left all superstitions here below, while on his forehead fell the golden dawning of a grander day. He loved the beautiful, and was with color, form and music touched to tears. He sided with the weak, and with a willing hand gave alms ; with loyal heart and with the purest hand he faithfully discharged all public trusts. He was a worshipper of liberty and a friend

of the oppressed. A thousand times I have heard him quote the words ; "For justice all place a temple and all season summer." He believed that happiness was the only good, reason the only torch, justice the only worshipper, humanity the only religion and love the priest. He added to the sum of human joy, and everyone for whom he did some loving service to bring a blossom to his grave he would sleep to-night beneath a wilderness of flowers. Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of a wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the un-replying dead there comes no word ; but in night of death hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing. He who sleeps here when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered with his latest breath, "I am better now." Let us believe, in spite of doubts and dogmas and tears and fears that these dear words are true of all the countless dead. And now, to you who have been chosen from among the many men he loved to do the last sad office for the dead, we give his sacred trust. Speech cannot contain our love. There was—there is—no gentler, stronger, manlier man.

ABEL HEYWOOD & SON, PRINTERS, OLDHAM STREET, MANCHESTER.