

Sir,—You say the solar system with all its wonders shows the hand of a creator. This idea according to the truths of science is wrong. There is no such a thing in nature as creation. There is evolution which is the truth. Creation is the hypothesis. You say the mystery is increased tenfold when we cease to believe in a God. I think the mystery increases when we attempt to define one. Excuse me, but have you ever read and carefully reasoned on the impossibility of your Bible history of creation in reference to our solar system to which you refer me? There are 104 planets, all children of the sun, and the sun itself is 868,000 miles in diameter. That it is enveloped in an ocean of fire thousand of miles in depth—hotter even than the Christians' hell—over which sweeps tempests of flame, moving at the rate of 100 miles a second, and every moment of time throws out as much heat as could be generated by the combustion of eleven thousand millions of tons of coal. The earth that we inhabit is less than one millionth of that of the sun. Jupiter is 85,000 miles in diameter and hundreds of times larger than our earth, turning on his axis at the rate of 25,000 miles an hour, accompanied by four moons, making the tour of his orbit in 50 years, a distance of 3,000,000 miles. Then there is Saturn, with his rings of eight moons. Do you think that the ignorant men who wrote the history of creation had the faintest idea that all the planets were once a part of the sun; that the vast luminary was once thousands of millions of miles in diameter; that Neptune, Uranus, Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars were all born before our earth, and that by no possibility could this world have existed days, three periods, nor three good whiles before its source, the sun? This is a scientific fact beyond dispute. How do you think the false theory of creation, as narrated in the Bible, would appear side by side with this scientific fact? The above is only our next door neighbours in comparison to the following. Do you think that the Bible historian of creation knew that the nearest star, the one we ought to be best acquainted with, is 21 billions of miles away, and that it is a sun shining by its own light? Did he know that the next is 37 billions of miles distant? Is it possible he was acquainted with Sirius, a sun 2,680 times larger than our own, surrounded by a system of heavenly bodies, several of which are already known and distant from us 82 billion miles? Did he know that the Polar star, that tells the mariner his course, and has guided many a slave to liberty and joy, is distant from this little world of ours 292 billion miles? and that Capella wheels and shines 133 billion miles beyond? Did he know that it would require about 72 years for light to reach us from this star? Did he know that light travels 185,000 miles a second? Did he know that some stars are so far away in the infinite abysses that five millions of years are required for their light to reach this globe? And had Christ been flying from this earth to the star Sirius at the rate of 1,000 miles an hour (which is not a slow speed) for 1884 years, he would still be some billions of miles away at that date, and in the whole of the above vast distance, which almost bewilders the mind in contemplating, we find no God, no Heaven, no Angels, no Devil, no Hell. Would it not be better instead of advocating such a visionary affair as a Heaven in the next world, that we did our best to make a Heaven of this? And, seeing that we know nothing about and can do no good to the Christian's God, we should study more the wants of man. You talk about earthly rationalism sinking into insignificance. From the above scientific facts it is your God that sinks into insignificance. You talk about the soul of man and the spirit of God upholding many a martyr—it was not that that upheld the hero Giordano Bruno when the fends of Christianity persecuted him. And after they had condemned Bruno to be burned they offered him his liberty if he would recant, but, true to his conscience, he nobly rejected liberty upon such terms, as many a noble Infidel has done since, and yet they have not wanted a God to uphold them in their martyrdom. But what must the religion have been that induced man to burn his fellow men to uphold it? As to the soul of man, of which you speak, and which, I think, would take you some time to demonstrate logically, what is it? I will give you the opinion of one of our most eminent doctors, Sir W. W. Gull, whose profession has an opportunity of investigating what you call spirit, or soul, or principle independent of matter. He said in 1885, "Until to-day the theory that the living quality in us was due to a mysterious vital force, out of the reach of science preoccupied the mind, and stood in the way of observation and experiment; but now it has become the immovable stand point of physiology that a living creature is independent for all its bodily functions upon the forces of organic matter. In other words, that our corporeal life is but the operation of material atoms and material forces within the reach of experimental enquiry." Comment. I think, after this authoritative negation of spiritual agency in vital action seems superfluous. Shall we throw away all that has been discovered with regard to organic life, and in its place take the statements of those who lived in the morning of a barbaric day? Will any intelligent man or woman now contend that man was a direct and independent creation, and bears no relation to the animals below him? Belief upon this subject must be governed at last by evidence and not by ignorant and selfish priests.—Yours,

BRUNO.

THE FARMERS' AND TRADERS' LOAN COMPANY,  
40, NEWLAND, NORTHAMPTON,  
ADVANCES LARGE or SMALL SUMS to Farmers,  
Graziers, Dairymen, Cabmen, Tradesmen, Manufac-  
turers, and the Working Classes generally, on Crops,  
Stock, Implements, and Household Furniture, without  
removal.

LOW INTEREST. EASY REPAYMENTS. NO BONDSMEN.  
STRICTEST PRIVACY GUARANTEED.

Special Attention Given to Country Applications.  
Office Hours from Nine to Seven.

£2  
TO  
£500.

Money Lent to Pay Rent.  
Money Lent to Pay Debts.  
Money Lent to Buy Farm or Dairy.  
Money Lent to Buy Stock or Imple-  
ments.  
Money Lent to go in or Extend Business  
Money Lent to Pay Distraints or  
Executions.

In fact, Money Lent in Every Case of Need or  
Distress by

THE FARMERS' AND TRADERS' LOAN COMPANY,  
40, NEWLAND, NORTHAMPTON.

Forms, Terms, and Particulars Free. Letters and  
Telegrams promptly attended to.

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO COUNTRY CLIENTS.

106

G-28B6-172

MONEY! MONEY!! MONEY!!!  
THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE LOAN CO.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

This Company have a Large amount of Capital to Lend  
in sums of £2 TO £200 To all Classes  
at LOWER RATE OF INTEREST than that charged by  
any other office in the town.

No Fees or Bondsmen required, and all applications are  
treated with the strictest privacy. Letters from town  
or country promptly attended to.

The public would do well to write or call on the  
Manager, 88, Cloutsham-street, Northampton, before  
applying elsewhere.

Office Hours: 9 a.m. to 7 p.m.; Saturdays, 9 a.m. to  
5 p.m.

E98-32

MONEY LENT ON NOTE OF HAND ALONE,  
SUMS FROM £15 TO £4,000.

THE UNION BANK OF BIRMINGHAM,  
22, CANNON-STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

The Directors of this well-known, old-established  
Bank are prepared to offer exceptional advantages to all  
respectable and trustworthy persons who are in need of  
temporary assistance.

Cash is advanced at a Day's Notice in any part of  
Town or Country, without sureties, repayable by easy  
instalments or in one sum, and on

THE BORROWER'S WRITTEN PROMISE TO RE-PAY.

A special feature of this Office is that, a large and com-  
petent staff being employed, who attend promptly to all  
applications, borrowers residing at any distance from  
Birmingham may receive advances as speedily as  
though the Bank were located in their own town.

The Advances made during the past few years exceed  
HALF A MILLION STERLING.

among the advantages offered by the Bank, the follow-  
ing deserve attention:—

The Despatch with which Loans are Completed.

The Simplicity of the Promissory Note to be Signed.

The Low Rate of Interest Charged.

The Written Guarantee of the Strictest Privacy.

The System of Small Re-payments extending over a  
period of Time convenient to the Borrower.

The Absence of all Law Costs and Unnecessary Ex-  
penses.

N.B.—No Bills of Sale are taken, and the transactions  
are not published in any newspaper or gazette.

MORTGAGE DEPARTMENT.

Advances also made on Mortgage or deposit of Deeds  
Property, Shares, Script, Policies, and Reversions at  
5 PER CENT. INTEREST.

For further particulars apply, stating Amount required,  
139—2114 Mr. HENRY W. ROSS, General Manager.

GS7

211

THE  
**DYING CREED.**

BY  
**COLONEL INGERSOLL.**

A New Lecture delivered in the Central Music Hall,  
Chicago, before 3,000 people, on March 19, 1884.



*R. G. Ingersoll*

LONDON:  
PROGRESSIVE PUBLISHING COMPANY,  
28 STONECUTTER STREET, E.C.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

# PROGRESSIVE PUBLISHING COMPANY'S PUBLICATIONS.

## G. W. Foote's Works—

Arrows of Freethought, 112 pp., 1s.; Blasphemy No Crime (the whole question fully treated, with special reference to the Prosecution of the "Freethinker"), 3d.; The Futility of Prayer, 2d.; Atheism and Morality, 2d.; Secularism the True Philosophy of Life—an Exposition and a Defence (in wrapper), 4d.; Death's Test, or Christian Lies about Dying Infidels, 2d.; Atheism and Suicide, 1d.; The God Christians Swear By, 2d.; Was Jesus Insane? 1d.; Brown's Story; or, The Dying Infidel, 16pp., 1d.

### BIBLE ROMANCES (One Penny each).

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

*The First Series, Bound in Elegant Wrapper, Price One Shilling*

### SECOND SERIES.

13, Daniel and the Lions; 14, The Jew Judges; 15, St. John's Nightmare; 16, a Virgin Mother; 17, God in a Box; 18, Bully Samson.

## Col. Ingersoll's Works—

Do I Blaspheme? ... ..	1d.
The Clergy and Common Sense ... ..	1d.

*(Other Lectures from One Penny each can also be obtained.)*

## Dr. Edward Aveling's Works—

The Darwinian Theory ... ..	6d.
The Student's Darwin ... ..	5s.
Biological Discoveries ... ..	1s.
Essays on Various Subjects ... ..	1s.

J. M. Wheeler's "Frauds and Follies of the Fathers" ...	6d.
Diderot's "Old Thoughts for New Thinkers" ...	1d.
"Profane Jokes," Series 1 and 2, each ...	1d.
"Freethought Gleanings" ...	1d.
"The Holy Ghost's Arithmetic" ...	1d.
Paine's "Age of Reason" ...	6d.
" " (Library Edition) ...	1s.

GS795  
211 ING

# THE DYING CREED.

By COLONEL INGERSOLL.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—It is utterly inconceivable that any man believing in the truth of the Christian religion could publicly deny it, because he who believes in that religion would believe that, by a public denial, he would peril the eternal salvation of his soul. It is conceivable, and without any great effort of the mind, that millions who don't believe in the Christian religion should openly say that they did. In a country where religion is supposed to be in power—where it has rewards for pretence, where it pays a premium upon hypocrisy, where it at least is willing to purchase silence—it is easily conceivable that millions pretend to believe what they do not. And yet I believe it has been charged against myself not only that I was insincere, but that I took the side that I am on for the sake of popularity; and the audience to-night goes far towards justifying the accusation. (Applause.)

## ORTHODOX RELIGION DYING OUT.

It gives me immense pleasure to say to this immense audience that orthodox religion is dying out of the civilised world. (Applause.) It is a sick man. (Laughter.) It has been attacked with two diseases—softening of the brain and ossification of the heart. (Laughter.) It is a religion that no longer satisfies the intelligence of this country; a religion that no longer satisfies the brain; a religion against which the heart of every civilised man and woman protests. It is a religion that gives hopes only to a few; a religion that puts a shadow upon the cradle; a religion that wraps the coffin in darkness and fills the future of mankind with flame and fear. It is a religion that I am going to do what little I can while I live to destroy; and in its place I want humanity, I want good-fellowship, I want a brain without a chain, I want a religion that every good heart will cheerfully applaud. (Applause.)

## RELIGIOUS BIRTHS.

We must remember that this is a world of progress, a world of change. There is perpetual death, and there is perpetual birth. By the grave of the old for ever stand youth and joy; and when an old religion dies a better one is born. When we find out that an assertion is a falsehood a shining truth takes its place, and we need not fear the destruction of the false. The more false we destroy the more room there will be for the true. There was a time when the astrologer sought to read in the stars

the fate of men and nations. The astrologer has faded from the world, but the astronomer has taken his place. There was a time when the poor alchemist, bent and wrinkled and old, over his crucible endeavored to find some secret by which he could change the baser metals into purest gold. The alchemist has gone, the chemist took his place; and, although he finds nothing to change metals into gold, he finds something that covers the earth with wealth. There was a time when the soothsayer and augur flourished, and after them came the parson and the priest; and the parson and the priest must go. (Applause.) The preacher must go, and in his place must come the teacher—that real interpreter of nature. We are done with the supernatural. We are through with the miraculous and the wonderful. There was once a prophet who pretended to read in the book of the future. His place has been taken by the philosopher, who reasons from cause to effect—a man who finds the facts by which he is surrounded and endeavors to reason from these premises and to tell what in all probability will happen in the future. The prophet has gone, the philosopher is here. There was a time when men sought aid entirely from heaven—when he prayed to the deaf sky. There was a time when the world depended upon the supernaturalist. That time in Christendom has passed. We now depend upon the naturalist—not upon the disciple of faith, but upon the discoverer of facts—upon the demonstrator of truth. At last we are beginning to build upon a solid foundation, and just as we progress the supernatural must die.

#### THE RELIGION OF RECIPROCITY.

Religion of the supernatural kind will fade from this world, and in its place we will have reason. In the place of the worship of something we know not of, will be the religion of mutual love and assistance—the great religion of reciprocity. Superstition must go. Science will remain. (Applause.) The church, however, dies a little hard. (Laughter.) The brain of the world is not yet developed. There are intellectual diseases the same as diseases of the body. Intellectual mumps and measles still afflict mankind. (Laughter.) Whenever the new comes the old protests, and the old fights for its place as long as it has a particle of power. And we are now having the same warfare between superstition and science that there was between the stage-coach and the locomotive. (Laughter.) But the stage-coach had to go. It had its day of glory and power, but it is gone. It went West. (Laughter.) In a little while it will be driven into the Pacific with the last Indian aboard. (Laughter.) So we find that there is the same conflict between the different sects and different schools, not only of philosophy but of medicine. Recollect that everything except the demonstrated truth is liable to die. That is the order of nature. Words die. Every language has a cemetery. Every now and then a word dies and a tombstone is erected, and across it is written the word

"obsolete." New words are continually being born. There is a cradle in which a word is rocked. A thought is moulded to a sound, and the child-word is born. And then comes a time when the word gets old, and wrinkled, and expressionless, and it is carried mournfully to the grave, and that is the end of it. So in the schools of medicine. You can remember, so can I, when the old allopathists reigned supreme. If there was anything the matter with a man they let out his blood. (Laughter.)

Called to the bed-side, they took him to the edge of eternity with medicine, and then practised all their art to bring him back to life. (Laughter.) One can hardly imagine how perfect a constitution it took a few years ago to stand the assault of a doctor. (Laughter.) And long after it was found to be a mistake, hundreds and thousands of the old physicians clung to it, carried around with them, in one pocket, a bottle of jalap, and, in the other, a rusty lancet, sorry that they couldn't find some patient idiotic enough to allow the experiment to be made again.

#### THEY DIE HARD.

So these schools, and these theories, and these religions die hard. What else can they do? Like the paintings of the old masters, they are kept alive because so much money has been invested in them. (Laughter.) Think of the amount of money that has been invested in superstition! Think of the schools that have been founded for the more general diffusion of useless knowledge! (Laughter.) Think of the colleges wherein men are taught that it is dangerous to think, and that they must never use their brains except in an act of faith! Think of the millions and billions of dollars that have been expended in churches, in temples and in cathedrals! Think of the thousands and thousands of men who depend for their living upon the ignorance of mankind! (Laughter and applause.) Think of those who grow rich on credulity and who fatten on faith! (Renewed laughter and applause.) Do you suppose they are going to die without a struggle? (Laughter.) They will die if they do not struggle. (Laughter.) What are they to do? From the bottom of my heart I sympathise with the poor clergyman that has had all his common sense educated out of him, and is now to be thrown out upon the cold and uncharitable world. His prayers are not answered; he gets no help from on high, and the pews are beginning to criticise the pulpit. What is the man to do? If he suddenly change he is gone. (Laughter.) If he preaches what he really believes he will get notice to quit. (Laughter.) And yet, if he and the congregation would come together and be perfectly honest, they would all admit they didn't believe anything of it. (Laughter and applause.)

"HONOR BRIGHT."

Only a little while ago a couple of ladies were riding together from a revival in a carriage late at night, and one said to the other, as they rode along: "I am going to say something that

will shock you, and I beg of you never to tell it to anybody else. I am going to tell it to you." "Well, what is it?" Says she: "I don't believe in the Bible." The other replied: "Neither do I." (Laughter and applause.) I have often thought how splendid it would be if the ministers could but come together and say: "Now let us be honest. Let us tell each other, honor bright—like Dr. Currie did in the meeting here the other day—(applause)—let us tell just what we believe." (Applause.) They tell us a story that in the old time a lot of people, about twenty, were in Texas in a little hotel, and one fellow got up before the fire, put his hands behind him, and says he: "Boys, let us all tell our real names." (Great laughter and applause.) If the ministers and their congregations would only tell their real thoughts they would find that they are nearly as bad as I am—(laughter and applause)—and that they believe just about as little. (Laughter.)

#### THEY DON'T BELIEVE IT.

Now, I have been talking a great deal about the orthodox religion; and, after having delivered a lecture, I would meet some good, religious person, and he would say to me: "You don't tell it as we believe it." "Well, but I tell it as you have it written in your creed." "Oh, well," he says, "we don't mind that any more." "Well, why don't you change it?" "Oh, well," he says, "we understand it." Possibly the creed is in the best possible position for them now. There is a tacit understanding that they don't believe it. There is a tacit understanding that they have some way to get around it, that they read between the lines; and if they should meet now to form a creed, they might fail to agree; and the creed is now so that they can say as they please, except in public. Whenever they do so in public, the church, in self-defence, must try them; and I believe in trying every minister that doesn't preach the doctrine he agrees to. I have not the slightest sympathy with a Presbyterian preacher who endeavors to preach infidelity from his pulpit and receive Presbyterian money. (Applause and laughter.) When he changes his views he should step down and out like a man, and say, "I don't believe your doctrine, and I will not preach it. You must hire some bigger fool than I am." (Laughter.)

#### QUESTIONING THE CREED.

But I find that I get the creed very nearly right. To-day there was put into my hands the new Congregational creed. I have just read it, and I thought I would call your attention to it to-night, to find whether the Church has made any advance; to find whether it has been affected by the light of science; to find whether the sun of knowledge has risen in the heavens in vain; whether they are still the children of intellectual darkness; whether they still consider it necessary for you to believe some-



thing that you by no possibility can understand, in order to be a winged angel for ever. Now, let us see what their creed is. I will read a little of it. They commence by saying that they "believe in one God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and of earth, and of all things visible and invisible." I am perfectly willing that he should make the invisible if they want him to. (Laughter.) They say, now, that there is this one personal God, that he is the maker of the universe and its ruler. I again ask the old question, Of what did he make it? If matter has not existed through eternity, then this God made it. Of what did he make it? What did he use for the purpose? There was nothing in the universe except this God. What had the God been doing for the eternity he had been living? He had made nothing—called nothing into existence; never had had an idea, because it is impossible to have an idea unless there is something to excite an idea. What had he been doing? Why doesn't the Congregational Church tell us? How do they know about this infinite being? And if he is infinite how can they comprehend him? What good is it to believe in something that you know you don't understand—that you never can understand? In the old creeds they described this God as a being without body and parts or passions. Think of that! Something without body and parts or passions. I defy any man in the world to write a better description of nothing. (Laughter and applause.) You cannot conceive of a finer word-painting of a vacuum than a something without body and parts or passions. And yet this God, without passions, is angry at the wicked every day; this God, without passions, is a jealous God, whose anger burneth to the lowest hell. This God, without passions, loves the whole human race, and this God, without passions, damns a large majority of the same. (Laughter and applause.) So, too, he is the ruler of the world, and I find here that we find "his providence in the government of the nations?" What nations? What evidence can you find, if you are absolutely honest and not frightened, in the history of nations that this universe is presided over by an infinitely wise and good God? How do you account for Russia? How do you account for Siberia? How do you account for the fact that whole races of men toiled beneath the master's lash for ages without recompense and without reward? How do you account for the fact that babes were sold from the arms of mothers—arms that had been reached toward God in supplication? How do you account for it? How do you account for the existence of martyrs? How do you account for the fact that this God allows people to be burned simply for loving him? How do you account for the fact that justice doesn't always triumph? How do you account for the fact that innocence is not a perfect shield? How do you account for the fact that the world has been filled with pain, and grief and tears? How do you account for the fact that people have been swallowed by volcanoes, swept from the earth by storm, dying by

Take  
notice  
God

and account  
to some  
Preachers in  
Northampton  
since his  
atheists  
there

notice

famine, if there is above us a ruler who is infinitely good and infinitely powerful. (Applause.)

FROM THE RURAL DISTRICTS.

*Some say there is no God*  
I don't say there is none. I don't know. As I have said before, this is the only planet I was ever on. (Laughter.) I live in one of the rural districts of the universe. (Laughter.) I know not about these things as much as the clergy. (Laughter.) And if they know no more about the other world than they do about this it is not worth mentioning. (Laughter.) How do they answer all this? They say that God "permits it." What

would you say to me if I stood by and saw a ruffian beat out the brains of a child when I had full and perfect power to prevent it?

You would say truthfully that I was as bad as the murderer. That is what you would say. Is it possible for this God to prevent it? Then, if he doesn't, he is a fiend; he is not good. But they say he "permits it." What for? So we may have freedom of choice. What for? So that God may find, I suppose, who are good and who are bad. Didn't he know that when he made us? Did he not know exactly just what he was making? Why should he make those whom he knew would be criminals? If I should make a machine that would walk your streets and commit murder you would hang me. (Laughter.)

Why not? And if God made a man whom he knew would commit murder then God is guilty of that murder. (Applause.) If God made a man knowing he would beat his wife, that he would starve his children, that he would strew on either side of his path of life the wrecks of ruined homes, then I say the being who called that wretch into existence is directly responsible.

(Applause.) And yet we are to find the providence of God in the history of nations. What little I have read shows me that when man has been helped man had to do it; when the chains of slavery have been broken, they have been broken by man; when something bad has been done in the government of mankind it is easy to trace it to man, and to fix the responsibility upon human beings. You will not look to the sky; you need throw neither praise nor blame; you can find the efficient causes nearer home—right here. (Applause.)

THE LOVE OF GOD.

What is the next thing I find in this creed? "We believe that man was made in the image of God, that he might know, love, and obey God, and enjoy him for ever." I don't believe that anybody ever did love God, because nobody ever knew anything about him. We love each other. We love something that we know. We love something that our experience tells us is good and great and good and beautiful. We cannot by any possibility love the unknown. We can love truth, because truth adds to human happiness. We can love justice, because it preserves human joy. We can love charity. We can love every form of goodness that we know or of which we can conceive, but we cannot love the infinitely unknown. And how can we

*Seeing mankind  
notice*

be made in the image of something that has neither body and parts nor passions. (Applause and laughter.) "That our first parents, by disobedience, fell under the condemnation of God, and that all men are so alienated from God that there is no salvation from the guilt and power of sin except through God's redeeming power." Is there an intelligent man or woman now in the world who believes in the Garden of Eden story? If there is, strike here [tapping his forehead] and you will hear an echo. (Laughter and applause.) Something is for rent. Does any human being now believe that God made man of dust, and a woman of a rib, and put them in a garden, and put a tree in the middle of it? Wasn't there room outside of the garden to put his tree, if he didn't want people to eat his apples? (Laughter.)

If I didn't want a man to eat my fruit I would not put him in my orchard. (Laughter.)

#### THE "SNAKE STORY."

Does anybody now believe in the snake story? (Laughter.) I pity any man or woman who, in this nineteenth century believes in that childish fable. Why did they disobey? Why they were tempted. Who by? The devil. Who made the devil? (Laughter and applause.) What did he make him for? (Renewed laughter.) Why didn't he tell Adam and Eve about this fellow? (Laughter.) Why didn't he watch the devil instead of watching Adam and Eve? (Laughter.) Instead of turning them out, why didn't he keep him from getting in. (Laughter.) Why didn't he have his flood first, and drown the devil, before he made man and woman? (Laughter and applause.)

And yet people who call themselves intelligent—professors in colleges and presidents of venerable institutions—teach children, and young men who ought to be children, that the Garden of Eden story is an absolute historical fact! Well, I guess it will not be long until that will fade from the imagination of men. I defy any man to think of a more childish thing. This god waiting around there—(laughter)—knowing all the while what would happen—(laughter)—made them on purpose so it would happen; and then what does he do? Holds all of us responsible; and we were not there. (Loud laughter.) Here is a representative before the constituency had been born. Before I am bound by a representative I want a chance to vote for and against him—(laughter)—and if I had been there and known all the circumstances, I should have voted against him. (Laughter and applause.) And yet I am held responsible.

#### THE ATONEMENT.

What did Adam do? I cannot see that it amounted to much anyway. A God that can create something out of nothing ought not to have complained of the loss of an apple. (Laughter.) I can hardly have patience to speak upon such a subject.

Now, that absurdity gave birth to another—that, while we could be rightfully charged with the rascality of somebody else,

we could also be credited with the virtues of somebody else; and the atonement is the absurdity which offsets the other absurdity of the fall of man. Let us leave them both out; it reads a great deal better with both of them out; it makes better sense. (Laughter and applause.)

Now, in consequence of that, everybody is alienated from God? How? Why? Oh, we are all depraved, you know; we all want to do wrong. Well, why? Is that because we are depraved? No. Why do we make so many mistakes? Because there is only one right way, and there is an almost infinite number of wrong ones; and as long as we are not perfect in our intellects we must make mistakes. There is no darkness but ignorance; and alienation, as they call it, from God is simply a lack of intellect upon our part. Why were we not given better brains? That may account for the alienation. But the church teaches that every soul that finds its way to the shore of this world is against God—naturally hates God; that the little dimpled child in the cradle is simply a chunk of depravity. (Laughter.) Everybody against God! It is a libel upon the human race; it is a libel upon all the men who have worked for wife and child; it is a libel upon all the wives who have suffered and labored, wept and worked, for children; it is a libel upon all the men who have died for their country; it is a libel upon all who have fought for human liberty; it is a libel upon the human race. (Applause.) Leave out the history of the church and there is nothing in this world to prove the depravity of man left. (Applause.)

Everybody that comes is against God. Every soul, they think, is like the wrecked Irishman. He was wrecked in the sea and drifted to an unknown island, and as he climbed up the shore he saw a man and said to him, "Have you a Government here?" The man said, "We have." "Well," said he, "I'm agin it!" (Laughter and applause.) The church teaches us that that is the attitude of every soul in the universe of God. Ought a god to take any credit to himself for making depraved people? A God that cannot make a soul that is not totally depraved, I respectfully suggest, should retire from the business. (Laughter and applause.) And if a god has made us, knowing that we would be totally depraved, why should we go to the same being for repairs? (Laughter and applause.)

#### THE SECOND BIRTH

What is the next? "That all men are so alienated from God that there is no salvation from the guilt and power of his sin except through God's redeeming grace."

Reformation is not enough. If the man who steals becomes perfectly honest, that is not enough; if the man who hates his fellowman, that is not enough; he must go through that mysterious thing called the second birth; he must be born again. That is not enough unless he has faith; he must believe something that he does not understand. Reformation is not enough;

there must be what they call conversion. I deny it. According to the church, nothing so excites the wrath of God—nothing so corrugates the brows of Jehovah with revenge—as a man relying on his own good works. (Laughter and applause.) He must admit that he ought to be damned, and that of the two he prefers it—(laughter)—before God will consent to save him. I saw a man the other day, and he said to me, “I am a Unitarian Universalist; that is what I am.” Said I: “What do you mean by that?” “Well,” said he, “here is what I mean: the Unitarian thinks he is too good to be damned, and the Universalist thinks God is too good to damn him, and I believe them both.” (Laughter and applause).

#### THE CONGREGATIONAL CREED.

What is the next thing in this great creed?

We believe that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments are the record of God's revelation of Himself in the work of redemption; that they are written by men under the special guidance of the Holy Spirit; and that they constitute an authoritative standard by which religious teaching and human conduct are to be regulated and judged.

This is the creed of the Congregational Church; that is, it is the result of the high-joint commission appointed to draw up a creed for their churches; and there we have the statement that the Bible was written “by men under the special guidance of the Holy Spirit.” What part of the Bible? All of it; all of it; and yet what is this Old Testament that was written by a infinitely good God? The being who wrote it did not know the shape of the world he had made. The being who wrote it knew nothing of human nature; he commands men to love him, as if one could love upon command. The same God upheld the institution of human slavery; and the church says the Bible that upholds that institution was written by men under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. Then I disagree with the Holy Ghost upon that institution. (Laughter and loud applause.)

This church tells us that men under the guidance of the Holy Ghost upheld the institution of polygamy—I deny it; that under the guidance of the Holy Ghost these men upheld wars of extermination and conquest—I deny it; that under the guidance of the Holy Ghost these men wrote that it was right for a man to destroy the life of his wife if she happened to differ with him on the subject of religion—I deny it. And yet that is the book now upheld in this creed of the Congregational Church. If the devil had written upon the subject of slavery, which side would he have taken? Let every minister answer, honor bright. If you knew the devil had written a little work on human slavery, in your judgment would he uphold slavery or denounce it? Would you regard it as any evidence that he ever wrote it if it upheld slavery? And yet here you have a work upholding slavery, and you say that it was written by an infinitely good, wise, and bene-

ficient God! If the devil upheld polygamy, would you be surprised? If the devil wanted to kill somebody for differing with him, would you be surprised? If the devil told a man to kill his wife, would you be astonished? And yet you say that is exactly what the God of us all did. If there be a God, then that creed is blasphemy. That creed is a libel upon him who sits upon heaven's throne. (Applause.) I want—if there be a God—I want him to write in the book of his eternal remembrance that I denied these lies for him. (Laughter and applause.)

I do not believe in a slaveholding God; I do not worship a polygamous Holy Ghost—(laughter); I will not get upon my knees before any being who commands a husband to slay his wife because she expresses her honest thought. (Applause.)

GOD NOT AN AUTHOR.

*notice* Did it ever occur to you that if God wrote the Old Testament, and told the Jews to crucify or kill anybody that disagreed with them on religion, and that God afterwards took upon himself flesh and came to Jerusalem, and taught a different religion, and the Jews killed him—did it ever occur to you that he reaped exactly that he had sown? (Applause.) Did it ever occur to you that he fell a victim to his own tyranny, and was destroyed by his own law? Of course I do not believe that any God ever was the author of the Bible, or that any God was ever crucified, or that any God was ever killed or ever will be, but I want to ask you that question.

Take this Old Testament, then, with all its stories of murder and massacre; with all its foolish and cruel fables; with all its infamous doctrines; with its spirit of caste; with its spirit of hatred; and tell me whether it was written by a good God. Why, if you will read the maledictions and curses of that book, you would think that God, like Lear, had divided heaven among his daughters, and then, in the insanity of despair, had launched his curses upon the human race. (Applause.)

And yet I must say—I must admit—that the Old Testament is better than the New. In the Old Testament, when God got a man dead, he let him alone. (Laughter.) When he saw him quietly in his grave he was satisfied. (Laughter.) The muscles relaxed, and a smile broke over the divine face. But in the New Testament the trouble commences just at death. (Laughter and applause.) In the New Testament God is to wreak his vengeance for ever and ever. It was reserved for one who said, "Love your enemies," to tear asunder the veil between time and eternity and fix the horrid gaze of men upon the gulfs of eternal fire. The New Testament is just as much worse than the Old as hell is worse than sleep—(laughter)—just as much worse as infinite cruelty is worse than annihilation; and yet the New Testament is pointed to as a gospel of love and peace.

THE REIGN OF TRUTH AND LOVE.

But "more of that hereafter," as the ministers say. (Loud laughter.)

"We believe that Jesus Christ came to establish among men the kingdom of God, the reign of truth and love, of righteousness and peace."

Well, that may have been the object of Jesus Christ. I do not deny it. But what was the result? The Christian world has caused more war than all the rest of the world besides; all the cunning instruments of death have been devised by Christians; all the wonderful machinery by which the brains are blown out of a man, by which nations are conquered and subdued—all these machines have been born in Christian brains. And yet he came to bring peace, they say; but the Testament says otherwise: "I came not to bring peace, but a sword." And the sword was brought. What are the Christian nations doing to-day in Europe? Is there a solitary Christian nation that will trust any other? How many millions of Christians are in the uniform of everlasting forgiveness, loving their enemies? (Laughter.)

There was an old Spaniard upon the bed of death, and he sent for a priest, and the priest told him he would have to forgive his enemies before he died. He says, "I have not any." "What! no enemies?" "Not one," said the dying man; "I killed the last one three weeks ago." (Laughter.)

How many millions of Christians are now armed and equipped to destroy their fellow-Christians? Who are the men in Europe crying out against war? Who wishes to have the nations disarmed? Is it the church? No; it is the men who do not believe in what they call this religion of peace. When there is a war, and when they make a few thousand widows and orphans, when they strew the plain with dead patriots, then Christians assemble in their churches and sing "Te Deum Laudamus" to God. Why? Because he has enabled a few of his children to kill some others of his children. (Laughter and applause.) This is the religion of peace—the religion that invented the Krupp gun, that will hurl a bullet weighing 2,000 pounds through twenty-four inches of solid steel. This is the religion of peace, that covers the sea with men-of-war, clad in mail, all in the name of universal forgiveness. (Laughter.)

THE WARS IT BROUGHT.

What effect had this religion upon the nations of the earth? What have the nations been fighting about? What was the Thirty Years' War in Europe for? What was the war in Holland for? Why was it that England persecuted Scotland? Why is it that England persecutes Ireland even unto this day? At the bottom of every one of these conflicts you will find a religious question. (Applause.) The religion of Jesus Christ, as preached by his church, causes war, bloodshed, hatred, and all uncharitableness; and why? Because they say a certain belief is necessary to salvation. They do not say, if you behave yourself pretty well you will get there; they do not say, if you pay your debts, and love your wife, and love your children, and are good to your friends, and your neighbours and your country,

*did every man  
believe and do a little religion believe in such hypocrisy*

*notice*

*notice*

you will get there; that will do you no good; you have got to believe a certain thing. Oh yes, no matter how bad you are, you can instantly be forgiven then; and no matter how good you are, if you fail to believe that the moment you get to the day of judgment nothing is left but to damn you for ever, and all the angels will shout "Hallelujah." (Laughter and applause.)

What do they teach to-day? Every murderer goes to heaven; there is only one step from the gallows to God; only one jerk between the halter and heaven. (Laughter.) That is taught by this same church. I believe there ought to be a law to prevent the slightest religious consolation being given to any man who has been guilty of murder. Let a Catholic understand that if he imbrues his hands in his brother's blood, he can have no extreme unction—(applause); let it be understood that he can have no forgiveness through the church; and let the Protestant understand that when he has committed that crime the community will not pray him into heaven. (Applause). Let him go with his victim. The victim, you know, dying in his sins, goes to hell, and the murderer has the happiness of seeing him there. (Laughter.) And if heaven grows dull and monotonous, the murderer can again give life to the nerve of pleasure by watching the agony of his victim. I am opposed to that kind of forgiveness. (Laughter.) And yet that is the religion of universal peace to everybody. (Laughter.)

PREVALENCE OF THE KINGDOM.

Now, what is the next thing that I wish to call your attention to?

"We believe in the ultimate prevalence of the Kingdom of Christ over all the earth."

What makes you? Do you judge from the manner in which you are getting along now? (Laughter.) How many people are being born a year? About fifty millions. How many are you converting a year; really, truthfully. Five or six thousands? (Laughter.) I think I have overstated the number. (Laughter.) Is orthodox Christianity on the increase? No. There are a hundred times as many unbelievers in orthodox Christianity as there were ten years ago. (Applause.) What are you doing in the missionary world? How long is it since you converted a Chinaman? (Laughter.) A fine missionary religion, to send missionaries with their Bibles and tracts to China, but if a Chinaman comes here, mob him, simply to show him the difference between the practical and theoretical workings of the Christian religion. (Laughter and applause.) How long since you have had a convert in India? In my judgment, never; there never has been an intelligent Hindoo converted from the time the first missionary put his foot upon that soil; and never, in my judgment, has an intelligent Chinaman been converted since the first missionary touched that shore. Where are they? We hear nothing of them, except in the reports. (Laughter.) They

not to give Heaven to murderers



get money from poor old ladies, trembling on the edge of the grave, and go and tell them stories, how hungry the average Chinaman is for a copy of the New Testament—(laughter)—and paint the sad condition of a gentleman in the interior of Africa without the work of Dr. McCosh—(laughter)—longing for a copy of the *Princeton Review*. (Laughter.) In my judgment it is a book that would suit a savage. (Laughter and applause.) Thus money is scared from the dying and frightened from the old and feeble. About how long is it before this kingdom is to be established?

## THE RESURRECTION.

What is the next thing here? They also believe in the resurrection of the dead, and in their Confession of Faith hereto attached I find they also believe in the resurrection of the body. Does anybody believe that that has ever thought? (Laughter.) Here is a man, for instance, that weighs 200 pounds and gets sick and dies 120; how much will he weigh on the morning of the resurrection? (Laughter and loud applause.) Here is a cannibal, who eats another man; and we know that the atoms that you eat go into your body and become a part of you. After the cannibal has eaten the missionary, and appropriated his atoms to himself, and then he dies, whom will the atoms belong to in the morning of the resurrection—(laughter and applause)—in an action of replevin brought by the missionary against the cannibal? (Renewed laughter.) It has been demonstrated again and again that there is no creation in nature, and no destruction in nature. It has been demonstrated again and again that the atoms that are in us have been in millions of other beings; grown in the forest, in the grass, blossomed in the flowers, been in the metals; in other words, there are atoms in each one of us that have been in millions of others, and when we die these atoms return to the earth, and again spring in vegetation, taken up in the leaves of the trees, turned into wood. And yet we have a church in the nineteenth century, getting up this doctrine, presided over by professors, by presidents of colleges, and by theologians—(laughter)—who tell us that they believe in the resurrection of the body (Laughter and applause.)

## THE JUDGMENT-DAY.

They know better. There is not one so ignorant but what knows better.

And what is the next thing? "And in a final judgment," It will be a set day. All of us will be there (laughter), and the thousands, and millions, and billions, and trillions, and quadrillions that have died will be there. It will be the day of judgment, and the books will be opened, and our case will be called. (Applause and laughter.) Does anybody believe in that now that has got the slightest sense?—one who knows enough "to chew gum without a string?" (Applause and laughter.) "The issues of which are everlasting punishment for the wicked and

Take  
NoticeTake  
Notice

everlasting life for the redeemed." That is the doctrine to-day of the Congregational Church, and that is the doctrine that I oppose. That is the doctrine that I defy and deny.

MOHAMMED.

But I must hasten on. Now this comes to us after all the discussion that has been, and we are told that this religion is finally to conquer this world. This is the same religion that failed to successfully meet the hordes of Mohammed. Mohammed wrested from the disciples of the Cross the fairest part of Europe. It was known that he was an impostor. They knew he was because the people of Mecca said so, and they knew that Christ was not because the people of Jerusalem said he was. This impostor wrested from the disciples of Christ the fairest part of Europe, and that fact sowed the seeds of distrust and infidelity in the minds of the Christian world. And the next was an effort to rescue from the infidels the empty sepulchre of Christ. That commenced in the eleventh century and ended in 1291. Europe was almost depopulated. For every man who owed a debt, the debt was discharged if he put a cross upon his breast and joined in the Crusades. No matter what crime he had committed, the doors of the prison were open for him to join the Crusades. And what was the result? They believed that God would give them victory over the infidel, and they carried in front of the first Crusade a goat and a goose, believing that both those animals had been blessed by the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. And I may say that those same animals are in the lead to-day in the orthodox world. (Laughter and applause.) Until 1291 they endeavored to get that sepulchre, until finally the hosts of Christ were driven back baffled, beaten, and demoralised—a poor, miserable religious rabble. They were driven back, and that fact sowed the seeds of distrust in Christendom. You know at that time the world believed in trial by battle—that God would take the side of right and there had been a trial by battle between the cross and Mohammed, and Mohammed had been victorious. (Applause.)

HOW ART WAS SAVED.

Well, what was the next? You know when Christianity came into power it destroyed every statue it could lay its ignorant hands on. It defaced and obliterated every painting; it destroyed every beautiful building; it destroyed the manuscripts, both Greek and Latin; it destroyed all the history, all the poetry, all the philosophy it could find, and burned every library that it could reach with its torch. And the result was the night of the Dark Ages fell upon the human race. But by accident, by chance, by oversight, a few of the manuscripts escaped the fury of religious zeal; a few statues had been buried, and the result was that these manuscripts became the seed, the fruit of which is our civilisation of to-day. (Applause.) A few forms of beauty were dug from the earth that had protected them, and now the civilised world is filled with art, with

The Idea of Heaven being just above the clouds  
and the earth being flat  
The Dying Creed.

painting, and with statuary in spite of the rage of the early church.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

What is the next blow that this church received? The discovery of America. That is the next. The Holy Ghost who inspired a man to write the Bible did not know of the existence of this continent—never dreamed of it. The result was that his Bible never spoke of it. He did not dream that the earth is round. He believed it was flat, although he made it himself—(applause and laughter)—and at that time heaven was just up there beyond the clouds. There was where the gods lived, there was where the angels were, and it was against that heaven that Jacob's ladder was that the angels ascended and descended. It was to that heaven that Christ ascended after his resurrection. It was up there where the New Jerusalem was with its streets of gold, and under this earth was perdition; there was where the devils lived; there was where a pit was dug for all unbelievers, and for men who had brains—(laughter and applause)—and I say that for this reason: That just in proportion that you have brains, just in that proportion your chances for eternal joy are lessened according to this religion. And just in proportion that you lack brains your chances in proportion are increased. (Applause.) They found that the earth is round. It was circumnavigated by Magellan. In 1519 that brave man set sail. The church told him: "The earth is flat, my friend; don't go off. (Laughter.) You will go off the edge." (Laughter.) Magellan said: "I have seen the shadow of the earth upon the moon, and I have more confidence in the shadow even than I have in the church." (Applause.) The ship went round. The earth was circumnavigated. Science passed its hand above it and beneath it, and where was the heaven and where was the hell? Vanished for ever. And they dwell now only in the religion of superstition. (Applause.) We found there was no place for Jacob's ladder to lean against; no place there for the gods and angels to live; no place there to empty the water of the deluge; no place there to which Christ could have ascended; and the foundations of the New Jerusalem crumbled, and the towers and domes fell and became simple space—space sown with an infinite number of stars; not with New Jerusalem, but with constellations.

FIGHTING COPERNICUS.

Then man began to grow great, and with that, you know came astronomy. Now just see what they did in that. In 1473 Copernicus was born. In 1543 his great work. In 1616 the system of Copernicus was condemned by the Pope, by the infallible Catholic Church—(applause)—and the church is about as near right upon that subject as upon any other. (Laughter.) The system of Copernicus was denounced. And how long do you suppose the church fought that? Let me tell you. It was revoked by Pius VII in the year of grace 1821. For 205 years after the death of Copernicus the church insisted that that

Talk notice

Talk notice

Notice

Notice

Talk notice

205

File note

system was false, and that the old idea was true. Astronomy is the first help that we ever received from heaven. (Applause and laughter.) Then came Kepler in 1609, and you may almost date the birth of science from the night that Kepler discovered his first law. That was the dawn of the day of intelligence—his first law, that the planets do not move in circles; his second law, that they described equal spaces in equal times; his third law, that there was a direct relation between weight and velocity. That man gave us a key to heaven. That man opened its infinite book, and we now read it, and he did more good than all the theologians that ever lived. (Applause.) I have not time to speak of the others—of Galileo, of Leonardo da Vinci, and of hundreds of others that I could mention.

## SPECIAL PROVIDENCES.

very true

same note

very true

The next thing that gave this church a blow was statistics. Away went special providence. We found by taking statistics that we could tell the average length of human life; that this human life did not depend upon infinite caprice; that it depended upon conditions, circumstances, laws and facts, and that those conditions, circumstances and facts were ever active. And now you will see the man who depends entirely upon special providence gets his life insured. (Laughter and applause.) He has more confidence even in one of these companies than he has in the whole Trinity. (Laughter and applause.) We found by statistics that there were just so many crimes; just so many crimes of one kind and so many of another; just so many suicides, so many deaths by drowning, just so many accidents on an average, just so many men marrying women, for instance, older than themselves; just so many murders of a particular kind; just the same number of accidents; and I say, to-night, statistics utterly demolish the idea of special providence. Only the other day a gentleman was telling me of a case of special providence. He knew it. He had been the subject of it. Yes, sir! (Laughter.) A few years ago he was about to go on a ship when he was detained, he didn't go, and the ship was lost and all on board. Yes! I said: "Do you think the fellows that were drowned believed in special providence?" (Laughter and applause.) Think of the infinite egotism of such a doctrine. Here is a man that fails to go upon a ship with 500 passengers, and they go down to the bottom of the sea—fathers, mothers, children, and loving husbands and wives waiting upon the shores of expectation. Here is one poor little wretch that didn't happen to go! (Laughter.) And he thinks that God, the infinite being, interfered in his poor little withered behalf and let the rest all go. (Laughter and applause.) That is special providence!

## THANKSGIVING.

You know we have a custom every year of issuing a proclamation of thanksgiving. We say to God, "Although you have

afflicted all the other countries, although you have sent war, and desolation, and famine on everybody else, we have been such good children that you have been kind to us, and we hope you will keep on." (Laughter.) It don't make a bit of difference whether we have good times or not—not a bit; the thanksgiving is always exactly the same. (Laughter.) I remember a few years ago a Governor of Iowa got out a proclamation of that kind. He went on to tell how thankful the people were, how prosperous the State had been; and there was a young fellow in that State who got out another proclamation saying: Fearing that the Lord might be misled by official correspondence—(applause and laughter)—he went on to say that the Governor's proclamation was entirely false; that the State was not prosperous; that the crops had been an almost entire failure; that nearly every farm in the State was mortgaged; that if the Lord did not believe him, all he asked was—he would send some angel in whom he had confidence to look the matter over for himself. (Applause and laughter.)

Of course I have not time to recount the enemies of the church. Every fact is an enemy of superstition. Every fact is a heretic. Every demonstration is an infidel. Everything that ever happened testified against the supernatural. I have only spoken of a few of the blows that shattered the shield and shivered the lance of superstition. Here is another one—the doctrine of Charles Darwin. (Applause.) This century will be called Darwin's century, one of the greatest men who ever touched this globe. (Applause.) He has explained more of the phenomena of life than all of the religious teachers. (Applause.) Write the name of Charles Darwin there [on the one hand] and the name of every theologian that ever lived, there [on the other hand], and from that name has come more light to the world than from all those. (Applause.) His doctrine of evolution, his doctrine of the survival of the fittest, his doctrine of the origin of species has removed in every thinking mind the last vestige of orthodox Christianity. He has not only stated, but he has demonstrated that the inspired writers knew nothing of this world, nothing of the origin of man, nothing of geology, nothing of astronomy, nothing of nature; that the Bible is a book written by ignorance at the instigation of fear! (Applause.) Think of the men who replied to him. Only a few years ago there was no parson too ignorant to successfully answer Charles Darwin; and the more ignorant he was the more cheerfully he undertook the task. (Applause and laughter.) He was held up to the ridicule, the scorn, and the contempt of the Christian world, and yet when he died, England was proud to put his dust with that of her noblest and her grandest. (Applause.) Charles Darwin conquered the intellectual world, and the doctrine of evolution is now an accepted fact. (Applause.) His light has broken in on some of the early clergy—(laughter)—and the greatest man who to-day occupies the pulpit is a believer in the

o doctrine of evolution

*Note*  
*True*  
evolution theory of Charles Darwin—and that is Henry Ward Beecher—(applause)—a man of more brains than the entire clergy of that entire church put together. (Applause and laughter.) And yet we are told in this little creed that orthodox religion is about to conquer the world. (Laughter.) It will be driven to the wilds of Africa. It must go to some savage country; it has lost its hold upon civilisation, and I tell you it is unfortunate to have a religion that cannot be accepted by the intellect of a nation. It is unfortunate to have a religion against which every good and noble heart protests. Let us have a good one or none. O! my pity has been excited by seeing these ministers endeavor to warp and twist the passages of scripture to fit some demonstration in science.

These pious evasions! These solemn pretences! When they are caught in one way they give a different meaning to the words, and say the world was not made in seven days. They say "good whiles"—(laughter)—epochs. And in this same confession here of faith and creeds they believe the Lord's day is holy—every seventh day. Suppose you lived near the North Pole, where day is three months long. (Laughter.) Then which day will you keep? (Laughter.) Suppose you could get to the North Pole you could prevent Sunday from ever overtaking you. (Laughter.) You could walk around the other way faster than the world could revolve. (Laughter.) How would you keep Sunday then? Suppose we ever invent anything that can go 1,000 miles an hour? We can just chase Sunday clear around the globe. (Applause and laughter.) Is there anything that can be more perfectly absurd than that a space of time can be holy!

X You might as well talk about a pious vacuum. (Laughter.)  
X These pious evasions I heard the other night of an old man. He was not very well educated, you know, and he got into the notion that he must have reading of the Bible and have family worship; and there was a bad boy in the family—a pretty smart boy—and they were reading the Bible by course, and in the fifteenth of Corinthians is this passage: "Behold, brethren, I show you a mystery; we shall not all die, but we shall be changed." And this boy rubbed out the "c" in the "changed." (Laughter.) So the next night the old man got on his specs and got down his Bible and said: "Behold, brethren, I show you a mystery; we shall not all die, but we shall be hanged." The old lady said, "Father, I don't think it reads that way." He says, "Who is reading this?" (Laughter and applause.) "Yes, mother, it says be hanged, and more than that, I see the sense of it. Pride is the besetting sin of the human heart, and if there is anything calculated to take the pride out of a man, it is hanging." (Laughter.)

I keep going back to this book; I keep going back to the miracles, to the prophecies, to the fables, and people ask me if I take away the Bible what are we going to do? How can we get along without the revelation that no one understands?

o Good Government without  
the Bible

The Dying Creed.

19

(Laughter.) What are we going to do if we have no Bible to quarrel about? What are we to do without hell? What are we going to do with our enemies? What are we going to do with the people we love but don't like? They tell me that there never would have been any civilisation if it had not been for this Bible. Um! (Laughter.) The Jews had a Bible; the Romans had not. Which had the greater and the grander government? Let us be honest. Which of those nations produced the greatest poets, the greatest soldiers, the greatest orators, the greatest statesmen, the greatest sculptors? Rome had no Bible. God cared nothing for the Roman Empire. He let the men come up by chance. His time was taken up by the Jewish people. (Laughter.) And yet Rome conquered the world, and even conquered God's chosen people. The people that had the Bible were defeated by the people who had not. How was it possible for Lucretius to get along without the Bible? How did the great and glorious of that empire? And what shall we say of Greece? No Bible. Compare Athens with Jerusalem. From Athens come the beauty and intellectual grace of the world. Compare the mythology of Greece with the mythology of Judea. One covering the earth with beauty, and the other filling heaven with hatred and injustice. (Applause.) The Hindoos had no Bible; they had been forsaken by the creator, and yet they became the greatest metaphysicians of the world. Egypt had no Bible. Compare even Egypt with Judea. What are we to do without the Bible? What became of the Jews who had no Bible: their temple was destroyed and their city was taken; and, as I said before, they never found real prosperity until their God deserted them. Do without the Bible. Now I come again to the New Testament. There are a few things in there, I give you my word, I cannot believe. (Laughter.) I cannot believe in the miraculous origin of Jesus Christ. I believe he was the son of Joseph and Mary; that Joseph and Mary had been duly and legally married; that he was the legitimate offspring of that marriage—(applause)—and nobody ever believed the contrary until he had been dead 150 years. (Applause.)

Neither Matthew, Mark, or Luke ever dreamed that he was of divine origin. He did not say to either Matthew, Mark, or Luke, or to any one in their hearing, that he was the son of God or that he was miraculously conceived. He did not say it. The angel Gabriel, who, they say, brought the news, never wrote a word upon the subject. His mother never wrote a word upon the subject. His father never wrote a word upon the subject. We are lacking in the matter of witnesses. (Laughter.) I would not believe it now! I cannot believe it then. I would not believe people I know, much less would I believe people I don't know. (Laughter.) I say that at the time, Matthew, Mark and Luke believed that he was the son of Joseph and Mary. And why? They say he des-

*Noting*

cended from the blood of David, and in order to show that he was of the blood of David they gave the genealogy of Joseph. And if Joseph was not his father, why not give the genealogy of Pontius Pilate or of Herod. (Laughter and applause.) Could they by giving the genealogy of Joseph show that he was of the blood of David if Joseph was in no way related to David; and yet that is the position into which the Christian world is now driven. It says the son of Joseph, and then interpolated the words "as was supposed." (Laughter.) Why then do they give a supposed genealogy. It will not do. And that is a thing that cannot in any way by any human testimony be established; and if it is important for us to know that he was the son of God I say then that it devolves upon God to give us evidence. Let him write it across the face of the heavens, in every language of mankind. If it is necessary for us to believe it, let it grow on every leaf next year. No man should be damned for not believing unless the evidence is overwhelming. (Applause.) And he ought not to be made to depend upon hearsay. He should have it directly for himself. A man says God told him so and so, and he tells me, and I haven't anyone's word but that fellow's. He may have been deceived. If God has a message for me he ought to tell it to me, and not to somebody that has been dead 4,000 or 5,000 years, and in another language. God may have changed his mind on many things; he has on slavery at least, and polygamy; and yet his church now wants to go out here and destroy polygamy in Utah with a sword. Why don't they send missionaries there with copies of the Old Testament? (Applause and laughter.) By reading the lives of Abraham, and Isaac, and Lot, and a few other fellows who ought to have been in the penitentiary, they can soften their hearts. (Laughter.)

#### CHRIST'S MIRACLES.

Now, there is another miracle I do not believe. I want to speak about it as we would about any ordinary transaction in the world. In the first place, I do not believe that any miracle was ever performed, and if there was, you can't prove it. Why? Because it is altogether more reasonable that the people lied about it than that it happened. And why? Because according to human experience we know that people will not always tell the truth, and we never saw a miracle, and we have got to be governed by our experience, and if we go by our experience, it is in favor that the thing never happened—that the man is mistaken. Now, I want you to remember it. Here is a man that comes into Jerusalem, and the first thing he does he cures the blind. He lets the light of day visit the darkness of blindness. The eyes are opened, and the old world is again pictured upon the brain. Another man is clothed with leprosy. He touches him, and the disease falls from him, and he stands pure, and clean, and whole. Another man is deformed, wrinkled, bent. He touches him, and throws upon him again the garment of

God  
changes  
his mind



youth. A man is in his grave, and he says, "Come forth!" And he again walks in life, feeling his heart throb and beat, and his blood going joyously through his brains. They say that happened. I don't know. There is one wonderful thing about the dead people that were raised—we don't hear of them any more. (Laughter.) What became of them? Why, if there was a man in this town that had been raised from the dead, I would go to see him to-night. (Laughter.) I would say, "Where were you when you got the notice to come back? What kind of country is it? What kind of opening is there for a young man? How did you like it?" (Laughter.) But nobody ever paid the slightest attention to them there. They didn't even excite interest when they died the second time. Nobody said, "Why, that man isn't afraid. He has been there." (Laughter.) Not a word. They pass away quietly. You see I don't believe it. There is something wrong somewhere about that business. (Laughter.) And then there is another trouble in my mind. Now you know I may suffer eternal punishment for all this. (Laughter.)

Here is a man that does all these things, and thereupon they crucify him. Now, then, let us be honest. Suppose a man came into Chicago and he should meet a funeral procession, and he should say, "Who is dead?" and they should say, "The son of a widow; her only support," and he should say to the procession "Halt!" And to the undertaker, "Take out that coffin, unscrew that lid. Young man, I say unto thee arise!" And the latter should step from the coffin and in one moment after hold his mother in his arms. Suppose he should go to your cemetery and should find some woman holding a little child in each hand, while the tears fell upon a new made grave, and he should say to her, "Who lies buried here?" and she should reply, "My husband," and he should say, "I say unto thee, oh grave, give up thy dead," and the husband should rise and in a moment after have his lips upon his wife's and the little children with their arms around his neck. Suppose that is so. Do you think that the people of Chicago would kill him? Do you think any one would wish to crucify him? Do you not rather believe that everyone who had a loved one out in that cemetery would go to him even upon their knees and beg him and implore him to give back their dead? Do you believe that any man was ever crucified who was the master of death? Let me tell you to-night if there shall ever appear upon this earth the master, the monarch of death, all human knees will touch the earth; he will not be crucified, he will not be touched. All the living who fear death; all the living who have lost a loved one will stand and cling to him. And yet we are told that this worker of miracles, this worker of wonders, this man who could clothe the dead in the throbbing flesh of life was crucified by the Jewish people. (Applause.) It was never dreamed that he did a miracle until 100 years after he was dead.

## *The Dying Creed.*

### THE RESURRECTION.

There is another miracle I do not believe, I cannot believe it, and that is the resurrection. And why? If it was the fact, if the dead got out of the grave, why did he not show himself to his enemies? Why did he not again visit Pontius Pilate? Why did he not call upon Caiaphas, the high priest? Why did he not make another triumphal entry into Jerusalem? Why did he not again enter the temple and dispute with the doctors? Why didn't he say to the multitude: "Here are the wounds in my feet, and in my hands, and in my side. I am the one you endeavored to kill, but Death is my slave." Why didn't he? Simply because the thing never happened. (Applause.) I cannot believe it. But recollect, it makes no difference with its teachings. They are exactly as good whether he wrought miracles or not. Twice two are four; that needs no miracle. Twice two are five—a miracle would not help that. Christ's teachings are worth their effect upon the human race. It makes no difference about miracle or about wonder; but you must remember in that day everyone believed in miracles. Nobody had any standing as a teacher, a philosopher, a governor, or a king, about whom there was not something miraculous. The earth was then covered with the sons and daughters of the gods and goddesses. That was believed in Greece, in Rome, in Egypt, in Hindoostan; everybody, nearly, believed in such things.

Then there is another miracle that I cannot believe in, and that is the ascension—the bodily ascension of Jesus Christ. Where was he going? Since the telescope has been pointed at the stars, where was he going? The new Jerusalem is not there. The abode of the gods is not there. Where was he going? which way did he go? That depends upon the time of day that he left. (Laughter.) If he left in the night he went exactly the opposite way from what he would in the day. (Laughter.) Who saw this miracle? They say the disciples. Let us see what they say about it. Matthew did not think it was worth mentioning. He doesn't speak of it at all. On the contrary, he says that the last words of Christ were: "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." That is what he says. Mark, he saw it. "So, then, after the Lord had spoken unto them he was received up into heaven and sat on the right hand of God." That is all he has to say about the most wonderful thing that ever blessed human vision—about a miracle great enough to have stuffed credulity to bursting; and yet we have one poor little meagre verse. So, then, after he had quite speaking, he was caught up and sat on the right hand of God. How does he know he was on the right hand? (Laughter.) Did he see him after he had sat down? (Laughter.) Luke says: "And it came to pass while he blessed them he was parted from them and was carried up into heaven." But John does not mention it. He gives as his last words this address to Peter: "Follow thou me." Of course he did not say that as he ascended.

(Laughter and applause.) In the Acts we have another account. A conversation is given not spoken of in any of the others, and we find there two men clad in white apparel, who said: "Men of Galilee, why stand ye here gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus that was taken up into heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go up into heaven." Matthew didn't see that; Mark forgot it; Luke didn't think it was worth mentioning, and John didn't believe it—(laughter)—and yet upon that evidence we are led to believe that the most miraculous of all miracles actually occurred. I cannot believe it.

## CASTING OUT FITS.

I may be mistaken, but the church is now trying to parry, and when they come to the little miracles of the New Testament, all they say is, "Christ didn't cast out devils; these men had fits." (Laughter.) He cured fits. Then I read in another place about the fits talking. Christ held a dialogue with the fits, and the fits told him his name—(laughter)—and the fits at that time were in a crazy man. (Laughter.) And the fits made a contract that they would go out of the man provided they would be permitted to go into swine. (Laughter.) How can fits that attack a man take up a residence in swine? (Laughter.) The church must not give up the devil. He is the right bower. (Laughter.) No devil, no hell—(laughter)—no hell, no preach—(laughter)—no fire, no insurance. (Laughter and applause.) I read another miracle—that this devil took Christ and put him on the pinnacle of a temple. Was that fits too? (Laughter.) Why is not the theological world honest? Why do they not come up and admit what they know the book means? They have not the courage.

## NECESSITY OF BELIEF.

Now their next doctrine is the absolute necessity of belief. That depends upon this: Can a man believe as he wants to? Can you? Can anybody? Does belief depend at all upon the evidence? I think it does somewhat in some cases. How is it that when a jury is sworn to try a case, hearing all the evidence, hearing both sides, hearing the charge of the judge, hearing the law, and upon their oaths equally divided, six for the plaintiff and six for the defendant? It is because evidence does not have the same effect upon all people. Why? Our brains are not alike—not the same shape; we have not the same intelligence or the same experience, the same sense. And yet I am held accountable for my belief. I must believe in the Trinity—three times one is one, once one is three—and my soul is to be eternally damned for failing to guess an arithmetical conundrum. And that is the poison part of Christianity—that salvation depends upon belief—that is the poison part, and until that dogma is discarded religion will be nothing but superstition. No man can control his belief. If I hear certain evidence I will believe a certain thing. If I fail to hear it I may never believe it. If it is adapted to my mind I may accept it; if it is not I reject it.

*The Dying Creed.*

And what am I to go by? My brain. That is the only light I have from Nature, and if there be a God it is the only torch that this God has given me by which to find my way through the darkness and the night called life. (Applause.) I do not depend upon hearsay for that. I do not have to take the word of any other man nor get upon my knees before a book. Here in the temple of the mind I go and consult the God—that is to say, my reason, and the oracle speaks to me and I obey the oracle. What should I obey? Another man's oracle? Shall I take another man's word and not what he thinks, but what some god said to him?

## WOULDN'T KNOW A GOD.

I would not know a god if I should see one. (Laughter.) I have said before, and I say again, the brain thinks in spite of me, and I am not responsible for my thought. No more can I control the beating of my heart, the expansion and contraction of my lungs for a moment; no more can I stop the blood that flows through the rivers of the veins. And yet I am held responsible for my belief. Then why does not the god give me the evidence? They say he has? In what? In an inspired book. But I do not understand it as they do. Must I be false to my understanding? They say: "When you come to die you will be sorry if you did not." Will I be sorry when I come to die that I did not live a hypocrite? Will I be sorry I did not say I was a Christian when I was not? Will the fact that I was honest put a thorn in the pillow of death? (Applause.) God cannot forgive me for that. They say when he was in Jerusalem he forgave his murderers. Now he won't forgive an honest man for differing with him on the subject of the Trinity. (Laughter.) They say that God says to me, "Forgive your enemies." I say, "All right; I do," but he says, "I will damn mine." God should be consistent. If he wants me to forgive my enemies, he should forgive his. I am asked to forgive enemies who can hurt me. God is only asked to forgive enemies who cannot hurt him. He certainly ought to be as generous as he asks us to be. And I want no God to forgive me unless I am willing to forgive others, and unless I do forgive others. All I ask, if that be true, is that this God should live according to his own doctrine. If I am to forgive my enemies, I ask him to forgive his. That is justice that is right. Here are these millions to-day who say, "We are to be saved by belief, by faith; but what are we to believe?"

## THE COLOR LINE.

In St. Louis last Sunday I read an interview with a Christian minister—one who is now holding a revival. They call him the boy preacher—a name that he has borne for fifty or sixty years. (Laughter.) The question was, whether in these revivals, when they were trying to rescue souls from eternal torture, they would allow colored people to occupy seats with white people—(laughter)—and that revivalist, preaching the unsearchable

richness of Christ, said he would not allow the colored people to sit with white people: they must go to the back of the church.

The same people go and sit right next to them in heaven —(laughter)—swap harps with them—(laughter)—and yet this man, believing, as he says he does, that if he did not believe in the Lord Jesus Christ he would eternally perish, was not willing that the colored man should sit by a white man while he heard the gospel of everlasting peace. He was not willing that the colored man should get into the life-boat of Christ, although there was plenty of room; he would not let them get into the boat with white men, although those white men might be totally depraved, and if they had justice done them, according to this doctrine, would be eternally damned—and yet he has the impudence to put on airs, although he ought to be eternally damned, and go and sit by the colored man. His doctrine of religion, the color line, has not my respect. (Applause.)

I believe in the religion of humanity, and it is far better to love our fellow men than to love God, because we can help them and we cannot help him. (Laughter and applause.) You had better do what you can than to be always pretending to do what you cannot. (Applause.)

#### ETERNAL PUNISHMENT.

Now I come to the last part of this Bible—this creed—and that is, eternal punishment; and I have concluded; and I have said I will never deliver a lecture that I do not give the full benefit of its name. That part of the Congregational creed would disgrace the lowest savage that crouches and crawls in the jungles of Africa. The man who now, in the nineteenth century, preaches the doctrine of eternal punishment, the doctrine of eternal Hell, has lived in vain. Think of that doctrine! The eternity of punishment! Why, I find in that same creed that Christ is finally going to triumph in this world and establish his kingdom; but if their doctrine is true he will never triumph in the other world. He will have billions in hell for ever. In this world we never will be perfectly civilised as long as a gallows casts its shadow upon the earth. As long as there is a penitentiary, behind the walls of which a human being is immured, we are not a civilised people. We will never be perfectly civilised until we do away with crime and criminals. And yet according to this Christian religion God is to have an eternal penitentiary; he is to be an everlasting jailer, an everlasting turnkey, a warder of an infinite dungeon, and he is going to keep prisoners there, not for the purpose of reforming them—because they are never going to get any better, only getting worse—(laughter)—just for the purpose of punishing them. And what for? For something they did in this world; born in ignorance, educated it may be in poverty, and yet responsible through the countless ages of eternity. No man can think of a greater horror; no man can think of a greater absurdity. For the growth of that doctrine, ignorance was soil and fear was rain.

(Applause.) That doctrine came from the fanged mouths of wild beasts, and yet it is "the glad tidings of great joy."  
(Laughter.)

GREAT AND GOOD MEN IN HELL.

"God so loved the world" he is going to damn almost everybody, and, if this Christian religion be true, some of the greatest, and grandest and best who ever lived upon this earth are suffering its torments to-night. It don't appear to make much difference, however, with this Church. They go right on enjoying themselves as well as ever. (Laughter.) If their doctrine is true, Benjamin Franklin, one of the wisest and best of men, who did so much here to give us a free government, is now suffering the tyranny of God to-night, while he endeavored to establish freedom among men. If the Churches were honest their preachers would tell their hearers "Benjamin Franklin is in hell, and we warn any and all the youth not to imitate Benjamin Franklin. Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, with its self-evident truths, has been damned these many years." That is what all the ministers ought to have the courage to say. Talk as you believe. Stand by your creed or change it. I want to impress it upon your mind, because the thing I wish to do in this world is to put out the fires of hell. I want to keep at it just as long as there is one little coal red—(laughter)—in the bottomless pit. As long as the ashes are warm—(laughter)—I shall denounce this infamous doctrine. I want you to know that the men who founded this great and glorious Government are there. The most of the men who fought in the Revolutionary War and wrested from the clutch of Great Britain this continent, have been rewarded by the eternal wrath of God. The old Revolutionary soldiers are in hell by the thousand. (Laughter.) Let the preachers have the courage to say so. The men who fought in 1812 and gave to the United States the freedom of the seas, nearly all of them have been damned since 1815—all that were killed. The greatest of heroes, they are there. The greatest of poets, the greatest scientists the men who have made the world beautiful and grand, they are all, I tell you, among the damned if this creed is true. Humboldt, who shed light, and who added to the intellectual health of mankind; Göethe, and Schiller, and Lessing, who almost created the German language—all gone! All suffering the wrath of God to-night—(laughter)—and every time an angel thinks of one of those men he gives his harp an extra twang. (Laughter.) La Place, who read the heavens like an open book—he is there. Robert Burns, the poet of human love—he is there because he wrote the "Prayer of Holy Willie"; because he fastened upon the cross the Presbyterian creed, and made it a lingering crucifixion. And yet that man added to the tenderness of the human heart. Dickens, who put a shield of pity before the flesh of childhood—God is getting even with him. (Laughter.)

Our own Ralph Waldo Emerson, although he had a thousand opportunities to hear Methodist clergymen—(laughter)—scorned the means of grace—(laughter)—and the Holy Ghost is delighted that he is in hell to-night.

Longfellow refined hundreds and thousands of homes, but he did not believe in the miraculous origin of the Savior. No, sir; he doubted the report of Gabriel. (Laughter.) He loved his fellow men; he did what he could to free the slaves; he did what he could to make mankind happy; but God was just waiting for him. (Laughter.) He had his constable right there. (Laughter.) Thomas Paine—(applause)—the author of the "Rights of Man," offering his life in both hemispheres for the freedom of the human race, and one of the founders of the Republic—it has often seemed to me that if we could get God's attention long enough to point him to the American flag, he would let him out. (Laughter and applause.) Comte, the author of the "Positive Philosophy," who loved his fellow men to that degree that he made of humanity a god, who wrote his great work in poverty, with his face covered with tears—they are getting their revenge on him now. Voltaire, who abolished torture in France; who did more for human liberty than any other man, living or dead—(applause)—who was the assassin of superstition, and whose dagger still rusts in the heart of Catholicism—(applause)—all the priests who have been translated have their happiness increased by looking at Voltaire. Glorious country where the principal occupation is watching the miseries of the lost. Giordano Bruno, Benedict Spinoza, Diderot, the encyclopædist, who endeavored to get all knowledge in a small compass so that he could put the peasant on an equality with the prince intellectually, the man who wished to sow all over the world the seeds of knowledge, who loved to labor for mankind. While the priests wanted to burn, he did all he could to put out the fire—he has been lost long, long ago. (Laughter). His cry for water has become so common that his voice is now recognised through all the realms of hell, and they say to one another, "That is Diderot." David Hume, the philosopher, he is there with the rest. Beethoven, the Shakespeare of music, he has been lost, and Wagner, the master of melody, and who has made the air of this world rich for ever, he is there, and they have better music in hell than in heaven. (Applause and laughter.) Shelley whose soul, like his own Skylark, was a winged joy—he has been damned for many, many years; and Shakespeare, the greatest of the human race—(applause)—who has done more to elevate mankind than all the priests who ever lived and died—(applause)—he is there, and all the founders of inquisitions, the builders of dungeons, the makers of chains, the inventors of instruments of torture, tearers, and burners, and branders of human flesh, stealers of babes and sellers of husbands, and wives, and children, the drawers of the swords of persecution, and they who keep the horizon lurid with the

been by name

fagot's flame for a thousand years—they are in heaven to-night. (Applause.) Well, I wish heaven joy of such company.

#### OBJECTIONS TO FAITH.

And that is the doctrine with which we are polluting the souls of children. That is the doctrine that puts a fiend by their dying bed and a prophecy of hell over every cradle. That is "glad tidings of great joy." Only a little while ago, when the great flood came upon the Ohio, sent by him who is ruling in the world, and paying particular attention to the affairs of nations, just in the gray of the morning they saw a house floating down, and on its top a human being; and a few men went out to the rescue in a little boat, and they found there a mother—a woman; and they wanted to rescue her, and she said: "No, I am going to stay where I am. I have three dead babes in this house." Think of a love so limitless, stronger and deeper than despair and death, and yet the Christian religion says that if if that woman did not happen to believe in their creed God would send that mother's soul to eternal fire. If there is another world, and if in heaven they wear hats, when such a woman climbs up the opposite bank of the Jordan, Christ should lift his to her.

#### MISSIONARIES.

That is the trouble I had with this Christian religion, its infinite heartlessness; and I cannot tell them too often that during our last war Christians, who knew that if they were shot they would go right to heaven, went and hired wicked men to take their places—(laughter)—perfectly willing the men should go to hell provided they could stay at home. You see they are not honest in it, they do not believe it, or as the people say, "they don't sense it;" they have not religion enough to conceive what it is they believe and what a terrific falsehood they assert. And I beg of every one who hears me to-night, I beg, I implore, I beseech you never give another dollar to build a church in which that lie is preached. (Applause.) Never give another cent to send a missionary with his mouth stuffed with that falsehood to a foreign land. Why, they say, the heathen will go to heaven any way if you let them alone; what is the use of sending them to hell by enlightening them? Let them alone. The idea of going and telling a man a thing that if he does not believe he will be damned, when the chances are ten to one that he won't believe it. Don't tell him, and as quick as he gets to the other world and finds it is necessary to believe he will say "yes." Give him a chance. My objection to the Christian religion is that it destroys human love, and tells you the love of your dear ones is not necessary in this world to make a heaven in the next. No matter about your wife, your children, your brother your sister—no matter about all the affections of the human heart—when you get there you will be along with the angels. I don't know whether I would like the angels? I



don't know whether the angels would like me. I would rather stand by the folks who have loved me and whom I know; and I can conceive of no heaven without the loved of this earth. (Applause.) That is the trouble with this Christian religion; leave your father, leave your mother, leave your wife, leave your children, leave everything and follow Jesus Christ. I will not. (Applause.) I will stay with the folks. (Laughter.) I will not sacrifice on the altar of a selfish fear all the grandest and noblest promptings of my heart. You do away with human love, and what are we without it? What would we be in another world, and what would we be here without it? Can any one conceive of music without human love? Human love builds every home—human love is the author of all the beauty in this world. Love paints every picture and chisels every statue; love, I tell you, builds every fireside. What could heaven be without love? And yet that is what we are promised—a heaven with your wife lost, your mother lost, some of your children gone. And you expect to be made happy by falling in with some angel. (Laughter.) Such a religion is demoralising; and how are you to get there? On the efforts of another. You are to be a perpetual heavenly pauper, and you will have to admit through all eternity that you never would have got there if you hadn't got frightened. "I am here," you will say, "I have these wings, I have this musical instrument because I was scared." (Laughter.) What a glorious world; and then think of it! No reformation in the next world—not the slightest. If you die in Arkansas that is the end of you. At the end you will be told that being born in Arkansas you had a fair chance. Think of telling a boy in the next world, who lived and died in Delaware, that he had a fair show! Can anything be more infamous? All on an equality—the rich and the poor, those with parents loving them, those with every opportunity for education on an equality with the poor, the abject, and the ignorant—and this little ray called life, this little moment with a shadow and a tear, this little space between your mother's arms and the grave, that balances an entire eternity. And God can do nothing for you when you get there. A little Methodist preacher can do more for the soul here than its Creator can when you get there. The soul goes to heaven, where there is nothing but good society; no bad examples; and they are all there, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and yet they can do nothing for that poor unfortunate except to damn him. Is there any sense in that? Why should this be a period of probation? It says in the Bible, I believe, "Now is the accepted time." When does that mean? That means whenever the passage is pronounced. Now is the accepted time. It will be the same to-morrow, won't it? And just as appropriate then as to-day, and if appropriate at any time, appropriate through all eternity. What I say is this: There is no world—there can be no world—in which every human being will not have an opportunity of doing right.

(Applause.) That is my objection to this Christian religion, and if the love of earth is not the love of heaven, if those who love us here are to be separated there, then I want eternal sleep. Give me a good cold grave rather than the furnace of Jehovah's wrath. Gabriel, don't blow! (Laughter.) Let me alone! (Laughter.) If, when the grave bursts, I am not to meet the faces that have been my sunshine in this life, let me sleep on. Rather than that the doctrine of endless punishment should be tried, I would like to see the fabric of our civilization crumble and fall to unmeaning chaos and to formless dust, where oblivion broods and where even memory forgets. I would rather a Samson of some imprisoned force released by chance should so wreck and strain the mighty world that man in stress and strain of want and fear should shudderingly scrawl back to savage and barbaric night. I would rather that every planet would in its orbit wheel a barren star rather than that the Christian religion should be true. (Applause.)

WHAT HE BELIEVES.

I think it is better to love your children than to love God, a thousand times better, because you can help them, and I am inclined to think that God can get along without you. (Laughter.) I believe in the religion of the family. I believe that the roof-tree is sacred from the smallest fibre held in the soft, moist clasp of the earth to the little blossom on the topmost bough that gives its fragrance to the happy air. (Applause.) The family where virtue dwells with love is like a lily with a heart of fire—the fairest flower in all this world. And I tell you God cannot afford to damn a man in the next world who has made a happy family in this. God cannot afford to cast over the battlements of heaven the man who has built a happy home here. God cannot afford to be unpitying to a human heart capable of pity. God cannot clothe with fire the man who has clothed the naked here; and God cannot send to eternal pain a man who has done something towards improving the condition of his fellow-man. (Applause.) If he can I had rather go to hell than to heaven and keep the company of such a God.

They tell me the next terrible thing I do is to take away the hope of immortality! I do not, I would not, I could not. Immortality was first dreamed of by human love, and yet the church is going to take human love out of immortality. We love it, therefore we wish to love. A loved one dies and we wish to meet again, and from the affection of the human heart grew the great oak of the hope of immortality. (Applause.) And around that oak has climbed the poisonous vine superstition. Theologians, pretenders, soothsayers, parsons, priests, popes, bishops have taken all that hope, and they have had the impudence to stand by the grave and prophesy a future of pain. They have erected their toll-gates on the highway to the other world and have collected money from the poor people on the way, and they have collected it from their fear. The church did not give us the

idea of immortality, the Bible did not give us the idea of immortality; let me tell you now the Old Testament tells you how you lost immortality; it does not say another word about another world from the first mistake in Genesis to the last curse in Malachi. (Laughter and applause.) There is not in the Old Testament one burial service.

No man in the Old Testament stands by the bed and says, "I will meet them again"—not one word. From the top of Sinai came no hope of another world. And when we get to the New Testament, what do we find there—"Have thy heart counted worthy to obtain that world and the resurrection of the dead." As though some would be counted unworthy to obtain the resurrection of the dead. And in another place: "Seek for honor, glory, immortality." If you have got it, why seek for it? And in another place, "God, who alone hath immortality," and yet they tell us that we get our idea of immortality from the Bible. I deny it. If Christ was in fact God, why didn't he plainly say there was another life? Why didn't he tell us something about it? Why didn't he turn the tear-stained hope of immortality into the glad knowledge of another life?

Why did he go dumbly to his death and leave the world in darkness and in doubt? Why? Because he was a man and didn't know. (Applause.) I would not destroy the smallest star of human hope, but I deny that we got our idea of immortality from the Bible. It existed long before Moses existed. We find it symbolised through all Egypt, through all India. Wherever man has lived his religion has made another world in which to meet the lost. (Applause.) It is not born of the Bible. The idea of immortality, like the great sea, has ebbed and flowed in the human heart, beating with its countless waves against the rocks and sands of fate and time. It was not born of the Bible. It was born of the human heart, and it will continue to ebb and flow beneath the mists and clouds of doubt and darkness as long as love kisses the lips of death. (Applause.) We do not know. We do not prophesy a life of pain. We leave the dead with Nature, the mother of us all, under a seven-hued bow of hope. Under the seven-hued arch let the dead sleep. "Ah, but you take away the consolation of religion." What consolation has religion for the widow of the unbeliever, the widow of a good, brave, kind man who lies dead? What can the orthodox ministers say to relieve the bursting heart of that woman? What can the orthodox ministers say to relieve the aching hearts of the little orphans as they kneel by the grave of that father, if that father didn't happen to be an orthodox Christian? What consolation have they? I find that when a Christian loses a friend the tears spring from his eyes as quickly as from the eyes of others. Their tears are as bitter as ours. Why? The echo of the promises spoken eighteen hundred years ago is so low, and the sound of the clods upon the coffin so loud, the promises are so far away, and the dead are so near. That is the reason. And

they find no consolation there. I say honestly we do not know we cannot say. We cannot say whether death is a wall or a door; the beginning or end of a day; the spreading of pinions to soar or the folding for ever of wings; whether it is the rising or the setting of a sun, or an endless life that brings rapture and love to everyone—we do not know; we cannot say.

## AN OLD FABLE.

There is an old fable of Orpheus and Eurydice: Eurydice had been captured and taken to the infernal regions, and Orpheus went after her, taking with him his harp and playing as he went; and when he came to to the infernal regions he began to play, and Sisyphus sat down upon the stone that he had been heaving up the side of the mountain for so many years, and which continually rolled back upon him; Ixion paused upon his wheel of fire; Tantalus ceased in his vain efforts for water; the daughters of the Danaidæ left off trying to fill their sieves with water; Pluto smiled, and for the first time in the history of hell the cheeks of the Furies were wet with tears; monsters relented and they said, "Eurydice may go with you, but you must not look back." So he again threaded the caverns, playing as he went, and as he again reached the light he failed to hear the footsteps of Eurydice, and he looked back, and in a moment she was gone. This old fable gives to us the idea of the perpetual effort to rescue truth from the clutches of monsters. Some time Orpheus will not look back. Some day Eurydice will reach the blessed light, and at some time there will fade from the memory of men the superstition of religion. (Great applause.)

# MISTAKES OF MOSES

By COLONEL R. G. INGERSOLL.

*The only Complete Edition published in England.*

*Reprinted Verbatim from the Author's Edition.*

*Accurate as Colenso, and fascinating as a Novel.*

136pp. Price 1s. In Cloth 1s. 6d.

---

## INGERSOLL'S ORATIONS AND ESSAYS.

Live Topics	1d.	Social Salvation	1d.
Myth and Miracle	1d.	The Dying Creed	2d.
Real Blasphemy	1d.	Faith and Fact	2d.
God and Man, 2d.			

---

## CRIMES OF CHRISTIANITY.

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

VOL. I. CHAPTERS:—(1) Christ to Constantine; (2) Constantine to Hypatia; (3) Monckery; (4) Pious Forgeries; (5) Pious Frauds; (6) Rise of the Papacy; (7) Crimes of the Popes; (8) Persecution of the Jews; (9) The Crusades.

Hundreds of references are given to standard authorities. No pains have been spared to make the work a complete, trustworthy, final, unanswerable indictment of Christianity. The Tree is judged by its Fruit.

224 pp., cloth boards, gilt lettered, 2s. 6d.

"The book is very carefully compiled, the references are given with exactitude, and the work is calculated to be of the greatest use to the opponents of Christianity."—*National Reformer*.

"The book is worth reading. It is fair, and on the whole correct."—*Weekly Times*.

"The book has a purpose, and is entitled to a fair hearing."—*Huddersfield Examiner*.

"The work should be scattered like autumn leaves."—*Ironclad Age*, U.S.A.

"Two keen writers."—*Truthseeker* (London).

"Animated throughout by the bitterest hatred of Christianity."—*Literary World*.

"Presented in a concise and impressive manner. . . so far as we have been able to verify the quotations they are given accurately."—*Open Court* (Chicago).

"Elaborate, and we dare say accurate."—*Weekly Dispatch*.

"Able, instructive. . . courteous and fair. . . well got up, low priced, and highly suggestive."—*Oldham Chronicle*.

"A work at once valuable and interesting."—*Truthseeker* (New York).

