

TICHENOR'S WRITINGS

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TALES *of* THEOLOGY



Henry M. Tichenor

# Tales of Theology

Jehovah, Satan and the Christian Creed

By HENRY M. TICHENOR

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2002

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## PROLOGUE

**T**HE kind and beautiful gods and goddesses were discarded by the priests of Christianity; only the cruel and vindictive ones were preserved. Jehovah, with horns on his fingers and a sword in his mouth, was saved, while Apollo, charming and graceful, with the laurel crown upon his flowing hair, guardian deity of nine muses that filled the world with music and poetry, with the drama and the dance, with the liberal arts and sciences, was repudiated by the priests of sackcloth and ashes. Venus, goddess of love and beauty, born of the froth of the sea and cradled in a shell of pearl, was denounced and dethroned, and a Holy Virgin, to whom love was a vice and sex a sin, was made Queen of Heaven. The woodland Pan of milk and honey who played such sweet strains on his pipe of reeds that all creation was entranced, was forgotten, and a tortured Christ, sacrificed to appease the wrath of the god that begat him, took his place. The jovial Bacchus, god of wine, adorned with leaves of ivy and grape, was cast aside, and a melancholy Holy

Ghost, created in the image of a pigeon, made men miserable. Charon, boatman of departed souls, always waiting on the shore of the sea of Avernus, into whose depths flowed the river Lethe, to drink of whose waters brought forgetfulness to unhappy souls, was succeeded by the cloven-hoofed, fork-tailed Satan, god of the burning brimstone pit, into which Jehovah consigns lost souls. The graceful nymphs of the fountains and streams, the mountains and groves, passed away, and the widows of a dead deity, in funeral garb, haunt the earth.

Truly, it were better had we kept some of the fairest of the gods, rather than those that we have.

It were better to adore Apollo, with his harp strung with golden chords, than Jehovah, with his nostrils filled with the fumes of burning blood; better the silence of the dark waters of the Lethe than the shrieks from the red flames of Hell; better the voluptuous Venus, with her form divine, than a sexless saint with a passionless stare.

For my part, I would rather adore Ceres, goddess of the seedtime and harvest, than the Christian myths. I would rather join the happy husbandmen, in the ancient feasts of Ambarvalia, when the golden corn was ripe, and sing songs of praise to Ceres, than confess my sins to an immaculate priest, or kneel at a mourner's bench.

I would rather join with Virgil, the pagan poet, than with the saints in their doxologies:

“Let every swain adore her power divine,  
And milk and honey mix with sparkling wine;  
Let all the choir of clowns attend this show,  
In long procession, shouting as they go;  
Invoking her to bless their yearly stores,  
Inviting plenty to their crowded floors.  
Thus in the spring, and thus in summer’s heat,  
Before the sickles touch the rip’ning wheat,  
On Ceres call; and let the lab’ring hind  
With oaken wreaths his hollow temples bind;  
On Ceres let him call, and Ceres praise,  
With uncouth dances, and with country lays.”

I admire the Muses of Mythology. Calliope, the Muse of epic poetry, with the trumpet in her hand; Clio, the Muse of history, holding the half-opened scroll; Melpomene, the Muse of tragedy, holding the tragic mask; Euterpe, the Muse of music, with her two celestial flutes; Erato, the Muse of love, playing on her nine-stringed golden lyre; Terpsichore, the Muse of dance and song, of gayety and grace, that distinguishes human beings from puritans; Urania, the Muse of astronomy, holding a globe, and tracing the figures of the science of mathematics with a wand—she knew that the earth

is round, even though the inspired Scriptures declare it flat; Thalia, the Muse of comedy, with the comic mask and the crooked staff; Polyhymnia, the Muse of eloquence, with her forefinger upon her lips.

The world might well retain these nine Muses, these divine daughters of Mnemosyne, but what use has it for a cloistered monk?

The world might truly love Pomona, goddess of the fruits, and Flora, goddess of the flowers, and Pales, goddess of the flocks and fields; but it requires blind faith to endure a god of damnation.

Cerberus, the demon with three canine heads, with his body covered with snakes, who kept the gate of Pluto's palace, and Chimaera, with a head of a devouring lion, the body of a goat and the tail of a dragon, who, like Jehovah, as described in Psalms XVIII, verse 8, vomited fire from his mouth, and the Furies, with twining serpents instead of hair growing on their hideous heads—such as these have been metamorphosed into gods and devils; but the fair gods of the poets, the gods and goddesses of Music and Love, of the Arts and Sciences, of the Seedtime and Harvest, of the Flocks and Fields, of the Bread and Wine, of the Feast and Dance—these divinities that inspired Greek art and poetry, these divinities of Life and Passion,



lie crushed beneath the heels of the joy-hating Jehovah and his black-robed priests.

The fair gods fled when Hypatia, the last of the Greek philosophers, was flayed alive by Christians; and the sacred tripods, torn from the demolished temple of Apollo at Delphi, adorned the Hippodrome of the bloody Constantine, the founder of the Christian creed; and all we have are the vindictive Father, the sacrificed Son, the melancholy Holy Ghost, and Satan, the Lord of Hell.

Many of the legends connected with Jehovah, Satan, and their personal representatives, of which the Bible is largely composed, are lost in antiquity; an incredible number, however, still exist. Part of these are found in the present form of the orthodox Bible. Many more appear in those apocryphal books of both the Old and New Testaments that have been preserved. Others are found in Talmudic and Mussulman writings, taken, doubtless, from books that were at one time part of the "sacred Scriptures," but which disappeared long ago. Of these apocryphal books seventy-two of the Old Testament and twenty-four of the New, are accounted for. The number lost is uncertain.

That these books were formerly considered "inspired," both among the ancient Jews and the early Christians, is readily proven. Many of them

were not rejected until as late as the fourth century and after, and the Roman Catholic Church still accepts a number that the Protestants have discarded. Says Origen: "It may have been that the Apostles and Evangelists, filled with the Holy Ghost, may have known what was to be taken from these writings and what was to be rejected; but for us to presume to do such a thing would be full of danger, not having the Spirit in the same measure to guide us." However this may be, it is an evident fact that the Christians of the first century believed books to be inspired, and therefore necessary to salvation, that the Christians of today deny. For instance, the "Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs"—one of the apocryphal books of the Old Testament containing stories of miracles and sorceries—is quoted by Paul: "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead" (Ephesians, v, verse 14). And again, "The wrath is come upon them to the uttermost" (First Thessalonians, ii, verse 16).

To those who, through religious prejudice, may attempt to deny some of the legends contained in this work, the writer would state that there is not a one narrated but that has its source in the ancient Scriptural, Rabbinical, and Mussulman writings. The writer has simply put them in popular lan-

guage. None of them are his own invention. They were at one time believed by the followers of Jehovah.

A number of the recognized works containing these legends are as follows: The Apocryphal books of the Old Testament; the Apocryphal books of the New Testament; the Talmud; the Koran; "Legendes de L'Ancien Testament," by M. Colin de Plancy; D'Herblot's "Bibliotheque Orientale;" Migne's "Dictionnaire des Apocryphes;" Dr. G. Weil's "Biblische Legende der Muselmanner;" the "Chronicle of Tabari;" the ancient "Book of Jasher;" "Legends of the Patriarchs and Prophets," by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, M. A.

Back beyond the dawn of history, Man, fearful, hopeful, superstitious, blindly sought the Source of Life. The earliest of known religions was Fetish worship. The mountains, the forests, the valleys, the rivers and streams, the very air, to savage man were peopled with gods and demons. The lightning and thunder, the earthquake and tornado, were the angry expressions of offended deities. The sighing of the winds at night, the murmuring of the brooks—these were the voices of the good-natured gods. He worshiped them all, good and bad, deities and demons. It kept him busy, trying to keep his gods in good humor.

Then came a time when the Source of Life was made in the image and likeness of the sexual organs. The mystery of conception and birth became a thing of worship, and the Phallic religion, traces of which are found in nearly all races, became what the theologians would declare "orthodox." Temples were decorated with carvings and images of the sexual organs. One of these has been unearthed in the ruins of King Solomon's temple in the form of a pillar, showing that even the Jews, at that period, paid homage to the Phallic faith. People still hang a horse-shoe over the door, little realizing that this is but the shadowy reminder of the one-time carving of the female organ of generation. Christian churches—which are copied after the old pagan temples—still point skyward their steeples, which are nothing more or less than survivals of the Phallic emblems.

Then there were the Sun worshipers of Babylon and Persia. This was the religion of the Peruvians, when the Europeans came to America. Our Christmas feast, occurring as the Sun begins to lengthen the days, portent of the returning spring, comes to us from the old Sun worshipers. In all the old—as well as the present—religions, memories of still older religions have formed a part. Thus the Yuletide celebration—our Christmas—

was preserved, but made to celebrate the birth of Christ. And so every stage of human society has had its different deities, its different styles of worship. The religions of all peoples and at all times have been conceived to fit the social period in which they exist.

When the race began to form class distinctions—when the ruler and the ruled, the master and the slave, appeared—then the gods took upon themselves the image and likeness of the ruling classes. It would not do for the rulers and masters to have a god except like unto themselves. The common people—the exploited workers—would not have respect for the rulers and masters, unless they were taught to worship a god that was also a ruler and master. The Roman Jupiter must dwell in majesty upon Mount Olympus, and the Christian Jehovah must sit still further up the skies, upon a gorgeous, golden throne, else thrones, rulers and masters would tumble down together. Therefore the rulers and masters “love God.”

The world's toilers have never had a God of their own—they have always knelt to both their earthly masters and their earthly masters' God; and if they would but open their eyes when they pray, instead of shutting them tight as they do, they would be surprised to note how much their God and their



masters resemble each other. Millions have now done this, and have turned away from both the masters and the masters' God. Of course these are denounced as "atheists." We care not for this—we laugh at the anathemas—we are busy bursting our chains, and it is not our fault if the gods are at the same end of the chain as the masters.

But, perchance, the people, free at last from superstition and servility, will find a Divinity of their own. Not a crowned and sceptred royal ruler in the skies, but the Tireless Toiler, the Soul of Nature, the Builder of Worlds, the Evolver of Life, the Lover of Labor, the Source of Science and Truth. Not a myth with a Heaven and Hell, and a flock of feathered flunkies flying around his throne, but One of us, working with us in the upward struggle. Not a pompous Lord that wants us to get down on our knees and beg his pardon, but a splendid Comrade of ours, whose only wish is that we stand upright and fearless, and do our part in the immortal work of evolving a more beautiful world and a better and cleaner society of men and women.

## CHAPTER I.

**T**HE deeds of the great of all time have been sung in song and told in story, but the astonishing exploits of Jehovah have never been gathered in popular form for the instruction and entertainment of the public. Perhaps Time, the evolver of all things, waited for my appearance to do the work.

Jehovah had no origin, and for infinite ages had lived all by himself in boundless space. From a beginningless antiquity he had leisurely lounged on a gold throne that rested on nothing, the sceptered sovereign of a sunless, starless, earthless, moonless universe. The only light he had was the blaze that blew out of his mouth, and the only vapor was the smoke that steamed from his nostrils (Psalms xviii, verse 8). Sharp horns grew out of his fingers, and he carried a two-edged sword in his mouth (Habakkuk, iii, verse 4, and Revelations, i, verse 16). If any unknown enemy lurked in the murky space, Jehovah was prepared to meet him.

Then, at some period long before the Jews were ever thought of, Jehovah created a host of winged

angels. He created them in two classes, saraphim and cherubim—aristocrat and plebeian. After living and reigning thus for an unknown period, Jehovah, as he gazed through the blackness of his boundless domain of emptiness, became possessed of the idea of making a world, and filling it with every conceivable sort of creature he could think of. He reasoned that there was more room than he and the angels needed, and besides, a little exercise wouldn't hurt him. So one Sunday morning, something over 6,000 years ago, he went to work, and by Friday night he had everything completed. It took him six days to create the earth, the sun, the moon, all the stars, every animal and insect in existence, hills, valleys, forests, oceans, rivers and fish, a full grown man and woman, and plant a garden, which grew and ripened immediately, for the man and woman to live in. The only variation of this creation was, that instead of making the woman of nothing, Jehovah pulled a bone from the man and created her. This was not because the supply of nothing had given out, but it was to show that woman owed her existence to the man. The six days' work done, Jehovah quit. He was tired. He went back to his throne and took a day's needed rest.

The next week he visited the garden. He pointed out the peach and cherry and plum and pear and

apple trees that were laden with fruit. He told the man and woman they could eat of all these, except one lone apple tree that stood in the middle of the garden. This was an extra fine variety, and Jehovah probably wanted the apples to make cider for himself and the angels. He told them if they should eat from the tree he would cause them to grow old and finally get sick and die. Otherwise the man and woman could live forever.

Now among the angelic creatures was a snake that walked on his hind legs and spoke Hebrew. He was a captivating creature, was this snake, and one pleasant afternoon, while the man was taking a nap, the snake strolled into the garden and cast soft glances at the woman. Under the shade of the forbidden tree the snake and the woman coquetted while her lord and master slept. "Let us eat the juice of the gods," said the snake, as he reached to one of the bending boughs and plucked the luscious looking fruit. And alas! the woman did eat. Moreover, she went and awakened her mate, and tempted him to take a bite.

The sudden shock of the juice of that apple was something startling. Jehovah had squirted a spell into it. The man and the woman, for the first time, discovered that they did not have on a stitch of clothing. If they had not devoured that apple this

predicament would have passed by unnoticed, and there would not today be a tailor or dressmaker on earth. It would be nothing but September Morns. Skirtless and shirtless, pantless and sockless, we would have been a race of careless immortals if the woman and the snake had never met. This is from inspired authority.

Jehovah, who sees everything, knew what had happened. It angered him so that he has never gotten over it since. He cursed the snake and the man and the woman. He caused the snake to forever after crawl on his belly. He drove the man and woman out into the world and made them toil for a living. He filled the earth with disease and death, and in his fury doubly doomed the woman. "In sorrow thou shalt bring forth children," he told her, "and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee." Jehovah is no suffragette. He put a guard of cherubims around the garden, armed with flaming swords, lest the man and woman should find the way back and eat of another tree that, we are told, was a positive antidote for the spell of the forbidden fruit, and thereby upset Jehovah's plan of damnation. While there is no record of the event, the evidence is that as soon as the man and woman were driven far enough away Jehovah pulled up the garden and took it to Heaven



with him. Anyway, it has never been located since.

The man and woman, compelled to make a living for themselves, finally took up a homestead, settled down and began to raise a family. But Jehovah kept on their trail and caused them all sorts of trouble. He demanded sacrifices to keep him in good humor. He made them offer up their choicest meat to appease his wrath. He said that nothing quieted his nerves like the smell of burning blood.

The first boy born, who was named Cain, did not take to stock raising—he farmed for a living, and he had the audacity to offer garden truck as a sacrifice to Jehovah. The second boy, named Abel, raised sheep, and he roasted mutton for Jehovah to smell. Jehovah liked the smell of Abel's mutton, but detested the odor of Cain's cabbage and garlic. This started a quarrel, that resulted in the elder killing the younger. Jehovah in his anger drove the elder boy off the place. Cain became a tramp.

However, he finally found a settlement that, it appears, Jehovah knew nothing about. It was in the land of Nod, where he made the acquaintance of a maiden and married her. Where the people of Nod came from nobody knows. Their creation is not revealed in the inspired record. Jehovah must have made them during the six days he was at work, and then forgot about it.

After this human beings began to rapidly multiply upon the earth. The daughters of earth were so captivating that the angels of Heaven became enamored of them; and they married them and raised a race of giants. These giants—half angel and half human—were a bad lot. They so scandalized society that Jehovah repented ever having created man. So he made up his mind to drown every creature. However, there was one man, by the name of Noah, who did not have any angel blood in his veins, that Jehovah liked; and so he concluded to drown all but Noah and his family and start things over again. He also decided to save one male and one female of every animal, bird, bug and insect. So he told Noah to build a boat and fill it with provisions to accommodate and feed the entire menagerie for a couple of months, also to collect a male and female of every living species on the land. All this Noah did. He had no trouble whatever in discerning their sex and loading them into the boat.

Then the rain started. It drowned, so it is stated, everybody and every creature that did not take passage with Noah. In forty days the highest mountain peaks were swamped. To do this it poured about a thousand feet of water every day. This was raining nearly a foot a minute. Why Jehovah

took forty days to drown creation is somewhat of a mystery. He could just as easily have scooped up the ocean in one scoop and had the thing over in a few minutes. Perhaps he was afraid he would injure the whale that was destined to swallow Jonah.

However, we should not question the ways of Jehovah. We should be thankful that Noah lived to tell the tale.

When it was all over, and Noah had turned the live stock loose, and he and his family were on dry land once more, the first thing he did was to build an altar and offer up a sacrifice to Jehovah of every animal except pigs. How he obtained them, without killing the brood creatures he had saved, the inspired record does not tell. And the savor of the roasting flesh and blood smelled so sweet to Jehovah that he vowed to never drown the world again. Upon hearing this Noah raised a vineyard, made a few barrels of wine, and tanked up. He became so happy that he stripped himself to the hide and tumbled off in a drunken stupor. One of his boys, named Ham, laughed at his father, and for doing so called down upon himself and his posterity the curse of Jehovah. Ham, who was a blonde, turned black, and he and his offspring were doomed to chattel slavery. It is therefore infidelity to claim that slavery is not a divinely ordained institution.

Again the sons of men began to raise families, and the earth became peopled with many people. This time Jehovah made his angels keep away from the daughters of men.

At this period there was only one language known. Jehovah, the snake, the angels and the Jews spoke the same tongue. This state of affairs would have continued to this day, and there would be a universal language from Jerusalem to Jersey City, if it had not been for a number of investigating people that decided to explore the skies where Jehovah lived. They started to build a tower to reach beyond the stars; and Jehovah, having heard of it, came down to earth and looked over the pile of bricks gathered for the proposed structure. Alarmed at the prospect of human beings—whom he had vowed not to drown again—invading the confines of Paradise, Jehovah hurried back to his throne, and, gathering a flock of angels, rushed down on the people building the tower, and with one stroke of magic caused them to immediately speak all the various languages we now have. This clever piece of diplomacy on the part of Jehovah is all that kept a brick tower reaching from earth to Paradise from being built.

The consternation of the people building the tower may well be imagined. Shouts in Norwegian

mingled with cries for more brick and mortar in Latin, Greek and Sanscrit. Yells in Gallic were answered by those who had suddenly become Teutonic. Some spoke English, some Spanish, and some Low Dutch. Others only understood Russian and Patagonian. Choctaw and Chinese tried to talk to Hindoo and Japanese. Italian was answered back in Swedish, and Hungarian in Hottentot. Irish and Finnish and Flemish and Turkish jabbered away like a pack of magpies. Some went wild and talked gibberish. Whole families were unable to make out a word of what each other said. At last they got mad and pelted each other with the bricks intended for the tower. Not satisfied with raising all this bedlam, Jehovah capped the climax by scattering the people all over the earth, giving them different features, different complexions, and different religions. Only a chosen few, that still spoke Hebrew, remained undisturbed. And they, as we shall hereafter discover, had a sorry time of it.

A prominent character among those chosen few was a cattle-raiser by the name of Abraham, who had a brother-in-law by the name of Lot. Jehovah liked Abraham, and promised to make him the father of a great nation; but, as the years rolled by, Abraham's wife, whose name was Sarah, bore him no children. In fact, according to the inspired



record, Abraham was seventy-five years old, and Sarah sixty-four, when Jehovah made the promise. So, as far as offspring were concerned, things began to look dubious to Abraham.

He evidently had a notion at one time to get the king of Egypt to help him out. We are informed that during a drought in his own country, Abraham and his wife, together with their cattle, journeyed into Egypt. When they reached there Abraham told his wife to pass herself off as his sister. "You are a handsome girl, Sarah," he said, "in spite of your years, and the chances are that the king will hear of your beauty and desire you, and if he learns that I am your husband he is liable to kill me." So Sarah passed herself off as Abraham's sister, and Abraham saved his skin; for sure enough the king discovered Sarah and brought her to his harem.

But Abraham did not become a step-father to any posterity. The affinity did not take. Jehovah "plagued Pharaoh and his house with great plagues." What the plagues were we do not know. Probably the itch. Anyway, Pharaoh was glad to get rid of Sarah, and at the same time reprimand Abraham for lying about her. It seems that Jehovah must have told the king who Sarah was at the time he plagued him, and that the plagues

were sent as a warning to turn her over to Abraham again.

After this Abraham left Egypt and located in a place called Bethel. And still he remained childless. He lost faith in the promised posterity, and told Jehovah so. But Jehovah asked him to look at the stars, that he made one Wednesday afternoon years before, and see if he could count them. "So," said Jehovah, "shall your seed be." This quieted Abraham for awhile. But he again became nervous over the matter, even as he was when down in Egypt.

There was a colored girl in the household, by the name of Hagar, a descendant of Ham, whom Abraham had given to Sarah as a handmaid. Hagar was young, and Sarah was now nearly eighty. The rest is easy to guess.

When Sarah discovered what had happened she became furious and beat up Hagar, and drove her off the place. Hagar took to the woods. There Jehovah found her and made her go back and apologize to Sarah.

In the meanwhile nature took its course, and in due time Hagar gave birth to a boy and called his name Ishmael. Abraham was eighty-six years old when this happened. Thirteen years afterward, when Abraham was ninety-nine and Sarah nearly

ninety, and all his hopes of posterity were centered on the boy Ishmael, Jehovah appeared and told Abraham that Sarah was soon to become a mother. This time, so the inspired record runs, "Abraham fell upon his face and laughed." "Shall a child," said he to Jehovah, "be born to him that is an hundred years old? and shall Sarah, that is ninety years old, bear?" It did look like a joke.

Then Abraham did the squarest thing told of him. He begged Jehovah to let Ishmael be his legal heir. But Jehovah would not listen to it. Did not Ishmael have Ham's blood in his veins, and had not Jehovah cursed Ham for laughing at Noah when he was drunk and ran around naked? No—Ishmael was a fairly good sort of a boy, and for Abraham's sake Jehovah would not sell him into slavery, but he would not do for heir-apparent. So a few days later, as Abraham sat in his tent door during the noon-hour, and Sarah was inside washing the dishes, Jehovah appeared again, accompanied by three male angels. Abraham hastened to prepare a lunch for the visitors. They were evidently hungry after their journey, for the inspired record says they ate a whole calf, besides large portions of bread and butter and milk. The lunch was served out of doors, for, we are told, as soon as the angels had devoured it they asked where Sarah was.

“Inside the tent,” said Abraham.

Then one of the angels repeated Jehovah’s promise, that Sarah would soon become a mother. This even made Sarah, who overheard the remark, also laugh. But it happened, nevertheless, and the antiquated Sarah finally gave birth to a son and called him Isaac.

About this time Jehovah made up his mind to demolish a place by the name of Sodom, together with all its inhabitants, where Lot, Abraham’s brother-in-law, and his wife and family lived. Sodom was too morally corrupt to tell in print. On account of his relationship to Abraham Jehovah concluded to save Lot, so he told him to take the folks and hurry away and not to look back at what was going on. When they were about a mile out of town Lot’s wife could not resist the temptation to take a look—and she did. It was a startling scene. There, on his throne in Heaven, sat Jehovah, emptying buckets of fire and brimstone on Sodom. He burned up the last inhabitant, and all their cattle. Then, for her curiosity, Jehovah pickled Lot’s wife as he would a barrel of pork, and stood her as a warning example, a pillar of salt along the road.

What at last became of her the inspired record

does not tell. Perhaps the roaming herds of sheep and goats licked her up.

This left Lot a lone widower, and he took to drink. He had two maiden daughters. He became gloriously drunk, and had children by both of them. Jehovah had probably run out of brine, or he would have pickled the rest of the Lot family.

Shortly after this Isaac was born. Abraham was just a hundred, and his wife past ninety, when this occurred.

When Sarah discovered that she had a child of her own she drove Hagar off the premises again. Hagar and her son Ishmael fled into the wilderness and there nearly died of thirst. Fortunately, Jehovah happened to be passing that way and caused a well of water to appear. However, he did not send Hagar back to Sarah this time. He gave Ishmael a bow and arrow and told him to hunt for a living.

The years went on, and one day, when Isaac was a good-sized boy, Jehovah appeared and told Abraham that he was in great need of a sacrifice to satisfy his feelings. He ordered Abraham to get his butcher knife, saddle his donkey, and take Isaac with him to the top of a certain mountain and there offer up the boy. It took Abraham three days to make the trip. When he reached there he built a

stone altar, heaped it with dry wood, grabbed Isaac and tied him down. Just as he was ready to cut Isaac's throat and start the fire, one of Jehovah's angels appeared, leading a goat, and told Abraham that Jehovah was only trying his faith—that he only wanted to see if he really was holy enough to sacrifice his boy.

“Here,” said the angel, “take this goat that Jehovah has sent, and offer him instead of Isaac.”

This, we are told, Abraham did.

## CHAPTER II.

**A** NUMBER of interesting incidents regarding Jehovah's transactions at this period were dropped out long ago from the inspired record. The story of the creation of Adam and Eve, the first man and woman, as handed down by the ancient rabbis, the Talmud, and the Apocryphal book, Little Genesis—all of which bear the same evidence of divine inspiration as the records accepted today by the theologians—differs considerably from the narrative contained in the orthodox Scriptures.

According to this account—which is very precise as to every detail—Adam was created on Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock. The four archangels, Gabriel, Michael, Israfiel and Asrael, were required by Jehovah to bring the necessary dust from the four quarters of the earth to make Adam. The earth was flat in those days and had four corners.

When Jehovah received the dust from the four archangels he made the body of Adam. When thus completed Adam was so handsome that the angels,

who had flown from Paradise to witness the event, were amazed—there wasn't a creature in Paradise that could compare with him for looks. For size he was in a class by himself. His body covered the earth, and if he stood up he would reach to the seventh Heaven—wherever that is. There was some dust left over, that Jehovah did not use in forming Adam, so locusts were made of it.

Adam as yet was not alive, neither did he have any insides. He was simply a bust of skin and bones. In this condition, lifeless but lovely, say the ancient rabbis, Adam had lain stretched out on exhibition for forty years, when Satan wandered along and took a look at him. Satan had never seen the like in Heaven or Hell. He examined the mammoth form and found it was hollow. Then he went to Adam's mouth and stepped in. After navigating through his anatomy he came out and told the angels that were gazing at the sight that there was nothing to fear—that the creature was empty all the way through. Then was when Jehovah put on the finishing touches—he blew the breath of life into Adam and made a live man of him. The breath went down his throat and into his belly, and wherever it went then and there the vital parts appeared. Liver and lungs, heart, kidneys, and all the rest of



the necessary equipment leaped into existence, blood flowed through his system, Adam sneezed, opened his eyes and said, "Praise be to Jehovah!"

The Talmud declares that when Adam stood up his head protruded into Heaven, and that he remained thus until Jehovah pressed him down at the time of the Fall.

The ancient Talmudists do not all agree with the Genesis account of the creation of Eve from a rib taken from Adam while he was asleep; some assert that Adam had a tail, which somewhat marred his beauty, so Jehovah cut it off, and, not knowing what else to do with it, made a woman of it. He may have made two women of Adam's tail, for the Talmudists tell us that Adam had two wives, Lilith and Eve.

Lilith, so the story runs, quit Adam's bed and board before the family was driven from Eden, and married Satan. She lived to raise a large family of children, who were called jinns—half devil and half human. These jinns could appear like men and women when they desired, or could go about unseen. An ancient account of the building of Solomon's temple, that is left out of the Bible, says that Solomon employed these jinns to do the heavy work. They were husky fellows, and could carry tons of stone up a ladder. Besides, they knew how

to hammer and cut rock without making a particle of noise.

Another thing that has been left out of the Book of Genesis—and which would settle the long-disputed question as to where the sons of Adam obtained their wives—is this: Eve, who clung to Adam after he was driven from Eden, bore fifteen thousand boys and a like number of girls. These children came in twin lots, one boy and one girl at each birth, and when they grew up each boy married his twin sister. Here, say the rabbinical writers, is where Cain and Abel first fell out. Cain wanted to marry his own twin sister, as the rest of the boys had done, but Adam decided to change the program and wanted Cain to marry Abel's twin and Abel to marry Cain's.

According to the apocryphal book, the "Life of Adam and Eve," which was originally a part of the inspired record, Adam died a very rich man. Before his death he called his children to his bedside, the whole thirty thousand of whom were present save Cain and Abel, and made a will. The angel Gabriel flew from Heaven to receive it, accompanied by an escort of sixty-two million other angels, each provided with clean white sheets of parchment and goose-quills. The will was sealed by Gabriel and witnessed by the sixty-two million

angels. It would have taken a cunning lawyer to break that will.

Adam, we are told, was buried in the Island of Ceylon, and lions guarded his sepulchre. When the flood came Noah went and dug up the remains and placed them in the ark. Then, when the rain was over, and the ark had settled on Mount Ararat, Noah took Adam's remains to where the city of Jerusalem was afterwards built—and which was declared by the inspired writers to be the center of the flat earth—and there dug a deep grave and buried him.

One of Adam's descendants was a man by the name of Enoch. One day, says Genesis v, verse 24, Enoch went out walking with Jehovah, and walked to Heaven with him. Also, we are told, when he was a young man of sixty-five he became the father of a boy named Methusaleh, who lived to the ripe age of nine hundred and sixty-nine.

The original story, however, as told by the rabbis, differs from the Bible account. Jehovah did not take Enoch to Heaven—he slipped in there in company with an angel. Jehovah did not even know that he was on the premises until he had been there quite awhile.

It seems that Enoch never did like the earth as a residence place. He was a tailor by trade, so the

Talmudists state, and as most of the men those days wore home-made clothes his income was small. In fact, all that the fashion plates contained in Enoch's time were a breechclout, a shirt and a pair of sandals; so, even at best, tailoring business was never brisk.

Enoch, like many other poor people, was a very pious man. There was nothing in sight for him on earth but a life of poverty, so he cast his mournful eyes on the next world. One day the angel Azrael wandered into Enoch's shop and said to him:

"I am the Angel of Death, and I desire thy friendship. On account of thy great piety, thou mayest make me a request which I shall accomplish."

Enoch answered, "I desire that thou shouldst take my soul."

This was before suicide had been introduced as a means of relief for the down-and-outs.

The angel replied, "I have not come to thee for this purpose; thy time is not yet arrived at its appointed close."

This was a disappointment to Enoch, who was sick and tired of staying on earth. Finally he said to the angel, "Why not take my soul for a little while, and then return it to my body?"

The angel replied, "I cannot do this without Jehovah's consent."

"Go and ask him," said Enoch.

"All right," said the angel, "I'll do that much for you, anyway."

So the angel flew to Heaven and told Jehovah what Enoch wanted.

"Is he pious and orthodox?" asked Jehovah.

"He's full of it," replied the angel.

"All right," said Jehovah, "take him on a little trip. Don't bring him here, but take him to Hell. That may satisfy him with his lot on earth."

So the angel flew back to earth and told Enoch to come along. Enoch kissed his wives good-bye and said they need not sit up for him—that he might not get back till the next day.

But Enoch, it appears, did not like Hell, and so was willing to return home again. But he wasn't satisfied. He didn't propose to give up. So he put on more piety and let his business go to smash. This is what makes a real saint—sackcloth and ashes, with a diet of bread and water. And, sure enough, who should turn up one morning but the same angel. This time Enoch put the proposition up bold.

"Say," said he to the angel, "I've seen Hell and now I want to see Heaven."

"Jehovah won't stand for it, until you are dead," answered the angel.

"Kill me, then," said Enoch, handing the angel an axe.

"What," replied the angel, "and I go to Hell for murder?"

"Can't you sneak me into Heaven, just for a few minutes?" asked Enoch.

The angel thought a moment.

"It's risky," said he, "but the gatekeeper is a careless angel, and besides he is a good friend of mine. For your sake I will try it, even if I am caught and get my wings clipped."

Peter had not as yet appeared and been given the job of attending the gates.

So the angel took Enoch—took him just as he was, without even having taken a bath or changing his shirt; and, as luck would have it, the two made their way through the pearly gates without being noticed.

But the angel was uneasy and would not let Enoch venture very far from the entrance, and it wasn't over fifteen minutes or so before he insisted on escorting him back to earth. But Enoch was in no hurry. Then the angel became nervous, and tried to drag him over the jasper wall. Enoch balked—he pulled back and vowed he wouldn't

budge. The noise of the struggle reached the throne and Jehovah jumped from his seat and ran down the gold street to see what was the trouble.

For once Jehovah did not get mad. Generally, in a case of this kind, he sent a flood, or fire and brimstone, or some other sort of plague, but this time he took it good-naturedly. Probably the sight of Enoch, dressed in nothing but an old shirt, together with his long hair and tangled whiskers, struck him as something too funny to get mad about; and so he told Enoch he could stay if he wanted to.

The ancient rabbis also give a somewhat different biography of Abraham than is found in the Genesis account. An exhaustive monograph of the traditions relating to Abraham has been written by Dr. B. Beer, of Leipzig, entitled "Leben Abraham's nach Auffassung der judischen Sage." From this work which is very exact and authoritative, S. Baring-Gould, in his "Legends of the Patriarchs," has given an English version.

The rabbis say that Abraham was the son of Terah, a general of Nimrod's army, and his wife Amtelai. On the night in which Abraham was born his father gave a feast, at which many soothsayers and magicians were present. At the hour of Abraham's birth an unusual star appeared in the

eastern horizon. This star acted very strangely—it ran from one part of the sky to another. Jehovah probably had a string tied to it and was pulling it around to attract attention. The soothsayers gazed in astonishment at the sight.

“This,” said they, “is an omen, fortelling that Terah’s new-born son will become a great and powerful soothsayer.”

Now these soothsayers did not like competition in their profession; so they hastened early the next morning to King Nimrod, and told him that they had read the signs of the heavens, which declared that Terah’s son would become a mighty warrior and seize his kingdom; and they therefore advised Nimrod to have the baby slaughtered. So the king sent a large offering of gold and silver to Terah, and asked his son in exchange. But Terah refused the offer. Then the king threatened to burn up Terah’s houses and barns unless he would surrender the child. In the meantime one of Terah’s female slaves had given birth to a son. This child was turned over to the king’s officers, who, believing it to be young Abraham, brought it before King Nimrod and cut its throat.

Another account says that Nimrod, being a soothsayer himself, had before read in the stars that a child would be born who would oppose his



power; so he built a maternity hospital, sixty ells high and eighty ells broad, into which were gathered all approaching mothers. The nurses were commanded to put to death all the baby boys, but to make handsome presents to the mothers of girls. The rabbis state that seventy thousand boy babies were thus killed. A number of Jehovah's angels, hearing of this, implored him to stop this wholesale slaughter of infants.

"I know all about it, and why Nimrod is doing it," said Jehovah; "but just watch and see how I take care of Abraham when he is born."

Shortly after, Terah's wife, Amtelai, found herself pregnant; she concealed her condition as long as possible, remaining in bed and pretending to be ill; but when she could conceal it no longer Jehovah came to her, and caused the child to creep up behind her breasts, so that her appearance in public suggested nothing unusual. When the time for her delivery arrived, Amtelai, guided by Jehovah, wandered at night in the desert until she came to a cave; this she entered, and the next morning Abraham was born. His face shone, the rabbis declare, so that the cave was as light as day. This was easily accounted for, as Jehovah, together with a number of angels were present.

In order to avoid capture, and the death of the

child, Jehovah sent the mother immediately home, and left the angel Gabriel to nurse the child. Gabriel, who, as is well known, is a male angel, had no trouble whatever doing so; he let the baby suck his forefinger, from which flowed an abundant supply of milk. He also bored two holes in the cave, from which dropped oil and flour to nourish Abraham. The boy had a ravenous appetite from the start, and grew with astonishing rapidity, for, say the rabbis, when he was only ten days old he was able to walk out of the cave.

His mother, making a secret visit to the cave, and finding her baby gone, was filled with anguish. Wandering along the bank of a river, she met Abraham, but did not recognize in the young man her missing child; so she asked him if he had seen anything of a little baby boy. Abraham recognized the woman as his mother, and answered, "I am he whom you seek."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the mother. "How did you manage to grow to such a height and be able to walk and talk in ten days? Besides, where did you obtain the clothes you are wearing?"

"The God Jehovah did all this for me," answered Abraham.

Upon this Amtelai hastened to her husband, and told him the strange story; and her husband noised

it about until it reached Nimrod's ears. Thereupon the king called a council of his soothsayers to see what should be done. After due deliberation they told him that he, the great king of Babylon, had nothing to fear from a child ten days old. But Nimrod was not satisfied. Then Satan, who, dressed in a black robe such as the magicians wore, had entered the palace unseen, walked up to the king and said:

“Let the king at once arm all his troops and march against this precocious infant.”

This advice suited Nimrod and his army was ordered to capture Abraham.

But when Abraham saw the hordes of soldiers approaching he called to Jehovah, and the angel Gabriel—his wet-nurse—flew down and seized Abraham, and carried him into a thick cloud. This so frightened Nimrod's soldiers that they fled to Babylon in a panic. Then Abraham climbed on Gabriel's shoulders, who flew to the gates of the city, arriving there ahead of Nimrod's panic-stricken troops. Entering the city, Abraham, in the name of Jehovah, defied Nimrod and dared him to do his worst. Nimrod, when he heard of it, sent for Terah, and told him to bring his son to the palace. When Abraham arrived there he walked boldly into the throne-room. The king tumbled off

the throne in a fit, in which condition he remained for several hours. At the same time the stone images of the Babylonian gods, which were in the palace, fell to the floor and were broken to fragments.

Finally Nimrod came to himself, and seeing Abraham still present, said to him, "Was that you or your god talking, that sent me into convulsions?"

Abraham answered, "It was I, the servant of Jehovah."

For awhile after this Nimrod let Abraham alone. However, he braced up again, and determined at all hazards to get rid of so powerful a magician and enemy as Abraham; so he had him arrested and thrown into a dungeon. There Abraham remained for ten days in solitary confinement with neither food or drink.

But the angel Gabriel was still caring for the boy, born in the cave, that had sucked milk from his finger; and he brought him food every day, and also caused a fountain of water to bubble up through the floor of the cell.

At the end of ten days Nimrod called his soothsayers together, and it was decided to burn Abraham alive; so the king ordered the jailer to bring him forth. The jailer answered that it was impossible that Abraham could be still living, as he had been

given neither meat nor drink. But Nimrod answered, "Bring him alive or dead."

Then the jailer went to the prison door and cried, "Abraham, livest thou?"

"I live," answered Abraham.

The jailer, in astonishment, replied: "How did you manage to keep alive without food or drink?"

"Jehovah's angel fed me, and gave me drink," said Abraham.

The jailer, believing him, and fearing such magic, opened the door of the prison, and went to Nimrod and told what he had seen and heard. Nimrod at once ordered his executioners to cut off the jailer's head. But the jailer called to Jehovah, and the sword, in the hands of the executioner, flew into a thousand pieces. At this moment Abraham himself walked in.

"Who is your god?" demanded Nimrod.

"He is a god who can kill, and make alive again," answered Abraham.

"I can do that," exclaimed Nimrod, and he ordered two prisoners to be brought in; one he slew with his sword, the other he spared.

Then spoke Abraham, "See what my god can do," and he commanded a man that had been dead and buried four years to come out of his grave and bring him a white rooster, a black raven, a green pigeon

and a gayly colored peacock. In a few minutes in walked the dead man, whom Nimrod knew in life and recognized, with all the birds named, in his arms. Then Abraham took a carving knife, seized the birds, and cut off their heads. These heads he laid on a table, but the bodies of the birds he cut into small pieces. Then he made certain passes over the heads of the birds, muttered a few mystic words, and lo! new bodies immediately sprouted on the heads; the rooster crowed, the raven cawed, the pigeon peeped, and the peacock squawked; they were all as good as new.

"Now," said Abraham to Nimrod, "you do the same."

Nimrod gave it up.

And yet there are people today who doubt the ability of one of Jehovah's priests to turn bread and wine into flesh and blood.

Nimrod was highly incensed at this exhibition of magic and ordered that Abraham, together with an older brother, named Haran, should be burned. (Haran, the brother of Abraham, and Nahor, another brother, are mentioned in Genesis xi, verse 26). Therefore Abraham and Haran were seized and stripped, their hands and feet bound with ropes, ready to be thrown into the fire. But when Nimrod's servants approached the furnace with their

prisoners, Jehovah caused the flames to shoot out like tongues of serpents, and, coiling around the servants, drew them into the flames and consumed them. Abraham and Haran remained unharmed.

Upon this Satan, who was standing by, took Nimrod aside and instructed him how to build a catapult that would throw the victims into the fire in spite of any sorcery. Nimrod immediately had his carpenters build the machine, and, as Satan had declared, it threw Abraham and Haran in the midst of the flames.

Now Haran, say the rabbis, was undecided in his religious convictions. Sometimes he worshiped the heathen gods, sometimes Jehovah. This proved to be his undoing; for no sooner had his body landed in the middle of the blazing furnace than he made a blunder and called on the heathen gods to help him. There was nothing doing—poor Haran was burnt to ashes.

Alas! how many millions of human beings have perished in torture and agony through worshiping the wrong god, or worshiping the right god the wrong way!

But Abraham, calling upon Jehovah for assistance, was saved. The flames were unable to raise a blister on his skin. The ropes that bound his hands and feet were consumed, but even his shirt wasn't

scorched. For three days, so great was the fire kindled, the flames and sparks flew skyward; and for these three days, just to show what he could do, Abraham promenaded through the flames.

At the end of the three days, seeing Abraham unharmed, Nimrod cried to him, "Abraham, servant of Jehovah, come forth to me."

And Abraham came forth.

Then the king said to him, "How is it that thou art not consumed?"

And Abraham answered, "Jehovah, whom I serve, hath preserved me."

No sooner had he said this than Jehovah extinguished the fire, and a beautiful garden appeared in its place, filled with all manner of flowers and fruits. "The pile," say the rabbis, "was like a grove of flowering shrubs to look upon, and angels descended and took Abraham and seated him in the midst."

The Mussulman account tells us that "Nimrod could not see into the fire, so he ascended a high tower in his palace, and from the top looked down into the furnace, and saw that in the midst was a garden with flowers and a fountain of sparkling water, and Abraham seated on the grass beside the spring, conversing with an angel!" (Chronicle of Tabari.)



After this comes the story of Nimrod's attempt to reach Heaven in a box, to which was attached four immense vultures.

His object was to kill Jehovah.

Nimrod took one of his court attendants with him on the trip, and, after sailing through the air for a day and night, he told the attendant to open a window built in the box and take an observation.

"What do you see?" asked Nimrod.

"I see the earth," replied the attendant.

After another day and night the attendant looked again, and reported nothing in sight but the earth. On the third day, however, he looked out and saw nothing at all. Then Nimrod went to the window and shot three arrows straight upward; and soon the arrows fell back with blood on them.

"I have killed Abraham's god," said Nimrod.

But he was mistaken. The arrows, we are told, struck a fish which was being carried by the wind, that had caught it up out of the sea (Dr. Weil's *Biblishe Legende*).

Then Jehovah planned revenge on Nimrod. The way he went at it is described in the *Chronicle of Tabari*. First, he attacked Nimrod and all his army with swarms of flies. These flies flew in the faces of the soldiers; and they were so numerous that they could not see one another; they stung the

horses so that they went mad, and stumbled and fell; and soon both men and horses stampeded in a wild flight.

Nimrod managed to escape the flies and found his way to the palace; but he was pursued there by a gnat that Jehovah had prepared for the occasion. This gnat was blind of one eye and lame of one leg; and as soon as Nimrod had seated himself on his throne the gnat settled on his knee. Then the king struck at it to kill it; but the gnat, charmed by Jehovah, and with a duty to perform, arose swiftly through the air, flew up Nimrod's nose, bored its way through his head, and began to eat his brains; from which attack Nimrod suffered in great agony. He would madly beat himself on the head, and while he did this the gnat would cease gnawing at his brain; but the moment he quit beating, the gnat would get busy again; so Nimrod had no rest from his torment, save when being hit on the head. In order to sleep he had to have an attendant continually hammering him. His torment became so severe that finally he had a big blacksmith's hammer brought to his room, with which princes and nobles smote him continually. The harder the blows, we are told, the greater was the relief obtained.

In this condition Nimrod lived and reigned for five hundred years. Prior to this he had been on

the throne a thousand years, and had scarcely ever known a sick day. He might have been there yet if Jehovah's gnat had not, in spite of being disturbed by the hammerings, finally managed to kill him.

This story of Nimrod and the gnat is found in both the Mussulman traditions, and the records of the Jewish Rabbis of Titus.

Nor should believers find it difficult to accept these stories as divinely inspired and of actual occurrence, whether found in apocryphal works or in the present orthodox Bible, because of apparent contradictions; for the Bible is full of contradictions as apparent as these. We should "walk by faith, not by sight," said St. Paul. And faith is able to account for all things—or even more.

### CHAPTER III.

**A**ND *there was war in Heaven; Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels, and prevailed not; neither was their place found any more in Heaven. And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world; he was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him" (Revelations, xii, 7-9).*

The reason of Satan's revolt, according to ancient tradition, was because he was ambitious to become as great a god as Jehovah. The war ended in Satan's defeat, and the angels that had stood by Jehovah, and fought for him, made a great celebration in honor of their victory.

According to the Talmudists, Satan's name, when he was an angel in Heaven, was Sammael; and the rabbis generally designate him by this name. He was one of the Seraphim, and had six wings.

The Rabbi Bechai, in his commentary on the Five Books of Moses, says that Sammael was not driven out of Heaven until after the Fall; then Jehovah

drove him hence, and put a curse upon him. In his struggle Sammael grappled with the archangel Michael, and would have dragged him down with him had not Jehovah himself rushed to Michael's assistance.

One Talmudic account says that Satan's angels fell to earth in a heap, and that Jehovah followed them and consumed them with a touch of his little finger.

After Satan's defeat Jehovah decreed Hell as an abode for the lost, but, it seems, so powerful a creature is Satan, that he is unable to hold him there; therefore Satan roams the earth at will.

Satan, after Adam was driven from Eden, took to himself four wives—Lilith, former wife of Adam; Naama, the daughter of Lamech; and two other women by the names of Igereth and Machalath. Each gave birth to great hosts of devils—or jinns, as they were called. These four sets of jinns rule the four seasons. Lilith, we are told, was the mother of four hundred and seventy-eight legions of these devils. Maybe it was some of her numerous progeny that Jesus, ages afterwards, is alleged to have driven into the swine.

Other accounts of Mussulman source declare that when Jehovah made Adam he commanded all the angels to worship him as their king and super-

ior, but that Satan refused, saying, "I will not adore Adam, for he is made of earth, and I of fire, therefore I am better than he;" whereupon Jehovah cursed Satan, and turned him from a beautiful angel into a hideous devil.

Both Jewish and Mussulman traditions, however, generally agree that the fall of Satan and his angels preceded the creation of man. Some date it on the first, and some on the second day of creation. Manasseh Ben Israel says that Jehovah has placed the devils in the clouds that they might torment the wicked with thunder and lightnings, and hail and tempests, and that this took place on the second day of creating the earth, the sun, the moon, and stars, when the "firmaments were divided."

The ancient Hebrews, as well as the early Christians, regarded the gods of the heathen as the devils that had been driven from Heaven, and who still aspired to become gods. St. Paul says, "The Gentiles sacrifice to devils" (First Corinthians, x, 20). We are told that Satan, craving worship, showed Jesus the earth and all it contains, and said, "All these will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." That all these traditions, coming down from remote antiquity, spring from the same oriental source is evidenced by the similarity of many Persian and Hindoo, and even Chinese,

legends. Asia, the cradle of the race, is the cradle of most of the gods.

One Hindoo story is as follows:

The chief of the fallen angels is Mahisasura, or the Great Asur. He and his angels were once holy, but, before the creation of the world, they rebelled against Brahma, whereupon, with the assistance of Siva, Brahma cast them into the abyss of Onderah (the Hindoo Hell).

The Hindoos also represent Mahisasura—the Devil—as a great serpent, called Vrita.

The Persian story of the fallen angels is that Ahriman, Prince of Devils, is not by nature evil; that if he had his own way he would be a pretty good sort of fellow; and that he has simply gone to the bad on account of his ambition and unsuccessful attempt to overcome the Eternal One, and occupy the throne of Heaven himself. The sacred books of the Parsees assert that Ahriman will at last acknowledge his defeat and become loyal and obedient to the King of Heaven, and regain his former place.

The Norse mythology says that Loki, the Spirit of Evil, was one of the gods, and ate and drank with them at their celestial feasts in Valhalla, till one day he arose in rebellion, and was overcome, and he and his progeny, the wolf and the serpent,

were cast out. Loki was chained under the mountains, and when he tosses and tumbles in helpless rage the earth quakes.

Maximus of Tyre, and Apollonius of Rhodes, tell of the war of the gods against the angels who rebelled under Ophion, who was called the Serpent; and the poet Pherecydes sang of the event, and described it as two celestial armies fighting face to face; one being commanded by Saturn, and the other by Ophion.

The legend of the Titans is linked with this. These, according to Greek mythology, were twelve children, six sons and six daughters, whose father was Uranus (Heaven), and whose mother was Ge (Earth), and who rebelled against their father and deposed him, and placed Kronos, one of their number, on the heavenly throne. Finally they were defeated by Zeus (or Jupiter, as the Latins named him), and were thrown into Tartarus (Hell).

The Battas of Sumatra have this legend: Batara Guru, the supreme God, who had a daughter, called Putiarla Buran, who was the mother of the human race, made war against the Serpent, and cast the mountain Bakkara out of Heaven upon his head, from under which he has never been able to make his escape. Batara Guru had a son named Layan-ga-layaad-mandi whom he placed on top of the



mountain. Whenever the Serpent turns and twists in agony, causing the earth to quake, his hands and feet protrude from the side of the mountain. Then Layanga-layaad-mandi hastens down the slopes and binds or holds his hands and feet, else he might shake the earth to pieces.

Satan has always been represented as limping on one foot. This, says tradition, was caused by his having broken his leg, when he struck the earth in his fall.

Both the Greek and Norse mythologies also bear testimony to Satan's lame leg, although they account for it in a different manner: Hephæstus, who pursued Athene, the Goddess of Wisdom, and attempted to ravish her, was seized by the other gods and thrown bodily from Heaven. He fell into Lemnos, the fire-island, and was lamed by his fall.

The Norse god Loki, the Evil Deity, lusted after Freya, the goddess of music and flowers; and in a fight with her protectors was lamed.

According to the Mussulman story, Adam's soul had been created a thousand years before Adam was made; and all this while it had been steeped in a sea of light which flowed from Jehovah. Finally Jehovah ordered the soul to enter Adam's body. This the soul did not want to do; it evidently preferred lounging in the sea of light. Whereupon

Jehovah became angry, and exclaimed: "Quicken Adam against your will, and, as a penalty for your disobedience, you shall leave the body sorely against your will."

Then Jehovah picked up the soul and blew it against Adam's body with such force that it entered his nose, and ran up into his head, and when it reached his eyes Adam opened them, and saw Jehovah's throne with this inscription written on it: "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is His Prophet." Then the soul ran into Adam's ears, and he heard the angels singing; and soon it filled his whole body, and Adam was complete. When he stood up he was so tall that he faced the throne of Jehovah, and the light therefrom nearly blinded him; then Jehovah pressed Adam down to a smaller size.

One day Adam preached a sermon to the angels, who assembled before him in ten thousand ranks. The angels were amazed at his knowledge. He called all the animals of earth by their names, in seventy languages. Jehovah was so pleased with this sermon that he sent Adam a bunch of grapes, that grew in Paradise. The angel Gabriel brought the grapes.

According to another tradition Adam's soul was not blown by Jehovah into Adam's nose. A gentler

method was used. When, commanded by Jehovah, it showed such a strong dislike to being confined in a body of clay, the angel Gabriel took a flute and, seating himself beside the head of the lifeless Adam, played such rapturous melodies that the soul came near to listen, and, seeking a restful spot, entered into one of Adam's feet. Jehovah immediately seized the foot and shoved the soul on up into Adam's body, from which it could not escape.

A Talmudic account of Adam's creation, which, says the Book of Genesis, was accomplished in a day, shows what a fast worker Jehovah is. It runs as follows:

At the first hour, Jehovah gathered his dust; in the second he formed the embryo; in the third the limbs were made; in the fourth the soul entered the body; at the fifth Adam stood up, and viewed the earth; at the sixth Jehovah drove all the animals before him, and Adam called each one by its right name; then said Jehovah, "And what is my name?" "Jehovah," answered Adam without hesitation.

His education was complete.

At the seventh hour, Adam married Eve; at the eighth Cain and his twin sister were born; at the ninth Jehovah forbade them to eat of the forbidden tree; at the tenth Satan wandered along and caused

the Fall; at the eleventh Adam and his family were driven from Eden; and at the twelfth, Adam was working for a living, and the sweat was pouring from his brow.

The apocryphal book of Little Genesis tells a different story. It says that Adam did not fall until the seventh year of his existence, and that he was given forty-five days to gather his belongings together and move. It also says, that before the Fall, Adam and all the animals conversed with each other; but in the Fall the animals lost the power of speech.

The ancient Rabbinical account agrees with the Mussulman as regards Adam's stature. The rabbis say that Adam was so tall that his head touched the sky; and the Tree of Life, that stood in the center of Eden, had a trunk so large that it took a fast walker five years to travel around it, and that Adam's body was proportioned according to the size of the tree. The angels warned Jehovah that so huge a creature was liable to make trouble, so Jehovah put his hand on Adam's head and reduced his height to a thousand cubits.

To the question, "How big was Adam?" the Talmud replies, "He was made so tall that he stood with his head in Heaven, till Jehovah pressed him down at the Fall."

Rabbi Jehuda says that when Adam lay stretched out he covered the whole earth. The book *Sepher Gilgulim* states that when he was made his head and throat were in Paradise, and his body on earth. This book also claims that he was so long that he reached from one end of the earth to the other, and, it further declares, it takes a man five hundred years to walk that distance; and when Adam was created all the beasts of earth came and worshiped him, and wanted him to be their king. But Adam told them of the God Jehovah, who had made them all out of nothing; and so the beasts, and fowls, and fishes agreed to acknowledge Jehovah as their king. Then, says the book quoted, the sun, upon discovering Adam, was filled with fear, and became dark; and the angels were frightened and begged Jehovah to remove the creature out of their sight. Then Jehovah caused Adam to fall into a deep sleep, and the sun and the angels, seeing him lying there helpless, took courage, and finally ceased to fear him.

The book *Sepher Chasidim* tells it in this manner: When the angels saw what a big creature Adam was, with his face shining brighter than the sun itself, they bowed down before him and cried "Holy, holy, holy!" Thereupon Jehovah put Adam to sleep; and then he proceeded to cut off pieces of flesh from all parts of Adam's body, until he had

reduced him to what he considered a proper size. When Adam awoke and saw all these chunks of flesh scattered around him, he cried, "O, Jehovah, why hast thou robbed me of my person?" Then Jehovah said: "Take these parts that I have cut off of thee, and carry them all over the earth, and drop them in every land; and wherever you drop them, there will your posterity dwell."

In all the races of the world are found traditions of the origin of man, none of which, it may be noted, agree with modern science and the theory of evolution. Some say he was created of water (from which the modern scientists say he did originate), and some claim he was made of earth. It seems rather natural that primitive man, looking upon the universe, should select these substances as his origin.

The Peruvians teach that the earth was originally peopled by four men and four women, who emerged from a cave near the city of Cuzco.

Among the North American Indians is found this simple belief: The earth, they say, is our universal mother, in whose womb man was created. The first beings crept to the earth's surface by climbing up the roots of trees which hung from the entrance to nature's womb. Others say that the Great Spirit, as soon as these beings were matured, sent a deer,

upon whose back they mounted, and were brought to daylight. And still other Indian traditions claim that the first man and woman tore their way out to the surface of the earth with their nails (Atherne Jones, "North American Indian Traditions;" Heckewelder's "Indian Nations").

The Egyptian sacred writers claim that man was made of mud, taken from the river Nile.

The Chinese book Fong-zen-tong says: "When the earth and Heaven were made, there was not as yet man or peoples. Then the god Nin-hoa moulded yellow earth, and of that made man."

Some of the old rabbis claim that Jehovah created Adam double—that is, he was both man and woman. They say that Adam and Eve were formed back to back, and that their separation was brought about by Jehovah's hewing them asunder.

Other rabbis say that when Jehovah concluded to provide a mate for Adam, that he drew a woman out of his side. It appears that Jehovah studied for some time as from what part of Adam's anatomy he should extract the woman; for, say the rabbis, he would not extract her from Adam's head lest she should be vain, nor from his mouth, lest she should be given to gossip; nor from his ears, lest she should be an eavesdropper; nor from his hands, lest she should prove meddlesome; nor from his feet,

lest she should be a gadabout; nor from his heart, lest she should be jealous; so finally Jehovah drew her from his side. But alas! declare the rabbis, notwithstanding all these precautions, the woman exhibited every fault that Jehovah tried to guard against.

The rabbis say that Jehovah prepared a sumptuous wedding feast for Adam and Eve, the table for which was made of all manner of precious stones, and that each stone was a hundred ells in length and sixty ells wide, and that the dishes were of solid gold. Jehovah himself doubtless sat at the head of the table, and gave the blushing bride, adorned in a fresh picked fig leaf, to the groom who was dressed in the same attire. Angels were seated along the sides of the immense table, which was loaded with food and wine brought from Paradise.

The Mussulman story of Eve's creation is that after Adam had eaten the bunch of grapes that Jehovah sent him for preaching so eloquent a sermon to the angels, that he laid down and took a nap; and while asleep Jehovah came to him and drew the woman from his left side. The woman Jehovah named Hava, because she was taken from one living (Haa), and he placed her by Adam's side. She was the perfect picture of Adam, say the Mussulman writers. It would seem natural that she should take



after her only parent. Only her features, we are told, were more delicate than Adam's; her hair, which was divided into seven hundred locks, was longer; her form more slender and charming; her eyes softer; and her voice more musical than that of the man that bore her.

While all this was taking place, Adam, in his deep sleep, and his stomach full of grape juice, was dreaming that he had a wife; and great was his delight, upon awakening, to find his dream materialized and lying by his side. He reached forth to take her dainty hand in his, and made an immediate offer of marriage; but Hava modestly withdrew her hand, and said, "Jehovah is my master, and I cannot give my hand to thee without his permission; and, moreover, it is not proper for a man to take a wife without making her a wedding present."

For the first bride on earth Hava appears to have been quite well posted.

Then Adam hunted up the angel Gabriel and had him go to Heaven to obtain Jehovah's consent to marry Hava. Gabriel returned with the message that if he would say twenty prayers for Mohammed, who was to be born in due time, that Jehovah would give the young maiden as his wife. Adam, it is needless to state, got down on his knees at once and offered up the required number of prayers. Then

Ridhwan, the porter of Paradise, brought to Adam the winged horse Meimun, and to Hava a light-footed she camel; both animals being bred in Heaven. Gabriel assisted Adam and Hava to mount, and accompanied them to Paradise, where they were greeted by the angels with shouts of "Hail, father and mother of Mohammed!" On one of the golden boulevards had been erected in the midst of a beautiful garden a green silk tent, supported on golden pillars, to receive the bride and groom, inside of which was a throne of gold for them to sit on. After resting a bit angels took the happy couple to the river that flows through Paradise and gave them a bath; then they were escorted to Jehovah's throne, who bade them welcome to Paradise, and told them they could live there.

"I have prepared this garden for your home," said Jehovah. "In it you shall be protected from cold and heat, from hunger and thirst. Enjoy all that meets your eye, only of one fruit taste not. Beware how you break my command, and arm yourself against the subtlety of your foe, Eblis (Satan); he envies you, and stands by you seeking to destroy you, for through you was he cast out."

Thus the Mussulman story places the garden of Eden in Paradise.

The people of Madagascar believe that the first

man was made of dust, and was placed in a garden, wherein everything for his happiness was provided. He had no evil passions, neither did he require food or drink; moreover the Creator had forbidden him to partake of these things. One day Satan came to him, and pictured the sweetness of the apple, the lusciousness of the date, and the delicious juice of the orange. All this made the man's mouth water; he felt himself, for the first time in his life, to be hungry; until at last his appetite so overcame him that he devoured all the fruits offered him, and washed the meal down with water from the fountain flowing in the garden. Nothing serious happened for several days; and then a pimple appeared on his leg. The pimple grew to a large-sized tumor, and caused the man considerable pain. At the end of six months the tumor burst, and out stepped a beautiful little girl. What to do with her the man did not know. But an angel soon came from Heaven, and told him to let her run around the garden until she grew to womanhood, and then marry her. This the man did, and thus started the human race.

Both Christian commentators, such as Eugubinus, and Jewish rabbis, have asserted that Adam was of both sexes.

The Rabbi Jeremiah Ben Eleazer declares that

the verse found in Psalms cxxxix, which reads, "Thou hast fashioned me behind and before," proves this, and that Jehovah made Adam with two faces, one male and one female, and a double body accordingly. At the proper time Jehovah, as previously recorded, split him in two.

Some of the rabbis declare that "Adam had two faces and one tail, and from the beginning he was both male and female, male on one side, female on the other; and that the parts were separated;" but the Talmudists claim that the only abnormal feature about Adam was that he had a tail, and that Jehovah cut it off and made Eve of it.

With all these conflicting stories the theologians have surely had a hard time sifting out the true faith.

In the speech of Aristophanes, contained in the Symposium of Plato, an ancient legend is given, that says that in the beginning the earth was peopled by a race of beings called Androgynes, who had two heads, four arms and four legs, and two bodies, one male and one female. They were powerful and proud, and finally attempted to build such high structures as would enable them to make their way to Heaven. The gods, determined to thwart their plans, but not wishing to destroy the race, asked Jupiter what they should do; Jupiter told them

to go to earth and with a sword divide every creature into two parts. This they did, and thus began the human race.

The Hindoos have a legend that says the god Brahma, to whom was appointed the task of producing mankind, felt himself having violent pains; and at last both sides of his body burst open and from one side came a boy and from the other a girl. They were taken to the island of Ceylon, where they grew up and married.

The Chinese have a legend that the goddess Amida started the race by sweating a number of male children from her right arm-pit, and an equal number of female children from her left arm-pit.

It seems strange to those who believe the Bible that anybody can accept such silly tales as these.

The story of Aaron's magic rod, as found in the Book of Exodus, is told in another chapter; but the original history of the rod has been left out of the Bible. The Rabbi Levi and other Jewish writers, as narrated in the works of Eisenmenger, record the ancient account regarding the origin of the rod. At the close of the seventh day, or Sabbath, immediately following the creation, after Jehovah had rested from his labors, he cut this rod from the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, to use as a staff while walking about the earth and looking over the work

he had done the past week. Then, after he had made Adam, he gave him the rod. When Adam died he left the rod to Enoch, and Enoch gave it to Noah, and Noah gave it to Shem, and Shem gave it to Abraham, and Abraham gave it to Isaac, and Isaac gave it to Jacob, who brought it to Egypt with him, and turned it over to his son Joseph. By this time the true origin of the rod had become forgotten, and Joseph thought it was nothing but an ordinary walking stick handed down from the days of his great-grandfather. But Jethro, who was a mighty magician, came across it and discovered in the odd characters carven on the rod the mystic words of Jehovah himself. So he carefully preserved the rod until Moses appeared, and, perceiving by the power of his magic that Moses would need it, he gave it to him; and Moses in turn gave it to his brother Aaron. It is therefore no wonder that Moses and Aaron could perform all manner of magic in the land of Ebypt.

According to the Mussulman story Adam grew no whiskers until after the Fall. When hair appeared on his face Adam was so mortified that he wept bitterly. He felt that his good looks were gone. Then Jehovah told him why it was he had concluded to have whiskers grow on men's faces, but not on women's. "The beard," said Jehovah, "is man's

ornament on earth ; it distinguishes him from feeble woman."

Jehovah's dislike of women is so intense that it is a wonder that he ever consented to have a son by one of them. The only apparent excuse, according to the divinely inspired New Testament, was that there was no other way to raise a god with a body of flesh and blood, to be offered to himself in sacrifice.

Another Mussulman tradition says that when Adam fell out of Paradise (some of the ancients believed that he and Eve actually came tumbling down through the air) that he landed on the mountains in the island of Ceylon (being so large he naturally covered the whole range). There he remained, stupefied by his fearful fall, for a hundred years. Where Eve was all this time is not mentioned. When, at last, Adam came out of his stupor, he left his garment of fig leaves, made in Heaven, on what is known as Adam's Peak, in Ceylon. These leaves finally dried to dust, and the dust was scattered all over the island, causing the fragrant spices and plants to spring up for which the place is famed.

The inspired Book of Genesis declares that Jehovah drowned everybody on earth, save Noah and his family, in the flood. But the Rabbi Eliezer, who was also inspired, has left us an account of the flood

in which it is stated that Jehovah failed to exterminate all the wicked giants—the progeny of the angels and the daughters of men—and that a few escaped.

Other ancient rabbis tell the same story.

Rabbi Eliezer says that the giants sprang from the union of angels with the daughters of Cain, who, he declares, exposed their charms to the heavenly admirers by going about in immodest clothing. When Jehovah perceived that these angels were smitten with the enticing damsels he gave the angels bodies of flesh and blood.

Jehovah was doubtless curious to know what sort of creatures would be produced. They grew so big that they were a terror to ordinary humans; they also had ugly dispositions.

The manner in which the great giant Og escaped drowning is told in the Talmud. The story is that when Noah was leading a rhinoceros to the ark, that Og climbed on the animal's back and Noah was unable to dislodge him. The rhinoceroses, say the rabbis, were such huge beasts that the ark could not contain them; so Jehovah had Noah put a halter on the pair selected to be saved, and they went through the flood with their heads inside the ark, and their bodies swimming outside. Thus, on the back of the monster, Og rode in safety.



To give an idea of the size of an ordinary rhinoceros of that period, the Rabbi Jannai says that he once saw a baby rhinoceros on the banks of the Jordan only a day old, and that it was as big as Mount Tabor, the dimensions of which are forty miles. The neck of this infant, declares the rabbi, was three miles long, and its head half a mile. While he was gazing at the animal it dropped dung, and it choked up the River Jordan.

Other Jewish commentators, unable to explain what sort of a miracle it would require to have a hole in the ark large enough to take in the head of a rhinoceros, say that only the tip of the nose went in.

Some of the giants were so tall that the water, which, we are told, covered the highest mountains of earth, only came up to their waists. Jehovah cooked a large number of these by causing the water surrounding them to become boiling hot, so that the flesh fell off their legs and the lower parts of their bodies. Others were so big and powerful that they covered the "windows of heaven" with their hands, so that Jehovah wasn't able to rain a drop in their neighborhood. Thus did some of the giants escape the flood.

*"And it came to pass, when men began to multiply on the face of the earth, and daughters were born*

*unto them, that the sons of God (angels) saw the daughters of men were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose. \* \* \* There were giants in the earth in those days; \* \* \* when the sons of God came in unto the daughters of men, and they bare children to them, the same became mighty men which were of old."*

This bare mention of the origin of these angelic half-breeds that are said to have once dwelt on earth is found in the Bible in its present form (Genesis, chapter vi). Other sacred writings are more explicit regarding these enormous creatures. The apocryphal Book of Enoch contains an interesting account of them. Why the theologians left this book out of the Bible is a mystery. It was accepted as inspired by the early Christian Church, and, as Enoch wrote the book after he had left the earth and moved to Heaven, it would appear to be even more inspired than any other of the Scriptures. St. Jude, in the fourteenth verse of his epistle found in the New Testament, refers to the Book of Enoch, and among the early Fathers such saints as Origen, Augustine, Clement of Alexandria, and several others recognized it as inspired by Jehovah. Rabbinical writers as late as the thirteenth century also refer to it.

We are told that Jehovah took such a fancy to

Enoch that he made him one of his chief angels. This is recorded in the Commentary on the Five Books of Moses, by Rabbi Menachem. The name that Jehovah gave to Enoch, when he made an angel of him, was Metatron. He used to fly down to earth and talk to his old friends quite often. He must have created a sensation wandering around the old homestead, for he had grown to be the most gigantic of all the giants. The Rabbi Ishmael, to whom the angel Metatron—formerly Mr. Enoch—paid frequent visits, thus describes him: He (Enoch) was carried to Heaven in a chariot of fire by horses of fire; and when he entered into the presence of Jehovah, all the Sacred Beasts of Paradise (a description of some of which is found in Ezekiel, and also in the Book of Revelation), and all the holy angels recoiled five thousand three hundred and eight miles at the smell of him, and cried aloud to Jehovah, "What a stink is come among us from one born of woman! Why is one who has fed on earthly food admitted into Heaven!"

Then, we are told, Jehovah called the Sacred Beasts and angels back, and told them not to worry, that he proposed to fumigate Enoch, and then make him the biggest angel in Heaven. And he did. The Rabbi Ishmael says that Enoch all at once expanded to such a size that it would take a man five hundred

years to walk from his heel to the crown of his head. He gives his exact measure, as received from Enoch's own lips. He measured the same in thickness that he did in height. He was, declares Rabbi Ishmael, "seven hundred thousand times thousand miles in length and in breadth."

It was Enoch, says the authority quoted, that held the ladder upon which angels ascended and descended as seen by Jacob in his sleep. All the angels of Jehovah, who were the fathers of the giants, were big fellows, but there was none of them like unto Enoch.

Some of the stories told of the giants are so wonderful that it is strange they have not been preserved as part of the Christian faith. Their biographies are to be found among the Mussulmans and Oriental Christians. We are told it was a giant, named Gian ben Gian, that erected the pyramids of Egypt. If the theologians had known of the great Chinese wall they might have claimed that it also was the work of Gian ben Gian.

Some of these giants had numerous arms and legs, and some possessed several heads. Jehovah provided animals of like build upon which they rode. The giant Semendoun had an hundred arms. It was all his mother could do to handle him when a child. This giant married and had a son named Hus-

chenk, who killed a giant with three heads, mounted on an animal with twelve legs. Jehovah created this species of animals—called Rakhsche—by crossing a crocodile with an hippopotamus. They fed on the flesh of snakes. It appears that some of the women married to the angels gave birth to freaks, for we are told of a race called Mahisers, that had fishes' heads—like sharks. They were creatures of great ferocity. The giant Hüschenk, having killed the giant with the three heads, and then having mounted the twelve-legged charger, went after the Mahisers and killed the whole tribe.

Among other strange creatures at this time, as told by the Mussulmans, was an immense bird called the Simorg. The bird was a particular friend of Jehovah's, and very religious. It spoke all languages.

## CHAPTER IV.

**I**N THE writings of Eutychius, Patriarch of Alexandria, who lived in the tenth century, quotations are found from scriptural documents that are now lost concerning Noah and the flood. It appears that Jehovah has been unable to preserve some of his inspired records.

Eutychius declares that Noah, when building the ark, made a bell of plane wood, about five feet high, which he sounded three times a day, at morning, noon, and evening, to warn the people that Jehovah was going to drown them. "Before they entered the ark," says this holy father, "Noah and his sons went to the cave of Elcanuz, where lay the bodies of Adam, Seth, Cainan, Mahalaleel, Jared, Methuselah, and Lamech. He kissed his dead ancestors, and bore off the body of Adam, together with precious oblations. Shem bore gold; Ham took myrrh; and Japheth incense. Having gone forth, as they descended the Holy Mount they lifted their eyes to Paradise, which crowned it, and said, with tears, 'Farewell! Holy Paradise, Farewell!' and they

kissed the stones and embraced the trees of the Holy Mount" (Selden edition of Eutychius, Patriarcha Alexandria).

Ibn Abbas, the Mussulman commentator, records that Noah, knowing nothing about shipbuilding, asked Jehovah what would be the proper shape of the ark, and also what kind of wood to use. Jehovah told him to build the boat on the plan of a bird's belly, and to use teak wood. Jehovah had Noah plant a special teak tree for the work, which grew in twenty years to such a size that it furnished all the timber required (Chronicle of Tabari).

A great deal of confusion regarding the inspired records has been caused, not only through losing many of the original revelations from Jehovah, but also by leaving out of the Bible books still in existence. For instance, the account in Genesis (chapter iv, verse 15) says that Jehovah put a mark on Cain so that everybody would recognize him. The Book of Jasher tells us what the mark was—it was a horn, that grew out of Cain's forehead. We are further told that Lamech, who was well along in years before he became the father of any children, was blind in his old age. One day he was wandering through the woods, led by his son Tubal-cain, when who should appear in the distance but Cain. When Tubal-cain saw Cain, with the horn protruding from his fore-

head, he thought it was some wild animal, and became frightened, and cried to his father, who carried a bow and arrow, "Span they bow and shoot!" This the old man did; and blind as he was he hit the mark and Cain fell dead.

The ancient rabbis are unanimous in supporting this account. It explains the words found in Genesis iv, verses 23 and 24: "And Lamech said unto his wives, Adah and Tillah, Hear my voice; ye wives of Lamech, harken unto my speech: for I have slain a man to my wounding, and a young man to my hurt. If Cain shall be avenged sevenfold, truly Lamech seventy-fold."

In the fifteenth verse of the chapter in Genesis quoted it says that Jehovah told Cain that if anybody should kill him vengeance would "be taken on him seven-fold."

Now when Lamech discovered he had killed Cain, who was, according to the record found in this same chapter of Genesis, his own great-great-great-great-grandfather, he smote his hands together so violently that he hit his own son Tubalcain and killed him. This so enraged his wives that they plotted vengeance on him. But Lamech told them that if Cain should be avenged seven-fold, Lamech would be avenged seventy-fold. So the two



women, Adah and Tillah, concluded it was best not to molest their husband.

The Book of Jasher says that in those days the young men did not want their wives to bear children, and the way they kept them sterile was by giving them large quantities of strong drink. Tillah, we are told, carried a steady jag until she became an old woman. Then she sobered up and gave birth to Tubal-cain and Naamah.

The Chronicle of Tabari says that Satan rode inside the ark during the forty days of the flood. The way he got in is as follows: When Noah was herding the animals into the ark—one male and one female of each variety—Satan caught hold of the jackass's tail, causing the creature to move along slowly. This made Noah impatient, and he shouted, "You cursed one, come in quick," meaning the ass. When Noah discovered Satan still clinging to the animal's tail, inside the ark, he said, "What right have you in here?"

"I have entered at your invitation," replied Satan. "You said, 'Cursed one, come in'; I am the accursed one."

Jehovah himself must have smiled at the joke.

The Chronicle of Tabari further gives this interesting information in natural history, which is another strong theological refutation of the the-

ory of evolution: "There left the ark two sorts of animals which had not entered it—the pig and the cat. These animals did not exist before the Deluge, and Jehovah created them in the ark because it became vile with animal and human filth, which caused a terrible stench. The persons in the ark, not being able to endure any longer the smell, complained to Noah. Then Noah passed his hand down the back of the elephant, and it evacuated a pair of pigs. The pigs ate all the filth which was in the ark, and the stench was no more."

The story of the creation of the cat follows: It seems that Jehovah, during the six days in which he made the universe out of nothing, created rats, but overlooked making any cats. So it happened that the pair of rats that Noah brought into the ark became a great nuisance. "They ate the food, and befouled what they did not eat." They bred so fast that the ark was overrun with them. "Then," says the Chronicle of Tabari, "the voyagers went to Noah, and said to him, You delivered us in our former trouble, but now we are plagued with rats, which gnaw our garments, eat our victuals, and cover everything with their filth. Then Noah passed his hand down the back of the lion, who sneezed, and a pair of cats leaped out of his nostrils. And the cats ate the rats."

It is suggested that the professors in the theological seminaries should read this narrative of the origin of the pigs and cats and teach it to the divinity students.

The Mussulman account of the planting of the vineyard from the juice of which Noah became intoxicated is somewhat different from the Genesis account; it says that Ham, and not his father, planted it. If this is true, Ham himself was the original cause of the curse Jehovah put upon him. The account reads: "When Ham had planted the vine, Satan watered it with the blood of a peacock; when it thrust forth leaves, he sprinkled it with the blood of an ape; when it formed grapes, he drenched it with the blood of a lion; when the grapes were ripe, he watered it with the blood of a swine. The vine, watered by the blood of these four animals, has assumed these characters. The first glass of wine makes a man animated, his vivacity great, his color is heightened. In this condition he is like the peacock. When the fumes of the liquor rise into his head, he is gay, and he leaps and gambols like an ape. When drunkenness takes possession of him, he is like a furious lion. When it is at its height he is like the swine; he falls and grovels on the ground, stretches himself out, and goes to sleep" (Colin de Plancy, *Legendes de l'Ancient Testament*).

Noah drank a swine's worth; the result of which, by command of Jehovah, Ham and his descendants became negroes; black slavery became a divinely ordained institution; a civil war took place in America several thousand years later; and lynchings of blacks is still a popular amusement.

The Chronicle of Tabari declares that Ham, for having laughed at his drunken and naked father, became black, and that the grapes he planted became purple. Originally all grapes were white.

One story is that Noah had a nurse, who, in the sight of Jehovah, was one of the most important personages in sacred history. Her name was Sambathe, and she was the first of the Sibyls, or female fortune-tellers.

Ham, even though he was cursed and made black, lived quite an eventful life after the flood. He was the only person living possessing the knowledge of magic. Prior to the flood there was a set of books on magic specially gotten up by Jehovah for the use of his magicians, which were in Ham's custody. Just before it started to rain, for safekeeping, Ham buried these books; and when the flood was over he exhumed them. With the knowledge contained in these books Ham could not only perform wonders, in spite of Jehovah's curse, but, it is stated, he even improved on the magic found in the books, and com-

posed new magic of his own. Cerco d'Ascoli, in his "Commentary on the Sphere of Sacrabosco," says that he had personally seen one of the books on magic composed by Ham, "which contained the elements and practice of necromancy." Books on alchemy and conjuration of spirits existed among the Christians in the middle ages, which were claimed to have been written by Ham. They were accepted as divinely inspired. It seems a shame, when we realize how much of Jehovah's original religion has been lost or repudiated.

One of Jehovah's noted magicians was a descendant of Shem, named Saleh (or Salah). He probably possessed some of Ham's works on magic. Bare mention of his birth, found in Genesis, x, verse 24, and that he was an ancestor of Jesus' on his foster-father Joseph's side, as narrated in Luke iii, verse 35, is all that the Bible, in its present form, says of him. But his memory and deeds have, at least partly, been preserved in the Mohammedan writings.

The Mussulmans claim that Saleh was chosen by Jehovah to convert the Thamudites. The Thamudites were cavemen, and dwelt among the rocks. Now Saleh, though his parents were followers of Jehovah, was born among the Thamudites, and the people tried to convert him to their religion; but Saleh could not be converted. When he was a young man the

Thamudites said, "He is young and inexperienced; when he is old, and grown wiser, he will adore our gods." But Saleh only preached Jehovah all the harder.

Finally, seeing that the Thamudites were determined to remain heathen, Jehovah lost all patience and told Saleh to go the limit—to tell the Thamudites that they must either worship the God of Israel, or be exterminated. So Saleh issued a bull, in the name of Jehovah, to this effect. But the Thamudites replied, "What miracle can you work, to prove that your mission is from Jehovah?" Then said Saleh, "Oh, my people, a she-camel that shall come from Jehovah shall be to you for a sign. Let her go and eat on the earth, and do her no injury, that a terrible retribution fall not upon you" (Koran).

It seems that Saleh had asked what sort of a miracle they wanted to prove that Jehovah was a great god, and they had replied, "Bring out of a rock a camel with red hair, and a colt of a camel also with red hair; let them eat grass, and we will believe."

"Very well," said Saleh, who evidently knew that Jehovah had droves of red-haired camels in Paradise; so he hunted a good sized rock and got down on his knees and prayed; and sure enough, in the presence of the assembled Thamudites, the rock groaned in pain, split asunder, and out stepped a red-

haired camel with her red-haired foal, and they both began to eat grass. Still the Thamudites would not worship Jehovah. Then the camel went to the spring of living water that had for generations quenched the thirst of the people, and she drank it dry. In a day or two the Thamudites went to Saleh and said: "We must have water!"

Saleh replied, "The fountain shall flow one day for you, and one day for the camel." So Jehovah put a spell on the spring, and it flowed according to Saleh's order. One day the red-haired camel and her colt would get there early, and drink the spring dry; and it did not flow again till the next day, when the camel would stay away, and let the people drink.

But this arrangement was far from satisfactory to the Thamudites. They wanted to drink every day, and not every other day, and, besides, the women often had washing to do; so they soon began to hate the red-haired camel and her red-haired colt, and planned among themselves how to get rid of them. But Saleh threatened the people with dire calamity the day they harmed the camel, and the people, having witnessed Saleh's magic, were afraid. Then Jehovah came to Saleh and told him that a child would be born who would kill the camel. "The slayer," said Jehovah, "will be a child with red hair and blue eyes."

This news Saleh told to the Thamudites, who immediately made investigation and found that ten women of their tribe would soon become mothers. Therefore they chose ten midwives to attend the ten women, with instructions to choke to death every red-headed youngster that appeared.

Now Jehovah had charmed these expectant mothers, so that every one of them gave birth to a red-headed, blue-eyed boy. The nurses got away with nine of them, but the mother of the tenth, who was a wife of a chief of the tribe, saved hers. The way it happened is thus told: The parents of the nine children that were killed at birth conceived a deadly hatred against Saleh, whom they declared was in league with Satan, and that his magic power would be destroyed if they could slay him. They therefore determined to kill him; and when the time was come for the chief's wife to be delivered, the nine fathers of the nine dead babies assembled at the home of the chief and dragged the midwife off the premises the minute the child was born, which proved, like the others, to be a red-headed boy. So the child lived, and when he was eleven years old he became, we are told, "great and handsome." This encouraged the fathers of the nine slaughtered babies to still further endeavor to carry out their designs against Saleh. They said: "We will kill



him outside the city, and returning, say we were elsewhere when he was killed." So they hid themselves under a rock, just outside the city limits, at a spot where Saleh was accustomed to wander in prayerful meditation. But Jehovah was on the track of the nine fathers of slaughtered babies, and no sooner were they seated in ambush under the projecting rock than he pushed it over on them and crushed them to death. The next day their corpses were discovered; and then the whole tribe of Thamudites became incensed. They said, "Saleh has slain our children, and now he slays our men."

However, fearing Saleh himself, they concluded to first tackle the camel. This was the chance for the red-haired boy to fulfill Jehovah's prediction. He went to the fountain where the camel was drinking, and with one kick he tumbled her over, and with another kick killed her. Then the colt, seeing what happened to its mother, ran for its life, with the red-headed boy after it. Then Saleh, who had witnessed the proceedings, shouted so that it was heard for miles—"The wrath of the God Jehovah is about to fall!"

Hearing this the whole population went in pursuit of the colt and the boy; for Saleh said that if they brought the young camel back safe and sound, Jehovah might be induced to cool off to some ex-

tent. Off toward the rock from which it and its mother had sprung fled the young camel, with the red-headed boy close on its heels; and it reached the rock just as it heard the shouts of the multitude in hot pursuit; and turning around, and facing the whole outfit, the colt gave three piercing cries and vanished into the rock. The Thamudites came up and beat the rock, but it was no use. That young camel was safe in the arms of Jehovah.

Then said Saleh, who had joined the crowd, "The wrath of Jehovah is now on the way; prepare to receive it. Tomorrow your faces will become livid, the next day black, and the day after fiery red."

And it happened, just as Saleh said it would. The third day, with their faces like burning coals, the voice of Jehovah himself sounded like the roar of a troop lions, and the heathen fell dead; all save a few converts that Saleh had made.

The Chronicle of Tabari informs us that the young camel that escaped into the rock, together with the ass that Balaam rode, are now in Heaven.

S. Baring-Gould, in his "Legends of the Patriarchs," tells us that certain Arabian historians give a still more wonderful account of the birth and mission of Saleh. It runs as follows: Djundu Ibn Omar was King of the Thamudites, with an army of seventy thousand soldiers. He had a palace cut

out of the face of a rock, and his high-priest, named Kanuch Ibn Abid, had one constructed the same way. A great temple was built of rock, in which was an image of the Thamudite god. This image had the head of a man, the neck of a bull, the body of a lion, and the feet of a horse. (He somewhat resembled the animals seen by Ezekiel, an account of which appears in another chapter.) The image was made of gold, and decorated with precious stones. One day as Kanuch, the high-priest, was praying in the temple to the gold idol with the head of a man and the neck of a bull and the feet of a horse, he fell in a fit; and when he came out of it he saw the image lying prostrate on the floor, with its crown fallen from its head. This so startled Kanuch that he fled to the king, who sent men to set up the image again and replace its crown.

But Kanuch, who suspected that Jehovah was the cause of the image's downfall, began to lose faith in his heathen god and refused to pray in the temple. The king thereupon sent two of his officers to cut off Kanuch's head. But Jehovah struck the officers with blindness just as they were about to execute Kanuch, and sent two angels, who transported him to a grotto filled with provision and drink. The king diligently searched for the high-priest, but could not find him, and finally, giving him up for lost, ap-

pointed a kinsman, by the name of Davud, to be high-priest. But after performing his new duties for three days Davud came to the king and reported that the image had again tumbled down on the floor and dropped its crown. Then the king had the image set up once more.

By this time Satan had learned of the strange things being done in the temple, and hastened there and entered into the image of the heathen god, and, speaking through its mouth, exhorted everybody to beware of Jehovah, and to remain true to their heathen god. Encouraged at hearing this Davud ordered a sacrifice of two fat bulls to be offered to the image; but no sooner were the animals led to the altar than one of them, enchanted by Jehovah, opened its mouth and cried: "Will you sacrifice us to a heathen god? O Jehovah, do thou destroy this heathen nation!" Then the bulls broke their halters and fled away. Men on horseback pursued them, but it was no use. Jehovah hid the bulls where they could not be found.

Jehovah, before utterly annihilating the Thamudites, concluded to give them one more chance to renounce their religion and become orthodox. Jehovah is a very merciful god. Now Kanuch's wife, whose name was Ragwah, had mourned continuously the disappearance of her husband. So

Jehovah sent a bird from Paradise to conduct her to the cave where the angels had taken her husband. This bird was a raven, with a white head, a green back, purple feet, and a blue beak, and its eyes were made of sparkling gems. The rest of the body was black. This species of crow is quite common in Heaven. It was midnight when the celestial bird entered Ragwah's bedchamber, and the place was very dark; but the light from the raven's eyes lit up the room, and Ragwah, who lay there weeping, arose in astonishment at the sight. Then the bird opened its beak and said to the woman: "Arise and follow me! Jehovah has seen thy tears, and will reunite thee to thy husband." So she followed the raven, who flew before her, lighting the way with its sparkling eyes, and just before daybreak the two arrived at the grotto wherein Kanuch was concealed. Then cried the raven, "Kanuch, open to thy wife." Then the bird flew back to Heaven.

Nine months later Ragwah gave birth to the child Saleh, who, we are told, was the exact likeness of Seth, the son of Adam, and who appeared with a halo on his brow, such as is seen on pictures of saints.

Soon after this event Kanuch died. Then the same bird of Paradise that had led Ragwah to the grotto appeared again, and led her and the child back

to their old home. Saleh grew up in beauty and strength, a pride to the whole neighborhood. When he became a young man a war was being waged between the Thamudites and the descendants of Ham, and the colored people were winning all the battles; so Jehovah had Saleh, wearing the halo on his head, suddenly appear on the battlefield and the tide turned, and the Thamudites routed the enemy. This made Saleh popular with the people, but it filled the king with jealousy; so he had a number of assassins sent to take Saleh's life. However, no sooner would one of these come near to Saleh to kill him, than Jehovah caused his hands to wither and become powerless.

Finally Saleh converted enough heathen to build a temple to Jehovah. But one day the king surrounded the temple with his troops and swore he would put to death Saleh and his followers, unless a miracle was performed to prove that Jehovah was the real god. Saleh went to a date-tree that stood near and began to pray; and immediately all the leaves on the tree became snakes and scorpions that chased and bit the king and all his soldiers. At the same time two doves that made their home in the terrace of Jehovah's temple sang out: "Believe in Saleh, he is a prophet and messenger of Jehovah.!"

The king and his soldiers, who were bitten by the

magic reptiles, were now stretched on the ground moaning in agony, their limbs all swollen, and about to die. This sight softened the heart of Saleh and he prayed to Jehovah to let up. Jehovah answered the prayer, and the snakes and scorpions immediately became date leaves again, and took their proper places on the tree. The men they had bitten also recovered.

Still the king and his loyal followers refused to acknowledge Jehovah, and continued to worship their heathen god. This made Saleh angry, and he prayed to Jehovah to destroy them all. But Jehovah was not yet ready for the massacre. His mercy still held out. So he sent an angel, who put Saleh, like the story of Rip Van Winkle, to sleep for twenty years. When he awoke he went to the temple he had built, thinking he had only slept for a night. But he found the temple destroyed, and all his converts dead or backslidden. He fell down on his face and wept. Then the angel Gabriel appeared, and said to him: "Thou wert hasty in desiring the destruction of this people, therefore Jehovah hath withdrawn from thy life twenty years, which he has taken from thee in sleep. Now he sends thee precious relics wherewith to establish thy mission, to wit, Adam's shirt, Abel's sandals, Enoch's seal ring, Noah's sword, and Hud's staff."

The next day, as King Djundu and his brother Schihab, with the priests and princes, were leading a procession to the temple, Saleh ran before them and stood in the doorway.

“Who art thou?” demanded the king, who did not recognize Saleh after his twenty years’ sleep.

Then spoke Saleh: “I am Saleh, the messenger of the only true God, who preached to you twenty years ago, and showed you many signs and wonders, but you would not believe. And now once more I appear unto you to give you a proof of my mission. Ask what miracle I shall perform and it shall be done.”

Then said the king, “Bring me here out of the rock a camel one hundred ells long, of every color under the sun, whose eyes are like lightning and whose feet are swifter than the wind.” Saleh said he would do this. Then the high-priest, Davud, who was standing by, said, “Let its fore-feet be golden and its hind-feet silver, its head of emerald and its ears of ruby. Let it bear on its hump a tent of silver, woven with gold threads and adorned with pearls, resting on four pillars of diamonds.” Saleh agreed to bring the animal forth according to the description given. Then the king added, “And let it bring with it a foal like to its mother, just born, and running by



her side; then will I believe in Jehovah, and in thee as his prophet."

"And wilt thou believe, too?" asked Saleh of the high-priest. "Yes," answered Davud, "if she will give milk without being milked, cold in summer and warm in winter." "And one thing more," spoke the king's brother Schihab, "the milk must heal the sick, enrich the poor, and the camel must of its own accord go into every house and fill the pails with milk."

"Be it according to your will," said Saleh. "But I warn you—nobody must injury the camel, deprive it of its food or drink, attempt to ride it, or use it for any kind of labor." Everybody agreeing to this proposition, Saleh lifted up his eyes and prayed to Jehovah. "And," we are told, "the earth opened under his feet and a well of fragrant water gushed up, and poured over the rock, and the rock was rent," and out stepped the wonderful camel and her new-born foal, exactly filling the bill required by the heathen.

It was one of the most spectacular performances of magic recorded of Jehovah, and should find its place in the orthodox creeds. It almost equals Elijah's transportation to Heaven in a chariot of fire, drawn by celestial steeds of the same material.

At the sight of the camel, we are told the king fell on Saleh's neck, kissed him, confessed his faith

in Jehovah, and was saved. But his brother Schihab and the high-priest Davud declared it was the work of Satan. It was hard in those days to decide whether it was Satan or Jehovah doing the tricks. However, as the camel went about daily giving milk to the people—who had only to set their pails where the camel could straddle them, and the milk came of its own accord—many became converted to Jehovah. Moreover the camel, say the Mussulmans, never failed to say grace when she ate or drank.

But Schihab, the king's brother, still faithful to his heathen god, and plotting to overturn the king and occupy the throne himself, promised his beautiful daughter Rajan to whoever would kill the camel. So a young peasant named Kaddar, who had for a long while been smitten with the charms of the princess, armed himself with a sword and went after the animal. He came upon her as she was saying grace, just prior to taking a drink of water; and with a stroke of his sword wounded the creature in the hock. At once, under the charm of Jehovah, all nature—rocks, trees and streams—uttered a fearful cry. This frightened the would-be bridegroom of the beautiful Rajan so that he ran to the top of a mountain and screamed: "Jehovah's curse on you, ye heathen people!" He had immediately become a convert to Jehovah's religion. During the excitement

that followed Schihab seized the throne and proclaimed himself king, and threatened death to all who denied his authority. Everybody took the oath of allegiance to the new ruler but Saleh and King Djunda, who were obliged to make a hasty escape; but not before Saleh had pronounced a doom on the wicked heathen. "Three days," he cried, "are given you for repentance; after that ye shall all perish.

The following day the faces of all the heathen turned yellow, and wherever the wounded camel limped a spring of blood bubbled up out of the earth. On the second day all their faces turned blood-red, and on the third day they became as black as coals. That same evening a pair of scarlet wings grew on the camel, and she flew with her foal on her back to Paradise. Then Jehovah rained down mountains of fire, as he had on Sodom; and Hell, which was in those days located under the flat earth, blew brimstone and sulphur flames through a great crack, and all the heathen became a heap of ashes. Only Saleh, the prophet of Jehovah, and the converted King Djunda, were left alive.

(Those acquainted with Mussulman legends and Scriptures will note that the only change made by the writer is in the use of "Jehovah" instead of "Allah" in reference to "God." However, it will be readily admitted, the Mussulman "Allah" and the Jew-

ish Jehovah are in fact one and the same god. The Koran follows the Jewish and Christian Scriptures, starting with the creation of Adam, even to the acknowledgement of Jesus as a prophet.)

## CHAPTER V.

**I**SAAC, the son of Abraham, lived to grow up and marry and raise a family. He had a son, Jacob, who worked as a hired hand for a farmer named Laban. Laban had two daughters, Leah and Rachel. Rachel was the younger of the two, and Jacob naturally fell in love with her, and finally won her father's consent to marry her by promising to milk the cows and do all the chores for seven years without pay. The seven years up, Jacob demanded his bride, and Laban apparently prepared to fulfill his part of the contract. He gave a wedding feast, to which he invited all the men of the neighborhood, with the assurance that when they had ate and drank their fill he would turn Rachel over to the groom. In those days women did not attend these festivities. The women did the work.

The wedding feast, as was the custom, lasted all day; the result being that when night came Jacob had imbibed so much of his prospective father-in-law's wine that his brain was befuddled. Then Laban, who had kept sober, played a shrewd swindle

on the tipsy groom; the outcome of which was that when Jacob came to his senses in the morning he found himself in possession of the elderly Leah instead of Rachel. He jumped into his overalls and started after papa Laban with blood in his eye. But finally Laban smoothed matters by giving him Rachel also, upon condition that he worked on the farm for seven years more.

But Jacob never did learn to like Leah. This caused Jehovah to become friendly with her (Genesis xxix, verse 31). The consequence of this friendship was that Leah had a number of children, while Rachel had none. This naturally made Rachel envious, so she followed the example of her grandmother, Sarah. Rachel owned a female slave, by the name of Billah, that her father had given to her as a wedding present. Now Jehovah had passed a law that turned all the children borne by a female slave over to the party that owned the slave. This looked better than nothing at all to Rachel, and she told Jacob so; the result being that two sons were born to her via Billah.

About this time Jehovah quit having anything more to do with Leah, and the stork ceased its regular visits. But Leah didn't propose to be outclassed by her sister Rachel. She, too, had a wedding present from her father—a bondmaid by the name of

Zilpah. Jacob fell an easy victim to this second conspiracy, and Leah soon became the foster-mother of two mullatoes. The morals of those holy men of old appear to have been somewhat shaky.

When Jehovah heard of this his friendship for Leah came back; he had a talk with her, and she gave birth to two more sons and one daughter. This was more than Rachel could stand, and she complained bitterly to Jehovah the next time she met him. Her complaint softened his heart, so that Rachel at last had a child of her own, whom she called Joseph, who finally was sold by his half-brothers to some wandering Egyptian slave-dealers, and was taken down to Egypt, whither after a few years the children of Israel (which was the name Jehovah gave to Jacob) followed, only to be finally captured and enslaved by the royalty and aristocracy of that land, in which dire condition they and their children's children spent an unhappy existence toiling in brick yards. They had "increased" so "abundantly," runs the inspired record, that Jehovah didn't know how to manage to get them out of Egypt. Pharaoh turned down all propositions to let them go.

Now there was a man among the Israelites by the name of Moses, who had a brother, Aaron, both of whom Jehovah enchanted, so that they became great

magicians. Aaron had a charmed rod, an account of which has already been given, and when he dropped this rod on the ground it turned into a snake; and then he would pick the snake up by the tail, and it became a rod again. Moses could put his hand under his shirt, and when he took it out it was withered and white and leprous; then he would put it under his shirt again and pull it out healthy and strong.

Moses went to Pharaoh and worked some of his sorcery, and told him if he did not let the children of Israel depart in peace he would do some conjuring that would bring the entire population of Egypt to their knees. Pharaoh laughed. He sent for some of his own magicians, who were enchanted by the Egyptian gods, and they, too, threw their sticks on the ground and they became snakes. Then Aaron threw down his stick, and it turned into a big snake and swallowed all the snakes conjured by the Egyptian magicians. This, of course, ended the performance, and, according to the inspired record, would have induced Pharaoh to let the children of Israel depart, only Jehovah "hardened Pharaoh's heart." Jehovah had hardly started his magic and he did not propose to have the curtain rung down till the whole show was over. The most thrilling acts were yet to appear, with the final blood-curdling tragedy



of Jehovah himself on a nightraid through Egypt slaughtering all the babies.

Leading up to this climax Jehovah tantalized Pharaoh and his subjects with a fearful assortment of plagues. He turned the rivers and creeks into blood, and filled Egypt so full of frogs that they swarmed the people's bedchambers; and then Pharaoh's magicians did the same. Then Jehovah conjured up a sorcery that baffled the Egyptians—he had Aaron smite the dust of the earth with his charmed stick, and it turned into lice. Pharaoh's magicians smote the earth, but they couldn't raise a louse. Jehovah walked off with the belt.

After this Pharaoh declared himself ready to surrender and let the children of Israel go—said he wouldn't suffer this way any longer for all the brick-makers on earth; but Jehovah "hardened his heart" again, so that he was ready to stand for another plague. Jehovah was having the time of his life. He was setting a precedent for his priests to thereafter follow in handling heretics. He tormented the Egyptians with myriads of flies, and even took his spite out on the Egyptian cattle; these poor beasts Jehovah tortured, we are told, with "a very grievous murrain," so that they died; and there was no society for the prevention of cruelty to animals to stop him. Then Jehovah had Moses and Aaron shake

ashes in the air, and everybody but the children of Israel became covered with boils. Even the Egyptian magicians had them. Then he made it rain hail, and every Egyptian, and all their live stock, that was struck with this hail, immediately perished. After this he filled the country with swarms of locusts. Then he had Moses stretch out his hand and thick darkness covered the land. Then he staged the last tragic act. It is the bloodiest tale ever narrated.

In the blackness of a starless midnight Jehovah strode through Egypt with a bludgeon in his fist and beat the brains out of the firstborn of every man and beast. The shrieks of mangled and dying infants—the death moans of the colts and kids and calves—was music in Jehovah's ears. The only way the children of Israel escaped the holocaust was because they had sprinkled their doors with fresh lamb's blood. By the dim light of the flame from his mouth Jehovah saw that blood on the doors and passed the Israelites by. Then he started them on their way to the Promised Land, assuring them that when they reached there he would help them conquer the natives, so they could take it for themselves. •

But in the meantime he hardened Pharaoh's heart once more so that he gathered his army and

gave chase. Pharaoh caught up with the escaping children of Israel just as they were about half way through the Red Sea. Jehovah had stood the waters up on end so that they could walk across. Pharaoh and his hosts plunged in after them. This was the trap that Jehovah had set. The children of Israel had no more than climbed up the other side, with Pharaoh and his hosts strung along in the middle of the sea, than Jehovah let loose his hold on the waters and drowned the whole horde of Egyptians like so many rats. All this is told in the inspired Book of Exodus, chapters vii to xiv, inclusive.

In order to show them the way to the Promised Land, Jehovah had a pillar of cloud travel in front of them all day. When they journeyed after dark an angel went ahead with a lantern. Their way lay through a barren country, and they would have starved if Jehovah had not covered the land with prepared breakfast-food every night. When their stomachs revolted at a continuous diet of this preparation, Jehovah showered quails on them. When they were dry Moses would punch a rock and fresh water gushed forth. Jehovah stayed by Moses during the entire trip, which lasted forty years.

They had many fights with heathen along the route. In one of these Jehovah had Moses hold up his hands, and as long as he held them up the chil-

dren of Israel had the best of it; but when Moses grew weary and let his hands drop the heathen would win. Finally, finding that they lost out every time Moses collapsed, a couple of Israelites stood on each side of him and bolstered up his arms. By sundown they had annihilated the last of the heathen.

After roaming about for three months the children of Israel finally came into the wilderness of Sinai, so called after the mountain of that name. Here Jehovah made a public exhibition of his power in fire and smoke and thunder and earthquake. He surrounded the mountain with a thick cloud, and gave warning that the first man or beast that broke through the cloud and gazed on his person would be stoned to death. Only Moses and his brother Aaron did Jehovah allow to climb to the top of the mountain, and then he only permitted Moses to see his hind parts (Exodus, xxxiii, verse 23). There he gave to Moses laws to govern the people. Part of these laws he wrote with his finger on a piece of stone; the rest he whispered into Moses' ear.

The first of these laws commanded the Jews to never acknowledge any other god or gods except Jehovah. The Christians, who have added two more gods to the list, send the Jews to Hell for obeying this law.

Another law that Jehovah gave made art a crime. He forbade the carving of any image of anything in Heaven, earth or sea. Laws against murder and theft were given. However, these did not apply to killing and robbing the heathen. Adultery, on the part of the woman, was a capital crime. With a man it was merely a misdemeanor, punished by a fine. To covet your neighbor's property was an offense. The neighbor's wives were catalogued with his barnyard stock as property. Jehovah made special laws governing chattel slavery. The traffic in home-grown slaves, as told in the inspired record contained in Exodus xxi, verse 2, was limited to six years' ownership of the victim. However, if his master, out of the kindness of his heart and with an eye to business, had given him a wife, and she had borne children, then, says Jehovah, when he is set free the wife and children belong to the master, and the slave must wander off alone. If the poor fellow finds his love for his wife and little ones stronger than his desire for freedom, then the tender-hearted Jehovah ordained a law by which the master stood the slave up against a barn-door and bored a hole in his ear, and thereby the slave became his property forever. This law is found in Exodus xxi, verse 6.

The next law that Jehovah gave, as told in verse 7

of the same chapter and book, allowed a father to sell his daughter to anybody that had the price. In the same chapter Jehovah commanded that if an ox gored a man or woman, said ox should be publicly taken out and executed. Like John Wesley and Cotton Mather, Jehovah was a firm believer in witchcraft. In Exodus xxii, verse 18, he orders them to be killed.

Along the road the children of Israel were traveling on their way to the Promised Land were tribes of Hivites, Canaanites and Hittites. Jehovah scattered these with swarms of hornets.

The Israelites offered sacrifices to Jehovah of everything imaginable. Moses used up barrels of blood; he not only covered the altars, but also splattered the people with it. It must have been a sight to see them on their way back from services with their faces streaked and the blood dripping down their shirt fronts.

Besides rams and goats and young bulls, Jehovah, as told in Exodus xxv, gave a list of other things he declared should be offered to him, viz.: "Gold, and silver, and brass, and blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine linen, and goats' hair, and rams' skins dyed red, and badgers' skins, and shittim wood, oil for the light, spices for anointing oil, and for sweet incense, onyx stones, and stones to be set

in the ephod, and in the breastplate." Dolled up in all this jewelry, and goat-hair, and red ram-skin, and badger-pelt, and properly greased with the oil and incense, Jehovah was some class. And then, what do you know about this?—he had them make a cute little box, covered with fancy fixings, and in this box, locked up tight, Jehovah himself would take temporary abode. You see he could make himself big or little at will. Then he had them build an altar and stand it outside the box, to be kept smoking with the burning flesh of animals. He also had a sign hung outside, to warn trespassers away, that read "Holiness to the Lord." Anybody that tampered with the box was stoned to death. The box and the altar were perfumed every day with a special perfume.

Even with all this spectacular evidence in view some of the people, we are told, lost their faith in Jehovah, and so, during Moses' absence, Aaron, who was somewhat of a sculptor, made them a gold calf to worship. They probably figured that the calf, even if it could do them no good, could do them no harm. When Jehovah discovered what had been done he fell into a fit of fury. Moses tried to quiet him down, but Jehovah cried: "Let me alone, Moses, that my wrath may wax hot against them, that I may consume them." These are Jehovah's

words, as told in Exodus xxxii, verse 10. And sure enough, after Jehovah's wrath had waxed awhile, it became good and hot. He deputed a number of priests and ordered them to start a slaughter. They killed three thousand of the heretics. Centuries after Jehovah's priests pulled off a similar slaughter on St. Bartholomew's Day in Paris. Such is the force of example. Finally Jehovah's wrath, that had waxed hot, cooled down, and he forgave the Israelites for deserting him for a gold calf.

Jehovah laid down special laws regarding sacrifices. He was particular as to how his meat should be cooked. The inspired record of Leviticus starts off the first chapter and devotes several more to telling how to broil animals so as to satisfy Jehovah's smell. The legs and inwards of the animal must be thoroughly washed by the priest. The "parts, the head, and the fat," had to go on the fire first. If the offering was a sheep, it had to be killed on the north side of the altar. Pigeons and other fowls had their necks wrung, and the feathers cast on the east side. Anybody, high or low, who had committed a sin, could square themselves with Jehovah if they would follow the proper directions in offering up a goat or sheep. For instance, if it was a ruler that had sinned, he used a male goat; if it was one of the common people a female sheep would do



the work. Those versed in theology will realize how important these distinctions are.

Jehovah made strict rules regarding the style of clothing the priests should wear while officiating at sacrifices or other divine services. Also how they should trim their whiskers. Also he commanded them to cut out strong drink on these occasions.

Jehovah prepared a bill of fare, telling what kind of animals should be eaten, and what should not. He barred pigs, camels and rabbits. Also eels and oysters. Among the birds he tabooed eagles, vultures, crows and owls. Locusts, beetles and grasshoppers were allowed on the menu. Worms and caterpillars were prohibited.

Jehovah gave the priests medical instructions in regard to scabs, boils, pimples and sore spots in general. The patient was immediately locked up long enough to discover whether his complaint was a case of leprosy, or only some ordinary variety of skin disease. If it was only the itch, an offering of lamb's blood mixed with oil would in time cure him; if it was leprosy there was no hope. It appears, as told in Leviticus xiv, verse 34, that Jehovah had an object in view regarding the fatal disease of leprosy that had been contracted in Egypt; he intended to use it to plague the natives of the Promised Land, whom

he had planned to drive out so he could turn over their country to the children of Israel.

Among the moral laws that Jehovah gave his people was one that forbade a young man from removing the clothing from his father, or any of his father's wives or relatives. Such pranks as this had to be perpetrated on strangers. It was a crime for a Hebrew to cut his hair or shave. Any man or woman caught with a "familiar spirit" was stoned to death. If a woman committed adultery, Jehovah had her stoned to death. If she happened to be the daughter of a priest the offense was still worse—Jehovah ordered her burned (Leviticus xxi, verse 9). With the male population it was different. Jehovah said it was all right for a man to make a white-slave of his own sister, if she had failed to obtain a husband (Leviticus, xxi, verse 3).

Jehovah was exceedingly particular as to what sort of men should offer sacrifices to him. Any one that was blind, or lame, or had a pug nose, or corns, or bunions, or a finger gone, or a crooked back, or if he was too short, or too long, or was cross-eyed, or several other blemishes mentioned, could never offer up a goat. We find this recorded in Leviticus, xxi, verses 16 to 21.

There was nothing that made Jehovah so furious as to make fun of him. Blasphemy was a mortal

crime to the god that sanctioned slavery and polygamy and rapine. He had a young man whose mother was an Israelite and his father an Egyptian stoned to death for this (Leviticus, xxiv, verses 10 to 14).

With Jehovah poverty was a crime. He ordered the poor to sell themselves to a master. He told the people if they would obey his laws, and worship him, and offer him sacrifices, he would help them kill off everybody that got in their way; but if they didn't do as he said he would wreak all manner of vengeance on them. Their enemies would defeat them in battle, and he would smite them with pestilence and disease.

Some of the ordinances given by Jehovah, especially regarding women, disclosing his justice and goodness and mercy, cannot be here enlarged upon. Others can only be understood and appreciated by the doctors of divinity. For instance, in Numbers v, verses 17 to 31, Jehovah told how a suspicious husband could determine whether his wife was true or not. He should take her to the priest, and the priest would have her take her hat off and sit down in front of the box in the tabernacle, inside of which was Jehovah himself. Then the priest made the woman swallow a quantity of holy water that he had specially prepared for the occasion. The floor

of the tabernacle was conveniently covered with the mixture that he put in this water. It was evidently some sort of rough-on-rats, to judge from the effect it was likely to have on the defendant. We are informed that it made the water "bitter." If the dose made the woman sick, so that she swelled up, she was found guilty; if, however, she possessed a powerful enough digestion to get away with it, she was declared innocent. They generally swelled. Those found guilty were cursed by the priest; this, we are told, caused a "rot" to attack the woman's insides, from which she never recovered.

Finally the children of Israel drew near to the Promised Land; but finding it inhabited by mighty men and warriors, they doubted Jehovah's ability to turn it over to them. This made Jehovah's wrath wax so hot that he started in to wipe them off the earth, save Moses and his family. As Moses' wife was a negro woman (Numbers, xii, verse 1), this would have made the Israelites a race of mulattoes. But when Moses pointed out to Jehovah how the Egyptians, when they heard of it, would have the laugh on him, Jehovah let his wrath wax somewhat cooler; so, as we are told in Numbers xiv, verses 28 to 33, he concluded to only kill off the men and women over twenty years of age, and let the young men and women live to enter the Promised Land. It

was to carry out this threat that he had them wander forty years in the wilderness.

In regard to Sabbath observance Jehovah was the strictest sort of a Puritan. In Numbers xv, verses 32 to 36, we are told how he had a poor fellow stoned to death for gathering an armful of kindling wood one Saturday morning.

The priesthood, of which Aaron, the brother of Moses, was the head, did no work. They were supported by voluntary offerings. Anybody that refused to voluntarily contribute was put to death for heresy. At one time a number of the people combined, and protested against the size of the offerings that they were forced to voluntarily contribute to feed the priests. Moses, with the help of Jehovah, settled the matter by causing the earth to open up and swallow them, with their women, children, horses, sheep and goats (Numbers xvi).

Among other good things that Jehovah ordained should go to the priests were the choice cuts of the beef and mutton that were offered as sacrifices. Also the first pick of the fruits, wine and oil. The fat, the inwards, the bones, and the tough parts of the animal were about all that Jehovah received. The priests ate the rest.

In order to display his power and glory, as told in Numbers xxi, Jehovah once sent hordes of red-

hot snakes among the people. When these snakes bit a man he usually died. Then Jehovah told Moses to make a big snake of brass and hang it on a pole. When one of Jehovah's fiery snakes bit a man or woman, all they had to do was to make a bee-line for Moses' brass snake on the pole. One look at it cured the snake bite.

A remarkable occurrence at this period, as narrated in the inspired record, was the experience of a man by the name of Balaam. It happened just after Jehovah had helped the Israelites massacre a tribe called Amorites, who, it seems, objected to the Israelites tearing up their country and ruining the crops. Balaam started on a journey, riding on an ass, to meet Balak, king of the Moabites. He did this against special orders from Jehovah. Jehovah stopped him on the way by having an angel, with a sword in his hand, stand in the middle of the road. Balaam could not see the angel, but the ass could, and it startled her so that she balked up against a stone fence and mashed one of Balaam's legs. Balaam used his club, and, as the angel had moved a bit further down the road, the animal started along once more. She didn't go far, however, before there again stood the angel, sword in hand, at a narrow spot where there was no chance to dodge to right or left. The ass was now so frightened that she col-

lapsed. Balaam pounded her, but it was no use; she wouldn't budge. Then Jehovah, who was behind a tree, enchanted her so that she opened her mouth and told Balaam all about it. Then he put a charm on Balaam so that he, too, saw the angel. Then the angel talked to Balaam, and told him that if the ass had tried to pass him he would have struck his sword through Balaam, and let the ass go on. It was a close call for Balaam.

## CHAPTER VI.

**J**EHOVAH was not always satisfied with the sacrifice of bulls and goats and sheep. Sometimes it required human beings to soothe his wrath. Isaac's escape from the altar was a rare exhibition of Jehovah's loving kindness. Others did not fare so well.

In the inspired record of Second Samuel, chapter xxi, we are told that David offered up seven human beings in one lump to Jehovah, in order to insure a good crop that year. Five of these victims, according to the record, were the sons of Michal by a previous husband, Michal being one of David's wives at the time David sacrificed her sons to Jehovah. Her father, Saul, had taken her away from her first husband, and had given her to David (First Samuel, xviii, verse 27). Another instance told of offering a human being to Jehovah is found in the eleventh chapter of Judges. A saint by the name of Jephthah killed his only daughter and roasted her body on a sacred altar. There were no lunatic asylums in those days. Other Jewish records bear testimony that



human sacrifices to Jehovah were of common occurrence. Dr. Kalisch, the Jewish commentator, says in his work on "Leviticus," that "the fact stands indisputable that human sacrifices offered to Jehovah were possible among the Hebrews long after the time of Moses, without meeting a check or censure from the teachers and leaders of the nation." Again he says: "Pious men slaughtered human victims not to Moloch, nor to any other foreign deity, but to the national God, Jehovah." And in his "Religion of Israel," Jules Soury says: "Nothing is better established than the existence of human sacrifices among the Hebrews in honor of Jehovah, and that down to the time of Josiah, perhaps even until the return from the Babylonian captivity." According to the teachings of the theologians of the present day the climax of these bloody sacrifices to quiet the fury of Jehovah took place in Jerusalem, a little over 1900 years ago, when Jehovah had his own son, whom he had begotten of a virgin, offered up.

The god Moloch, referred to by Dr. Kalish, was quite a prominent deity in those days. He became so great a god that at one time it was a question as to whether he or Jehovah were the greatest. King Solomon, who is recognized by theologians as being the wisest man that ever lived, as well as one of the most illustrious of the inspired oracles, was once

strongly in favor of Moloch, and erected a temple to him, "in the hill that is before Jerusalem." You will find an account of it in First Kings, eleventh chapter. It appears that a number of Solomon's wives were followers of Moloch, and Solomon evidently thought it was wiser to worship Moloch than to be arguing with his women folks over religion. Finally, however, Solomon quit Moloch and decided on Jehovah.

One thing in favor of Jehovah was that he was the best war god of the two. There is no record of Moloch ever recommending any such slaughter of men, women and children, and the debauching of innocent maidens, as accredited to Jehovah in the thirty-first chapter of Numbers.

It appears, however, that about the only serious dispute between the religious doctrines of Moloch and Jehovah was in the manner of offering up human sacrifices. Moloch had his roasted in a brass oven, over a blazing furnace. Into this oven the naked bodies of the victims were flung alive by the priests. These victims were nearly always young girls. Jehovah wanted his roasted on a stone altar. This is the way he told Abraham to offer up Isaac, and this is the way Jephthah sacrificed his only daughter. Jehovah liked the smell of burning flesh—said it was a sweet savor to his nostrils. Shoving a live person into a brass oven and then closing the door, so that

the fumes only escaped through a flue, as was the case with sacrifices offered to Moloch, didn't circulate as rich a smell as roasting them on a pile of stones in the open air.

Another ceremony that Jehovah recommended to his followers was cannibalism. In the fifth chapter of Ezekiel, verse 10, we read that "The fathers shall eat the sons in the midst of thee, and the sons shall eat their fathers." Doubtless the sons, being young and tender, were broiled or fried; while the old gents, being tough, were stewed. In Leviticus, chapter xxvi and verse 29, is found the following: "And ye shall eat the flesh of your sons, and the flesh of your daughters shall ye eat." In the nineteenth chapter of Jeremiah, verse 9, Jehovah said, "And I will cause them to eat the flesh of their sons and the flesh of their daughters, and they shall eat every one the flesh of his friend." In Deuteronomy, chapter xxviii, verses 53-57, we read: "And thou shalt eat the fruit of thine own body, and the flesh of thy sons and thy daughters. \* \* \* So that the man that is tender among you, and very delicate, his eye shall be evil toward his brother, and toward the wife of his bosom, and toward the remnant of his children which he shall leave; so that he will not give to any of them the flesh of his children whom he shall eat. \* \* \* The tender and delicate woman

among you, which would not adventure to set the sole of her foot upon the ground for delicateness and tenderness, her eye shall be evil toward the husband of her bosom, and toward her son, and toward her daughter, \* \* \* for she shall eat them." In Lamentations, fourth chapter and verse 10, it says: "The hands of the pitiful women have sodden (boiled) their own children." In the sixth chapter of the second book of Kings, verses 28-29, we find the story of the way one woman cheated another woman out of a meal. It reads: "And the king said unto her, What aileth thee? (the woman was hungry). And she answered, This woman said unto me, Give thy son that we may eat him today, and we will eat my son tomorrow. So we boiled my son, and did eat him. And I said unto her the next day, Give thy son that we may eat him; and she hath hid her son."

Following these injunctions of Jehovah, some of the early Christians ate their own babies. Dr. Cave, in his "Primitive Christianity," says: "Epiphanius reports that the Gnostics (a sect of primitive Christians) at their meetings were wont to take an infant begotten in their promiscuous mixtures, and, beating it in a mortar, to season it with honey and pepper and some other spices and perfumes to make it palat-

able, and then like swine or dogs to devour it, and then to conclude all with prayer."

The law regarding divorce, as laid down by Jehovah, was very simple, so far as the male population was concerned. As Jehovah classed the females along with the cows and sheep and goats, and as he allowed a man to have as many wives as he could afford, no divorce law was needed for the women. When a man, said Jehovah, wanted to get rid of one of his wives because she found "no favor in his eyes," all he need do was to write her "a bill of divorcement, and give it in her hand, and send her out of his house" (Deuteronomy, xxiv, verse 1). A very handy law—for the men. No need of a lawyer, no expense or delay of court proceedings. With this bill of divorcement in her possession, says the following verse of the same book and chapter, all the woman had to do was to hunt another man and live with him. No matter by how many husbands she had children, they all belonged to the father.

The thirty-first chapter of Numbers, already referred to, is especially cherished by the kings ordained of God. Here Jehovah lays down the rules and regulations for war-lords to follow, for, we are told, in the twenty-first verse of this chapter and book, "This is the ordinance of the law which the Lord commanded Moses." Starting with the sec-

ond verse, Jehovah tells the children of Israel to go out and slaughter the Midianites. With Jehovah's help the Israelites killed all the adult male Midianites, but spared the women and children. These, says the ninth verse, they took as captives, together with all the live stock and personal property belonging to the Midianites. Then they set fire to all the houses and buildings of the Midianites and came back to Moses with the booty. When Moses—who, we are told, was the meekest man that ever lived—saw that the women and mothers of male babies were spared, he flew into a passion. "What good are these old ladies?" said he, "and what do we want of male Midianite babies, to grow up and become the enemies of Jehovah and his chosen people? Kill them all, except the maidens."

The chosen people acted accordingly, and then, as told from verses 25 to 47 of this chapter, Jehovah gave full directions as to how the maidens, the livestock, and the personal property should be divided. Jehovah received the largest part of the maidens, as well as the rest of the booty. The priests took charge of his share.

In the twenty-first chapter of Deuteronomy, verses 10 to 14, Jehovah tells how his followers should handle one of the maidens captured from the heathen. In the first place, says Jehovah, take her

home and "shave her head" and "pare her nails." This latter is so she could not scratch. Then she is ordered to discard her heathen raiment. As nothing is said as to what she should then wear, it is presumed that she went naked until converted to the orthodox faith. Then, out of his mercy and loving kindness, Jehovah allowed the maiden to mourn for a month the loss of her heathen parents that he had slaughtered before her eyes. After that she became the wife of her captor. On account of the way she had been "humbled"—shaving her head and cutting to the quick her nails—this captive maiden was granted a special privilege: her husband could neither sell her outright nor "make merchandise of her."

Jehovah was strict in regard to the law of primogeniture. In the fifteenth verse of the chapter quoted he declares that the firstborn son of a man's first wife shall inherit his estate, even if the man loves his other wives and hates the first one. However, says Jehovah, verses 18 to 21 of this chapter, if the boy turns out bad the neighbors are called in and the boy is stoned to death.

In the twenty-second chapter of the book of Deuteronomy, verses 13 to 21, Jehovah says that if a man charges that his bride is not a virgin, and she be proven innocent, the man shall be made to pay a fine of a "hundred shekels" to the girl's father. If,

on the other hand, the bride be found guilty, she shall be stoned to death. Jehovah makes no mention about inquiring into the man's record previous to his marriage.

In passing it may be remarked that marriage ceremonies were performed in those days by the groom turning over to his father-in-law a certain number of goats, for which he received a bill of sale for the bride. Jehovah's marriage law, like his divorce law, was nicely arranged for the convenience of the men.

In the twenty-fifth chapter of Deuteronomy, verse 11, Jehovah gave rules regarding slugging matches and duels. They must be allowed to go on to a finish, with no interference from outsiders. If a wife of one of the contestants, who is getting the worst of it, helps her husband as best she knows how, Jehovah orders her hand to be chopped off.

Jehovah closes the twenty-seventh chapter of Deuteronomy with a curse on those who do not obey the laws he has made. The next chapter details the rewards and punishments decreed. He threatened unbelievers and transgressors with an itch that couldn't be cured; with insanity and blindness; that he would cause their wives to become harlots, and their cattle to die; he said he would cover them with the botch from head to foot, and have their sons and



daughters sold into slavery; also that they should eat their own children. Every disease, plague and pestilence known to the medical profession of that day were threatened to overtake them. If a hungry Hebrew dined on a piece of pork he was given the whole dose.

An instance of Jehovah's jealousy is told in the inspired book of Numbers, xxv. It happened when the Israelites were stopping at a place called Shittim. Here the Israelites not only courted the captivating daughters of the natives, but they also went to religious services with them and worshiped heathen gods. Jehovah waited until his wrath waxed over the boiling point and then lit in. He first had Moses hang all the heads of the Jewish leading families. He had them hung, we are told, "against the sun," where he could get a good look at them. Then he had Moses kill everybody who had attended these heathen services. Then he sent a plague that carried away twenty-four thousand. There was a young Jew by the name of Zimri that had fallen in love with a heathen girl by the name of Cozbi, and had brought her to his home. A priest by the name of Phinehas, who was a grandson of Aaron, armed himself with a spike and went to where the groom and his bride were living. He first struck his spike through the man, and as soon as he was out of the

way, this holy man of God ripped open the woman's belly and watched her die. This soothed Jehovah so that his wrath cooled down and he stopped the plague. If it had not have been for the pious deed of Phinehas, says Jehovah, in the eleventh verse of the book and chapter quoted, he would have consumed every Israelite with his plague. The Jews, in the hands of Jehovah, have had many a narrow escape from utter extinction. The Christians, up to within recent years, have patterned after Jehovah's method of handling the Jews, at the time they resided in Shittim.

At the age of one hundred and twenty years, and without ever entering the Promised Land, Moses died, and Jehovah chose a man by the name of Joshua to take his place. Joshua was the greatest military genius that history or legend records. With Jehovah's help he waded through blood into the Promised Land. "As I was with Moses," said Jehovah to Joshua, "so I will be with thee." The River Jordan lay between the Israelites and a city called Jericho, which was strongly fortified by the heathen that lived there. Joshua and his army had no boats, and there was no bridge across the stream; so Jehovah worked the same magic on the River Jordan that he did on the Red Sea; he caused the waters to stand up on their ends (Joshua iii, verses 13 to 17),

and Joshua, mounted on a burro, led his valiant hosts across, and up to the walls of Jericho. At the head of the procession marched a company of priests bearing the ark, inside of which was Jehovah himself. At the gates of the city Joshua met an armed angel, an officer in one of Jehovah's celestial regiments (Joshua, v, verses 13-14). Then Jehovah tore down the walls of Jericho so that Joshua and his army could walk in. The process was very simple. Seven priests marched around the town seven times, blowing trumpets made of rams' horns. They carried with them the ark containing Jehovah. It took a week to complete the enchantment. Then the Israelites, as commanded by General Joshua, let off a terrific yell, and the walls of the city fell down. In marched the conquering army, and Jehovah ordered Joshua to immediately kill every man, woman and child, except a woman that kept a house in the tenderloin, by the name of Rahab. She, together with the inmates of her house, Jehovah spared. He did this because the woman had turned traitor to her own people and aided some Hebrew spies. Jehovah also had Joshua kill all the cattle. This was to make the victory still more glorious. Then he had the city burned to the ground. All this is found in the sixth chapter of Joshua.

No sooner, however, had the Israelites began re-

joicing over their victory, than a man among them by the name of Achan did something or other that made Jehovah again lose his temper. What the character of the sin was is not made clear. Maybe he was whistling a tune, or making some sort of a racket, near the box that contained Jehovah. Or maybe he was flirting with a heathen girl. Anyhow, Jehovah had some heathen in the neighborhood kill a number of Israelites on account of it. The trouble was finally settled by Jehovah having the culprit, together with his wife and children, stoned to death. Then Jehovah turned "from the fierceness of his anger," and once more quieted down in his box. A full account of this can be found in the seventh chapter of Joshua.

Shortly after this Joshua led his army against two more heathen cities, Ai and Bethel. With Jehovah's help he had no trouble killing the inhabitants, the women and babies included. This time Jehovah let the Israelites keep the cattle for themselves. He had Joshua hang the heathen king of Ai on a tree for resisting his chosen people. In honor of this victory Joshua built a stone altar and offered up choice mutton to Jehovah.

One tribe of heathen, called Gibeonites, surrendered to Joshua without putting up any fight. For this Jehovah rewarded them by not having them

slaughtered. He merely doomed them and their children to slavery. This is another remarkable instance of Jehovah's mercy. An account of it is found in the ninth chapter of Joshua. In the tenth chapter of this divinely inspired record we are told that the kings of five heathen tribes combined to resist Joshua. With Jehovah's help Joshua killed all the men, women and children of the five tribes. He hung the five kings on five trees. Joshua did all this in one day. It was the longest day on record. It was twice as long as an ordinary day, for, we are told in the account of the battle (Joshua, x), that, when along late in the afternoon Joshua saw that he would be unable to complete the slaughter before dark, he ran to the box that Jehovah was in and persuaded Jehovah to make the sun stand still till he got through. "So," declares the thirteenth verse of this chapter, "the sun stood still in the midst of Heaven, and hasted not to go down about a whole day." In those days, be it remembered, the earth was flat, and floated on the ocean, and the sun and moon and all the stars went around it every twenty-four hours.

From that on it was one continuous story of brilliant victories for Joshua. He slaughtered tribe after tribe and hung kings by the score. He ran across a remnant of the giants, that were bred when

the angels came to earth and married the daughters of men, that had escaped drowning in the flood. This is found in Joshua, xii, verse 4. How Jehovah missed killing them is explained in another chapter. He swore he would drown the last of them, and he thought he had. However, they are gone now. A few of the species spared would have made an interesting study.

Finally the children of Israel conquered the Promised Land and took possession. They landed there rich in cattle and gold and silver that they had taken from the natives. Joshua divided the spoils among the people, and, at the age of one hundred and ten, with his sword by his side and decorated with gold medals, this warrior of Jehovah died.

By this time a multitude of other gods had sprung into prominence. Two of these, says the second chapter of Judges, were Baal and Ashtaroth. These gods offered such inducements that the children of Israel deserted Jehovah for them.

It was a case of economic determinism. Baal and Ashtaroth did not require such vast quantities of veal and mutton offered to them, as did Jehovah. This, however, is easily explained. The tribe of Levi, numbering about one-tenth of the Hebrew population, had been dedicated to the priesthood, and every male Levite became an ordained priest.

This army of priests received the choice cuts of the animals sacrificed, and they were all good livers, and raised large families. This necessitated a great number of offerings—especially of “firstborn lambs, without spot or blemish.” It kept the rest of the Jews poor and hungry dividing up their best meat with the priests. Baal and Ashtaroth had a comparatively small number of priests, and therefore only a few animals were sacrificed to them; and so the Jews naturally took to the cheapest gods on the market. Of course this made the jealous Jehovah angry, and he punished the Jews by letting their enemies overcome them, selling them into slavery, and other like punishments. as told in the second and third chapters of Judges. In this way Jehovah brought them back again to his fold.

There were so many heathen around about them, who objected to having their lands and personal property taken away, that the children of Israel were at war continually. One particular tribe of heathen—the Philistines—was especially hard to overcome. In spite of all Jehovah could do the Jews could neither kill them off, nor make them vacate their property.

There was at this time an Israelite by the name of Manoah, who had a wife that had borne him no children. Jehovah selected one of his handsomest

angels, and told him to go down to earth and get acquainted with the woman; and the angel did as Jehovah commanded. Dressed in a snowy-white suit, with a harp in his hand and a gold hat on his head, the angel found the woman sitting alone on the grass in a secluded spot, listening to the brook that babbled by, and the birds singing in the trees. "Her husband," states the thirteenth chapter and ninth verse of the Book of Judges, "was not with her."

Suddenly, above the warble of the birds, trilled the soft, seductive strains of the angelic harp. The angel played the serenades suited for the occasion. He played till the sun went down behind the western hills, and the twinkling stars came out, and the silvery moon floated among the shadowy clouds. And then he came and sat beside Manoah's childless wife, and, like the celestials that appeared once unto Sarah, told her, before he left, that she would become a mother, and that her child would be the greatest physical wonder ever born. And in due time it all came to pass, and the woman gave birth to a boy, and called him Samson.

For size and strength Samson, when he grew into manhood, outclassed any human being Jehovah had ever produced on earth, and his skin was so tough that no Philistine could thrust a spear into it. He



could pick up a lion and tear him to pieces with one hand. One day he went to a town called Ashkelon and killed thirty men with a blow of his fist. He ran down a pack of three hundred foxes, gathered them in his arms and tied their tails together in pairs. He then fastened firebrands between each pair of the foxes' tails and turned them loose. They ran into a cornfield owned by a Philistine farmer and burned up the whole crop. For revenge a mob of Philistines, numbering seven hundred, caught Samson's wife and father-in-law and burned them at the stake. Samson chased the mob and caught them, and choked them all to death. Then the Philistines gathered a thousand of their strongest men and went after Samson. Samson slew them with the jawbone of an ass. When he was through with the job Samson was so thirsty that he thought he was going to die. Jehovah, who was standing by, scooped a hole in the ass's jawbone, that Samson still held in his hand, and caused a spring of water to gush forth.

One day Samson went to a city called Gaza, and wandered into the red-light district. It was a walled city, and the only way to get in or out was through a pair of massive brass gates. When the police learned that Samson was in town they locked the gates and vowed they would catch him in the morning. Samson, however, awoke at midnight, and con-

cluded to start for home. When he came to the locked gates he pulled them up, together with the granite posts to which they were hinged, and carried them to the top of a mountain.

It was Samson's love for the fair sex that brought him to an untimely end. A Philistine woman of easy virtue, by the name of Delilah, induced Samson to tell her the source of his marvelous strength. It lay in his hair. The woman lullabyed Samson to sleep and had a barber trim his locks. When Samson awoke he was as weak as a child. The Philistines bound him with fetters of brass, gouged out his eyes, and put him in prison.

They concluded that Samson would make a fine sacrifice to offer to their god, Dagon. So they held a meeting at Dagon's temple and brought Samson there. The place was crowded with worshipers. At the proper time a boy, who was in charge of the weak, blind, and bound ex-champion of Israel, was told to bring the captive to a platform and make him dance to amuse the congregation. On the way Samson induced the boy to let him rest a moment against one of the stone pillars of the temple. Unknown to the boy, Jehovah was standing by the pillar. Samson whispered a word in Jehovah's ear. The result was that Samson tumbled down the immense stone structure on the heads of the people. The whole

congregation, numbering several thousand, together with Samson himself, were crushed to death. Only Jehovah escaped unhurt.

These stories regarding Samson's career are found in the book of Judges, chapters xiii to xvi, inclusive.

## CHAPTER VII.

ONE of the remarkable episodes in the adventures of Jehovah, as recorded in the fourth chapter of the first book of Samuel, was when the Philistines stole him. It was at a time when the Israelites and Philistines were at war, and the Israelites, during a battle, carried the ark containing Jehovah to the front ranks of the fray. In spite of this precaution, however, the Philistines won the day, and, among the spoils, seized the ark, and brought it, with Jehovah inside, to their own church, and placed it in front of the Philistine god, Damon, who was made of stone. When the stone god Damon saw the wooden box containing the god Jehovah he fell flat on his face. The Philistines set Damon up again, and Damon's hands and head dropped off—he had no legs—and nothing was left but his stump. Upon this the Philistines became afraid of the ark of Jehovah and removed it to a town called Gath. Jehovah immediately afflicted all the men of Gath with emerods (piles). Then the Philistines removed the ark to a place called Ekron. The natives, however,

protested against locating Jehovah in their vicinity, as they felt sure he would plague them. He did. He plagued a large number to death, sent emerods on the rest, and overran the place with mice. By this time the Philistines realized they had an elephant on their hands. They called their priests and magicians together, and, after due deliberation, the priests and magicians ordered the Philistines to first make golden images of both the mice and emerods; then to construct a cart, and to hitch two cows to it; then load the ark on the cart, and place the gold images of mice and emerods beside the ark, and turn the outfit loose.

It worked fine. Jehovah, from inside the box, charmed the cows, and they went straight to a place called Bethshemesh, where a number of Jehovah's priests were located. The priests received the ark with great rejoicings and had some goats sacrificed. The gold images they put in their pockets, and the Philistines were not troubled with mice and piles any longer.

Then, we are told, a terrible tragedy took place. A number of Bethshemites, through curiosity, peeped into the little hole in the ark to see if Jehovah had stood the trip all right. This so angered Jehovah that he slew fifty thousand with one stroke of magic. Finally an inhabitant of a place called Kirjath-

jearim, a Hebrew farmer by the name of Abinadab, who lived in seclusion on the top of a hill, got possession of Jehovah and his ark and hid it in his cabin. Abinadab had a son by the name of Eleazar, whom he first sanctified, and then put him in charge of the ark. There Jehovah remained for twenty years, during which time the Israelites could find no trace of him. The result was that the Philistines raided the Israelites and devoured their flocks whenever they chose to do so.

There was a man of Israel by the name of Samuel, who became a mighty magician. Samuel was raised by a priest named Eli, who had two sons that were killed by Jehovah for not offering him sacrifices in the proper manner. Eli and Samuel lived in the building where Jehovah and his ark were kept, and, when a child, Samuel slept in a cot placed beside the ark. One night Jehovah awoke Samuel by whispering in his ear. Samuel first thought it was Eli, and ran over to Eli's bed and asked him what he wanted. Eli told Samuel he must have been dreaming, that he had not called him, and told him to go back and go to sleep. But no sooner had Samuel crept into his cot than he heard the voice again calling him by name, so once more he went and told Eli. This happened three times in the night; and then Eli knew it was Jehovah that was doing

the talking, and that Samuel had been chosen to be a great soothsayer.

So, when Samuel grew up, tormented as they were by the Philistines and not knowing where their god was, the Israelites, who had been worshiping Ash-taroth during Jehovah's absence, looked to Samuel to help them out. This was just what Samuel had been waiting for. He butchered a sucking lamb, and after laying aside the choice cuts for himself, offered the rest to Jehovah.

In the second chapter, verses 13 and 14, of First Samuel, explicit directions are given as to how much meat the priest should take when an animal was offered to Jehovah. It reads: "When any man offered sacrifice, the priest's servant came, while the flesh was in seething, with a fleshhook of three teeth in his hand; and he stuck it into the pan, or kettle, or caldron, or pot: all that the fleshhook brought up the priest took for himself."

As soon as Samuel offered up the lamb the fortunes of the Israelites changed for the better. They went to battle with the Philistines and defeated them and drove them out of the country. Jehovah had Eleazar bring the ark from the cabin on the hilltop, and Eleazar was made a high priest. Samuel served as Jehovah's judge over Israel and held the job till he became so old he could not attend to it; then

he turned it over to two of his sons, whose names were Joel and Abiah.

But these sons of Samuel were not popular with the Israelites, and they demanded a king to rule over them. So Samuel went to the ark of Jehovah and talked the matter over with him. Jehovah told Samuel how a king, once in power, would despoil the people. But the people insisted on trying a king—said he couldn't make matters any worse than they had been under Jehovah and his priests; and finally Jehovah consented to let them have one, and ordered Samuel to bring forth a man by the name of Saul, rub oil in his hair and whiskers, kiss him and proclaim him Saul the First, King of Israel. This done, Saul immediately began to array himself in royal style. He raised an army, surrounded himself with servants, filled his cellars with wine, and started a harem. In fact, so far as his limited means allowed, he acted just like divinely ordained kings do today.

But Saul did not make the sort of a ruler that suited Jehovah. As a warrior he was a failure, which was enough to discredit him. There was a young Israelite, a shepherd, by the name of David, that took Jehovah's fancy. One day David split the skull of one of the escaped giants, by the name of Goliath, with a slingshot.

"That's the boy for me," said Jehovah.



Saul soon became jealous and tried to kill David, but David was under Jehovah's protection and escaped.

Finally Saul died, and part of the Israelites, the tribe of Judah, made David their king. The rest of the Israelites made Ishbosheth, Saul's son, their king. This started a civil war. David and his tribe, however, having possession of the box with Jehovah inside, defeated and slew his enemies and was finally made King of Israel.

Jehovah learned to like David above all the men he had ever created. He was a man after his own heart. He was not only a first-class war-lord, but also the leading white-slaver of his day. Whenever King David saw a young woman that attracted him, he took her. He sanctified himself by offering more sacrifices than anybody had ever offered before. In these sacrifices David not only used goats and sheep, but also, as previously narrated, human beings. The theologians of today recognize David as one of the saintliest souls that ever lived. Only once was Jehovah seriously displeased with him. That was when David, having become enamored of the wife of a man by the name of Uriah, saw no way to obtain possession of the woman save by having her husband killed. This he did. Jehovah did not think it was a square deal, and told David so. "Did not I give

thee thy master's house and thy master's wives (Jehovah had turned over to David all of Saul's wives) into thy bosom, and would not I have given thee as many more women as you could ask for," said Jehovah (Second Samuel, xii, verse 8), "and now I propose to punish you."

And he did. The punishment inflicted on David has no parallel in the court records of the world. It all fell on the innocent women that this king had gathered into his harem. You can read it in the twelfth chapter of Second Samuel, verse eleven. The followers of Jehovah, that make our laws, have forbidden language such as therein contained to pass through the mails. It is considered too immoral to be printed, except in the "Word of God."

Outside of his military qualities, his offering up of human sacrifices and his lust for women, there is nothing remarkably religious recorded of David. A collection of psalms—some beautiful, and others brutal in expression—have been accredited to him. These, assert present-day scholars, are found to have been written by poets in the days of the Macca-bees.

One more episode in King David's reign is worthy of passing notice. It is recorded in the last chapter of Second Samuel. Jehovah ordered David to take a census of the Israelites. This, to the best of his

ability, David did. Jehovah glanced over the report, and for some reason it made him angry. He evidently concluded the Israelites were becoming too numerous, for, we are told, he killed seventy thousand of them.

David lived to be an old man "stricken in years." He became a physical wreck. His fast life had sapped his blood. No matter how many furs and blankets were piled on him, he nearly froze to death. An interesting account of how the doctors tried to warm his body is narrated in the first chapter of the First Book of Kings. When David discovered that his days were drawing to a close, he had a priest anoint his son Solomon as heir.

The reign of Solomon is one of the most spectacular in royal history. He surpassed his father David in all that makes a divinely ordained king great and good and glorious. He built an immense and magnificent palace, selected seven hundred lawful wives, and beside kept an assortment of three hundred affinities.

He is credited with writing a song about a colored girl that he went crazy over after having tired of his other wives. Solomon was somewhat along in years at the time this ditty was composed, but was apparently as gay as ever. He was a fine specimen of the human animal to keep up the gait he went.

Everyone that has tried to imitate him has ended in the penitentiary or an early grave. Jehovah never poured such blessings on another mortal. His admirers may simply marvel at the record of this ancient saint and let it go at that. Nobody can take it away from him. One night of orgies such as Solomon used to carry on is enough to land any common mortal in the morgue.

Within the temple of Jehovah that Solomon built in Jerusalem was a dark room, and in this room Solomon placed the ark that contained Jehovah; "for," said Solomon, speaking to Jehovah as he carried him there, "you said you would dwell in the thick darkness; I have surely built thee an house to dwell in, a settled place for thee to abide in forever" (First Kings, viii, verses 12-13).

But Solomon missed his reckoning. Years afterward hordes of heathen destroyed the temple. Jehovah, however, escaped with his ark. Both he and the ark, says the eleventh chapter of Revelations, verse 19, are now in Heaven.

An immense altar was erected in the court of Solomon's temple, where cattle were roasted daily to satisfy Jehovah and feed the army of priests. Jerusalem in those days must have smelled like a country barbecue, or a boarding-house kitchen at meal time.

Jehovah thought so much of Solomon, we are told, that he made him the wisest man that ever lived. In proof of this a collection of proverbs, declared to have been written by Solomon, are found in the inspired records. That most of these proverbs are also found in ancient Egyptian and Persian literature does not in the least disconcert the theologians.

The old rabbinical writings, that later theologians omitted from the Scriptures, inform us, as before stated, that Solomon owned a number of jinns, half devil and half human, that served him in the palace. Perhaps these rabbinical writings were blue-penciled by the theologians for fear they might strain the faith of Jehovah's later followers. What chances we are taking on account of their being omitted is hard to tell. We may lose our souls by not devoutly reading and believing them.

The account these writings give of the Queen of Sheba's visit to King Solomon is quite interesting. It is described in Dr. G. Weil's "Bible Legends," published at Frankfurt, Germany, in 1845; it is also told in the works of Abou-djafar Tabari, and in Baring-Gould's "Legends of the Patriarchs," and bears the same evidence of having been inspired by Jehovah as does our present authorized version of his word.

The story runs as follows:

Balkis (which was the name of the Queen of Sheba) hastened to prepare for her journey, and marched to King Solomon at the head of her twelve thousand generals, and all the armies they commanded. When she was a league from Solomon, the king had a happy thought. He called to him a jinn, and bade him transport immediately from Sheba the throne of the Queen, and set it beside his own. The jinn replied he would bring it before noon; but the king could not wait, for the queen would soon be there; then Asaph, the high priest, said, "Raise thine eyes, sire, to heaven, and before thou canst lower them the throne of Queen Balkis will be here." Asaph knew the mysterious word that would charm Jehovah to perform the miracle. Solomon gazed skyward and when he opened his eyes and looked down, behold by his side was Queen Balkis' throne.

As soon as Balkis appeared, Solomon asked her if she recognized the seat.

"I do," said Balkis, "it is mine, if it is that which it was."

The cuteness of this reply, we are told, pleased Solomon.

Now the jinns were jealous of Queen Balkis, and they sought to turn the heart of Solomon away from

her; so they told him that she had hairy legs. Solomon, accordingly, was curious to inspect her legs, and his wisdom devised a plan whereby he might do so. He directed the jinns to lay down in front of the throne a pavement of crystal one hundred cubits square. Upon this pavement he ordered them to pour water, so that it might appear to be a pond. When Queen Balkis, coming to visit Solomon, approached the crystal covered with water, she naturally raised her garments, lest they should become wet in passing through what she supposed to be water of considerable depth. A few steps, however, convinced her that there was not enough water to more than dampen her feet, so she dropped her clothing; but not before Solomon had seen that the jinns had lied about her legs. (Hosiery, and other lingerie, in those days had not come into vogue.) The only blemish that King Solomon discovered on the Queen of Shelba's legs was three goat's hairs; these, he removed, declare the rabbis, by a composition of arsenic and lime.

Solomon discovered that Queen Balkis was one of the most beautiful women he had ever met, and as was his custom in such cases, made love to her. The result was that when she went home to Sheba she gave birth to a son, who is the reputed ancestor of the kings of Abyssinia.

An incident told in the Koran discloses what a religious man Solomon was. He was very fond of horses, and one day, while inspecting a large number of these noble animals, he became so interested that the hour of prayer passed without his saying his prayers. This called for an immediate and extraordinary sacrifice to Jehovah. He therefore had all the horses he had been inspecting, nine hundred in number, brought before him, and he cut all their throats.

In the days of Solomon there lived in a valley near Jerusalem a band of apes, an historic account of whom appeared originally in the inspired records (Weil's Bible Legends). The ancestors of these apes were Israelites, who had been transformed into apes by Jehovah as a punishment for not properly observing the Sabbath. One day Solomon, who knew nothing of the existence of these apes, passed through the valley at the head of his army. He was out to kill, and so, discovering the apes, he charged upon them. Thereupon three of the apes, carrying a flag of truce, approached Solomon and requested an interview. This being granted, they told Solomon the story of their ancestry. Solomon believed them, and had compassion on them, and gave them a letter on parchment assuring them undisturbed possession of the valley.



Years after Solomon's death a band of Bedouins came into the valley and, discovering the apes, concluded to drive them away and occupy the valley themselves. "Thereupon," to quote Baring-Gould, in his "Legends of the Patriarchs," "an aged ape came before them bearing a parchment letter. This they were unable to read; so they sent it to the Caliph Omar, who was also unable to decipher the writing; but a Jew at his court read it, and it was an assurance given to the apes against invasion by King Solomon. Thereupon Omar sent orders that they were to be left unmolested, and returned to them their parchment."

We are told that further evidence that these apes were descended from the followers of Jehovah, as witnessed by the Bedouins, was the act of a number of male apes stoning to death a female ape on the charge of adultery.

What finally became of the descendants of these apes no inspired record, that can be found, discloses. Possibly they are filling orthodox pulpits. This suggestion, however, has no inspired foundation. It is merely a venture of the writer.

In the inspired book of Job mention is made of the Leviathan, the mammoth of the sea. The ancient rabbis fully describe the creature, as he was once seen by Solomon. He was the biggest animal

Jehovah had made when at work those six days creating the universe out of nothing.

It seems, we are told, that Solomon gave feasts to which were invited all the creatures of earth and air. The female jinns did the cooking, and the meats they cooked were placed on tables which covered an area of four square miles. It required several weeks to feed the vast assemblage, and every day thirty thousand heaping portions of beef, and as many of mutton, and like proportions of birds and fishes, were devoured. It was a great feast for the animals left alive, but rather hard on the ones that supplied the bill of fare.

One day, when the guests, consisting of men, beasts and birds, arose satisfied from the tables, Solomon offered up thanks and besought Jehovah to permit him to feed to the full all the created beings at one sitting. Jehovah replied that this was impossible. "But," said he, "try tomorrow what thou canst do to satisfy the dwellers of the sea."

On the morrow, accordingly, Solomon had his jinns load a hundred thousand camels and a hundred thousand asses with corn and lead them to the seashore. Solomon, the reader will note, owned a well-stocked ranch. When the great procession of camels and asses were ranged along the shore, Solomon cried to the fishes, "Come, ye dwellers in the water,

eat and be satisfied." All manner of fishes immediately swarmed the shore with mouths wide open, and Solomon had his jinns feed them until they were satisfied and dived out of sight. Then all at once a whale lifted his head above the surface, and it was as big as a mountain. Solomon had his jinns pour sack after sack of corn down the whale's throat, until the last sack was gone. But the whale cried, "Feed me Solomon! feed me! never have I suffered from hunger as I have this day!"

Solomon asked the whale if there were any more like him in the sea. "There are a thousand different tribes of my species," said the whale, "and the smallest is so large that thou wouldst seem in its belly to be but a sand-grain in the desert."

Solomon wept, and prayed Jehovah to forgive him for what he had done.

"My kingdom," answered Jehovah, "is greater than thine. Stand up, and behold one creature over which no man has yet obtained the mastery."

Solomon arose from his knees and looked upon the waters. The sea began to foam and toss, as though churned by inward tornadoes; and out of the tumbling brine rose the Leviathan, so great, we are told by the rabbis who received their information direct from Jehovah, that it could easily have swallowed seven thousand whales like the one Solomon had

attempted to feed. And then the Leviathan spoke with a voice like unto the crash of thunders, "Praised be Jehovah, who preserves me from perishing with hunger."

What manner of food Jehovah prepared for the Leviathan is not disclosed. Neither is there any record of anybody save Solomon ever having beheld the animal. Now and then modern sailors, carrying a considerable quantity of grog, have reported seeing him somewhere in the South Seas, but their testimony is not considered trustworthy from a theological standpoint.

Though Solomon was very wise and very devout, yet he was not quite perfect; but Jehovah thought so much of him that he was always ready to forgive him, no matter what he did. The story of one of his shortcomings is recorded as follows:

There was a beautiful maiden, a princess, named Djarada, who, according to the Arabian account, was the daughter of King Nubara, ruler of an island in the Indian Sea; but according to Jewish rabbis she was the daughter of Pharaoh, king of Egypt. Anyway, Solomon had heard of her beauty, and desired her. So Solomon started with his valiant army to capture the royal prize. After several skirmishes he finally surrounded the palace where the princess dwelt, slew the king, her father, with his own hands,

and took the orphan, whom he discovered to be more charming than was even the Queen of Sheba, back to Jerusalem with him.

But, on account of her heathen training, Solomon did not look at all pleasing to her. She saw in him not a saint, but a monster, the murderer of her father, and she recoiled from his embrace with loathing, and spent her nights and days in tears. Solomon trusted that time would heal her wounds and reconcile her to her fate; but, as after the expiration of a year her sorrow showed no sign of abating, he asked her if there was anything he could do to comfort her. A kindhearted man was Solomon. She replied that at her old home was a statue of her father, and that she longed to have it brought and placed in her chamber. Solomon, moved with compassion, sent a jinn for the statue, and had it brought and set up in Djarada's apartment. Djarada immediately prostrated herself before it, and offered incense and worship to the image.

When Asaph, the high-priest, heard of this, he held services at the temple and preached a scathing sermon against Solomon. He told how good and pure had been the holy men from Abraham to David, and how faithfully and religiously Solomon, up to the present, had walked in their footsteps.

“But now,” spoke Asaph, “our king hath turned aside from Jehovah.”

Then Solomon, who was occupying a front pew, arose and asked the high-priest to explain himself. The high-priest answered, “Thou hast suffered thy passions to blind thee, so that idolatry is practiced in thy palace.”

Solomon hastened to Djarada’s apartments, and found the heartbroken maid in prayer before the image of her dead father. In righteous rage at the sight of such heathenism Solomon cried, “We are the followers of Jehovah!” Then he broke the heathen statue to pieces and gave Djarada a terrible beating. According to Jehovah’s injunctions he should have stoned her to death.

After this Solomon went to his own rooms, dressed himself in garments woven and sewed by virgins, filled his hair and whiskers with ashes and grease, and wandered alone in the wilderness. There, after fasting for forty days, Jehovah slipped away from his ark in the temple and came to Solomon and forgave him for bringing to the heathen Djarada the image of her heathen father, that she might worship it.

Solomon did not live to be very old. He was only fifty-five when he died. What ailed him the inspired records do not state. Probably a complication of

gout, delirium tremens, and early decay. Anyway, he was too good for earth, and Jehovah gathered him in. He is now in Heaven. Djarada and her father are in Hell.

## CHAPTER VIII.

**D**ATING from the time of Solomon, Jehovah's miracle workers became plentiful among his chosen people. With their jugglery and incantations they overturned the laws of nature at will. As Robert Burns has inscribed:

“Wi’ hocus pocus rod in hand,  
Like Mother Goose’s magic wand,  
They could the elements command,  
As legends run—  
Divide the sea, or burn the land,  
Or stop the sun.”

A prominent character among these miracle workers was Elijah. At this period the Israelites had again deserted Jehovah, and were following after the god Baal. Some rabbinical writers claim that Baal was a female deity and very beautiful. In order to bring the people back to the fold Elijah prayed to Jehovah to cause a drouth and famine to consume the land; the idea being to starve the backsliders to repentance. So Jehovah started the drouth and famine, and Elijah took his abode in a cave near



a small creek. There he neither had to worry or work. The brook furnished him drink, and Jehovah induced a flock of crows to bring him his meals every day.

At this period Jehovah seems to have spent very little of his time in his ark in the temple. He was only there during religious services. Most of the time he was either on his throne in Heaven, or else visiting with Elijah.

Finally the brook went dry, and as Jehovah was short of water he was unable to fill it again; so he moved Elijah to the home of a poor widow, who, with her only son, like many more on account of the famine, were on the verge of starvation. From the moment of Elijah's arrival, however, the widow's larder never failed. Elijah miraculously filled her meal barrel and oil cruse as fast as the contents were devoured. One day the widow's boy was taken suddenly sick and died. Elijah had no trouble bringing him to life again. Another sorcery of Elijah's was his handy method of starting a fire. All he had to do was to gather some fuel and say his prayers. Jehovah then blew sparks on the kindling and immediately it blazed into a flame. Once, in order to show his power to the heathen magicians, Elijah made a stone altar and set it in a trench filled with water; then he butchered a steer and laid it on the altar;

then he prayed, and, behold, sparks flew there and consumed the sacrifice, the wood, the stones, and all the dirt and water in the trench. After that Elijah caught the heathen magicians, numbering four hundred and fifty, and killed them. This put Elijah in good humor, so he asked Jehovah to end the drouth, and that night it rained. All this and more is told in the eighteenth chapter of the First Book of Kings.

One day an officer with a company of fifty men, followers of Baal, went after Elijah to arrest him. Elijah climbed on top of a steep hill and awaited their coming; then he had Jehovah send fire on the whole company and burn them to ashes. The heathen authorities, hearing of this, sent fifty more men after Elijah. Jehovah piled them all in a heap and set fire to these, as he had to the others. And then fifty more daring fellows tried to seize Elijah. These, too, were burned to a crisp by Jehovah. That ended all efforts to capture Elijah. (Second Kings, Chapter i, verses 9-12.)

Soon after this Jehovah sent his own private coach, built of fire and hitched to horses of the same material, with an angel handling the reins, and Elijah was driven up to Heaven. As he left the earth he pulled off his cloak and threw it to a companion of his by the name of Elisha, who was standing by. The garment was charmed and no sooner

had Elisha put it on than he found himself possessed of the miraculous powers of the departed Elijah. (Many orthodox Jews to this day assert that Elijah is not dead, but that he still lives in the flesh, and appears on earth at intervals. Accounts of his reappearances are told in the Talmud. This is probably the origin of the tales of the Wandering Jew.)

One of the first acts that Elisha did with the charmed cloak was to establish his dignity. He was, it appears, a rather comical looking magician, with a heavy beard and a head as bald as marble. It seems that a number of children were playing in the neighborhood when his friend Elijah went to Heaven in the chariot of fire, and the sight of the performance amazed and delighted them. So when Elisha wandered away from the scene, wearing the cloak that Elijah had thrown to him, and which act the children had also observed, the whole band of youngsters followed the newly-made magician, as they do today the clown in a circus parade. Excited, as they naturally must have been, by what they had seen, they were eager for more such sights; so they cried to Elisha, "Go up, Mr. Baldhead, go up in the air like the other man did." To thus make sport of such a sacred spectacle shocked and angered Elisha. He turned upon the children, and cursed them; and Jehovah, we are told in the twenty-fourth

verse of the second chapter of Second Kings, heard Elisha's curse, and sent two she bears out of the woods that tore to pieces forty-two of the little boys and girls. From that time on Elisha's reputation as a successful soothsayer was securely established. He performed all manner of miracles. He made water flow in dry ditches, killed whole tribes of heathen, caused a senile old woman to bear a son, had the son die of sunstroke, raised him to life again, made poison weeds good to eat, cured people of leprosy, caused men to go blind, stopped famines, and performed other wonders too numerous to mention. No chariot and horses of fire carried Elisha at last to Heaven. He simply took sick and died.

Jehovah's next wonder-worker of any note was a king of Judah named Hezekiah. In a war with the Assyrians this king was assisted by a powerful angel. This angel, we are told in the thirty-fifth verse of the nineteenth chapter of Second Kings, smote to death one hundred and eighty-five thousand Assyrians. After this Hezekiah became desperately sick with a boil. He thought he was going to die. The prophet Isaiah, we are told, came to see him, and told him to cheer up, that Jehovah would pull him through; and to prove his words he induced Jehovah to give a sign. It was about sundown, and Hezekiah's boil hurt worse at night than it did in the daytime,

so Jehovah, in order to make him feel easier, moved the sun back ten degrees in the sky. The manner in which Jehovah used to move the sun around to please his magicians was marvelous. Hezekiah immediately began to improve, and the next day was able to sit up—or, more likely, to sit down.

And yet with all these signs and wonders Jehovah was unable to hold the Israelites in line. They continually wandered after other gods, for which he afflicted them in divers ways; he had them slaughtered by the thousands, and what was left carried into captivity by the heathen.

A noted character and personal friend of Jehovah's that appeared in Israel was a prosperous cattleman and slave-owner by the name of Job. He was the father of a large family, and his flocks of cows and sheep and goats and camels and asses were beyond number; and he was so good that he never lost his patience, no matter what happened to him. But alas! his piety and patience brought upon him such afflictions as no man, it would seem, could quietly and resignedly endure.

The story runs that the sight of Job's perfect life got on Satan's nerves; so, one day, when court was being held in Heaven, he betook himself thither to pay his respects to Jehovah, and managed to obtain a front seat, close to the throne. Jehovah soon

noticed the forked tail sticking out under Satan's robes, and thus recognized him.

"What are you doing here, and where did you come from?" said Jehovah.

"I came from going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it," answered Satan.

"Did you ever meet my friend Job?" asked Jehovah?

"The rich cattleman surrounded by servants and every conceivable luxury?" replied Satan.

"That's the party," said Jehovah.

Satan smiled.

"No wonder he's a saint," said he, "with all the wealth he possesses. Take away everything he has, and Job will curse thee to thy face."

Then, we are told, Jehovah said unto Satan, "Behold, all that Job hath do I put in thy power; only do not kill him."

Thus empowered Satan went back to earth and began to afflict Job. With Jehovah's help he nearly equalled the tortures of the Holy Inquisition. Let the inspired record, as found in the Book of Job, tell the tale:

"And there came a messenger unto Job, and said, The oxen were plowing, and the asses were feeding beside them; and the Sabeans fell upon them, and took them away; yea, they have slain the servants

(slaves) with the edge of the sword; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee.”

“While he was yet speaking, there came also another, and said, The fire of Jehovah is fallen from Heaven, and hath burned up the sheep, and the servants, and consumed them; and I only am escaped to tell thee.”

“While he was yet speaking, there came also another, and said, The Chaldeans made out three bands, and fell upon the camels, and have carried them away, yea, and slain the servants with the edge of the sword; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee.”

“While he was yet speaking, there came also another, and said, Thy sons and daughters were eating and drinking wine in their eldest brother’s house; and, behold, there came a great wind from the wilderness, and smote the four corners of the house, and it fell upon the young men, and they are dead; and I only am escaped to tell thee.” (The inspired record makes no mention of Jehovah’s slaughter of Job’s daughters, together with his sons. This, however, is readily accounted for, as females, in the eyes of Jehovah, were of little value, and hardly worth noting.)

These calamities, all happening in a few minutes, were enough to drive an ordinary person insane.

Not so with Job. He calmly arose from where he was sitting, took off his coat, and, to show his contempt for the calamities suddenly sent upon him, ripped it into rags; then he shaved his head and prayed. "Jehovah gave, and Jehovah hath taken away," said Job; "blessed be Jehovah."

But Satan did not give up his designs to make Job lose his temper. So he waited until court was being held again in Heaven, and appeared once more at Jehovah's throne.

"What do you think now about my friend Job," asked Jehovah; "isn't his patience and piety something to be admired?"

And Satan answered:

"Just put forth that hand of yours, and touch Job's flesh and bones, and he will curse thee to thy face."

"All right," said Jehovah, "we'll try it on him."

And so Jehovah reached down his hand and touched Job. The application took; Job was immediately covered with boils from head to foot. There wasn't a spot on his body that didn't contain a sore. They burned and itched so that he used a broken stone pot to scratch himself. The only place where he could sit or lie down with any comfort was on a heap of ashes. And yet his patience never left him, and his admiration for Jehovah never grew less. And finally, after long suffering, his reward came. Such



an example of holiness touched Jehovah's heart. He cured Job of his boils, sent him more children than he had before, and restored him double all the live stock and slaves he had lost. And so Job was made happier than ever in his life.

An account of Job's career that was long ago dropped from the Scriptures, and which is told by the ancient Jewish rabbis, is even more explicit than the present Scriptures contain.

Job, say the rabbis, was the great grandson of Esau, and was one of the three great magicians to Pharaoh, king of Egypt; Jethro and Balaam being the other two. These magicians drew a line around the land of Egypt, over which no slave could pass. When a Hebrew slave, trying to make his escape, reached this magic line, a spell overtook him and he was suddenly pulled back to the brick kiln from which he had ran away.

But Jehovah, with his plagues, finally worried the Egyptian magicians until they were so worn out and weak that they could not make their enchantments work; and when at last they saw the Israelites break away and pass over the magic line, Job, Jethro and Balaam concluded to quit the Egyptian gods and follow after Jehovah. Job, who was the most powerful of the magicians, possessed a stone image of the leading Egyptian god, which for years had been the

source of his magic. This image Job determined to destroy. He knew Jehovah's temper, and that he would not allow his followers to have any other gods. But the stone image refused to be demolished. It threw Job into spasms whenever he approached with his hammer. Finally Jehovah, watching the proceedings, sent one of the stoutest angels in Paradise to help Job. With the angel's help the image of the heathen god was smashed to fragments.

Now this heathen god was a personal friend of Satan, and it angered Satan to see the image thus destroyed. So he made up his mind to get even with Job; but, realizing what a powerful god Jehovah was, and knowing that Job had become one of his followers, he bided his time. He knew he would need Jehovah's help to inflict his revenge on Job for destroying the image of the heathen god. This, as told in the Book of Job, he finally accomplished. With diplomacy and flattery he induced Jehovah to become his partner in tormenting poor Job.

According to the rabbis, Satan, with the help of Jehovah, made still further effort to cause Job to lose his temper, when the boils failed to have the desired effect. The rabbinical account reads: Satan saw that he could not triumph so long as Job's wife remained faithful to him. She was a comfort in his afflictions, and he cared not for possessions, or chil-

dren, or slaves, or even his health, so long as he had her. Her name, say the rabbis, was Rahma, while in the apochryphal "Testament of Job" she is called Sitis.

One day, as she was carrying food to Job, who, it will be recalled, sat on an ash-heap on account of his boils, Satan appeared before her in the form of an old man, and thus addressed her:

"Oh, Rahma! art thou not the daughter of Ephraim, the son of Joseph?"

She replied, "I am."

Then said Satan, "In what condition do I see thee?"

She answered, "My husband Job has fallen into dire poverty, and has no slaves, so I serve him."

Satan said, "Do not serve him, for when thou touchest him the poison of his disease is liable to pass into thy veins."

To which Rahma answered, "He is my husband, and I must wait on him as long as I live, in health or disease."

Thus failing to tempt the woman, but still not discouraged, Satan departed.

Rahma told Job what had happened, and he, being a magician, said to her, "O woman! he whom you have seen is Satan and he desired to separate us. Do not speak to him again when he addresses you."

Soon after Satan appeared to Rahma again in the form of a handsome youth, and said to her:

“What woman art thou, who art so radiant in beauty?”

And Rahma answered, “I am the wife of a poor man, named Job.”

Then said Satan, “O woman! what hast thou, with thy wondrous beauty, to do with a forlorn, poverty-stricken, sick husband? Go, be divorced from thy husband, and marry me. I have great possessions, and I will treat thee as a queen.”

If Rahma had accepted the flattering offer there would doubtless have been another litter of half-devil, half-humans born on earth. But she didn't. She turned up her nose at the handsome youth, and went to the ash-heap, where her husband Job sat scratching himself with the stone pot. When she narrated the circumstance, Job again said:

“O woman! did I not tell thee to speak with him no more; why hast thou dared to disobey my command? That was Satan, once more trying to separate us. Never speak to him again.”

It was not long, however, before Satan, for the third time, presented himself to Job's wife. This time he appeared as one of Jehovah's angels.

“O woman,” said Satan, “daughter of a prophet!

I am an angel from Jehovah, with a message to thee!"

"What message?" inquired Rahma.

"Behold Jehovah is wroth with Job, because he has neglected to offer thanks for all his blessings; thereupon hath Jehovah concluded to wipe his name off the heavenly register, and he shall go from bad to worse until he dies. All the angels of Heaven have been commanded to curse him, and thou, daughter of a prophet, must do the same, or thou shalt be eternally damned with him."

When Rahma heard this threat she wept, and answered:

"After so many afflictions, shall the name of Job be taken from the list of prophets? And after so many sufferings shall he perish everlastingly?"

Then she hurried, weeping, to Job, and told him what she had heard. This time Job flew into a rage, and cried out, "Have I not warned thee these two times not to speak to this creature Satan, who appears in so many different forms? Wait till I get well, and I will give thee a hundred lashes with a rod."

Another inspired rabbi (they were all inspired) tells the story in a somewhat different way. Satan appeared as a baker, and Rahma needed bread, but she did not have any money in the house.

Then said the baker, "Thou hast locks of beautiful hair; cut off a bunch of thy hair and give it to me, and thou canst have the largest of my loaves."

The woman was hungry, and she cut off three locks of her hair, and in return took the loaf of bread, with which she hastened to Job, that both might eat. But Job, hungry as he was, only raved at her and swore when he heard the story, and learned what she had done; and, being better of his boils a few days later, so that he was able to leave the ash-heap, he flogged Rahma within an inch of her life. Thus, claim some of the rabbis, did Satan at last triumph by causing Job to use profane language, and also to flog an innocent woman.

One biography of Job claims that he sat on a manure-pile, and not on an ash-heap, all the time he suffered with boils, which was seven years. This account states that it was not only boils that afflicted Job these seven years, but that he was also in continual pain from worms (Testament of Job). The worms that had devoured Job's insides, we are told, Jehovah turned into silk-worms; and the flies that had tormented his sores as he lay on the manure-pile, he turned into honey-bees. When at last Job died, a troop of angels, singing and playing their harps, carried his soul to Paradise.

Another of Jehovah's wonder-workers was a man

by the name of Ezekiel. A remarkable feature about Ezekiel was the manner in which he received his education. He did not read or study books; he simply ate them, in order to comprehend their contents. Jehovah wrote the books, and would bring them to Ezekiel, and tell him to open his mouth, and eat the roll of a book he had in his hand. As soon as Ezekiel had swallowed the last mouthful he knew the contents. Wonderful visions floated across his brain, and he began to see strange sights. He saw animals with four faces like human beings, and with four wings like birds, and feet like a young cow's; and "their appearance was like burning coals of fire." He also saw wheels with eyes in their rings. These wheels chased the four-faced animals all over the earth. As soon as Ezekiel saw these animals and these wheels he was able to foretell the future.

The history of this is found in the first three chapters of the Book of Ezekiel. In the fourth chapter of this book we are told that Jehovah fed Ezekiel on barley baked with manure, and allowed him to drink nothing stronger than water. Possibly a continuous diet of this kind might still produce a prophet. This, however, is only a suggestion—it is not inspired.

Ezekiel saw a great many different varieties of

visions. There was not a day went by without angels visiting him. Some of these angels were bookkeepers, keeping a record of the sins of the Israelites. In the eleventh verse of the ninth chapter of Ezekiel we are told that they carried inkhorns. When Jehovah footed up the amount of sins, he punished the people accordingly.

In the thirty-seventh chapter of Ezekiel is found an account of a valley filled with dead men's bones. Ezekiel went down to this valley and preached a sermon to the bones, and, so great was his eloquence, that, we are told, the bones gathered themselves together and stood up and listened to the sermon.

At another time, as narrated in the thirty-ninth chapter of Ezekiel, beginning at the seventeenth verse, Jehovah had Ezekiel preach a sermon to the feathered fowls and wild beasts. These creatures, so it reads, Ezekiel assembled together, and promised them a great feast of the flesh and blood of Israelites whom Jehovah was about to kill because of their sins.

Another of Jehovah's wonder-workers was Daniel. He lived when the chosen people were captives in Babylon. Daniel could charm lions, interpret dreams, and read strange words seen on the walls where drunken rioters were holding a midnight carousal. Daniel, like Ezekiel, also saw queer



looking animals stalking about. One of his miracles was to make the king of Babylon imagine himself to be a bull, and go and live in the fields and eat grass for a number of years, during which time his hair grew "like eagles' feathers, and his nails like birds' claws" (Daniel, iv, verse 33).

Daniel had three friends, who were also magicians. Their names were Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. They were fire-eaters. One day Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, had them thrown into a furnace seven times hotter than usually heated to burn his victims alive. Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego were not harmed in the least by the flames (Book of Daniel, iii).

Another of Jehovah's magicians was Jonah. The most noteworthy event narrated of Jonah's career was a voyage he made inside of a whale. Jonah was the first submarine sailor on record. This whale, we are told, in the seventeenth verse of the first chapter of the Book of Jonah, had been specially constructed for passenger service. Doubtless the insides contained a cabin, and other necessary accommodations for travelers. Jonah stayed in the whale three days, at the end of which time Jehovah steered the craft safely into port. Jonah's landing was unique—the whale spewed him out bag and baggage.

Jonah, under Jehovah's direction, then betook himself to a city called Ninevah, and as soon as he reached there he went through the streets pronouncing a curse to overtake the inhabitants in forty days. Having done this he went to the outskirts and sat down and waited to see the town utterly destroyed. As Jehovah had ordered him to do the cursing, Jonah had no doubt as to the outcome.

But the people of Ninevah, hearing the curse, immediately got together and proclaimed a fast, and dressed themselves in sackcloth, and prostrated themselves in prayer. The king himself arose from his throne, took off his royal robes, and, getting into a gunnysack, went out and sat on an ash-heap. All his nobles did the same. Nobody in Ninevah ate or drank anything. Neither did they allow their domestic animals to eat or drink. Thus did the town repent of its sins.

At the sight of such humility, and hunger and thirst, and the people itching and suffering from the coarse cloth scraping their skin, Jehovah, says the tenth verse of the third chapter of the Book of Jonah, changed his mind, and did not burn down the houses and kill the inhabitants of Ninevah. This irritated Jonah. He had sat outside of the city for several days waiting to see Jehovah fulfill his threat and rain down fire and brimstone, and now to have

the exhibition cancelled was too much of a disappointment to endure. Besides, it injured his reputation as a fortune-teller.

At last his disappointment turned into grief, and he told Jehovah he wanted to die—he could not bear to meet any of his friends after having made such a fool of himself. Then Jehovah caused a gourd to suddenly grow up and completely cover Jonah, so that no one passing that way could see him as he sat there shedding tears. This made Jonah feel better, and he ceased to weep. Then Jehovah created a worm, and the worm gnawed a hole in the gourd, and it immediately withered.

## CHAPTER IX.

**F**OR a period covering five or six centuries Jehovah, as far as can be ascertained, remained quietly on his throne somewhere in the skies. He neither performed any juggleries nor sent any plagues. Finally, however, he concluded to make one more supreme exhibition of himself. He decided to have a sacrifice offered up to him worthy such a god as himself. The blood of bulls and goats, and even the blood of ordinary mortals, did not appeal to him any more. He had grown tired of such as these. Nothing but the sacrificing of a god could satisfy his wrath. Furthermore, this god must be of flesh and blood, or no sacrifice could be made. A spook could not be offered up. Therefore, the only thing to do was to beget a god of a virgin mother. This plan, declare the theologians, was duly carried out.

The virgin chosen for Jehovah's purpose was named Mary, and her mother's name was Ann. Some have claimed that Mary was divinely conceived. At any rate, she was extraordinarily beautiful, for St.

Danniani, who died in 1059, says that "God himself, on account of the surpassing beauty of the Holy Virgin, fell desperately in love with her." And St. Danniani ought to know. He was a Roman priest, and it was Roman priests, years after the birth and sacrifice of Jehovah's son, that compiled, decided upon, and virtually wrote the larger part of the New Testament. There is no reason, therefore, to think that St. Danniani was not as much inspired as any of them.

Jehovah, according to this authority, called a convention in Heaven and told the angels of the proposed plan of salvation through the birth and sacrifice of Christ. The angel Gabriel was forthwith dispatched to Mary with a letter explaining the scheme, and, to prove the truth of the story, in the sixteenth century the monk Eiseling wandered around Germany with a pinion-feather plucked from one of Gabriel's wings. We are told that whoever kissed this feather was immune from the plague that used to sweep across Europe. Of course, these kisses were not gratuitous. To kiss this angelic feather money had to be paid to the monk Eiseling. This monk also carried a bag filled with hay from the manger in Bethlehem in which Christ was born. Whoever kissed this bag—for so much per kiss—was also protected from disease.

Great were the preparations made for the advent of Jehovah's son. In order to make his human side of royal blood, his descent, as told in the gospels of Matthew and Luke, came down from King David, who used to offer human sacrifices.

If the reader will carefully scrutinize the account given in these two gospels, he will note that Christ descended from David via two different lines—one through David's son Solomon, and the other through his son Nathan. This makes his birth even still more miraculous.

Jehovah himself, as previously stated, picked out Ann to be the mother of the virgin by whom he proposed to beget his son. Ann was an elderly dame, who had never borne any children. She is known by some devout people as the grandmother of God. Ann's husband's name was Joachim; and they both lamented the fact that they were childless.

One day Jehovah sent an angel to Ann, who told her that she would give birth to a daughter, whose name should be called Mary, and who would be known as the Virgin of the Lord. Full directions regarding the manner in which this virgin should be brought up were given; she was to be raised in the temple, under the care and instruction of the holy priests. The following description of the birth and childhood of the virgin destined to give birth to a

god, who was to be created in order to be offered up in sacrifice to appease the wrath of his father, is taken from the "Gospel of Mary," one of the apocryphal books of the New Testament, that was at one time considered inspired. This gospel says:

"So Anna conceived, and brought forth a daughter, and according to the angel's demand, did call her name Mary.

"And when three years were expired, and the time of her weaning complete, they brought the Virgin to the temple of the Lord with offerings.

"And there were about the temple, according to the fifteen Psalms of degrees, fifteen stairs to ascend.

"For the temple being built in a mountain, the altar of burnt offering, which was without, could not be come near but by stairs.

"The parents of the blessed Virgin and infant Mary put her upon one of these stairs.

"But while they were putting off their clothes, in which they had traveled, and according to custom putting on some that were neat and clean, in the meantime the Virgin of the Lord in such a manner went up all the stairs one after another, without the help of any to lead or lift her, that any one would have judged from hence that she was of perfect age.

"Thus the Lord did, in the infancy of his Virgin,

work this extraordinary work, and evidenced by this miracle how great she was like to be hereafter.

“But the parents having offered up their sacrifice, according to the custom of the law, and perfected their vow, left the Virgin with other virgins in the apartments of the temple, who were to be brought up there, and they returned home.

“But the Virgin of the Lord, as she advanced in years, increased also in perfections, and according to the saying of the Psalmist, her father and mother forsook her, but the Lord took care of her.

“For she every day had the conversation of angels, and every day received visitors from God, which preserved her from all sorts of evil, and caused her to abound with all good things.”

According to the Gospel of Mary the angel Gabriel notified the Virgin, in due time, in these words: “While a Virgin you shall conceive; while a virgin, you shall bring forth; and while a virgin shall give suck.”

If one will search the pages of heathen sacred scriptures, it will be found that this act of Jehovah—that of having a child by a virgin—was really no novelty. Dozens of heathen gods had previously done the same.

In the apocryphal gospel, the Protevangelion, we



are told that an angel brought from heaven the food that the Virgin Mary ate. This gospel says:

“And when she was twelve years of age, the priests met in council, and said, Behold, Mary is twelve years of age; what shall we do with her, for fear lest the holy place of the Lord our God should be defiled?”

It appears that the priests were afraid to trust themselves with the beautiful Virgin that Jehovah was raising for himself.

Then this gospel tells what was done:

“Then replied the priests to Zacharias the high-priest, Do you stand at the altar of the Lord, and enter into the holy place, and make petitions concerning her, and whatsoever the Lord shall manifest unto you, that do.

“Then the high-priest entered into the Holy of Holies (in which was the ark, inside of which Jehovah, at certain hours, betook himself), and taking away with him the breastplate of judgment made prayers concerning her.

“And, behold, the angel of the Lord came to him, and said, Zacharias, Zacharias, Go forth and call together all the widowers among the people, and let every one of them bring his rod, and he by whom the Lord shall shew a sign shall be the husband of Mary.”

What need Mary had of a husband, and why Jehovah provided her with one, has always been a mystery to those who have only read the New Testament as it now stands. The apocryphal gospel of the Protevangelion explains the matter—she needed him to protect her from the priests around the temple. The wisdom displayed by Jehovah in selecting this husband is also related in this gospel; for we are told that he was an old man, and a widower, and that he did not relish the job.

To further quote the Protevangelion:

“And the criers went out through all Judea, and the trumpet of the Lord sounded, and all the people ran and met together.

“Joseph also, throwing away his hatchet, went out to meet them; and when they (these widowers) were met, they went to the high-priest, taking every man his rod.

“After the high-priest had received their rods, he went into the temple to pray; and when he had finished his prayer, he took the rods, and went forth and distributed them, and there was no miracle attended them, but the last rod was taken by Joseph, and behold a dove proceeded out of the rod, and flew upon the head of Joseph.”

This settled the matter; for the next verse says:

“And the high-priest said, Joseph, Thou art the person chosen to take the Virgin of the Lord, to keep her for him.”

But, we are told, “Joseph refused, saying, I am an old man, and have children, but she is young, and I fear lest I should appear ridiculous in Israel.

“Then the high-priest replied, Joseph, Fear the Lord thy God, and remember how God dealt with Dathan, Korah, and Abiram, how the earth opened and swallowed them up, because of their contradiction.

“Now, therefore, Joseph, fear God, lest the like things should happen in your family.

“Joseph then being afraid, took her unto his house, and Joseph said unto Mary, Behold, I have taken thee from the temple of the Lord, and now I will leave thee in my house; I must go to mind my trade of building. The Lord be with thee.”

And, according to the account, the Lord himself was with her. It was only the fear of Jehovah's wrath that made the old and senile Joseph marry her.

That Jewish history does not contain any account of these wonders going on in Jerusalem at that time, and that the inspired gospels narrating them were arranged by Roman priests, who had never been in

Judea, and who lived from two to four hundred years after it was all over, is only explained by those versed in the mysteries of theology.

In due time Jehovah's son, by Mary, was born; angels having explained to both Joseph and Mary the divine plan. The birth of the child was hailed by angels flying over Judea, singing and playing their harps. Of this spectacular event Jewish writers of the period make no mention.

There are two accounts of the birthplace of Jesus. One, which is found in the orthodox New Testament, states that he was born in a manger; while the other, appearing in the apocryphal Protevangelion, and which was also inspired at one time, declares he was born in a cave. It would not seem strange to claim that so remarkable a child was born in both places.

In the gospel of the Protevangelion we are told that as Joseph and Mary were on their way to Bethlehem, Mary riding upon an ass, that she said to Joseph:

"Take me down from the ass, for that which is in me presses to come forth.

"But Joseph replied, Whither shall I take thee? for the place is desert.

"Then said Mary again to Joseph, take me down, for that which is within me mightily presses me.

"And Joseph took her down. And he found there a cave, and led her into it. \* \* \* Then (said Jo-

seph) I beheld a woman coming down from the mountains, and she said to me, Where art thou going, O man?

“And I said to her, I go to enquire for a Hebrew midwife.

“She replied to me, Where is the woman that is about to be delivered?

“And I answered, In the cave, and she is betrothed to me.

“Then said the midwife, Is she not thy wife?

“Joseph answered, It is Mary, who was educated in the Holy of Holies, in the house of the Lord, and she fell to me by lot, and is not my wife but has conceived by the Holy Ghost.

“The midwife said, Is this true?

“He answered, Come and see.

“And the midwife went along with him, and stood in the cave.”

There, we are told, the midwife saw miracles enough to convince her that Jehovah was really the father of the coming child. The cave, naturally as dark as midnight, was lit up with heavenly lights so that the eyes of Joseph and the midwife could hardly bear it.

As soon as the child was born, the midwife went out and hailed a woman passing by, “A virgin hath brought forth, which is a thing contrary to nature.”

It is, somewhat. The woman, whose name was Salome, was, it is stated, afflicted with a withered hand. The midwife, noticing her affliction, said "Come with me, and we will have it cured. So she took her into the cave, and the infant Jesus immediately healed her." Thus was the divinity and miraculous power of Jehovah's son disclosed when he was but a few minutes old.

From that on until his sacrifice, as ordained by his father, Jehovah, as told by the inspired Roman priests that long afterwards gave us the story, Jesus proved his divine origin by being the greatest magician Jehovah had ever charmed. He healed all manner of diseases, made the blind to see, the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak. He caused a legion of devils to come out of a lunatic's mouth and run and enter into a herd of swine near by. This drove the swine insane, so that they committed suicide. He made wine out of water, and walked across a lake without getting his feet wet. He fed thousands of people with a few fishes and a handful of crumbs, and then had enough left over to fill the picnic baskets in the crowd.

He and Satan went to the top of a mountain that was so high that they could see the entire earth. Geographers, to date, have not located that mountain. Then the pair journeyed to the pinnacle of

the temple and sat down on it. He cursed fruit trees so that they withered and died, raised the dead, and came to life himself again after he was sacrificed to the God who begat him.

These and more strange stories are told in the orthodox New Testament. The apocryphal books, discarded at the Council of Nice, tell of many more. In the apocryphal "First Gospel of the Infancy of Jesus Christ," we are informed that "Jesus spake even when he was in the cradle, and said to his mother: Mary, I am Jesus the Son of God." This gospel also declares that Jesus was born in a cave, and not in a manger. It narrates the story, found in Matthew, of the journey Joseph and Mary took to Egypt, in order to save their young god from being killed by King Herod.

The apocryphal "Gospel of the Infancy of Jesus Christ" states that Joseph and Mary went to a "great city" in Egypt, where was erected an immense stone idol of one of the Egyptian gods. This idol, it is stated, could talk. However, as soon as the stone idol learned that Jehovah's young son was in town, it fell down and was broken to pieces. We also find in this gospel more stories about casting out devils. It says that when the Virgin Mary hung the cloths worn by the infant Jesus out to dry, that those possessed of devils would come and touch the

garments and the devils would scamper out of their mouths. They did not enter into swine, however, when Jesus was in Egypt; they assumed the forms of crows and serpents and flew and crawled away.

A young Egyptian woman, a bride, took the infant Jesus in her arms and kissed him; she immediately began to sing praises to Jehovah.

Another incident, narrated in the sixth chapter of the First Gospel of the Infancy of Jesus, runs as follows:

“In this place they (Joseph, Mary and Jesus) abode three days, meeting with the greatest respect and most splendid entertainment.

“And being then furnished by the people with provisions for the road, they departed and went to another city, in which they were inclined to lodge, because it was a famous place.

“There was in this city a gentlewoman, who, as she went down one day to the river to bathe, behold accursed Satan leaped upon her in the form of a serpent, and folded himself about her belly, and every night lay upon her.

“This woman seeing the Lady St. Mary, and the Lord Christ the infant in her bosom, asked the Lady St. Mary, that she would give her the child to kiss, and carry in her arms.

“When she had consented, and as soon as the



woman had moved the child, Satan left her, and fled away, nor did the woman ever afterwards see him."

There is every reason to suspect that the inspired author of the foregoing was the same party that wrote the story about the devils and the pigs.

This gospel further says:

"On the morrow the same woman brought perfumed water to wash the Lord Jesus; and when she had washed him, she preserved the water.

"And there was a girl there, whose body was white with leprosy, who being sprinkled with this water, and washed, was instantly cleansed from her leprosy.

"The people therefore said, Without doubt Joseph and Mary and that boy are gods, for they do not look like mortals."

The next cure that this gospel narrates is that of a young bridegroom whom some Egyptian sorcerers afflicted with senility on his wedding day. He looked upon the infant Jesus, and the spell was instantly removed.

Another remarkable instance disclosing the miraculous powers of Jehovah's son, even when a suckling babe, is found in the seventh chapter of the Gospel of the Infancy of Jesus Christ, and reads as follows:

“But going forward on the morrow, they (Joseph and Mary and the infant Jesus) came to another city, and saw three women going from a certain grave with great weeping.

“When St. Mary saw them, she spoke to the girl who was their companion, saying, Go and inquire of them, what is the matter with them, and what misfortune has befallen them?

“When the girl asked them, they made her no answer, but asked her again, Who are ye, and where are ye going? For the day is far spent, and night is at hand.

“We are travelers, saith the girl, and are seeking for an inn to lodge at.

“They replied, Go along with us, and lodge with us.

“They then followed them, and were introduced into a new house, well furnished with all sorts of furniture.

“It was now winter time, and the girl went into the parlor where these women were, and found them weeping and lamenting, as before.

“By them stood a mule, covered over with silk, and an ebony collar hanging down from his neck, whom they kissed, and were feeding.

“But when the girl said, How handsome, ladies, that mule is! they replied with tears, and said, This

mule, which you see, was our brother, born of this same mother as we; for when our father died, and left us a very large estate, and we had only this brother, and we endeavored to procure him a suitable match and thought he should be married as other men, some giddy and jealous woman bewitched him without our knowledge.

“And we, one night, a little before day, while the doors of the house were all fast shut, saw this our brother changed into a mule, such as you now see him to be.

“And we, in the melancholy condition in which you see us, having no father to comfort us, have applied to all the wise men, magicians, and diviners in the world, but they have been of no service to us.”

As soon as the girl—who was evidently Jesus’ nurse—heard this she hastened to Mary, who, we are told, brought Jesus and set him on the mule’s back. Jehovah’s infant son was equal to the occasion—the mule was instantly turned back into a young man.

The trip of the infant Jesus through Egypt was a continual display of such miracles as the Egyptians had never witnessed before—and this, be it observed, was a period when all manner of gods and magicians, and demons and sorcerers, were plentiful. The miraculous healings that were pro-

duced by the water that Jesus was bathed in were of daily occurrence. It is a wonder that some enterprising Egyptian druggist didn't have him scrubbed in a tank, and bottle the water to be sold as a cure-all.

Also many cures were effected by the touch of Jesus' swaddling cloths. One case is recorded of a man who had two wives, each of whom had a sick boy. One of the wives traded a costly carpet to Mary for one of these cloths. With this she bandaged her boy, whose name was Caleb, and he was instantly made well. The other wife had no such saving faith and so her boy died. The result was that the unbelieving wife determined to kill the boy Caleb. She threw him into a red-hot oven and closed the door; but Caleb wouldn't burn. He sat there, until his mother hearing him, came to his rescue. Then the jealous wife threw Caleb into a well; but Caleb wouldn't drown; and he was dragged out of the well unharmed. The infant Jesus duly punished the unbelieving mother—he caused her to tumble down the well where she had tried to drown Caleb, and break her neck.

The next day a converted woman brought a dead child and placed it in the bed beside Jesus. The child immediately came to life.

After this Joseph and Mary and the infant Jesus

returned to their own home in Bethlehem, to which place multitudes, afflicted with disease, used to journey and be cured. One case, narrated in the thirteenth chapter of the Gospel of the Infancy of Jesus Christ, was that of a girl tormented by Satan, who came in the shape of a dragon, and sucked her blood until she looked like a corpse. Her mother brought her to Bethlehem, where St. Mary gave her one of Jesus' diapers, with instructions to shake it in the face of Satan the next time he appeared. This was more than Satan could stand; flames and burning coals flew out of the garment into Satan's face and eyes, and he hurried back to Hell. The girl, we are told, was never troubled with him again.

Here is the original story of Judas Iscariot, as told in the fourteenth chapter of the Gospel of the Infancy of Jesus:

"Another woman likewise, lived there, whose son was possessed by Satan.

"This boy, named Judas, as often as Satan seized him, was inclined to bite all that were present; and if he found no one else near him, he would bite his own hands and other parts.

"But the mother of this miserable boy, hearing of St. Mary and her son Jesus, arose presently, and taking her son in her arms, brought him to the Lady Mary.

“In the meantime James and Joses (sons of Joseph) had taken away the infant, the Lord Jesus, to play at a proper season with other children; and when they went forth, they sat down and the Lord Jesus with them.

“Then Judas, who was possessed, came and sat down at the right hand of Jesus.

“When Satan was acting upon him as usual, he went about to bite the Lord Jesus; and because he could not do it, he struck Jesus on the right side, so that he cried out.

“And in the same moment Satan went out of the boy, and ran away like a mad dog.

“This same boy who struck Jesus, and out of whom Satan went in the form of a dog, was Judas Iscariot, who betrayed him to the Jews.

“And that same side, on which Judas struck him, the Jews pierced with a spear.”

To those not versed in the mysteries of theology it has always appeared strange that Jehovah's son, who daily and publicly performed the most amazing exhibitions imaginable, was so unknown to the Jewish population that it was necessary to hire a man to identify him. Theology explains this, however, by claiming that Jehovah had purposely blinded the eyes of the Jews so that they would not recognize his son if they met him on the street.

It also appears from the narrative concerning Judas Iscariot, found in the Gospel of the Infancy of Jesus Christ, that Judas was destined from childhood to do his part in the bloody sacrifice of a god. He was purposely doomed and damned. This, it will be noted, sustains the Calvinist doctrine of predestination.

Many more wonders did Jehovah's son work, as related in the Gospel of the Infancy of Jesus Christ. As a boy he constructed mud animals and birds of all descriptions. These he would blow upon, and they would run about and fly away, to the amusement and astonishment of his playmates. He would also offer food and drink to these mud animals, of which they eagerly partook. One day he walked into a dyer's shop, gathered the garments sent there to be dyed, and threw them into a furnace. The poor dyer was frantic; but Jesus asked him what colors he wanted them to be dyed, and, when informed, he pulled each garment out of the fire, dyed as requested, and not even scorched. Jesus' stepfather, Joseph, was a carpenter, and whenever he happened to see a board too short, Jesus would stretch it out to the proper length; and when he sawed it too long, Jesus would push it shorter. He was a handy lad to have around a carpenter shop. Once Joseph took a contract to build a throne for

the king. It took him two years to complete the job, and when at last he carried it to the palace, it would not fit the place designed for it. This made the king, who was badly in need of the throne, so angry, that Joseph, fearful of what might be the consequences of his blunder, went to bed without his supper. Jesus went to him and asked him what it was that troubled him so. When informed, he told his step-father not to worry,—that he would fix things; so the next morning he went to the palace and squeezed the throne to a perfect fit.

For amusement Jesus would throw little boys into a fire, and they would turn into kids; then he would pull them out of the fire, and they became boys again. He had Jehovah's temper, for, we are told, he thought nothing of killing a boy whom he became angry at.

One time a snake bit a man called Simon the Canaanite, so that he began to swell and was about to die. Jesus made the snake suck the poison out of Simon, and thus healed him. The snake swelled up, burst asunder, and expired.

Joseph and Mary felt that as Jesus was destined to grow up and be a god, he should have a good education; so, as soon as he was considered old enough, they took him to the best school they could find. The teacher was a man by the name of Zaccheus, who



was considered the most learned professor in Jerusalem. Zaccheus started to instruct the little Jesus in the alphabet, and, when he asked to be shown the highest grade books in the school, Zaccheus threatened to chastise him. However, he did not do it, and Christianity was thereby spared the spectacle of a pedagogue spanking one of its gods. Jesus then disclosed such a knowledge of all books known to the teacher, and picked them up and read them with such ease, that the teacher sent him back to Joseph and Mary with a note stating that the boy's education was completed before the days of Noah. There was not a dogma in theology taught but that Jesus understood. Of course the sciences, being unheard of at that time, he knew nothing about.

All these wonderful things are told in the apocryphal Gospel of the Infancy of Jesus Christ; and this gospel, it is claimed, was at one time the only divinely inspired account in use among the churches of Asia and Africa. Other apocryphal gospels, still extant, narrate more miracles. These gospels, as well as the recognized gospels of the New Testament, began to spring up in the first century, and continued to accumulate to the fourth. All apparently bear the same evidence as to their inspired origin. In fact, none of them contain a more wonderful test of a Christian's faith than is found in

the last chapter and closing verses of the orthodox gospel of Mark. Judged by this test, it is very simple to tell a genuine Christian from a mere imitator. The genuine Christian, says this recognized authority, can still make devils come out of people's mouths; having no education whatever, he can speak all foreign languages; he can safely handle rattlesnakes and tarantulas—their bite cannot harm him; he can drink any poison, such as carbolic or nitric acid, without feeling any ill effect; and he can walk into a hospital, and by laying his hands on their persons, heal the most hopeless cases. Any person professing Christianity, who cannot do these things, says the inspired Gospel of Mark, is a deceiver, and is damned.

The sacrifice of Jesus was accompanied by mysterious phenomena, the like of which had never before, nor has ever since, been seen. The earth quaked, and great rocks were rent asunder; the sun stopped shining, and black darkness enveloped the land; graves opened, and the dead walked forth; a god was dead, and "descended into Hell"; after three days he returned from Hell, resumed his earthly body, and ascended bodily to Heaven. All this occurred in the City of Jerusalem, and the bodily ascension to Heaven was made in broad daylight, and must have been witnessed by thousands.

of people; and yet no secular writers of the period, Hebrew, Greek or Roman, make any mention whatever of these astounding sights. The divinely inspired recording of these supernatural events was left to holy fathers who lived years after they happened, and in a distant country, and whose only authority was that they had heard that somebody heard that somebody else heard long ago all about it.

According to the apocryphal Gospel of Nicodemus it was the literal Hell—the lake of fire and brimstone—into which Jesus descended, and there remained for three days. In the fifteenth chapter and first verse of this gospel it says, “while all the saints were rejoicing, behold Satan, the prince and captain of death, said to the prince of Hell:

“Prepare to receive Jesus of Nazareth himself, who boasted that he was the Son of God.”

St. Jerome, who lived in the fourth century, also affirms that Jesus went to Hell.

The sixteenth chapter of the Gospel of Nicodemus gives an account of Jesus' entrance into Hell. It seems that Satan, fearful that Jesus was about to destroy the place, made his escape, and left things in sole charge of Beelzebub, “the Prince of Hell.” Beelzebub (or Baalzebub) was at one time a god. Mention is made of him in the first chapter of Second Kings.

The Gospel of Nicodemus also tells why Jesus went to Hell, and what he was doing there during his three days' sojourn. It was to rescue the chosen people, from Adam down, who were locked up there. This proves the orthodox contention that all the countless sacrifices of bulls, and goats, and sheep, and pigeons and roosters, were not sufficient to appease Jehovah's wrath against mankind, on account of Adam and Eve eating the apple.

The first lost soul that Jesus rescued, as told in the nineteenth chapter of the Gospel of Nicodemus, was Adam himself. The third verse of this chapter narrates how he and Jesus shook hands. The first verse of the twentieth chapter states that Michael, the archangel, was standing by, and that Jesus turned Adam over to him, and that Michael then escorted Adam to Paradise. No mention is made of Eve. She is probably still in Hell, suffering out her unpardonable sin. Or maybe, as no mention of female angels is found in the Scriptures, women have no souls.

The first angels that Adam met, on his arrival at Paradise, were Enoch and Elijah, who went there bodily, with all their clothes on. Adam expressed great surprise on meeting these two. He said he had hunted all over Hell for thousands of years, but could not locate them. He did not know what

had become of them, and had given them up as lost. It appears, however, that after the sacrifice of Jehovah's son, Enoch and Elijah were not allowed to remain in Heaven any longer with their bodies of flesh and blood. Jehovah sent them to Jerusalem, and there had them killed. Only their souls are now in Heaven. This is recorded in the fourth verse of the twentieth chapter of the Gospel of Nicodemus. The Gospel of Nicodemus appeared towards the close of the third century, and the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John were finally compiled in the fourth.

Among the Christians of the early centuries no book was more devoutly cherished than the apocryphal "Shepherd of Hermas." It was accepted as inspired into the fifth century. It was endorsed by Ireneus, Origen, Eusebius, and Jerome. The book is composed of "Visions," "Commands," and "Similitudes." It is mostly a warning against the charms of women, and an admonition to let the wicked creatures alone. The author of the book, Hermas, was a brother of Pius, Bishop of Rome. As a "woman-hater" he nearly equalled Paul. He hated them because Eve had eaten of the apple, and then tempted Adam to eat of it. Thus the woman started the world's woes. All the dooni and damnation, all the bloody sacrifices from goats to gods to

appease Jehovah's wrath, were caused by the woman. By nature Hermas really liked women, and was honest enough to admit it; but when he became a Christian he discovered the wickedness of such passion.

The first Book of Hermas, Vision I, tells how he was once tempted. While walking along the banks of the river Tiber one day, thinking such holy thoughts as become a monk, he discovered, bathing in the river, the most beautiful maiden his eyes had ever beheld. As he looked upon the lovely vision human longings filled his soul, and human passions surged through his veins. For the moment he forgot his holy calling—forgot the sackcloth and ashes, and scourging of the body, necessary to make a saint. Hermas only saw the vision before him, bathing in the river. He says, "And when I saw her I thought with myself, saying, How happy should I be if I had such a wife!" and Hermas, the brother of the bishop, sighed and walked on. "And when I had walked a little," he says, "I fell asleep, And the spirit caught me away."

Jehovah, it appears, had put him into a trance, for, we are told, Hermas saw Heaven opened and there appeared the beautiful maiden, in the form of an angel, looking down upon him. And then the angel told Hermas how he had sinned as he strolled

along the river, and how he must repent, and never again entertain such evil desires if he wished to become a saint. Hermas at first denied any thought of evil, but the angel, it seems, knew better. "Then she," so he writes, "smiling upon me, said: The desire of naughtiness has risen up in thy heart."

And all that poor Hermas had done, so he himself confesses, was to say to himself, "how happy should I be if I had such a wife."

The pathetic part of this story of the temptation of Hermas is, after all, that the vision bathing in the river was probably a male angel, impersonating a beautiful maiden, upon whom Jehovah had cast a charm.

Another experience, similar to the one narrated, is the story told of St. Anthony, who was born at Coma, Egypt, in the year 251, and who was such a religious youth that he looked upon woman as sent by Satan to lead holy men to destruction. He therefore decided that he would be a male virgin himself, and so he gave his money away and took to the woods, without a cent in his pocket. He finally became a saint by subsisting mostly on wild berries, roots and water. St. Anthony was known as a "grazing monk," and he roamed about shelterless and nearly naked, browsing like a cow on herbs. Satan one time tempted him nearly to the falling

point. He appeared to him one moonlight night in the form of a beautiful girl, with hair as black as the raven and eyes to match. Her lips were like luscious cherries, and her plump bosom heaved beneath her loose-fitting gown of snowy white. She looked love's eyes at St. Anthony, and played with her dainty fingers beneath the bunch of whiskers on his chin. This was the great crisis in St. Anthony's career. But he did not fall—he came through without a blemish. Then he started for the desert sands where neither herbs nor berries grew and went on a protracted fast. He became so starved and weak that he found himself unable to travel back to where he could find good browsing again, and had about made up his mind to die, when the archangel Michael flew down to him with baskets of food and told him to eat and live. St. Anthony did this and lived to become one of the most holy men in the church calendar.

Poor woman, doubly cursed by Jehovah's wrath! Of her the godly Saint Tertullian exclaimed: "Woman, you ought to go about clad in mourning and rags, your eyes filled with tears of remorse, to make us forget that you have been mankind's destruction. Woman, you are the gate to Hell!"

And St. Hieronymous said: "Matrimony is always a vice, all that can be done is to excuse it and



to sanctify it; therefore it was made a religious sacrament." According to this, the original reason of requiring a priest to officiate at a marriage ceremony was to have the sin of getting married absolved.

Origen, who was one of the leading lights in making our New Testament, and who of all others insisted on discarding a hundred and odd gospels then extant (fourth century), declared: "Matrimony is impure and unholy; a means of sensual passion." Origen emasculated himself, so he could look with contempt upon woman.

St. Paul said: "The man is the image and glory of God; but woman is the glory of man." And St. Peter cries, "Wives, obey your husbands!"

No wonder the Christian world has for centuries looked upon woman as an inferior creature in the light of these inspired teachings.

St. Thomas of Aquino, who lived in the thirteenth century, said: "Woman is a rapidly growing weed, an imperfect being. Her body attains maturity more rapidly only because it is of less value, and nature is engaged less in her making. Women are born to be eternally maintained under the yoke of their lords and masters, endowed by nature with superiority in every respect, and therefore destined to rule."

The "jus primae noctis" (right of the first night)

was legally practiced in Christian Europe far into the Middle Ages. The landlord claimed and exercised the right of sleeping with the bride of a peasant the first night of the marriage. The Church ruled that this was all right. In fact, the religious Council at Macon, held during the sixth century, seriously discussed the question as to whether woman had a soul or not. It was decided in her favor by a majority of one. In Christian Scotland this right of the landlord to sleep with the peasant bride the first night was modified by King Malcolm III at the close of the eleventh century by allowing the groom to pay a marriage tax to the landlord. In Germany, according to the records of the Swabian monastery at Adelberg, of the year 1496, a law had been enacted whereby the peasant could redeem his wife from the lust of the feudal lord by the payment of a bag of salt and the bride to give what would now be a little over \$5 in money, "in a dish large enough that she might sit in it." In Poland the noblemen had a legal right to deflower any maiden they pleased, and if her lover or anybody else protested, the law condemned him to receive one hundred lashes.

In England, until 1870, a man was entitled to all the personal property of his wife. Prior to this period an English woman was a mere cipher before the law. In the year 1888 Bishop J. N. Wood de-

livered a lecture at Westminster, in which he declared that "as late as a century previous English women had not been permitted to eat at their husband's table, nor to speak until they were spoken to. As a symbol of the husband's power, a whip hung over the bed, that the law permitted the man to use on his wife. Only the daughters were required to obey the mother; by her sons she was regarded as a servant." It was not such a very long while ago that the English law was repealed that allowed a husband to thrash his wife with "a stick no thicker than his thumb."

All of which is in strict accordance with the injunctions of Jehovah, who turned over the Midianite maidens to the soldiers, and who commanded that a woman caught in adultery should be stoned to death.

After the sacrifice of Jesus, his disciples, we are told, became magicians. An account is given in the fifth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, of Peter killing a man and woman who had lied about a real estate transaction, by simply ordering them to die. In the ninth chapter of this same book, Peter healed the sick and raised the dead. Angels frequently appeared to the disciples and talked with them.

The Book of Revelations, which the theologians claim was written by John, but which did not make

its appearance until more than a hundred years after John's death, is a marvelous experience of seeing strange sights. He saw Heaven, and Jehovah seated on his throne, together with all the royal paraphernalia appropriate for so powerful a potentate. Lightnings and thunderings and mystic voices proceeded from the throne, and Jehovah was guarded by "four beasts full of eyes before and behind" (Revelation iv, verse 6). The description of these animals follows:

"And the first beast was like a lion, and the second beast like a calf, and the third beast had a face as a man, and the fourth beast was like a flying eagle. And the four beasts had each of them six wings about him." Quite a menagerie.

He also saw an angel clothed with a cloud, wearing a rainbow for a hat, and whose face was like the sun, and his feet made of fire. He was so large that he stood with one foot in the middle of the ocean and the other in the middle of the earth. According to the geographical knowledge we now possess he must have cut quite a figure. This angel had a voice like the roar of a lion, and as loud as "seven thunders." He saw a woman wearing the sun for a cloak, and standing on the moon. He saw a dragon with seven heads and ten horns, and a gold crown on each of his heads. He also saw creatures coming

out of the sea with seven heads and ten horns. No other man, that was perfectly sober, ever witnessed such sights as described by the author of the Book of Revelation.

## CHAPTER X.

**A**FTER Jesus made his ascension from Jerusalem to Heaven, he became a god, equal to Jehovah. From that time three gods have ruled the universe—Jehovah, Jesus, and the Holy Ghost. These three, however, are one God. Each one is the three, and the whole three are the one. Any theologian can explain this. None of these gods, which are one, however, make their, or his, appearance on earth any more; Jehovah never leaves his throne. Nor are animals or humans offered in sacrifice any longer. This ceremony ceased when cannibalism disappeared and the art of cooking became popular, and the priests preferred sitting down at a table rather than sticking an iron prong into the altar and dragging out their food in half-raw chunks. All personal manifestations of Jehovah have ceased. They were done away with when the orthodox Church was formed. Jehovah then ordained special representatives on earth to attend to his work, the most prominent of these being

known as popes. Also, all the royal rulers are ordained by Jehovah. St. Paul tells us this. The popes, however, are diviner than all. In fact, they are nearly gods.

Pope Stephenus V, who occupied the papal chair in the last part of the ninth century, declared:

“The popes, like Jesus, are conceived by their mothers through the overshadowing of the Holy Ghost. All popes are a certain species of man-gods, for the purpose of being the better able to conduct the functions of mediator between God and mankind. All powers in Heaven, as well as on earth, are given them.”

“What art thou?” writes St. Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux, in a letter to Pope Eugenius III. “Thou art the Prince of Bishops, thou art the Heir of the Apostles. \* \* \* Thou art he to whom the keys of Heaven are given, to whom the sheep are intrusted. There are indeed other doorkeepers of Heaven, and other shepherds of the flocks; but thou art the more glorious in proportion as thou hast also, in a different fashion, inherited before others these names. \* \* \* Canst thou not, when a just reason occurs, shut up Heaven against a bishop, depose him from his episcopal office, and deliver him over to Satan?”

The Council of Lateran, in its first session, gave to the pope the appellation of "Prince of the Universe;" in its second session it named him "Prince and King, who is to be adored by all people, and who is very like unto God." St. Bernard affirms that "none except God is like the pope, either in Heaven or on earth." Says Pope Innocent III: "The pope holds the place of the true God." Cardinal Manning endorsed and drew public attention to that clause of the Catholic faith which says: "We declare, affirm, define and pronounce it necessary to salvation for every human creature to be subject to the Roman pontiff." And in a published discourse he represents the pope as saying: "I claim to be the Supreme Judge and Director of the consciences of men; of the peasant that tills the field, and the prince that sits on the throne; of the household that lives in the shade of privacy, and the Legislature that makes laws for kingdoms. I am the sole last supreme judge of what is right and wrong."

The Ecumenical Council, held in Rome, 1870, settled for all time to come the infallibility of the pope. Of course this had been maintained by the popes for centuries, for it had been declared that "Thou art another god on earth," but it remained for a papal council of the nineteenth century to officially pronounce the infallible divinity of the Ro-



man "god on earth." The vote of the council was taken on July 13, 1870, and on July 18th of that year the decree was formally promulgated with great ceremony at St. Peter's Cathedral, Rome. The following description of the event, by Dr. J. Cummings, of London, England, is interesting reading:

"The pope had a grand throne erected in front of the eastern window in St. Peter's, and arrayed himself in a perfect blaze of precious stones, and surrounded himself with cardinals and patriarchs and bishops in gorgeous apparel, for a magnificent spectacular scene. He had chosen the early morning hour, and the eastern window, that the rising sun should flash its beams full upon his magnificence, and by it his diamonds, rubies and emeralds be so refracted and reflected that he should appear to be not a man, but what the decree proclaimed him to be, one having all the glory of God.  
\* \* \* The pope posted himself at an early hour at the eastern window, but the sun refused to shine. The dismal dawn darkened rapidly to a deeper and deeper gloom. The dazzle of glory could not be produced. The aged eyes of the would-be god could not see to read by daylight, and he (the god) had to send for candles. Candle-light strained his nerves of vision too much (gods are not used to candles), and he handed the reading over to a cardinal. The

cardinal began to read amid an everblackening gloom, but had not read many lines before such a glare of lurid fire and such a crash burst forth from the inky heavens as was never equalled at Rome before. Terror fell upon all. The reading ceased. One cardinal jumped from his chair, and exclaimed, 'It is the voice of God speaking, the thunders of Sinai.' "

Even ordinary priests of the Roman Church are magicians ; they can absolve sinners, and by muttering a few mystic words turn bread and wine into the actual body and blood of the sacrificed son of Jehovah. The manner in which this is done is told by the Rev. Anthony Haering, Co-operator of Oberdorfen in the last century. He said, as recorded in a sermon :

"With this ability of granting absolution, Jesus has bestowed a power upon the priesthood that is a terror even to Hell itself and which Lucifer himself cannot resist ; a power that reaches into the immeasurable eternity where all other earthly powers find their limit and their termination ; a power, I tell you, that is capable of breaking fetters that have been wrought for eternity by the commission of great sins. Yea, verily, this power of remission of sins makes the priest to a certain extent a second

god, for, to remit sins is, in the course of nature, a prerogative of God alone; and still this is not the highest pinnacle of priestly potency, his power extends still further. He is empowered to render even God himself subservient to him! How? When the priest steps up to the altar to offer up holy mass, then Jesus Christ, who sits on the right of his Father, arises, as it were, to be ready at the beckoning of his priest on earth. And scarcely has the priest began the consecration when Jesus, surrounded by the heavenly hosts, descends to earth and on the sacrificial altar and upon the words of the priest he there changes the bread and wine to his sacred flesh and blood, and then he lets the priest lift him up and lay him down with his hands, even though he were the most corrupt and most unworthy of all priests on earth. Truly, such power exceeds even the power of the greatest angels of Heaven, even that of the Queen of Heaven herself. Therefore Saint Francis of Assisi was wont to say, very properly: 'If a priest and an angel should meet at the same time, I should salute the priest first and the angel after, because the priest is endowed with much greater power and majesty than the angels!'"

The miraculous powers of the popes and priests since the sacrifice of Jesus equal the other stories of magic found in the Bible. The accounts of the

miracles accomplished by holy relics of the saints would fill volumes. Helena, the mother of Constantine, the founder of orthodox Christianity, discovered, so it is claimed, the cross upon which Jesus had been sacrificed over three hundred years before. Enough of it has been accumulated since its discovery by Helena to start a lumber yard. Splinters from that cross are still sold to the faithful in the Catholic countries of Europe and Spanish America. Helena not only discovered the cross of Jesus himself, but also the crosses upon which the two thieves were crucified. By miraculous power of the priests the thieves' crosses are also a cure for all manner of disease. The timber from these doesn't cost the believer as much as that from Jesus' cross—and doubtless will do the work just as well. The sale of these began early in the fourth century. They are still being retailed.

Shortly after the finding of these crosses, the graves of all the apostles were found. The bones of these apostles are in existence to this day. In fact, the body of each apostle has furnished bones, hair and nails enough to fill a museum. There is scarcely a priest in any strictly Catholic country that does not keep a good supply of St. Peter's fingers and toes.

The skeletons of the saints are also quite numer-

ous and command a good price. St. Dionsius, for instance, exists in Europe in two complete specimens, one skeleton being at St. Denis and the other at St. Demmeran, besides which well-preserved skulls of him are exhibited at the two cities of Prague and Bamberg, and an extra hand is on exhibition at Munich.

The worship of the Virgin Mary began in the fifth century. There was a dispute among the clergy whether to call her the "Mother of God," or only the "Mother of Christ." Nestorius, one of the church fathers, thought it improper to call her the "Mother of God"—he wanted her called the "Mother of Christ." The synod of Ephesus, however, decided on the "Mother of God." The people, who had been accustomed to worshiping all the gods of the old mythology, also began to worship Mary's mother, St. Ann, and named her the "Grandmother of God." This, however, was going a little too strong, and finally Pope Clement XI ordered a halt. He doubtless feared that the devout populace would deify all the rest of Mary's relations, and would soon be praying to the "Uncle of God," the "Aunt of God" and dozens of God's first and second cousins. Mary's mother is now only St. Ann.

Whether or not Adam had a navel has been a

source of controversy time and again. The holy fathers have not decided the question up to the present writing.

Albrecht of Laningan, Bishop of Regensburg, wrote an exhaustive treatise as to whether the Virgin Mary was a blonde or brunette. He was absolutely certain that the earth was flat, but he wasn't quite so sure regarding Mary's complexion.

During the Crusades Europe became flooded with relics. Sacred articles of every description were brought from the Holy Land. Saint Louis, King of France, by the payment of an enormous sum, obtained possession of pieces of wood from the "true cross," the sponge that was filled with vinegar and offered to Jesus, some of the original nails by which he was crucified, the purple coat he wore and the crown of thorns. In fact, the entire wardrobe of Jesus, of the Virgin Mary, of St. Joseph and all of the apostles were produced. Thorns from the crown of thorns were sold in every village of Europe. Even the blood of Jesus, sometimes in single drops, again by the bottleful, was produced. One of the most remarkable relics brought back from the Crusades were samples of milk from the breasts of the Holy Virgin. Even the swaddling cloths of the infant Jesus were brought forth in great quantities. The rope with which Judas hanged himself was found,

and enough of it disposed of to stretch from London to Jerusalem. The pole was discovered upon which the rooster sat when he crowed when St. Peter denied his Lord, together with all the said rooster's tailfeathers. Even wonderful relics from the Old Testament prophets and patriarchs became quite common. Among these might be mentioned the staff with which Moses miraculously divided the Red Sea, some of the manna that was fed to the children of Israel, the brazen serpent set up in the wilderness, thorns from the burning bush, the stool from which Eli fell and broke his neck, the shears that cut off Samson's locks, and some of Noah's whiskers.

Nor have Jehovah's ordained representatives on earth failed to carry out his ancient laws regarding heresy, witchcraft and slavery. They have deluged the earth with the blood of victims, have tortured and burned heretics, even as Jehovah himself had done in days of yore. It is estimated, by those who have given the subject investigation, that the Papacy, acting as Jehovah's agent, during the past thirteen hundred years, has caused the death of fifty millions of people. King Henry II, of England, in the year 1160, by order of the Catholic Council of Oxford, ordered a company of Waldenses, men and women, to be publicly whipped, branded on the

cheek with a red-hot iron and driven, half-naked, out of the city in the dead of winter; and none were permitted to show them pity or grant them the slightest favor. Frederick, the Emperor of Germany, in the year 1224, sentenced heretics of every description, alive, to the flames. Sixty thousand were slaughtered in the City of Beziers in 1209. Four hundred were burned alive at Lavaur in the year 1211. The Duke of Alva boasted of the execution of 18,000 men and women in six weeks. Paola, the historian, reckons the number martyred by the Church in the Netherlands at 50,000; and Grotius gives the list of Belgian victims at 100,000. It is estimated that 70,000 Huguenots were put to death in France. There were not as many witches and Quakers in New England as there were Huguenots in France, so the Protestant Puritans were unable to score as big a record when they hung witches and Quakers in the name of Jehovah as their Catholic mother did with the Huguenots in France.

The massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day began on August 24, 1572. The tolling of the tocsin at midnight, August 23, gave the signal. The carnival of death lasted seven days. Medals commemorative of the event were coined in the Papal mint by order of the Pope and distributed among his faithful. The face presents a raised figure of the Pope and the



inscription "Gregorious XIII, Pontifex Maximus Anno I." On the reverse side of the medal is a representation of a destroying angel, bearing in the left hand a cross, and in the right hand a sword, and before whom a band of Huguenots, fleeing and prostrated—men, women and children—is represented, whose faces and figures express horror and despair.

The Holy Inquisition was established by St. Dominic in the thirteenth centry. Great, gloomy prisons filled the land to hold and torture the victims of the religion that teaches the doctrine of everlasting torment. "The victims of the Inquisition," says Dowling, "were generally apprehended by the officers of the tribunal called familiars. \* \* \* In the dead of the night, perhaps, a carriage drives up and a knock is heard at the door. An inquiry is made from the window, by some member of the family rising from his bed, 'Who is there?' The reply is the terrible words, 'The Holy Inquisition!' Perhaps the inquirer has an only child, a beloved and cherished daughter; and almost frozen with terror he hears the words, 'Deliver up your daughter to the Holy Inquisition,' or it may be, 'Deliver up your wife, your father, your brother, nor open your lips,' on pain of a like terrible fate with the destined victim. The trembling victim is led out,

perhaps totally ignorant of his crime or accuser, and immured within those horrid walls through which no sigh of agony or shriek of anguish can reach the ears of tender and sympathizing friends. The next day the family go in mourning; they bewail the lost one as dead; consigned not to a peaceful sepulchre, but to a living tomb; and strive to conceal even the tears which natural affection prompts, lest the next terrible summons should be for them."

The Church of Jehovah never willingly gave up the prison and torture. When Napoleon captured the city of Toledo, he caused the opening of the Inquisition prison at that place and of this event the history of the Napoleonic wars says: "Graves seemed to be opened and pale figures like ghosts issued from dungeons which emitted a sepulchral odor. Bushy beards, hanging down over the breast, and nails grown like bird's claws, disfigured the skeletons, who with laboring bosoms inhaled, for the first time for a long series of years, the fresh air. Many of them were reduced to cripples, the head inclined forward and the arms and hands hanging down rigid and helpless. They had been confined in dens so low they could not rise up in them, and in spite of all the care of the army surgeons, many of them expired the same day. On the following day General La Salle minutely inspected

the place, attended by several officers of his staff. The number of machines for torture thrilled even men inured to the battlefield with horror. In a recess in a subterranean vault, contiguous to the private hall for examinations, stood a wooden figure made by the hands of monks and representing the Virgin Mary. A gilded glory encompassed her head and in her right hand she held a banner. It struck all at first sight as suspicious that, notwithstanding the silken robe, descending on each side in ample folds from her shoulders, she would wear a sort of cuirass. On closer scrutiny it appeared that the fore part of the body was stuck full of extremely sharp nails and small knife-like blades with the points of both turned toward the spectator. The arms and hands were jointed, and machinery behind the partition set the figure in motion. One of the servants of the Inquisition was compelled by command of the General to work the machine, as he termed it. When the figure extended her arms, as though to press somebody lovingly to her heart, the well-filled knapsack of a Polish grenadier was made to supply the place of a living victim. The statue hugged it closer and closer, and when the attendant, agreeably to orders, made the figure unclasp her arms and return to her former position, the knapsack was perforated to the depth of two or three

inches, and remained hanging on the points of the nails and knife blades.”

Among the various modes of torture used by Jehovah's priests were dislocation of the joints and breaking of the bones by means of pulley, rope and weights; roasting the soles of the feet, and suffocation with water, with the torment of tightened ropes. In the dislocation by the pulley, ropes and weights, a pulley was fixed to the roof of the “Hall of Torture,” a gloomy apartment, usually situated far underground in order that the shrieks of the victims might not be heard, and a stout cord passed through it. The accused, whether male or female, who had dared to deny that His Holiness the Pope was God, or that bread and wine hocus-pocused by a priest was not actually the flesh and blood of Jesus, was then seized and stripped, his or her arms tightly wound around the limbs and body, shackles put on the feet and hundred pound weights strapped to the ankles. Then the man or woman, naked save a cloth about the loins, was raised up by a cord fastened around the wrists, or, in more obstinate cases, the thumbs, and which was passed through the pulley. The heavy weights added more agony to the tortured nerves and muscles. The heretic was whipped. The rope was suddenly loosened and the victim fell to within a foot or two of the ground, thus

tearing the tendons and dislocating the arms and shoulders and causing fearful agony. If the heretic did not recant after all this, and had fainted from the intense pain, he or she was removed to a filthy dungeon and thrown upon the damp, vermin-infested ground, where a surgeon was permitted to set the dislocated bones and doctor the torn body, only for another renewal of the tortures, to be repeated until recantation or death took place.

In the religious rite of roasting the feet, the victim, whether a man or woman—often a mere boy or girl—was stripped and placed in the stocks. The soles of the feet were well greased with lard to make them burn better. The Protestant Christians, when they burned a witch at the stake, used tar instead of lard—so, it will be noted, the difference between the two creeds is largely the difference between tar and lard.

But to return to the ceremony of roasting a heretic's feet; after the feet were well greased, and as they were protruding from the oaken stocks, a blazing fire of coals in a consecrated dish was placed under them. With the first shriek of agony a board was inserted between the blaze and the roasting feet, and the victim asked to recant. If he or she refused, the torture was repeated, and kept up until the feet were completely burned off.

The torture of the tightened ropes and suffocation by water was a favorite method for female victims. The accused was stripped and tied to a wooden horse, or to a hollow bench, and so tightly were the cords drawn that they cut through the flesh of the arms, thighs and legs to the very bone. In this situation the woman was forced to swallow seven pints of water, slowly dripped into her mouth on a piece of silk or linen, which was frequently forced down her throat, producing all the horrible sensations of drowning. Every motion of the body forced the cords further and further through the quivering and bleeding flesh.

Then there was the thumbscrew, a nice little piece of mechanism that they screwed on the thumbs of heretics till the blood spurted through the flesh. And there was the iron rack and wheel, that tore and broke and crushed the sinews and bones.

Then there was the *auto da fe*. The term *auto da fe* means an "act of faith," and refers to a public burning of heretics alive. It was done after the victims had been tortured and lacerated by the methods already described, and still lived. The victims of the *auto da fe* were lined up in a procession, and, headed by priests, were marched to the place of burning. They were dressed according to the eternal fate that awaited their souls. They wore the "*san*

*benito*," the "*coroza*," the rope around the neck, and carried in their hands a yellow wax candle. The "*san benito*" is a penitential garment of yellow cloth reaching down to the knees, and on it is painted the picture of the person wearing it, burning in the flames, with the features drawn up in agony, and surrounded by figures of dragons and devils in the act of fanning the flames. This costume worn by the *auto da fe* victim indicated that the wearer was a hopeless heretic who was to be first burned alive, and then was to burn in Hell forever. If the victim has become penitent, and is converted before being led to slaughter, then the *san benito* is painted with the flames downward; this is called the "*fuego repolto*," and indicates that the penitent is not to be burned alive, but is to have the favor of being strangled to death before being thrown into the flames. Besides being allowed to be strangled to death before the remains are roasted, the penitent is not consigned to Hell after he is dead. He only goes to Purgatory, from which any holy father can get him out if his relatives will pay the price.

The "*coroza*" is a pasteboard cap, three feet high and ending in a point. On it were painted crosses, devils and flames.

Take it altogether and the Holy Inquisition is the most fitting example of faith and fellowship that

the followers of Jehovah ever exhibited. It is worthy the admiration of the god that stalked through Egypt at midnight butchering innocent babies; the god that ordered all the men and women and male children of the Midianites slaughtered, and only the young girls to be saved and turned over to the Hebrew soldiers; the god that ordered that all those who did not worship him in the orthodox way should be put to death; the god that stoned a woman found in adultery, and made a man pay a fine for the same offense; the god that punished David for murdering Uriah by having David's wives outraged in daylight on the streets of Jerusalem; the god that was a friend to this same David, because he offered up human sacrifices; the god that ordained polygamy and slavery, that hung witches, bored holes in the ears of slaves, loved the sight of torture and the smell of burning flesh—the god of war, rapine, rape and sacrifice—to the glory of this god, and in accordance with the laws and commandments given by this god, the Holy Inquisition did its bloody work.

The morals of some of Jehovah's most illustrious representatives, since his own retirement from active service, are strikingly similar to those of his old-time holy men. Starting with the tenth century began what is known in history as the "Roman regime of harlots." Common prostitutes ruled



Rome, from the parish priest to the Apostolic chair. St. Solomon would have been delighted to have been there.

It does not appear to have been divine authority, but a woman by the name of Marozia, the mistress of the Margrave Adelbert of Tuscany, that got Sergius III his job as pope, and then produced a son by him, who afterwards became pope. When Sergius died, Anastasius II, who was the paramour of a sister of Marozia, named Theodora, became pope. Anastasius, however, did not fill the holy office to suit Marozia and her sister, and he was soon succeeded by Pope John X, another of Marozia's lovers. But John and Marozia had a quarrel, and the latter had John imprisoned and strangled. Then this enterprising woman put her own son by Sergius on the papal seat and he reigned under the title of John XI, till an enemy of his had him kidnaped and poisoned.

Antipapist writers of this period narrate that between the reigns of Pope Leo IV and Pope Benedict III, there was a pope named John VII, who was in reality a woman. This woman is said to have accompanied her lover, disguised as a young man, to Paris, where she studied with him and became so proficient in theology that she was given holy orders, her sex being kept a secret. Subsequently she came to Rome, and was finally elevated to the papal chair.

As stated, she was known as John VII, and, so the story runs, she became not only intimate with all the dead saints, but also with some of the living; until, in fact, in due time the "holy father" felt that "he" was about to become a holy mother. An angel appeared to her who offered her the choice of being eternally damned, or to be publicly disgraced. The Pope John VII—afterwards dubbed the Popess Johanna—did not want to go to Hell, so she accepted the latter alternative, and was finally delivered of a little popelet while being carried in open procession between the Coliseum and the Church of St. Clemens.

Burkhardt, the Master of Ceremonies of Pope Alexander VI, has described in his diary the life at the papal court. Among other things he says that "the Apostolic palace became a brothel, and a more shameful and infamous brothel than a public place of that kind could ever become." He tells of a scene that occurred on the eve of All Saints' Day, in the year 1501, in the rooms of Caesar Borgia, the son of Pope Alexander VI, and in the presence of Lucretia Borgia, sister of Caesar, wherein, says Burkhardt, "fifty of the most prominent courtesans were present, who, after supper, were required to dance with the servants and others who attended, first with their clothes on, and afterwards naked." What fol-

lowed afterwards, as described by Burkhardt, is not printable. His Holiness Pope Alexander VI, together with his own offspring, Caesar and Lucretia Borgia, were entertained by the vilest scenes that degraded creatures could conceive.

The bloody and licentious lives of Caesar Borgia and his sister Lucretia are well known matters of history. Latter-day investigations, however, would indicate that Lucretia was but a pliant tool in the hands of her father and the papacy. Pope Alexander VI, who was, before his elevation to the papacy, Roderigo Borgia, was the father of five illegitimate children, among whom were the notorious Caesar and Lucretia. Alexander Dumas says in his history of "Celebrated Criminals" (Vol. I, page 31): "Roderigo Borgia had the reputation of a dissolute man, it is true, but libertinism had mounted the papal throne with Sixtus IV and Innocent VIII, so that for the Romans there was nothing new in the singular situation of a pope with a mistress and five children."

A more precious pack of poisoners, incest fiends and all-around monsters than the Borgias never lived on earth. The males were guilty of every abomination known to man, from debauching their own sisters and daughters to wholesale murder. A fresco of Pope Alexander VI adorns the Vatican.

It is historically told that Pope Julius III and Cardinal Crescentius kept mutual concubines and mutually raised and reared the children they begot, because neither of them knew who was their father. Pope Julius, we are told, once had a round-up of all the prostitutes in Rome and no less than 40,000 were found. His nuntius, Johanna Casa of Benevent, wrote a book in which the practice of sodomy is extolled. The book was published in Venice in 1552 and affectionately dedicated to his holiness the Pope.

It was Pope Urban VII, who died in 1644, that promulgated the bull that is still read on the Thursday before Easter in Roman Catholic countries, and which declares that "every species of heretic is consigned to the very lowest depths of Hell, in the name of the Almighty God, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost."

Nicholas de Clemencis, who lived in the fifteenth century, and who was a papal private secretary, and treasurer and canon of the Church at Longresy, has given a graphic portrayal of the lives of the bishops, canons and vicars. He says:

"They keep, without shame, their illegitimate children and prostitutes, like lawful wives." Again he states: "The priests and clericals live in open concubinage and pay their concupiscent tribute to their bishops. In many places the laymen can pre-

vent the debauchery of their wives and maidens in no other way than compelling the priests to keep concubines."

Interesting evidences of the lives of the priests of this period are contained in the writings of physicians. These writings complain that venereal diseases were transmitted by the priests to private families to a horrible extent. Casper Torella, private physician to Pope Alexander VI, tried to admonish the cardinals and the clergy in general to be more moderate in their vices. He begged them "not to commit these excesses in the mornings, immediately after mass, but in the afternoons and after thorough digestion, as otherwise they would suffer with consumption, salivation and kindred diseases, as a result of their sinfulness, and the Church would thereby be deprived of her brightest ornaments."

It is told that Dr. Wendlin Hock once called on the Duke of Wurtemberg to try and get him to stop the licentiousness of the priests, who, he said, were contaminating the whole country with foul diseases. Some physicians were malicious enough to express the fear that the holy fathers would transmit their diseases to Heaven.

The Jews, once the chosen people of the God Jehovah, became, after the sacrifice of Jesus, infidels and god-killers—infidels because they denied the doc-

trine of the Trinity—the three-gods-in-one—and god-killers because they had sacrificed Jehovah's son. And yet Jehovah had once warned them never to worship any god but himself; and Jehovah himself had planned and purposed the sacrifice of Jesus; and investigation shows that Jesus was crucified by Roman soldiers, and not by the Jews, on the charge of sedition.

But the priests of Jehovah, along in the third or fourth century, wrote in their New Testament a passage in which it is alleged that certain Jews at the time of the crucifixion of Jesus said, "let his blood be upon us and our children," and this justifies, in the sight of the Christian god, the atrocities that for centuries the Christians have perpetrated upon the Jews.

The laws enacted against the Jews in every Christian country in Europe extended into the middle of the last century. As late as 1825, says MacDonald's "History of the Inquisition," the Roman Catholic pope "dug up the old laws against the Jews and put them in force. In 1858 the Inquisition abducted a seven-year-old Jewish boy, claiming that he had been baptized by a servant girl, and therefore belonged to the Roman Catholic Church." "In 1882 began in Russia a persecution of the Jews that rivalled some of the savage hunts of the earlier cen-

turies." And those old hunts were surely savage. An Appache could not steel his heart to do it—it takes Jehovah's followers to conjure tortures and slaughters that are but a foretaste of the horrors of Hell. Constantine "cut off their ears (Jews) and dispersed them as slaves in the provinces" (MacDonald's *History of the Inquisition*.)

The Council of Toledo, in the year 633, decreed "that all children of Jews should be taken from their parents and put into monasteries, or into the hands of religious persons, to be instructed in Christianity" (Fleury, *History Ecclesiasticism*).

Milman dwells on the frightful massacres of Jews in the middle centuries. When the crusaders started across Europe to capture Jerusalem from the Moslems, they strengthened their faith by devastating Jewish settlements, slaughtering the Jews and taking their money and valuables. At the capture of Jerusalem, the Jewish men, women and children found there were butchered in cold blood. The Christians were evidently afraid the Jews might kill another one of their gods if they were left alive in Jerusalem.

Not only did the Crusaders, by order of the monks, murder the Jews in the Holy Land, but the Jews of Europe were taxed to pay the expenses of the Crusaders.

In England, when the religious raiders were being gathered together to march on to Jerusalem under Richard Coeur de Lion, "of sacred memory," the Jews of "Stamford, Norwich, York, St. Edmondsbury, and other places were massacred" (MacDonald's History of the Inquisition). These raiders piously pocketed all the coin and jewelry found on the persons and in the premises of the dead Jews.

In the year 1290 a general edict went forth in England expelling all Jews from the kingdom, their property being confiscated by the crown. "For nearly four centuries from that time no Jew resided in England but at the hazard of his life." St. Louis of France twice banished the Jews from France after he had taken possession of the wealth they possessed. And then this sainted king, learning that the banished French Jews had gathered together considerable wealth, again did twice recall them back to France.

Under Pope John XXII it was perfectly proper to burn Jews. Says Milman, in his "History of the Jews," speaking of this time: "The Jews were burned without distinction. At Chinon a deep ditch was dug, an enormous pile raised, and one hundred and sixty of both sexes were burned." In Basle a wooden building was constructed and all the Jews



in the city were shut up therein and burned alive. "At Frankfort all were put to death. All were burnt at Ulm. At Mayence twelve thousand perished. There was wholesale massacre at Spires. At Strasburg two thousand were burnt in their own burial ground" (McDonald's History of the Inquisition).

Incited by Archdeacon Martinez, in the year 1391, the Christians of Seville, Spain, murdered four thousand Jews for killing one of their gods in Jerusalem in the first century. During this same year it is estimated that fifty thousand Jews were slaughtered in various parts of Spain.

Under Protestantism the Jews were persecuted worse than ever. Of the treatment of the Jews, under Martin Luther's "reformation," McClintock and Strong's Cyclopaedia says: "It is a fact that all through Germany, where the Protestant element, if anywhere, was strong in those days, their lot (the Jews) actually became harder than it had ever been before." Even to this day, in some parts of the world, the Christian Jew-baiter still shows his hatred of the Jew. And yet one of the Christians' gods is half Jew, and if he had not been sacrificed to Jehovah not even the Christians themselves would be saved. Truly, as St. Paul has said, "great is the mystery of godliness."

It was Martin Luther who caused the first serious rupture among Jehovah's Christian followers. He was a monk, and a student of the inspired books, and he finally came to the conclusion that the popes were not conducting Jehovah's affairs in a proper manner. The ordained priests of the papacy, he contended, were collecting entirely too much money for absolving sinners. At that time these priests were doing a flourishing business, especially among the rich nobility, selling indulgences. These indulgences not only washed away the sinners' sins in Jesus' blood, but, according to the price paid for them, allowed the sinner to keep right on sinning, for a specified time, into the future. When the time was up all the sinner need do was to buy another indulgence.

Luther proposed a cheaper plan than this. He told the people that all that was necessary, in order to have their sins washed away, was to confess themselves to Jehovah himself, for which Jehovah would not charge a cent. This looked so good to the Christians that a large number of them forsook the pope and followed after Luther.

Another reason that caused Luther to fall out with the pope was that he wanted to marry, and have a wife of his own. He had evidently grown tired of the system of making love to other men's

wives. So Luther started what is known as the Reformation. As soon as they were strong enough, the Protestants, as these revolters against the pope were called, prosecuted their religious work just as strenuously as the popes, or Jehovah himself ever did. Wherever they obtained a foothold they tortured and hung and burned Catholics with the same holy zeal that the Jews, under Jehovah's command, had done with the Midianites, or that the Catholics, under command of the pope, had been doing with the Protestants. In Switzerland, Germany, France, the Netherlands, Scotland—wherever the Protestants became powerful enough, they faithfully followed the footsteps of Jehovah. To quote from Henry White's "Massacre of St. Bartholomew," this writer says, referring to the now numerous Protestants, "in fierce invective they were by no means inferior to their persecutors." After the fall of Rouen, the Huguenots "massacred all the priests they found in Pulviers." "We read of their dragging priests into Dieppe tied to their horses' tails, and flogging them at beat of drum in the market place. Some were thrown into the sea in their sacerdotal robes; some were fastened to a cross and dragged through the streets by ropes around their necks; and, to crown all, some were buried in the ground up to their shoulders, while the Huguenots, as if playing

a game of nine-pins, flung huge wooden balls at their heads. \* \* \* The Protestants of Bayeux \* \* \* gutted the bishop's palace, and made a bonfire of the chapter library, then the richest in France. The priests and others who opposed them were barbarously murdered and tossed from the walls into the ditch." "Children were murdered in their mother's arms."

To further quote from the same authority: "Here, too, more priests were buried up to the neck, and their heads made to serve as targets for bullets." The writer then describes a particular case, that of the Catholic priest of St. Ouen; he was roasted alive, and, when his flesh was done to a turn it was cut up into chunks and fed to a pack of dogs.

The historian describes a religious rite that the Protestants performed at Angoulene: "Priests or Catholic people were killed by hanging, speared to death, left to die of hunger, sawn in two, or burned at a slow fire." "At Montbrun a woman was burned on her legs and feet with red-hot tongs. The lieutenant-general of Angoulême and the wife of the lieutenant-general of that city were first mutilated, then strangled, and their corpses dragged through the streets. At Chasseneuil, in the vicinity, a priest, one Loys Fayard, was shot to death after having his hands plunged into burning oil, some of which

had been poured into his mouth. The Vicar of St. Ausanni was mutilated, shut up in a closet, and burned to death. In the parish of Rivires others had their tongues cut off, their feet burned, and their eyes torn out; they were hung up by the legs, or thrown from the walls. Other atrocities were committed which cannot be described without offending propriety."

It reads like Jehovah's own record, as told in the Old Testament.

Says McDonald (History of the Inquisition): "At Nimes, on St. Michael's Day, 1567, occurred a massacre of Catholics by Huguenots. Ranging in rank from the vicar-general down, between seventy and eighty Catholics were dragged into the old courtyard and butchered in cold blood. In September of the following year the streets of the city were again wet with Catholic blood."

To again quote White: "Orthez was stormed, and so many of the inhabitants (Catholics) were put to death without distinction of age or sex, that the river Gave was dammed up by the number of bodies thrown into it. The monasteries and nunneries were burned, not one inmate escaping—the total slaughter being estimated at 3,000." At Aurillac the Protestants "buried some Catholics alive up to the chin, and after a series of filthy outrages, used their

heads as targets for their muskets. Four hundred persons were put to death, of whom 130 were heads of families."

Baron D'Adrets was a convert of Luther's—one of the wealthy noblemen who saved money by confessing his sins to Jehovah instead of a priest. He lived in a castle, in the tower of which he held Catholics whom he had captured. "He would sometimes amuse himself by making his prisoners leap from the top of a tower, or from a high window, on the pikes of his soldiers stationed below." At Montbrison, under this Protestant nobleman, "more than eight hundred men, women and children were murdered; the streets were strewn with corpses, and 'the gutters looked as if it had rained blood,' says a contemporary" (*ibid*).

McGhee, in his "History of the Attempt to Establish the Protestant Reformation in Ireland," describes the manner in which the followers of Luther tried to convert Dermid O'Hurley, Archbishop of Cashel. He was taken to Stephen's Green, in the city of Dublin, in the year 1583, chained to a tree, his boots filled with combustibles, "his limbs stripped and smeared with oil and alcohol. Alternately they lighted and quenched the flame which enveloped him, prolonging his torture through four successive days."

With all this persuasion Archbishop O'Hurley refused to worship Jehovah in the manner prescribed by Martin Luther; so, on the fifth day, the Protestants gave up and burned him to a crisp.

In Kilmallock "were then taken Patrick O'Hely, Bishop of Mayo; Father Cornelius, a Franciscan, and some others. To extort from them confessions of the new faith, their thighs were broken with hammers, and their arms crushed with levers."

In 1536, Martin Luther, then in the zenith of his power, wrote to his rich and powerful backer, Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, the following rules regarding those who refused to become converted to Protestantism: "Whoever denies the doctrines of our faith—aye, even one article which rests on the Scripture, on the authority of the universal teaching of the Church—must be treated not only as a heretic, but also as a blasphemer of the holy name of God. It is not necessary to lose time in disputes with such people; they are to be condemned as impious blasphemers." Of such, says Luther in the same letter, "drive him away as an apostle of Hell; and if he does not flee, deliver him up as a seditious man to the executioner."

There is no doubt as to the genuineness of Luther's religion. He believed in the divine right of kings, human slavery, and polygamy; that is, he

believed in the God Jehovah. When the peasants of Germany arose in rebellion against being ravished at will by the barons, Luther faithfully stood by the kaiser and his lords, even as Jehovah stood by King David. He declared: "A rebel is outlawed of God and Kaiser. Therefore who can and will first slaughter such a man, does right well, since upon such a common rebel every man is alike judge and executioner. Therefore who can, shall openly or secretly smite, slaughter and stab; and hold that there is nothing more poisonous, more harmful, more devilish than a rebellious man."

With this holy sanction the barons had their rebellious peasants racked, and flayed alive, and burned at the stake. Their tongues were torn out by red-hot pincers. They were tortured with every conceivable invention of agony.

It is a matter of history that Luther, following Jehovah's ordinances, tried to institute polygamy. Sir William Hamilton, in his "Discussions on Philosophy and Literature," writes:

"They (Luther and Melanchthon) had both promulgated opinions in favor of polygamy, to the extent of vindicating to the spiritual minister a right of private dispensation, and to the temporal magistrate the right of establishing the practice, if he chose, by public law."



This was a "feeler." Later on Luther and Melancthon became more bold in their utterances. As it was and acting upon the broad hint just quoted, John of Leydon, a convert to Protestantism, established polygamy as a divinely ordained institution (and, according to the Bible, it is) at Munster, and killed or banished anybody who opposed the idea.

On December 19, 1539, at Wittenberg, Luther wrote the historical "Consilium," granting to his friend Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, the right to run a harem, even as did the holy men of God of old. This document bears the signature of Martin Luther, Philip Melancthon, Martin Bucer, Dionysius Melander, John Lening, Antony Corvinus, Adam Kraft, Justus Winther, and Balthasar Raida—the leading Protestant representatives of Germany.

It is also a matter of history that Luther advised Henry VIII of England, founder of the Episcopal Church, to practice polygamy. But King Henry did not like to have so many women around at one time; so he adopted the plan of beheading one before he married another. An accusation of adultery, or even heresy, made this conformable to Jehovah's ordinances.

One of the most noted characters that the Reformation brought into the limelight was John Cal-

vin, founder of the Presbyterian Church. Calvin hated the Lutherans as much as the Lutherans hated the Catholics. He called them "sons of the Devil." Calvin preached the "doctrine of election," as decreed by the divinely inspired St. Paul. This declares that Jehovah had predestined all those who are to go to Heaven and all those who are to go to Hell. It appears to be a sort of "fifty-fifty" deal between Jehovah and Satan. He also taught the damnation of unbaptized infants. These two tidings of great joy form the foundation of the Calvinist faith.

In Switzerland, Calvin's word became law. If a man neglected to take off his hat when passing Calvin on the street, he was put in jail. One man, Gruet, was beheaded because letters making fun of Calvin were found in his possession.

Calvin started out to convert the world to Protestantism by killing people that had any brains. He burned the learned Dr. Servetus at the stake after keeping him in a dungeon for months, naked, half-starved, and tormented with vermin. He carried his creed as far as Holland and Scotland, and then Jehovah gathered him in.

As time went on Protestantism divided itself into many and divers creeds; all of which, however, acknowledge Jehovah—or rather the three gods in

one, of which Jehovah was comprised—as their god. Faithfully, even as the Catholics from which they sprang, have these creeds endeavored to follow Jehovah's commands. They have taught the people to be "subject to the powers that be," for all these powers are "ordained of God." They have warned slaves to obey their masters, and have led millions upon millions to slaughter in war. They have hung and burned witches without number, as they followed Jehovah's law, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."

Dr. Sprenger places the number of witches executed in Europe at nine millions. In public sight, at Salem, Massachusetts, stood the gallows where the Puritan followers of Jehovah hung toothless old women, charged with the crime of witchcraft. The Puritans also hung Quakers for worshiping Jehovah the wrong way.

"Giving up witchcraft," said John Wesley, "is, in effect, giving up the Bible" (Wesley's Journal, published 1768). To be sure it is.

William Blackstone says: "To deny the possibility—nay, actual existence—of witchcraft and sorcery is at once flatly to contradict the revealed word of God in various passages both of the Old and New Testaments."

And Matthew Hale says: "The Bible leaves no

doubt as to the reality of witchcraft and the duty of putting its subjects to death."

"I should have no compassion on these witches," said Martin Luther; "I would burn them all."

The institution of slavery, ordained by Jehovah, was sustained and sanctified by his representatives in this country until abolished under the direction of an unbelieving President. Says Parker Pillsbury, in his "Acts of the Anti-Slavery Apostles": "We had almost to abolish the Church before we could reach the dreadful institution at all."

Alas! how many of Jehovah's most cherished institutions have his followers been unable to maintain. Wars of conquest, and the servility of the poor to their masters, are about all that are left to remind us of this god.

## CHAPTER XI.

**I**T SEEMS somewhat strange that the inspired Scriptures do not contain a history of the war that, we are told, was once fought in Heaven, between Jehovah and Satan; for upon the result of that conflict rests the entire structure of orthodox theology. Whoever wrote the Book of Revelations makes mere mention of it. Perhaps a more detailed account was told in the lost "Book of the Wars of the Lord," spoken of in the twenty-first chapter of Numbers, verse fourteen. Be this as it may, it is to the poet Milton that the world is indebted for an elaborate description of the Great War in Heaven, gathered from ancient legends and mythologies, that tell of the cause, the beginning and conclusion of the battles that ages ago took place on the golden streets, when Jehovah, commanding in his army two-thirds of the angels, finally routed the hosts of Satan, who only had one-third of the angels on his side.

Satan was defeated by overpowering numbers. If he had had the odds, he would have conquered

over Jehovah, and would be sitting on the throne of Heaven today, with Jehovah occupying Hell. There can be little doubt of this, as ancient tradition declares that the war was fought to settle the dispute as to who should sit upon the throne, Jehovah or Satan, and reign King of Heaven.

The War in Heaven was not like the wars of Earth. As Jehovah and Satan, as well as the angelic combatants, were immortals, none were killed. They were badly beaten up, but escaped with their lives. Jehovah's victory consisted in slowly, but surely, by the strength of his superior numbers, pushing the hosts of Satan to the walls of Heaven, and tumbling them headlong into Hell.

What a sight it would have been to mortal eyes to have beheld Satan and his legions wildly plunging through the elements to the flaming pit! The distance, we are told, was so great that it took nine days for them to reach there. Milton describes the nine days' plunge:

“Hell heard the insufferable noise; Hell saw  
Heaven, ruining from Heaven, and would have fled  
Affrighted; but strict Fate had cast too deep  
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.  
Nine days they fell; confounded Chaos roared,  
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall

Through his wild anarchy ; so huge a rout  
Encumbered him with ruin. Hell at last,  
Yawning, received them whole, and on them  
closed."

Shocked and stunned, battered and bruised, Satan still had some fight in him. Legend says that his left leg was broken in the fall, and that he has limped ever since, but even that did not subdue his proud spirit. He mounted the throne of Hell and called around him his most valiant angels. No matter where kings and gods abide, whether in Heaven, Hell or Earth, thrones are provided for them.

Milton thus describes Satan mounting the throne as soon as he could pull himself together after his fearful fall:

"High on a throne of royal state, which far  
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,  
Or where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,  
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,  
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised  
To that bad eminence ; and, from despair  
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires  
Beyond thus high ; insatiate to pursue  
Vain war with Heaven."

Of the deliberations of that first court in Hell, the introduction to Book II, *Paradise Lost*, says: "The

consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle is to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven. Some advise it, others dissuade."

Finally, after many arguments pro and con as to the probable outcome of an attempt to scale the walls of Heaven and engage once more in battle Jehovah and his hosts, Beelzebub, who ranks next to the royal Satan himself, arose and thus spoke:

"What if we find

Some easier enterprise? There is a place—  
If ancient and prophetic fame in Heaven  
Err not,—another world, the happy seat  
Of some new race, called Man, about this time  
To be created, like to us, though less  
In power and excellence. \* \* \*

Thither let us bend our thoughts, to learn  
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould  
Or substance, how endued, and what their power,  
And where their weakness—how attempted best,  
By force or subtlety. Though Heaven be shut,  
And Heaven's high Arbitrator sit secure  
In his own strength, this place may lie exposed."

The proposition looked good to Satan. He immediately made up his mind to break his way out of Hell, alone by himself, and reconnoiter the new world, providing it was already in existence. If it



proved to be of any vantage ground, he proposed to "benevolently assimilate it." Therefore he

"Puts on swift wings, and towards the gates of Hell  
Explores his solitary flight."

It was a terrible trip. Plunging downwards into Hell was one thing, but climbing out was another. The poet biographer vividly pictures it:

"Sometimes

He scours the right-hand coast, sometimes the left ;  
Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars  
Up to the very concave towering high."

Jehovah had done a great piece of work when he built Hell. Or, maybe Hell and Heaven were never built—maybe they always were. There is no account to be found in Holy Writ that tells of their construction. That they actually exist, however, is proven by all theological authorities. To proceed with the poet's description of Satan's trip out of Hell:

"At last appear

Hell-bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,  
And thrice threefold the gates. Threefolds were  
brass,

Three iron, three of adamantine rock  
Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,  
Yet unconsumed."

These gigantic gates of Hell were open when Satan and his defeated army of angels came tumbling in; they were closed and locked now. It was a piece of strategy on the part of Jehovah.

However, like many an earthly general, Jehovah appears to have blundered after he had locked the place up. Somebody had to be entrusted with the key to the gates. It was entirely too big and clumsy an article for him to carry about his person, neither did he want to have it lying around loose in Heaven. So he hunted up the ugliest she-demon he could find, placed her in Hell with the key, and had her lock the gates from the inside. She was the worst looking fright that religious writers have ever told about. She

“Seemed woman to the waist, and fair;  
But ended foul in many a scaly fold  
Voluminous and vast, a serpent armed  
With mortal sting. About her middle round  
A cry of hell-hounds never-ceasing barked,  
With wide Cerberian mouths, full loud, and rung  
A hideous peal. Yet when they list, would creep,  
If ought disturbed their noise, into her womb,  
And kennel there; yet there still barked and howled  
Within unseen.”

She was, we are told,

“The snaky sorceress that sat  
Fast by Hell-gate, and kept the fatal key.”

Jehovah should have felt fairly secure with Hell in her charge. Perhaps he thought that the bare sight of her might terrify Satan. But, in order to make it still more difficult for Satan to make his escape, Jehovah also placed at the gates of Hell a monster goblin.

“Black it stood as Night,  
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,  
And shook a dreadful dart.”

But neither the goblin, nor the frightful sorceress with the barking hell-hounds, could terrify Satan. He sized up the goblin and defied him:

“Whence, and what art thou, execrable shape!  
That darest, though grim and terrible, advance  
Thy miscreated front athwart my way  
To yonder gates? Through them I mean to pass,  
That be assured, without leave asked of thee.  
Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,  
Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of Heaven!”

And then the two, Satan and the goblin, squared themselves for the fight. And then the “snaky sorceress that sat fast by Hell-gate, and kept the

fatal key," "with hideous outcry rushed between" and spoke:

“ ‘O father! what intends thy hand,’ she cried,  
‘Against thy only son! What fury, O son!  
Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart  
Against thy father’s head!’ ”

With this Jehovah’s appointed gate-keeper revealed to the two combatants a scandal, the like of which cannot be found outside of sacred literature. Milton records the tale in Book II, *Paradise Lost*. It seems that long ago, in fact, so long ago that Satan himself had wellnigh forgotten it, a most remarkable occurrence had taken place in Heaven. It was at a time when Satan and his angels were assembled together, conspiring against Jehovah. The feud between Jehovah and Satan appears to have dated far into the antiquity of the two god families. Satan was discussing with his leading angels the plans for the conquest of Heaven, when he was overtaken with an agonizing pain in his head. He almost swooned; then, all of a sudden, his forehead burst open, and the most beautiful maiden he had ever beheld stepped forth.

Now Satan had always been an ardent admirer of the fair sex; he was far more gallant by nature than Jehovah; and no sooner had his eyes rested upon

the vision that had just sprung from his brow, than all thoughts of his headache left him, and even, for the moment, did he forget his dreams of conquest. The fact that he was, although in a most peculiar manner, the father of the maid, had no apparent effect upon Satan's ardor. And so it was that he and the new-born goddess were, ere long, spooning on the jeweled banks of Jordan, dining on ambrosia sandwiches, and sipping nectar highballs. The result was that in due time the angel gave birth to a Satanic offspring; and oh! horrors—what was it but the hideous goblin that had met Satan at the gates of Hell! Not only this, but the goblin itself had raped his own mother, and had thereby sired the hell-hounds that howled continuously "about her middle round;" and, to put the finishing touches to the affair, Jehovah had bewitched the goddess, sprung from the head of his competitor, into the hideous creature that held the key to Hell. Was ever such a scandalous mixup as this? Among all the gods there is only one instance approaching it, and that is when Minerva sprang full armed from the head of Jove. But no such awful doom fell upon the pagan goddess of wisdom. Minerva never fell into the hands of Jehovah.

But to return to Satan and his escape from Hell. As soon as he understood the situation, and realized

that it was his daughter, and his son by his daughter, and barking hounds by his son and his daughter, that blocked his passage, the paternal instinct overcame all else. The frightful appearance of the creatures became overshadowed in the presence of blood relationship. He was their papa, in the bosom of his family. He was ready to challenge the whole host of Heaven for every last brat, no matter how outrageously Jehovah had deformed them. Whatever else may be charged up to him, Satan exhibited honor enough to stand by his own. No priests and politicians could crucify a son of his without his putting up a fight. Satan wasn't that kind of a god. We are told, that no sooner had the sorceress that held the keys to the gates of Hell concluded her story, than Satan thus spoke:

“Dear daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy sire,  
And my fair son here show'st me the dear pledge  
Of dalliance had with thee in Heaven, and joys  
Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire  
change  
Befallen us, unforeseen, unthought of; know,  
I come no enemy, but to set free  
From out this dark and dismal house of pain  
Both him and thee, and all the heavenly hosts  
Of spirits, that, in our just pretences armed,

Fell with us from on high.”

In reply to which the daughter said :

“The key of this infernal pit, by due  
And by command of Heaven’s all-powerful King,  
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock  
These adamantine gates ; \* \* \*  
But what owe I to his command above,  
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down  
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,  
To sit in hateful office here confined,  
Inhabitant of Heaven, and heavenly-born,  
Here, in perpetual agony and pain,  
With terrors and with clamours compassed round  
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?”

She was a chip of the old block. Outrage her as he would, Jehovah was unable to knock the spunk out of her. Horrible though the surroundings, she showed the same spirit that the poet puts in the mouth of her sire :

“Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven.”

Then, with defiance upon the still fair face, even though her body was the scaly fold of a snake, Satan’s daughter took the key from her side, and

“Towards the gate rolling her bestial train,  
Forthwith the huge portcullis high updrew,

Which but herself, not all the Stygian powers  
Could once have moved; then in the key-hole turns  
The intricate wards, and every bolt and bar  
Of massy iron or solid rock with ease  
Unfastens. On a sudden open fly,  
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,  
The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate  
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook  
Of Erebus. She opened, but to shut  
Exceeded her power; the gates wide open stood."

And they have been wide open ever since. Jehovah worked such magic on the hinges that put them entirely out of commission. He probably figured that it might be necessary to damn the human race in a short time, providing that Satan succeeded in making his escape, and that crowds of lost souls would be pouring into Hell so fast that no gate-keeper would be able to lock and unlock the gates to receive them. But Satan did not wait to see whether the gates remained open, or closed again. He bade his family a hasty farewell, and flew like a streak of lightning into the elements. At last he spied

"Far-off the empyreal Heaven, \* \* \* once his  
native seat;  
And, fast by, hanging on a golden chain,



This pendant world, in bigness as a star  
Of smallest magnitude, close by the moon."

Jehovah had just finished his six days' work of creating the earth and all it contains out of nothing, and had returned, tired out, to Heaven. There he was comfortably resting on his throne, with the gold chain that held the earth in its proper place tied around one of the legs, when all at once his fiery eyes beheld a sight that made him sit up and take notice. We are told, in the introduction of Book III, Paradise Lost, that Jehovah, "sitting on his throne, sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created." Then spoke the victorious King of Heaven, to Christ, who was by his side:

"Seest thou what rage  
Transports our adversary? whom no bounds  
Prescribed, no bars of Hell, nor all the chains  
Heaped on him there, nor yet the main abyss  
Wide interrupt, can hold; so bent he seems  
On desperate revenge, that shall redound  
Upon his own rebellious head. And now,  
Through all restraint broke loose, he wings his  
way  
Not far off Heaven, in the precincts of light,  
Directly towards the new created world."

Every Sunday School scholar, with budding brain

filled with the mysteries of theology, knows what shortly happened; how Satan, transforming himself into a handsome serpent, seduced Eve, and thereby brought upon the human race Jehovah's wrath and curse; how, for centuries, doctors of divinity have been busy baptizing and saving a few of us, while Jehovah has been still busier dooming and damning the most of us; how the sacrifices and salvation of Jehovah have been pitted against the sorceries of Satan. To the strictly neutral, viewing this age-long celestial feud, it is hard to determine which of the two deities is the most vindictive and vicious—the one that, with the assurance that she would become as one of the gods, tempted the woman to disobey a command that was cunningly set like a trap to catch her, or the one that, in his wrath at being outwitted by Satan, doomed and damned the woman and her posterity. If Satan had inspired a book, as Jehovah is reputed to have done, he might have told an entirely different story than the doctors of divinity have endorsed. Anyway, it seems unfair to judge the conquered by the testimony of his victorious foe. The sorceries of Satan, that, it is charged, have filled the Christian world with terror, bear only the one-sided testimony of Jehovah's friends; perhaps a candid investigation may place Satan in a different light.

## CHAPTER XII.

**A**SK the average Christian, "Where does Satan abide?" and most likely his answer will be, "in Hell." Yet the evidence is that Satan has no use whatever for Hell, that he makes the earth his home, and that, if he were able, he would rescue all his heaven-born angels, and earth-born lost souls, from the brimstone pit, and move them, bag and baggage, together with himself, to Heaven. The inspired Scriptures clearly disclose that it is the merciful Jehovah, and not Satan, that sends lost souls to Hell. It is also disclosed that Jehovah is powerful enough to hold every creature in Hell that he has a grudge against, except Satan. Him he cannot handle. In the Book of Job we learn that Satan spends his time "going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it;" and so late an authority as St. Peter declares that Satan, "as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour." Satan was evidently living in or about Jerusalem at the time Jesus was there, for, we are told, he picked him up one day and flew to the pin-

nacle of the temple, from whence the entire world was visible to the naked eye, and offered him its rulership if he would renounce Jehovah and ally himself to Satan. From ancient legends, that bear the same evidence of veracity as the story of the virgin birth of Christ, we learn that Satan took up his residence on earth some time previous to his breaking up Adam's happy home in Eden. It appears, as previously told, that Adam was married before Eve made her appearance, and that his first wife's name was Lilith. Where the lady came from is not recorded. Howbeit, wherever she hailed from, Lilith did not get along well with Adam, and soon left him. Satan met her, was smitten with her charms, and married her. Legend pictures her as beautiful beyond compare—a veritable vampire. Satan may be still living with Lilith. Goethe, in his tragedy of Faust, makes her appear among the witches on the Brocken, on Walpurgis-Night, and thus has Satan describe her :

“That's Lilith,  
Adam's first wife. Of her rich locks beware!  
That charm in which she's parallel'd by few;  
When in its toils a youth she doth ensnare,  
He will not soon escape, I promise you.”

We are told that Satan also took to himself as wives three of the daughters of Eve—Naama, Igereth and Machalath. There was no race suicide in the Satan family. Lilith alone gave birth to four hundred and seventy-eight legions of children. As a legion is supposed to be composed of six thousand, Lilith became the mother of nearly two million children. How many the other wives bore is not given. Probably about the same number.

According to the theologians, the world has been overrun with Satan's offspring, especially of the female sex, until within comparatively recent years. They were wizards and witches when assuming human form, and millions of them have been hung and burned at the stake. Their souls are in Hell. The ones that burned them at the stake are in Heaven.

What different conditions might exist in Heaven and Hell if Satan had come out victorious in his war with Jehovah! Satan might now be occupying the throne of Heaven, and Jehovah might be wandering the earth, an exile god. Jehovah's defeated army of angels might be torturing in Hell, while Satan's angels would be walking the golden boulevards. The world's scholars and scientists, gone to eternal torture for daring to investigate and reason, might have been saved, while the world's plunderers and

princes, ordained, say the Scriptures, by Jehovah, that are singing hallelujahs around the heavenly throne, might be burning in the brimstone pit; the splendid souls, lost forever, that have filled the world with song and story, with music and the drama, might be making Heaven happy, while the saints of the Holy Inquisition, welcomed to glory, might be mingling with the bats of Inferno; the brains and beauty and brilliancy of earth might be occupying Heaven, and the divinely ordained war-lords might be in Hell, if Satan had won the war he fought with Jehovah. Of course, we can only surmise all this. It is not safe to give any creature unlimited power and authority. Perhaps Satan would have been just as vindictive as Jehovah, had he been King of Heaven. He might have demanded the same sacrifices of brutes and humans, to satisfy his wrath, that Jehovah has demanded. He might have even had one of his own offspring by Lilith sacrificed, and Christians might be washing their sins away in the blood of a jinn. Jehovah, had he been defeated and driven from Heaven by Satan, might have bred millions of witches to afflict mankind, and Satan might have inspired some saint to write the eighteenth verse of the twenty-second chapter of Exodus: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." Satan, instead of being a demon, might have been a merciful

god, like Jehovah, and have commanded his faithful followers to kill every male and female of the enemy, old and young, save the maidens, and to take these for their own lust, as recorded in the thirty-first chapter of Numbers. Satan might have ordained slavery and polygamy, as Jehovah did, were he in Jehovah's place. He might be filling Hell with scholars and Heaven with lunatics, in the regular orthodox manner, if he was God Almighty. It is hard to tell what would have happened if Satan had won the crown.

It does not seem, though, that he could possibly have made things much worse than have Jehovah and his ordained powers that be. All of Satan's witches combined never caused anywhere near the desolation that a single one of Jehovah's warlords have. Besides, we must remember, it is Satan that inspired the world's scholars and thinkers, and its rebels against oppression. Jehovah does not believe in science, nor in human liberty.

True, Satan is charged with some cruel deeds, but most of his sorceries are in the nature of scandals. In the jocular sense of the word, he is a regular "devil." Satan loves a joke. This can hardly be said of Jehovah. Take, for instance, the case of St. Anthony, the founder of Christian monasticism—the first order of monks. Everything in this

world was wicked, and under the control of Satan, in St. Anthony's eyes, and the wickedest of all was woman. Satan had ruined her, Jehovah had cursed her, and, according to Christian theology, she alone was the cause of all our ills.

From the days of St. Anthony, Satan, in some female form, has oftentimes been a terror to Jehovah's celibates. He has tantalized many a holy father till he wellnigh went crazy. Some of the weaker ones have emasculated themselves in order to make sure of saving their souls. They literally followed the inspired injunction, and "made themselves eunuchs for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake." Origen was one of this number. Others, alas! have scandalized their holy calling, and have fallen victims to the charms of Satan's wicked women.

One of the meanest tricks that Satan has played, in order to besmirch the good name of some divine who was proof against his cunning wiles, was to impersonate the divine himself. "Occasionally," says Lecky, in his "History of the Rise and Influence of Rationalism in Europe," "with a still more refined malice, the Evil One assumed the appearance of some noted divine, in order to bring discredit upon his character; and an astonished maiden saw, prostrate at her feet, the form of one she knew to be a bishop, and whom she believed to be a saint!" It



wasn't the saintly bishop at all that had entered the maiden's boudoir and, like a love-sick swain, had prostrated himself at her feet; it was Satan, the scamp, in the livery of Heaven, scandalizing the immaculate character of the man of God. We know this to be a fact, because the scandalized bishop, and his clergy, said so; and the faithful believed it. I think the maiden might have had her doubts.

Exposures of this kind, however, only occurred when the simple-hearted maiden, in order to protect herself, screamed for help, and Satan, in the form of a priest, took to his heels; or when, as often happened, an unsuspecting husband (or, perhaps, sometimes he was suspicious), returned unexpectedly to his home and found his wife in a compromising situation with a holy father. Such cases were frequently taken to court. But it was always proven, by clerical witnesses, that the priest in question was in his own virtuous chamber at the time of the scandal, piously saying his prayers; and the judge so rendered his decision, and pronounced Satan the guilty culprit.

Satan's magic power of impersonation was so great that women were known to give birth to children that were the perfect image of the parish priest. A neighborhood scandal of this sort, that naturally, in spite of his innocence, caused considerable em-

barrassment to the priest, was one of Satan's special delights.

Public exposures, however, did not always accompany Satan's amorous adventures among the fair sex. Ofttimes, alas! the fair damsel, or buxom dame of some tired tiller of the soil, or, perchance, the bride of some aristocratic but antiquated lord, mistaking Satan for her father confessor, slipped and fell. Nor did Satan, strange to say, desert such an amour when he found that she had no inclination whatever to spurn his advances, and thus bring shame and reproach upon the innocent, pious priest he was impersonating. At other times, as admitted, Satan perpetrated acts of cruelty as enormous, almost, as those charged to Jehovah. A notable instance is the way, with Jehovah's assistance, he outraged Job.

But the question arises, Who was the guiltiest in this outrage, Satan or Jehovah? According to the inspired account, Satan had no power over Job, or at least would not assume any power, until Jehovah granted it. It is evident that Jehovah could have stopped the outrage if he wanted to, and it is just as evident that he let it take place in order to see what effect it would have on Job. Any honest jury would make Jehovah *particeps criminis* in the

case, and any honest judge would sentence the two alike.

Another massacre, that is charged to Satan's account by the theologians, is recorded in the second chapter of St. Matthew, verse 16, which reads: "Then Herod, when he saw that he was mocked of the wise men, was exceeding wroth, and sent forth, and slew all the children that were in Bethlchem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under." The theologians charge that this was Satan's work, in an attempt to kill the infant Christ, the son of Jehovah, who, as told in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, had eternally existed in Heaven. Heretical students of history claim that this massacre never took place—that it was never heard of until years after the time alluded to, when Roman priests wrote it into the New Testament in an attempt to make it fulfill an alleged prophecy of Jeremiah. With this doubt as to the slaughtering of the Bethlehem infants, Jehovah, with his record of the slaughtering of all the first-born of Egypt in a night, still holds the championship as a baby killer.

Outside of his killing off Job's family—which, as noted, appears to have been a partnership arrangement between himself and Jehovah—Satan is quite guiltless of manslaughter. He is much more of a mischief-maker than a murderer. He never built

machines to torture heretics. He never burned them at the stake. The powers that be are ordained by Jehovah. They are his own. St. Paul says so. Satan may tempt a hungry man to steal a loaf of bread, but he is not responsible for the social system that drove the man to hunger. Satan may tempt a girl to sell her body, but he doesn't pay the starvation wage that filled her soul with despair. The owner of her job is generally a child of the God Jehovah, a liberal contributor to religious work, a pillar in the church. Such sins as attending theatres, dancing and card-playing may be charged to Satan, but child-slavery is a Christian institution.

### CHAPTER XIII.

CENSUS taking, like the pursuit of knowledge, is a sin in the sight of Jehovah. He forbids his followers from numbering their population. He evidently does not want the masses to know their strength. As Jehovah is the god of the master-class, and not of the working-class, some light may be thrown upon what appears to be a peculiar decree, when we take into consideration that the slave-owning aristocracy of ancient Greece promulgated the same law against the slaves ascertaining their numbers. For this reason all slaves were compelled to wear different patterns of clothing, so that, meeting in public places, they could not recognize the social standing of each other. On the streets and in the market places a slave could not be told from a freeman. If they had dressed in the same sort of apparel, like the sansculottes of France before the Revolution, they might have noted their overwhelming superiority of numbers over their masters, and revolted. But, however this may be, Jehovah outlawed census taking, and Satan, discovering such

to be the case, once played the mischief with Jehovah's chosen people. We read in the twenty-first chapter of the First Book of Chronicles: "And Satan stood up against Israel, and provoked David (that is, he dared him) to number Israel. And David said to Joab and to the rulers of the people, Go, number Israel from Beersheba even to Dan; and bring the number of them to me, that I may know it." David doubtless knew that it would make Jehovah angry, but he wouldn't take Satan's dare.

And so the deed was done. A census was taken of the Jews, contrary to their god's decree. And their god flew into a rage. He clawed the air with his horned fists and blew sparks from his nostrils. Satan himself had no idea that it was going to drive him to such fury as it did. With his magic, so we are told, Jehovah sent a deadly pestilence upon the Jews and killed seventy thousand of them. He probably used poisoned gas. With this accomplished to spur himself and his heavenly hosts to further deeds of valor, Jehovah started for Jerusalem. He proposed to annihilate the capital city of Israel. King David, who was scanning the skies for any approaching flying troops, much as the inhabitants of a town to-day, in time of war, scan the skies for airships, caught sight of one of Jehovah's biggest angels, armed with a sword, that was prob-

ably several miles long, swooping down towards the city with blood in his eye. David and his elders, as was customary with holy men in those days when endeavoring to soothe their god, had covered their otherwise naked bodies in sackcloth. They had doubtless, as was also the religious custom, rolled themselves in ashes. At the sight of the oncoming avenging angel they fell flat upon their faces. Such humility is pleasing to Jehovah. In this respect he is much like the kings of today. Jehovah saw the prostrate forms of David and his elders, saw the sackcloth and ashes scratching their hides, and it flattered his vanity. So he had the advancing angel, armed with the sword, interview one of David's soothsayers, by the name of Gad, to whom he offered terms of peace, upon the condition that David build a stone altar and sacrifice thereon a number of goats and sheep. Jehovah graciously accepted the offering, and confirmed the treaty of peace by sending from Heaven a streak of fire that consumed the slaughtered animals piled on the altar. All of which is recorded in the chapter of the First Book of Chronicles already referred to.

An entirely different account of this census taking, and the wrath of Jehovah that followed is found in the twenty-fourth chapter of the Second Book of Samuel. Here we are informed that it

was Jehovah himself, and not Satan, that tempted King David to take the census.

It is claimed, by the priests of the fourth century that compiled the New Testament, that Jehovah's son, who was doomed to be offered up in sacrifice to appease his father's wrath, was able to turn water into wine. Satan, we are told, can do better than this—he can create wine without any water. All he needs is a bung-hole. Moreover, he can make any brand of wine the thirst calls for. Goethe exploits this magic power of Satan in his tragedy of Faust. He tells of a jolly company gathered together at a public house, with Satan present. Satan criticised the quality of wine being served, and remarked:

“I am afraid the landlord to offend;  
Else freely would I treat each guest  
From my own cellar to the very best.”

Then spoke one of the company:

“Out with it, then! Your doings I'll defend.”

And another cried:

“Give him a good glass, and straight we'll praise you  
one and all.

Only let not your samples be too small.”

“Fetch me a gimlet,” said Satan. The gimlet was



basket; whereupon Satan proceeded to bore a hole brought to him, taken from the landlord's tool in the edge of the table opposite to where one of the company was sitting. "Get me some wax, and make some stoppers," continued Satan, as he bored holes in the table in front of each guest. The wax was procured and the stoppers made, and the holes corked. Then Satan, making mystic signs, said:

"Grapes the vine-stock bears,  
Horns the buck-goat wears!  
Wine is sap, the vine is wood,  
The wooden board yields wine as good!  
With deeper glance and true,  
The mysteries of nature view!  
Have faith, and here's a miracle!  
Your stoppers draw, and drink your fill!"

And sure enough, from every hole in the wooden table poured forth an incessant, sparkling stream of the rarest wine, of each particular brand called for, that ever tickled the palate of mortal. They all drank their fill. They became musical, and arose to their feet and sang:

"Oh, beaucous spring, which flows so fair!"  
To which Satan warningly replied:  
"Spill not a single drop, of this beware!"

But the warning was unheeded. They were having too glorious a time with miraculously made Sherry and Burgundy, Moselle and Maderia, Rhenish and Champagne, flowing freely into their goblets, as fast as they emptied them, from a hole in the table. At length one of the number, singing,

“Happy as cannibals are we,  
Or as five hundred swine,”

carelessly tipped his glass and spilt a portion of his wine. It immediately turned to flame; whereupon the startled bibber suddenly changed his tune, and lustily yelled,

“Help! fire! help! Hell is burning!”  
At which Satan addressed the flame, saying,  
“Stop,  
Kind element, be still, I say.”

The flame obeyed its master’s voice, and went out.

But alas! one of the bibulous company pulled the plug and attempted to drink from the bunghole; and the exhilarating beverage poured forth faster than he could swallow it, and ran down his neck and soaked into his shirt; and it was no longer wine, but flames of fire, so that the sufferer cried out loud, “I burn! I burn!” Thereupon, we are informed, the company all drew their knives and

attacked Satan. If it had been Jehovah, instead of Satan, no doubt but that all of them would have been smitten with some deadly plague, or, like the sinners of Sodom, suffocated with boiling brimstone. But Satan, as before remarked, is not that kind of a merciful god. He didn't want to kill them, he was just having fun with them. So he made some more mystic signs and spoke these words:

“Visionary scenes appear!  
Words delusive cheat the ear!  
Be ye there, and be ye here!”

And presto! it all happened. It was just as easy as Jehovah's trick of having his priests turn bread and wine into the flesh and blood of a sacrificed deity.

“Where am I?” exclaimed an enchanted bacchanalian.

“What a beauteous land!”

“Vineyards! unless my sight deceives!” cried another.

“And clustering grapes, too, close at hand!”

“And underneath the spreading leaves,  
What stems there be! What grapes I see!” hilariously sang another.

At this every one seized each other by the nose,

and, thinking they had hold of a luscious cluster of grapes, drew their knives, and would have cut off each others' noses, had not Satan at this moment ended the enchantment by repeating:

"Delusion, from their eyes the bandage take.

Note how the Devil loves a jest to break!"

At these words the company came to their senses perfectly sober.

"What was it?" said one of them.

"And was that your nose?" said another. And then they looked at the banquet table, whence had flowed the miraculous wine. There was nothing doing. Everything was bone dry. Even the holes were gone. Nothing was left but a parched, unsatisfied sensation in their throats. Their magic host had departed.

"With my own eyes, upon a cask astride,

Forth through the cellar door I saw him ride," exclaimed one of the victims of Satan's enchantment.

"Would that the wine again were flowing!" sadly remarked another.

And Satan, full of more mischief to play upon mankind, went forth into the world to ensnare the sons and daughters of men.

The trials and tribulations of Jehovah's followers, in their endeavor to escape Satan's snares, as mani-

fested in the charms of the female sex, form one of the most prominent features in church history. All women are witches—the daughters of Satan—in one way or another; and all men are bewitched by them. Love and passion are mortal sins in the sight of Jehovah. They are the sorceries of Satan, by which men lose their immortal souls. “Celibacy must be chosen,” said Saint Tertullian, “even though the human race should perish.” And again said this same saint: “Woman, you ought to go about clad in mourning and rags, your eyes filled with tears of remorse, to make us forget that you have been mankind’s destruction. Woman, you are the gate to Hell.” Origen, who was one of the leading lights in deciding what was to be contained in the New Testament, declared: “Matrimony is impure and unholy; a means of sensual passion.” The Apostle Paul expresses his contempt for women in his inspired epistles. He admits that it was only by the strongest sort of faith that he managed to remain in their society and still steer clear of their charms. Others only escaped the charms of Satan’s fair daughters by mortifying their flesh. Many, like Saint Anthony, left the abodes of men and lived in the African desert. There, by fasting and self-torture, they saved their souls. Some had their bodies sewed in furs and pelts, with only a hole left large

enough to breathe through and receive their scanty food. In this condition they lived for years, pure and holy, under the blazing African sun. That is, their souls were "pure and holy"; their bodies, encased from their necks to their feet in hides, with no opening save at the mouth and nostrils, became so full of filth and vermin that Satan himself, to say nothing of his wicked daughters of earth, could not endure their presence. They were safe at last in the arms of the Lord. Their only thoughts were upon death and the everlasting judgment. Some, instead of being sewed in pelts, had themselves buried up to their necks in the torrid desert sands. Nourishment was brought to them by one of the holy fathers that wore furs. In this way they lived until their tortured bodies succumbed, and their souls took their flight to Heaven. In order to subdue what the heretics call the "instincts of nature," but declared by theologians to be the "temptations of the Evil One," many "made a vow not to speak a word for years; to look at none; to hop about on one leg; to eat nothing but grass."

There was a saint by the name of Thalelaus, if the record be true, sorely tempted by Satan, day after day, through the allurements and bewitcheries of Satan's daughters. Deciding that it would be a greater victory over his sinful body, and more

glory to his god, to remain pure and spotless among his fellowmen, than to go to a desert and there mortify his person until Satan himself could not stomach him, who saved his soul by having an iron hoop welded around his body, from his waist nearly to his knees. He limped about this way for ten years, when he became such a physical wreck that Satan's sorceries were powerless to tempt him any more. Another, Saint Simeon by name, only ate once a week, on Sunday, and laced his body so tight with ropes that he broke out all over with running sores. His religion forbidding the luxury of a bath, and also any medical aid, he finally became so offensive that no one could remain near him without fainting. Satan gave Saint Simeon up.

The holy Saint Pachonius was tempted by Satan until, we are told, he "was driven into the desert by this inward fire." One day Satan appeared to him in the form of a voluptuous Ethiopian girl. Saint Pachonius went into a delirium, and in that state believed for the moment that he had fallen to her snares. But his piety snatched him as a "brand from the burning"; he came to himself, and recognizing who it was that sought his ruin, he struck the temptress a violent blow in the face, and sure enough immediately Satan himself stood in her place. Satan took it all in good humor, and van-

ished into the air. The scandalous affair, however, so smote the conscience of the holy father that he concluded that his only chance to obtain Heaven's forgiveness would be to sacrifice his life. He therefore wandered in the desert until he found a den infested by hyenas. Saint Pachonius stripped himself to the skin—the skin that had not known water for several years—and went into the den and lay down. The hyenas sniffed him all over, but refused to eat him. They knew by the smell that he was a saint, and turned away. In the presence of such a miracle as this Saint Pachonius re-consecrated himself to holiness, and finally founded a monastery in which dwelt fourteen hundred monks. We read that at one time “there were in Egypt alone upward of a hundred thousand monks and nuns.” Great numbers of women became crazed over their lost condition, and buried themselves in convents. In this state of perpetual vows of chastity Jehovah forgave them for the ruin they had brought, through Satan's temptation, upon the male sex.

The belief that Satan was busily engaged in bringing about the downfall of men through the enticements of women, that many a beautiful maiden was an actual daughter of Satan, that a man, entering matrimony, was liable to some day find himself bound to a witch of Hell, played havoc with Chris-



tian society. Bridegrooms, seized with the fear of God, abandoned their brides on their wedding night. Some of the holiest saints got their start in this way. The holy Alexis left his wife on the day of their nuptials, and rushed into the desert. The holy Ammo read to his betrothed some of Paul's denunciations of women and married life. The girl saw the sinfulness of becoming a wife and mother. They both renounced their love, took vows of chastity, she becoming a nun, and he a monk. Johannes Colybita was seized with the fear of God on his wedding night. He fled into the desert. Finally he came back to his native town, sanctified and saved, and lived as a beggar to the end of his days. In order to keep himself too weary to be wicked, too sore to succumb to Satan's sorceries, Saint Barnabas had a sharp stone inserted in his foot. Another saint, Maccarius, cured himself of the lust of the flesh by sitting naked in a nest of red ants.

The migration of the saints to the desert finally became unpopular; they preferred remaining in worldly society, even though they thereby risked losing their souls. Europe became literally overrun with monks. They performed miracles equal to those of Jehovah or Satan. One of the greatest of these was Saint Bernard. Of him Martin Luther said: "If there ever was a true and God-fearing

monk, it was Saint Bernard. I have never heard or read of any equal to him, and I esteem him higher than all the monks and priests of the world." And Luther knew how hard it is to live a holy life. Satan was at his heels continually.

Of the holiness of Saint Bernard there can be no doubt. Church history tells us that he "tortured his body in a most terrible manner, and together with his monks often subsisted solely on beech leaves and a kind of miserable barley bread. When, occasionally, to strengthen his system, he partook of a porridge with oil and honey, he wept bitterly over his weakness." He finally became so holy that he was able to perform all manner of miracles. We are told that at one time a marble image of Christ, portraying the crucifixion, climbed down from the cross and walked up to Saint Bernard and embraced him. At another time, after a long fast, Saint Bernard, while praying before a stone image of the Virgin Mary, became extremely weak from hunger. The stone image, seeing his distress, offered its breast to the saint, and he drank from it copious draughts of the richest milk he had ever tasted. Once, in the Cathedral of Speier, he approached an image of the Holy Virgin, and said: "I salute thee, O Queen!" The image of the Holy Virgin politely

bowed its head and replied: "We thank thee, our beloved Bernard."

Saint Francis of Assisi was another remarkable example of overcoming the "world, the flesh and the Devil." He became so holy that no wicked daughter of Satan could lead him astray. He made his living by begging from door to door, and all the discarded food given him he dumped into an iron pot that he carried. When he became so hungry that he could not stand it any longer he ate from the accumulated mess. The condition of the various articles of food can be well imagined. It was like dining from a garbage can. He treated all manner of animals as brothers and sisters. One time he discovered a louse crawling on his cowl. Saint Francis tenderly took it up in his fingers, kissed it and said: "Dear sister louse, praise the Lord with me." Then he placed it back in his hair, from whence it had wandered. He subdued his sinful body by frequently rolling on a bed of thorns, wading in frozen water up to his neck, and lying naked in the snow. He also performed miracles.

Interesting biographies are told of the female saints who overcame the sorceries of Satan and became the sinless brides of Christ. Saint Theresa of Spain, at the age of seventeen, saw heavenly visions. Christ himself at length noted her piety and ap-

peared to her in person, and offered his hand in marriage. She married him, and became Abbess of a convent at Pastrana. There she gathered together numerous other brides of Christ. Saint Theresa exercised the strictest discipline over the nuns. They went barefoot, and any disobedience was severely punished. They were tied to a mule's manger and made to eat oats and hay; they were whipped with switches; they were forced to sleep on thorns and in the snow; they drank from spittoons; dead mice were put in their mouths, the bread they ate was dipped in rotten eggs, their tongues were pierced with needles.

In her youth Saint Catherine of Cardone, through the sorceries of Satan, fell in love. Realizing her sinful condition, she fled to a cavern and subsisted, like Saint Anthony, on herbs. She made herself a garment of thick grasses, interwoven with thorns. In this condition Satan was unable to do anything with her. Saint Passidea of Siena used to lash herself with thorns until her body bled, then rub salt, pepper and vinegar in the wounds. She slept in a bunk filled with cherry pits and dried peas, and, to further insure her salvation, wore an iron chemise that weighed sixty pounds. There are two stories of Saint Agnes. One, and which is most generally accepted in theological circles, is that she was a

Christian maid of Rome, who refused to marry the son of the Roman prefect, Sempronius. She was condemned to a brutal outrage, and then to be burned alive; but, when tied to the stake, the fagots would not burn. Thereupon an officer struck off her head. Another version, and which was popular among the faithful of the Middle Ages, is that the prefect, upon her refusal to marry his son, had her driven through the streets naked to a brothel. She had no sooner entered the place, however, than her hair grew so profusely that it entirely covered her body like a garment. At the sight of the miracle the inmates were converted to the Christian religion. Another similar case is that of Saint Paula, whom an ardent lover, tempted by Satan, endeavored to betray. In the agony of her temptation Paula prayed for help, and Jehovah heard her prayer, and came to her rescue in a most peculiar way; he caused a heavy, long beard to suddenly grow on her face, reaching to her waist. The young man became frightened and fled.

Perhaps the most remarkable of the female saints, of which the Church calendar abounds, and who, like the male saints, escaped the sorceries of Satan, is Saint Rosa. The following description of her life is found in the papal bull that decrees her canonization. We are informed that she slept on knotty

sticks of wood and on pieces of broken glass, and drank daily a pint of gall. Christ became so enraptured with such an exhibition of saintly maidenhood, that, one Palm Sunday, he appeared to her in the character of a stonecutter, and offered himself in matrimony in these words: "Rosa, treasure of my life, thou shalt be my bride!" The Virgin Mary, who had accompanied Christ, thereupon congratulated Rosa, and exclaimed: "See what a great honor my son bestows on thee!" And so the marriage of Christ and Saint Rosa took place. And after that, when Saint Rosa was reading her prayers, Christ would appear on the inscribed words, and smile upon her; when she was sewing he would come and sit in her sewing basket and talk to her. At times he would visit his other brides—all the nuns in Christendom were his brides—and then Saint Rosa would go wild with jealousy. But even then Satan could not tempt her. She remained true to the polygamous god she had married. That she was honored beyond all other brides of Christ is shown by the treatment her mother-in-law bestowed upon her; we are informed that the Holy Virgin served her as chambermaid for twenty-one years, and never failed to arouse her for early mass in these words: "Rise, dear daughter; it is time for mass." And Saint Rose would arise, and go to

church, and eat the flesh and drink the blood of her sacrificed husband.

To tell of all the wonders performed by the saints would fill volumes. In strictly Catholic countries to-day the legends of their miracles, that are faithfully believed, are without number. Holy men rode crocodiles across the Nile; they led furious dragons with a string; they set snow afire; they made iron float and fruit grow on willow trees; they hitched Satan to a plow and made him furrow the field

## CHAPTER XIV.

ONE of the sorceries of Satan is what the doctors of divinity term "lycanthropy." The word is from the Greek *lykanthropos*, which means a "wolf-man." The Anglo-Saxon *werwulf*, more commonly known as were-wolf, means the same. Lycanthropy is the magical ceremony performed by Satan that makes a human being temporarily change himself or herself into a wolf. It can also transform the victim into a cat, or other animal. Such sorceries are easy with either Satan or Jehovah. Also with the heathen gods. The gods and devils of the heathen can perform every trick that the Christian religion boasts. They practice lycanthropy, witchcraft, produce miracles, and cause women to give birth to divinely-begotten children.

But to return to Satan and his practice of lycanthropy, which was common in Europe, and also among the New England Puritans, until recent times. Says Lecky: "That the Devil could assume the form of any animal he pleased, \* \* \* presented no difficulty to those who remembered that the first



appearance of that personage on earth was as a serpent, and that on one occasion a legion of devils had entered into a herd of swine."

This being a gospel fact, can any of the faithful doubt the ability of Satan to practice lycanthropy, and thus turn men and women into animals? Did not Jehovah practice the art himself when he transformed Nebuchadnezzar into a bull, and is not Satan as powerful a god as Jehovah? In all the long centuries in which Christianity ruled by the grace of Jehovah and the Holy Inquisition, when faith was universal and education outlawed, when to doubt was to suffer torture and death, are there not countless exhibitions of Satan's power as a sorcerer, chief among which were lycanthropy and withcraft? Even to-day, to deny these sorceries, and to cease hanging and burning witches, is infidelity. Read the inspired word, as found in the twenty-second chapter of Exodus, verse 18: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."

"Satan's power to turn people into animals was accepted," says Lecky, "by the greatest and most orthodox theologians, by the inquisitors who were commissioned by the popes, and by the law courts of most countries." He records that "in the first half of the seventeenth century, the civil power uniformly exerted its energies for the destruction of

witches. It was between the publication of the Works of Montaigne and of Charron, that Boguet was presiding at the tribunal of St. Claude, where he is said to have burnt 600 persons, chiefly for lycanthropy. A few years latter fifty executions at Douay took place; and in 1642 Cardinal Mazarin wrote a letter to the Bishop of Evreux, congratulating him warmly on the successful zeal he had manifested in the subject."

What a beautiful place to live in, this world will be, if the present-day efforts of the revivalists and the plutocracy to restore the old-time Christian faith to power can be made successful!

Some of the pranks that Satan plays practicing his art would be amusing if they did not form part of our religion; other sorceries, charged to him, become tragedies in the light of modern knowledge. Lunacy, imbecility, hypochondria and hysteria are sorceries of Satan. Jehovah himself, according to the Old Testament, and his divinely begotten son, according to the New, firmly believe this.

Robert G. Ingersoll, in the first lecture he ever delivered (at Pekin, Ill., 1860), entitled "Progress," describes the religious insanity that at one time overran society. He says:

"We can account for a man suffering death for what he believes to be right. He knows that he

has the sympathy of all the truly good, and he hopes that his name will be gratefully remembered in the far future, and above all, he hopes to win the approval of a just God. But the man who confessed himself guilty of being a wizard (and many did) knew that his memory would be execrated and expected that his soul would be eternally lost. \* \* \* They considered their case hopeless, they confessed and died without a prayer. These things are enough to make one think that sometimes the world becomes insane and that the earth is a vast asylum without a keeper."

Ingersoll relates in his lecture some of the witchcraft cases:

"In the time of James the First, a man was burned in Scotland for having produced a storm at sea for the purpose of drowning one of the royal family."

Of course it would be hard to find a professing Christian to-day who believes that anybody, charmed by Satan, could produce a storm at sea. It seems too ridiculous. Only such reasonable stories as Christ walking on the sea are now accepted.

"A woman was tried before Sir Matthew Hale, one of the most learned and celebrated lawyers of England, for having caused children to vomit

crooked pins. She was also charged with nursing demons. Of course she was found guilty, and the learned Judge charged the jury that there was no doubt as to the existence of witches, that all history, sacred and profane, and that the experience of every country proved it beyond any manner of doubt. And the woman was either hanged or burned for a crime for which it was impossible for her to be guilty." "People were burned for causing frosts in summer, for destroying crops with hail, for causing cows to become dry and even for souring beer. \* \* \*At Basle, in 1474, a rooster was tried, charged with having laid an egg, and as rooster eggs were used only in making witch ointment it was a serious charge, and everyone, of course, admitted that the Devil must have been the cause, as roosters could not very well lay eggs without some help."

The rooster, we are told, "was duly convicted and he, together with his miraculous egg, were publicly and with all due solemnity burned in the public square."

"A hog and six pigs were tried for having killed, and partially eaten a child; the hog was convicted and executed, but the pigs were acquitted on the ground of their extreme youth." Satan's hogs, that devoured children, were put to death. Jehovah's

hogs, that devour them in the cotton mills, are honored.

“As late as 1740 a cow was tried on a charge of being possessed by the devil.”

“The history of the Britons,” says Ingersoll in the lecture quoted, “written by the Archdeacons of Monmouth and Oxford, was immensely popular. According to their account, Brutus, a Roman, conquered England, built London, and called the country Britain after himself. During his time it rained blood for three days.”

According to these priestly historians, “a monster came from the sea, and after having devoured a great many common people, finally swallowed the king himself. They say that King Arthur was not born like ordinary mortals, but was formed by a magical contrivance made by a wizard. That he was, particularly lucky killing giants, that he killed one in France that used to eat several people every day, and that this giant was clothed with garments made entirely of the beards of kings that he had killed and eaten. \* \* \* One of the authors of this book was promoted for having written an authentic history of his country.”

An English writer, Frank Hamel, in a work called “Human Animals,” gives, among other myths and superstitions, an interesting account of these were-

wolves. Men and women were tried in court and convicted, oftentimes by their own confession. A man by the name of Giles Garnier was tried and convicted and burned alive in France in 1573 on the charge of devouring children while in the form of a wolf. He pleaded guilty, declaring that he changed his shape by rubbing an ointment prepared by Satan on his body. In 1598, at Angers, Jacques Roblet was found guilty and condemned to death for having, as a were-wolf, ate "women, lawyers and bailiffs, though the last named he found tough and tasteless." During the last years of the sixteenth century Satan started a regular epidemic of lycanthropy in France. In 1598 a tailor was torn to pieces by a mob in Paris on the testimony of devout Christians who swore they had seen him prowling at night in the form of a wolf. In 1663, in England, a woman of 73, named Julia Cox, was indicted for changing herself into a hare. One witness said that his dogs had started a hare near the old woman's home, and that, when the dogs ran it down, it changed into the woman herself. We read that in 1719 a Scotch woman, Margaret Nin-Gilbert, was indicted for witchcraft. A neighbor, William Montgomery, testified that he went home one night and found five cats by the fireside and a servant told him they were speaking among themselves.

Later she admitted that she had been at Montgomery's house in the likeness of a cat, that Montgomery had broken her leg, either with his durk or axe, and that the leg had since dropped off. She named other women who, she said, had been there with her in the form of cats, and declared that Satan had concealed them by raising a fog so that they could not be seen.

In parts of Russia it is still believed that Satan, in the form of a great serpent, carries off maidens. It is said that until very recently, if it does not persist to to-day, there was a custom in a certain French province to dress a big tomcat in swaddling clothes on Corpus Christi day and exhibit it in a gorgeous shrine. In 1875 a man living in Toulon told Berenger-Feraud that he had a friend who owned a wizard cat, which gave advice upon important matters by saying "Yes" or "No," and which disappeared at frequent intervals, when, its owner believed, it took human form.

But Satan's sorceries are not always confined to making wild beasts of humans. Anyway, if the testimony of the Church is to be depended upon, Satan, at times, turns his attention to filling human brains with knowledge. Theologians have asserted that Satan does this in order to enjoy the sight of seeing the scholars he inspired thrown into dungeons, tor-

tured, sometimes burned, and sometimes flayed alive by Jehovah's priests. But I doubt it. Did Satan inspire the brain of Bruno, just to see him suffer an agonizing death at the hands of the holy fathers? We are told that Bruno was burned to the glory of Jehovah, because Satan had filled him with knowledge and truth, which is contrary to the faith and teachings of Jehovah's religion, but there is no evidence offered to show that Satan could have been induced to light the fagots. The Church claims that it is Satan who has inspired the scientists and revolters against priestcraft and kingcraft. Is it not strange then that he should also bewitch people into wild beasts? Is there not reason to think that the holy fathers are mistaken, and that it is their own creed that has caused weak-minded people to go crazy and imagine themselves to be wolves and wildcats?

It appears that Satan, by filling heretics and rebels with knowledge and the love of freedom, equality and justice, is still waging the war he started in Heaven. Church history is full of the conflicts between Jehovah's divines and Satan's infidels. There was John Calvin, the father of Presbyterianism, and Michael Servetus, physician and student. Jehovah had no trouble in making a saint of Calvin, but was unable to hold Servetus in the faith. Satan got



control of his brain, and Servetus began to think. This is blasphemy, and, according to the laws given to Moses, is punishable by death. Servetus was tried at Vienne by the Roman Catholic Church, in 1553, convicted of heresy and condemned to be burned alive. With the help of some of Satan's scholars, who managed to escape the claws of Jehovah's priests by keeping their mouths shut, Servetus made his escape and fled to Geneva, where John Calvin and his Protestant followers were in power. Servetus hoped for mercy among the new sect. He labored under the mistaken idea that Protestantism was more intelligent and liberty-loving than Catholicism. Calvin saw in Servetus, not a scholar, but a sinner, under the sorcery of Satan. Therefore he seized him, bound him in chains, and locked him in a dungeon. The learned sinner was tried and convicted by the demented divine, and was burnt at the stake.

"Calvin," says Ingersoll, "was of a pallid, bloodless complexion, thin, sickly, irritable, gloomy, impatient, egotistic, tyrannical, heartless and infamous. He was a strange compound of revengeful morality, malicious forgiveness, ferocious charity, egotistic humility, and a kind of hellish justice. In other words, he was as near like the God of the Old Testament as his health permitted."

From the shriveled flesh and charred bones of Servetus, Jehovah and his Calvinists marched forth to conquer Satan and his heretics. Calvinism tortured, hung and burned those who dared to think, with the same holy zeal of its Catholic mother. It carried on the war between Jehovah and Satan with all the ferocity of a true child of the faith. To again quote Ingersoll: "Liberty was banished from Geneva, and nothing but Presbyterianism was left. Honor, justice, mercy, reason and charity were all exiled; but the five points of predestination, particular redemption, irresistible grace, total depravity, and the certain perseverance of the saints remained instead. \* \* \* The doctrines of Calvin spread rapidly, and were eagerly accepted by the multitudes on the continent, but Scotland, in a few years, became the real fortress of Presbyterianism. The Scotch succeeded in establishing the same kind of theocracy that flourished in Geneva. The clergy took possession and control of everybody and everything. It is impossible to exaggerate the mental degradation, the abject superstition of the people of Scotland during the reign of Presbyterianism. Heretics were hunted and devoured as though they were wild beasts. The gloomy insanity of Presbyterianism took possession of a great majority of the people. They regarded their ministers as the Jews

did Moses and Aaron. They believed that they were the special agents of God, and that whatsoever they bound in Scotland would be bound in Heaven. There was not one particle of intellectual freedom. No man was allowed to differ with the Church, or to even contradict a priest. Had Presbyterianism maintained its ascendancy, Scotland would have been peopled with savages to-day."

Satan and his thinkers had a narrow escape from utter extinction in Scotland. It has been wickedly suggested that if it had not been for Scotch whisky Scotland would have been completely saved.

One of the most devoted saints ever inspired by Jehovah was Thomas Torquemada, Inquisitor-General of Spain, born in 1420. At that time Satan, by his sorceries, had caused many to lose their faith in the Pope. He had planted the seeds of heresy in thousands of human brains. Jehovah began to tremble at Satan's power. The world showed symptoms of becoming sane, and renouncing the orthodox creed. Jehovah succeeded in filling Torquemada to the limit with the holy faith, and turned him loose on Satan's heretics. Torquemada became the most valiant and victorious soldier of the cross ever recorded in history. He followed faithfully in the footsteps of his Lord, and made a record that almost, if not quite, equals Jehovah's massacre and

rape of the Midianites. Says Ernst Haeckel: "Under the notorious Torquemada (1481-98), in Spain alone eight thousand heretics were burned alive and ninety thousand punished with the confiscation of their goods and the most grievous ecclesiastical fines; in the Netherlands, under the rule of Charles V, at least fifty thousand fell victims to the clerical bloodthirst."

Torquemada did a good job. Spain has remained true to Jehovah to this day. Let Satan, through his sorceries, cause a scholar to appear in that Christian country, and his doom is sealed. Francisco Ferrer was shot to death by the same holy fathers that blessed the bloody work of Torquemada. Satan has tried every sorcery imaginable to puncture a hole in Jehovah's religion in Spain, but without avail. He once charmed a mouse to run out of a hole in a church wall and eat some of the sacrament that a priest had hocus-pocused into the body and blood of Christ. He evidently thought that the sight of a mouse devouring a son of God, without his father raising any rumpus about it, might somewhat jar the faith of the holy fathers. But it didn't. The priests knew it was Satan's work, and that Jehovah had remained quiet in order to test their faith. So they

had the walls of the church torn down, captured a mouse, had it burned, and sprinkled the ashes on the altar.

Satan and his legions of devils take delight in frequenting the churches. They are present at every service. They fill the sanctified atmosphere with evil thoughts and suggestions. It was to frighten Satan and his devils away that church bells were introduced. They were sprinkled with holy water and blessed in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. The Christian religion consists as much, if not more, in the fear of Satan, as it does in the love of Jehovah. The affairs of men are influenced by these two spirits. Martin Luther, the founder of Protestantism, was much more concerned over Satan's sorceries than he was over Jehovah's tender mercies. "The credulity which Luther manifested on all matters connected with diabolical intervention," says Lecky, "was amazing. \* \* \* When speaking of witchcraft his language was emphatic and unhesitating. 'I would have no compassion on these witches,' he exclaimed, 'I would burn them all,'"

Again, speaking of Luther, Lecky says: "Satan became \* \* \* the dominating conception of his life. In every critical event, in every mental perturbation, he recognized Satanic power. In the mon-

astery of Wittenburg he constantly heard the Devil making a noise in the cloisters; and became at last so accustomed to the fact that he related that, on one occasion, having been awakened by the sound, he perceived that it was only the Devil, and accordingly went to sleep again. The black stain in the castle of Wartburg still marks the place where he flung an ink-bottle at the Devil. In the midst of his long and painful hesitation on the subject of transubstantiation, the Devil appeared to him and suggested a new argument." A further description of Luther's faith in Satan's power is described as follows: "He told how an aged minister had been interrupted in the midst of his devotions, by a devil who was grunting behind him like a pig. At Torgau, the Devil broke pots and basins, and flung them at the minister's head, and at last drove the minister's wife and servants half crazy out of the house. On another occasion, the Devil appeared in the law courts, in the character of a leading barrister, whose place he is said to have filled with the utmost propriety. Fools, deformed persons, the blind and the dumb, were possessed by devils. Physicians, indeed, attempted to explain these infirmities by natural causes; but those physicians were ignorant men; they did not know all the Power of Satan. Every form of disease might be produced by Satan,

or by his agents, the witches; and none of the infirmities to which Luther was liable were natural, but his ear-ache was peculiarly diabolical." Luther declared that Satan, like Jehovah, had the power to beget children by virgins, and that he did this quite often. It is recorded that Luther himself came in contact with one of these Satan-begotten children. Luther recommended that the child be thrown in the river. That the war, started in Heaven, between Satan and Jehovah, is being still relentlessly carried on in this world, was firmly believed by Luther. It became the cornerstone of the Protestant creed. It is known as the doctrine of predestination. In this war man has no control over himself whatever. He is simply conscripted whether or no and must serve the god who gets him first. "The human will," says Luther, "is like a beast of burden. If God mounts it, it wishes and goes as God wills; if Satan mounts it, it wishes and goes as Satan wills. Nor can it choose the rider it would prefer, or betake itself to him, but it is the riders who contend for its possession. This is the acme of faith," declares Luther, "to believe that He is merciful who saves so few and who condemns so many; that He is just who at his own pleasure has made us necessarily doomed to damnation; so that, as Erasmus says, He seems to delight in the tortures of the wretched, and to

be more deserving of hatred than of love." This surely is, as Luther puts it, "the acme of faith." Luther sums it up in these words: "If by any effort of *reason* I could conceive how God could be merciful and just who shows so much anger and iniquity, there would be no need for faith."

That's the truth, even if a theologian did say it. No "effort of reason" can fathom it. It takes faith. Reason is sin. Once reason enters the brain of man, and overboard goes the orthodox structure—religion, social system, and all.

Luther believed in burning heretics and flaying rebels alive; he believed in the divine right of kings; he believed in witchcraft, slavery and polygamy; he believed in Jehovah, and his Scriptures. Satan could not shake Luther's faith—he could not inject a spark of reason into the brain of Protestantism's founder. Luther walked the narrow path to the end, even as a blind pig works its passage through a dark alley—he was saved, not through any righteousness of his own, but because Jehovah had elected him to salvation before he was born. Robert Burns has wittily portrayed such faith in "Holy Willie's Prayer":

"O Thou that in the Heavens does dwell,  
Wha, as it pleases best Thysel,



Sends ane to Heaven an' ten to Hell,  
A' for Thy glory,  
And no for onie guid or ill  
They've done before Thee!

"I bless and praise Thy matchless might,  
When thousands Thou hast left in night,  
That I am here before Thy sight,  
For gifts and grace  
A burning and a shining light  
To a' this place.

"What was I, or my generation,  
That I should get sic exaltation?  
I, wha deserv'd most just damnation  
For broken laws  
Sax thousand years ere my creation  
Thro' Adam's cause!

"When from my mither's womb I fell,  
Thou might have plunged me deep in Hell  
To gnash my gooms, and weep, and wail  
In burning lakes,  
Where damned devils roar and yell,  
Chain'd to their stakes.

"Yet I am here, a chosen sample;  
To show Thy grace is great and ample;  
I'm here a pillar o' Thy temple,  
Strong as a rock,

A guide, a buckler, and example  
To a' Thy flock!

But for the unbeliever—

“Lord, in Thy day o' vengeance try him!  
Lord, visit him who did employ him!  
And pass not in Thy mercy by them,  
Nor hear their pray'r,  
But for Thy people's sake destroy them,  
An' dinna spare!

“But Lord, remember me and mine  
Wi' mercies temporal and divine,  
That I for grace an' gear may shine  
Excell'd by nane;  
And all the glory shall be Thine—  
Amen, Amen!”

## CHAPTER XV.

THE demoralizing effect that the Christian myth exercises upon the minds of men and women is beyond comprehension. Ernest Haeckel says that it "lent its darkest character to the Middle Ages; it meant death to all freedom of mental life, decay to all science, corruption to all morality. From the noble height to which the life of the human mind had attained in classical antiquity, in the centuries before Christ and the first century after Christ, it soon sank, under the rule of the papacy, to a level which, in respect of the knowledge of the truth, can only be termed barbarism."

Reviewing the history of what the Bible declares to be the "crime" of witchcraft, Lecky writes:

"For more than fifteen hundred years it was universally believed that the Bible established, in the clearest manner, the reality of the crime, and that an amount of evidence, so varied and so ample as to preclude the very possibility of doubt, attested its continuance and its prevalence. The clergy denounced it with all the emphasis of authority. The

legislators of almost every land enacted laws for its punishment. Acute judges, whose lives were spent in sifting evidence, investigated the question on countless occasions, and condemned the accused. Nations that were completely separated by position, by interests, and by character, on this one question were united. In almost every province of Germany, but especially in those where clerical influence predominated, the persecution raged with a fearful intensity. Seven thousand victims are said to have been burned at Treves, six hundred by a single bishop of Bamberg, and eight hundred in a single year in the bishopric of Wurtzburg. In France, decrees were passed on the subject by the Parliaments of Paris, Toulouse, Bordeaux, Rheims, Rouen, Dijon, and Rennes, and they were all followed by a harvest of blood. At Toulouse, the seat of the Inquisition, four hundred persons perished for sorcery at a single execution, and fifty at Douay in a single year. Remy, a judge of Nancy, boasted that he had put to death eight hundred witches in sixteen years. The executions that took place at Paris in a few months were, in the emphatic words of an old writer, 'almost infinite.' The fugitives who escaped to Spain were there seized and burned by the Inquisition. In that country the persecution spread to the smallest towns, and the belief was so deeply rooted in the

popular mind, that a sorcerer was burnt as late as 1780. Torquemada devoted himself to the extirpation of witchcraft as zealously as to the extirpation of heresy, and he wrote a book upon the enormity of the crime. In Italy, a thousand persons were executed in a single year in the province of Como; and in other parts of the country, the severity of the inquisitors at last created an absolute rebellion. The same scenes were enacted in the wild valleys of Switzerland and of Savoy. In Geneva, which was then ruled by a bishop, five hundred alleged witches were executed in three months; forty-eight were burnt at Constance or Ravensburg, and eighty in the little town of Valery, in Savoy. In 1670, seventy persons were condemned in Sweden, and a large proportion of them were burnt. And these are only a few of the more salient events in that long series of persecution which extended over almost every country, and continued for centuries with unabated fury. \* \* \* In England the establishment of the Reformation was a signal for an immediate outburst of the superstition; and there, as elsewhere, its decline was represented by the clergy as the direct consequence and the exact measure of the progress of skepticism. In Scotland, where the Reformed ministers exercised greater influence than in any other country, and where the witch trials fell almost

entirely into their hands, the persecution was proportionately atrocious. Probably the ablest defender of the belief was Glanvil, a clergyman of the English Establishment; and one of the most influential was Baxter, the greatest of the Puritans. It spread, with Puritanism, into the New World; and the executions in Massachusetts form one of the darkest pages in the history of America. The greatest religious leader of the last century (John Wesley) was among the latest of its defenders.

“It may be stated, I believe, as an invariable truth, that, whenever a religion which rests in a great measure on a system of terrorism, and which paints in dark and forcible colors the misery of men and the power of evil spirits, is intensely realized, it will engender the belief in witchcraft or magic. The panic which its teachings will create, will overbalance the faculties of multitudes. The awful images of evil spirits of superhuman power, and of untiring malignity, will continually haunt the imagination.

“If anyone ventured to deny that Satan possessed, or was likely to exercise this power, he was speedily silenced by a scriptural precedent. We read in the Old Testament that the Devil, by the divine permission, afflicted Job; and that among the means which he employed was a tempest which de-

stroyed the house in which the sons of the patriarch were eating. The description, in the Book of Revelation, of the four angels who held the four winds, and to whom it was given to afflict the earth, was also generally associated with this belief; for, as St. Augustine tells us, the word angel is equally applicable to good or bad spirits. \* \* \* Rain seems to have been commonly associated, as it still is in the Church of England, with the intervention of the Deity, but wind and hail were invariably identified with the Devil."

Satan, claimed St. Thomas Aquinas, carried Christ through the air to a pinnacle of the temple; and if he could do this, why couldn't he change an old woman into a wolf, or sail her over the moon? The prophet Habakkuk, so we are told, was once transported from Judea to Babylon; Philip the Evangelist once took a trip similar to this; and St. Paul aviated as far up as the third heaven.

Says Sir Walter Scott in his letters on "Demonology and Witchcraft": "On the whole, the Calvinists, generally speaking, were, of all the contending sects, the most suspicious of sorcery, the most undoubting believers in its existence, and the most eager to follow it up with what they conceived to be the due punishment of the most fearful crimes." Of the reign of Presbyterianism in Scotland Lecky writes:

“Supported by public opinion, the Scottish ministers succeeded in overawing all opposition, in prohibiting the faintest expression of adverse opinions, in prying into and controlling the most private concerns of domestic life; in compelling every one to conform absolutely to all the ecclesiastical regulations they enjoined; and in, at last, directing the whole scope and current of legislation. They maintained their ascendancy over the popular mind by a system of religious terrorism, which we can now barely conceive. The misery of man, the anger of the Almighty, the fearful power and continual presence of Satan, the agonies of Hell, were the constant subjects of their preaching. All the most ghastly forms of human suffering were accumulated as faint images of the eternal doom of the vast majority of mankind. Countless miracles were represented as taking place within the land, but they were almost all of them miracles of terror. Disease, storm, famine, every awful calamity that fell upon mankind, or blasted the produce of the soil, was attributed to the direct intervention of spirits; and Satan himself was represented as constantly appearing in a visible form upon the earth. Such teaching produced its natural effects. In a land where credulity was universal, in a land where the intellect was numbed and palsied by these



awful contemplations, where almost every form of amusement was suppressed, and where the thoughts of men were concentrated with an undivided energy on theological conceptions, such teaching necessarily created the superstition of witchcraft. Witchcraft was but one form of the panic it produced; it was but the reflection by a diseased imagination of the popular theology. We accordingly find that it assumed the most frightful proportions and the darkest characters. In other lands, the superstition was at least mixed with much of imposture; in Scotland it appears to have been entirely undiluted. It was produced by the teaching of the clergy, and it was everywhere fostered by their persecution. Eagerly, passionately, with a thirst for blood that knew no mercy, with a zeal that never tired, did they accomplish their task. Assembled in solemn synod, the college of Aberdeen, in 1603, enjoined every minister to take two of the elders of his parish to make 'a subtle and privy inquisition', and to question all the parishioners upon oath as to their knowledge of witches. Boxes were placed in the churches for the express purpose of receiving the accusations. When a woman had fallen under suspicion, the minister from the pulpit denounced her by name, exhorted his parishioners to give evidence against her, and prohibited anyone

from sheltering her. In the same spirit, he exerted the power which was given him by a parochial organization, elaborated perhaps more skillfully than any other in Europe. Under these circumstances, the witch cases seem to have fallen almost entirely into the hands of the clergy. They were the leading commissioners. Before them the confessions were taken. They were the acquiescing witnesses or the directors of the tortures by which those confessions were elicited."

The story of Scotland, when completely in the clutches of the clergy, is told in Dalyell's "Darker Superstitions of Scotland." Also in Pitcairn's "Criminal Trials of Scotland" is found many of the original documents of the witch trials. We read: "The confessions were commonly taken before presbyteries, or certain special commissioners, who usually ranked among their number the leading clergy of those districts where their hapless victims resided."

Of the tortures inflicted by the Scotch Presbyterians to produce confessions, Lecky writes:

"And when we read the nature of these tortures, which were worthy of an oriental imagination; when we remember that they were inflicted, for the most part, on old and feeble and half-doting women, it is difficult to repress a feeling of the deepest abhor-

rence for those men who caused and who encouraged them.”

“If the witch was obdurate, the first, and it was said the most effectual, method of obtaining confession was by what was termed ‘waking her.’ An iron bridle or hoop was bound across her face with four prongs, which were thrust into her month. It was fastened behind to the wall by a chain, in such a manner that the victim was unable to lie down; and in this position she was sometimes kept for several days, while men were constantly with her to prevent her from closing her eyes for a moment in sleep. Partly in order to effect this object, and partly to discover the insensible mark which was the sure sign of a witch, long pins were thrust into her body. At the same time, as it was a saying in Scotland that a witch would never confess while she could drink, excessive thirst was often added to her tortures.”

It is recorded that some women endured this suffering for as long as five days and nights before they could be made to “confess;” and there is one case told of where the victim stood out for nine days and nights.

Pitcairn thus describes the “witches’ bridle”:  
“One of the most powerful incentives to confession was systematically to deprive the suspected witch

of the refreshment of her natural sleep. \* \* \* Iron collars, or witches' bridles, are still preserved in various parts of Scotland, which had been used for such iniquitous purposes. These instruments were so constructed that, by means of a hoop which passed over the head, a piece of iron having four points was forcibly thrust into the mouth, two of these being directed to the tongue and palate, the others pointing outward to each cheek. This infernal machine was secured by a padlock. At the back of the collar was fixed a ring, by which to attach the witch to a staple in the wall of her cell. Thus equipped, and night and day waked and watched by some skillful person appointed by her inquisitors, the unhappy creature, after a few days of such discipline, maddened by the misery of her forlorn and helpless state, would be rendered fit for confessing anything, in order to be rid of the dregs of her wretched life. At intervals fresh examinations took place, and these were repeated from time to time until her 'contumacy,' as it was termed, was subdued. The clergy and kirk sessions appear to have been the unwearied instruments of 'purging the land of witchcraft;' and to them, in the first instance, all the complaints and informations were made."

What irony of fate, that women should be the chief supporters of the orthodox churches to this day!

If the witches' bridle failed, we read that "other and perhaps worse tortures were in reserve. The three principal that were habitually applied were the pennywinkis, the boots and the caschielawis. The first was a kind of thumb-screw; the second was a frame in which the leg was inserted, and in which it was broken by wedges, driven in by a hammer; the third was also an iron frame for the leg, which was from time to time heated over a brazier. Fire-matches (torches) were sometimes applied to the body of the victim."

Pitcairn tells of two cases, condemned in the same trial, in the year 1596, one of which was kept in "vehement tortour" for forty-eight hours in the "caschielawis." The other remained in the Presbyterian machine "for eleven days and eleven nights, whose legs were broken daily for fourteen days." Together with this the wretched victims of the biblical law that declares "thou shall not suffer a witch to live" was scourged on the bare body until no particle of skin was left. We are told of the public sight of nine women burning in a bunch at Leith in 1664; of how, out of the kindness of the preachers' hearts, the witches were sometimes strangled before

they were burned. But this was rarely the case. As a rule the reverends insisted on every agony imaginable. The Earl of Mar relates how, "with a piercing yell, some women once broke half-burnt from the slow fire that consumed them, struggled for a few moments with despairing energy among the spectators, but soon with shrieks of blasphemy and wild protestations of innocence sank writhing in agony amid the flames."

Lecky relates a story, taken from a book called "The Secret Commonwealth," published in 1691, of a discussion a Scotch layman once had with his minister on the subject of old women turning themselves into cats. The minister said that he personally knew of one man that succeeded in cutting off the leg of a cat that attacked him, and that the cat's leg immediately turned into the leg of an old woman, and that four ministers signed a certificate attesting this to be a fact. As the book mentioned was written by a regularly ordained Presbyterian preacher, Rev. Robert Kirk, the story should not be questioned. It is also well to remember that the ancient theologians that compiled the larger part of the Bible were of the same intellectual calibre as the preacher that wrote that book. Nobody can reasonably doubt but that the story of the old woman and the cat's leg, and the story of Jonah riding in

the belly of a whale, was inspired by the same sort of brains. It is impossible for a believer to limit the power of Satan's sorceries or Jehovah's miracles. The early church associated the lily, as the symbol of purity, with pictures of the Virgin Mary. This soon started a religious notion that a virgin could become pregnant by eating lilies. There is no record in church history, however, of the plan succeeding. Why this is the case is hard to tell. A child born with a lily for a papa would add another feature to the world's religious wonders.

That Jehovah is on the side of tyranny, and Satan on the side of freedom cannot be contradicted. Says Macaulay (Essays): "The Church of England continued to be for more than 150 years the servile handmaid of monarchy, the steady enemy of public liberty. The divine right of kings and the duty of passively obeying all their commands were her favorite tenets. She held those tenets firmly through times of oppression, persecution and licentiousness, while the law was trampled down, while judgment was perverted, while the people were eaten as though they were bread."

A mouthpiece of the church declares: "Eternal damnation is prepared for all impenitent rebels in Hell with Satan the first founder of rebellion." "Heaven is the place of good obedient subjects, and

Hell the prison and dungeon of rebels against God and prince." "A rebel is worse than the worst prince, and rebellion worse than the worst government of the worst prince hath hitherto been." Tyrants, we are told, are put in power to punish the people for their sins—"God placeth as well evil princes as good," therefore "for subjects to deserve through their sins to have an evil prince, and then to rebel against him, were double and treble evil by provoking God more to plague them" (Homilies on Wilful Rebellion and on Obedience).

It appears that Jehovah has an irascible temper. If he sends a plague on the people, and the people rebel, he doubles the dose. Jehovah, not Satan, is the ordainer of despotic laws. Did not the divinely inspired St. Paul command submission and obedience under Caligula, Claudius and Nero? Did not Martin Luther declare that a rebel against king or kaiser should be killed on sight? Did you ever hear of any orthodox Church authority advocating a revolution against oppression? Are not the princes and profitmongers of the world pillars of the Church? Jehovah is the god of the ruling and robbing classes. Satan and his heretics are the rebels of earth. The alleged sorceries of Satan appear as comedies when compared to the tragedies of Jehovah's savagery. In the gloomiest days of



Church domination, when, for the entertainment of the people, "the glare and smoke of the fire of Hell were constantly exhibited, and piercing shrieks of agony broke upon the ear," the wicked and condemned comedians of the stage starred Satan in their plays. Says Lecky: "Satan was made to act the part of a clown. His appearance was greeted with shouts of laughter. He became at once the most prominent and most popular character of the piece, and was emancipated by virtue of his character from all restraints of decorum. One of the most impressive doctrines of the Church was thus indissolubly associated in the popular mind with the ridiculous, and a spirit of mockery and of satire began to play around the whole teaching of authority." As to the position the Church maintained toward the theatre we read: "The doctrine of the Church on this subject was clear and decisive. The theatre was unequivocally condemned, and all professional actors were pronounced to be in a condition of mortal sin, and were, therefore, doomed, if they died in their profession, to eternal perdition. This frightful proposition was enunciated with the most emphatic clearness by countless bishops and theologians, and was even embodied in the canon law and the rituals of many dioceses. The Ritual of Paris, with several others, distinctly pronounced

that actors were by their very employment necessarily excommunicated. This was the sentence of the Church upon those whose lives were spent in adding to the sum of human enjoyments, in scattering the clouds of despondency, and charming away the weariness of the jaded mind. None can tell how many hearts it has wrung with anguish, or how many noble natures it has plunged into the depths of vice. As a necessary consequence of this teaching, the sacraments were denied to actors who refused to repudiate their profession, and, in France at least, their burial was as the burial of a dog. Among those who were thus refused a place in consecrated ground was the beautiful and gifted *Le Couvreur*, who had been perhaps the brightest ornament of the French stage. She died without having adjured the profession she adorned, and she was buried in a field for cattle upon the banks of the *Seine*. An ode by *Voltaire*, burning with the deep fire of an indignant pathos, has at once avenged and consecrated her memory."

What a dismal world this would be with nothing but the everlasting procession of *Jehovah's* saints! All the joys and loves and laughter of life we owe to *Satan's* sinners. It is said that *Jesus* was their friend.

## CHAPTER XVI.

**A**MONG the legends gathered by Frank Hamel in his "Human Animals," to which elaborate collection the writer acknowledges his indebtedness for many were-wolf tales, is that of a young nobleman of vicious habits named Jean de la Roque. St. Francis of Paula had the young man locked up in a monastery in order to reform him. Roque became furious at this treatment, and beat day and night on the door of his cell, at the same time uttering loud cries of vengeance. At last he became utterly exhausted and lay down on the floor and fell into a profound sleep. Then, we are told, St. Francis entered the cell, and, waking the young sinner, said to him, "How now, friend, what thinkest thou? Pull from thine ear that which torments thee so." Roque, half unconscious, did as he was told; he stuck his finger in his right ear and pulled out a hairy worm. Then he stuck his finger in the other ear and pulled out another worm of the same sort. They were devils, put in there by Satan. Thus relieved of the

evil spirits, Jean de la Roque forsook his wicked ways and became a monk.

We are told that "St. Gentiuss made a wolf which had eaten one of his oxen help him with the plowing." Another saint, by the name of Maidoc, was so poor that he owned neither ox, nor horse, nor ass; so he ordered a sea-cow to come out of the ocean, which she did, and he had her do his plowing. St. Regulus, an archbishop of Arles and Senlis, was once about to cast a devil out of a man, just as Jesus is reputed to have done; only, instead of sending the devil into a pig, St. Regulus proposed to send it into an ass standing by. It seems that this particular devil was aware of the intelligence that asses sometimes possess. He had probably heard of the story of Balaam. Anyway, say the records of the case, the devil urged St. Regulus to find some other animal to send him into. But St. Regulus paid no attention to the devil's request. He pronounced his hocus pocus, and the devil was immediately driven out of the man, and was about to enter the ass, as the saint had commanded, when the ass stretched forth his fore-foot and drew the sign of the cross on the ground; whereupon the devil flew in terror back to Hell.

Samuel Harsnet, in his "Popish Impostures," relates the story of Simon Magus, a wizard of the

period, sending the Apostle Peter a pack of devils in the form of dogs for the purpose of devouring him. St. Peter, "not looking for such currish guests, consecrates certain morsels of bread and throws them to the dog-devils, and by the power of that bread they are all put to flight." When St. Stanislaus Kostka was about to join the order of Jesuits, Satan caused a severe sickness to overtake him. He further appeared to the saint in the form of a big black dog, and flying at his throat, tried to strangle him. But Stanislaus did not lose his presence of mind; he made the sign of the cross, and Satan fled.

The insanity that can be produced by superstition is disclosed by Frank Hamel. He says: "In the Middle Ages witches who were condemned to the stake, confessed to having taken the shapes of cats, hares, dogs, horses, and many other animals, being prompted to such changes by the Devil, with whom they were in league."

Whether these self-confessed witches were insane before being accused of witchcraft, or whether part, or even all of them, were driven insane by the tortures used at the trials to extort confession, is a matter of conjecture; but this is certain—the priests and preachers, and the Christian judges, were madmen—mad as the one that wrote the law in

the mouth of a god, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."

Dr. John Webster, in his work called "The Displaying of Supposed Witchcraft," published in 1677, tells of a witch trial that took place at Lancaster, England, in the year 1663. A half-witted boy of eleven years by the name of Edmund Robinson, "son of Edmund Robinson of Pendle forest," was the principal witness in the case. We read that he appeared before Richard Shuttleworth and John Starkey, Justice of the Peace, "who upon oath informeth, being examined concerning the great meeting of the witches of Pendle, saith that upon All Saints-day last past, he, this informer being with one Henry Parker a near door-neighbor to him in Wheatley Cave, desired the said Parker to give him leave to gather some bulloes, which he did. In gathering whereof he saw two greyhounds, namely a black and a brown; one came running over the next field towards him, he verily thinking the one of them to be Mr. Nutter's and the other to be Mr. Robinson's, the said gentlemen then having suchlike. And saith the said greyhounds came to him, and fawned on him, they having about their necks either of them a collar, unto which was tied a string; which collars (as this informant affirmeth) did shine like gold. And he was thinking that some either of Mr. Nut-

ter's or Mr. Robinson's family should follow them, yet seeing nobody to follow them, he took the same greyhounds thinking to course with them. And presently a hare did rise very near before him. At the sight whereof he cried 'Loo, Loo, Loo,' but the dogs would not run. Whereupon he being very angry took them with the strings that were about their collars, tied them to a little bush at the next hedge, and, with a switch that he had in his hand, he beat them. And instead of the black greyhound Dickenson's wife stood up, a neighbor whom this informer knoweth. And instead of the brown one a little boy whom this informer knoweth not. At which sight this informer being afraid, endeavored to run away; and being stayed by the woman, namely Dickenson's wife, she put her hand into her pocket, and pulled forth a piece of silver much like to a fair shilling, and offered to give it to him to hold his tongue and not tell; which he refused saying, 'Nay; thou art a witch.' Whereupon she put her hand into her pocket again, and pulled out a thing like unto a bridle that jingled, which she put on the little boy's head; which said boy stood up in the likeness of a white horse, and in the brown greyhound's stead. Then immediately Dickenson's wife took the informer before her upon the said horse and carried

him to a new house called Hearthstones, being about a quarter of a mile off."

There, we are told, the boy was witness to "a feast of the witches." His father finally became worried at the boy's absence, and at last, so he declared, found him wandering in the forest "so affrighted and distracted that he neither knew his father; nor did he know where he was, and so continued nearly a quarter of an hour before he came to himself, when he told the above curious happenings."

We are told that "the seventeen Pendle forest witches condemned in Lancashire obtained a reprieve and were sent to London, where they were examined by His Majesty himself and the Council."

Christians used to believe that a man could be transformed into a horse by a witch throwing a magic halter over his head while he was asleep in bed. Then the witch would mount him, and ride to the witches' tryst. This was successfully worked for years by the witches, until one of them, one night, not being able to locate an ordinary man asleep in bed, tried her enchantment upon a monk. The monk turned into a horse all right, and the witch jumped on his back; not, however, before the monk, feeling the spell of Satan coming over him, had hurriedly made the sign of the cross. This



brought Jehovah at once to his aid, who inspired him what to do; he should slip the bridle off his own head and throw it over the head of the rider. This the monk managed to do, whereupon he immediately became a monk again, and the witch became a mare. The holy man mounted her and leisurely rode back to the monastery. What then became of the mare is unknown.

The fate that overtook a witch at Yarrowfoot, England, who was turned into a mare by the man she had bewitched, is one of the wonderful miracles in church history. The man not only rode the witch-mare, but also had her shod and then sold her to her own husband. In order to maintain the enchantment he had left the magic bridle on her. When her husband removed the bridle, Satan removed the enchantment; and one can imagine the husband's surprise and consternation as the mare all of a sudden turned into his wife, with the horse-shoes still nailed to her hands and feet. A similar miracle, and just as wonderful, if not more so, as the foregoing, runs as follows: A farmer living near Ostrel, Denmark, had a hired-hand, who, no matter how much he ate, became thinner and thinner every day. The wife of the farmer was a good cook, and loaded the table with wholesome food, and always insisted on the hungry hired-hand eat-

ing his fill. But it did no good. It seemed that the more he devoured the scrawnier he became. Finally, becoming alarmed at his condition, he went to a priest. The priests, following New Testament instructions, were the family physicians at that time. After carefully looking the hired-man over, the priest made the sign of the cross and thereby got into communication with Jchovah. Jchovah then diagnosed the case, and declared the farmer's wife to be a witch of Satan, who, every night, when the household were sound asleep, transformed the hired-hand into a horse, and rode him from Ostrel, Denmark, to Troms Church, Norway, and back again; so it was not to be wondered at that the poor fellow was growing thinner and weaker every day. With this knowledge at hand the priest went to his medicine chest and gave the hired-hand some magic ointment, and told him to rub it on his head at night, and it would produce a violent itching, that would not only awaken him at the proper time, but would also, on account of the itching, cause him to break the enchantment. The man went back to the farm and followed the priest's directions. He awoke in the middle of night, and found himself standing by the church with the magic bridle in his hand, which he had torn off while scratching his head. All around him stood witch-horses, tied

together by each other's tails, that had been ridden by witches to the midnight worship of Satan. Finally his mistress came out of the church and walked up to him, and, discovering the transformation that had taken place, cast a friendly look at him and started to take the bridle from his hand and throw it over his head again. But the hired-hand was too quick for her. He threw the bridle over her own head, whereupon she immediately became a mare, which he mounted, and started for home. Now this hired-hand had a mind for business, and noting the fine appearance of the animal he was riding, he began to figure how to profit by the good fortune that had befallen him; so he rode along the way in a leisurely manner, until morning appeared, and then hunted a blacksmith and had the mare shod. He finally reached home about noon, and told his master that he had been away making a purchase of the fine mare he was riding, which, he said, he was willing to sell at a fair figure. The result was that the master paid a pretty stiff price for the mare and led her to the barn; but when he removed her bridle, and was about to put a halter on her, there stood his wife, shod hand and foot. Being a good Christian, he ran her off the place, and she never came back.

Like all other superstitions, Satan's witch-craft

was a money-maker. Not only was the property of a condemned witch confiscated and divided among the informers and persecutors, but detectives made an easy living running down witches. These detectives were called "witch-finders." One Matthew Hopkins, of Manningtree, Essex, England, was a witch-finder of the seventeenth century. He was paid 20 shillings by each town wherein he ran down a witch. It was an easy matter to discover a number of witches in every burg. Any old, toothless woman would do; and any superstitious, feeble-minded, gibbering bumpkin would answer for a witness.

In 1644 this Matthew Hopkins was commissioned by the British Parliament to make a general circuit of the country for the discovery of witches. He traveled for three years, in company with several boon companions. We are told that they had "sixteen persons hanged at Yarmouth, forty at Bury, and at least sixty in other parts of Suffolk, Norfolk and Huntingdonshire." At a trial of witches at Chelmsford, in 1645, Hopkins made a deposition against one Elizabeth Clarke, "who confessed that she had known the Devil intimately for more than six years and that he visited her between three and five times a week. She invited Hopkins and his companions, one of whom was a man called Sterne,

to stay at her house for a time until she could call up one of her white imps for them to see. Presently there appeared on the scene an imp like a dog, white and with sandy spots, which seemed to be very fat and plump, with short legs. The animal forthwith vanished away. The said Elizabeth gave the name of this imp as Jarmara. And immediately afterward there appeared another imp, which she called Vinegar Tom, in the shape of a greyhound with long legs. The said Elizabeth then remarked that the next imp should be black in color and that it should come for Master Sterne (the other witness already mentioned), and it appeared as she promised, but presently vanished without leaving a sign. The last imp of all to come before the spectators was a creature in the shape of a polecat, but the head somewhat bigger. The said Elizabeth then disclosed to the informant that she had five imps of her own. And two other imps with which she had dealings belonged to a certain Beldame Anne West."

On such testimony as this, old women were tortured, hung and burned. When rational men remonstrated against the outrage, they were hounded as blasphemers against God and traitors to the king.

## CHAPTER XVII.

THE belief in enchantments, transformations, and those having familiar spirits, has been universal among all races. The legend of Circe, made immortal in Homer's "Odyssey," comes down to us from the folk-lore of the ancient world. Circe was the daughter of Helios and the ocean nymph Perse, and was famed for her skill in magic. She married a prince of Colchis, and then killed him in order to obtain his kingdom. For this the subjects of the prince drove her out of the land. With the help of her father Circe reached the Island of Aea, off the coast of Italy, and there set up her enchanted court. Ulysses, on a returning voyage from the Trojan War, stopped at Aea, where his companions were enticed and feasted by the enchantress. Provisions had run short on the ship, and they were hungry and thirsty, and gave way to excess. Circe served them with a magic drink, that transformed them into swine. A liberal rendering of the legend is found in "The Story of the Odyssey,"

People's Edition. Eurylochus and his companions found Circe's palace in an open space in a wood, and Ulysses had the following account from the lips of Eurylochus:

"All about were wolves and lions, yet these harmed not the men, but stood up on their hind-legs, fawning upon them, as dogs fawn upon their master when he comes from his meal, because he brings fragments with him that they love. And the men were afraid. And they stood in the porch and heard the voice of Circe as she sang with a lovely voice and plied the loom. Then said Polites (who was dearest of all his comrades to Ulysses), 'Someone within plies a loom, and sings with a loud voice. Some goddess is she, or woman. Let us make haste and call.' So they called her, and she came out and beckoned to them that they should follow. And she bade them sit, and mixed for them a mess, red wine, and in it barley meal and cheese and honey, and mighty drugs withal, of which, if a man drank, he forgot all that he loved. And when they had drunk she smote them with her wand. And lo! they had of a sudden the heads and the voices and the bristles of swine, but the heart of a man was in them still. And Circe shut them in sties, gave them mast and acorns and cornel to eat."

But Ulysses did not come under the spell of Circe's enchantment. The god Hermes had provided him with an herb called moly, that made him immune from all sorceries. He made love to the charming Circe, and was accepted, and he demanded that his companions be restored to their original shape. To this Circe complied. Ulysses lived with the enchantress for a year, and then sailed away. Circe instructed him how to sail to the land of shades, where he could learn his future fate from the prophet Teiresias.

The pagan gods and goddesses perform wonders as well as the Christian deities. Circe was the daughter of a sea-nymph. Isn't that as wonderful as being born of a virgin?

The people of the Polynesian islands tell stories of women who have given birth to animals. Sometimes they have twins, one a human and one a beast. It is related that a native of New Guinea once told a Christian missionary that an ancestress of his had given birth to a boy and also to an inguana. The missionary laughed at such nonsense, and then preached a sermon to the heathen in which he declared that if the heathen did not believe that a virgin gave birth to a god they would all go to Hell.

A story somewhat similar to that of the New



Guinea woman that gave birth to an iguana is told by the Mussulmans concerning Eve. In the Book of Al Araf, in the Koran, we read that Eve "called upon God their Lord, saying, If thou give a child rightly shaped, we will surely be thankful." The Mohammedan commentators explain this passage as follows: "When Eve was big with her first child, the Devil came to her and asked her whether she knew what she carried within her, and which way she should be delivered of it, suggesting that possibly it might be a beast. She, being unable to give an answer to this question, went in a fright to Adam, and acquainted him with the matter, who, not knowing what to think of it, grew sad and pensive. Whereupon the Devil appeared to her again (or, as others, say to Adam), and pretended that he by his prayers would obtain of God that she might be safely delivered of a son in Adam's likeness, provided they would promise to name him Abda'lhareth, or the servent of al Hareth (which was the Devil's name among angels), instead of Abd'allah, or the servant of God, as Adam had designed. This proposal was agreed to, and accordingly, when the child was born, they gave it the name, upon which it immediately died" (Al Koran, English translation of George Sale, appendix).

H. A. Giles, in his "Strange Stories from a

Chinese Studio," tells of a traveler arriving at a public house in Yang-Chow accompanied by donkeys. He told the landlord to put the donkeys in the stable, but under no circumstances to let them have any water. The traveler then went away for a short time. In the meanwhile the donkeys made such a racket in the stable, and became so restless, that the landlord turned them loose; upon which they ran to a pond nearby, and began to drink. But the water had hardly touched their lips, when the five donkeys turned into five young women. Not knowing what to do, the landlord escorted the young women into the house and hid them.

About this time the traveler returned, leading five sheep. These, also, were turned over to the landlord, with the request that he shut them in the stable with the donkeys. But the landlord's suspicion, as well as his curiosity, was so aroused that he led the sheep immediately to water. No sooner did they begin to drink, than they turned into young men.

The story of "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp" is based on Chinese legends of sorcery. If the canonizers of the Bible had been Chinese, the Book of Aladdin would doubtless appear as an inspired work.

Here is a miracle, narrated by William McCulloch in his "Bengali Household Tales," alleged to be performed by a heathen Hindu, as wonderful as anything ever performed by Jehovah or Satan: A Hindu fakir, or yogi, removes a stone from an underground passage, and descending therein he comes back bringing a monkey. He then plucks a few leaves from a tree nearby, gets a bucket of water, throws the leaves in the water, communes a minute with a Hindu god or devil, then pours the water on the monkey. The monkey then immediately turns into a beautiful maiden. The fakir takes her by the hand, and with her descends again into the underground passage. Early the next morning the two re-appear, when the fakir mixes some more leaves and water, pours it over the maiden, and she becomes a monkey again.

What's the use of sending missionaries to tell these people about Balaam's talking donkey?

Herodotus, the Greek historian, who is called "The Father of History," says that the ancient Egyptians were the first to teach the immortality of the soul. They claimed that when the body dies the soul enters the form of an animal that is born at that minute, and that it passes on from one animal into another, until it has gone through the various forms and existences of all life, whether

of earth, water, or air, and then it enters again into a human body. All these incarnations require three thousand years.

Pythagoras taught the transmigration of souls, and Empedocles said he had passed through many forms of animal life.

Hamel, in his "Human Animals," quotes Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," where "Puck is gifted with the power of transformation":

"Sometimes a horse I'll be, sometimes a hound,  
A hog, a headless bear, sometimes a fire,  
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn  
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn."

Puck also had the power to transform others into animals. He turned Bottom into an ass.

Charles Lamb, in his "Essays of Elia," writes: "Gorgons and Hydras, and Chimaeras—dire stories of Celaeno and the Harpies, may reproduce themselves in the brain of superstition—but they were there before. They are transcripts, types—the archetypes are in us, and eternal. How else should the recital of that which we know in a waking sense to be false, come to affect us at all?—or

'Names whose sense we see not  
Fray us with things that be not?'

Is it that we naturally conceive terror from such objects, considered in their capacity of being able to inflict upon us bodily injury?—O, least of all! These terrors are of older standing. They date beyond the body—or, without the body, they would have been the same. All the cruel, tormenting, defined devils in Dante—tearing, mangling, choking, stifling, scorching demons—are they one-half so fearful to the spirit of a man, as the simple idea of a spirit unembodied following him,

‘Like one that on a lonesome road  
Doth walk in fear and dread,  
For having once turn’d round, walks on,  
And turns no more his head;  
Because he knows a frightful fiend  
Doth close behind him tread.’

That the kind of fear here treated is purely spiritual—that it is strong in proportion as it is objectless on earth—and that it predominates in the period of sinless infancy—are difficulties the solution of which might afford some probable insight into our ante-mundane condition, and a peep at least into the shadowland of pre-existence.”

The doctrine of transmigration has been accepted and taught by many of the world’s philosophers. Theosophy teaches reincarnation. So do the followers of Buddha. But these teachings contain no

horrors, no degrading influence on the mind. In fact, they point to a spiritual evolution reaching toward perfection. With Christianity it is different. The lost souls are doomed for all eternity. In the Christian Hell there is no hope. It is the foulest faith on earth. It takes the legends, the fairy tales, the race memories, and turns them into a diabolism of everlasting, unutterable torture. The Christian creed, under the supervision of Constantine, was constructed to frighten the slaves into submission. The injunction of Paul, commanding slaves to obey their masters, and subjects to be submissive to the God-ordained powers that be, with the threat of eternal damnation to rebels, has, for centuries, cursed the Christian world with masters and menials, plutocrats and paupers, and bloody wars. Robert G. Ingersoll, in a lecture delivered in 1884, spoke these words: "How many millions of Christians are now armed and equipped to destroy their fellow-Christians? Who are the men in Europe crying against war? Who wishes to have the nations disarmed? Is it the Church? No; 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, Christians assemble in their churches and sing 'Te Deum Lauda-

mus.' Why? Because he has enabled a few of his children to kill some others of his children. This is the religion of peace—the religion that invented the Krupp gun, that will hurl a ball weighing two thousand 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, in the name of universal forgiveness. This is the religion that drills and uniforms millions of men to kill their fellows.”

“Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God; the powers that be are ordained of God.” Satan is not responsible for the crowned kings. “Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God; and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation.” “He that believeth not shall be damned.” These threats have been thundered into the ears of the people for nearly two thousand years; they have covered the earth with madness and murder.

In contrast, listen to the voice of the heathen Buddha: “Never will I seek nor receive private individual salvation; never enter into the final peace alone; but forever and everywhere will I live and strive for the universal redemption of every creature throughout all worlds. Never will I leave this world of sin and sorrow and struggle until all are

delivered. Until then, I will remain and suffer where I am." The teachings of this gentle heathen never inspired the building of frightful engines of death. They do not demand the torture and killing of heretics; they have burned no scholars at the stake; they have put to death no witches. The Christians have robbed and ravished them. They have suffered beyond words at the hands of Christian warlords. Their lands have been stolen from them by Christian thieves. But they have kept their souls clean. Maybe, after all, there is something in this.

Against the threat of eternal damnation, the great soul of Ingersoll hurled the most terrific indictment:

"Eternal Pain!

"All the meanness of which the heart of man is capable is in that one word—Hell.

"That word is a den, a cave, in which crawl the slimy reptiles of revenge.

"That word certifies to the savagery of primitive man.

"That word is the depth, the dungeon, the abyss, from which civilized man has emerged.

"That word is the disgrace, the shame, the infamy of our revealed religion.



“That word fills all the future with the shrieks of the damned.

“That word brutalizes the New Testament, changes the Sermon on the Mount to hypocrisy and cant, and pollutes and hardens the very heart of Christ.

“That word adds an infinite horror to death, and makes the cradle as terrible as the coffin.

“That word is the assassin of joy, the mocking murderer of hope. That word extinguishes the light of life and wraps the world in gloom. That word drives reason from his throne, and gives the crown to madness.

“That word drove pity from the hearts of men, stained countless swords with blood, lighted fagots, forged chains, built dungeons, erected scaffolds, and filled the world with poverty and pain.

“That word is a coiled serpent in the mother’s breast, that lifts its fanged head and hisses in her ear:—‘Your child will be the fuel of eternal fire.’

“That word blots from the firmament the star of hope and leaves the heavens black.

“That word makes the Christian’s God an eternal torturer, an everlasting inquisitor—an infinite wild beast.

“This is the Christian prophecy of the eternal future:

“No hope in Hell.

“No pity in Heaven.

“No mercy in the heart of God.”

And who wrote that word? Theologians of the same mental calibre as those that for centuries charged that old women, with the help of Satan, could turn themselves into wolves and wildcats. Doctors of divinity of the same mental calibre that tortured and burned heretics and witches. Doctors of divinity of the same mental calibre that fawn on the exploiters and extortioners that prey upon the world's workers. These doctors of divinity do not charge Satan with constructing Hell. According to their inspired records there is no reason to think that Satan knew anything about the place until Jehovah and his legions tumbled him over the walls of Paradise. The doctors of divinity acknowledge the god Jehovah as the sheriff of Hell. It is he that plunges lost souls into the flames. It is he that commands obedience to the world's war-lords. Satan is guiltless of these things. Some of the early Christians, that taught that Jehovah of the Jews was an evil spirit, whom Christ had come to destroy, appear to have had good grounds for their doctrine.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

**I**N Ingersoll's lecture on "The Devil" the question comes up; "Now, where did the idea that a Devil exists come from? How was it produced?" And the answer is: "Fear is an artist—a sculptor—a painter. All tribes and nations, having suffered, having been the sport and prey of natural phenomena, having been struck by lightning, poisoned by weeds, overwhelmed by volcanoes, destroyed by earthquakes, believed in the existence of a Devil, who was the king—the ruler—of innumerable smaller devils, and all these devils have been from time immemorial regarded as the enemies of men. \* \* \* A man walking in the woods at night—just a glimmering of the moon—everything uncertain and shadowy—sees a monstrous form. One arm is raised. His blood grows cold, his hair lifts. In the gloom he sees the eyes of an ogre—eyes that flame with malice. He feels that the something is approaching. He turns, and with a cry of horror takes to his heels. He is afraid to look back. Spent, out of breath, shaking with fear, he reaches his hut and

falls at the door. When he regains consciousness, he tells his story and, of course, the children believe. When they become men and women they tell father's story of having seen the Devil to their children, and so the children and grandchildren not only believe, but think they know, that their father—their grandfather—actually saw a devil.

“An old woman sitting by the fire at night—a storm raging about—hears the mournful sough of the wind. To her it becomes a voice. Her imagination is touched, and the voice seems to utter words. Out of these words she constructs a message or a warning from the unseen world. If the words are good, she has heard an angel; if they are threatening and malicious, she has heard a devil. She tells this to her children and they believe. They say that mother's religion is good enough for them. A girl suffering from hysteria falls into a trance—has visions of the infernal world. The priest sprinkles holy water on her pallid face, saying: ‘She hath a devil.’ A man utters a terrible cry; falls to the ground; foam and blood issue from his mouth; his limbs are convulsed. The spectators say: ‘This is the Devil's work.’

“Through all the ages people have mistaken dreams and visions of fear for realities. To them the insane were inspired; epileptics were possessed

of devils; apoplexy was the work of an unclean spirit. For many centuries people believed that they had actually seen the malicious phantoms of the night, and so thorough was this belief—so vivid—that they made pictures of them. They knew how they looked. They drew and chiseled their hoofs, their horns—all their malicious deformities. \* \* \* The people believed that Hell was their native land; that the Devil was a king, and that he and his imps waged war against the children of men.”

Sometimes people worshiped a bad Devil instead of a good God. They feared the Devil, but had perfect confidence that the God would do them no harm, so worship and sacrifice were unnecessary so far as he was concerned. They were like the little boy whose mother, one night, caught him jumping into bed without saying his customary prayers.

“Why Johnnie,” she exclaimed, “have you forgotten your prayers?”

“No, mamma,” he replied, “but I didn’t say any last night, nor the night before, nor the night before that, and I ain’t going to say any tonight nor tomorrow night. And then if nothin’ happens I’m going to quit altogether.”

The devils of one tribe were often the gods of another, and vice versa; and the cast-off, degraded gods of one people frequently became the devils of

another. The Devil has been represented in the form of a serpent among many different races. It was in this form that he appeared to Eve. Serpent worship has been the religion of different peoples in different parts of the world. The Mohammedan gospel of Barnabas says that the sentence that Jehovah pronounced upon the serpent for appearing as Satan in the Garden of Eden was that he should have his legs cut off by the angel Michael, with the sword that Jehovah carried himself; and that Satan, for appearing in the shape of a serpent, and rendering our first parents unclean, was condemned to eat human excrements for all eternity. Mohammedan writers assert that the serpent that Moses transformed from the rod, that devoured the serpents of the Egyptian magicians, was an enormous devil. They say that "he was hairy, and of so prodigious a size, that when he opened his mouth his jaws were fourteen cubits asunder, and when he laid his lower jaws on the ground, his upper jaws reached to the top of Pharaoh's palace; that Pharaoh, seeing this monster making toward him, fled from it and was so terribly frightened that he befouled himself; and that the whole assembly also betaking themselves to their heels, no less than twenty-five thousand of them lost their lives in the press."

Another interesting item, concerning Adam, that

is vouched for by the Mussulmans has, for some reason, been overlooked by the Christians. They claim that "God stroked Adam's back, and extracted from his loins his whole posterity, which should come into the world until the resurrection, one generation after another; that these men were actually assembled all together in the shape of small ants, which were endued with understanding; and that after they had, in the presence of the angels, confessed their dependence on God, they were again caused to return to the loins of their great ancestor."

Can any one doubt the inspiration of the Mohammedan faith? In fact, could any one who was not inspired have written this?

Fear is the creator of barbaric religions. It is the foundation of the Christian faith. Lecky writes:

"Terror is everywhere the beginning of religion. The phenomena which impress themselves most forcibly on the mind of the savage are not those which enter manifestly into the sequence of natural laws and which are productive of most beneficial effects, but those which are disastrous and apparently abnormal. Gratitude is less vivid than fear, and the smallest apparent infraction of a natural law produces a deeper impression than the most sublime of its ordinary operations. When, therefore, the most startling and terrible aspects of nature are

presented to his mind, when the more deadly forms of disease or natural convulsion desolates his land, the savage derives from these things an intensely realized perception of diabolical presence. In the darkness of the night; amid the yawning chasms and the wild echoes of the mountain gorge; under the blaze of the comet, or the solemn gloom of the eclipse; when famine has blasted the land; when the earthquake and the pestilence have slaughtered their thousands; in every form of disease which refracts and distorts the reason; in all that is strange, portentuous, and deadly, he feels and cowers before the supernatural. Completely exposed to all the influences of nature, and completely ignorant of the chain of sequence that unites its various parts, he lives in continued dread of what he deems the direct and isolated acts of evil spirits. Feeling them continually near him, he will naturally endeavor to enter into communion with them. He will strive to propitiate them with gifts."

Thus it is that prayer, and ceremony, and sacrifice are started. And then some savage, more cunning than the rest, and realizing the power that imaginary spirits exert over the minds of his fellows, "will," says Lecky, "attempt to invest himself with their authority; and his excited imagination will soon persuade him that he has succeeded in his



desire. If his abilities and his ambition place him above the common level, he will find in this belief the most ready path to power."

And so the priest evolved from the voodoo conjurer of the jungle; and Jehovah is but the image of the "wild echoes of the mountain gorge"; and Satan is the personification of "every form of disease which refracts and distorts the reason;" and Hell is the blazing tail of the comet; and the lords of earth, that live off the labor of others, are venerated savage chiefs of the younger world; and their courts and laws, that make robbery of the workers legal, are the reflex of the one-time stone clubs; and the creeds of Christendom are the nightmares of what was once "strange, portentuous, and deadly." As of old, man "feels and cowers before the supernatural."

Fear made heresy a crime—fear that an angry god would damn the believers if they allowed the heretic to live. Fear made the blue laws—it makes them still—fear that God will damn the Sabbath observers, if they do not punish the Sabbath breakers. To worship the wrong god, or to worship the right god the wrong way, is punishable by death here and Hell-fire hereafter. Satan is making sinners every minute, and Jehovah is damning them as fast as Satan makes them. Fear sees strange apparitions, believes impossibilities, and seeks help in

supplications. Christianity, with Mohammedanism a close second—both springing from the same inspiration—has loaded more snakes into human brains than any of the religions of earth. In ages gone by the vast majority were insane with the Christian creed. Many still go insane through believing it. Case after case of this kind continually occur. A man in Syracuse, New York, killed his mother in order that she might go to Heaven. He was a convert at a big revival meeting. Another revival convert, a young man, of Philadelphia, committed suicide. He also expected to reach Heaven. The Holy Virgin Ella may not be known in the religious circles of your locality, but she has apparently been quite a character at Los Angeles, California. She has, we are told, experienced an immaculate conception, and has given birth to a “blue-eyed, light-haired” child of Heaven. This seems all the more remarkable, or even miraculous, for the reason that Saint Ella is a colored “virgin.” The supernatural affair came into prominence on account of court proceedings in which the colored virgin was the defendant. Says the Los Angeles Times of April 24, 1917:

“Queen or Saint Ella Smith, head of the Church of the Invisible God, sat enthroned as a queen surrounded by her ladies in waiting, in Judge Taft’s

court yesterday. Saint Ella is a colored woman, past the meridian of life, whose followers are largely white men and women. White women flanked her right and left. As members of her church, they had heard of the tremendous event predicted by Saint Ella, no less than the coming of a King Emmanuel. But it remained for Etta Russell Sneath, a comely young woman and a follower of Saint Ella, to give verbal testimony to this supernatural birth. The remarkable colored woman was in court as a 'defendant in the suit of Miss R. M. Bekins to recover possession of property at 962 East Thirty-third street, upon which the church is located. Martin Bekins, the father, who owned the property, had occasionally attended the meetings formerly held at another location. Mrs. Smith had told him of her desire to acquire the Thirty-third street property. Mr. Bekins finally bought the land and the church was built, the condition being, according to Bekins, that Mrs. Smith could use it, rent free, as long as she continued her present teaching and services. He deeded the property to his daughter. He was corroborated by I. H. Preston, who had contributed a lot worth \$500. But early in 1916, Mr. Bekins testified, Mrs. Smith branched off into another channel. This was to become the mother of a King Emmanuel, who was to be a spirit to guide

the faithful into holiness and truth. The great event is alleged to have occurred June 3, 1916. Followers of Mrs. Smith are alleged to have told of the vision they had of this child, a blue-eyed, light-haired boy."

Isn't it wonderful? And how easily Saint Ella convinces men and women—white ones at that—to believe her story! She doubtless uses the same logic that the theologians use to prove the divine birth of Christ. There is no reason why this logic should not apply in one case as well as the other. The evidence would fit either. Whether or not Saint Ella's child is to be finally offered up in sacrifice to satisfy the wrath of his heavenly begetter is not disclosed. All we know is that he is "a spirit to guide the faithful into holiness and the truth."

Doubtless the regularly ordained reverends will denounce Saint Ella as a fraud. However, outside of a natural objection to any competition in the superstition business, there is no apparent reason why they should do so. A colored virgin has just as good a right as anybody to become the mother of a god, and the happening is no more to be questioned these days than it was centuries ago. Other races, Chinese, Hindoos, Japanese, etc., boast of holy virgins that were the mothers of divinely begotten sons. It would not be fair to have the colored peo-

ple left out. It would be showing partiality on the part of the divine progenitors, whoever and wherever they be. Of course it requires faith to believe that a god did it, but you cannot limit faith. The minute you do it isn't faith. The more impossible anything appears, the more faith it requires to believe it. The way to acquire faith is to refuse to reason and center your mind on belief. Faith then becomes a habit, like chewing tobacco, or smoking cigarettes. The more it is practiced the tighter it sticks to you. "Faith," says an inspired authority, "is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." This is exactly the case of Saint Ella. A divinely conceived "King Emmanuel" was doubtless Saint Ella's "substance of things hoped for." That the thing "hoped for" came to pass is readily proven by "the evidence of things unseen." If this isn't orthodox, what is? It therefore ill becomes orthodox Christians to denounce the colored Saint Ella and her divinely begotten, blue-eyed, light-haired child as a fraud. Orthodox Christians offer the world too big an assortment of past-gone impossibilities to denounce Saint Ella's present-day impossibility. They should not put themselves in the same category with the ancient Jews whom they religiously condemn for not believing the Virgin Mary story. Of course, they can

hardly be expected to welcome the colored Virgin Ella and her King Emmanuel into their scheme of divinely ordained delusions, but they should bear in mind that people in glass houses shouldn't throw stones. At best—or at worst—the acceptance of this late manifestation of the mysteries of religion would but add one more saint and one more god to the already recognized saints and deities. The canonization of the colored Ella into a saint couldn't possibly bring much more affliction to the Christian world than we already have. And the recognizing of a holy quartet instead of a holy trinity would only require the building of one more gold throne in the skies. Considering what they have accomplished already, it certainly would not put much of a strain on the faith of the theologians to announce an addition to the god family, even if one of them was part Ethiopian.

The St. Louis Republic, in its issue of May 21, 1917, published the following press dispatch, from Kansas City, Missouri: "Jacob Bentz, 35, went mad and applied the story of the Biblical sacrifice in his home early last night, when he dragged Helena, 6 years old, his oldest child, into a room and beat her to death with a sewing machine. Two hours later Bentz was found with his Bible opened at the passage from Genesis XXII, 1, kneeling beside his

dead child, his hands clasped in prayer. He did not resist arrest, and murmured: 'It was God's will that I killed my child,' as he was taken to jail. In the other room Mrs. Bentz lay prostrated, clutching her three remaining children. Bentz has been employed at the Swift packing-house since coming to Kansas City several years ago. He was known to be deeply religious, and read his Bible at every opportunity. He wandered away from home three nights ago, and was found asleep the next morning in the East Bottoms, five miles away. The sacrifice of his daughter was premeditated. Abraham, of Biblical times, went on a three days' journey before offering Isaac to the Lord. Bentz quit work at the packing-house three days ago. Early last night Bentz took out his Bible and turned to his favorite theme. Suddenly he closed the book and taking Helena by the hand, forced her to leave her mother and enter another room with him. The mother attempted to follow, but he pushed her back and locked the door. 'Isaac's life was saved by God. Did you expect God to spare your child?' Bentz was asked in his cell. 'God told me to sacrifice her,' was all he would say."

Only a short time previous to the foregoing exhibition of religious madness a notorious revivalist had held forth for several weeks in Kansas City.

Is it possible that any considerable portion of the

people of this country could again be driven back to the dark days when the Bible was believed from cover to cover by the majority of men and women?

Will were-wolves again be seen by holy men, and Satan's witches burned at the stake?

The lesson is plain: Society is not safe so long as it acknowledges the power of any class to rule either the body or brain. A ruling-class government is as much of a myth as religion. If the workers of the world were wise they would obliterate boundary lines and dwell upon the earth in "Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness."



## CHAPTER XIX.

**S**AYS Bancroft (History of the United States) :  
“New England, like Canaan, had been settled by fugitives. Like the Jews, they had fled to a wilderness ; like the Jews, they looked to Heaven for light to lead them on ; like the Jews, they had no supreme ruler but God ; like the Jews, they had heathen for their foes ; and they derived their legislation from the Jewish code. But for the people of New England, the days of Moses and Joshua were passed ; for them there was no longer a promised land—they were in possession. Reason now insisted on bringing the adopted laws to the proof, that it might hold fast only to the good. Skepticism began to appear. The fear of sorcery and the Evil Power of the invisible world had sprung alike from the letter of the Mosaic law and from the wonder excited by the mysteries of nature. The belief in witchcraft had fastened itself on the elements of faith and become deeply branded into the common mind.  
\* \* \* In the settlement of New England, the temple, or, as it was called, the meeting house, was

the center round which the people gathered. As the Church had successfully assumed the exclusive possession of civil franchises, the ambition of the ministers had been both excited and gratified. They were not only the counsellors by an unwritten law, they were the authors of state papers, often employed on embassies, and, at home, speakers at elections and in town meetings."

There never were more fervent believers in the Bible than the Puritans. They followed Jehovah's every command. Their religion may be summed up as worshiping God, dreading Satan, and hating mankind. They made a holy covenant, which read: "We covenant with the Lord, and one with another, and do bind ourselves in the presence of God, to walk together in all His ways, according as He is pleased to reveal Himself to us, in His blessed word of truth." In order to faithfully follow that "blessed word of truth" the Puritans selected the most hopeless lunatics to be found and made ministers of them; and these ministers, in turn, dictated as to who should be governors and legislators, judges and juries, justices of the peace and constables, jailers and hangmen, and all other civil officials. Jehovah of the jungle reigned supreme.

In Massachusetts no man could be governor unless he was a professing Christian, worth at least

\$5,000. And the Puritan ministers dictated as to the sort of Christianity he should profess. Governors Endicott and Winthrop were shining examples of these Christian officials. All they knew was what they learned from the Bible. That they knew the Bible, believed it and followed it, is evidenced in the history of the period. "Endicott and Winthrop had both signed death warrants for persons convicted of the crime (witchcraft); or at least had not stayed the executions of the condemned (Winfield S. Nevins, "Witchcraft in Salem Village").

Says this same writer: "Between the settlement of Salem by Roger Conant in 1626 and the witchcraft days of 1692, the intolerance of the Puritans had been strikingly manifested on more than one occasion. The Brownes had been sent back to England for differing from Endicott and the First Church people; Endicott had cut the red cross from the flag because it reminded him of popery; Roger Williams had been banished from the colony for preaching that men should be allowed freedom of conscience in religious matters; Quakers had been hung in Boston, and Quaker women, half naked, dragged through the streets of Salem at the tail of a cart and whipped, for maintaining the doctrines of their sect. All this by a people who, within a half

century, had come to these shores to worship according to the dictates of conscience. So, also, Thomas Scrugg, a deputy and a judge of the local court, for sympathy with Ann Hutchinson's Antimonian views, was proscribed, disarmed and deprived of his public functions; William Alford, for sympathizing with Scrugg, was censured and disarmed and left the colony; Richard Waterman, an intelligent, industrious man and law-abiding citizen, for dissenting from the severe policy of the leading men of the colony, was imprisoned and banished; even Townsend Bishop, in 1645, because he did not promptly bring forward an infant for baptism, was handed over for discipline, and he a deputy and local magistrate. Lady Deborah Moody, because she doubted the necessity of infant baptism, was compelled to leave the colony. Even in a much later day, William Gray was persecuted in Salem for opinion's sake, and driven from the city."

The following description is given of the whipping of Quakers: "Peter Pearson and Judith Brown, being stripped to the waist, were fastened to a cart-tail and whipped through the town of Boston. Joseph Southick also was stripped and led through the streets of Boston at the cart-tail and vehemently scourged by the hangman. The same day he was whipped at Roxbury, and the next morning at Ded-

ham. The whip used for these executions was not of whip-cord, but of dried guts, and each string had three knots at the end. At Dover, Anne Coleman, Mary Tomkins, and Alice Ambrose were sentenced to be fastened to the cart-tail and whipped on their naked backs through eleven towns, a distance of nearly eighty miles. Then, on a very cold day, the deputy, Walden, at Dover, caused these women to be stripped naked, from the middle upward, and tied to a cart, and then whipped them, while the preacher looked on and laughed at it. Two of their friends testified against Walden's cruelty, for which they were put in the stocks. The women were carried to Hampton, and there whipped; from thence to Salisbury, and again whipped. William Barefoot at length obtained the warrant from the constable for their release, the preacher, however, protesting. Not long after, these women returned to Dover, and were again seized, while in meeting, and barbarously dragged about at the instigation of Hateevil Nutwell, a ruling elder. \* \* \* They were dragged by their arms nearly a mile through a deep snow, across fields and over stumps, by which they were much bruised. The next day they were dragged down a steep hill to the water side and threatened with drowning, and one of them was actually plunged into the water, when a sudden shower

obliged the Christians to retreat. At length, after much abuse, these victims of orthodox barbarity were turned out of doors at midnight; and, with their clothes wet and frozen, were obliged to suffer the inclemency of a severe winter's night. Afterward Anne Coleman and four of her friends were whipped through Salem, Boston, and Dedham by order of Hawthorne, the magistrate. Anne Coleman was a little weakly woman, and, while she was fastened to the cart at Dedham, the executioner, encouraged by the Puritan Minister Bellingman, struck her so savagely that, with the knot of the whip, he split the nipple of her breast, which so tortured her that it almost took away her life" (Macdonald's "History of the Inquisition," quoted from "Champions of the Church.")

Margaret Brewster was the last Quaker woman whipped. She had gone to New England to protest to the governor against this cruel course. She was tried and condemned, her sentence being in the following words: "Margaret Brewster, You are to have your clothes stripped off to the middle, and to be tied to a cart's tail at the South Meeting House, and to be drawn through the town, and to receive twenty stripes upon your naked body."

Says Brooks Adams, in his "Emancipation of Massachusetts": "Viewed from the standpoint of

comparative history, the policy of theocratic Massachusetts toward the Quakers was the necessary consequence of antecedent causes, and is exactly paralleled with the massacre of the house of Ahab by Elisha and Jehu (as told in 2 Kings ix, x). The power of a dominant priesthood depended on conformity, and the Quakers absolutely refused to conform; nor was this the blackest of their crimes; they believed that the deity communicated directly with men, and that these revelations were the highest rules of conduct. Manifestly such a doctrine was revolutionary. The influence of all ecclesiastics must ultimately rest upon the popular belief that they are endowed with attributes which are denied to common men. The syllogism of the New England elders was this: All revelation was contained in the Bible; we alone, from our peculiar education, are capable of interpreting the meaning of the Scriptures; therefore we only can declare the will of God. But it is evident that, were the dogma of the 'inner light' once accepted, this reasoning must fall to the ground, and the authority of the ministry be overthrown. Necessarily those who held so subversive a doctrine would be pursued with greater hate than less harmful heretics, and thus contemplating the situation there is no difficulty in understanding why the Rev. John Wilson, pastor, Boston,

should have vociferated in his pulpit, that 'he would carry fire in one hand and fagots in the other, to burn all the Quakers in the world;' why the Rev. John Higginson should have denounced the 'inner light' as 'a stinking vapour from Hell'; why the astute Norton should have taught that the 'justice of God was the Devil's armour;' and why Endicott sternly warned the first comers, 'Take heed you break not our ecclesiastical laws, for then ye are sure to stretch by the halter.' "

So absolutely was New England in the hands of Jehovah that a heathen Indian chief (Cotton Mather denounced the Indians as the offspring of Satan) remarked, "What a God have the English, who deal so with one another about their God!"

We read that in the year 1657 "Anne Burden and Mary Dyer were imprisoned at Boston; and Mary Clark, for warning these persecutors to desist from their iniquity, was unmercifully rewarded with twenty stripes of a three-corded whip on her naked back, and detained in prison about three months in the winter season. The cords of these whips were commonly as thick as a man's little finger, each cord having knots at the end. Christopher Holder and John Copeland were whipped at Boston the same year, each thirty stripes with a knotted whip of three cords, the hangman measur-



ing his ground and fetching the strokes with all the force he could, 'which so cruelly cut their flesh that a woman standing by fell down dead.' Then they were locked up in prison and kept three days without food, or so much as a drink of water, and detained in prison nine weeks in the cold winter season, without fire, bed or straw. They afterwards had their right ears cut off by authority. Lawrence and Cassandra Southick and their son Josiah, being carried to Boston, were all of them, notwithstanding the old age of the two, sent to the house of correction, and whipped with cords as those before, in the coldest season of the year" (Macdonald's History of the Inquisition, quoted from "Champions of the Church").

Nor were the Puritanical "Blue Laws" confined to New England. They existed, under the domination of the Episcopal Church, as well as under the Presbyterian. To a somewhat lesser extent they exist in various parts of this country to this day. Thomas Jefferson, in his "Notes on Virginia," writes: "The first settlers (of Virginia) were emigrants from England, of the English church, just at a point of time when it was flushed with complete victory over the religions of all other persuasions. Possessed as they became of the powers of making, administering, and executing the laws, they showed

equal intolerance in this country with their Presbyterian brethren who had emigrated to the Northern government. \* \* \* Several acts of the Virginia Assembly, of 1659, 1662 and 1693 had made it penal in parents to refuse to have their children baptized; had prohibited the 'unlawful' assembling of Quakers; had made it penal for any master of a vessel to bring a Quaker into the state; and ordered those already there, and such as should come thereafter, to be imprisoned till they should abjure the country—provided a milder penalty for the first and second return, but death for their third. If no capital executions took place here, as did in New England, it was not owing to the moderation of the Church, or spirit of the legislature, as may be inferred from the law itself; but to historical circumstances which have not been handed down to us."

The following are from the "Blue Laws of Connecticut," gathered from the public records of the period:

If any man after legall conviction, shall have or worship any other God but the Lord God, hee shall bee put to death.—Deout. 13. 6—17. 2.—Exodus 22. 20.

If any man or woman bee a Witch, that is, hath or consulteth with a familiar spiritt, they shall bee

put to death.—Exodus 22. 18.—Levit. 20. 27.—Deut. 18. 10, 11.

If any person shall blaspheme the name of God the ffather, Sonne or Holy Ghost, with direct, express, presumptuous or highhanded blasphemy, or shall curse, in the like manner, hee shall bee put to death.—Lev. 24. 15, 16.

If any person shall committ any wilful murther, which is manslaughter committed uppon malice, hatred or cruelty, not in a man's necessary and just defence, nor by mere casualty against his will, hee shall be put to death.—Exo. 21. 12, 13, 14.—Numb. 35. 30, 31.

If any person shall slay another through guile, either by poisonings or other such Devillish practice, hee shall bee put to death.—Exo. 21. 14.

If any person committeth adultery with a married or espoused wife, the Adulterer and the Adulteress shall surely be put to death.—Levit. 20. 10, and 18.20—Deut. 22. 23, 24.

If any man shall forcibly, and without consent, Ravish any maide, or woman that is lawfully married or contracted, hee shall bee put to death.—Deut. 22. 25.

(The reader will note that this law did not apply to an unmarried woman, or one not engaged to be married. The Puritans strictly followed the Bibli-

cal law that made a married or betrothed woman the property of the man.)

If any man stealeth a man or mankinde, hee shall bee put to death.—Exodus 21. 16.

If any man rise up by false witness, wittingly and of purpose to take away any man's life, hee shall bee put to death.—Deut. 19, 16. 18. 19.

If any man shall conspire or attempt any invasion, insurrection or rebellion against the Commonwealth, hee shall bee put to death.

If any Childe or Children above sixteene years old and of sufficient understanding, shall Curse or smite their natural father or mother, hee or they shall bee put to death; unless it can be sufficiently testified that the parents have beene very unchristianly negligent in the education of such children, or so provoke them by extreme or cruell correction that they have beene forced thereunto to preserve themselves from death or maiming.—Exo. 21.17.—Levit. 20.

If any man have a stubborne and rebellious sonne of sufficient yeares and understanding, viz. Sixteene yeares of age, which shall not obey the voice of his ffather or the voice of his mother, and that when they have chastened him will not hearken unto them; then may his ffather and mother, being his naturall parents, lay hold on him and bring him

to the Magistrates assembled in Courte, and testifie unto them, that their sonne is stubborn and rebellious and will not obey their voice and Chastisement, but lives in sundry notorius Crimes, such a sonne shall bee put to death.—Deut. 21. 20, 21.

Fforasmuch, as the open contempt of God's word, and messengers thereof, is the desolating sinne of civill states and churches, and that the preaching of the word by those whome God doth send, is the chiefe ordinary meanes ordained by God, for the converting, edefying and saving the soules of the elect, through the presence and power of the Holy Ghost thereunto promised; and that the ministry of the word is sett upp by God in his churches for those holy ends; and according to the respect of contempt of the same, and of those whome God hath sett aparte for his owne worke and imployment, the weale or woe of all Christian states, is much furthered and promoted:

*It is therefore ordered and decreed,* That if any Christian, so called, within this jurissdiction, shall contemptuously beare himselfe towards the word preached, or the messengers that are called to dispense the same in any congregation, when hee doth faithfully execute his service and office therein, according to the will and word of God, either by interrupting him in his preaching, or by charging

him falsely with an error, which he hath not taught in the open face of the church, or like a sonne of Korah cast upon his true doctrine, or himselfe, any reproach to the dishonor of the Lord Jesus, whoe hath sent him and to the disparagement of that his holy ordinance, and making Gods wayes contemptible and ridiculous, that every such person or persons, whatsoever censure the church may passe, shall, for the first scandall, bee convented and reprov'd openly, by the magistrates, at some lecture, and bound to their good behaviour: And if a second time they breake forthe into the like contemptuous carriages, they shall either pay five pounds to the publique treasure, or stand two houres openly, upon a block or stoole foure foott high, upon a lecture day, with a paper fixed on his breast written with capitall letters AN OPEN AND OBSTINATE CONTEMNER OF GODS HOLY ORDINANCES, that others may feare and bee ashamed of breaking out into the like wickedness.

*It is ordered and decreed by this courte and authority thereof,* That wheresoever the ministry of the word is established, according to the order of the gospell, throughout this jurissdiction, every person shall duely resorte and attend hereunto respectively, upon the Lord's day, and upon such publique fast days, and dayes of thanksgiving, as are to bee gene-

rally kept by the appointment of authority: And if any person within this jurisdiction shall, without just and necessary cause, withdraw himselfe from hearing the publique ministry of the word, after due meanes of conviction used, hee shall forfeit for his absence, from every such publique meeting, five shillings: All such offences to bee heard and determined by any one magistrate, or more, from time to time.

The following law regarding servants, is in strict accord with the teachings of St. Paul:

*It is also ordered by the authority aforesaid,* That no servant, either man or maide, shall either give, sell or truck, any commodity whatsoever, without lycence from their master, during the time of their service, under paine of fyne or corporall punishment, at the discretion of the Courte, as the offence shall deserve; and that all workmen shall work the whole day, allowing convenient time for food and rest.

*It is also ordered,* That when any servante shall runn from their masters, or any other inhabitants shall privately goe away with suspicion of ill intentions, it shall bee lawful for the next magistrate, or the constable and two of the chiefest inhabitants, where no magistrate is, to press men and boates or pinnaces, at the publique charge, to pursue such

persons by sea or land, and bring them back, by force of armes.

And here is a law that present day Puritans, in some localities, are re-enacting:

*It is ordered by the authority of this Courte,* That no person under the age of twenty one years, nor any other, that hath not already accustomed himselfe to the use thereof, shall take any tobakco, until hee hath brought a certificate under the hands of some who are approved for knowledge and skill in phisick, that it is usefull for him, and allso, that hee hath received a lycense from the court for the same. —And for the regulating of those, who either by their former taking it, have, to their owne apprehensions, made it necessary to them, or uppon due advice, are persuaded to the use thereof.

*It is ordered,* That no man within this colonye, after the publication hereof, shall take any tobakco publicquely, in the streett, highwayes or any barne yardes, or uppon training dayes, in any open places, under the penalty of six-pence for each offence against this order, in any the perticulars thereof, to bee paid without gainesaying, uppon conviction, by the testimony of one witness, that is without just exception, before any one magistrate. And the constables in the several townes, are required to



make presentment to each perticular courte, of such as they doe understand, and can evict to bee transgressors of this order.

A copy of the warrant is preserved under which the three Quaker women, Anne Coleman, Mary Tomkins, and Alice Ambrose were tied to the tail of a cart and publicly whipped. It runs as follows:

“To the Constables of Dover, Hampton, Salisbury, Newbury, Rowley, Ipswich, Wenham, Linn, Boston, Roxbury, Dedham, and until these vagabond Quakers are carried out of this jurisdiction.

“You and every one of you are required, in the King’s Majesty’s name, to take these vagabond Quakers, Anne Coleman, Mary Tomkins, and Alice Ambrose, and make them fast to the cart’s tail, and driving the cart through your several towns, to whip them on their backs, not exceeding ten stripes apiece on each of them in each town, and so to convey them from constable to constable, till they come out of this jurisdiction, and you will answer it at your peril: and this shall be your warrant.

“Per me, RICHARD WALDEN.

“At Dover, dated December 22d, 1662.”

Alas! for the crimes that are committed in the name of God and Devil. In his efforts to obtain Heaven and escape Hell man has been made insane.

His brain is diseased with religious delirium tremens. He is a peripatetic marionette worked by an hypnotic power. Put a gold crown on a chief, anoint him in the name of God, and the human marionettes are on their knees. Adorn a medicine man with a holy title and he will tell of gods and goblins, heavens and hells, and the human marionettes shake in their boots. All they ask is that the reverend promises that his goblins won't get them after they are gone. Man will let one of his own kind write some "herein-be-it-knowns" on a sheet of paper and take possession of the earth. The landless and homeless will pay tribute to the sheet of paper in order to stay here.

Come out of it, open your eyes and behold! The beautiful, bounteous Earth is our only country, the life-giving Sun the only over-lord! The boundless canopy of blue that bends above us the only temple dome, the Spirit of Nature the only divinity!

## CHAPTER XIX.

**W**ITH the exception of John Calvin, Protestantism never produced a holier maniac than Cotton Mather. He went through life with Satan at his heels. He said, "No place, that I know of, has got such a spell upon it as will always keep the Devil out. \* \* \* Only when we come to Heaven, we shall be out of his reach forever." He wrote a book on the "Wonders of the Invisible World." One of these wonders was the sight of unbaptized infants, less than a span long, burning in Hell. His god even damned miscarriages. Another was the happiness expressed on the faces of the saved as they leaned over the jasper walls of Heaven and viewed the agony of the lost in Hell. Religion had driven from his soul every spark of humanity, had driven from his brain every particle of reason. He was dead-drunk with divinity dope. It was nothing for him to see an old woman astride a broomstick riding over the moon. Cotton Mather thundered his delusions from the pulpit, and the masses believed them.

Then started in New England a witchcraft craze that forms one of the most brutal chapters in church history. The first victim of the inspired insanity, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," was a woman named Margaret Jones. The evidence that condemned her as a witch is preserved in the journals of John Winthrop, governor of the colony at the time, and who presided at the trial. He says that "she was found to have such a malignant touch as many persons, men, women and children, whom she stroked or touched with any affection or displeasure were taken with deafness, or vomiting, or other violent pains or sickness." Gov. Winthrop further declares that "in the prison there was seen in her arms a little child which ran from her into another room and the officer following it, it vanished" (quotation from Winthrop's journal in "Witchcraft in Salem Village"). That Gov. Winthrop's brain was diseased is shown in his declaration that the "same day and hour she was executed, there was a very great tempest at Connecticut which blew down many trees." Jehovah was trying to blow Satan out of New England, like he once forced him over the ramparts of Heaven.

Winfield S. Nevins (Witchcraft in Salem Village) quotes the story found in "Everett's Anecdotes of Early Local History": "Shortly after the

execution of Margaret Jones, her husband endeavored to secure passage into Barbadoes in a vessel then lying in Boston harbor with a hundred and eighty tons of ballast and eighty horses on board. He was refused passage because he was the husband of a witch, and 'it was immediately observed that the vessel began to roll as if it would turn over.' This strange action was alleged to be caused by Jones. The magistrates, being notified, issued their warrants for his arrest. As the officer, going to serve the warrant, was crossing the ferry, the vessel continued to roll. He remarked that he had that which would tame the vessel and keep it quiet, at the same time exhibiting the document. Instantly the vessel ceased to roll, after having been in motion twelve hours. Jones was arrested and thrown into prison, and the vessel rolled no more."

Jehovah quit agitating the waters of Boston harbor as soon as the widower of an executed witch was locked up.

The reader will note the similarity of the Jones story, as recorded in the history of the New England Puritans, and the Jonah story, as recorded in the inspired Scriptures. If the authorities had allowed Jones to have sailed for Barbadoes, who knows but that Jehovah might have ordered the sailors to dump him overboard in Boston bay,

where he had prepared a big codfish to swallow him? As it was, Jones escaped with his life. The judge and the preachers hunted the Scriptures in vain to find a passage that commanded the death of a widower or of a witch. Whether Jehovah had purposely left out such an injunction, or whether he had overlooked the matter, or whether, in ancient times, witches did not marry, the doctors of divinity could not decide. The best they could do was to set aside a day of prayer. The General Court, we are told, "appointed a day of humiliation," to ask Jehovah's mercy on account "of the extent to which Satan prevails amongst us in respect of witchcraft."

Among the Puritans the male servants of Satan usually fared better than the female, except in the case of Quakers. These they hanged regardless of sex.

The next recorded case of witch hanging was that of Ann Hibbins, a widow living in Boston. (There were doubtless many witches hanged in those days of which no record was kept.) Her husband, at one time, was quite well off, but had met with financial reverses, and was penniless when he died. His death, together with poverty, said the neighbors, made the widow "crabbed and meddlesome." Perhaps she had to take in washing. She became re-

bellious against the afflictions that God had sent upon her in order to try her faith. Well-to-do Christians always see things in this light. Finally the church censured her for complaining of her lot. As that did not appear to do her any good, in the latter part of 1655 she was accused of being a witch.

Was it not evident that Satan had control of her, else why should she rebel against the poverty and misery sent upon her? Does not Jehovah choose who shall be masters, and who shall be servants? And does he not command that servants shall be obedient and servile to their masters? And was not Ann Hibbins to be reckoned in the servant class, now that Jehovah had taken away her husband in a bankrupt condition? And does not St. Paul say that rebellious subjects shall be damned? Therefore was it not only the duty, but also the privilege, for Jehovah's anointed to hurry Ann Hibbins to Hell as quickly as possible?

So this poor widow, as commanded by the Bible, was dragged into a court composed of orthodox Christians, and was found guilty of being on familiar terms with Satan. Satan would doubtless have saved her life, if he had been able, but there were too many Christians; therefore the Governor of Massachusetts pronounced the sentence, and Ann Hibbins was hanged.

A remarkable case is that of a Mrs. Greensmith, who confessed that she had committed adultery with Satan. As she was unquestionably weak-minded, and as her husband was a Puritan, it seems to look like a case of mistaken identity.

In 1671 Elizabeth Knapp, of Groton, Massachusetts, was convicted of witchcraft. She was a hopeless lunatic; and, as all lunatics, according to the Bible, are possessed of the Devil, or even, at times, of legions of little devils, there was no doubt of Elizabeth Knapp's guilt. The account of the case, as told by Rev. Samuel Willard, recorded in Putnam's "Witchcraft Explained," leaves no doubt as to Elizabeth Knapp's mental condition. What caused her affliction is, of course, unknown; but this we do know, that there was enough orthodoxy at the time to turn her head.

Regarding the case of Elizabeth Knapp, as testified by the Rev. Willard, we read: "Elizabeth was at first subject to mental moods and violent physical actions. Strange, sudden shrieks, strange changes of countenance appeared; followed by the exclamations 'O my leg,' which she would rub; 'O my breast,' and she would rub that. Afterwards came fits in which she would cry out, 'money, money,' offered her as inducements to yield obedience, and sometimes, 'sin and misery,' as threats



of punishment for refusal to obey the wishes of her strange visitant. Subsequently she barked like a dog and bleated like a calf. Then she told Mr. Willard that he was a rogue. Some voice said to her, 'I am not Satan, I am a pretty black boy, you are my pretty girl!' She charged Willard himself and some others of his parish with being her tormentors."

It seems, according to Puritan testimony, that Satan at one time tried to make Roman Catholics of them. Whether this was to make them better, or worse than they were, is hard for an impartial student of church history to determine. It does not seem possible, however, to have made them any worse. Anyway we are told that a Mrs. Glover, who was convicted and hung as a witch in 1688, was not only a Catholic, but also a "wild Irish woman of bad character." Everybody, in the eyes of the Puritans, were wild except themselves. This Mrs. Glover worked for a Puritan family that lived in Boston, by the name of Goodwin. The Goodwins had a number of children, who, having been taught from infancy the Puritan faith, were, naturally, somewhat mentally unbalanced. We are told that Mrs. Glover "talked harshly, perhaps profanely, to the children." This threw one of them, Martha, into fits. The other children soon followed Martha's

example, and they, too, had fits. From Calvinism to fits isn't very far to go. Satan, working his spell through the Irish Catholic woman, Mrs. Glover, soon had the Goodwin youngsters fixed so that they would go into spasms at the sight of the " 'Assembly's Catechism,' Cotton Mather's 'Milk for Babes,' and some other good books." This, however, hardly seems strange. The writer, himself, when a child, nearly underwent the same experience, from being compelled to study Calvinist literature of this sort, and there was no Irish Catholic on the job. From having spasms over the Presbyterian Catechism and Cotton Mather's "Milk for Babes," the Goodwin children began to have attacks of appearing deaf, or dumb, or blind, and "sometimes all these disorders together would come upon them." They soon exhibited other evidences of Satan's sorceries—"their tongues would be drawn down their throats, then pulled out upon their chins" whenever the gospel of infant damnation was preached in their ears. On the other hand we are told that they "could read Popish and Quaker books without any difficulties." This was evidence enough against the "wild Irish woman of bad character." She was one of Satan's witches, whom the merciful Jehovah had condemned to death.

In the year 1692 the Rev. Samuel Parrish was

pastor of the church in Salem Village. Being a follower of Jehovah, he believed in witchcraft, and was also a slave-owner. Also, like Cotton Mather, and some doctors of divinity still among us, he preached the doctrine of eternal torment. He was an orthodox Christian in every sense of the word. Before coming to Massachusetts the Rev. Samuel Parrish had lived in the West Indies, where he had preached the glad tidings of Calvinism to the natives. Among his household chattels, that he had brought with him to Salem Village, was a female slave, half negro and half native West Indian, named Tituba. At that time the Christians, following the divinely ordained law regarding slaves, as found in the twenty-fifth chapter of Leviticus, verse 44, "Both thy bondmen, and thy bondmaids, which thou shalt have, shall be of the heathen that are round about you," were, whenever possible, enslaving the Indians. America to them was the Promised Land, that Jehovah had furnished with every good thing, among which was a large supply of heathen ready to be seized as slaves. But Satan had got hold of the Indians and had filled their hearts with rebellion against Jehovah's laws. In fact, as before mentioned, Cotton Mather finally decided that the Indians were devils, the natural children of Satan himself. He had sufficient rea-

son, from an orthodox standpoint, to think so. Negro slaves were made contented with their lot with hallelujah hymns of the sweet by and by, but the Indians did not seem to appreciate the beauties of the white man's religion. And so it happened quite frequently that when a husky young heathen Indian was captured, and the Bible law regarding slavery was read to him, that, instead of inspiring him with servility, it filled his devilish nature with revenge; and, instead of arising at sun-up to hoe corn for his Christian master, he stealthily arose in the middle of the night, went to the woodpile and armed himself with an ax, found his way to his master's bedside, and hurried the pious creature to Heaven before he had any idea of going there. Satan's offspring would then, without bothering to consult any divinely inspired book, appropriate the best horse on the place, and light out for his native wilds. This had a tendency to discourage Indian slavery.

But to return to the Rev. Samuel Parrish and his bondmaid Tituba. It was in the home of this Puritan preacher that witchcraft was fanned into a raging fury in Salem Village; and the half-negro woman, Tituba, together with Elizabeth, the nine-year-old daughter of Parrish, and a niece who lived with him, Abigail Williams, eleven years of age, together with other children of the neighborhood,

were, we are told, the ones that started it. It is said that during the winter "these girls held occasional meetings in the neighborhood, usually at the minister's house. \* \* \* They began to act after a strange and unusual manner, by getting into holes and creeping under chairs and stools, and to use sundry odd postures, which neither they themselves nor any others could make any sense of" (Winfield S. Nevins, *Witchcraft in Salem Village*). We further read: "This state of affairs continuing from late in December until into February, 1692, the elder people learned something of what was transpiring in their midst. Great was their consternation. Dr. Griggs was called, but, as sometimes happens, even in this age of great learning, the doctor did not know what ailed the young people. Their 'disease' was one unknown to medical science. Evidently feeling obliged to give some explanation of the disorder, the doctor declared the girls were possessed of the Devil, in other words bewitched. Thereupon the curiosity of the whole community was awakened. People came from far and near to witness the strange antics of these children. Their credulity was taxed to its utmost. Mr. Parrish, as was natural, was not only an interested spectator, but he took charge of the whole business. He called a meeting of the ministers of the neighboring par-

ishes to observe, to investigate, to pray. They came; they saw; they were conquered" (ibid).

Satan was now working overtime with his sorceries in Salem Village. Recognizing in the Puritans a people after Jehovah's own heart, he proposed to do his utmost to destroy their religion. His aim was to eventually make a witch or a wizard out of every male and female Puritan. That would put an end to Puritanism and swell the population of Hell.

Finally, we are told, the preachers "unanimously agreed with Dr. Griggs that the girls were bewitched. The all-important question was, Who or what caused them to act as they did? Who bewitched them? Whose spirit did the Devil take to afflict them? Mr. Parrish and some of the ministers and prominent people of the village undertook to solve the mystery. Several private fasts were held at the minister's house, and several more were held publicly. The children at first refused to tell anything about the mysterious affair. Tituba professed to know how to discover witches, and tried some experiments with that end in view. With the assistance of her husband (also a slave belonging to Rev. Parrish) she mixed some meal with urine of the afflicted and made a cake" (ibid).

No sooner had Tituba fed the cake to the chil-

dren than they knew who the parties were that bewitched them. They became as wise as Ezekiel, who, we are told, fed on a somewhat similar diet. The children charged two old women of the village, together with Tituba, as having bewitched them. The names of these two women were Sarah Good and Sarah Osburn. The history of the period describes Sarah Good as "a melancholy, distracted person," and Sarah Osburn as "a bed-ridden old woman." It was no trouble at all for the Puritans to convict such as these. Sarah Good was convicted of being a witch of Satan, and was hanged on July 19, 1692. A prominent Puritan preacher, the Rev. Noyes, was present at the hanging, and said to the victim as she stood on the scaffold: "You are a witch, and you know you are a witch." "You are a liar," was Sarah Good's indignant reply; "I am no more a witch than you are a wizard, and if you take my life, God will give you blood to drink."

Sarah Osburn was dragged from her sick bed by the followers of Jehovah, and thrown into jail. It was too much for her old, wornout body, and she died before Jehovah's saints could carry out their god's command. Whether Jehovah tried to keep her alive until she could be religiously executed, and failed, or whether Satan himself put the finishing

touches on her, is a question that only the theologians can settle.

Tituba, as well as the other women, denied being a witch, and was put in jail. Economic determinism, however, saved Tituba's life. She was never tried. She was a slave and still comparatively young, and worth good money. This, in the eyes of the Christians, is even more important than their religion. There were witness fees, and other incidentals to be paid, so Tituba was sold by the court to the highest bidder, and the money pocketed by the holy men of God.

Then began a wholesale rounding up of witches that filled the jails. Gov. Phips, then Governor of Massachusetts, coming to Boston "found the jails filled with persons accused of witchcraft." He immediately appointed a court of Oyer and Terminer to try them. William Stoughton, Deputy Governor, presided as chief justice. Having been educated for the ministry, there can be no question regarding Justice Stoughton's fitness as a judge in witch trials. Preliminary examinations were held in the churches, at which, of course, Jehovah and Satan were both present. Jehovah, with the help of the Puritans, generally won the case, and the witch was hung. How many were put to death, and in what localities, we do not know. Gallows Hill, between



Salem and Peabody, claims most of the hangings. A letter written in Salem, dated November 25, 1791, by the Rev. Dr. Halyoke, contains the following information: "In the last month there died a man in this town, by the name of John Symonds, aged a hundred years lacking about six months, having been born in the famous '92. He has told me that his nurse had often told him, that while she was attending his mother at the time she lay in with him, she saw from the chamber windows, those unhappy people hanging on Gallows Hill, who were executed for witches by the delusion of the times."

The court of Oyer and Terminer, appointed by Gov. Phips, sat for the first time in Salem in June, 1692. There are no complete records of the court to be found. Perhaps they were so busy convicting and hanging witches that only a few cases were recorded. We do not know. We only know that at that time Jehovah's saints were having a lively time with Satan's sorceries. Gov. Hutchinson, in his *History of Massachusetts*, mentions the name of six witches, tried and convicted on one day. Church apologists, writing the story of the witchcraft craze, try to minimize the number hung during the year 1692.

After the hanging of Sarah Good, and the death in jail of the accused Sarah Osburn, the next case

that is recorded is that of Bridget Bishop. Her trial was held the first week in June, 1692. Her Irish name alone was enough to condemn her in the sight of the Puritans. She was convicted on short ceremony, and hanged on June 10.

The judges and juries in those days always looked to the preachers for advice, and the court that started by sentencing Bridget Bishop to be hung, and nobody knows how many more, requested divine assistance from the church. The Rev. Cotton Mather was chosen for the purpose. He furnished an inspired opinion in which he said: "We judge that, in the prosecution of these and all such witchcrafts, there is need of a very critical and exquisite caution, lest by too much credulity for things received only upon the Devil's authority, there be a door opened for a long train of miserable consequences, and Satan get an advantage over us; for we should not be ignorant of his devices." Cotton didn't want any of them to get away. Further on this doctor of divinity says that "it is an undoubted and notorious thing, that a demon may, by God's permission, appear, even to ill purposes, in the shape of an innocent, yea, and a virtuous man." From this it seems that Jehovah permits Satan—even helps him—to perform his sorceries, so that he—Jehovah—can have the pleasure of seeing some victim hung or burned or sent to Hell. In con-

clusion Cotton Mather recommends "the speedy and vigorous prosecutions of such as have rendered themselves obnoxious, according to the directions given in the laws of God and the wholesome statutes of the English nation for the detection of witchcrafts."

After prayerfully reading Cotton Mather's "opinion" the court got busy. It convicted, as being witches of Satan, according to records still extant, Sarah Wildes, Elizabeth Howe, Susanna Martin, Rebecca Nurse, and Sarah Good, already referred to. These were hanged to the glory of the god that inspired the Bible injunction, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," on Tuesday, July 19, 1692. The court then adjourned until the first week in August, when it tried and convicted the following: Martha Carrier, accused of witchcraft; the Rev. George Burroughs, John Procter, George Jacobs, and John Willard. These men were all accused of being in the employ of Satan, or worshipping Jehovah the wrong way. They, together with Martha Carrier, were hanged on August 19, 1692. The evidence is that they had incurred the displeasure of the preachers, and that this was their only crime.

The charges against George Burroughs, a former preacher, but who, it seems, was too intelligent to make good in the superstition business and had

taken up other pursuits, claim that he could pick up a barrel of molasses and walk off with it. As no other preacher could be found strong enough to do this, no matter how much he prayed for strength, the conclusion was that Burroughs accomplished the feat with Satan's help. Both Cotton and Increase Mather testified that Burroughs was a bad character, and ought to die. ("Wonders of the Invisible World," by Cotton Mather). But probably the strongest evidence of his being a tool of Satan that was brought up against him was that he had quit partaking of the "holy communion." We read in the record of his examination as follows: "Being asked when he partook of the Lord's supper, he being (as he said) in full communion at Roxbury, he answered it was so long since he could not tell, yet he owned he was at a meeting one Sabbath at Boston, part of the day, and the other at Charlestown part of a Sabbath when the sacrament happened to be at both, yet did not partake of either. He denied that his house at Casco was haunted yet he owned there were toads."

What more evidence was needed to prove that Satan had control of the accused? He had quit preaching the Calvinist creed; he had begun to doubt the saving grace of dining on the flesh and blood of a sacrificed god; he even doubted that the

existence of toads about his premises was an indication that Satan was in the neighborhood. The Rev. George Burroughs had begun to think, and thinking is against the teaching of orthodox religion. So the powers that be dragged George Burroughs to the scaffold. Robert Calef, a Christian of undoubted faith, in a book of the period called "More Wonders," says that Burroughs was "carried in a cart with the others (condemned to be hanged) through the streets of Salem to execution. When he was upon the ladder he made a speech for the clearing of his innocency with such solemn and serious expressions as were to the admiration of all present." We are told that many present wanted to stop the execution. But Cotton Mather stepped forth and with his Bible injunctions awed the simple believers. He told the assemblage that Burroughs' innocent appearance, his convincing words, his past record as an honest man, were the deceptions of Satan. The toads in his dooryard proved his guilt, just as the juggleries told in the Bible prove its inspiration, or the silk hat on a plutocrat proves his right to exploit the workers. We read in the book quoted, "More Wonders," that "Mr. Cotton Mather, being mounted upon a horse, addressed himself to the people, partly to declare that he (Burroughs) was no ordained preacher, and partly to possess the

people of his guilt saying that the Devil has often been transformed into an angel of light; and this somewhat appeased the people and the execution went on." "When he was cut down," so the record runs, "he was dragged by the halter to a hole, or grave, between the rocks, about two feet deep, his shirt and breeches being pulled off, and an old pair of trowsers of one executed put on his lower parts. He was so put in together with Willard and Carrier that one of his hands and his chin, and a foot of one of them, was left uncovered."

On August 5, 1692, John Procter and his wife Elizabeth, residents of Salem, were brought to trial on the charge of both being under the sorceries of Satan. Doubtless some Puritan had seen John Procter sitting on his front porch at midnight, watching Satan transform his wife Elizabeth into a wildcat. Why not? Did not the author of Revelations see a god with brass feet prowling about with seven stars in his fist and a two-edged sword in his jaws? Why, then, shouldn't a Puritan preacher also see things?

Anyway, we read that John Bailey, one of the principal witnesses against the Procters, evidently suffering from an attack of indigestion, testified that "on the 25th of May last myself and wife being bound to Boston on the road, when I came in sight of the house where John Procter did live there was

a very hard blow struck on by breast, which caused great pain in my stomach and amazement in my head, but did see no person near me only my wife on my horse behind me on the same horse; and when I came against said Procter's house, according to my understanding, I did see John Procter and his wife at said house. Procter himself looked out of the window, and his wife did stand just without the door. I told my wife of it; and she did look that way and see nothing but a little maid at the door. Afterwards, about a mile from the aforesaid house, I was taken speechless for some short time. My wife did ask me several questions, and desired me if I could not speak I should hold up my hand; which I did and immediately I could speak as well as ever. And we came to the way where Salem road cometh into Ipswich road, there I received another blow on my breast, which caused me so much pain I could not sit on my horse. And when I did alight off my horse, to my understanding, I saw a woman coming towards us about 16 or 20 pole from us, but did not know who it was. My wife could not see her. When I did get up on my horse again, to my understanding, there stood a cow where I saw the woman" (Witchcraft in Salem Village).

That, so the records of the period state, Procter and his wife were in jail in Boston when John Bailey

rode by his house, with gripes in his insides, and saw John Procter looking out the window and his wife standing by the door, and finally, after dismounting from his horse on account of pains and amazement in his head, saw a woman change into a cow, only makes the affair, from a theological standpoint, all the more marvelous.

John Procter was convicted of being one of Satan's wizards and was hung. His wife Elizabeth escaped on account of her being pregnant. The doctors of divinity could find no Biblical injunction regarding the disposition of a witch caught in that condition. Jehovah had either overlooked the matter, or had left it to the discretion of his followers. So they gave Elizabeth Procter, for the time being at least, the benefit of the doubt, trusting in Jehovah's mercy if they had made a mistake.

However, no sooner had she been safely delivered of her child, than the religious convictions of the Puritans again asserted themselves, and her execution, early in the year 1693, was ordered. But Gov. Phips, after carefully searching the Scriptures, and having taken the matter under prayerful consideration, granted the woman a reprieve, and so Elizabeth Procter was not hung. The thrifty Puritans took consolation in the fact that, had she been hung, the expense of raising the child would have fallen



upon the community. They had already pocketed all there was in sight in the Procter case. We read: "Elizabeth Procter escaped by pleading pregnancy. Some months after the death of her husband she gave birth to a child. Her home had been desolated. Not only had her husband been hanged, three of her children imprisoned, and she herself brought within the very shadow of the gallows, but the officers of the law had stripped that home of all its worldly possessions" (Witchcraft in Salem Village).

As confiscation of the property of the condemned formed part of the witchcraft proceedings, it will be noted that witchcraft was not only a religious, but also a profitable craze.

On the date of the wholesale hangings (August 19, 1692), Judge Samuel Sewall, of Boston, who, together with Nathaniel Saltonstall, Bartholomew Gedney, John Hawthorne, Jonathan Corwin, John Richards, Wait Winthrop and Peter Sargent, was associate with Chief Justice Stoughton in the witch cases narrated, wrote: "This day George Burroughs, John Willard, John Proctor, Martha Carrier and George Jacobs were executed at Salem, a very great number of spectators being present. Mr. Cotton Mather was there, Mr. Sims, Hale, Noyes, Cheever &c. All of them said they were innocent, Carrier and all. Mr. Mather said they all died by

a. Righteous Sentence. Mr. Burroughs by his Speech, Prayer, presentation of his Innocence did much move unthinking persons, which occasions their speaking hardly concerning his being executed."

Outside of the twentieth century massacre at Ludlow it was one of the most religious killings recorded in this country. At Ludlow Elizabeth Procter would not have escaped on account of her unborn child. Women in her condition were there shot to death and their bodies burned on a pile of oil-soaked railroad ties.

After the hangings of Friday, August 19, 1692, the court appointed by Gov. Phips convicted and sent to the gallows four more alleged witches—Martha Corey, Mary Easty, Alice Parker and Ann Pudeator. It was a hurryup job, as the hangings of these victims took place the Monday following, on August 22. The Sabbath was sandwiched in between the two hangings in order to prepare the souls of the saints to solemnly contemplate the carrying out of their scriptural command. Also several thousand dollars were taken from the condemned and thankfully appropriated by the religious and legal prosecutors.

Two other women charged with witchcraft, Dorcas Hoar and Mary Bradbury, were tried at

the same time as those executed on August 22, but were not hanged. Dorcas Hoar was saved from the gallows for the reason that, on the eve of the day appointed for her execution, she confessed to being a witch. She was the first one of whom there is any record of having confessed. This seems to have touched the tender hearts of the Puritans. The sparing of the life of Dorcas Hoar, on account of her confessing to an impossible crime, is a rare instance of their mercy. Judge Samuel Sewall, hearing of the confession, wrote regarding the case: "A petition is sent to town in behalf of Dorcas Hoar who now confesses. Accordingly an order is sent to the sheriff to forbear her execution notwithstanding her being in the warrant to die to-morrow. This is the first condemned person who has confessed" (Sewall Papers). Thereupon she was left in jail for further developments. It seems uncertain as to what finally became of her. We read: "She (Dorcas Hoar) escaped from jail in the same mysterious manner that so many other of the accused did. These escapes were numerous during the witchcraft trials. Whether the jails were weakly constructed, or the jailers did not guard the prisoners closely at all times, it is not possible to say. It is possible that high officials sometimes connived

at the escape of accused persons" (Witchcraft in Salem Village).

It is also possible that those who made their escape were penniless, that they had no property to confiscate—not even enough to help pay for the rope to hang them. If there were any officials of that period humane enough to help them escape they must have been men somewhat shaky in their religious convictions.

The other woman, Mary Bradbury, who was tried and convicted of witchcraft, but who was not executed, made no confession, so far as the records disclose. Her escape from the gallows is somewhat mystifying. One writer thinks that "powerful influences were brought to bear to secure her pardon." Perhaps she had well-to-do friends, who put up more money for her pardon than could have been obtained by confiscating the Bradbury estate if she had been hanged. There is nothing like the jingle of dollars to influence the popular conceptions of justice. There was certainly evidence enough submitted to hang Mary Bradbury. In the first place she was an old woman along towards four-score years, just the time of life, according to the most reliable religious authority, when Satan delights in turning them into some animal, or mount them on the back of a gander, or broomstick, and so sail

away to a witches' prayermeeting held in the wild recesses of some dizzy mountain ravine. In the dead of a stormy night, as the lightning flashed a sudden streak across the dismal darkness, and the thunder roared as even did Jehovah once on Sinai, the Puritan, on his knees in prayer, clasping his Bible as superstitiously as does an exploited worker the political party ticket of his exploiters, would catch a terrifying glimpse of the storm-lit skies, and see in rushing clouds and flashing shapes the phantom forms of every old and toothless woman in the neighborhood, flying through space on wings of Hell to the crags and chasms where demons held their infernal communions. Mary Bradbury, in the minds of the saints of Salem, had doubtless taken, time and again, such mad midnight trips.

One of the evidences of witchcraft brought against Mary Bradbury was the testimony of one James Carr. After telling of visits to the Bradbury home this witness declared that he "was taken after a strange manner as if living creatures did run about every part of my body ready to tear me to pieces." James Carr apparently not only had bugs in his head, but also on his body. In this condition, he declares, he "continued for about three quarters of a year, by times, and I applied myself to Dr.

Crosby, who gave me a great deal of physic but could make none work. Though he steeped tobacco in bosset drink he could make none to work; whereupon he told me that he believed I was behaged. And I told him I had thought so a good while. And he asked me by whom, and I told him I did not care for speaking, for one was counted an honest woman, but he urging me I told him, and he said he believed that Mrs. Bradbury was a great deal worse than Good Martin." The drug doctor then consulted with the divine doctor, and prayers for Carr were added to the prescription. The prayers were heard, and "one night, something like a cat came to Carr in bed. He went to strike it off but could not move hand or foot for a while." Jehovah was holding him by the hands and feet while Satan was monkeying with the cat. Unable to hit the cat, Carr prayed; whereupon, we are told, "he did hit it and since then physic had worked on him."

Another member of the Carr family, by the name of Richard, testified as follows: "About thirteen years ago, presently after some difference had happened to be between my honored father, Mr. George Carr, and Mrs. Bradbury, the prisoner at the bar, upon a Sabbath at noon, as we were riding home, by the house of Capt. Thomas Bradbury, I saw Mrs. Bradbury go into her gate, turn the corner of, and

immediately there darted out of her gate a blue boar, and darted at my father's horse's legs, which made him stumble, but I saw it no more. And my father said, 'boys, what do you see?' We both answered, 'a blue boar.'" Satan transformed Mrs. Bradbury into a cat or a blue boar to suit the occasion.

Notwithstanding all this evidence Mrs. Bradbury was not hanged. "Powerful influences," we are told, saved her from the gallows.

During the week following the August 22d hangings, nine servants of Satan were convicted and hanged in Salem: Margaret Scott, Wilmot Reed, Samuel Wardwell, Mary Parker, Abigail Faulkner, Rebecca Eames, Mary Lacey, Ann Foster and Abigail Hobbs. These constitute, so far as there is any record, the last persons hanged for witchcraft in New England. At this hanging the Rev. Mr. Noyes, preacher of the First Church in Salem, who stood by the gallows and witnessed the executions, piously remarked: "What a sad thing it is to see these firebrands of Hell hanging there."

There were a number of others convicted and sentenced to be hanged at this trial, but who escaped death by confessing that they were under the control of Satan.

Gov. Hutchinson, in his History of Massachu-

setts, says of this trial: "Those who were condemned and not executed, I suppose all confessed their guilt. I have seen the confessions of several of them."

The swift conviction and execution of those charged with witchcraft, and the chance of escape from death upon confession of being a witch that the kindhearted Christians had provided, made these confessions very popular. Finally the Governor issued a proclamation "to put an end to witchcraft prosecutions." This was not done, according to the evidence of the period, because the Puritan preachers and others prominent in the church had lost faith in their religion, but because the common people—the children of Satan—began to show signs of revolt against the Christian infamies. We read: "Thirteen women and six men were hanged, and one infirm old man, Giles Cory, eighty-one years of age, was pressed to death under a board loaded with heavy weights until his tongue protruded from his mouth and his breath was literally crushed out of him. The society in and about Salem was greatly demoralized by these villainous charges. None was safe. Every person was liable to fall under these accusing girls and their confidential advisers, who had not a little influence over them. A reign of terror existed in the community. The witch trials held



in a church in Salem were the all-absorbing matters of interest. To avoid this cruel persecution many were forced to leave their homes, some going to Europe and some to other localities. The state of society was utterly demoralized" (Blue Laws of Connecticut).

"The evils of this epidemic cast their shadow over a broad surface and darkened the condition of generations. \* \* \* The fields were neglected, fences, roads, barns, even the meeting-house went into disrepair. \* \* \* Scarcity of provisions, nearly amounting to a famine, continued for some time; farms were brought under mortgage or sacrificed, and large numbers of people were dispersed. One locality in Salem Village \* \* \* bears to this day the marks of the blight. \* \* \* The ruinous results were not confined to the village, but spread more or less over the country" (C. W. Upham in "Salem Witchcraft").

The case of Giles Corey forms one of the most brutal pages in Church history. The following historic description of the affair should be taught in the history classes of our public schools: "Giles Corey's case was a hard one. He was a sufferer under Parrish and his female accusers. His wife had been complained of, and he knowing her innocence, spoke strongly in her defense. He was ar-

raigned before the same court, but could not be induced to make a plea either of guilty or not guilty. He was a man of some property and he wished what he had to go to his children. He knew that if he confessed or pleaded guilty, his effects, in case of conviction, instead of going to his heirs would be grabbed either by the church or the court that convicted him. He adhered to his resolution, confessing nothing, and making no plea though three times brought before the legal dignitaries. In consequence of the silence he maintained, the sentence of *peine forte et dure*, from the code of King James I., was passed upon him, which was that he be remanded to his low, damp dungeon, to be there laid upon his back on the bare floor, naked for the most part, a board to be laid upon him, and weights enough piled upon the board to nearly crush the life out of him, and to have no sustenance, save on the first day three morsels of very poor bread, and on the second day three draughts of standing or stagnant water, the nearest to be found to the prison door, and this to be alternately his daily diet until he died. This horrible sentence was carried out and the suffering that man passed through cannot be conceived. The agony of him who died upon the cross after three hours of exposure was trifling compared with the protracted agony endured by the aged Giles Corey,

more than four score years old. It is said the last act in this diabolical tragedy was enacted in an open field near the prison. The wretched sufferer begged his executioners to increase the weights which were crushing him that his agonies might be ended. The hope, however, that he would yield and acknowledge his guilt, so that his property could be secured, induced them not to hurry his death. But he assured them that it was of no use to expect him to yield; that there could be but one way of ending the matter, and that they might as well pile on the rocks and have the matter ended. Calef says that, as his body yielded to the pressure, his tongue protruded from his mouth, and an official forced it back with his cane. This inhuman act is attributed to the pious Parrish, who made himself so officious in the Salem trials and executions. Upham, in narrating this cruelty, says: 'For a person more than eighty-one years of age this must be allowed to have been a marvelous exhibition of prowess; illustrating, as strongly as anything in human history, the power of a resolute will over the utmost pain and agony of the body and demonstrating that Giles Corey was a man of heroic nerve and a spirit that could not be subdued. This was a case of Christian persecution, where the recipient was, as has been the case in thousands of other instances, vastly superior, in

everything that constitutes manhood, to the person who inflicted it' ” (Blue Laws of Connecticut).

The outraged masses—inspired by Satan—began to conspire against Jehovah's saints. They, too, made accusations of witchcraft; but those they accused were not old and helpless women, and men of doubtful religious convictions, but the very salt of the church. They concluded that a law that was good for the goose was good for the gander. As one writer puts it, they found that the only “way to prevent an accusation was to become an accuser.” Satan's sinners got as busy as Jehovah's saints in running down witches. The wives of the preachers and leading lights of the church were accused of witchcraft. Satan fought Jehovah with his own weapons. He paraded Jehovah's laws with all the assurance of a devoted believer. The jails became filled with as many believers as there were heretics. Jehovah and Satan were both at it hammer and tongs. Saints and sinners, in order to escape the penalty, alike confessed. Of this period we read:

“In this stage of things, such a great accession being made to the ranks of the confessing witches, the power of the delusion became irresistibly strengthened. Mr. Dudley Bradstreet, the magistrate of the place, after having committed about

forty persons to jail, concluded he had done enough, and declined to arrest any more. The consequence was that he and his wife were cried out upon, and they had to fly for their lives. They accused his brother, John Bradstreet, with having 'afflicted' a dog. Bradstreet escaped by flight. The dog was executed. The number of persons who had publicly confessed that they had entered into a league with Satan, and exercised the diabolical powers thus acquired to the injury, torment, and death of innocent parties, produced a profound effect upon the public mind. At the same time the accusers had everywhere increased in number, owing to the inflamed state of imagination universally prevalent, which ascribed all ailments or diseases to the agency of witches, to a mere love of notoriety and a passion for general sympathy, to a desire to be secure against the charge of bewitching others, or to a malicious disposition to wreak vengeance upon enemies. The prisons in Salem, Ipswich, Boston, and Cambridge were crowded. All the securities of society were dissolved. Every man's life was at the mercy of every other man. Fear sat on every countenance, terror and distress were in all hearts; silence pervaded the streets; all who could, quit the country; business was at a standstill; a conviction

sank into the minds of men that a dark and infernal confederacy had got a foothold in the land, threatening to overthrow and extirpate religion and morality, and establish the Kingdom of the Prince of Darkness in a country which had been dedicated, by the prayers and tears and sufferings of its pious fathers, to the church of Christ, and the service and worship of the true God. The feeling, dismal and horrible indeed, became general that the providence of God was removed from them; that Satan was let loose and that he and his confederates had free and unrestrained power to go to and fro, torturing and destroying whomever he willed. We cannot, by any extent of research or power of imagination, enter fully into the ideas of the people of that day; and it is therefore absolutely impossible to appreciate the awful condition of the community at the point of time to which our narrative has led us" (Upham's Salem Witchcraft, quoted in Blue Laws of Connecticut).

It is generally conceded by those who have made a study of the history of Salem witchcraft that the accusation of witchcraft made against Mrs. Hale, wife of the Rev. John Hale, of Beverly, Mass., one of the most prominent Puritan preachers and associate of Cotton Mather, was the direct and final

cause of ending the witchcraft craze. As Upham states, it was what finally broke the spell. Satan, by having a preacher's wife charged with being under his sorceries, had given Jehovah a knock-out blow.

## CHAPTER XXI

*Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'r you are  
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,  
How shall your unhoused heads, your unfed sides,  
Your looped and windowed raggedness, defend you  
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en  
Too little care of this. Take physic, pomp;  
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,  
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,  
And show the heavens more just.*

—Prayer of King Lear.

**T**HE literal meaning of the word “bible,” as originally intended, was “the books”—“the library.” It applied to the collection of the works of all the various writers, known and unknown, contained therein. “Bible” is from the Greek, and was first referred to in the plural, “*ta biblia*.” Not until the books were canonized—not until they were pronounced by the councils of priests to be divinely inspired—was the name changed to the singular, “*ton biblion*,” “the Bible,” literally “the Book.”



Being inspired it became necessary to make it appear as one individual work—one continued story by the same author—all the way from Genesis to Revelations. The different writers were but private secretaries of God. That these different writers contradicted each other seems to cut no figure whatever with the doctors of divinity. Nor does it appear to disturb their faith that their Bible—or rather their collection of ancient books—recognizes numerous gods. For instance, the first verse of the first chapter of Genesis should not read, “In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.” It should read, “In the beginning the gods created the heaven and the earth.” Whoever wrote that first chapter of Genesis knew nothing of the later tribal god of the Jews, “Yaweh,” afterwards corrupted into “Jehovah.” Jehovah was unknown to the Jews until his alleged revelation of himself to Moses, as found in the third chapter of Exodus, verses 13-15. Here he proclaims himself as the God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, something Moses himself knew nothing about. In fact, Moses asked for an introduction to Jehovah. He said, “Behold, when I come unto the children of Israel, and shall say unto them, The God of your fathers hath sent me unto you; and they shall say to me, What is his name? what shall I say unto them?” It was then that Jehovah

introduced himself to Moses—who became so wonderful a biographer that he included in his writings a detailed account of his own death and burial—in fact, according to some religious authorities, he recorded events that transpired long after his death.

Where Yaweh, or Jehovah, originated, is a question among scholars. Traces of him can be found dating back into Babylonian, Assyrian and Egyptian antiquity. He is known as Yaweh, Yahu, Yaho, according to the languages of various ancient tribes. Some claim to trace his origin back to the worship of the departed spirit of a fierce barbaric king. Others claim that Jehovah and Moloch are the same god. Their mutual love of sacrifices, both of beast and human, would indicate at least a close relationship. If Jehovah and Moloch were not one and the same god, they appear to have been of the same strain. Says the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, in its article on Jehovah: "A root *hawah* is represented in Hebrew by the nouns *howah* (Ezek., Isa., xlvii-ii) and *hawah* (Ps. Prov., Job) 'disaster, calamity, ruin.' \* \* \* A Catholic commentator of the 16th century, Hieronymous ab Oleastro, seems to have been the first to connect the name 'Jehovah' with *howah*, interpreting it *contrito, sive pernicies* (destruction of the Egyptians and Canaanites); Daurmer, adopting the same etymology, took it in a more

general sense: Yaweh, as well as Shaddi, meant 'Destroyer,' and fitly expressed the nature of the terrible god whom he identified with Moloch."

This may account for Solomon's building a temple to Moloch. Like the three gods in one, Solomon may have considered Jehovah and Moloch two gods in one. Solomon also built another temple for Chemosh. Chemosh was a sacrifice-loving deity that was worshiped by the Moabites. (See I. Kings, XI., 7.) That Jehovah recognized the existence of other gods besides himself, and hated them, and was jealous of them, is shown in the opening words of the commandments he is alleged to have written on tablets of stone.

Jehovah of the Jews, Moloch of the Ammonites, Chemosh of the Moabites, Dagon of the Philistines, Baal of the Phoenicians—these and more are recognized as existing deities by the "inspired" writers of the Bible; all of them vindictive, bloodthirsty and cruel—gods of war and pillage and revenge. Of these vindictive and bloodthirsty gods none stand forth more savage than Jehovah. The soft gods of the Prophets of Brotherhood and Peace, the gods of Isaiah and Micah and Jesus, are brushed aside by the orthodox clergy of Christendom, and Jehovah, begotten in the brains of the jungle age, is made the crowned ruler over all, the father and

sacrificer of the gentle Christ. That is what the canonization of the Bible—the pronouncing of every line from Genesis to Revelations as inspired—has done.

Thomas Jefferson separated the gospel of Brotherhood and Peace from the rest of the Bible, and had printed, for his own use, what is known as Jefferson's Bible. He wrote: "The day will come when the mystical generation of Jesus, by the Supreme Being as his father, in the womb of a virgin, will be classed with the fable of the generation of Minerva in the brain of Jupiter."

He further says: "If we could believe that he (Jesus) really countenanced the follies, the falsehoods, and the charlatanisms which his biographers (Matthew Mark, Luke, and John) father on him, and admit the misconstruction, interpolations, and theorizations of the fathers of the early, and the fanatics of the latter ages, the conclusion would be irresistible by every sound mind that he was an impostor."

But Jefferson did not so regard Jesus. He says: "Among the sayings and discourses imputed to him by his biographers I find many passages of fine imagination, correct morality, and the most lovely benevolence; and others, again, of so much ignorance, of so much absurdity, so much untruth and

imposture, as to pronounce it impossible that such contradictions should have proceeded from the same being. I separate, therefore, the gold from the dross, restore to him the former, and leave the latter to the stupidity of some and the roguery of others of his disciples.”

It is needless to state that Jefferson’s Bible never became popular in orthodox circles.

Of the accepted god of Christendom, Jehovah, Jefferson said, he is “a being of terrific character—cruel, vindictive, capricious, and unjust.” As Ingersoll once remarked, the old darky preacher was not far off after all when he opened his prayer to Jehovah, “O thou great and unscrupulous Jehovah!”

Ingersoll believed the same as Jefferson concerning Jesus. In a lecture entitled “The Foundations of Faith,” he said: “In the New Testament we find the teachings and sayings of Christ. If we say that the book is inspired, then we must admit that Christ really said all the things attributed to him by the various writers. If the book is inspired we must accept it all. We have no right to reject the contradictory and absurd and accept the reasonable and good. We must take it all just as it is. My own observation has led me to believe that men are generally consistent in their theories and

inconsistent in their lives. So, I think that Christ in his utterances was true to his theory, to his philosophy. If I find in the New Testament sayings of a contradictory character, I conclude that some of those sayings were never uttered by him. The sayings that are, in my judgment, in accordance with what I believe to have been his philosophy, I accept, and the others I throw away. \* \* \* The best that can be said about Christ is that nearly nineteen centuries ago he was born in the land of Palestine, in a country without wealth, without commerce, in the midst of a people who knew nothing of the greater world—a people enslaved, crushed by the mighty power of Rome. That this babe, this child of poverty and want, grew to manhood without education, knowing nothing of art, or science, and at about the age of thirty began wandering about the hills and hamlets of his native land, discussing with priests, talking with the poor and sorrowful, writing nothing, but leaving his words in the memory or forgetfulness of those to whom he spoke. That he attacked the religion of his time because it was cruel. That this excited the hatred of those in power, and that Christ was arrested, tried and crucified.”

As to the havoc that has been played by the acceptance of the theological Christ, Ingersoll says:

“In his name millions and millions of men and women have been imprisoned, tortured and killed. In his name the thinkers, the investigators, have been branded as criminals, and his followers have shed the blood of the wisest and best. In his name the progress of many nations was stayed for a thousand years. In his gospel was found the dogma of eternal pain, and his words added an infinite horror to death. His gospel filled the world with hatred and revenge; made intellectual honesty a crime; made happiness here the road to hell, denounced love as base and bestial, canonized credulity, crowned bigotry and destroyed the liberty of men. It would have been far better had the New Testament never been written—far better had the theological Christ never lived. Had the writers of the New Testament been regarded as uninspired, had Christ been thought of only as a man, had the good been accepted and the absurd, the impossible, and the revengeful thrown away, mankind would have escaped the wars, the tortures, the scaffolds, the dungeons, the agony and tears, the crimes and sorrows of a thousand years.”

But the powers that be hated the human Christ. They hate him still. Well might he cry to-day, as it is said he cried of old:

“Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!

for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness.

“Even so ye outwardly appear righteous unto men, but within ye are full of hypocrisy and iniquity.

“Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! because ye build the tombs of the prophets, and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous, and say, If we had been in the days of our fathers, we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets.

“Wherefore ye be witnesses unto yourselves, that ye are the children of them which killed the prophets.”

Of the other Prophets of Brotherhood and Peace, found in the Bible, we have a clearer account of their utterances than is recorded of Jesus. None of them were metamorphosed into gods. They were simply killed as heretics and stirrers up of sedition. With their death their power to arouse the people to revolt against priestcraft and oppression apparently ended. None of them were able to obtain the following, and inaugurate such a social revolution, as threatened ruling-class society during the first century after Jesus' death. The historic hour for revolt on the part of the slaves had not arrived. The iron heel of the Caesars had not utterly crushed



the world. It was far easier for Jesus to find followers than it was for Isaiah, or the unknown Prophet that succeeded him, and who wrote the contents of the book of Isaiah from the fortieth chapter to its conclusion. "All scholars of the modern or literary school agree that Isaiah, chapters xl-lxvi., were written by a different writer than Isaiah" (Lyman Abbott, "Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews").

Isaiah, says tradition, was sawed asunder in the hollow of a tree. An hundred years or so after his death there appeared one even greater than he, who secretly deposited his writings at a place in the Temple where they would be afterwards found. This was done because the discovery of these writings would most likely cause the execution of the writer. Years afterward these unknown writings were collected and added to the book of Isaiah, the writer becoming recognized as The Great Unknown.

These Prophets of Brotherhood and Peace knew not Jehovah. To them divinity was the Eternal Spirit of the Universe, the Over-All. It was the Universal Father that Jesus visioned. Lyman Abbott, in the work quoted, defines the belief of the Prophets of Brotherhood and Peace: "The Eternal abides forever, and all phenomena are but the ever-changing manifestations of his ever unchangeable

Presence.” “Micah,” says Dr. Abbott, “is the prophet of the poor, the religious Socialist of his age, who denounces the greed of the rich and the vices of the capital, and for the nation’s redemption looks not to the court or the city but to the country village and the ranks of the plain people.”

Of the rationalist minds of the Hebrew Prophets Dr. Abbott says: “It is true that the Hebrew religion had in its legends the story of a garden of innocence and a fall. But that story once told was never repeated. It is not referred to again in all the Hebrew literature.”

The fabulous story of Adam and Eve and the talking snake, the forbidden apple and the furious Jehovah, would have come down to us as a myth of the younger world had not the fourth century priests of orthodox “Christianity” ran across it and found in it the finest sort of a foundation upon which to erect their Catholic structure, conceived and built under the direction of the emperor Constantine, to scuttle the revolutionary message of Jesus. Without the Satanic snake and the furious Jehovah, the rib-made woman and the eating of the apple, and the everlasting curse pronounced upon mankind, orthodox “Christianity” falls flat. Strung to this fabulous story is the final climax of Jehovah’s begotten son, born for the purpose of being offered

up in sacrifice to appease the wrath of the god that begat him—said wrath dating back to the snake story of Eden. Our salvation, say the clergy, depends upon our faith in the snake story and the bloody sacrificing of Christ. In all history no one has been so betrayed as Jesus. Lies have been put into the mouth, and a royal crown upon the head of this simple lover of the lowly.

I think it is high time that the messages of these lovers of humanity should be separated from the stories of myths and monstrosities with which they have been bound together in one book purporting to be divinely inspired. What an absurdity to assemble the sayings of Micah, "the prophet of the poor, the religious Socialist of his age," with the salacious Song of Solomon. Micah cries out against the exploiters of his day: "Woe to them that devise iniquity, and work evil upon their beds! when the morning is light, they practice it, because it is in the power of their hand. And they covet fields, and take them by violence; and houses, and take them away; so they oppress a man and his house, even a man and his heritage." And a little further on he declares: "They build up Zion with blood, and Jerusalem with iniquity. The heads thereof judge for reward, and the priests thereof teach for hire, and the prophets thereof divine for money;

yet will they lean upon the Lord and say, 'Is not the Lord among us? none evil can come upon us.' "

But his heart does not fail him. Like a true revolutionist he has an abiding faith in humanity. He lives in the future, when the nations "shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruninghooks;" when "nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. But they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig tree; and none shall make them afraid."

To Micah, Brotherhood and Peace was the only saving grace. The people could have any god or gods they wanted, so long as they conformed to this. He says: "For all people will walk every one in the name of his god, and we will walk in the name of the Lord our God for ever and ever." Micah was a liberalist regarding the gods—the Chinese or Choctaws were as much entitled to their gods as were the Jews. Let the nations of earth acknowledge Brotherhood and Peace as their faith, and the gods could take care of themselves. Christian missionaries would do well to ponder over the words of the prophet Micah. He is a heretic, in every orthodox sense of the word. He repudiates the doctrine of appeasing the wrath of avenging deities with bloody sacrifices. His god was not

Jehovah of the jungle; it was the Universal Source of Life. He flies in the face of the sacrifice-offering priests of his day, and says: "Will the Lord (literally, the Over-All) be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? Shall I give my firstborn for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul? He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" He was a religionist, but his religion was justice and mercy. The gods of the books of Exodus, and Leviticus, and Numbers, and Deuteronomy, and the larger part of the New Testament, were not recognized by Micah. "The prophet of the poor, the religious Socialist of his age" did not follow after the deity that gave particular directions as to how his priests should trim their whiskers, or on which side of the altar they should slit the throats of the animals to be sacrificed. The faith of Micah was like that of the Hindoo who said, "I do not care to know your various theories about God. What is the use of discussing all the subtle doctrines about the soul? Do good and be good. And this will take you to whatever truth there is." What a travesty to link such splendid spirits with the bigot that wrote: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but

he that believeth not shall me damned." Or to associate them with the slaveherder who said, "Servants, obey your masters!" How clearly did the Great Unknown (Isaiah, chapter LXV) express the vision of Micah, when Brotherhood and Peace should be the religion of humanity; when the workers "shall build houses, and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards, and eat the fruit of them. They shall not build, and another inhabit; they shall not plant, and another eat."

How many sermons have you ever heard preached from this text? Such messages are not popular in orthodox pulpits. They are better fitted for soap boxes. The clergy of the exploiting class can not follow these Prophets of Brotherhood and Peace and hold their jobs. Some of them have learned this by experience. Men and women are put in jail for interpreting these messages to the people. Jesus himself would not be allowed to run at large in many "Christian" countries. His "good tidings of great joy" to all people are still seditious in many lands where "Christian" churches point their steeples skyward. "On earth peace, goodwill toward men," have never been the foundation of the conflicting "Christian" sects. The Christ that brought this message of redemption is not known among the churches; it is the Christ of sacrifice, the deified emperor in the

skies, the Christ of the Roman Constantine, that the priests and preachers tell about. The Galilean Prophet of Brotherhood and Peace is betrayed in a more shameless manner than the alleged betrayal of Judas Iscariot—a story, by the way, that modern research declares to have been invented to add more color to the “Christian” myth. If the real gospel of Christ had been the message of the Church, if the gospel of the first century had not been choked to death by Roman priestcraft, if the New Testament with its collection of revamped pagan mythologies had not been put forth as inspired of God, and only the few simple words of Jesus preserved, remembered and treasured by his direct Jewish followers, the history of the past nineteen centuries might have been less bloody and cruel. If, instead of faith in fables, the organizing of society in Brotherhood and Peace, as visioned by Jesus, had been the only saving grace offered the world, who knows to what glorious heights Humanity might have climbed? The religious wars and crusades, the massacres of millions of heretics and Jews, the frightfulness of the reign of the Holy Inquisition, the hangings and burnings of millions of so-called witches, the terrible tale of the Thirty Years’ War between Catholics and Protestants from 1615 to 1645, that reduced Germany from a population of

20,000,000 to 4,000,000, that drove the people to such starvation that cannibalism was practiced—all the butchery and barbarism, the tale of hate and terror, might not have darkened and disgraced the race if, instead of the Emperor Constantine's creed, Jesus' simple gospel had been taught.

The supreme tragedy of history is the prostitution of the gospel of Brotherhood and Peace into a pagan "Servants obey your masters," "Be ye subject unto the powers that be," and "Believe or be damned" creed. How it was done is an interesting study. The story should be broadcasted all over the land. Bronson C. Keeler, in his *History of the Bible*, has gathered the testimonies of authentic writers, ancient and modern, and offered them in popular form. Of the canonizing of the New Testament he says: "After the death of Jesus, his followers increased in numbers for a quarter of a century before having any literature. Then Paul wrote his Epistles to strengthen his adherents against the assaults of other Christian factions. The most violent altercations occurred, each sect endeavoring to prevail over others. Epistles and gospels and revelations were manufactured and circulated by different parties, each in its own support, and in many instances the names of Apostles, or other persons high in Christian repute, were affixed, to give greater au-



thority. Literary forgery and piracy were not looked upon in those days as they are now. Dionysius of Corinth (A. D. 170) complained that his writings were falsified, but consoled himself by saying that the same thing was done with the 'Scriptures of the Lord' (referring to the Old Testament). Mosheim, the Christian historian, says: 'There were a number of commentaries filled with impositions and fables on our Savior's life and sentiments, composed soon after his ascent into Heaven, by men who, without being bad, perhaps were superstitious, simple, and piously deceitful. To these were afterwards added other writings, falsely ascribed to the most holy apostles by fraudulent individuals.'

It seems rather amusing to hear so orthodox a writer as Mosheim, criticise "men who, without being bad, perhaps were superstitious, simple and piously deceitful."

Mosheim also says that some of the early Christian leaders fell into the "pernicious error" of "deeming it not only lawful, but also commendable, to deceive and lie for the sake of truth and piety." One of the earliest of the Christian writings, the Ecclesiastical History of Eusebius, referring to these "inspired" but deceitful writers, says: "This vice early spread among the Christians. Of this

no one will doubt who calls to mind the numerous forgeries of books under the names of eminent men, the Sibylline Verses, and I know not what besides, a large mass of which appeared in this age (the second century) and subsequently. I would not say that the orthodox Christians forged all the books of this character; on the contrary, it is probable that the greater part of them originated from the founders of the Gnostic sects. Yet that the Christians who were free from heterodox views were not wholly free from this fault cannot be denied." Notable among these falsifiers was St. Paul. He coolly admits it, in the third chapter of Romans, verse 7. It is amazing that the Church has allowed this admission of Paul, that convicts him of being a self-confessed falsifier so far as his "inspired" writings are concerned, to remain in the New Testament. The statement that "the truth of God hath more abounded" through a "lie" than it would have if the truth were told would seem to be enough to explode the whole fable. A god that depends upon liars to hold him on the job is as bad off as a pothouse politician.

A list of the fables fabricated to juggle Jesus into a ruling class god, that are still extant, but not contained in the New Testament, is as follows; The First Epistle of Clement to the Corinthians,

Ignatius' Epistle to the Romans, Ignatius' Epistle to the Ephesians, Ignatius' Epistle to Polycarp, The Epistle of Polycarp to the Philippians, The First Gospel of the Infancy of Jesus Christ, The Gospel of the Birth of Mary, The Acts of Paul and Thecla, The Epistles of Paul to Seneca, The Epistles of Seneca to Paul, The Protevangelion or Gospel of James, Thomas' Gospel of the Infancy of Jesus Christ, The Acts of Pilate or the Gospel of Nicodemus, The Epistle of Barnabas, The Epistle to the Magnesians, The Epistle to the Trallians, The Epistle to the Smyrneans, The Epistle to the Philadelphians (forgeries under the name of Ignatius), The Epistle to the Laodiceans (a forgery under the name of Paul), The Shepherd of Hermas, The Second Epistle of Clement to the Corinthians, An Epistle of Jesus Christ to Abgarus, King of Edessa, and An Epistle of Abgarus to Jesus Christ.

Quotations from and comments upon a number of these discarded Epistles and Gospels are found in other parts of this book. They can all be found in the Chicago Public Library, M 2540.

The known Epistles and Gospels that are no longer extant, but are referred to in various early Christian writings, are as follows: The Gospel of Paul, The Gospel of Peter, The Gospel According to the Egyptians, The Testaments of the Twelve

Patriarchs, The Sibylline Oracles, The Gospel According to the Hebrews, The Gospel of Perfection, The Gospel of Philip, another Gospel of Matthew, The Gospel of Judas Iscariot, The Gospel of Basilides, The Gospel of Thaddeus, The Gospel of Scythianus, The Gospel of Tatian, The Gospel of Thomas, The Gospel of Andrew, The Gospel of Bartholomew, The Gospel of Eve, The Gospel of Encratites, The false Gospels of Hesychius, The Gospel of Jude, the false Gospels published by Lucianus, The Gospel of Barnabas, The Acts of Peter, The Acts of Paul, The Acts of Mary, The Acts of Peter and Andrew, The Acts of the Apostles used by the Ebionites, The Acts of the Apostles by Leucius, The Acts of the Apostles used by the Manicheans, The Preaching of Paul, The Preaching of Peter, The Doctrine of Peter, The Acts of Philip, The Acts of Thomas, The Acts of Barnabas, The Judgment of Peter, An Epistle of Christ to Peter and Paul, An Epistle of Christ produced by the Manicheans, The Epistle of Themison, The Revelation of Peter, The Revelation of Paul, The Revelation of Bartholomew, The Revelation of Cerinthus, The Revelation of Stephen, The Revelation of Thomas, The Revelation of Moses, The Revelation of Esdras, The Gospel of Cerinthus, The Gospel of Mar-

cion, The Gospel of Truth, The Gospel of Apelles, and The Gospel of Longinus.

These were the gospels that were unable to miraculously hump themselves from the floor to the top of the table of the Lord at Constantine's Council of Nice, and so become part of the inspired Word of God.

"These are not all the books of that time," writes Keeler (History of the Bible). "I have mentioned, for example, but thirteen books of Acts, whereas Fabricius made a collection of thirty-six. It was from such forgery and falsification as this, with its Gospel of Judas Iscariot, Gospel of Evc, and Epistles ascribed to Jesus, that our Four Gospels (which are themselves forgeries and but a part of the common stream) came. Most of the books of that age were written to uphold or oppose particular doctrines \* \* \* \* The doctrines which Protestant clergymen preach so much about—predestination, foreordination, sanctification, and similar ones—are Paulisms, Jesus never having taught them."

Martin Luther said that "Hebrews was written by neither Paul nor any apostle." James was, he said, "an epistle of straw, with no character of the Gospel in it; it was not written by any apostle, and was not a true Bible book." When it is recalled that

Martin Luther was a bosom friend of the German junkers, that he despised the peasantry, it is not to be wondered at that he had no use for James or that he could conceive this lowly brother of Jesus to be inspired by the Pauline god that ordained kaisers and kings. (Christian commentators generally assert that James, alleged author of the Epistle in the New Testament under his name, was the brother of Jesus, mentioned in Matthew XIII, verse 55.)

That James, the brother of Jesus, really wrote this Epistle, is doubtful. Probably, as was frequently done, some obscure person wrote it and attached James' name to it in order to give it more authority. However, whoever wrote it was evidently far too radical to suit so orthodox a person as Luther. The opening verses of the fifth chapter of James do not furnish suitable texts for ruling class clergymen—"Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days. Behold, the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back

by fraud; and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of sabaoth."

Such talk as this is rather too strong for the doctors of divinity to discourse upon. They much prefer the saving of lost souls through faith in fables.

That a large and contradictory number of gospels and epistles were produced in the first three centuries, and that they ran riot with Roman mythologies, is but natural. Starting with Paul's epistles, Christianity, as a religion, was seized upon by the priests of the decaying Roman society as a means to continue their power. It became a fad—and the people are ever ready to follow a fad. The Roman rulers at first outlawed the new religion, and slaughtered its followers. They still saw in it the dangerous doctrines of Jesus. Finally, however, they discovered in Paul's servants obey your masters, and be ye subject to the powers that be creed, the making of a religion that suited their purposes. This was perfected by the Emperor Constantine, and gets in its work to this day.

There were all manner of beliefs among the various sects, and gospels and epistles written to maintain them. Jesus and his gospel was lost in a mass of mythologies. Some of these sects observed Holy Communion by devouring boiled babies,

dipped in honey and wine. Some worshiped three gods, and the Holy Virgin, and her mother, Ann. Some deified and worshiped all the dead saints. One sect, the Ophites, worshiped snakes. They are recorded by Hippolytus, Ireneus, Origen and Epiphanius. The creed of this sect is described as follows in the Encyclopedia Britannica, under Ophites, or Ophians, meaning "snake;" "The honor (or the worship) paid by them to the serpent is connected with the old mythologies of Babylon and Egypt as well as with the popular cults of Greece and the Orient. \* \* \* The Ophite system had its Trinity: (1) the Universal God, the First Man; (2) his conception, the Second Man; (3) a female Holy Spirit. From her the Third Man, Christ, was begotten by the First and Second."

It will be here noted that the Ophite Church taught that Christ had two fathers.

The description proceeds: "Christ flew upward with his mother, and in their ascent a spark of light fell on the waters as Sôphia. From this contact came Ialdabaoth the Demiurgos, who in turn produced six powers and with them created the seven heavens, and from the dregs of matter the Nous of serpent form, from whom are spirit and soul, evil and death. Ialdabaoth then announced himself as



the Supreme, and when man, created by the six powers, gave thanks for life not to Ialdabaoth, but the First Man, Ialdabaoth created a woman, Eve, to destroy him. Then Sophia or Prunikos sent the serpent, as a benefactor, to persuade Adam and Eve to eat of the tree of knowledge and so break the commandment of Ialdabaoth, who banished them from Paradise to earth. After a long war between mankind aided by Prunikos against Ialdabaoth (this is the inner story of the Old Testament), the Holy Spirit sends Christ to the earth to enter (united with his sister Prunikos) the pure vessel, the virgin-born Jesus. Jesus Christ worked miracles and declared himself the Son of the First Man. Ialdabaoth instigated the Jews to kill him, but only Jesus died on the cross, for Christ and Prunikos had departed from him. Christ then raised the spiritual body of Jesus, which remained on earth for eighteen months, initiating a small circle of elect disciples. Christ, received into heaven, sits at the right hand of Ialdabaoth, whom he deprives of glory and receives the souls that are his own. In some circles the serpent was identified with Prunikos."

Jesus was the flower of the Hebrew prophets of Brotherhood and Peace; the creeds of Christendom are the poison weeds of the world's ruling classes. Jesus voiced the vision of the martyred Isaiah: "And

he shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." "Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no place, that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth!" "Woe unto them that decree unrighteous decrees, and that write grievousness which they have prescribed; to turn aside the needy from judgment, and to take away the right from the poor of my people, that widows may be their prey, and that they may rob the fatherless!" "Judgment also will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet; and the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding place. And your covenant with death shall be disannulled, and your agreement with hell shall not stand; when the overflowing scourge shall pass through, then ye shall be trodden down by it."

Clearly, in his "Life of Jesus," has Ernest Renan noted "the change of policy" regarding original Christianity, "which," he says, "under Constantine, reversed the position, and made of the most free and spontaneous religious movement an official worship, subject to the State, and persecutor in its

turn." He describes the character of Jesus: "His preaching was gentle and pleasing, breathing Nature and the perfume of the fields. He loved the flowers, and took from them his most charming lessons. The birds of heaven, the sea, the mountains, and the games of children, furnished in turn the subjects of his instructions."

The "Peasant of Palestine," as Robert G. Ingersoll tenderly calls him, had nothing in common with the pomp of princes or the piety of priests. He was Nature's child, in the sweetest, serenest sense. He scorned the rich and powerful. He loved the outcast—the victim of class-ruled society. He told the Pharisees that the harlots would enter the kingdom of heaven before they. "When Jesus Christ met the Samaritan, met a few children, and an adulterous woman," says Maurice Maeterlinck, "then did humanity rise three times in succession to the level of God." And of God says this sage: "They only who have done good for sake of good, and as though He existed not; they only who love virtue more than they loved God Himself, shall be allowed to stand by His side." No one shall find fault with such a God as this.

Again says Maeterlinck: "Wisdom one day said to Reason, It were well to love one's enemies and

return good for evil. Reason, that day, tiptoe on the loftiest peak in its kingdom, at last was fain to agree."

For the predatory powers, and their time-serving priests, Jesus expressed contempt. His salvation was for those that labored and were heavy laden. It was to the meek—the gentle—the unpretentious—that he promised the earth. For the proud, the exalted, he had no glad tidings of great joy. They endured no chains that he had come to break, no bondage from which to be delivered. In the sight of Jesus they were a "generation of vipers"—an epithet used at that time to designate the extortioners. He had come to "set at liberty them that are bruised" by the vipers. He had come "to preach glad tidings to the poor," "to heal the broken-hearted," "deliverance to the captives," and "recovering of sight to the blind." The exploited poor were broken-hearted—they were in captivity—they were blind. Mammon was the cruel god that cursed the earth, and Jesus, in spite of all mandates of prince or priest, denounced this god.

Jesus was not a "lamb of God" to be sacrificed "to take away the sins of the world." He was the incarnation of revolt that stripped naked the wolves in sheep's clothing. It was these wolves that, years after his death, pictured him as a "lamb."

The ruling classes have never been known to hang lambs. They like the lambs, that follow after the bellwether. The lions among men are the ones that the ruling classes put out of the way. The Biblical writer that spoke of Jesus as "the Lion of the tribe of Judah" was far nearer the truth than the one that dubbed him the "Lamb of God." No lamb ever bleated "go tell the fox," as is recorded of Jesus when warned that Herod was on his trail. Lambs do not tell tyrants to go to hell.

Once this "lamb," so we are told—and, if so, the tradition of his being a powerfully built man must be true—beat up single-handed the money-changers that had located in the temple. At one time, so we are told, this "lamb" believed for a moment that the hour was ripe to overthrow the powers that plundered the people; and so he told his few followers to arm themselves, even if they had to sell their coats to do so. (Luke XXII, 36).

Can any one read this and doubt but that this "lamb", instead of meekly offering himself as a sacrifice, was ready to fight Caesar to the last ditch, if the masses would but rally to his support? He surely did not call for swords for the purpose of holding a prayer meeting.

And yet above all things was Jesus a prophet of peace. He hated war as he hated oppression.

Gladly—who can doubt it, that listens to his loving call to human brotherhood?—would Jesus have welcomed every son and daughter of man into his vision of the kingdom of heaven. He repudiated the doctrine of revenge—the Biblical law of an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. His soul was too big to entertain the thought of revenging any evil done. And yet he prophesies the overthrow of the kingdoms of mammon by the sword. It is not the way he would have chosen, nor is it the way that the millions of humanity-loving men and women of today would choose. It is not a mere incident that the slogan of the twentieth century is, "To make the world safe for democracy." It is destiny. Never will those words cease resounding in the ears of men until the earth is made not only a political, but an industrial democracy. Never will they cease until the last chain that binds humanity is broken, and the last power that can drive the race to war is crushed. From dungeon and exile and gallows will the triumphant spirits of the Rejected Prophets of Brotherhood and Peace at last arise, and trample in the dust the thrones of kings.

The transformation of the human Jesus into a mythical deity was, after all, a comparatively easy matter, when one takes into consideration the cun-

ning of the ruling classes, and the condition of the masses, at that period of the world's history.

"It is," says Thomas Paine, "not difficult to account for the credit that was given to the story of Jesus Christ being the Son of God. He was born when the heathen mythology had still some fashion and repute in the world, and that mythology had prepared the people for the belief of such a story. Almost all the extraordinary men that lived under the heathen mythology were reputed to be the sons of some of their gods. It was not a new thing, at that time, to believe a man to have been celestially begotten; the intercourse of gods with women was then a matter of familiar opinion. Their Jupiter, according to their accounts, had cohabited with hundreds; the story, therefore, had nothing in it either new, wonderful, or obscene; it was conformable to the opinions that prevailed among the people called Gentiles, or Mythologists, and it was those people only that believed it. The Jews, who had kept strictly to the belief of one God, and no more, and who had always rejected the heathen mythology, never credited the story. It is curious to observe how the theory of what is called the Christian Church sprang out of the tail of the heathen mythology. A direct incorporation took place in the first instance, by making the reputed

founder to be celestially begotten. The trinity of gods that followed was no other than a reduction of the former plurality, which was about twenty or thirty thousand; the statue of Mary succeeded the statue of Diana of Ephesus; the deification of heroes changed into the canonization of saints; the mythologists had gods for everything; the Christian Mythologists had saints for everything; the Church became as crowded with one, as the Pantheon had been with the other, and Rome was the place of both. The Christian theory is little else than the idolatry of the ancient Mythologists, accommodated to the purposes of power and revenue; and it yet remains to reason and philosophy to abolish the amphibious fraud."

Of the character of Jesus Thomas Paine writes: "Nothing that is here said can apply, even with the most distant disrespect, to the real character of Jesus Christ. He was a virtuous and amiable man. The morality that he preached and practiced was of the most benevolent kind; and though similar systems of morality had been preached by Confucius, and some of the Greek philosophers, many years before; by the Quakers since; and by many good men in all ages, it has not been exceeded by any. \* \* \* He preached most excellent morality and the equality of man; but he preached also



against the corruptions and avarice of the Jewish priests, and this brought upon him the hatred and vengeance of the whole order of priesthood. The accusation which those priests brought against him was that of sedition and conspiracy against the Roman government, to which the Jews were then subject and tributary; and it is not improbable that the Roman government might have had some secret apprehensions of the effects of his doctrine, as well as the Jewish priests; neither is it improbable that Jesus Christ had in contemplation the delivery of the Jewish nation from the bondage of the Romans. Between the two, however, this virtuous reformer and revolutionist lost his life."

Regarding the fabulous story of Jesus being begotten by a god, and the just as fabulous story of his resurrection and ascension, Paine humorously writes: "As to the account given of his resurrection and ascension, it was the necessary counterpart to the story of his birth. His historians, having brought him into the world in a supernatural manner, were obliged to take him out again in the same manner, or the first part of the story must have fallen to the ground. The wretched contrivance with which this latter part is told exceeds everything that went before it. The first part, that of the miraculous conception, was not a thing that

admitted of publicity; and therefore the tellers of this part of the story had this advantage, that though they might not be credited, they could not be detected. They could not be expected to prove it, because it was not one of those things that admitted of proof, and it was impossible that the person of whom it was told could prove it himself. But the resurrection of a dead person from the grave, and his ascension through the air, is a thing very different as to the evidence it admits of, to the invisible conception of a child in the womb. The resurrection and ascension, supposing them to have taken place, admitted of public and ocular demonstration, like that of the ascension of a balloon, or the sun at noonday, to all Jerusalem at least. A thing which everybody is required to believe requires that the proof and evidence of it should be equal to all; and universal; and as the public visibility of this last related act was the only evidence that could give sanction to the former part, the whole of it falls to the ground, because that evidence never was given. Instead of this, a small number of persons, not more than eight or nine, are introduced (long after the supernatural phenomena is alleged to have taken place) as proxies for the whole world, to say they saw it, and all the rest of the world are called upon to believe it."

Paul, who did not see it, and who did not pretend to believe it until seized one day with a fit, is the only authentic writer in the New Testament that narrates the story of the resurrection and ascension; but his self-confession of thinking nothing whatever of telling lies "to the glory of God" makes his testimony as worthless as the average newspaper editorial of today. Even at that Paul had never heard of the miraculous conception of Christ. The synoptic gospels, that contain this myth, were not written until years after Paul's death. Paul asserts in the opening verses of his epistle to the Romans (admitted by scholars to be a genuine document) that Jesus Christ was born "of the seed of David according to the flesh, and declared to be the Son of God \* \* \* by the resurrection from the dead."

Paine evidently overlooked this when he drew his conclusion that the story of Jesus' resurrection and ascension was "the necessary counterpart to the story of his birth." Instead it would appear as if the story of his miraculous birth was the necessary counterpart of the story of his resurrection and ascension. However, the argument set forth by Paine applies either way. The miraculous birth and the miraculous ascension fit each other in the fabulous tale, no matter which was invented first.

Paul doubtless would not have hesitated a moment to declare that Jesus' mother was a virgin, and his father a god, if he had heard the story. As it was the best that Paul could think of, in order to sustain his creed of subjection to the powers that be, and the servility of slaves to their masters, was to declare that Jesus—the son, according to Paul himself, of a proletarian carpenter — was really of royal blood, descended from King David.

While no one is responsible for his ancestry, yet I cannot believe that Jesus would have been very proud of David's blood. Even if he had believed that he was descended from this debauched king—who thought nothing of killing the husband of a good-looking young woman so he could appropriate her for himself—I doubt if he would have mentioned it. However, born among the poor, who have in all history had such a struggle to feed the living that they never took time or worry concerning their dead family tree, it is doubtful if Jesus knew who his great-grandfather was, leave alone the stretch of nearly a thousand years back to King David. A comparison of the contradictory accounts that appear in Matthew and Luke, both purporting to give the names of Jesus' progenitors, discloses that if God, as is declared, inspired these narratives, he is given to blunders. According to Matthew Jesus de-

scended from David's son Solomon, whose mother, we are told, was the stolen wife of Uriah, whom David had killed in order to obtain her; while according to Luke Jesus descended from Nathan, another son of David, whose mother is completely lost sight of in the following short biography found in Second Samuel, chapter V, verses 13 and 14: "And David took him more concubines and wives out of Jerusalem, after he was come from Hebron; and there were yet sons and daughters born to David. And these be the names of those born unto him in Jerusalem"—here follows a list of a dozen or so male youngsters sired by David from the aforementioned assortment of concubines and wives, and among them is Nathan. The names of the daughters are not given. Females, in those days, except for breeding purposes, did not count. While, so it is claimed, Solomon's pedigree from the wife of the assassinated Uriah is preserved, Nathan's appears to be lost.

The story of Jesus' royal ancestry, like that of his divine ancestry, was originated for the purpose of removing him from the common people to whom he belonged and whom he loved, and transforming him into a royal lord such as the ruling classes have always held up to awe and subjugate the workers.

While I am inclined to believe that the evidence

of his crucifixion and death preponderate, yet there are legends coming down from that time that claim that he was not crucified, or if he was that he was rescued from the cross before life became extinct and made his escape into some secluded hills where he lived to over sixty years of age. One tradition says that Paul knew of his whereabouts, and threatened his death if he should try to donounce him (Paul) as an impostor. It matters not. The chief concern to awakening humanity is to expose the deception the Church has paraded in the name of Christ.

Dr. Samuel Davidson, in his scholarly work, "The Canon of the Bible: Its Formation, History and Fluctuations," makes an assertion that is not only historically true, but which also discloses the character of primitive Christianity. He says: "No New Testament canon, except a partial and unauthoritative one, existed till the latter half of the second century, that is, till the idea of a Catholic church began to be entertained. The living power of Christianity in its early stages had no need of books for its nurture."

The gospel of Brotherhood and Peace needed no myths to sustain it. The memory of these two words—Brotherhood and Peace—that charged every utterance that fell from the lips of Jesus, was an all-

sufficient confession of faith for his immediate followers. To these the salvation of the world depended not upon forms and ceremonies; neither did it depend upon the blood of sacrifice. It depended upon equality in the means of life, the abolition of predatory classes, the annihilation of warring governments and their boundary lines. Neither prince nor priest, nor parasite of any kind, had any place whatever in the society of the Jewish followers of Jesus of the first century.

Truly, indeed, in the language of Dr. Davidson, *"the living power of Christianity in its early stages had no need of books for its nurture."*

Its message to an enslaved race required no humbugs. The world was already overstocked with these. And the age-long conspiracy, on the part of the ruling classes, to perpetuate these humbugs for their own interests, is strikingly disclosed in the preface of Dr. Davidson's work: "The substance of the present work was written toward the close of the year 1875 for the new edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica. Having been abridged and mutilated, contrary to the author's wishes, before its publication there, he resolved to print it entire."

Such are the kept-publications, and the kept-press, and the kept-clergy.

## CHAPTER XXII.

**T**HE prophet of Christendom is not the human Jesus; neither is his gospel of brotherhood and peace the Christian creed. The prophet of Christendom is the Emperor Constantine, and the Christian creed is the decision of the First Council of Nice.

This council, held under the auspices and authority of Constantine, repudiated the human Jesus, and created in his stead the mythical Christ; it changed the day of worship from the Jewish Sabbath (Saturday) to the pagan Sunday; it decreed the doctrine of eternal torture; it ordained the holy days and ceremonies, the sacred rites and festivals, all in accordance with Roman mythology; it gave us the Trinity—the three gods in one; and it gathered together the legends and fables that three centuries of illiterate “holy fathers” had conceived and written, and from this mass of myths selected and formed the New Testament.

Says so conservative a writer as Dean Dudley: “In regard to the Canons and Decrees: I think the



best time for the Easter Festival would have been the ancient, honored day of the Jewish Passover. It was opposed merely by a whim of Constantine, because, as a Roman, he hated the nation which his country had long detested and persecuted, that is, the Jews. \* \* \* His change in the Day of Rest arose from the same unjust prejudice."

Again says this writer: "Whether Jesus taught the doctrine of an eternal hell for punishment in the after life, is a question among doctors of divinity. Origen denied it. The Roman Catholic Church has adopted purgatory in imitation of sheol, hades or tartarus. That church has many doctrines, forms and rites similar to those of the older religions. Jesus seems to have considered doing good deeds and living a pure life the true way to worship God" (Life of Constantine).

The Roman Catholic Church has never been quite cruel enough to consign sinners immediately to a hell-fire. It provides an intermediate state from which some may be rescued. Protestantism alone promulgates the doctrine of immediate and eternal and hopeless damnation.

Of the religious ideas of Constantine, Dean Dudley writes: "His superstition was equal to his cunning. He praised and patronized the monks, nuns, hermits and devotees of every sort who deprived

themselves of the comforts of life and despised nearly all social obligations. To live in rags and dirt, and eat herbs like some beasts was the holiest fashion in the estimation of the early Fathers. They could not have deduced it from the life of Christ."

In order to prove his partnership with God and an assurance of a welcome entrance into heaven, Constantine had a gold coin struck with a likeness of himself on one side, and on the other a representation of his being transported to heaven, Elijah-like, in a chariot drawn by celestial steeds, with God's hand reaching down to receive him.

Constantine was a war-lord—that is, he was a human butcher by profession. He usurped the throne and was proclaimed Emperor by his troops in the year 306. In the same year, in the city of Rome, Maxentius was proclaimed Emperor. Therefore, in order to hold the throne, Constantine felt compelled to kill Maxentius. This he did at the battle of the Milvian Bridge, in the year 312. Then Constantine, in order to make himself still more secure, put to death the two sons of Maxentius.

And herein is found the story of Constantine's conversion to Christianity: The Emperor Maxentius adhered to the old religion of Rome and worshiped the pagan gods. "He was a vile tyrant," says Milman, "but not a persecutor." Roman pa-

ganism was becoming weaker and weaker. The real message of Jesus—the vision of fraternity and peace—was still a menace to the empire. Then it was that the cunning of Constantine arose to the occasion. He became a Christian. He justified his slaughter of Maxentius and his two sons in the name of the Christian Jehovah, in order that a “true believer” might reign. Eusebius, who became a friend and flatterer of Constantine, thus records Constantine’s “miraculous” conversion—conveniently occurring at the time that he was seeking justification in the eyes of the populace for the destruction of the Emperor Maxentius:

“Accordingly,” says Eusebius, “he (Constantine) called on him (the Christian God), with earnest prayer and supplications, that he would reveal to him who he was, and stretch forth his right hand to help him in his present difficulties. And, while he was thus praying with fervent entreaty, a most marvelous sign appeared to him from heaven, the account of which it might have been difficult to receive with credit, had it been related by any other person. But since the victorious emperor himself, long afterwards, declared it to the writer of this history, when he was honored with his acquaintance and society, and confirmed his statement by an oath, who could hesitate to credit the relation, especially since

the testimony of after-time (meaning, doubtless, Constantine's 'pious' life) has established its truth? He said that about mid-day, when the sun was beginning to decline, he saw with his own eyes the trophy of a cross of light in the heavens, above the sun, and bearing the inscription: 'IN HOC SIGNO VINCES!' (Under this sign thou shalt conquer.)

"At this sight he himself was struck with amazement, and his whole army also, which happened to be following him on some expedition, and witnessed the miracle. He moreover said that he doubted within himself what the import of this apparition could be. And while he continued to ponder and reason on its meaning, night imperceptibly drew on; and in his sleep the Christ of God appeared to him with the same sign which he had seen in the heavens, and commanded him to procure a standard made in the likeness of that sign, and to use it as a safeguard in all engagements with his enemies.

"At dawn he set his artificers to work and had the signal made and beautified with gold and gems. The Romans now call it the 'Labarum.' It was in the following form: A long spear overlaid with gold, crossed by a piece laid over it. On the top of all was a crown, formed of gold and jewels interwoven, on which were placed two letters indicating the name of Christ—the Greek letter P being inter-

sected by X exactly in its center. From the transverse piece, which crossed the spear, was suspended a banner of purple cloth covered with profuse embroidery of bright jewels and gold. It was of square form, and over it (beneath the cross) was placed a golden half-length picture of the emperor and his children. The standard he ordered to be carried at the head of all his armies.”

Eusebius further states that Constantine told him that those who carried this standard never received a wound; that Christ himself went continually with it into battle. These and other wonderful things were claimed for the standard of Constantine.

It will be noted that all this was told to Eusebius by Constantine “long after” the miracle had happened. Eusebius is not the only holy father who has professed faith in such miraculous tales. Besides, Constantine was a powerful ruler, whose friendship was to be highly prized. And had it not been recorded that the Apostle Paul—who was repudiated by the first followers of Jesus—declared that it is right to lie to the glory of God? Paul, who, it is said, had also claimed to have seen a vision similar to Constantine’s and from hearing which Constantine had probably received his inspiration, had in his epistles emasculated the teachings of Jesus, as contained in the Sermon on the Mount—

the only authentic words we have, as acknowledged by scholars, that fell from the lips of Jesus—and who carried the revolutionary message of the simple Jewish carpenter to a realm beyond the grave, had already set a foundation for the cunning work of Constantine. Moreover, Constantine was a pious and prayerful man, and that carries a great weight. So it is easy to understand how Eusebius “believed” his story—or at least pretended to do so.

Constantine’s purpose—his conspiracy—as revealed in the work of the Council of Nice, was to create a creed, in the name of Christianity, that would be as acceptable to the ruling-class as the ancient Roman mythology that was fast falling to pieces. It seems ridiculous to claim that Constantine himself really believed the new religion. His predecessors, the Roman emperors, as well as the patricians, only looked upon religion as a power to hold the masses in subjection; and the shrewdness and deceit employed by the tools of Constantine at the Council of Nice in formulating the “orthodox belief” of Christendom, and in compiling the “divinely inspired” New Testament to sustain them, disclose that no change of heart had taken place in this respect.

Christianity emerged from that Council as a combination of Roman paganism and Old Testament

savagery. The Jewish Jehovah was discovered to be even a more ferocious deity than any of the Roman gods. He was, therefore, doctored up a bit in order to make him still more bloodthirsty and vindictive—was made the father of a son to be offered to himself in sacrifice—the human Jesus with his message of fraternity and peace was transformed into a pagan myth, the promise of Heaven for believers and the threat of Hell for heretics was pronounced, and Constantine and his bishops doubtless laughed in their sleeves at the plot they had put across.

There is evidence that the early prelates of the church did not believe their own creed—that it was only intended for the masses. Faith, on the part of the rulers and the “upper” classes, came with the continued repetition of the story through the future years. The monks, the nuns, the lower orders of priests, and the ignorant people—these were the only ones at first supposed to be credulous enough to accept orthodox Christianity. The purpose of the Council of Nice, as conceived by Constantine, was to inaugurate a religion that would emphasize Paul’s injunction, “Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters.” Thus the popes and princes might live in splendor. And it worked—and is still working. Wallowing in wealth and surrounded

with every luxury, Pope Leo X exclaimed, "And all these privileges have been secured to us by the fable of Jesus Christ" (Ernst Haeckel, Riddle of the Universe). Such was the faith of the holy fathers who were posted.

The character of Constantine himself was so unspeakably bestial that no rational person will credit him with either honesty or decency of purpose. He was a monster. Claiming the guidance of the god that slaughtered the Midianites, men, women and children, and turned the maidens over to the lust of the soldiers, Constantine murdered all who stood in his way, or who dared oppose his authority. He murdered his wife, Fausta—had her suffocated in a boiling bath—and he murdered his father, Maximian; he murdered his own son, Crispus; he murdered Licinius, who had married his sister, and also her eleven-year-old child; these, and many more, did the Christian Emperor Constantine murder, many of whom were his own blood relations. And after every murder he would dress himself in his royal raiment and sing, "Who is like to Thee, O Lord, among the gods?"

Constantine had his likeness stamped on gold coins, with his eyes uplifted, as though in prayer. He destroyed the images of the pagan gods, and built churches all over the empire. His subjects



were commanded to cease worshipping Jupiter and Diana and Apollo, and instead to worship Jehovah and the Virgin Mary and Christ. The masses never knew the difference.

The theology of Constantine should even astonish some of the modern divines. He proved the virgin birth of Christ by quoting Virgil:

“Begin, Sicilian Muse, a loftier strain,  
The voice of Cuma’s oracle is heard again.

See where the circling years new blessings bring;  
The virgin comes, and He, the long-wished king.”

The best that can be said of Constantine is that, like most of “royal” blood, he was insane. He knew enough to be cunning and cruel, and that was all. Philostorgius says that he murdered two wives, and that his three sons that survived him were the children of a prostitute. Such was the authority that convened and presided over the First Council of Nice, that gave us the doctrine of the Trinity, the Atonement, and the promise of Heaven and threat of Hell.

Roman society at that time, and up to the fall of the empire, was the vilest and most cruel imaginable; vile and cruel on the part of the aristocracy,

and ignorant and slavish on the part of the impoverished masses. Continual wars had produced a race of degenerates. The immoralities and crimes against nature that were openly practiced at the feasts of the nobility are considered unprintable. The description that Gibbon originally gave of these feasts has been expurgated from his works by the American authorities. Thus does vulgar prudery cover over the social diseases that the great historian wisely pictured as a warning example.

There was no religious faith on the part of the ruling-class. The gods of Rome and Greece, and the gods of Egypt and Palestine, all looked alike to the Roman patricians. They were all myths. Among the educated there were a few followers of the Greek school of philosophy—a leaven, that, perhaps, had it not been destroyed by the priests of Roman Christianity, might have saved the decaying society. But none of the educated formed any part of the “holy fathers” chosen by Constantine to sit in council and formulate the creed of Christendom. These “holy fathers” were ignorant, drunken and licentious priests. They were politicians of the lowest type first, and priests afterwards. Of these “religious” councils, that have given us our “holy” and “inspired” creed, Bronson C. Keeler, in his “History of the Bible,” writes,

quoting such authorities as Dr. Philip Schaff and H. H. Milman: "The reader would err greatly did he suppose that in these assemblies one or two hundred gentlemen sat down to discuss quietly and dignifiedly the questions which had come up before them for settlement. On the contrary, many of the bishops were ruffians, and were followed by crowds of vicious supporters, who stood ready on the slightest excuse to maim and kill their opponents. The most shocking scenes that occur in the ward political conventions in the worst districts of our great cities are as nothing compared with what history tells us was common in these Christian councils."

The First Council of Nice, upon whose decisions hang the faith of Christendom, was composed of priests who had barely stepped out of the myths of pagan worship, and who decided "holy" questions by a knockdown fight or a vote. It is doubtful if any one of these clericals, who have told us all about our gods, devils, hell and damnation, drew a sober breath during the entire proceedings. At a third general council of the church, which was held at Ephesus in the year 431, history tells us that the "holy fathers" "came with armed escorts, as if going to battle, and were followed by great mobs of the ignorant rabble, slaves and seamen, the lower populace of Constantinople, peasants and bathmen,

and hordes of women, prepared for violence." They "fought in the streets and much blood was shed." (Milman, *History Latin Christianity*.)

The true followers of the teachings of Jesus—those whom Ernst Haeckel historically describes as "communists, sometimes Social Democrats who, according to the prevailing theory in Germany today, ought to have been exterminated with fire and sword," were well nigh wiped out of existence by persecution, torture and martyrdom. In their stead had arisen a time-serving priesthood, followers of Paul, instead of Jesus. These priests had written innumerable gospels and epistles, to which they had affixed the names of early apostles. In these spurious writings Roman mythology played a much larger part than Judaism. The deism of Judaism was discarded, and the doctrine of the three gods taught. There was one sect, the Arians, followers of Arius, who still virtually denied the divinity of Jesus; but they were doomed to extinction before the power of Rome, that enunciated the story of a god begetting a son by a virgin, only to have him offered up in sacrifice to save sinners. And it was to make a binding state religion, with its salvation and damnation, its sacrifice of Jesus and its trinity of deities, to deny which was not only blasphemy but treason, and to canonize a so-called New Testa-

ment, taken from the innumerable gospels and epistles that had accumulated during three centuries, that the First Council of Nice was convened by the Emperor Constantine.

Of the success of this council, Dean Dudley writes: "The objects were all attained by the means of the Council, except the principal one. Arianism (that denied the divine birth of Jesus), though checked for a short time, again burst forth with ten-fold energy, and long agitated the religious world. However, it finally was completely vanquished and eradicated from the high places of Christendom."

As gleaned from history, it would be a spectacle to stagger the faith of the most bigoted to view the make-up and proceedings of the First Council of Nice. Call to your mind an assemblage of 318 of the most ignorant, illiterate, cunning ward-healers that has ever come to your notice; the Council of Nice was more ignorant, and more illiterate, and more cunning than these. It was an age so degenerate that it was already fit to plunge itself into the abyss of the Dark Ages. Presiding over these 318 priests, sat the coarse, bloated-faced Constantine, the murderer. Such was the Council of Nice, called to canonize a holy scripture and proclaim a religion that damns to eternal torture those who deny it.

The way the work was done was something marvelous. Haeckel has given the following description of it in his "Riddle of the Universe":

"As to the four canonical gospels, we now know that they were selected from a host of contradictory and forged manuscripts of the first three centuries by the three hundred and eighteen bishops who assembled at the Council of Nice in 325. The entire list of gospels numbered forty; the canonical list contains four. As the contending and mutually abusive bishops could not agree about the choice, they determined to leave the selection to a miracle. They put all the books (according to the 'Synodicon of Pappus') together underneath the altar, and prayed that the apocryphal books, of human origin, might remain there, and the genuine, inspired books might be miraculously placed on the table of the Lord! The three synoptic gospels (Matthew, Mark, and Luke—all written 'after' them, not 'by' them, at the beginning of the second century) and the very different fourth gospel (ostensibly 'after' John, written about the middle of the second century) leaped on the table, and were thenceforth recognized as the inspired (with their thousand mutual contradictions) foundations of Christian doctrine. \* \* \* The most important sources after the gospels are the fourteen separate (and generally forged)

epistles of Paul. The genuine Pauline gospels (three in number, according to recent criticism—to the Romans, Galatians, and Corinthians) were written *before* the canonical gospels, and contain less incredible miraculous matter than they.”

## CHAPTER XXIII.

**A**FTER the extinction of paganism" writes Gibbon, "the Christians in peace and piety might have enjoyed their solitary triumph. But the principle of discord was alive in their bosom, and they were more solicitous to explore the nature, than to practice the laws, of their founder. \* \* \* The disputes of the Trinity were succeeded by those of the Incarnation."

The mathematical riddle of three gods in one at first puzzled the minds of pagans who, with all their various gods and goddesses, gave a corporeal individuality to each deity; and the idea of a virgin conceiving by an incorporeal ghost somewhat strained their imagination.

The Gnostics apologized for the teaching of the universal damnation of the race, and the subsequent salvation of a select few through the sacrifice of Jesus, by declaring that Jehovah of the Jews, who had damned the race, was a powerful demon, and that Jesus was a benevolent god that had come to earth to overturn the power of Jehovah. Not until



the sixth or seventh century was the creed of Constantine, as it now exists, generally accepted; and the world first had to become a madhouse, through four centuries of dark ages, to firmly plant this creed in human brains.

Christianity, dating from the fourth century, can be best described as a joke and a tragedy—a joke, so far as the ruling classes were concerned, and a tragedy upon the part of the masses that believed it. The Church was divided into what Gibbon describes as “the Vulgar and Ascetic Christians.” “The prince or magistrate, the soldier or merchant, reconciled their fervent zeal, and implicit faith, with the exercise of their profession, the pursuit of their interest, and the indulgence of their passions; but the Ascetics, who obeyed and abused the rigid precepts of the gospel, were inspired by the savage enthusiasm which represents man as a criminal, and God as a tyrant.” They “embraced a life of misery, as the price of eternal happiness.”

In other words, the creed of Constantine was not taken seriously by the nobility and professional classes, the soldiers and merchants; to them it was, in the language of Pope Leo X, “the fable of Jesus Christ.” The purpose and mission of the creed of Constantine was to keep the masses in ignorance,

superstition and servility. And it has well fulfilled its purpose and mission.

The degradation to which the followers of the creed of Constantine have voluntarily sunk themselves discloses the effect of orthodox Christianity on some minds. Orders of Hermits, Monks, Anchorets, Nuns and other like lunatics overran the country. These renounced the world, chastised their bodies, mortified the natural instincts, abjured marriage, starved themselves, lived in dens and deserts, in cloisters and caves, scratched their skins raw with rough sackcloth garments, wore pebbles in their shoes and thistles under their hairy shirts, and chanted dismal psalms to a wrathful deity in the hope of finally saving their souls. Now and then, in the triumphal march of this creed, appeared a man who had neither gone insane or renounced his integrity. These were hounded as heretics. They were tortured with every agony that the priests could conceive. They were burned at the stake and flayed alive. There is no infamy imaginable that Christianity cannot boast.

In the latter part of the sixth century there appeared in Arabia a "prophet" whose faith, at one time, threatened to wipe the creed of Constantine off the earth. Born in the city of Mecca, about the year 570, Mahomet from his early youth was a religious

fanatic. "He sprung from the tribe of Koreish and the family of Hashem," records Gibbon, "the most illustrious of the Arabs, the princes of Mecca, and the hereditary guardians of the Caaba (the holy temple at Meccà). \* \* \* In his early infancy he was deprived of his father, his mother, and his grandfather; his uncles were strong and numerous: and, in the division of the inheritance, the orphan's share was reduced to five camels and an Ethiopian maid servant. \* \* \* According to the tradition of his companions, Mahomet was distinguished by the beauty of his person, an outward gift, which is seldom despised, except by those to whom it has been refused. Before he spoke, the orator engaged on his side the affections of a public or private audience. They applauded his commanding presence, his majestic aspect, his piercing eye, his gracious smile, his flowing beard, his countenance that painted every sensation of the soul, and his gestures that enforced each expression of the tongue. \* \* \* With these powers of eloquence, Mahomet was an illiterate Barbarian; his youth had never been instructed in the arts of reading and writing."

Such, in brief, is a description of the Prophet of Islam, who, by the sword, set out to bring the world back to the "one only and true God." That he could neither read or write was no reproach at that period.

Few, even among the upper classes possessed this knowledge. Professional scribes performed these services for pay, just as professional stenographers take dictation today.

Mahomet, in his religious zeal, looked into the prevailing religions around him—the newly invented creed of Constantine, and the ancient worship of the Jews. Neither suited him. He criticised the creed of Constantine on account of its trinity of gods, and he criticised the Jews for not accepting Jesus as a prophet sent from God. Nor did Mahomet admire the future reward that the creed of Constantine promised to believers. Singing bands of sexless angels with harps and crowns offered no attraction to the sensuous sons of the desert. So Mahomet pictured a Paradise abounding in beautiful black-eyed maidens, called *houris*, seventy-two of whom became the brides of the meanest of the faithful. To the Arabs this looked far more tempting than the promise of a gold crown and harp. In his twenty-fifth year Mahomet married a rich widow of Mecca, named Cadijah, who embraced his religion and looked upon him as a prophet of God. After that the love affairs of Mahomet would doubtless have paralleled Solomon's had his means held out.

The angel Gabriel appeared to Mahomet with the information that the Scriptures had been badly cor-

rupted by different writers, and that God had chosen him to rewrite them. From time to time Gabriel dictated to Mahomet as to what should be written; and Mahomet in turn dictated the words to one of his disciples who was able to write and who inscribed them on the shoulder blades of sheep. Thus in time the Koran, the Holy Word of God of the Mussulmans, appeared. The special prophets of God, according to the Koran, are Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, and Mahomet, each rising, in the order named, superior to the other; Mahomet being the greatest.

The seal of divine inspiration that is placed upon the Koran outranks all the decisions pronounced upon the New Testament by the bishops at Constantine's Council of Nice. We are told that the angel Gabriel brought to Mahomet the identical volume of Scriptures, bound in silk and precious stones, that was used in Heaven, and which was the personal property of God himself. No canon law can come anywhere near competing with this claim.

The miracles performed by Mahomet to prove that he was chosen of God, accounts of which began to be circulated a few years after his death, equal, or even surpass, those told of Christ. No wonder—Mahomet, claim the Mussulmans, was the Holy Ghost himself. Says Gibbon: "The evangelic prom-

ise of the *Paraclete*, or Holy Ghost, was prefigured in the name and accomplished in the person, of Mahomet, the greatest and last of the apostles of God." By a jugglery of the "prophecies" contained in the Scriptures concerning the manifestations of the Holy Ghost, and a few changes of the Greek letters that spell the Ghost's name, the Mussulmans have shown that the etymology of the name Mahomet fulfills the prophecies. Theologians are adepts at this sort of work. If, therefore, the Christian claim of Jesus having been begotten by the Holy Ghost were true, then the Mussulman claim would make Mahomet Jesus' father. And the faith that proves the one just as readily proves the other.

The parentage of Mahomet, while boasting no immaculate conceptions, was marked by a marvelous manifestation. He was the only son of Abdallah, who, we are told, "was the most beautiful and modest of the Arabian youth," and Amina, a beautiful Jewess, and of the noble race of the Zahrites. On the night of Abdallah's marriage to Amina, say the Mussulmans, "two hundred virgins expired of jealousy and despair." No such inconsolable exhibition of grief and disappointment at not becoming a mother of a god occurred when Jehovah chose the Virgin Mary.

Among the miracles and wonders told of Ma-

homet it is recorded that trees walked forth to meet him; stones would rise up in the air and salute him; when, while traveling in the desert, he became thirsty, cold water gushed from his fingers; he fed the hungry by the miraculous creation of food, healed the sick and raised the dead to life; a camel, upon approaching Mahomet, was given the power of speech and talked to the prophet; also a dove from Paradise would fly down and perch on his shoulder and whisper in his ear; an enemy at one time poisoned a shoulder of mutton that was prepared for Mahomet's meal; the shoulder of mutton turned over in the dish and informed Mahomet of what had been done to it. The angel Gabriel was a constant companion of Mahomet's, and the two took frequent journeys together to Paradise to consult with God. Mahomet was furnished with a mysterious animal, called the Borak, that was bred in Paradise, upon whose back he made nightly trips from Mecca to Jerusalem and back. We are told that "with his companion, Gabriel, he successively ascended the seven heavens, and received and repaid the salutations of the patriarchs, the prophets, and the angels, in their respective mansions. Beyond the seventh heaven, Mahomet alone was permitted to proceed; he passed the veil of unity, approached within two bow-shots of the throne, and felt a cold

wave that pierced him to the heart, when his shoulder was touched by the hand of God." After this familiar visit with God he again "descended to Jerusalem, remounted the Borak, returned to Mecca, and performed in the tenth part of a night the journey of many thousand years."

The first heaven, we are told, was of solid silver. There Mahomet met Adam, who embraced him, and gave thanks to God for having at last given him a son who could save the world. There also Mahomet gazed with wonder at the countless golden chains that hung from the silver foundation, and at the ends of which the stars were fastened. Mahomet and Moses, it will be noted, taught the same school of astronomy.

The second heaven was of solid gold, and there Mahomet met Noah. The third heaven was composed of precious stones. Upon his arriving there the first person that Mahomet recognized was Abraham. The two, however, had barely shaken hands, when Mahomet was startled by the appearance of an angel of most stupendous proportions. To give an idea of the size of this angel, we are informed that the distance between his eyes was "seventy thousand days' journey," and his height was "five million and forty thousand days' journey."

The fourth heaven was of emerald. Joseph, the



son of Jacob, was in charge of this heaven, and welcomed Mahomet. The fifth heaven was built of adamant. This was the residence of Moses. The sixth heaven was of solid carbuncle, and was the home of John the Baptist. The seventh heaven Mahomet found to be the end of the universe, constructed of all manner of brilliant jewels. Unlike the other heavens, there was no apartment overhead. It was the top flat. Beyond it was empty space, filled with flying angels accompanied by houris of dazzling beauty. Wonderful and strange creatures were some of these angels. One of them is described as having seventy thousand heads, with seventy thousand mouths that sang seventy thousand different songs at once to the glory of God. Christ was the general overseer and manager of this heaven. He remained so until Mahomet superseded him. And here, upon an elevated throne of pure gold, God himself sat and by his magic governed and controlled all creation. His splendor and size was beyond the uttermost limits of human imagination. Mahomet, as told, could only approach within two bow-shots of him. Mahomet could not have endured to have stood even this close if Jehovah had not covered his face with seventy thousand veils.

Mahomet's description of Paradise is thus seen

to be much more clear and definite than that of the inspired author of the Book of Revelations.

At one time Mahomet was delivering a sermon at Mecca, and, so great was his oratory, and so powerful his voice, that he "split asunder the orb of the moon, and the obedient planet stooped from her station in the sky, accomplished the seven revolutions round the Caaba, saluted Mahomet in the Arabian tongue, and, suddenly contracting her dimensions, entered at the collar, and issued forth through the sleeve of his shirt."

Mahomet was a most faithful follower of Jehovah. He believed in human slavery; he believed in polygamy, and taught and practiced it; in fact, he believed in the Scriptures. He started out to convert the world in true biblical style—by force of arms. He handled the "infidels" as Jehovah did the Midianites. With the sword the Mussulmans carried the faith into western Asia and all of northern Africa and into Spain. They captured Jerusalem, and guarded the alleged sepulchre of Christ. For years the Christians and the Mussulmans fought for supremacy, each hating the other. Finally the Christians, under Charles the Hammer, on the field of Tours, overwhelmingly defeated the Moslems, slaying, so it is claimed, over three hundred thousand of the enemy. "But for this," writes Gibbon,

“perhaps the interpretation of the Koran would now be taught in the schools of Oxford, and her pulpit would demonstrate to a circumcised people the sanctity and truth of the revelation of Mahomet.”

Which creed—that of Constantine or that of Mahomet—would have been the worse, is hard to decide. Both bind in slavery the body and brain. Nor could the Crescent lead to bloodier slaughter than the Cross has led. No king or kaiser or czar of Europe, or exploiter, though he knelt in prayer to Allah at daybreak, noon and evening, with eyes turned toward Mecca, could outrage the race more than the powers that be, that follow the creed of Constantine, have done.

The creed of Constantine, with its trinity of gods and hosts of saints, its rites and ceremonies, its immaculate conceptions, its incense and altars, its celibate priests and nuns, copied after the Roman mythology, naturally appealed to a people reared under paganism; while the religion of Mahomet found its most fertile soil where Judaism had implanted the belief in one God. Besides, wherever Judaism went, there polygamy was sanctioned. Monogamy is an inheritance from ancient Rome, and was originally established, not as a virtue, nor as a part of religious belief, but as an economic measure to prevent the

patricians from appropriating so many of the healthiest and handsomest of the women that not enough were left for the plebians to reproduce a sufficient number of their species to supply the labor market.

Let us for a moment review and analyze the claims of the creed of Constantine. Let us take a look at its supernatural and spectacular origin, its sorceries and sensations, its marvelous and miraculous exhibitions, its final and eternal promises and threats.

A little over nineteen hundred years ago Jehovah, who sits in splendor upon a gold throne somewhere in the skies, and to whom for centuries beasts and human beings had been offered in sacrifice by his chosen people to appease his wrath, left his celestial abode and located in Judea. There he could be seen loitering around the humble home of a beautiful maiden by the name of Mary, who was engaged to be married to a Jewish carpenter named Joseph. We know she was beautiful, because St. Danniani says that "God himself, on account of the surpassing beauty of the holy virgin, fell desperately in love with her;" and we know that Jehovah must have been recognized, because no being of his size and general appearance could possibly hide or disguise himself. Here is his description, as witnessed by the inspired writer that saw him on the Island of Patmos: "And there sat in the midst of the seven

golden candlesticks one like the Son of man, clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle. His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow; and his eyes were as a flame of fire; and his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace; and his voice as the sound of many waters. And he had in his right hand seven stars; and out of his mouth went a sharp two-edged sword; and his countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength."

He was like the "son of man"—that is, he was an anthropoidal god, built like a human, only larger.

As a similar description is given in the eighteenth chapter of Psalms, verse 8, and also in the third chapter of Habakkuk, verse 4, we know there can be no mistake about it. Moses, we are told in the thirty-third chapter of Exodus, verse 23, once got a glimpse of his hind parts and it nearly blinded him. No—when Jehovah was present in Judea it is inconceivable to think that he went about incognito. It must have been known that he was in town, even if the natives did not realize at the time what he was up to.

Finally, even as often happens among mortals, Jehovah accomplished his designs, and Mary found herself in a delicate condition. This might have upset Joseph, had not Jehovah, who, so it appears, had

deserted the girl, sent an angel to Bethlehem, who hunted up Joseph's carpenter shop, and finally convinced him that he was going to become the stepfather of a god. The sight of an angel flying through the air from Heaven to earth and back again was not uncommon in those days, so the people thought nothing about it. In fact, when Christ was born, it is claimed that angels, playing harps and singing songs, and announcing through trumpets the birth of a new god, were seen and heard throughout the country for miles around Bethlehem. Such was the supernatural and spectacular origin of the Christian religion.

When the son of Jehovah grew to manhood he demonstrated his divinity by overturning all the laws of nature, from changing water into wine to raising the dead. He performed all manner of jugglery daily in public, and the Jews, strange to relate, seemed to regard it as nothing unusual. A god was among them who could spit on the eyes of a blind man and restore his sight, or drive devils out of lunatics and herd them into droves of swine, and yet the people repudiated him. They couldn't help it—Jehovah had hardened their hearts and blinded their eyes.

And therein lies the mystery of the Christian creed. In order to comprehend it, you have to re-

nounce your reason and go by faith. The ancestress of the human race, who was created from a bone, ate an apple from a tree which Jehovah had forbidden her to touch, because, in spite of Jehovah's warning, Satan, in the form of a snake, had advised her to do so. This brought Jehovah's curse upon her and all her posterity. The only thing that appeared to partially appease his wrath was the smell of the blood of animal and human sacrifices; and finally this became stale. Something extraordinary had to be done in order to prevent him from everlastingly damning the entire human race. He concluded to try and save a few of them. So he, the alleged creator of the Universe, conceived the "Christian plan of salvation"—the bloody sacrifice of a god. He successfully worked out his scheme, the people sacrificed Jesus, and if you believe this your sins will be washed away. If not, you go to eternal torment.

The canonization of the books of the Bible, done by Constantine's bishops at the Council of Nice, that declares these books to be "divinely inspired," is the charm that for centuries has held the common people in superstitious submission to the powers that be. "The powers that be are ordained of God"—therefore "be ye subject unto them." The Rulers and the God are partners. They own you. You are of one class—they of another. It is yours to toil—it is

theirs to take; yours to fast, theirs to feast; yours to wear rags, theirs to adorn themselves in robes. You have no home, no country. They own the earth. They are rich by the ruin of you.

True, these class distinctions exist in countries where Christianity is unknown, and existed before the Christian creed was constructed; but of all the world's great religions institutional Christianity is the particular one that carries a club of "believe or be damned" in its clutches. Jehovah is the special myth that runs an eternal torment resort for those who do their own thinking.

Listen to the words of Buddha, and compare them to the promises and threats with which the New Testament abounds: "I do not care to know your various theories about God. What is the use of discussing all the subtle doctrines about the soul? Do good and be good. And this will take you to whatever truth there is."

"Believe not because some old manuscripts are produced, believe not because it is your national belief, because you have been made to believe from your childhood, but reason truth out, and after you have analyzed it, then, if you find it will do good to one and all, believe it, live up to it, and help others to live up to it."



Compare the words of Buddha, that to "do good and be good will take you to whatever truth there is," to the Christian creed of a vicarious atonement—the piling of your sins on Jesus — the washing away of your misdeeds in the blood of sacrificed deity.

I do not for a moment think that the man Jesus—the carpenter—ever dreamed that years after his death pagan priests would transform him into a sacrificed offering to a barbaric god. I believe that the religion of Jesus was probably much like the religion of Buddha, that he was born of the proletarian class, and that he was put to death as a dangerous revolter against the Roman master class. I believe there is enough evidence to prove that he taught a simple gospel of human brotherhood, peace and love. I believe that if Jesus were here he would be the first to expose the impostors that have turned his message into a fraud and fable in the interests of the same masters and Pharisees that he denounced. Neither do I assert that all the writings found in the Bible are barbarous. Some of the old Hebrew prophets—meaning teachers—were splendid men, voicing the highest hopes and aspirations of the race. They, too, were made martyrs to the cause of human freedom. Isaiah, denouncing the religion of sacrifices and burnt offerings, visioned, not the savage Je-

hovah, but the Spirit of love and justice, whom he makes to declare, "I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he goats. \* \* \* Learn to do well; seek justice, relieve the oppressed, help the fatherless, plead for the widow."

Isaiah was condemned by the priests and rulers of his day as a heretic, and, according to traditions, was sawed asunder in a hollow tree. His religion was the religion of humanity. After him came the greatest of the Hebrew teachers, the Great Unknown, whose writings are found in the fortieth to the sixty-sixth chapters of the Book of Isaiah. Such splendid souls do not belong to an institutional religion. They belong to oppressed and outraged and robbed Humanity. Their voices still call in revolt against the creed of Constantine.

Listen to the true story of the race, as revealed by modern science: The first habitable earth was a swamp, the home of our ancestors the reptiles. The ancestors of the reptiles were the denizens of the deep, from whence originated all life. The creation of man did not start with a cultured gentleman and lady, dwelling in a luxurious garden. It began with creeping creatures and lizards that dwelt on a bog. These evolved into monsters with necks long enough to enable them to feed on the leaves of the huge, tropical trees. It required hundreds of thousands of

years to evolve the first anthropoid apes, one branch of which family, through the law of natural selection, at last became the direct progenitors of the human race. In civilized man courses the blood of the lowest fishes, the amphibian, reptilian and mammalian species. This is also true of all mammals. We carry to this day the birthmarks of this common ancestry. A chick of three to five days' incubation, has four gill-slits on the side of the neck. In human embryos of three to five weeks' development appear these gill-slits. All reptiles, birds and mammals possess them. These gill-slits serve no function with purely air-breathing creatures, and close long before hatching or birth. They only serve as a biologic evidence of our remote ancestors of the sea. In the early embryos of all higher forms of life is found the notachord, the dorsal stiffening axis of the lower vertebrates. This disappears as the backbone develops. In man, and in all other mammals, three distinct pairs of kidneys appear in the early embryonic stage. The first kidneys develop at the stage when the fish-gills are formed, and are identical with the kidneys of the lowest species of fishes. The second kidneys appear at the amphibian-reptilian stage of embryonic life, and with the amphibia, such as frogs, crocodiles, beavers and such like creatures as can live in both air and water, per-

sist throughout life. The third kidneys succeed these in the development of mammals, and remain, whilst the other two, and useless ones, perish. Thus again has Nature preserved the story of our origin.

Abundance of other similar evidence of our common ancestry exists, that can be found in any standard work on biology. The science of comparative embryology stands an irrefutable witness to Darwin's theory of the descent of man. Says Le Conte: "By the law of heredity each generation repeats the form and structure of the previous, and in the order in which they successively appeared. But there is a tendency for each successive appearing character to appear a little earlier in each successive generation; and by this means time is left over for the introduction of still higher new characters. Thus, characters which were once adult are pushed back to the young, and then still back to the embryo, and thus place and time are made for each generation to push on still higher."

A wonderful story has Nature imperishably inscribed in our bodies, telling of our origin and progress through the ever evolving ages! A story rich in knowledge and infinite hope for the future! Well may we feel assured, as we trace our journey from

the jungle world, that the resistless laws of Evolution and the Survival of the Fittest will at last people the world with a Humanity that has triumphed over the beast, that has discarded the fang and claw.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

**T**HE purpose of the creed of Constantine, viz.: to hold the masses in superstitious servility, is disclosed, when analyzed, in the fabulous lives of the saints, which became part of the faith the Church imposed upon believers. These saints took the places of the discarded pagan gods and goddesses, and are adored by the faithful of the Roman church. That the Protestants denounce the adoration of these saints, and confine their worship to the Holy Trinity, does not alter the fact that the lesson contained in the stories told of the saints is the backbone of the Protestant faith. Humility, submission, contentment with your lot—these be the very essence of orthodox Christianity.

Among the divinest of the saints stands St. Joseph, the alleged foster-father of God. He ranks next to the Virgin Mary, the mother of God. A minute biography of St. Joseph, "taken," we are told, "from the Mystical City of God," is the "Admirable Life of the Glorious Patriarch Saint Jo-

seph," written by the Abbe Boullan. This work has the approbation of the Holy See. "Read the book," declares the reverend author, "and study it without hesitation; for Rome, who cannot err, has spoken."

The life of St. Joseph, as told by Abbe Boullan, is interesting. It is a credit to the priesthood that followed the gods of mythology. After paying due respect to the Virgin Mary, who, we are informed, had taken the vow of lifelong chastity and was living as a vestal in the Temple at Jerusalem, the author proceeds to describe the wedding of the Virgin—whom the Roman Church declares to have been, like Jesus, divinely conceived—to Saint Joseph, who also had taken the vow of life-long chastity. The object for such a marriage as this can only be explained by the theologians. The account of this remarkable wedding, as found in the work of the Abbe-Boullan, runs as follows:

"The Lord spoke in a dream to the high-priest, who was St. Simeon, and commanded him to make preparations for the marriage of Mary, daughter of Joachim and Anne of Nazareth, and to convoke an assemblage of the other priests to deliberate upon the subject. St. Simeon obeyed the divine behest, and the assembled doctors, inspired by a celestial impulse, resolved, that in an affair upon which the Lord had declared His good pleasure, they ought to con-

sult His holy will by praying, that He would manifest, by a sign, him who should be the husband of Mary, and that he should be of the house and lineage of David, that the law might be fulfilled. They therefore resolved to appoint a day when all the young men of that family, present in Jerusalem, should be invited to assemble in the Temple. It was precisely the day on which our Blessed Lady had attained her fourteenth year."

Those acquainted with the Old Testament record of King David's domestic affairs will readily admit that, in the ordinary nature of things, the woods around Jerusalem were likely to have been full of his royal progeny.

The story proceeds: "The Priest Simeon summoned the chaste Mary, in order to make known to her this resolution. It was nine days before that on which their designs were to be put into execution. During the time the most Blessed Virgin redoubled her prayers, her tears, and sighs, for the accomplishment of the will of God in an event which caused her the greatest pain."

Mary, realizing Jehovah's purposes regarding her, apparently did not relish the proposition of being united in marriage to a creature of flesh and blood. That she was doubtless aware of the part she was destined to play is disclosed in the "Life of the



Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God," by the Abbe Orsini, another work that is recognized by Rome as authoritative. In this work we are informed that the Holy Virgin, while an inmate of the Temple, was said to have frequented the "HOLY OF HOLIES," the private apartment occupied by Jehovah himself. She was the only female, so we are told, that ever passed the threshold of this mysterious chamber, of which the following description is given: "THE HOLY OF HOLIES, that impenetrable sanctuary of the God of Hosts, was closed to the whole Hebrew priesthood except the high-priest, who entered it but once a year, after much fasting, watching, and purification. He only presented himself there in the midst of a thick cloud of incense, which interposed between him and the Divinity, whom no man can see and live, says the Scriptures. Finally, he remained there but a few minutes, while the people, prostrate on the ground, sobbed and wept, fearing he should meet his death. He himself afterwards gave a grand banquet to his friends, to rejoice with them for having escaped such imminent and fearful danger."

If the Virgin Mary had access to this private apartment, where Jehovah sat alone in fire and fury, she must have been aware of all that was about to happen to her. No wonder then that the thought of

her marriage to a human being "caused her the greatest pain." It was enough to drive her crazy. But "the Lord consoled her," writes the inspired Abbe Boullan, saying, "I will give you a spouse who will not oppose your holy desires, but who will rather, by the help of my grace, confirm them. I will choose him for you perfect, and according to my own heart, and I will elect him for you from among my servants.' The holy angels consoled her, saying: 'The Most High will guide you in the way which is best, the most perfect, the most holy.' "

"The day appointed by the priests," continues the narrative, "arrived. Our Blessed Lady had completed the fourteenth year of her age. The young men of the tribe of Judah, and of the family of David, from whom the august Mary was descended, who were in the city of Jerusalem, were assembled."

The account goes on: "Joseph, originally of Nazareth, but now an inhabitant of the holy city, was invited to be with them, because he, too, was of that royal race. He was then thirty-three years of age, well made, and possessed of an agreeable physiognomy, which expressed an incomparable modesty."

According to this Roman Catholic authority, endorsed by the Holy See, St. Joseph remained pure and spotless all his life. The Abbe Boullan contradicts the New Testament account that says that Jesus

had a number of brothers (Matthew XIII, verse 55). This, however, should not worry the faithful, as the inspired Scriptures are full of contradictions.

“He (St. Joseph),” continues the Abbe Boullan, “was indeed as chaste in his thoughts and deeds, as in his inclinations; and having made a vow of chastity when but twelve years old, his life was pure and irreproachable before God and man. He was related to the Virgin Mary in the third degree.

“Inspired by the Most High, the chief-priest placed in the hands of each of these young men a dry rod, in order that by this means the Lord should manifest him whom He had chosen to be the husband of Mary. All united their prayers to those of the priests, for none were ignorant of the virtues and modesty of this holy maiden, nor of the reputation of her beauty, and her possessions, as an only child; and each desired to make her his wife. Joseph alone, the most humble, the most pious among them, deemed himself unworthy of so great a boon; and, calling to mind his vow of chastity, he resolved anew to observe it, resigning himself to the divine will even to the end of his life.”

It was certainly a trying ordeal that the chosen groom of the young and beautiful Mary was called to pass through.

The tale proceeds: “All were engaged in prayer,

when they saw blossoms burst forth from the rod borne by Joseph, which alighted at the head of the saint. The Lord, at the same moment, spoke to him interiorly, and said: 'Joseph, my servant, Mary shall become your spouse; receive her with assiduity and respect, for she is very agreeable in my eyes.' "

Then, we are told, "the priests, upon this sign from heaven, determined to give St. Joseph to Mary for her husband."

An account of Mary's surpassing beauty follows: "Then they called for her, who was more excellent than the sun, more beautiful than the moon, and she appeared with a majesty more than angelic; with a loveliness, modesty, and grace incomparable."

And so were St. Joseph and the Virgin Mary united in a mock-marriage, and started on a mock-honeymoon to the saint's humble home in Nazareth. Mary, who was now called Queen of the Universe, was, we are informed, attended by a thousand angels. Evidently Jehovah thought, notwithstanding St. Joseph's vows, that it might be a little risky to trust her alone with him.

The Jews have left no record of all these wonders taking place around their Temple. It remained for Roman priests, years afterwards, to tell us of them through divine inspiration. Otherwise the story of

St. Joseph and the Virgin Mary would have been lost to the world.

That there might be no misunderstanding from the start regarding the conditions that Jehovah had imposed upon St. Joseph and his bride, the following conversation, upon their arrival at St. Joseph's home, is reported to have occurred between the pair. Said the Virgin Mary to St. Joseph: "It is just that we offer thanks, and give glory and praise to our God and Creator, who has made His mercy shine upon us, in choosing us for his service. In my most tender youth I consecrated myself to God by a vow which I made, to be, during all my life, chaste in body and mind, and my desire to preserve my faith in Him is unchangeable. I trust you will help me to fulfill this vow, and in all things else I will be your servant. Accept, my husband, this holy resolution, and confirm it by your own, so that we may obtain the eternal joys for which we aspire."

These remarks, we are told, pleased her husband, he being a saint.

"The chaste Joseph," records the Abbe Boullan, "filled with joy, replied: 'In declaring to me your chaste thoughts and holy resolutions, you have penetrated and opened my heart, which, until you had revealed your own, I was unwilling to uncover. The Lord called me, also, at an early age, that I should

love Him with an upright mind. Know, then, that in my twelfth year I, too, made a promise to serve God in perpetual chastity. I now renew this vow, and, with His grace, I will be your faithful servant, and I pray you to receive my chaste affections, and to regard me as your brother.' ”

A worthy beginning for a creed that “made birth a sin, life a nightmare and death a horror!”

We are told that “during this conversation the Most High confirmed anew in the heart of St. Joseph the virtue of chastity, and the pure and holy love which he should bear to the Blessed Virgin, his spouse. Thus he was possessed by this love in an eminent degree, and our august Queen augmented it, and enraptured his heart by her conversation. By this divine assistance the holy spouses enjoyed inexpressible consolation. The august Queen promised to second the desires of St. Joseph, and the Most High imbued him with such an exalted purity, and such an absolute control of his passions, that he served his consort without obstacle, and with a grace as admirable as it was extraordinary.”

St. Joseph never kissed his charming bride. He never put his arm around her waist, or squeezed her dainty hand. And the church, backed by the New Testament, tells us that such is “holiness” and the “will of God,” and “following in Christ’s footsteps.”

And the doctors tell us that it has filled the world with insanity.

So far as can be ascertained from the Abbe Boullan's biography, St. Joseph was never alone with the beautiful Mary for a single instant. She occupied a room by herself, in which she was chaperoned at all hours of the day and night by a company of able-bodied male angels. St. Joseph used to visit the Virgin's private apartment, and would sit and talk to the angels. Says the inspired Abbe Boullan: "St. Joseph never saw his holy spouse asleep. He did not know, from his own experience, whether she slept at all." There can, therefore, be no doubt, if the record be trustworthy, but that St. Joseph was a real saint. He, together with his virgin bride, we are told, lived in abject poverty and humility.

When a little past middle age he became a physical wreck. Following the life of a saint may have been fine for his soul, but seems to have been hard on his health. Soon after the Virgin's son of God was born St. Joseph became so weak that he could not do a day's work. He was of no account whatever except for fasting and praying. Jehovah's angels could have safely gone back to heaven, and left the poor old worn-out saint alone with Mary. The poverty of the holy couple became so intense that Mary had to take in washing, or perform some other like womanly

occupation, to support the family, for, says the Abbe Boullan, "The Blessed Virgin charged herself with the support of her most holy Son and her spouse by her work." And the inspired writer draws from this a message to the world's poverty-stricken masses. He says: "The Lord offers this strong woman to us as an example." To be sure he does. "Let the women do the work."

In fact, the entire fable of St. Joseph, the Holy Virgin, and the incarnate son of the God Jehovah, is a most admirable myth to make the exploited masses contented with their earthly lot. The Abbe Boullan informs us that just prior to the birth of Jehovah's son, St. Joseph and the Holy Virgin knelt in prayer, and that "while they were engaged in prayer, the Most High replied to each in particular by the same voice: 'I have descended from heaven to earth to elevate humility, and to debase pride—to honor poverty, and to make riches contemptible.' "

This was Jesus speaking from his mother's womb. He did this quite frequently during the months before he was born, according to the authority quoted.

"To honor poverty!" Alas! for nearly two thousand years have the world's toilers received this on bended knees, from pious plunderers reveling in "contemptible" riches!

Occasionally, we are told, when starvation ac-



tually stared the Holy Family in the face, angels from heaven brought them food. This is told to show the church's approval of charity. "Let the poor rejoice in this example," says the author of the Life of St. Joseph; "let not the hungry be cast down—let those who suffer persecution expect help in season, and let none complain of divine Providence!"

Socialism that would allow you to feed yourself, instead of being dependent upon "divine Providence," is wicked in the sight of the creed of Constantine.

At one time St. Joseph, being too infirm to work, and the Holy Virgin being unable to find any, and the angels evidently too busy singing hallelujahs to hurry to earth with a handout, the infant son of Jehovah was about to perish with hunger; so St. Joseph, as a last resort, went around to the back doors in the neighborhood and begged some food. "By this example," we are told, "he teaches the poor never to complain of their wants, nor to be ashamed to beg, when all other legitimate means have failed, since it was necessary to beg at so early a period in life of the Lord of all created things."

This is the accepted doctrine of the church. To deny it, when the church was in full power, meant the rack and torture, and the burning alive at the stake; for to destroy the injunctions of humility and

obedience to the master-class, of contentment in poverty and rags, destroys the intent and foundation upon which orthodox Christianity is built.

The evidence offered by Roman Catholic authorities to prove the story of the divine conception of Jesus, as well as that of the divine conception of his mother, is somewhat remarkable. They present the legends of heathen gods and goddesses, and virgin mothers of heathen divinities, thereby virtually claiming that these legends are all true. The ancient world was overrun with divinely begotten gods and saviors. The Protestant theologians denounce these heathen divinities. They repudiate them as myths, and claim that their own myths, taken bodily from the Roman Church, are the only true myths. The Protestants disdain to offer any sort of evidence. They have none. They walk by faith alone.

“Let us survey the various regions of the globe,” writes the Abbe Orsini, in his “Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God.” “Let us search from north to south, from east to west, the religious chronicles of the nations, we shall find the Virgin promised at the basis of almost all theogonies.”

Theogony, as the reader will note by referring to any standard dictionary, means the generation of the heathen gods; while theology means the generation of the Christian gods. A slight difference

in spelling is all that separates the one from the other.

And then the Abbe Orsini, in order to show that the Roman Catholic story of the Virgin Mary and her divinely conceived offspring is nothing out of the ordinary in religious happenings—in fact, has a large number of precedents—recounts the appearance, at different periods and divers places, of gods born of virgins. He recalls the story of the god Fo, of Thibet, who had himself conceived in the womb of a young and beautiful fairy, named Lhamoghiuprul, who was betrothed to the king; of the Emperor of China, Hoang-Ti, a son of heaven, whose mother conceived by a flash of lightning; of another Chinese emperor, Yao, born of a virgin who conceived one night from the beam of a star shining in her bed-chamber; of Yu, the head of the first Chinese dynasty, who came into this world by the power of a pearl that a Chinese god flung from heaven, and which landed in the bosom of a Chinese virgin; of Heou-Tsi, of the dynasty of Tcheou, whose virgin mother became pregnant by saying her prayers. The account of the miraculous births of these divinely ordained rulers, argues the Roman Catholic authority quoted, “renders the resemblance to the divine maternity of Mary still more striking.”

To be sure it does. From a theological standpoint

it is all the evidence necessary. Many of the ancient rulers of earth, including Alexander of Macedon, claimed divine origin. They or their ancestors were begotten of a god. Tyrants assumed divinity in order to overawe their exploited subjects. And the creed of the Emperor Constantine, for the same purpose, made a divinely conceived royal divinity of the lowly Jesus. "King by the grace of God" is but the echo of the ancient boast of these royal robbers, "King by divine birth." All the races of earth have been despoiled by "divinely begotten" despots and saviors, upheld by "divinely inspired" creeds. The Druids were expecting their god Esus, to whom they offered maidens in sacrifice, to beget a god, when along came the Christians with one already begotten. This satisfied the Druids, and they accepted Christianity.

In accepting, with the approval of Rome, all the virgin births of deities he could find among the legends of Asia, the Abbe Orsini exclaims: "No, it is not by chance that the mystery of the incarnation of a God in the womb of a virgin is one of the fundamental doctrines of Asia. It is not by chance that the privileged women who bear in their womb that emanation of the Divinity are always chaste, beautiful and holy." It appears that the gods have always not only chosen as mates the chaste and holy,

but also the most charming of the daughters of men.

The divinely inspired Abbe Orsini, like the divinely inspired apocryphal Gospel of the Nativity of Mary, differs with the divinely inspired Abbe Boullan regarding the age and health of St. Joseph at the time of his marriage to the mother of God. The Abbe Orsini declares that the earthly husband of the Virgin was "a man of advanced age, a decayed patrician," and that it was on account of his infirmities that he was selected by the holy priests.

Considering the neutral part that this saint was destined to play in the divine comedy the "advanced age" and "decayed" story does seem the more reasonable. The faithful, however, should have no difficulty in accepting both accounts.

The beautiful Mary, we are told, had many admirers who were neither old nor decayed. One of these, says the Roman Catholic "History of Carmel," named Agabus, "a young and wealthy patrician," became disconsolate at the sight of Mary's marriage to the decrepit and decayed Joseph, and renounced his riches and went and dwelt in a cave. After the birth of Christ he became a monk, and thereby saved his soul.

In prostituting the simple message of human brotherhood and peace into a religion to suit the ruling classes, the priests of the creed of Constantine

have experienced considerable difficulty in removing the odium, in the eyes of the powers that be, as found in the early account of Jesus' lowly origin. The Abbe Orsini, in order to awe the masses and tickle the ears of princes, says: "Now Joseph, although poor, was of the Davidical race. The blood of twenty kings flowed in his veins. \* \* \* The holy daughter of Joachim did not lower herself, therefore, as much as might be thought by espousing the carpenter." Mary, be it remembered, was, according to the church, also of royal blood. Christ was, therefore, according to the creed of Constantine, not only of divine heavenly blood, but also of royal earthly blood. He would be eligible to marry into the royal families were he living today. It was only on account of financial reverses that St. Joseph was compelled to earn his living shingling roofs. It was unfortunate, and is to be regretted, but at the time St. Joseph was the only live saint that was far enough along in years and sufficiently decayed to answer Jehovah's purpose, so after all, "the holy daughter of Joachim did not lower herself as much as might be thought." With this apology for the seeming low class of society into which Christ was born, the holy fathers have made their creed acceptable to the world's aristocrats.

The wedding of Joseph and Mary was a swell af-

fair, according to the Abbe Orsini. He thus describes it: "It was a bright winter's day, and the new moon was slowly rising behind the mountains, when a long train of richly dressed women was seen to approach the dwelling of Mary. The light of the torches, borne by a number of slaves, flashed on their cinctures of gold, their strings of pearl, the jeweled crescents which they wore on their foreheads, and the diamonds of their Persian tiaras. Those daughters of Zion still retained the use of paint, which was known even in the days of Jezebel; their brows and eyelashes were painted black, and the tips of their fingers were red as the berries of the eglantine." We are told that they all belonged "to Jewish society." Mary herself was gorgeously arrayed, and to dispel any doubt of this, "there are," says the authority quoted, "two of the Virgin's tunics still preserved, and they are made of very precious stuff." Her robe is minutely described: "the ground was of a buff, or nankin color, interspersed with flowers of blue, violet and gold. It is now the holy relic of Chartres." We are informed that "numerous miracles have been attributed to it." Its preservation through all these years is another miracle. Into all this finery was brought the poor old worn-out carpenter, Joseph. Doubtless he was taken in charge by some well-to-do friend of

the bride, his hickory shirt and overalls removed, and a proper dress suit loaned him for the occasion.

There is no account given of the whereabouts of Jehovah while all this was going on. It seems strange that the theologians have not placed him at the wedding feast, sitting on a gold throne behind a cloud of incense, with his blaze of fire blowing from his mouth and the smoke steaming from his nose. (Psalms XVIII, verse 8), and the sharp horns on his fingers and the big sword in his mouth (Habakkuk, III, verse 4, and Revelations, 1, verse 16). The wedding of the Virgin without Jehovah is like Hamlet with the ghost left out. He could have at least exposed his hind parts to the fashionable company, as he once did to Moses. Surely the originators of the Christian faith could not have considered it too much of a strain on the credulity of the masses to have pictured Jehovah's presence. Perhaps they merely overlooked the matter, and, if so, it should not be too late yet to rectify the oversight. It ought to be as easy to get a divine inspiration of the affair now as it was in the Dark Ages.

As far as can be ascertained, Jehovah did not exhibit himself until he had begotten himself, by the power of the Holy Ghost, who is also himself, in the womb of the Virgin Mary, in the person of his son, who is also himself, and who is also the



Holy Ghost, and which all three are one, and all of which three in one are Jehovah. It is not given to mortal man to unravel this. Even St. John of Chrysostom gave it up. "Let us dive no further," said he, "into this mystery."

In order to accept the mysterious doctrine of the Trinity, holy men of God went for days without anything to eat or drink; they put pebbles in the soles of their boots and bristles and briars under their shirts; they flagellated each other on their bare backs with whips of thorns; they lacerated their flesh with sharp stones; they slept on ash piles and never took a bath; and finally, under all this hungering and thirsting, blistering and scratching, flagellations and lacerations, sleepless nights and suffering days, they saw things. The doctrine of the Trinity is one of them.

But to return to Jehovah's first, and, as far as can be learned, last appearance, after the marriage of his mother, by himself, to Joseph. The Abbe Boulan, in the "Life of St. Joseph," thus describes it: "St. Joseph meditated upon the Lord, whom the august Mary bore in her chaste bosom, adoring and rendering to Him honor and glory. Then, in recompense for his sanctity and his respect, mingled with fear, the Infant God, made man, sometimes manifested Himself in an admirable manner. He

(Joseph) saw Him in the bosom of His most pure mother, as through a luminous crystal." Mary and Joseph would then pray to the unborn god, and the unborn god would audibly answer,

Nor should Protestants ridicule the "Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary" or the "Life of St. Joseph" as herein quoted, and as accepted by the Catholic Church. The Catholic Church is the source of all the faith that the Protestants possess, and the Abbe Orsini and the Abbe Boullan have just as much evidence of having been divinely inspired as has the author of the Book of Revelations, who saw a woman standing on the moon, with the sun wrapped about her body, and wearing a dozen stars for a bonnet (Revelations, XII, verse 1).

## CHAPTER XXV.

**S**AYS James Anthony Froude, the English historian: "The endurance of the inequalities of life by the poor is the marvel of human society" (quotation from "The Cry for Justice," by Upton Sinclair).

And it is. The servility of one class of human beings to another class is the most astonishing thing in the history of the race. It is something that deserves looking into. For there must be a reason for it. In all the Universe there is no effect without a cause. And it seems rather remarkable that so great a scholar as James Anthony Froude did not realize this—or if he did, failed to find it. For it is not so hard to discover. All one needs to do is to look a slave over. It is easy enough to see what ails him. It is either power over the body, or power over the mind, or both. Nothing else would make him servile. It is a club or a creed. Or, more effective still, a club and a creed. In order to make him obedient, the slave must be made to fear.

In early society the master depended solely on the club. When the club failed to do the work, and the slave became rebellious, he was put to death. He was stoned by the worshipers of Jehovah and crucified by the worshipers of Jove. It was a financial loss to the master to kill him. It was like shooting a balky horse. The slave was taught that he was a beast—that he had no soul. Only the masters had souls. They alone were of immortal birth. This was the teaching of Paganism. When the priests of Paganism constructed this religion they were doing the best they knew how at that time to hold the masters in power and the slaves in servility. A religion that catalogued the slaves with barnyard cattle was a good one so long as the slaves accepted it. It was assumed that if the slaves believed that this life was all there was for them, and that when they died that ended them, that they would then endure slavery rather than be killed—would submit to their beatings rather than rebel; for life is dear to all, and the spark of hope is hard to quench.

Then one day there appeared a bold rebel—"one of those damned agitators"—a carpenter by trade, who declared that the slaves had souls, that the race sprang from one Common Source, and that all blood is alike. This gospel of Love and Liberty and Fraternity and Immortality ran like riotous wine

in the veins of the lowly. It flamed the spark of hope to raging fire. It made men of menials—men that dared death itself. So the masters killed the carpenter—they hanged him on a cross as a rebel. But they did not kill his message. Others took it up, and they, too, were crucified, and burned, and fed to wild beasts. And still the message would not die. It was told in the dead of night, in catacombs and caves, when the masters were sleeping their drunken sleep. And more were killed, and still more; and the message thrived on martyrdom. The tomb lost its terrors when it became a doorway to immortality.

But alas! for the rebellious slaves and the message of liberty. A Pharisee came along and stabbed it. He wrote into the mouth of the carpenter a craven creed. He commanded the slaves to be obedient to their masters, and subject unto the powers that be. For the powers that be, said the Pharisee, are ordained of a god. And he told the slaves not to look for happiness here, but in a Heaven beyond the stars. And by and by the priests of Paganism discovered in the teachings of the Pharisee a better paregoric than their own religion contained. So they wrote "gospels," full of promises and threats, added them to the old scriptural slave laws, and declared them all divinely inspired. Obedient slaves

were assured an eternity spent in celestial mansions ; while the rebellious ones were doomed to everlasting torment. With this superstition pumped into their brains by the priests, the masses of the people became servile victims to the powers that be.

“The marvel of society,” that James Anthony Froude wondered at, becomes no marvel at all when society’s religious rags are torn off. The fear of Hell, as Robert Burns told, “has held the wretch in order.” The creed of Constantine has made a race of serviles, frightened at the phantoms of priests, crawling on their knees to those that pick their pockets, willing to live and toil in poverty, hoping only for happiness beyond the grave.

When the African slaves were brought in ship-loads to this country, the first thing their masters did was to teach them the Christian religion. It was all they were taught. It was considered as necessary as the overseer’s lash. To teach a negro to read and write was a crime punishable by law. It was feared he might run across a grain of truth. Paul’s epistles were all the “learning” allowed to enter his head.

Nor is Christianity the only religion purposed to hold the workers in subjection. The world is full of such religions. The Chinese Joss and the Hindoo Brahma, the Mohammedan Allah and the Jewish

Jehovah, these gods are all largely patterned alike. They ordain the powers that be to rule and rob the workers. This is fine for the ruling classes. Faith in phantoms is a positive preventative of knowledge and freedom.

Before the light of modern science these fables must flee; the priests that made them must soon hunt the asylums for recruits; in the twentieth century they will be gone. We no longer hang a witch when epidemics sweep the land; we look to the board of health, these days, to find the filth that started the pest. Pulpits no longer thunder forth anathemas against comets; the astronomers, whom the priests used to burn alive, have told us what comets are, and we believe the astronomers rather than the priests. The dark nights no longer frighten the people with shadowy hydras and genii, ghosts and gorgons; electric lights have banished these. Women no longer are charged with sitting on a devil's cauldron and giving birth to sooterkins; when feeble-minded children are born now the doctors trace it to a syphilitic strain in one of the parents' or ancestors' blood. We are learning, slowly, but surely, that we are not in the hands of ghosts, and that the race itself is master of its own fate. Augury and oracles, sorcery and divination are fading away; we are learning to turn to scholars, not

saints, for knowledge. The delusions that have haunted human brains, that lit the fagots that burned thinkers, are being pushed back into the night whence they came.

Of the life and sayings of the man Jesus, comparatively little is known. It is the fabled Christ—the deified myth of Roman priestcraft—that the world is best acquainted with. There is, however, enough extant of the writings of the immediate followers of Jesus to disclose that his purpose and mission was not to establish a dogmatic religion, but to inaugurate a new dispensation—a society of brothers in the means of life.

The religion of the fabled Christ has been a curse to mankind. It has held monsters on thrones and exploiters in power; it has made men murder each other to perpetuate their own bondage; and all because of the insane belief that it will save slaves that are subject to the powers that be, and send to Hell all heretics and rebels. There isn't a war-lord that could hold his job if his people were not saturated with the superstition and servility of the creed of Constantine. The fabled Christ is the prize deity of the master-class. The infamy of it is that he is a mythical metamorphosis of a sweet-souled, lowly-born workingman that once dreamed a dream of a



society of brothers, wherein there would be no masters, no poverty nor war.

The Jewish followers of Jesus were communists. The first Christian society was a workingclass revolt. For this they were beheaded, crucified, burned, and fed to wild beasts.

The Sermon on the Mount—the only message the first followers of Jesus possessed—was preserved by word of mouth; Jesus did not leave a written line. That he and his disciples taught the equality of all mankind, communism and the immortality of the soul, is clearly evidenced by numerous writings of the period. Tertullian writes: “Christians have no master and no Christian shall be bound for bread and raiment. The land is no man’s inheritance; none shall possess it as property.” And Ambrose says: “Nature gives all goods to all men in common; for God has created all things so that all men may enjoy them in common. Thus it was Nature that gave the right to common enjoyment, while it was unjust usurpation that originated the rights of property.” Says Rollins’ “Ancient History” (London edition): “For over two hundred years all Christians were communists, who held the land and waters, as well as all timbers and precious metals, in common. There were no superior ecclesiastics among them. The lot was cast in deciding all questions, and the

assembled commune judged all disputes; and when any decision was not well pleasing, the whole community passed on it and reversed or confirmed it according to the will of all. This bold democracy was an inheritance from the Jews, and was held in abhorrence by pagans who trafficked in land and made profits from others' labor."

The Danish scholar and Socialist, Dr. Gustav Bang, in his "Crises in European History," writes: "Christianity, in its first and purest form, was a religion for the proletariat, for the poor, suffering and oppressed in society. These were the people to whom Christ spoke. \* \* \* It was the common people that gathered around him and listened to him. His apostles were poor fishermen and artisans, and great was the anger and indignation of the pillars of society, the Pharisees and scribes, because publicans and sinners kept close to him to hear him. It was just the miserable and despised people who sought refuge with him, and found not only consolation for the soul but also practical defense against those who were hard on them. The story of the woman caught in adultery is in its sublime simplicity the most scathing expression of contempt for the existing moral hypocrisy, and the answer he gave applies as strongly today: 'He that is without sin among you, let him cast a stone at her.' "

“It was,” says this writer, “a decided proletarian tendency which dominated Christianity in the first centuries of our era, *a tendency which theology of later times only succeeded in misrepresentation by sophistically exercising a most reckless violence against the old traditions.* And just as proletarian was the positive social ideal which Christianity proclaimed. It was the communism of property and consumption, the communistic form of society which was the natural expression of the social longings of the ancient proletariat, and which in the first Christian congregations was not only proclaimed but practiced.”

Roman society was rotten to the core. The Empire “could not check the process of decay. Social misery grew, and mysticism increased correspondingly.” Describing the times Dr. Bang writes: “A saviour was dreamt of, one who should come and redeem humanity through supernatural means, and it was for a time believed that the first emperors should accomplish this. Their persons were regarded as superhuman, as divine, and many prodigious things were related about them. A comet appeared after Caesar’s funeral; it was the soul of the deceased ascending to Heaven, the abode of the gods.”

Of the ignorant and superstitious condition of

the Roman populace of the period, and the source from which sprang the miracles and sorceries found in the New Testament, we read: "We find in those days a myriad of unusual conceptions which everywhere were reflections of diseased social conditions. Seers, fortunetellers and conjurers found a large and ever increasing clientele; in all different happenings were seen forebodings of coming events. It is interesting to note how, in the popular belief, things happened which are parallel to many of the miracles mentioned in the New Testament. It was told how divine beings begat children with earthly women, and also how holy men ascended to heaven without leaving a trace of their bodies. There were wonderful cures related of the lame becoming active and the blind gaining their sight. Even the sober historian Tacitus describes how the Emperor Vespasian cured a blind man by moistening his eyes with saliva. They told of a wakening of the dead. The famous miracle-worker Apollonius met a funeral procession bringing the corpse of a young woman to the grave; he commanded them to leave the litter on the ground and promised to change their sorrow into joy, and as he touched the dead and uttered some unintelligible words, the young woman arose, spoke, and went back to her parents' house. Significant is it to note that the early Chris-

tians did not in the least question the ability of the pagan 'magician' to perform miracles, but they ascribed it to the influence of the devil and evil spirits" (ibid).

It was from ignorance, not "divine inspiration," that the creed of Constantine sprang. The only "miracle" about it is that it finds acceptance in modern times. As the authority quoted puts it: "Rome had again become the great international exploiter, just as it had been fifteen centuries previously. And the Christian teachings which originally had been the religion of the exploited masses, the poor and oppressed, had become an instrument for the exploitation of the entire world."

It was the Jewish followers of Jesus, called Nazarenes, that most heroically struggled to free the slaves and revolutionize society. The Roman converts fast fell a prey to the fables of Paul. Says Gibbon (*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*): "The Jewish converts, or, as they were afterwards called, the Nazarenes, who had laid the foundations of the Church, soon found themselves overwhelmed by the increasing multitudes, that from all the various religions of polytheism enlisted under the banner of Christ."

The final extinction of the Nazarenes is thus described by Gibbon: "At length, under the

reign of Hadrian (second century), the desperate fanaticism of the Jews filled up the measure of their calamities; and the Romans, exasperated by their repeated rebellions, exercised the rights of victory with unusual rigor. The emperor founded, under the name of Aelia Capitolina, a new city on Mount Zion, to which he gave the privileges of a colony; and announcing the severest penalties against any of the Jewish people who should dare to approach its precincts, he fixed a vigilant garrison of a Roman cohort to enforce the execution of his orders. The Nazarenes had only one way to escape the common proscription \* \* \* they elected Marcus for their bishop, a prelate of the race of the Gentiles, and most probably a native either of Italy or some of the Latin provinces."

Thus did the revolutionary religion of Jesus, as maintained by his Jewish followers, fall into the hands of the pagans. Christianity became a mixture of Paganism and Paulism.

The Nazarenes repudiated Paul as an impostor. He could not teach among the Jews. He only found a reception among the Greek and Roman mythologists. Bronson C. Keeler, in his "History of the Bible," says: "In those days Paul was not recognized as a lawful teacher of Christianity, nor was he for more than a hundred years after his death

Paul asked, Am I not an apostle? And the others said he was not." "Paul's early spirit as a prosecutor appears when he wishes that those anti-Paulines who troubled the Galatians were cut off (Gal. V, 12). He once met Peter in Antioch, and an open conflict occurred (Gal. II, 11-12). The Ebionites, one of the most powerful of the early sects, rejected Paul, and said he was an apostate. The Clementine Homilies attack him bitterly under the name of Simon Magus. They reject his Epistles entirely. Justin Martyr rejected him, and scarcely deigned to notice his writings. Hegesippas would not use his Epistles, and said, substantially, that he had falsified Scripture."

Thus perished the message of peace and brotherhood as taught by the Jewish Carpenter of Nazareth, and so was prepared the way for Constantine's paganizing of the religion of the Nazarenes; and Christianity was made into a mythology as acceptable to the ruling-class as was the mythology that preceded it, and from which it was patterned.

The doctrine of a trinity of supreme gods already existed among the ancients. It was the Osiris, Athor and Isis of the Egyptians, and Gibbon presents it as part of the teachings of Plato. He says: "The three archical or original principles were represented in the Platonic system as three Gods, united

with each other by a mysterious and ineffable generation; and the Logos was particularly considered under the more accessible character of the Son of an Eternal Father, and the Creator and Governor of the World."

Imbued with these teachings of Plato, the Gnostics, one of the Christian sects, taught an entirely different theory of Christ's appearance on earth than the story of the virgin birth. They declared, records Gibbon, "that, instead of issuing from the womb of the Virgin, he (Christ) had descended on the banks of the Jordan in the form of perfect manhood; that he had imposed on the senses of his enemies, and of his disciples; and that the ministers of Pilate had wasted their impotent rage on an airy phantom, who *seemed* to expire on the cross, and, after three days, to rise from the dead." This is just as reasonable as the story of a virgin conceiving, and much more respectable.

Neither story, however, bears as much evidence of truth as the account of the birth of Jesus found in one of the expurgated gospels of the early centuries, and which account, moreover, is confirmed in the book "Sepher Toldoth Jeschua," and which says: "Josephus Pandera, the Roman officer of a Calabrian legion which was in Judea, seduced Miriam of Bethlehem, and was the father of Jesus."



Little, however, did Constantine and his clericals care regarding the myth concerning Christ. It was a religion of submission to the powers that be that Rome purposed to promulgate. Paul had written into the Christian religion the servile injunction, "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but God; the powers that be are ordained by God. Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God; and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation" (Romans, Chapter XIII). Constantine discovered these words of Paul, and they suited his purposes to a dot.

To again quote Gibbon: "The passive and un-resisting obedience, which bows under the yoke of authority, or even of oppression, must have appeared, in the eyes of an absolute monarch, the most conspicuous and useful of the evangelic virtues. The primitive Christians derived the institution of civil government, not from the consent of the people, but from the decrees of Heaven. The reigning emperor (Constantine), though he had usurped the sceptre by treason and murder, immediately assumed the sacred character of viceregent of the Deity. To the Deity alone he was accountable for the abuse of his power; and his subjects were indissolubly bound, by

their oath of fidelity, to a tyrant, who had violated every law of nature and society.”

Stripped of its cant, the Christian religion stands forth as an institution purposed to hold the masses in submission to the powers that be. Its god sits on a golden throne in the skies, and ordains the lords of earth; and they that resist this god and his ordained earthly lords, declares St. Paul, “receive to themselves damnation.” With its miserable promise of salvation to slaves and threat of damnation to rebels, the Christian religion is the world’s champion of the exploiting classes. Its god, Jehovah, dragged out of the stone-age, is the best friend of tyrants among all the gods ever conceived in the brains of savages. For centuries the creed of Constantine reigned supreme. To even express a doubt of its divine origin meant imprisonment and death. The most hideous instruments of torture that the priests could conceive awaited those that dared to revolt against superstition and slavery. Of this reign of papal Rome Ernst Haeckel says: “It meant death to all freedom of mental life, decay to all science, corruption to all morality. \* \* \* With all the discipline of the church and the fear of God, the condition of European society was pitiable. Feudalism, serfdom, the grace of God, and the favor of the monks ruled the land; the poor helots were only

too glad to be permitted to raise their miserable huts under the shadow of the castle or the cloister, their secular and spiritual oppressors and exploiters. Even today we suffer from the aftermath of these awful ages and conditions, in which there was no question of care for science or higher mental culture save in rare circumstances and in secret. Ignorance, poverty and superstition combined with the immoral operation of the law of celibacy, which had been introduced in the eleventh century, to consolidate the ever-growing power of the papacy. It has been calculated that there were more than ten million victims of fanatical religious hatred during this 'Golden Age' of papal domination; and how many more million human victims must be put to the account of celibacy, oral confession, and moral restraint, the most pernicious and accursed institutions of the papal depotism!"

"I used to read in books," says Robert G. Ingersoll, "how our fathers persecuted mankind. But I never appreciated it. I read it, but it did not burn itself into my soul. I did not really appreciate the infamies that have been committed in the name of religion until I saw the iron arguments that Christians used. I saw the 'thumb-screw'—two little pieces of iron, armed on the inner surfaces with protuberances to prevent their slipping; through

each end a screw uniting the two pieces. And when some man denied the efficacy of baptism, or maybe said, 'I do not believe that a fish ever swallowed a man to keep him from drowning,' then they put his thumb between these pieces of iron, and in the name of universal love and forgiveness began to screw these pieces together. When this was done most men said, 'I will recant.' The man who would not recant was not forgiven. They screwed the thumb-screws down to the last pang, and then threw their victim into some dungeon, where, in the throbbing silence and darkness, he might suffer the agonies of the fabled damned. This was done in the name of love—in the name of mercy—in the name of the compassionate Christ. I saw, too, what they called the 'collar of torture.' Imagine a circle of iron, and on the inside a hundred points almost as sharp as needles. This argument was fastened about the throat of the sufferer. Then he could not walk, nor sit down, nor stir, without the neck being punctured by these points. In a little while the throat would begin to swell, and suffocation would end the agonies of that man. This man, it may be, had committed the crime of saying, with tears upon his cheeks, 'I do not believe that God, the father of us all, will damn to eternal perdition any one of the children of men.' I saw another instrument, called the

'scavenger's daughter.' Think of a pair of shears with handles not only where they are now, but at the points as well, and just above the pivot that unites the blades a circle of iron. In the upper handles the hands would be placed; in the lower, the feet; and through the ring at the center the head of the victim would be forced. In this condition he would be thrown prone upon the earth, and the strain upon the muscles produced such agony that insanity would in pity end his pain. I saw the 'rack.' This was a box like the bed of a wagon, with a windlass at each end, with levers and ratchets to prevent slipping; over each windlass went chains; some were fastened to the ankles of the sufferer; others to his wrists. And then priests, clergymen, divines, saints, began turning these windlasses, and kept turning until the ankles, the knees, the hips, the shoulders, the elbows, the wrists of the victim were all dislocated and the sufferer was wet with the sweat of agony. And they had standing by a physician to feel his pulse. What for? To save his life? Yes. In mercy? No; simply that they might rack him once again."

And in Lecky's "Rise of Rationalism" we read: "Tortures of hell, the whole intellect of Europe was employed in illustrating them. All literature, all painting, all eloquence was concentrated upon

the same dreadful theme. By the pen of Dante and by the pencil of Orcagna, by the pictures that crowded every church and the sermons that rang from every pulpit the maddening terror was sustained. The saint was often permitted in visions to behold the agonies of the lost and to recount the spectacle he had witnessed. He loved to tell how by the lurid glare of the eternal flames he had seen millions writhing in every form of ghastly suffering, their eyeballs rolling with unspeakable anguish, their limbs gashed and mutilated and quivering with pain, tortured by pangs that seemed ever keener by the recurrence, and shrieking in vain for mercy to an unpitying heaven. Hideous beings of dreadful and fantastic forms hovered around, mocking them and their torments, casting them into caldrons of boiling brimstone or inventing new tortures more subtle and more refined. Amid this a sulphur stream was always seething, feeding and intensifying the waves of fire. There was no respite, no alleviation, no hope. The tortures were ever varied in their character and they never palled for a moment upon the sense. Sometimes it was said the flames while retaining their intensity withheld the light. A shroud of darkness covered the scene, but a ceaseless shriek of anguish attested the agonies that were below."

Plato in his "Republic," wrote 400 years before the birth of Jesus: "And then there are quacks and soothsayers who flock to the rich man's door, and try to persuade him that they have a power at command, which they procure from heaven, and which enables them, by sacrifices and incantations performed amidst feasting and indulgences, to make amends for any crimes committed either by the individual himself or any of his ancestors; and that should he desire to do a mischief to anyone, it may be done at a trifling expense, whether the object of his hostility be a just or an unjust man, for they profess that by certain invocations and spells, they can prevail upon the gods to do their bidding. And they produce a host of books written by Marseus and Orpheus, children, as they say, of Selene and of the Muses, which form their ritual—persuading not individuals merely, but whole cities also, that men may be absolved and purified from crimes, both while they are still alive and even after their decease, by means of certain sacrifices and pleasurable amusements which they call mysteries, which deliver us from torments of the other world, while the neglect of them is punishable with an awful doom."

Besides the burnings at the stake, the agonies of the rack and torture, who can estimate the mental anguish that the orthodox Christian religion has

caused! To this day the Catholic and the Protestant clergy cram their lies of devils and damnation into the brains of little children. The creed of Constantine, with its nightmares of a savage god whose wrath against mankind, because a mythical Adam ate a forbidden apple, was only appeased by the bloody sacrifice of his own son, with its devils and torments to curse every creature who does not believe it, is the most hideous religion that the world has ever known.

Under the creed of Constantine the powers of the popes grew until they equalled those attributed to their fabled god himself. The popes became Jehovah's vicegerents, and crowned and uncrowned kings. The papal chair became the most coveted prize in Europe. "Make me Bishop of Rome," exclaimed Proetextatus, a pagan prefect of that city, "and I'll be a Christian too!" It was such a sinecure that rival parties fought for its possession. "In the course of the sixth century," writes Dowling in his "History of Romanism," "the city of Rome thrice witnessed the disgraceful spectacle of rival pontiffs, with fierce hatred, bloodshed and massacre, contending with each other for the spiritual throne." From the sixth century on the creed of Constantine held undisputed sway over Europe. With its root firmly set in the rottenness and depravity of the Dark



Ages, the branches of the Upas tree of orthodox Christianity have spread their poisonous shadows over the western world to this very hour. Not a war-lord of Europe but sits on his throne ordained by the Christian God. Not an exploiter in Christendom but holds his power to exploit the people by the grace of the creed of Constantine. It was for this purpose that it was conceived, and it has well served its purpose.

The first master class that history records was the old patriarch. Religion and legend have painted him a holy man and a hero. He was nothing of the kind—he was a holy fright and a bully. He gobbled up all the real estate he could lay his hands on and called it his. He owned it because he took it. He also owned everything that lived or grew upon it. He owned his women and cattle. He owned his goats and he owned his own offspring. He swapped his cows, or his women and children with his brother patriarch whenever he saw a good trade. He did all this because he was big, and could whip any other man that disputed his right and title. It was wrong for a Jewish patriarch to own a slave born of his own blood, except for a limited number of years, but it was all right to capture and own a heathen. It appears perfectly proper to some of us, even to this day, to benevolently assimilate a

heathen that is weaker than we are. As far as the women were concerned, the Jewish patriarch, like his Gentile brother, classed them with the cattle. To the patriarch the only creature on earth worthy of any respect was his oldest son by his favorite wife.

Among the Gentiles, when the patriarch died the oldest son fell heir to the entire estate, lands, cattle, women and children—his own mother, together with his father's other wives and concubines, and his own brothers and sisters and half brothers and sisters included. All the lands and herds were his property, and all the human beings were his slaves. If the oldest son, who became the patriarch at the death of his father, inherited more slaves—his own brothers and sisters included—than he needed, he traded part of them for cattle, or sold them. If he could not trade or sell them, he killed off such as he did not need. Plutarch describes this killing of slaves. There was no hope of freedom for any of the children of these slaves. The law of primogeniture—the inheritance by the oldest son of all the property of the patriarch—was absolute. It was not only embodied in the social law, but was also part of their religion. It was backed by the divine approval as well as the club.

This social system of master and slave, dating

back to the earliest times, going through various changes of society from barbarism to organized kingdoms, finally culminated in the western world in the Roman Empire. Under the rule of Rome the master and slave system reached its most diabolical perfection. The patriarch became the patrician of divine origin, and the slave became the brute in human form without a soul. There is nothing as savage in history as Rome. It still rules. It is the full fruition of the curse of master and slave that formed early society. It operates to this day every society and rules every religious organization.

It was into this Roman world of master and slave that Jesus came with a message of human brotherhood. He was a carpenter, born of the outraged working class. Like thousands of rebel slaves before him, his life ended upon a cross. His gospel of redemption from the rule of masters, his vision of fraternity and equality, sank deep into the hearts of his Jewish followers, and after his tragic death they heroically labored to lift the people from bondage. They, too, were martyred by Rome. But the message took root among the oppressed, and for nearly three hundred years could not be entirely crushed. Rome accomplished by cunning what it failed to do by force and murder, and made a state religion of the revolutionary gospel of Jesus. The

message of Jesus struggled for existence to the fourth century, and then died, and has been dead as a doornail ever since.

Rome took the simple Jewish carpenter, with his sweet message of human brotherhood, and blatantly deified its own savage murder upon the cross and made of Jesus a tortured god, and placed him in a niche beside her other pagan myths. Paganism today, split into three divisions—three colossal humbugs—viz.: Roman Catholicism, Greek Catholicism, and Protestantism, offer a creed that for nineteen centuries has filled the earth with exploitation and war, with millionaire and pauper, with cunning and cruelty, with every abomination imaginable, and without even a pretense of proclaiming the brotherhood of man that Jesus taught, the only possible redemption and salvation of the race.

Jesus, who came voicing the democracy of Solon and Isaiah, has been made the bloody sacrifice to a savage god, the scapegoat for tyrants and oppressors to load their sins on. Just as the cry of the Hebrew prophets was drowned by the trumpets and rituals of the time-serving Hebrew priests, so has been the cry of the Nazarene silenced by the Church. Like the old paganism from which it sprang, so has so-called Christianity taught and upheld the system of one class riding upon the back of another as di-

vine. This system is taught as a righteous thing and ordained of God. Only a race that had been degraded for ages by the old savage patriarchal society, that made the oldest son by the favorite wife a lord and master over all, would have tolerated the tyrannical doctrine of "servants, be obedient to your masters," that for centuries has held the only useful element in society—the working class—in chains. Our social system and our religion are ordained by and for the master class. The rulers and the reverends draw both their inspiration and their salaries from the same source—from the exploiting class, the lineal descendants of the old patriarchs. There are scholars in the pulpits today who are utterly ashamed of the deception that the creed of Constantine has perpetrated upon the race. Outside of a commonwealth of human brotherhood there is nothing worthy of the name of either religion or state, and before the world-wide sweep of this coming society all tyranny and humbuggery must fall.

For his seditious teachings Jesus was crucified by the Roman rulers, assisted by the time-serving priests and the aristocracy of Jerusalem. Crucifixion was the death penalty inflicted by Rome upon the rebellious slaves. The Jews never practiced it. None but rebellious slaves were nailed to the cross. It is

an infamous lie to charge the Jewish people with this crime. It was Imperial Rome that murdered Jesus—the same Imperial Rome that years after his death transformed his gospel of peace and brotherhood into the fables that are offered as Christianity today. Roman priests, steeped with the mythologies of Roman paganism, gradually developed our New Testament, and wrote into it the doctrine of the sacrifice of his own son by a bloodthirsty God. Nothing could be more abhorrent to Jesus than the religion offered in his name. It was ordained at the Council of Nice to hold the revolting slaves in order. The vision of brotherhood on earth was removed to another world, and slaves were taught contentment with their lot here, and obedience to their masters, in order that they might live in mansions after they died. Implicit faith in the fall of Adam, the resulting curse, and the wiping away of their sins by the divinely ordained sacrifice of a god, was offered in the place of the glad tidings of brotherhood that Jesus taught. The doctrine of the Trinity—three gods in one—was a compromise between the many gods of Rome and the one God of the Jews. The conception of a universal Fatherhood with its natural complement of a Universal Brotherhood, as conceived by Jesus, was hidden beneath the Pagan conception of gods and emperors, sitting upon golden

thrones in the skies, that rewarded or damned according to the set rules concocted by the priests. Orthodox Christianity became, therefore, a simple thing to accept—all the poor victim had to do in order to believe it was to let others do his thinking. This, sad to relate, has never been a hard thing for the masses to do.

The Church stands with the master class, because it was conceived in the interests of the master class. The church offers ceremonies, symbols and superstitions to believe, and pagan deities to adore, instead of Brotherhood and Peace to live, and a Universal Source of all life to accept, because the belief in ceremonies, symbols and superstitions, and the adoration of a mythical trinity of royal deities, can chain the workers, both bodily and mentally, while Brotherhood and Peace would set them free. If there were such a thing in existence as a personal devil, he could have quit work and retired to a life of ease long ago—the creed of Constantine has attended well and faithfully to all his dirty work.

Jesus portrayed this life as a preparation of a life to come. We must live as brothers now, in order to be fit citizens of eternity. It is passing strange that so appropriate a preparation and social life should have been so pointedly overlooked by the Church all these years. And now that the Socialists

are demanding this life on earth of justice and human brotherhood—demanding it even though there were no hereafter—they are called enemies of religion!

“Pure paganism,” says Osborne Ward in his “Ancient Lowly,” “was that of the idea of an aristocratic religion whose priesthood was a part of the state government. It denied the equality of men. It strenuously upheld and stubbornly contended for the divinity of rights—a divinity that was based on the august power of the paternal despot, and still adheres in the form of the aged law of inheritance and the rule of entailments upon primogeniture, or a species of godhead for the first-born son, and in the inheritance of living monarchs. \* \* \* It was a despotism of masters over slaves, which despised the laborers, originally its own children, while it feasted upon their works.”



## CHAPTER XXVI.

**T**HE nineteenth century is the historic age of industrial and mental revolution. The social revolution of the twentieth century will be the full fruition. The marvelous machines, born of the genius of the working class, have revolutionized production, creating wealth in an abundance never before dreamed of. But these machines, that should prove a universal blessing, have, from the nature of our social arrangement, become the private property of the few who did not create them, and are used to exploit the many who both create and operate them. Thus there exists the abnormal condition in which the class that uses the machines does not own them, and the class that owns them does not use them. Our present system of society, that so unjustly arranges its production and distribution of wealth, is the heritage of all former systems. The chattel slave system of ancient Rome and the feudal system of later Europe still impose upon society "class distinctions" and "caste."

Man must learn at last that he can make no laws.

He can make mistakes and call them laws and suffer thereby. The physical laws are Nature's laws. Congress might pass a decree that you could put your bare hand in a blazing fire, and your hand would not burn; but it would burn just the same. The laws of health are Nature's laws. Find and obey them, and we are well; break them, and we sicken. Man can neither make nor alter these laws. So it is with society. There *are* social laws, and the nations that broke them have perished. We cannot make or change social laws. We can collectively break them and suffer, and finally, by so persisting, commit national suicide. Let us find these laws. Let us apply them as we find them, and LIVE! When we do find them, we will discover that the social laws—the laws that must govern a living society—are founded on absolute Justice. Nothing else can endure. Nothing else is worthy of endurance.

I do not for a moment ridicule a real religion. I love the Golden Rule, and, to me, Justice between man and man, Brotherhood and Love, are fairer than the golden stars at night. Nor do I deny the immortality of the soul, nor that the Universe itself is planned and guided. I know but little, though, beyond the earth, which is my beautiful Mother, and the blood and breed of the human race. I love these

because I see and know them, and I renounce any religion that does not say to every soul, "You have just as good a right upon this earth as any other, and none shall rob you, or degrade you."

Roman society was a system of masters and slaves. Slavery was carried to such an extent that even physicians were owned by their masters. The slaves were degraded to the fullest extent that the masters could drive them. They were taught that they had no souls; they were looked upon as animals. Today society teaches differently with its lips, but by its acts it still patterns after ancient Rome. The City of Athens, the boasted center of culture and learning, at the time of the birth of Jesus contained 400,000 slaves out of its entire population of 515,000. The city of Corinth, with its population of 640,000, contained only 40,000 free men and women—the remaining 600,000 being slaves. The patrician class claimed to have immortal souls because they were descended from the gods; the slaves had no souls, because they were created by the gods to serve their masters. Against this Roman master-and-slave system of society had arisen, prior to the birth of Jesus, revolters among the slaves, who had led numerous but unsuccessful rebellions. Labor unions, meeting in secret, existed as far back as B. C. 600. Despite the fact that crucifixion was the punishment

dealt to rebellious slaves, bloody mutinies occurred that bear witness to the class-struggles of ancient society. Among the last of the nations that fell under the power of Rome was Palestine, and, while the Roman yoke fell lightly upon the rich Jews, yet the submission to a Gentile power galled the entire Jewish nation. Therefore with more yearning than ever, and with stronger hope, did the Jews look to a coming Messiah who would overthrow the power of the Caesars and again establish the Jewish kingdom. The cruelty of Roman-ruled society was at its height when Jesus appeared. Born of the Jewish working class, he grew up amidst the scenes of Roman outrage committed against human flesh and blood. He saw the workers—his own class—in all the hopelessness of Roman bondage. The spirit of revolt welled up in his soul—it became the passion of his life. We are told—and the account so fits his life and character that it is most likely true—that among his first public utterances was the message narrated in the 4th chapter of Luke, and which nearly cost him his life. The account, beginning at the 16th verse of this chapter, reads:

“And he came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up; and, as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and stood up for to read.

“And there was delivered unto him the book of the prophet Isaiah; and when he had opened the book, he found the place where it was written,

“‘The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to proclaim deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised (enslaved).’”

And then, we are told, Jesus closed the scroll and made a talk. It was the old Jewish custom to thus discourse in the synagogue. He must have delivered a scathing message, for, the account says, “all they in the synagogue, when they heard these things, were filled with wrath, and thrust him out of the city, and led him unto the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might cast him down headlong.” But Jesus made his escape.

With this evidence of the murderous intent on the part of the congregation in the synagogue, it becomes the rankest sort of hypocrisy for the clericals of today to claim that Jesus meant the “captives of sin” that he was preaching deliverance to. No pious Pharisees, ancient or modern, ever threatened the life of anybody who confined his talk of “deliverance” to a “deliverance from sin.” A Boston mob, of the same character as the ancient mob that

dragged Jesus to "the brow of the hill," once put a rope about William Lloyd Garrison's neck and proposed to hang him because William Lloyd Garrison also cried that he had come "preaching deliverance to the captives"—the captive negro slaves of the nineteenth century. If William Lloyd Garrison had been nothing but a regulation preacher—a tool of the master-class—and had confined his remarks about saving the poor darkies' lost souls, the pious Boston people would have taken up a collection for him instead of hunting a rope. Jesus meant what he said—his message of redemption to a lost world was human brotherhood, not masters and slaves, and so he cried that he had come to bring "deliverance to the captives." The Roman slaves were well called "captives." They were captured by Roman soldiers from the barbarian tribes at that period of northern Europe, and brought in chains to the cities and sold in the slave marts. History tells us that not far from the temple in Jerusalem was a Roman slave market where rich Jews could purchase men-servants and maid-servants of "heathen" blood, as Jehovah had told them to do. Probably there were a number of these owners of "captives" present, when Jesus spoke his message of deliverance to the

captives. They knew what Jesus meant by "deliverance to the captives," even if the modern clergy do not.

And so, because he fearlessly repudiated the Biblical laws and denounced the rulers and their high-priests, Jesus met his death upon the cross. Then began a struggle on the part of his Jewish followers to establish a society of freedom and fraternity that is not equaled for devotion and sacrifice in the annals of history. Imperial Rome, with the ferocity of a wild beast, went to work to crush the communist movement of the first century. The followers of Jesus were slaughtered in every savage manner that Rome could conceive. And still the movement grew. Then began the work to stem by cunning the revolutionary tide that repression could not check. About the first reactionary "convert" to Christianity that we have any record of was Paul. By birth, it is said, Paul was half Greek and half Jewish Pharisee. He was not the first, nor was he the last, to distort the message of a prophet of the people and bury its truth in a heap of myths. Paul emasculated the glad tidings of Jesus by removing the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth, that Jesus visioned, to some remote locality, after the suffering "captives" were dead. Finally the Roman rulers realized what a fine thing it would be to doc-

tor up Paul's myths and make a "Catholic" faith of them. By the middle of the third century pagan priests were being converted to Paul's conception of Christianity in job lots, and they added to it such devils, torments, rites and ceremonies as they saw fit. Roman society—a society of masters and slaves—must have a religion designed to keep the masses in subjection, and what could be better for this than a creed that promised eternal happiness to the faithful, and eternal damnation to the heretics? Paul's injunction, "Servants, be obedient to your masters"—giving the direct lie to Jesus, who said, "Call no man master"—made a firm foundation upon which the Roman priests could build a Catholic—meaning "universal"—faith.

There is no doubt but that Jesus was a spiritualist, not a materialist; he taught immortality and proclaimed that the slaves and their masters were of one blood. But Jesus dwelt but very little upon the hereafter—his message was to establish justice, peace and brotherhood upon earth, and that such a just society would naturally be of itself a soul-saving power.

By the beginning of the fourth century Roman priesthood had virtually crushed the revolutionary movement inaugurated by the early followers of Jesus. The Council of Nice, under the authority



of Constantine, had canonized such spurious writings of Roman origin as it saw fit, and created the New Testament. From this period began the rapid construction of the Roman Catholic Church; and when the year 800 dawned in Europe, this substitution of the message of Jesus was clothed with a power outranking all kings and governments. In the night of papal Rome the libraries of the ancient world are burned. Philosophy is outlawed, art is banished and learning despised. Freedom and fraternity are buried beneath tyranny, class-rule and bigotry. Lies are put into the mouths of gods, and outrages charged to holy ghosts. The search of science becomes a crime, and faith in frauds and fables a virtue. Love is a vice, birth and motherhood a disgrace, and sexual perverts become a saintly sight in the eyes of God.

True, in the Old Testament laws the Roman Church could find ample authority to justify every atrocious act that it wished to commit; but the fact remains that Jesus repudiated these Biblical injunctions as fearlessly as he did the social system of his day. "It is written, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," says the Bible; "but I say unto you something different—something better"—spake the free soul of Jesus. For inspiration Jesus went to Israel's martyred prophets, not to Israel's priests and law-

givers. To the visions of Isaiah Jesus turned, not to the book of Leviticus.

As to the Christian writings of the first and second centuries, Dr. Westcott, the Protestant commentator, says: "A few letters of consolation and warning, two or three apologies addressed to Heaven, a controversy with a Jew, a vision, and a scanty gleaning of fragments of lost works, comprise all Christian literature up to the middle of the second century." Dr. Westcott calls it "the dark age of Christian literature."

This does not deny that scattered throughout the gospels can doubtless be found some of the sayings of Jesus. Critics generally admit that the Sermon on the Mount, or at least portions of it, is traditionally true. It can be traced back to the first century, and was about the only gospel message from Jesus that his first followers possessed. But the dogmatic conceptions of after years, the doctrines of immaculate conception, the trinity of gods, paradises and perditions, are inventions of Roman priests. They were constructed in order to transform the gospel of fraternity and peace into a religious system that upheld the ruling classes and enjoined upon the slaves submission.

Rob a human being of economic security, and you stab every sweet sentiment within his breast.

Without economic security, without assurance of food and shelter, the soul of man becomes a desert. Lost is every deeper sense of life; music and laughter are forgotten; art is unknown; and love starves and perishes. An outcast upon the earth, robbed of economic security, sinks with the brutes. Those robbed of economic security do not sing, do not dance, do not play. They are joyless, songless, loveless. No sweet melodies spring from wells down deep in homely hearts, no fireside folk-lore gladdens the daily toil. All becomes black in the ashes of despair. The homeless and hopeless cannot sing. The slum calls forth no music, the herded tenement hears no symphonies touched by Apollo's golden strings.

The Indian once sang; when the buffalo and deer were his, songs of sweet content arose from the tepees, songs of the wild wood-folk, love songs, songs to the Great Spirit that gave the corn. These songs of the Indian are almost lost. An effort is being made to collect the old Indian words and music, for, we are told by musicians, the world has missed a precious treasure in these weird, native melodies. The Indian sings no more; the fire of music has gone out; an exile upon the beautiful, bounteous earth, he hears no note, save the savage shriek of the mad money-master in the soulless,

songless land of plunder. By the rivers of Babylon there is no song—there our harps are hung upon the willows.

No heavenly deity is going to miraculously set things right in this world; you must do it yourself, or it will never be done. In the governing power of the United States votes count, not incantations.

Does the world need a new religion?

I should think so.

It needs a religion that has no humbug or horror in it; a religion that spells human brotherhood, peace and plenty for all, and spells it in big, red letters.

A religion that leaves no room on earth for any save comrades.

A religion that recognizes that a hungry body cannot hold a sweet soul.

A religion that makes education and science, art, music and the drama, its creed.

A religion that declares that there is nothing to fear, either in time or eternity, save injustice; nothing to bring joy, save service.

A religion that will not take away the hope of a hereafter to those who so believe, yet makes today as urgent for human happiness as all the stretch of the eternal years.

And what will we do with no ceremonies nor articles of faith, with no supplications nor incanta-

tions, with no sceptered god in the skies, no fork-tailed devil in a Hell of fire?

Come with me—the beautiful earth that bore us, and the all-beholding sun whose golden rays call forth the myriads of mysterious life, and paint the hill and vale, the flower and leaf, the forest and stream, with all the prismatic shades, are calling you and me. There is no wrath of angry deities in earth or sun or sky. No—not even though in tempest's blast or earthquake, in lightning or flood, our passing lives are crushed. Nature is not filled with vengeance, no more than you or I, while journeying on, step unwittingly upon some struggling worm. The earth and sun, and satellites and stars, and all the living creatures of land and water and air, the trees and vines, the grass and flowers, and you and I, this is all there is. Bound by a throbbing, mystic tie we are one. Within us pulses life, and thought, and infinite desire. Gaze through the mightiest telescope the genius of man has built, and on beyond the visible suns shine countless more. No gilded thrones are found in all the boundless space where sit in fury these sky-gods of the priests—no demons waiting to seize naked souls and drag them to endless torment. Eternity is today, and today is eternity. The Soul of the Universe lives not in a gold-paved paradise with walls of jasper and gates

of pearl, but lives in the yearning, wistful eyes of our brothers and sisters that princes have plundered and phantoms have frightened. Slavery and superstition are the only demons to fear, and Liberty and Love the only gods to adore. Peace and plenty is the only Heaven, and war and exploitation the only Hell. Knowledge and science are the only revelations that will aid us, and labor the only prayer that will be answered. The earth and all it contains is the heritage of all, and to deny the least of mankind his heritage is the only blasphemy there is. To crush a flower is brutal—to crush the hopes and longings of a human soul is murder.

Shall we look, then, for a world of perfection, of happiness unalloyed? No, not here—nor no matter where eternity may lead us. With another prophet of the present day who did not receive his inspiration from Jehovah of the Jungle, with Anatole France, I would say: “No—divine pity, which is the beauty of souls, would come to an end when suffering ended. That will never be. Moral evil and physical evil, unceasingly resisted, will unceasingly share with happiness and joy the empire of the world, as the night follows the day. Evil is necessary. Like good, it has its spring deep in Nature; the one could not be dried up without the other. We are only happy because we are unhappy. Suf-

fering is the sister of joy ; the breath of these twain passes over our harp-strings and makes them sound in harmony. If happiness alone blew on them, they would give out a monotonous, tedious sound, like silence. But to the inevitable evils, to those evils at once common and august which result from the state of mankind, there shall no more be added the artificial evils, which result from the state of our society. Men will no more be deformed by an unfair labor by which they rather die than live. The slave will come out of the ergastulum, and the factory no longer eat up men's bodies by millions."

And so for the frailties of mortals, that the churches so loudly condemn, we of the new religion must have charity. These are natural. But to the monstrosities of slavery and superstition—the chains made by a master-class and the goblins invented by a priest-class—we must show no mercy. These are abnormal. And we may well hope that human vices and frailties will become but petty things when men and women are surrounded by such environments that make virtue and honesty pay a better dividend than immorality and larceny. We may well believe, in the light of modern biology, that disease and suffering will grow infinitely less as we grow out of poverty and ignorance, as we approach that society when neither the profligate

rich nor the degraded poor furnish a vicious class. And some day, when economic freedom takes the place of jobs owned by a master-class, and sanity steps into our brains and drives out superstition, love shall stand by every cradle; and fear shall be banished from the tomb. We shall know then that the pains of childbirth are not the curse of a god, but are Nature's firm foundation of a mother's matchless love; we shall know that death is not a damnation brought about by the temptation of a snake, but is the returning of the soul to the source from which it sprang. With the good Walt Whitman, we can bid our loved ones farewell—

“Ripples of unseen rivers, tides of a current flowing,  
                        forever flowing,

(Or is it the plashing of tears? The measureless  
                        waters of human tears?)

“I see, just skyward, great cloud-masses,

Mournfully, slowly they roll, silently swelling and  
                        mixing,

With at times a half dimm'd, sadden'd far-off star,  
Appearing and disappearing.

“(Some parturition rather, some immortal birth;  
On the frontiers to eyes impenetrable,  
Some soul is passing over.)”

We of the new religion cannot countenance slavery degrading the body, nor superstition poison-



ing the soul. And of this we can be sure; we can live and labor, we can love and hope. And in such a world there must be no masters of any kind whatever—only laborers and lovers.

Deep planted in the hearts of men and women is the longing for comradeship, for love and happiness. Nature put it there—Nature, of whom Goethe sang, "Her crown is Love. Only through Love can we come to know her. She puts gulfs between all things, and all things strive to be interfused. She isolates everything, that she may draw everything together. With a few draughts from the cup of Love she repays for a life of trouble."

A sweet instance of the love and longing that Nature has planted in the hearts of the race comes to us from the battlefields of Europe. It is the story of a dying German soldier, who stretched out his arms to a passing French refugee woman, and asked leave to kiss the baby she was carrying in her arms. He was thinking of the baby he had left at home, in the arms of the sweetheart of his youth.

Let us banish the delirium of the savage past, and inscribe a new religion for the coming generations. Let us make a Bible of a few words—Justice, Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, Knowledge, Truth, Goodwill, Peace, Hope and Love—these be

better than a thousand chapters of myths and miracles, and bloody sacrifice to an angry god. I think it would be fine if we of the new religion had upon our center-tables a little volume, of less than a dozen pages, with one of these words upon each page, and upon the cover and fly leaf inscribed: "Our New Holy Bible, Inspired by the Longings of the Human Heart." Such a Bible would appeal to the rational men and women of all races and colors and tongues of earth. No one need renounce his or her reason to accept it. You could hand it to a little child without polluting its innocent soul with fear and superstition. Such a Bible in our homes would be a simple, sweet appeal to a better world to live in.

Once, long ago, came one who voiced the hope and longing of the race with infinite love and passion. He told of a Source of Life and Love that the world had never known, of a common Father of a common humanity. He dreamed of a society strange and beautiful—the Brotherhood of Man. His teachings were garbled and doctored by the priests that wrote of him years after his tragic death, yet, will we but search, the sweet message that he taught, the burden of his soul, can be found. He was not the tortured god of the dogmatic creeds—he was the lowly carpenter, the brother of the

workers, the friend of man and the lover of woman. He cared naught for the traditions of the elders or the sacred books. With him it was, "It is written so and so, but I say unto you something different." He wrote no book, he formed no creed. He simply trusted that the words he spoke and the dreams he dreamed would some day find expression and life in the soul of humanity. For the Father, he said, had anointed him to bring glad tidings to the poor. He had come to set the captive free. Again and again his tender heart bled for all who bore the heavy burdens, but with more anguish than all for woman, the doubly chained captive. Had he not denounced the Biblical laws that condemned the woman? Had he not scattered the men who would stone her for that, which their very actions proved, they themselves had been guilty of? "I do not condemn thee, go thy way and sin no more," were new words—they are still new—to woman. And to Mary the harlot! She loved him much, because he, in all the woman-hated world, had called her his friend. Take all—all the conflicting words of those who blindly tried to interpret this carpenter, and do with them as you will. I care not. The few preserved sentences that fell from his passionate lips—the scathing denunciation of the master-class and the infinite love of the outcast—these are

all I want. I turn from the dogmatic epistles, half ancient Judaism and half Greek mythology, and I go again with the Peasant of Palestine down the beaten path to Bethany, where in an humble home dwelt Mary and Martha. There I can still hear the music of his voice, the simple story of love and brotherhood, as on the vine-clad porch he told it time and again. • And the little children, how they ran to meet him! He was their comrade, their lover and the companion of their childhood. And now another voice, perhaps more stern than his, cries glad tidings to the woman and her child. It is the world-wide call of Socialism. Women, children, when every chain is broken, yours shall be the greater freedom, for yours has been the greater slavery!

## CONCLUSION.

**I**N the beginning Elohim (the gods) created the heaven and the earth."

So reads the first verse of the first chapter of the Bible.

In the original text it was not "God" but "the gods created the heaven and the earth." Says the Encyclopedia Britannica (article on Angel): "In the later development of the religion of Israel, *Elohim* is almost entirely reserved for the one true God; but in earlier times *Elohim*, gods, *bne Elohim*, sons of gods, i. e., members of the class of divine beings, were general terms for super-human beings."

Yahweh, or Jehovah, the later tribal God of the ancient Jews, was unknown to the author of Genesis. Like all primitive races the ancient Jews believed the air to be peopled with gods and sons of gods, who produced everything, created everything, and caused everything. Nothing happened that was not the work of a god. The gods, or a god, were con-

tinually busy rewarding and punishing men. They worked by magic, so it was no trick to create the Universe out of nothing.

Science tells a different story. There was no beginning. In some form, everything that exists always existed. It always will. Nothing is created or destroyed. Forms change, but the life and substance remain. There are no gods. The natural Universe contains within itself all life, all energy, all intelligence exhibited. The fact that no particle of matter can be destroyed, that its form, by heat or otherwise, can only be changed, thereby proving its continual existence, seems evidence that its past is as beginningless as its future is endless. To the trained mind first beginnings and miraculous creations are the impossible things, and infinity the reasonable and possible.

The earth at one time is believed to have been part of the sun. Perhaps the sun was part of another and greater sun. In the course of ages the earth may again be absorbed by the sun, and the sun by another sun. The essence of the Universe is life—life constantly expressing itself in some form. As figures are the expression of mathematics, so life is the expression of the Universe. The Universe, self-existent and always, forever pouring forth manifold expressions of its own life, each

urged onward and upward by the eternal law of evolution! No irascible gods demanding flattery and sacrifice, no demented demons in flaming hells ever ready to snatch lost souls; only the Universal Spirit of Life, brooding over all; giving us work to do that we may grow in strength and beauty; mistakes to stand as warnings, directing the travelers that follow us.

“The destiny of organized Nature,” says Ralph Waldo Emerson, “is amelioration, and who can tell its limits? It is for man to tame the chaos; on every side, whilst he lives, to scatter the seeds of science and of song, that climate, corn, animals, men, may be milder, and the germs of love and benefit may be multiplied.”

Man is the highest expression of life that we are acquainted with. He is the accumulation of all the animal and vegetable and mineral life that preceded him. As he appears on earth, he is the present sum total of all the past stages of evolution. While I cannot believe that he is the ultimate expression of life—for I believe that evolution never ceases—yet man, as we find him and know him, is the tangible object of our special consideration. He has an immediate work and duty. His chief end is not, as the Calvinist Catechism teaches, “to glorify God and enjoy Him forever,” but is, in the words of

Emerson, "to tame the chaos." The rock upon which a Real Religion is built is well defined by Ingersoll: "One world at a time." If evolution transmigrates our egos—"the self that feels, thinks, wills and acts"—to other activities, then doubtless other work and other duties will appear. But one world at a time, and that world the one we inhabit, the world of men and women and children, the world as yet of chaos, but containing all the elements of order and beauty and happiness, awaiting the labor and pruning and culture of man.

I think the world should have had enough of the terrific gods that have come thundering down from the jungle age—the gods of threats and promises, of dooms and delights, the lords of sky that ordain the lords of earth, the myths of benighted belief. In all the dark ages of their imaginary existence, to use the language of the day, they have "never got us anywhere." The Joves and Jehovahs and Josses have never opened a door of knowledge. All they have done is, through the promises and threats of their priests, to fill the brains of men and women, and innocent children, with faith and fear. The faith in and fear of these gods have made subjects cringe to tyrants crowned "by the grace of God," but never inspired the brain of a Humboldt or a Darwin, or opened the vision of a Bruno or a Gali-



leo. The deaf and dumb Jehovah never raised a hand to help when his priests chained scholars to the stake and burned them alive. The most that can be said of him is that faith in his existence drove the priests insane enough to do the deed.

Jesus did not pay it all, nor never will, nor never can. His blood is of no more value to wipe out wrongdoings than was the blood of the beast that the jungle priest offered. Man must pay to the last cent for his own follies, errors and crimes. The sooner we make this frozen fact our faith, the sooner will we "tame the chaos." When the Congress of Religions was held in Chicago, Joseph Cook, whose religion made him almost insultingly intolerant of the representatives of other religions, put the question up to the Swami Vivekananda, of India: "Outside of the blood of Christ, how can the sins of Lady Macbeth be washed away?" To which the Hindu representative replied: "Nothing can wash away the sins of Lady Macbeth. She must suffer it out herself."

"A little water clears us of this deed," spoke Lady Macbeth, as she viewed the blood-stained hands of herself and the thane of Glamis; but no sacrifice could atone for the stain upon their souls. And yet I feel with Emerson: "The carrion in the sun will convert itself to grass and flowers; and man.

though in brothels, or jails, or on gibbets, is on his way to all that is good and true."

It must be so. Man that has been climbing and slipping and falling, only to start climbing again, shall triumph, even over himself. But what a miserable faith was the washing away of sins in Jesus' blood to offer Lady Macbeth! Better far to proclaim that it is not Jesus that pays it, but that it is one's own self. No sacrifice, no prayers or incantations, can tame the chaos. It must be done by men and women who rely upon their own actions in life.

For ages man was but a dumb factor in the forces of evolution. He was pushed along without considering why or how. But he has reached that stage where he can intelligently and helpfully assist these forces. It is his greatest glory to become a co-worker with the "Tireless and Resistless Energy" that moves the Universe. On his knees, with his lips kissing the dust, he is useless. To tame the chaos he must get rid of the rubbish heaps in the way. He will find these in his own head.

In the realm of Freedom—in that democracy that the world is now dreaming of—you are alone with men and women, and with Nature, and Nature's laws. Nature's laws send sunshine and rain around the globe, regardless of religious faith. They pro-

vide seedtime and harvest for the heathen as well as the Christian. Disease follows the adulteration of food, and the polluting of the land and water with filth, whether in Timbuctoo or New York. When we accept Nature's laws as our Sacred Scriptures we will be able to pursue health and happiness. When Reason takes the place of revelations, we will walk in the light. When love becomes the ruling passion, all fortified frontiers will crumble into dust.

The poet Cowper wrote:

“Mountains interposed and made of nations enemies,

Who had else, like kindred drops, been mingled into one.”

True, undoubtedly, of the remote savage age. But those mountains are but mole-hills compared to the religious chasms that have kept the race apart, and have made one people look upon another with cruel hate. The savage crossed the mountain, and mingled and mated with another savage. The families became a clan, and the clans became a nation. And other savages crossed and mingled and mated, and other families became clans, and other clans became nations. And then came along a priest with his gods, and poured oil on the head of a chief, and blessed him, and proclaimed him divinely ordained. And other priests with other gods oiled and blessed

and crowned other chiefs. Thus was the ancient savage hatred of "foreigners" perpetuated. The civilized man that lived on the other side of the religious chasm became the same enemy as the savage man that lived on the other side of the mountain.

I believe in Jesus, the man, the lover of the lowly. But I do not believe in the Jesus of Constantine, the Emperor of Rome. Jesus, at his carpenter's bench, working with his kit of tools, Jesus, gathering the poor of Jerusalem around him, and proclaiming the brotherhood of man, this Jesus of flesh and blood, this simple-hearted comrade of the world's oppressed, I love, I believe, with a truer love than is known to those who kneel at the shrine of Constantine's Christ. The Jesus that roamed the shores of Galilee, and the valleys and hills of Palestine, and companioned with the birds and flowers, and dreamed of a Universal Fatherhood of all that live and sing and bloom, him can I no more associate with the god that violated the Midianites, than I can with the creeds that follow that god. The fact that Moses made a god sponsor for his savagery goes no further with me than the fact that a kaiser made the same god sponsor for his.

I have carefully looked over the gods, Christian and heathen, offered suffering humanity, and none

look good to me. I have heard the priests call upon these gods, and no answer came; and I am glad of it; I know by the silence that they are not alive. But I go into the woods when the south wind blows the breath of Spring, and the trees and shrubs and flowering vines are awakening from their winter's sleep, and the robins are returning to their summer home caroling songs of life and joy, and all Nature is whispering welcome to ears attuned to her call, and I see and feel and know the Spirit of Life, and rejoice that the vindictive gods are but phantoms of the long night in which was cradled the younger world. As the breath of Spring awakens the trees and shrubs and flowering vines, so shall come a social awakening that shall soften and sweeten the world of men. We shall live our lives free and without fear, building and beautifying the world as we live, and, when the day is done, we will go,

“Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

\* \* \* \*

The tradition of a once Golden Age has been almost universal. The legend of a time when the earth was owned in common has, through all the various social systems that have cursed mankind with class-rule, painted pictures of happy days when the world was young.

Of the tradition of those days Ovid has sung:  
"The Golden Age was first, when man, yet new,  
No rule but uncorrupted reason knew,  
And, with a native bent did good pursue.  
Unforced by punishment, unawed by fear,  
His words were simple, and his soul sincere;  
Needless was written law where none oppressed;  
The law of man was written in his breast;  
No suppliant crowds before the judge appeared,  
No court erected yet, nor cause was heard,  
But all was safe; for conscience was their guard.

\* \* \* \*

No walls were yet, nor fence, nor moat, nor  
mound,  
Nor drum was heard, nor trumpet's angry sound;  
Nor swords were forged; but, void of care and  
crime,

The soft creation slept away their time."

Jupiter of the Greeks and Jehovah of the Jews were unknown. The priests that conceived them had not appeared. The jealous Juno had not given birth to Vulcan, the chariot builder, and Mars, the God of War. Osiris, son of Niobe and Jupiter, had not conquered Egypt and enslaved the dark children of the Nile, to the power and glory of the Pharaohs. Baal and Moloch held no tyrant on the throne of Babylon, and Ormuzd had not crowned

the princes of Persia. Brahma had not outraged India with castes, and Odin had not sent the swift Valkyries on phantom steeds to bring the souls of slaughtered warriors to Valhalla. Esus, God of the Druids, demanded no feasts of virgins' blood, the Christians' promises and threats had not been proclaimed, and there were no exploiters to pick people's pockets. And the sons and daughters of men loved and labored and played, in the Golden Age, that is told in the ancient legends, when the world was young; when friendly fairies lurked among the leaves and vines and flowers, and laughing woodnymphs danced beneath the spreading oaks with shifting shadows of the midnight moon.

It is a beautiful dream of a long ago, a passionate vision of the native love and longing of the race.

Then came the time of which the poet mourns:  
when

“The landmarks limited to each his right,  
Where all before was common as the light.”

The patriarch had arrived. The landlord loomed up. The master-class materialized. And these brought their priests with them. And these priests produced gods and goblins to hold the people in bondage. With promises of Heaven and threats of Hell the chains were forged. The earthly lord sat

on a gilded throne by the grace of a sky lord who sat on a greater gilded throne.

A dream of a Golden Age when the world was young. A Dream—and a Prophecy.

The End.