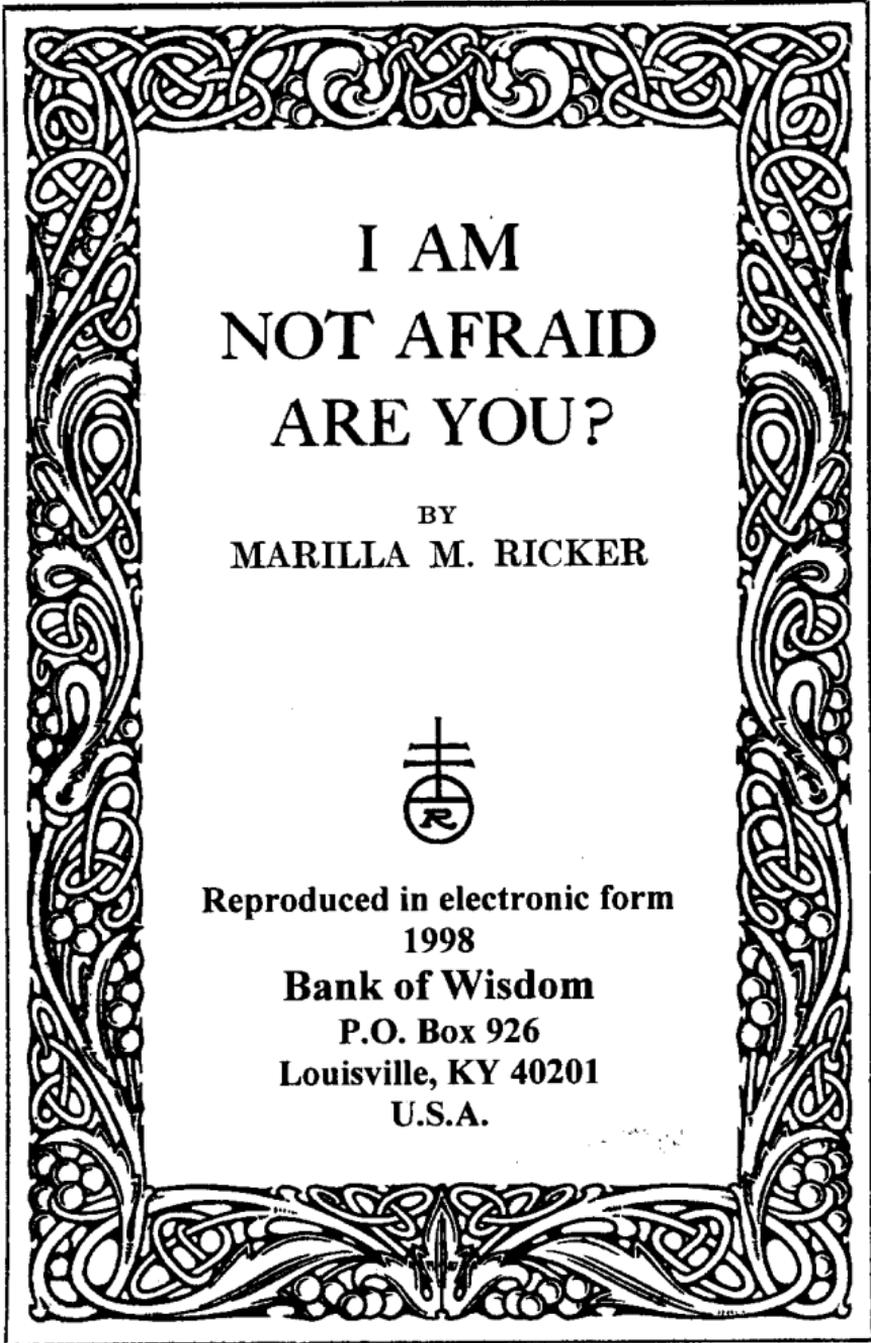




Marilla M. Ricker.



I AM
NOT AFRAID
ARE YOU?

BY
MARILLA M. RICKER



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1998

Bank of Wisdom

P.O. Box 926

Louisville, KY 40201

U.S.A.

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P.O. Box 926
Louisville, KY 40201
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The purpose of the Bank of Wisdom
is to again make the United States the
Free Marketplace of Ideas that the
American Founding Fathers
originally meant this Nation to be.
Emmett F. Fields



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*Blessed are the merciful, for
they shall obtain mercy s•*

*Depart from me, ye cursed,
into everlasting fire s• s•*



Foreword



HAD read yards of excellent literature concerning William F. Gable, but until I saw his fine face and magnificent figure, I labored under the impression that some of it might be allegorical ☞ ☞

I saw him not long ago and I said to Ralph W. Chainey, our mutual friend, "William F. Gable looks and appears as Robert G. Ingersoll did, and the more I saw of him the more apparent it became." What higher compliment can be paid to any person?

I am not afraid of gods or devils, but I was afraid I could not give this great man his just dues, so I called on L. K. Washburn, the great writer and orator, to assist me and he said, "A well-known author was asked why he dedicated his book to his wife. He answered, 'Because in my wife I have found all of those qualities of human nature which I most admire.'" That is why I dedicate this volume to William F. Gable.

Mr. Washburn also said, "I know what a big, kind-hearted man Mr. Gable is, and I write this to show my appreciation of his great manliness.

"He has never said to himself, 'What can I get out of this world, but what can I put into this world?' He has lived to best help those with whom he has associated. Always has he been great enough to think of others; to do for others. If there is one word that expresses his life more than another, it is Kindness, the best word in our language, because there is no selfishness in it.

"He is not afraid of Nature. Long ago he put his hand in

the hand of Nature and said, 'I am ready to go wherever thou takest me.' There is no hypocrisy about him. Conformity has no charm for this rare man. He has used his own head, his own hands, his own heart and has made himself the type of the highest kind of man. He is too big to kneel to a silk hat, to cross himself before a dress suit or to surrender the independence of his mind to save his soul."

¶ *In my opinion, if greatness has birth anywhere, it is outside of organizations. Nothing should circumscribe the human mind but the outer walls of the universe. It is in this large freedom that William F. Gable has grown. I admire the man because his feet have never been caught in any trap and I put this book in his hand in token of that admiration* ❧ ❧

William F. Gable said: "Robert G. Ingersoll, appearing in public as he did, and bringing before the people the facts, arguments and principles of science and free thought as against emotion, hysteria, superstition, ignorance, theology and religion, did more to convince the doubters, encourage the timid, enlighten the ignorant, entertain the intelligent and confound the religious hypocrites and theological pretenders than any other individual in any age."

¶ *William F. Gable certainly has done much to free the brain of man from the ghosts, the miracles, the superstitions, the belief in the divine rights of tyrants, both of Church and State, and all other degradations of belief which chain mankind to the barbarism of the past. He who aspires or dares to know something different or more than the theologians, is an infidel. He who discloses principles in Nature which antagonize the geology of Moses, the astronomy of Joshua, and the mathematics of the Trinity, is an infidel. I am proud to stand by the side of William F. Gable and declare that I am an infidel.*

Of all the fine things written concerning Mr. Gable, I have seen nothing about his farming ability, consequently I want to mention that he has a fine farm and works on it himself. Probably that is why his figure is so magnificent. "Loving labor applied to land will do much for us all." "Loving labor and thrift go hand in hand." So we can all understand why William F. Gable is a successful businessman. He cultivated the habit of thrift in his early days. One of the great writers of this country was Elbert Hubbard,

and he said that the thrift habit was a sister to a good many other beautiful habits.

William F. Gable "saw" the American writer Hawthorne and went him "one better," for he has eight Gables to his house, all of whom any man should be proud. But I still feel that to dedicate this little volume to such a man as William F. Gable, for whom I have the greatest admiration and affection, is like trying to put a little boy's hat on a great man's head.

MARILLA M. RICKER

Dover, New Hampshire

December, Nineteen Hundred Seventeen

Blessed are the peacemakers.

*I come not to bring peace,
but a sword s• s• s• s•*

¿

I AM
NOT AFRAID
ARE YOU

?

*All power is given unto me
in heaven and earth s s*

*And he could there do no
mighty work s s s s*

**I BELIEVE IN NEITHER
GOD NOR THE DEVIL
AND I AM NOT AFRAID!**

*Christianity is outgrown by
the higher intelligence. Hell
vanished when man became
better than God. The greatest
duty of man to-day is to kill
the faith which makes bigots
and tyrants of men* ♣ ♣ ♣



I BELIEVE IN NEITHER GOD NOR THE DEVIL AND I AM NOT AFRAID !

IN my opinion the belief in everlasting life is a most selfish and harmful doctrine, and by turning man's attention from this world to another has blocked progress at least a thousand years. Without this belief there could have been no demonology, no persecution, no hot opposition to science, no fighting of progress at every step, and no continuance of a superstitious dogma into a scientific age.

There is no idea so pernicious in its results as the doctrine of individual immortality. It has formed a leverage for the enslavement of mankind. It has filled the world with gloom and made of man a crawling coward. It has given chains and whips of nettles into the hands of priests and parsons since time began, and they have used their weapons for the suppression, repression and degradation of humanity. And all based upon the idea that man has a personal existence after death.

So long as that dogma is preached there will

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be men who pretend to be able to control your place and condition in another world. Let an insignificant little priest in a little city, or a village, withhold the rite of holy communion, absolution, or extreme unction from this one and that, and if they die tonight, their souls will wander in torment during all eternity. To unhorse the priest we do not have to prove that there is no life after death, all we need do is to stand strong on the living truth—that we do not know anything about it, and that he knows no more than we do. We can then live our lives as if we were to live always, and if death is an endless sleep we have made no mistake. Right living here and now is the part of wisdom, and if there is life to come, honesty and truth are a good preparation for it.

Just so long as man is taught that he has an immortal soul that can never die he will fear the future and speculate on his destiny in another world. We can adjust ourselves to the known and cope with any difficulty we can see, even to going down heroically and gloriously before it in fair fight, but thought fixed upon a fog that conceals the unknown is a perpetual source of misery and dire unrest.

Fear is the worst thing in the world. Apprehension paralyzes man's best efforts and makes of a demigod a cringing cur. Good work can be done only by people who have abolished fear—sublime thoughts come only as we put fear behind. Fear is the prompter of hate, untruth, duplicity, and is the very base and

I Believe in Neither God nor the Devil

essence of jealousy. The dogma of personal immortality with its concomitant uncertainty as to your future has flooded space with quaking fear, filled the sky with nightmares inexpressible and horrors that are beyond speech. And especially has it clouded the sky of childhood and polluted the days of innocence with black despair.

But the worst feature of a belief in immortality is that it has given millions of rogues a lever by which they have worked both upon the fears and loves of mankind. The entire dogma of endless punishment that was preached for nearly two thousand years has become so repugnant to humanity that even the orthodox of the orthodox have abandoned it, and are willing to say "We do not know." And many of them say that hell was only a theological necessity devised to make bad men good—and also to *make them pay*. In my opinion we want a religion that will pay debts, that will practise honesty in business life; that will treat employees with justice and consideration; that will render employers full and faithful work without grudging or scrimping; that will keep bank-cashiers true; office-holders patriotic and reliable; citizens interested in the purity of politics and the noblest ideals of the country. Such a religion is real, vital and effective ☛ ☛

But a religion that embraces vicarious atonement, miraculous conception, regeneration by faith, baptism and other monkey business;

I Am Not Afraid—Are You?

a religion that promises a heaven of idleness for all those who agree with us, and a hell for those who do not, I regard as barbaric, degrading and unworthy. The curse of existence is the belief in immortality. Everything that makes no growth is immortal and continues immortal until evolution rolls it into forgetfulness. Orthodoxy of all kinds means immortality—the ignoramus is an immortal man. While men believe in God they will continue to gaze idly into the skies; to offer their devotions to a phantom instead of to suffering flesh and blood; to prepare for another world when all their energies are needed in the present one.

Men have walked under a cloud long enough. They have said “Lord and Master” and bent the knee far too long. What have they done that they should ask any one in the sky above or the earth beneath for leave to stand erect and be a man? They should throw off every chain of mental servitude and assert their independence in the mental and moral world as boldly as they have in the physical.

All the evangelical churches have persecuted to the extent of their power—the evangelical alliance made up of all orthodox denominations met not many years ago and here is their creed. They believe in the divine inspiration, authority and sufficiency of the holy scriptures. They believe in the unity of the godhead and the trinity of the persons therein. They believe in the utter depravity of

I Believe in Neither God nor the Devil

human nature. They believe in the eternal blessedness of the righteous, and the eternal punishment of the wicked. They believe that God so loved the world that he made up his mind to damn the most of us. Amen.



As I hear I judge.

I judge no man so

FAITH AND PROGRESS

*Blessed are they that mourn,
for they shall be comforted* ❧

*They shall be cast into the
furnace of fire; there shall be
weeping and gnashing of teeth.*

¶ William F. Gable of Altoona, Pennsylvania, sent me a book a few days ago that everyone should read. The title of the book is :

THE CREED OF CONSTANTINE
OR
THE WORLD NEEDS A NEW RELIGION

By Henry M. Tichenor
Author of "The Life and Exploits of Jehovah."

Published by Phil Wagner, Pontiac Building, St. Louis, Missouri

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 decreed the doctrine of eternal torture. It gave us the Trinity, the three gods in one; and 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.

In the Century Dictionary and Cyclopedia, Vol. 9, Proper Names, I find that Constantine, who was a murderer, caused Christianity to be recognized by the State, convened the Council of Nice in 325. 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 ancient pagan worship, and who decided holy questions by a knockdown fight, or a vote. At the 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.

Christianity from the Fourth Century can best be described as a joke and a tragedy—a joke as far as the ruling classes were concerned, and a tragedy upon the part of the ignorant masses that believed it. To a large extent this is true even to this day. There is no infamy imaginable that Christianity can not boast. If you do not believe it, read the book and you will find I am right. And from reading this book I have written my views concerning Faith and Progress.

*Resist not evil, but whosoever
shall smite thee upon the right
check, turn to him the other
also* ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

*He that hath no sword, let him
sell his garment and buy one.*



FAITH AND PROGRESS

HOLD it to be my right to think and to speak my thoughts, and I hold it also to be my duty to do so. The man who does not do his own thinking is the tool or slave of another. No man has the right to say to men: "You must not criticize what you are taught by the Church." That is the very thing which needs to be criticized. That notion shows where the search after truth was stopped. It is what the Church calls reverence that has killed independence of the mind. I want to say right here that nothing on this earth and nothing which has ever been said on this earth deserves religious reverence. Religious reverence is mental suicide. The last thing man wants is faith. You can have faith so bad that you never get over it. It is a fatal disease, and beyond the doctor's skill. The man who has faith should send at once for the priest and let him do his worst. He is of no use to the world. He is only a religious corpse. His friends should bid him farewell and take a last look at his remains. The undertaker is not called in, for the family's sake. He is dead, but he does n't know it. He lives with

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the dead, and mistakes the withered flowers on his brow for the garlands of spring. Faith can have no resurrection. The man who has faith goes around with a coffin-plate on his breast on which are the words: "Died when he got faith."

There is a lot of solemn stupidity or stupid solemnity in this world of ours, but the concentrated extract of all religious stupidity is faith. There may be fifty-seven or more varieties of this poison, but they all kill. There are two ways out of faith. One way is to die, the other way is to be free. To get rid of the Church which enslaves man's intellect, man must get rid of his faith. There can be no freedom for the man who accepts the priest for a guide.

How many buildings are made better in a city or town by the religious faith of men and women? Just one—the church. Not a cent given to the priest is used by him for man's happiness or the world's betterment. The priest says he is working for God. If the work done by the priest is for God, then I say that work done for God is for the injury of man. It is a crime to cover the earth with houses of God when men have no place to sleep. Love of man would build homes for man, not churches for God. Why not tell the truth about churches? They are the most useless buildings on the globe. An almshouse shelters the pauper, a jail shelters the criminal, a hospital shelters the sick and suffering, but a church only is

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built for those who believe. We are told that faith is the door to another and better world. Where is that world? Mankind has asked that question for thousands of years, and is asking it today. The poor are asking it. The sorrowing are asking it. The discouraged are asking it. Everybody is asking it, and nobody can answer it. The Church tells us that we should believe its dogmas so as to get into that world. If our destiny hereafter is where there will be no sorrow, no tears, no suffering, nothing but everlasting happiness, where living will be sweeter than dreams of joy, brighter than the light of morning and purer than the thoughts of children, what are we here for? We should have been born into that place, and be living there now. Let me tell you something: No one ever left this world to get into a better one, but because this one was dark and cold. There is n't faith enough in another world to encourage any manager in getting up excursions to it. Who gets the benefit of man's religious faith? The priest, the undertaker, the hack-driver, the grave-digger, the florist and the milliner ♣ ♣

I wish we could get men to be honest about their religion. Between you and me, believing in God is like spending money you find in a dream. When you awake in the morning you discover that you brought nothing home. You may say, "The dream was a pleasant one." Doubtless, but why pass it as a personal experience? Why say there is a God, when, if

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called upon to produce your God, you have nothing to show? I might believe in God if out of the darkness of the universe an unknown hand struck down the brute who was assaulting a young girl, or if some unseen arm was stretched out to lead a blind man past danger, but I have never heard of such divine manifestations. What a noble work even for God it would be to save little children from starvation. But man has to do it or they die.

God does everything by proxy. I know a thousand things that God does not do. I know of nothing that he does. And yet, ministers tell us that "all things are possible with God." And they say it as though they were not lying. Do you believe that God could boil an egg in cold water? I don't. The world is getting tired of being told what God can do. It demands to see him do something. If God can answer prayer, why are there so many tears on earth? Prayers go up from every poor house on this globe, go up in every language of man, go up by day and night, but answers to those prayers never come down. God never drove the wolf from the poor man's door. It may be that the suffering on earth was never reported in Heaven. At any rate, man has to bear his suffering, his misfortune, his misery, alone. ¶ It strikes me that believing religious dogmas is a mighty poor way to get the world out of its troubles. I have always said that doing a good deed helped mankind more than believing in a God and in a sweet nowhere. If

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religion will save the world, there would not be a spot on earth where a poor sinner could get lost. Churches cover the land, priests and ministers are on every street corner. Money is poured into the lap of religion to enable it to rescue the fallen and to put an end to free thought. But with all the efforts of the Church, men and women continue to fall and men and women continue to rise. That is the best part of human nature—that it has something in it to make man rise. The first fermentation was back in Eden when man commenced to feel the impulse of progress, and the upward and onward movement has been going on ever since. The Church was organized to stop progress, and, although it succeeded for a while, I am happy to say that it is now playing a losing game.

The Church's religion is merely a mess of cold pottage. The thirty-nine articles are thirty-nine lies. When the morning of the mind broke over the earth and the sun of science began to climb the heavens, the priests fled in terror. They felt that the daylight of truth was coming, and that their unholy alliance would be broken up. Ah, what a time was that, back in the Fifteenth Century, when the darkness of a thousand years was drawing to a close, and when the reign of the priest was challenged by men who dared to think! Dreams were coming true. The hopes of mankind were putting out blossoms which filled the air with the perfume of freedom. The

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longest night must end, and it must end in morning. The morning has come, but the day is not yet here. In the fairest land on this globe, the land made free by infidels and not by Christians, there is a tremendous struggle going on to overthrow the nation's liberty, to kill the American eagle, and to pull down the grandest flag under which men have marched to victory. The power plotting against our country's liberty and our country's life is the power that made it dark in Europe for a thousand years, the power enthroned upon ignorance and supported by superstition. The power that strangled education and killed every man who had the courage to think for himself. This power has taken up the sword of politics, and it will perish by the sword of politics *so so*

It is too late to turn back the human mind. Brute numbers can never successfully assail the three mightiest forces of civilization, right, truth and justice. Man has caught the inspiration of these forces, and is putting that inspiration into action. We are not to allow any union of Church and State in this land, with the prerogatives of the State in the hands of the priest. We do not want the good to unite with the bad. We want the good to destroy the bad. We have learned at last that the secular is worth more to man than that which is religious; that the triumph of the sentiments in our Declaration of Independence is a greater blessing to the human family than

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all the churches and all the bibles and all the priests on earth.

The outdoor light of this Twentieth Century is better for the mental health of mankind than the poisoned atmosphere colored with the stained glass of the Christian religion. Men today demand safety before salvation; safety in this world before salvation in the next. And the only safety worth having comes with knowledge. Knowledge has paved the road of progress. The shining feet of liberty have disdained the grass-grown paths to the cloister, and have made the home the sacred shrine of the human heart. The woman who has a home does not enter a convent. The home is the house of joy. It is way above faith; it is a fact. You do not have to believe in a home. You have it. Believing in fun does n't produce a comedy. Believing in an automobile does not give you a ride. We must stop taking faith for something else. We want the something else. Things must be different on this earth. A millionaire makes paupers. A priest makes slaves. Faith makes fools. Get men to think for themselves and they will free themselves from poverty, from slavery, from theological foolishness ☛ ☛

Why was there no progress in what was called Christendom for centuries? Because the Church forbade man to progress. To be saved man must not move. To go ahead was to sin against God. The Church was afraid of any innovation, any change. God was always the

I Am Not Afraid—Are You?

same, always dead, so must the Church be. Progress was a crime to be punished with death. Why was there not a stove in all the world until an hundred years ago? Because religions ruled the world, and every religion was working for another world and not for this one. If man's soul was improved here, it could not be saved hereafter. Men did not think, did not study, did not invent. They believed what the priest told them to believe, and walked about dead. They used their hands and feet, but not their brains. When the Church became rotten with luxury, rotten with vices, rotten with indulgences, it fell asleep, and man awoke. There was not a single great man who belonged to the Church in that wonderful morning when man awoke. A new voice was heard by the world. A new call went over the earth: a call to brains, a call to reason, a call to manhood, and out of the religious darkness flashed the lightning of new thoughts, of new dreams, of new joys for mankind. The Spirit of Liberty leaped from the cloud of night and lighted the torch of invention. Man had been a slave to dogma, a serf to priestcraft, a tool of the church, but now he was to be free, free from lies, free to work for himself and free to make the world he lived in beautiful with the blossoms of his mind. From holding his forehead to the ground, at the feet of a priest, he now stood erect with his head in the skies. Men might come and men might go but as long as the priest ruled their destinies, life

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bore no fruit. It was freedom that changed the heart of the man and the face of the world; the freedom to think, to write, to speak, and the freedom to damn the Church which had damned man.

Men back in the darkness said to themselves, "God has done nothing for us in a thousand years. The night of superstition has in it no star of hope. We have the church, but no school; we have life, but no joy; we have not a place fit for man to live in. If we have anything, we must make it ourselves; if our homes are to be better, we must improve them; if there are ever to be higher and nobler conditions on earth, we must establish them."

Then commenced the upward march of man, the long struggle for right and justice. The priest with his crucifix stood in the highway of progress and cursed the march of man. But man advanced, and the splendid victories of freedom enriched the dwellings of men. This nation is the proudest achievement of mankind. Between the two oceans that wash the shores of our country are one hundred million men freed from king and emperor and czar. Every man in this land walks in freedom. His home is safe from the invasion of the tyrant. In the door of that home he stands, its master, and no one can cross its threshold without his invitation. Is not such an idea as that worth saving? Why, that idea would remove every throne from earth, drive into exile every king, every noble, every person dressed in false

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robes, and give to every man a manhood more magnificent than royalty, more sacred than ecclesiasticism, and more honorable than any honor conferred by prince or potentate. The great warning to man uttered by every page of his past history is: "Save America if you would save the brightest gem in the crown of nations, if you would save the greatest political victory of all the ages, if you would save what is man's dearest and holiest possession, the right to liberty."

Our country in its infancy made a serious, if not a fatal, mistake. It gave freedom to its worst enemy. When a Roman Catholic priest was allowed to build an altar on our soil, that altar was the same that lovers of freedom in other lands were tearing down. It was the altar which burned Bruno, which has committed every known crime against man and man's freedom. It was the altar of religious despotism. Year after year the enemy of republicanism has grown, grown in numbers, grown in power, grown in pride and arrogance, until today it threatens the very existence of the United States of America. The menace which our nation has most to fear is not wealth or poverty; it is Romanism, the enemy of manhood and womanhood, the worst enemy of those who kneel at its altar.

The highest objects of our human life I hold to be the search after truth, the defence of the right, and, the dearest of them all, the possession of liberty. The greatest and noblest

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men who have lived on our earth I hold to be those men who have searched for truth, the scientists of the world, those who have defended the right, the reformers and martyrs of the world, and the brave men who have lived, worked and died for that brightest crown of life, Liberty. I hold that the lowest, basest object of life is to obstruct the search after truth, to discredit and overthrow the right and to assassinate liberty. Holding as I do, and in the light of human history, I believe that I am justified in saying if there be a hell anywhere in the shining universe, every Roman Catholic priest and prelate is in that hell or hell has been robbed of its just dues. ¶ The man who raises his hand against human rights, against human liberty, would strike down the dearer things on earth. Such a man should not be trusted by men even though he stands in holy robes and speaks with so-called consecrated lips. This nation will not progress without freedom. Faith is not the mother of the living, but of the dead. Faith is a field in which man is always planting, but never reaping. It yields no crop. There is no harvest in the field of faith, nothing but weeds and dust and stubble. Man goes forth with his sickle, but comes back with no grain. The sheaves he gathers are straw. The man who lays down all the powers of his brain on the steps of the Church, and says, "I believe," will get up robbed of what he possesses, robbed of his mental independence and robbed of his manhood.

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To what are the inhabitants of this country indebted for the comforts and blessings of their existence, for all that comes into their lives with the smile of happiness and the golden light of joy? To faith or progress? Look back and see what faith did for man. It made him a cringing, crawling creature, who trembled at the words of a priest. It made him a coward, a sneak and an ignoramus. I ask you, "Are the brightest, most intellectual and most cultivated men and women in this country today members of the Roman Catholic communion?" I ask you, "Were the great men and women, the great authors, the great reformers, and the great lovers of their race whose names light the pages of our national history, members of the Roman Catholic communion?" I ask you, "Have the world's mightiest leaders in all movements for the betterment of the human race been members of the Roman Catholic communion?" You must answer every one of those questions with a "NO"—so long, so broad and so high that the sound thereof will be heard by the ears of every man, woman and child that lives in America 

Human progress has been wrought by men and women whom the Roman Catholic Church condemned, by men and women whom no church would fellowship, by men and women so grand and so true that there was no church on our earth large enough to hold them, by men and women who must save man if they

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denied the God who damned him. There was no religious faith put into our national Constitution, and no such faith should be allowed in our Government. Religious faith would make this land another Spain, another Italy, another Mexico, another nation under the heel of a Pope, and a buzzard would be our national emblem instead of the eagle—that proud monarch of the air.

To know the worth of our country, look at other nations. To realize what liberty has done for man, compare the United States with Russia where the struggle for freedom has populated Siberia, that ice-bound cemetery of heroes and martyrs. Men have learned to fear that land where the throne is painted white and where liberty is painted black. There can be no progress where there is no freedom, and there can be no freedom where there is a throne protected by religious faith. The rights of man demand the freedom of man and the abolition of every injustice to man.



*God is not a fact; nothing that
can be seen, heard or felt,
nothing that can be found
out or in. God is a verbal
content* ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

PREPAREDNESS

*Love your enemies, bless them
that hate you, and pray for
them which despitefully use
you* ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

*Woe unto you. . . . Ye
serpents, ye generation of
vipers, how can ye escape
the damnation of hell?* ♣ ♣



PREPAREDNESS

THE oldest essay on preparedness is the book of Jonah in the Old Testament. There is more in the book of Jonah than the big fish. Of course, this fish was some fish, but it was a prepared fish. That is the secret of its bigness. This big fish which swallowed Jonah had not been swimming around Joppa waiting until it was big enough to figure in a miracle. We are not told what kind of a fish it was. There is no hint whether it was a cod, a shark, a sword-fish or a minnow, before it was prepared by the Lord. What was necessary was that it should be made to hold Jonah, who was disobedient to his God. It was prepared so as to preserve the Lord's preacher. But more than a big fish had to be prepared by the Lord, as we shall see, in order to keep the prophet from death.

Now, Jonah had been chosen by his God to go to Nineveh to warn that wicked city of its impending doom. Evidently the job given to Jonah was not an agreeable one, and he threw it up and went to Joppa and bought a passage to Tarshish on a ship which was bound for that place. Tarshish looked better to him than did

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the Lord. But the Lord had watched Jonah and he “sent out a great wind into the sea” which put the ship in peril. The ship’s crew became frightened, and, after casting lots to determine the cause of the tempest which threatened their lives, they found that the Hebrew prophet was to blame, and they threw him into the sea, as Jonah suggested.

The Lord was ready for the emergency. His prophet must be saved and he had prepared a big fish to swallow Jonah. Preparedness was the salvation of Jonah. He was in the belly of the fish three days and three nights. By that time he was sick of his apartments, and prayed the Lord to let him out. The Lord spoke to the fish (probably in a prepared language so that the fish could understand) and the fish vomited Jonah upon the dry land. Then Jonah did as his Lord had commanded and gave Nineveh forty days in which to repent and reform. ¶ To watch the happenings in Nineveh Jonah built him a booth on the east side of the city. While he sat there waiting, the Lord prepared a gourd to grow up over Jonah for a shade, and Jonah’s heart was glad. But the Lord was filled with preparedness, and the next morning he prepared a worm to eat the gourd, so that it withered and left poor Jonah exposed to the hot rays of the sun. But the preacher was to undergo still further punishment, for the Lord prepared a strong east wind which sent the heat upon his disobedient prophet until he fainted ❁ ❁

Preparedness

It is plain that the Lord believed in preparedness. He prepared a fish; he prepared a gourd, and he prepared a worm to eat the gourd, and he prepared a vehement east wind to drive the heat upon his prophet's head. The Lord won by preparedness.

The strong point to the story of Jonah must not be missed. It would not do for the Lord to be outwitted by one of his servants. It is unfortunate that the recipe for performing miracles was not handed down to this generation, as one can do so much more in a miraculous way than by the slow process of natural growth and development. The Lord won over Jonah because he could perform a miracle. Each step of preparedness taken by the Lord was a miraculous step. To be in a class with the Lord one must be armed with his power. The Lord could do in a second what would require years for men to accomplish.

That big fish which swallowed Jonah does not swim today. It was the only one of its class. What became of it is not related. And that gourd! Luther Burbank has not produced its equal. The secret of its growth has never been discovered by man. And the worm! Never has its like feasted on a gourd since the days of Jonah. But more wonderful than the fish, or the gourd, or the worm, was the man. It goes without saying that Jonah was a prepared man; prepared for the fish. No normal human being could have endured what Jonah endured during those three dark days which the

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Hebrew prophet spent in solitary confinement in the fish's belly.

And in parting from this miraculous story we are forced to say that the book of Jonah was prepared also.

Great, indeed, is preparedness!

There have been many versions of the story of Jonah and the big fish. One of the best—and I'll warrant it is as true as any of them—is, that Jonah went to Nineveh and stopped at the best hotel there, which was called "The Whale"; and being of a hilarious disposition, caroused about there for three days and nights, when the landlord presented his bill. Jonah had no money and the landlord threw him out. These days the pious prophets and revivalists live on the country in which they are traveling. Tabernacles are built for them and money "galore" is given them. They need no miraculous help. Everything is prepared for them. Amen!



**WHAT I KNOW ABOUT
MISSIONARIES**

*A new Commandment I give
unto you, that ye love one
another* ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

*If any man hate not his father
and mother, and wife and chil-
dren, he can not be my disciple.*



WHAT I KNOW ABOUT MISSIONARIES



ANY years ago I was present at what Doctor Simpson, the Reverend Doctor called the mission-day at the Christian Alliance Meeting. It was the day appointed for the receipt of offerings—what was called collections in the old days, but what I call “hold-ups!”

The stately pines and towering beeches of the Old Orchard Camp Ground, a veritable tabernacle of Nature, have looked upon many remarkable gatherings. They have heard the patriotic utterances of Hannibal Hamlin in the times of political peril; they have listened to the eloquence of Garfield; they have seen John B. Gough hold a great audience spell-bound; they have caught up and reechoed the cheers of the veterans when Sherman and Logan talked to them of battles fought and won; they have looked down and beheld crowds go mad over the utterances of Maine's two idols—Blaine and Reed; they have scattered to the breeze the echoes of the songs sung by thousands thrilled by the preaching

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of a Beecher; but never in their long years have they been silent witnesses of a more remarkable scene than that which was enacted the day I was at the C. A. Meeting at Old Orchard, Maine. When Doctor Simpson arose to make his appeal, he faced a crowd of more than 10,000 people. It was an audience made up from every walk in life; and an audience that sat for hours hanging on the words of Simpson, laughing or weeping at the will of the speaker. When the excitement ran low the famous or rather infamous hymn of Bishop Heber was used. It is as persuasive in the mouths of the Christian brigands as a 32-caliber six-barreled revolver is in the hands of an ordinary brigand. ¶ It runs in this wise:

*From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.*

To an unthinking person that is great stuff. But who can truthfully say he ever heard that call? Is there a case on record where the heathen ever asked that missionaries be sent them to deliver their land from error's chain? They have asked many times when missionary-ridden to be let alone. They have also said that they were not bound by error's chain, but had a pure religion that was old before Christianity was invented.

What I Know About Missionaries

*What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.*

Notice the sanctimonious self-conceit in those lines. We all know that the Ceylon native before he was enslaved by the missionaries was an inoffensive, happy man. They had few vices; they were honest and contented. But Reginald Heber said they bowed down to wood and stone, but how about Regy? He bowed down to the cross, and worshiped that mythical personage, that unknown he, she, or it, alias the Holy Ghost! We make idols in Philadelphia; they have a large factory there and we send them to the heathen along with the missionaries and it is much more sensible to worship a good substantial idol than the elusive Holy Ghost.

I at one time found twenty different versions of the Holy Ghost in the Bible. A man who undertakes to worship the Holy Ghost can never be sure "Where he is at." The Holy Ghost is a multifarious person, to use a mild term ☉ ☉

Ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost.
Acts 1:5.

But he that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of eternal damnation. Mark 3:29.

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Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost.

Luke 1:41 ☛ ☛

And the Holy Ghost descended in a bodily shape like a dove upon him. Luke 3:22.

And Jesus being full of the Holy Ghost.

Luke 4:1 ☛ ☛

Why hath Satan filled thy heart to lie to the Holy Ghost? Acts 5:3.

He prayed for them that they might receive the Holy Ghost. Acts 8:15.

The Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word. Acts 10:14.

The Grace of the Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God and the Communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all. 2 Cor. 13:14.

*Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.*

Notice the ecclesiastical ignorance in the above lines. Their souls are lighted with wisdom from on high—they believe in the geology of Moses, the astronomy of Joshua and the mathematics of the Trinity. There is no modesty about a man when he has drawn a supply of wisdom from on high.

He goes on to ask, shall we to men benighted the lamp of life deny? That was for the English people nearly an hundred years ago.

What I Know About Missionaries

If he had investigated the condition of the people in the United Kingdom he would have discovered that there were more benighted souls in the realm, than in any other land on earth; he would have learned that England is a land of drunkards, that the church is allied with the liquor traffic; that every fourth person is a recipient of charity at some time of life. That there is more unspeakable vice in her cities and among her aristocracy than can be found in any heathen country.

*Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.*

The missionaries have been wafted to many lands, and to the isles of the sea, and the natives have been cheated and wafted to the great hereafter by countless thousands. It is an indisputable fact that wherever the missionaries carried the gospel they also carried disease and crime, or it followed closely in their wake. The innocent, contented people of the Pacific islands are fast dematerializing and will at no distant date become extinct, and the missionary whose soul is lighted with wisdom from on high will go down in history as having saved the souls of the heathen but with a good legal twist on their real estate.

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Bishop Simpson's theme was that all are debtors to Christ, and the debt can only be paid by giving everything and doing everything possible. He said "We must sacrifice, do what hurts. God loves what hurts, because it smells of Calvary. I most solemnly lay the command of Christ upon you." He charged them to give all if they would hope for joy eternal. Then began an episode of "frenzied finance", such as had never before been witnessed in this country. The first contribution was from a Mrs. Morrow. She gave a dollar; said she had gone without her supper and breakfast and should go without her dinner to give this. One of the "clerical brigands" shouted, "The good work has begun! Lord bless the sister! Your mite may save a soul." Then came a man who said he had started from Springfield with only a dollar; he had earned since then two dollars and he gave that; said he left his wife and children at home without money but the Lord would provide.

"There is a grand example of faith, of trust in the Lord," said an unctuous, double-chinned divine. Then money simply rained down. "You must give," yelled the brigands in white chokers, "not only for the salvation of the heathen but to save your own souls."

A missionary from China said they needed two house-boats for the work in China. They would cost \$25,000 each; they were paid for in a moment. Then uprose a missionary from the Congo. "We need two steam-launches to

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cost \$25,000 each," said he, and a Portland merchant paid for one, and the other was quickly paid for by another hysterical dupe. Another missionary, seeing there was money in sight, said they were suffering for a house on the Congo. A woman declared they should have the house and she promised the money then and there. A poor widow said she had \$500.00 she had been saving to assist her sick sister, but as Christ had commanded the people to give, she thought she should imperil the safety of her soul not to do so, so she gave her last dollar. Men groaned and women shrieked. One speaker dwelt upon the good work that had been done in Armenia. Of course he did not tell them that the Armenians are all Christians and have been for a thousand years more or less. Then a missionary named Cramer made an impassioned appeal, crying out: "You can not hold up jeweled hands with bands of gold and silver and have them clean before God. There's blood on them. Take them off; give them to the Lord. They are for his work." Then came an avalanche of jewelry, watches, diamonds, rings, chains, keepsakes, all cast into the baskets. They were supposed to go into the melting pot and the proceeds to go to the heathen, but at these ecclesiastical "holdups" no one can tell. The audience had surrendered over one hundred thousand dollars, and was "dead broke."

August 11, 1907, at Old Orchard, Rev. A. B.

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Simpson collected \$62,363—more than 5,000 people were present. This shows that evangelical hysteria is still on deck but not in so large quantities. He told his hearers that the millennium would come when the gospel had been proclaimed in all lands and in every tongue and that it was the duty of the Christian to concentrate his power and talents in the spreading of the gospel so as to hasten Christ's coming. He also said that the church was wasting much money on second-class things—a great deal of money is being wasted in humanitarian work.

He said as well that good money was being wasted in building libraries; there is no time for us to engage in such work. "Let the dead bury the dead." We must attend strictly to the missionary business, which means that the conversion of one pagan would give the Deity more pleasure than the regeneration of the entire slums of a big city would do—evidently the Christian Alliance can't see a heathen unless he is in a remote foreign land and the farther off he is, the plainer they can see him and the more acutely they feel for him; they are absolutely indifferent as to the fate of the ragged, starving children in the next block. These ecclesiastical brigands gather in the pennies from the children; the little ones are taught to put their money in the mission-box for the poor heathen. But the poor heathen will never know anything about it; the children have been robbed, not by the heathen, but by

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those who plunder in their name. There had been much criticism concerning the taking of jewelry and Brother Simpson had not asked for it for several years, but last year he announced that although the Christian Alliance was not in the jewelry business, but, "if any of you have little bits of gold or precious stones that you feel that God wants you to give toward this cause we will accept them." And the jewelry was poured in—one elderly woman went up to the stand and talked to the Reverend Doctor Hess quietly for a few minutes and left with him a box of jewelry and went back to her seat in the audience with her eyes filled with tears. The plain ordinary brigand says; "Your money or your life," but the ecclesiastical brigand says, "Shell out your last dime or you will go to hell." I feel that the chap who robs on the highway is the more estimable man of the two. The man who influences you with a pistol shows some courage and takes chances, but the Right Reverend highwayman incurs no risk as he seizes his hypnotized and frightened hearer by the nape of the neck and shakes him over the quenchless fire of hell until his pockets are empty. These are but a few instances taken at random while the plundering of the people went on. It was a carnival, a riot, a very debauch of irrepressible fanaticism. But we must not lose sight of the fact that it was a deliberately worked up scheme, planned and carried out by the Christian Alliance,

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ostensibly for the conversion of the heathen. There was no word spoken of the misery and wretchedness and degradation of our neighbors in the slums. It was not a question of relieving want, of healing pain, of curing helplessness. It was simply a question of converting contented foreigners of a different faith to the Christian Creed, and this Christian Creed by which Catholics and Protestants alike are bound, declares that the Father is God, the Son is God, and the Holy Ghost is God, and yet these are not three Gods, but one God.

It took a good while for the Church to develop this dogma. It was near the close of the Sixth Century before it took the form which it holds in the creeds today.

Some of the discussions which occurred while it was being shaped are amusing. One man in trying to fix the relation of the Holy Ghost as a separate person, reasoned as follows:

“The Holy Ghost is either begotten or not begotten. If not begotten, we have two unoriginated beings—the Father and the Spirit. If begotten, he must be begotten either by the Father or the Son. If of the Father, then there are two Sons in the Trinity, and hence brothers. (The question then arises, who is the elder of the two, or are they twins?) But, if of the Son, then we have a grandson of God.”

¶ The solution finally reached was that the Holy Spirit was not begotten at all, but proceeded from—whatever that may mean—both the Father and the Son.

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In the plan of salvation gradually worked out in the Church the trinity of persons played a very important part. It was necessary to the proper carrying out of the scheme. The Father had to stand as the Representative of Law and Justice, demanding of the race the full penalty for the original transgression. The Son must be the Representative of Mercy, taking upon himself, the punishment due to the whole, and putting the race on salvable ground.

The Holy Spirit must attend in connection with the Son to the work of conversion and sanctification, for the death and suffering of the Son did not effect salvation, but only made it possible. The whole scheme seems to modern thought amazingly crude and childish in its conception—born of such artificial notions of justice as prevailed in the courts of Eastern despots *s• s•*

The figures of speech in the New Testament which represented the sufferings and death of Jesus as a sacrifice—as the price paid for man's ransom, etc.—are all taken literally and turned into dogmas, just as if we should understand the Fourth of July orator who pictures the sacrifices of our Revolutionary fathers, and declares that they purchased our liberties with their blood, to affirm an actual commercial transaction. For over a thousand years it was the orthodoxy of the Church that this ransom or purchase-price was paid to the Devil who, through the fall, had acquired a sort of legal right to man. It was held that the Son

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of God, veiling his divine powers in human flesh, cheated the Devil.

Could anything be more absurd? If a person wishes to believe the Christian Creed he should never read it; I call attention to the fact that while all Protestant theology has been revised and improved until it is no more like that of a century ago than skimmed milk is like strong ammonia; that although Satan and his imps, his redhot pitchfork, and the lake of brimstone have been abolished or transferred to a region beyond the reach of even a Lick telescope; that although the horrible, repulsive, detestable doctrines of Calvinism are now discarded by all people who lay claim to intelligence and proper human feeling: yet in spite of this progress, the missionary is still dealing out to the heathen the same old gospel of the Calvinistic brand. Hell and the Devil are indispensable requisites for the extortion of money from the heathen, or to raise money for missionaries at a Christian Alliance meeting, alias a hold-up.

When I hear all this talk about the Rockefeller money being "tainted" I think of the Christian Alliance brigands, who took the \$2.00 from the poor degenerate from Springfield, who had left his family without money, and the demented hysterical woman who gave the money she had saved for her sister.

"Yea, verily," the ways of these Christians are complex, to use a mild term. I have had some little acquaintance with the methods

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adopted by missionaries at the Hawaiian Islands and a friend of mine who has lived in China for thirty years told me of his knowledge, gained there, of the missionaries. Fighting Bob Evans contributed his knowledge of the missionaries. Several reliable people at Cape Nome have told how the Eskimos have been cheated by the missionaries who "save their souls," but get a good legal twist on their blue fox skins. And I can say without fear of successful contradiction that there is no more hypocritical and wasteful business carried on in this world than the foreign-mission business.



We should show less zeal in increasing and more in improving. Malformed and rickety children should not be reared. Nothing should survive but the useful ♣ ♣ ♣

THE CRIME OF SILENCE

*I am in favor of the taxation
of all church property ☛ If
that property belongs to God
he is able to pay the tax. If
we exempt anything let it be
the homes of the widows and
orphans.—INGERSOLL ☛ ☛*



THE CRIME OF SILENCE

THOUSANDS of professional men, and thousands of nonprofessional men, who are intellectual and educated, are guilty, to my mind, of what might be called the crime of silence. Many clergymen may not be guilty of suppressing the truth, but they are guilty of not telling the truth. They do not, perhaps, assert what is not so, what is not true, but they refuse to voice their convictions. There is a pulpit habit (and I might say that the habit is not confined to the pulpit) of ignoring facts, which is culpable, inasmuch as it permits men and women to be wrongly classified.

I do not expect a man to wantonly cast aside his equipment for earning his living and defy a hostile majority, but I do say that a man who is convinced that to call the Bible the Word of God is to lie, ought to look about and see if there is not an honest opening somewhere in the world for an honest man.

Perhaps the editor of a religious paper, or of any other paper, is guilty of the crime of silence oftener than any other person. No man can be always writing without sometimes having doubts arise as to what he ought to

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say; but, when he is treating a subject of vast importance to mankind, and knows that what he says will be regarded as reliable, he is in duty bound to write what to him is true.

I am willing to allow that a man may honestly differ with me upon the subject of the Bible's divinity, but I expect him to be honest enough to tell me wherein he finds the reason or excuse for his difference.

Just when and where a man should keep silent must be settled by each individual, but when a vital question like "Is the Bible the Word of God?" is up for discussion, I hold everyone is bound to give his candid opinion.

There is too much evasion on religious matters, too much hiding of convictions in dishonest silence. When a man says that he is not obliged to jeopardize his living and that of his family by opposing the religious majority, I wish to assure him that the world respects honesty yet, and more—it will defend honesty. But that is *not* the point. If to him the Bible is the work of man, with man's thoughts, why should it injure him to say so? *That is the point.*

Is mankind more ready to shield and protect a lie than the truth? If so, let us know it. If our society is founded upon a lie, would it be a crime to expose it? *You can not defend the Christian religion today without defending a lie. It is not true that the Bible is the Word of God.*

¶ It is true that too many human beings are guilty of the crime of silence in respect to the character of this book.

THE CRUCIFIXION

*The aim of Christianity is to
prepare for death. The aim
of reason is to prepare to live.
We should lay the ax of
reason at the root of the dead
tree of superstition—Ralph
W. Chainey ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣*



THE CRUCIFIXION

IF you ever wish to read pious fabrications, read the last chapters of each of the four Gospels, wherein is related the account of the crucifixion of Jesus. I do not believe that the truth is in any one of these accounts.

It is fortunate for us that the early Christian Church preserved more than one Gospel. Contradiction is fatal to any doctrine or any theory, and where there are several accounts of an event, no one is wise enough to pick out the true one. It is generally safest to throw all so-called sacred writings into the secular waste-basket.

If one writer says that a man was riding a white horse, and another says that he was riding a black horse, it is pretty evident that the man was riding a bay horse or was traveling on foot. I know that a dozen eye-witnesses may describe an accident in a dozen different ways, but when one witness paints a scene in one color, and another witness in a totally different color, there is no question but that the scene was beyond description.

So, when one historian relates that a Pope was

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assassinated, while another historian tells the world that he died of hunger, we are inclined to believe that the second historian was afraid to tell the truth. Agreement of statement does not make a thing true, where there are several witnesses, for all of them may be liars, but contradictions in the different accounts of the crucifixion of Jesus do not contribute to harmony in Christian faith.

In pointing out the discrepancies in the narratives of the crucifixion we are defending no theory of our own, for we do not believe that there was any crucifixion—we are showing, or trying to show, that faith is not clinging to the “Rock of Ages” but is sinking to ignominious death in the quicksands of falsehoods.

If a murder had been committed in a certain locality and the crime had been witnessed by several persons, it would seem as though an intelligent story of the occurrence could be had, but when one says the murderer was a negro and a second one says he was a Chinaman, while a third insists that he was a Russian, the only sane conclusion that a jury could reach would be that there had been no murder. This is the only rational verdict in respect to the different accounts of the crucifixion of Jesus in the Four Gospels. ● ●

The first item in these accounts is where Jesus was taken in charge by the soldiers of Pilate. Matthew says that the soldiers stripped him and put on him a scarlet robe; Mark says that they clothed him with purple; Luke says he

The Crucifixion

was arrayed in a gorgeous robe, and John, with a truly royal imagination, makes his hero wear the kingly color of imperial purple.

The next item to which our attention is directed is the bearing of the cross on which Jesus was crucified. Matthew informs us that Simon of Cyrene was compelled to bear the cross. Mark and Luke agree with Matthew. John disputes the three and declares that Jesus himself bore the cross. If Simon carried the cross Jesus did not carry it, and if Jesus bore the cross Simon could not have borne it.

Another item which we wish to notice is the drink offered to Jesus before he was crucified. Matthew informs us that the drink was vinegar mingled with gall; Mark says that the drink was wine mingled with myrrh; Luke tells us that the soldiers offered him vinegar, while John does not mention the subject. The question, *Who* crucified Jesus? is a very important one. Matthew declares that the soldiers of Pilate did the deed; Mark says the same thing; Luke had no clear idea as to his executioners, saying, *they* crucified him; John makes out that the Jews killed Jesus, and then says that the soldiers crucified him.

The superscription set over the head of Jesus as he hung on the cross is a matter of interest. This must have been seen by all, and it is difficult to understand how there could be more than one report as to how it was written. Matthew informs us that it read: "This is Jesus the king of the Jews"; Mark says

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it read: "The king of the Jews"; Luke says it was in Greek and Latin and Hebrew and read: "This is the king of the Jews"; John says that Pilate wrote it and put it on the cross, and that it read: "Jesus of Nazareth, the king of the Jews."

In this conglomeration who can select truth from fiction? It is our duty to bear in mind the fact that there is no historical account of the crucifixion of Jesus, that not a single contemporaneous writer refers to such an occurrence. Now, if Jesus had been put to death on the cross within a short distance of Jerusalem is it sense to believe that such an act would not have called down upon the heads of his executioners the condemnation of the populace, or that some historian among the people would not have referred to it?

We are forced to conclude, after reading the whole story of the crucifixion, that there was no crucifixion, that the whole thing (cross, Jesus, and all) is pure invention, that the tale is a religious fable told to sustain the character of Savior which had been given to Jesus by the Christian Church, and that the writers of the four Gospels were priests who would rather lie for God's (or the Pope's) glory than to tell the truth.

In reviewing the evidence of the event of the crucifixion it is plain that if Matthew was right when he said that a scarlet robe was put on Jesus before he was killed, Mark must have been color-blind when he said that the robe

The Crucifixion

was purple; so in regard to the one who bore the cross, if the first three Gospels gave this honor to Simon, and rightly so, then John was mistaken when he said that Jesus himself carried his cross.

There is a wide difference between vinegar and gall and wine and myrrh, and either Matthew or Mark was misinformed in regard to the drink offered to Jesus. But perhaps the most serious discrepancy in the story is found in the different readings of the superscriptions placed over the head of Jesus after he had been crucified, and we can only conclude that there was no cross and no victim hanging on it, over which had been placed any legend about a king of the Jews.

It is matter of fact that the four Gospels are four dramas written by forgotten authors, that their hero has no history in contemporaneous literature, that he is a person of religious value without historical endorsement, and that he never lived save in the imagination of ignorance and superstition.

The story of the crucifixion is a *cruci-fiction*.



By creation we understand the producing of something from nothing. The Christian Bible is the text-book of the science of nothing—God is another way of saying nothing—God is the original nothing. After having looked at nothing, felt nothing, smelled nothing, tasted nothing, heard nothing, known nothing, experienced nothing, he concluded that so much nothing was rather monotonous, so he made up his mind to turn a little of the nothing into something. One of these nothings, we are told, said to the other two, “Come, let us make man in our own image.” ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞

SCIENCE AGAINST CREEDS

According to orthodox theology there are three nothings, each of whom occupy the same place, and are perfectly equal in duration, power and glory. Now if you think of these three as three somethings it is difficult to understand how they could all occupy the same place at the same time. But when you understand that they are nothing the mystery is explained. Great is the Mystery of Nothing, otherwise God. Amen ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣



SCIENCE AGAINST CREEDS

IT is astonishing to me how much some persons believe and how little they know. Faith is the smallest measure of man. A man can believe who can not do much of anything else. The person who stands up today in a church and says, "I believe," comes dangerously near being an idiot. You don't have to believe in the sun and the myriad stars, in the earth with its grass and trees and beautiful flowers; in man, woman and child; in anything that exists. You have to believe only in what does not exist; in what no one knows anything about; in what can not be demonstrated s• s•

There are many sayings that need to be corrected. We are told that "seeing is believing"; but seeing is *knowing*. What you see needs no proof. The senses tell us the truth. We can trust our eyes, our ears, our noses. If you must believe in anything, believe in yourselves, in your senses and in your minds. To accept a religious creed is to accept another's mind in place of your own, and generally contrary to your own. When religious belief comes in brains go out. There is nothing that religion

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hates more than brains. Brains ask questions. Brains and religion mix like oil and water. When a person tells me that he believes the Christian dogma of the Trinity, *I* believe *him* an idiot. I have read numerous religious creeds, but I have never read one that had any sense in it. Creeds are not guide-boards; they are tombstones. On every creed can be read these words: "Here lies"—and such lies! Because man does n't know is no reason why he should believe what is false.

I regard the agnostic—the man who is honest and courageous enough to admit his ignorance—as one of the grandest characters on this earth. And I regard the believer—the man who hides his hypocrisy under a confession of faith—as one of the most contemptible scoundrels in society. What we should insist upon is that the Church no longer pass her theological creeds for the truth. Science has no creed, but men rely upon science. It is making this world fit to live in, banishing disease from the earth, and redeeming man by knowledge. It does not promise to take man to Heaven, and leave him in the cemetery as religion does. That old pious motto, "God Bless Our Home," ought to be taken down from the walls of our rooms and this one, "Science has Made our Home Brighter and Better," put in its place.

Religion never invented a locomotive nor built a harvesting machine. It has spent its time and talent blessing nursing bottles and baptizing babies. In the great Marathon race of the

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forces of humanity, religion is *not* the hero of the day, but the zero. In any exposition of the products of brains, the Sunday-School takes the booby prize. Out in the big world where big men meet one another in the great contests for intellectual achievements, the score stands 20 to 0 in favor of knowledge, religion having to be helped home by a policeman. Religion is not a partner of business today. Business feels safer without it. When a prominent banker was asked if he would take a young man who was a Christian into his bank, he said, "Yes, if he can furnish a \$20,000 bond." A diploma from a theological school is no proof of honesty. The man who prays needs to be watched as well as the man who swears. A pious man who proved false to his trust was defended by his lawyer as a man who always responded to the appeals of the poor. I would as soon be robbed by a sinner as by a saint. I never saw a man so low down that he could n't hide behind God; but I've seen men too high up to do so.

Faith and Prayer have been advertised as the Gold Dust Twins of Christianity. One is said to be no good without the other. They go best in double harness. Prayer without faith ends in a drought. Just how much faith one must have to get his prayer answered is not stated, but it is probably more than most people can borrow. When fruit grows on the trees in New England in January prayers will get a favorable consideration from God. Until then, nothing doing. Why don't the people who believe in praying

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tackle the food question? The high cost of living is more serious for the world today than getting into Heaven or keeping out of Hell. Do you think if all the priests and parsons in Boston held a prayer-meeting in Tremont Temple and prayed for flour to come down in price it would do so? I think prayer is idiotic, and I am inclined to think that most people who pray think so. Prayer is a dishonest performance. There should never be a breath of it. All thinking people *know* that prayer is a farce. Is n't it absurd to pray for what we know we must get for ourselves? I wish every person in the United States would read the seventeenth chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew. I regard the man who wrote the book of Matthew as one of the biggest liars that ever lived. This author is telling what took place in the life of a certain individual, and relating incidents in his career, and he tells things so big that a six-year-old child would know that he was lying. For instance: A certain man had a sick child. The man took the child to the disciples of Jesus, but they could not cure him. Then he took him to Jesus himself, who made him well. His disciples asked Jesus why they could not cast out the devil which afflicted the child. Here is what Jesus said: "Because of your unbelief. If you had faith as a grain of mustard seed and had said of this mountain, 'Remove hence to yonder place,' it would remove." What a lie! Did you ever know faith to dig a canal? Or remove the rock and dirt in con-

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structing a railway? Faith never does useful things ♣ ♣

The second story in the chapter is a fish-story—I mean a story about a fish. The tax-gatherers asked Simon if his master paid tribute. Simon said “Yes.” He then related the interview which he had had with the officers, to Jesus, who told him to go to the sea and cast a hook and take the first fish that came up and in his mouth he would find a piece of money; “with that pay tribute for thee and me.” Now I believe in a protective tariff, but I do *not* believe in the fish-story. We all know that some big fish-stories have been told by men who have been fishing, but I submit to you if any fisherman drunk or sober has told a bigger lie than that.

These two stories are in a book looked upon as holy by millions of people who don't know any better, looked upon as God's word by millions of people who have n't any sense; and I ask you if the church which passes this book upon the world as holy does n't make a lie sacred; and which teaches that this book is God's word, does n't make God a liar?

Is it any wonder that children lie when they are taught to read the Bible as true? We shall never have a race of men and women who love the truth, and who tell the truth on this earth, until every vestige of a miracle is swept from the pages of our literature. I should n't believe that fish-story in Matthew's Gospel if every fisherman in Gloucester swore it was true ♣

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There is in the world a longing for truth. Men want facts. They want to know things just as they are. They have been deceived long enough. Man has asked for the *truth* and the Church has given him *miracles*. He has asked for *knowledge*, and the Church has given him *theology*. He has asked for *facts*, and the Church has given him the *Bible*. This foolishness should stop. The Church has nothing to give man that has not been in cold storage for two thousand years. Anything would become stale in that time. The man that is large enough to accept the truth never stops at the door of a church. It is time for mankind to declare out loud that it can not be answered any longer with Christian Bible texts.

I wish I could say only good things of the Christian Church, but I could n't do it without lying, and I believe it is better to tell the truth and let the Church do the lying. And there is no doubt but what it is capable of it. The Church is no more supplying the world with its moral and intellectual nourishment than is the man selling whisky, tobacco and opium furnishing pure food for man's consumption. There was a time when the religious man was the only one trusted with funds for the widow and orphan—not now. There was a time when the deacon of the church was made cashier of the savings-bank—not now. There was a time when a man who led the prayer-meeting was made overseer of the poor—not now. Business does not want the religious man any more. It

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wants the honest man. The piety trust has been broken. The religious combinations in restraint of trade have been dissolved. Chapels are not crowded. The young prefer the theaters. Old things must give way to the new. The sun has set; long live the rising sun. It is only because the old passes away that we have any progress. Suppose Calvin had not died. There would not be a freethinker on earth. He would have burned them at the stake as fast as they showed their heads. There are worse things than death. Calvin was one of them. Everybody has caught the spirit of liberty that fills the air—I mean nearly everyone. The Roman Catholic is the only person stupid enough to be depended upon religiously. He is the brake upon the wheels of every forward movement of the world, but he must get out of the way or he will be carried to the hospital. The world moves if the Church does n't. It is said of us freethinkers that we lack spirituality, that we are materialists. I suppose as we live in a material world and live on material things, that we are somewhat colored by what is around us. While man is alive he is more or less a materialist. That there is a difference between what is spiritual and what is material may be admitted even if we can not get an exact measure of the difference. I recall an instance which very clearly illustrates the point. It was reported at a religious meeting that a poor family in the neighborhood was suffering from lack of wood and coal. The

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parson, touched by the sad case, prayed fervently to the Lord that he would help the suffering ones. A freethinker present at the meeting went to the coal-yard the next morning and ordered a ton of coal and some wood sent to the family and paid the dealer for it, and requested that nothing be said about it.

Spirituality puts up a prayer for help, but materialism helps. That to me is the chief difference between being spiritual and being material. Amen!

Religion is indefinite. It has no positive truths to teach mankind. It is a good deal like the old darky's land. He said one day to his master, "How much land is there in a piece a mile long, no wide, up hill, and rocky?" That is a good description of religion. Not a religion in the world stands upon historical facts. They all stand upon miracles and falsehoods. We do not want pious dealings between man and God, but honest dealings between man and man. We want sixteen ounces for a pound when we sell and when we buy. We want truth in everything, not piety.

The religious man is like a fly. It is what he carries around with him that makes him obnoxious to society. A fly not many years ago was defended by the pulpit and protected by the Sunday-School. He was eulogized as one of God's harmless creatures. But when science told us that the fly was a carrier of disease, piety commenced to buy fly-slappers, and the pious man is as scared of him as the scientist is.

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¶ A great many things are protected and praised that should be exposed and denounced. One of them is religion. A religious person is a dangerous person. He may not become a thief or a murderer, but he is liable to become a nuisance. He carries with him many foolish and harmful superstitions, and he is possessed with the notion that it is his duty to give these superstitions to others. That is what makes trouble. Nothing is so worthless as superstition, and religion is so near all superstition that no one knows what the rest is. One of the greatest and best men that ever lived, Robert G. Ingersoll, said: "Religion has been tried in all countries, in all times, and has failed." Religion has never made man merciful. Remember the Inquisition. What effect did religion have on slavery? Religion has always been the enemy of science, of investigation and thought. Religion has never made man free. It has never made man moral, temperate, industrious and honest. To those who believe in the uniformity of Nature, religion is impossible. Can we affect the nature and qualities of substance by prayer? Can we hasten or delay the tides by worship? Can we change winds by sacrifice? Can we cure disease by supplication? Are not the facts in the mental world just as stubborn, just as necessarily produced, as the facts in the material world? Is not what we call mind just as natural as what we call body? Has man obtained any help from Heaven? We now believe that the universe is natural, and we

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deny the existence of the supernatural, and we are indebted to the greatest of biologists, Ernst Haeckel, for all we know about it more than to all others. We now know that Jehovah, the divine potter, did not mix and mold clay into the forms of men and women and then breathe the breath of life into these forms. Any person reading my lecture "Science Against Creeds" who wants to read the greatest lecture of all time—namely, "What is Religion," by Robert G. Ingersoll—can write to me and I'll send the book without money and without price. I am a free-thought missionary, and I am doing my "level best" to drive superstition, alias Christianity, from the minds of mankind.



THE NAME OF JESUS

*There is no truth in the dog-
ma of the divinity of Jesus,
no sense in it, no religion in
it. It is the product of my-
thology and has no claim
upon this age s s s s*



THE NAME OF JESUS



HERE is a name before which most of the modern world has stood in doubt where it has not bowed in worship. The name of Jesus has been spared the common fate of human things. There has dwelt in this name a spell which must be broken. We must think about it, speak about it, and as freely criticize it and *him* to whom it was given, as any other name or person. There is no word which should be spoken with fear, and no word which should be exempt from criticism ☛ ☛

The name of Jesus means no more than the name of Joshua or James or John; only as it stands for a particular person, or as it represents a particular life. The fictitious significance which has been given to the name must be eliminated. Everything false and everything holy which attaches to it must be stripped off. We must speak it as we speak the name of man. There is no magic in it and no dynamite. It does not stand for divinity. It does not contain a benediction or a malediction, whether on the tongue of purist or sailor.

The Christian Church has used the name of

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Jesus as the bait to its ecclesiastical trap, and has employed it with one object in view—that of catching its game. The Church has grown fat on this name. No wonder it loves it. There are millions in it. It is the only name with which it can fool men and women. It has been self-interest that has preached this name and self-interest that has believed in it.

Men have accepted Jesus as a spiritual fire-escape. They have looked to him as to a lightning-rod on their buildings. They have believed in him as a speculation and carried him on as small a margin as they possibly could. Faith in Jesus is life insurance in another world. “Believe in Jesus and be saved,” has been the cry of every Christian Church. I know of no good reason why the name of Jesus should be so much in the world’s mouth. If we were never to hear it spoken again, the rain would still fall, the flower would bloom and breathe its sweet message to the loving hearts of men, the sun’s warm hand would be laid in blessing on the earth, and all the good there is in Nature and all the bad would be good and bad to those who live.

I can discover no rational, sensible ground for the incessant use of this name, for it is only a name. Out of it comes nothing that helps soften the hardships of life; nothing that adds to joy or takes from pain; nothing that makes man richer in liberty, higher in ability or truer in brotherly relations. It is a charm without power over intelligence, a spell without

The Name of Jesus

influence over reason and commonsense: a talisman which has no effect upon enlightenment ☉ ☉

The name is the property of a church which stands upon ignorance and is supported by superstition. There is about the name of Jesus not the glory of radiant truth, only the beauty of a painted lie. No one can find a spot on this great earth where one single hour of the life of Jesus was passed. What has been written about him is merely the fiction of a pious dream. In him has been incarnated all the love and all the hate of religion. If he looked upward with adoration he pointed downward with vengeance. He came not only to save but to damn also.

Out there where the morning sun gilds the sea, and up there where the evening moon gilds the sky is the same great silence, out of which comes no voice to man. The universe makes no revelation. A star lives its life the same as a moth. It is man that speaks to man. The power of a man lies in the greatness of the one who bore it. No man has lived above Nature. No man has spoken above Nature. No man has performed deeds above Nature. There is no supernatural. And when a name is given splendors that do not belong to humanity that name stands for what is false. This is why the name of Jesus can not be honored by honest men and women.

As man advances, as his intellect enlarges, as his knowledge increases, as his ideals become nobler, the Bible and creeds will lose their authority, the miraculous will be classed with the impossible and the idea of special providence will be discarded. Thousands of religions have perished, innumerable gods have died, and why should the religion of our time be exempt from the common fate?—Ingersoll.

**WHAT DO MINISTERS
KNOW ?**

The untaxed church property in the United States amounts to over one billion dollars. Robert Ingersoll once said, to exempt church property from taxation is to pay a part of the priest's salary out of the public treasury. Who can deny it? We all know that one billion dollars at two per cent interest amounts to twenty millions of dollars. Taxpayers: What do you think of it? s• s• s• s•



WHAT DO MINISTERS KNOW ?

IGNORANCE of science and ignorance of history are the two great bulwarks of religious error. There is scarcely a tenet of religious faith now propagated to the world by the professed disciples of Christ but that, if subjected to a rigid test in the ordeal of modern science, would be found to contain more or less error.

Vast acquisitions have been made in the fields of science and history within the last half century, the moral lessons of which have done much to undermine and unsettle the popular system of religious faith, and to bring into disrepute or effectually change many of its long cherished dogmas. The scientific and historical facts thus brought before the intelligent public have served as keys for explaining many of the doctrines comprised in the popular creed. They have poured a flood of light upon the whole system of religion as now taught by its popular representatives, which have had the effect to reveal many of its errors to those who have had

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the temerity, or the curiosity, to investigate it upon these grounds.

Many of the doctrines and miraculous events which have always been assigned a divine emanation by the disciples of the Christian faith, are by these scientific and historical disclosures shown to be explainable upon natural grounds, and to have exclusively a natural basis. The intelligent community are now acquainted with many of these important facts, so that no man of science can be found in this enlightened age who can be termed a Christian. No man can be found who has the established reputation of being a man of science, or who has made any proficiency in the whole *curriculum* of the sciences, whose *creed* when examined by an orthodox committee would not be pronounced unsound. It is true that many of the scientific class, not possessing the conviction that *duty* imposes the moral necessity of making martyrs of themselves, have refrained from disclosing to the public their real convictions of the popular faith 

The changes and improvements in religious ideas are due in part to the rapid progress of scientific discovery and the dissemination of scientific knowledge in Christian countries. New fountains of religious history have recently been unsealed, which have had the effect to reveal many errors and false claims set up for the current religion of Christendom, a religion long regarded as settled and stereotyped. For many centuries subsequent to the establish-

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ment of the Christian religion but little was known by its disciples of the character, claims and doctrines of the oriental system of worship. These religions, in fact, were scarcely known to exist, because they had long been veiled in secrecy. They were found, in some cases, enshrined in religious books printed or written in a language so very ancient and obscure as to bid defiance for centuries to the efforts of the most indefatigable, profound, and erudite archeological scholars to decipher them. That obstacle is now surmounted. The recent translation of the Hindoo Vedas into the English language has revealed to the unwelcome gaze of the Christian reader the startling fact that "the heathen" had long been in possession of "holy books" possessing essentially the same character, and teaching better doctrines than the Christian Bible, there being, as Horace Greeley said, no doctrine of Christianity but what has been anticipated by the Vedas. If then this heathen bible 1,400 years before Christ contains *all* the doctrines of Christianity, then where, oh, where, is the claim that the Christian Bible is a work of *divine inspiration*? A fact which, though it may be new and startling to many, will be accepted as truth before the lapse of many generations—and a fact which confronts with open denial the claims of two hundred millions of Christian professors who assert with unscrupulous boldness that every doctrine, principle, and precept of their Bible is of divine emanation. Their claim is

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utterly groundless, untenable. On examination equally unsupportable is the declaration that there is no other savior than Jesus. Science has told us through Godfrey Higgins that there are sixteen crucified saviors who have died for the sins of mankind. Thus the two prime articles of the Christian faith, *Revelation and Crucifixion*, are forever established as human and heathen conceptions.

We have a record of thirty-five gods or saviors, sixteen of whom were crucified. Many of them are reputed to have been born of virgins and to have had gods for fathers; also many were (reputedly) born on the 25th of December; their advent into the world, in many cases, is claimed to have been foretold by inspired prophets. *Stars* figured at the birth of many of them, as in the case of Christ. Their lives, like his, were also threatened in infancy by the ruler of the country. Those who were crucified rose from the dead after three days' interment and finally like Christ ascended to heaven. Each one was the second member of the trinity of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. ¶ History tells us that Josephus, who lived in the same country and about the same time that Jesus did, and wrote an extensive history of the men and events of his day and country, does not mention Jesus except by interpolation, which even a Christian clergyman, Bishop Warburton, calls a "rank forgery, and a very stupid one too." We can be reasonably sure that no such Jesus as is described in the New Testa-

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ment lived about the same time and in the same country with Josephus.

The failure of such an historian as Josephus to mention Jesus tends to make the existence of Jesus reasonably doubtful. There was living at the same time with Jesus a great Jewish scholar by the name of Philo. He was an Alexandrian Jew and he visited Jerusalem while Jesus was said to have been teaching and working miracles in the "holy city." Yet Philo in all his works never once mentioned Jesus.

¶ The Encyclopedia Britannica says: "Christians count 133 contrary opinions of different authors concerning the year the Messiah appeared on earth—many of them celebrated writers." The 25th of December has been the birthday of the heathen gods so far back that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. The birth of the god Sol was celebrated at this time because the sun is born again in the New Year—commences again his journey and his life. Sharon Turner in his history of the Anglo-Saxons says that the 25th of December was New Year's day until the beginning of the tenth century. Bacchus of Egypt, Bacchus of Greece, Adonis of Greece, Krishna of Chaldea, Mithra of Persia, Lakia of India, Jao of Wapaki (a crucified savior of ancient Britain) were all born on the 25th of December, according to their respective histories. Krishna was born at midnight on the 25th of December and millions of his disciples keep this day. Godfrey Higgins tells us that at the first moment after

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midnight of the 24th of December the ancient nation celebrated the accouchement of the god Sol, the infant savior and the god of day.

I take issue with the reverend clergy that there is a *universal* consciousness that "if a man die he shall live again." I am aware that many church people say that immortality must be true and that the great majority believe it. But do they? They do not talk or write as if they did. If language means anything I think the majority believe in annihilation. Most people speak of the dead body of a man as though it were the man. They say, he was buried at Greenwood, or, she was cremated at Forest Hills. And we often hear that the late Mr. Smith left an immense fortune. If Mr. Smith still exists, why do they say the late Mr. Smith? If people don't believe that life ceases and the mind expires when the body dies, why do they say, "They were"?

In my opinion the doctrine of personal immortality is a most selfish and harmful one, and by turning man's attention from this world to another has blocked progress in every way. Without this belief there could have been no demonology, no persecution, no hot opposition to science, no fighting of progress at every step, and no continuance of a superstitious dogma into a scientific age. There is no idea so pernicious in its results as the doctrine of individual immortality. It has formed a leverage for the enslavement of mankind. It has filled the world with gloom and made of man a crawling

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coward. It has given chains and whips of nettles into the hands of priests and parsons since time began. And they have used their weapons for the suppression, repression and degradation of humanity. And all based upon the idea that man has a personal existence after death. So long as that dogma is preached there will be men who pretend to be able to control *your* place and condition in another world. Right living here and now is the part of wisdom, and if there be a life to come honesty and truth are an excellent preparation for it—none better. Heaven and hell, resurrection and everlasting life are all bare assumptions. And just so long as man is taught that he has an immortal soul that can never die, he will fear the future and speculate on his destiny in another world. We can adjust ourselves to the known and cope with any difficulty we can see, even to going down heroically and gloriously before it in a fair fight with colors flying. But thought fixed upon a fog that conceals the unknown is a perpetual source of misery and torment. Apprehension paralyzes man's best efforts and makes of him a cringing cur. Good work can be done only by people who have abolished fear; sublime thoughts come only as we put fear behind. The dogma of personal immortality with its concomitant uncertainty as to your future has flooded space with quaking fear, filled the sky with nightmares inexpressible, and horrors that are beyond speech, and especially has it clouded the sky of childhood

What Do Ministers Know?

and polluted the days of innocence with black despair. The entire dogma of endless punishment that has been preached for nearly two thousand years has become so repugnant to humanity that many persons have abandoned it and are willing to say, "We do not know." ¶ The word creed is from *credo*, "I believe." We have had a great deal of compulsion of belief and a thousand years of almost absolute unanimity. Liberty was dead and the ages were dark. We call them Middle Ages because they were the death between the life that was before and the life that came after. Then came some reformation in the form of Protestantism. Since then the Protestants have continued to protest, not only against the old but against each other—and this is the best thing they have done. From creed come "credulous" and "credulity." In the United States alone there are 140 types. Each is a system of credulity pitted against 139 others. They all rest on assumed authority; they all denounce investigation, unless it has for its end the support of their authority ☛ ☛

To become a professed Christian means to accept without question a system of belief about nature and man and the world which you would deny if you reasoned as you do elsewhere. Think for a moment of the Christian idea of the world, its origin, its shape, place, importance and its final end. Does any man or woman who has studied a common school geography believe the ideas implied in the com-

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mon Christian dogmas regarding the world? The world taught in the Christian dogmas is beneath the heavens—not a rolling sphere flying through space. It is flat and the sun and stars pass over it daily. It is the chief object of God's creation on which to place man. I have heard many times from the Freewill Baptist pulpit that the earth is God's footstool and his throne is heaven above. Now every person of common-sense knows that this is not true—that there is no up nor down; that it is not flat, that the sun does not go around it; that up in heaven is an utterly meaningless expression, and that the world is not a creation but an evolution; and yet thousands of people credulously cling to creeds which embody the notions of barbarous or uncivilized ages. Science has shown that the "bottomless pit" did n't even have a top. When Columbus sailed over the western edge of the flat Christian world on which all this Christian system depended he found that the material heaven and hell were unfounded myths; but the priests and parsons still threaten hell to the most ignorant and credulous, and they tell some of us that there is a *final judgment*. But they know no more about final judgments than they did about the lake of fire and brimstone which commenced to drain off in Columbus' day. Science has vaporized the notion of a future judgment by the same method which it has that of a past creation. But credulity is always half-hearted with facts. It does not know enough of truth to love it.

What Do Ministers Know?

I want to emphasize the fact here that in any school where one dollar of public money is spent the geology of Moses, the astronomy of Joshua, and the *mathematics of the trinity* should not be taught.

I was brought up in a Freewill Baptist community and personally I like them. The elders did at that time an immense amount of preaching for a very little money. More than half a century ago Sylvanus Cobb, a noted Universalist, preached in an adjoining town. My father and I went to hear him. His sermon caused a great commotion, and a good old Baptist elder calling on my mother soon afterwards said: "There has been a wicked man about here preaching that everybody is to be saved, but, Sister Young, let us hope for better things." ❧ ❧



THOMAS PAINE

*Benjamin Franklin said:
"Where liberty is, there is my
home." Thomas Paine said:
"Where liberty is not, there
is my home." These words
were worked into every lesson
of life and liberty that Paine
uttered and are better than all
advice that gods and saviors
ever gave us* ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

THOMAS PAINE*



REJOICE at every Paine celebration. We should uphold the shining name of Thomas Paine and repeat his mighty words until the world does justice to his memory. The treasures of history are its great names—the names of men and women who have labored for the elevation and emancipation of mankind—and of these great names that of Paine is among the first.

Religious superstition still obstructs the progress of civilization and the noble example of Paine in fighting those evils may well be emulated by the reformers of today. Human freedom is but half won. Liberty of man, woman or child is still more of a dream than a fact. I know of no better text-books of freedom than the works of Thomas Paine. He hated tyrants and priests because he loved the right and the truth. The young people of today should read the life of Paine and learn with what sublime devotion he served his race. The immorality of narrow-mindedness among the Christians was never better illustrated than in the case of Thomas Paine.

**Lecture delivered at Paine Hall, January 2, 1916.*

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Almost all Christians say they believe it to be immoral to lie. To bear false witness against another is expressly forbidden by one of their ten commandments written by God himself they say. Yet almost all of the Christians, good and bad, who have lived in the past one hundred years have not hesitated for an instant to run the risk of hell fire in order to get a bit of false testimony where it would do the most work in destroying the good name and fame of this great and good man.

Born in England January 29, 1737; died in New York June 8, 1809. He belonged to a Quaker family. Fortunately Thomas Paine formed the acquaintance, at a very early day, of Benjamin Franklin, through whose influence he emigrated to America in 1774 and for some time edited a magazine in Philadelphia.

Thomas Paine is a worthy name in the long line of martyrs to liberal political and religious principles. We can not be too grateful to him, who, through poverty, persecution and imprisonment, gave us so much. In the darkest hour of our country's history Paine's grand sentiments were a light in the wilderness through the stormy period of our separation from England. His *Common Sense*, *These are the Times that Try Men's Souls*, *The Rights of Man*, *The Age of Reason*, had an electric effect upon our people and quickened all to clearer thought on the vital questions of the hour

Thomas Paine

Moncure D. Conway's *Life of Paine* is a glowing tribute to the virtues of that great man, a blessing to his readers and an honor to himself, worthy a careful perusal by all who prize truth above popular applause, and science above superstition.

He exerted a threefold influence in building our Republic, proclaiming sound principles, representing his ideals in foreign courts, and as a soldier in our army, enduring the dangers and hardships of military life as an aid-de-camp to General Greene. His courageous sentiments were read by orders at the head of every regiment, and their inspiring words did a great deal to rouse the cooling ardor of the people.

All this is a matter of history, and is well known today, and yet so strong is the vindictive power of religious bigotry, so persistent is the willingness to bear false witness against him because his faith was not orthodox, that it is essential that we today must contradict their lies about him. The Christians still heap malice on the memory of this man whenever they get a chance to do so. These religious people have not yet achieved a moral plane and a sense of fair-mindedness sufficient to differ from him in minor details without maligning his memory and distorting all facts of his history.

The sum and substance of the life of Thomas Paine are in these historical facts which can not be denied.

I Am Not Afraid—Are You?

THOMAS PAINE

(*Author-Hero of the American Revolution*)

Born, January 29, 1737.

Friend and adviser of Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Monroe, etc., Author of *Common Sense*, *The Crisis*, *Rights of Man*, and *The Age of Reason*;

Editor of *Pennsylvania Magazine*;

Enlisted in Continental Army;

Appointed Aid-de-camp to General Nathaniel Greene;

Secretary of Committee on Foreign Affairs, Congress and Pennsylvania Assembly;

By his writings did more for the American cause in the Revolution than any other one person;

First proposed American Independence;

First suggested the Federal Union of States;

First proposed the abolition of Negro slavery;

First suggested protection for the dumb animals;

First proposed arbitration and international peace;

First suggested justice to women;

First pointed out the reality of human brotherhood;

First pointed out the folly of

Thomas Paine

hereditary succession and monarchical government;
First proposed old age pensions;
First suggested international copyright;
First proposed the education of children of the poor at public expense;
First suggested a great republic of all the nations of the world;
First proposed “the land for the people”;
First suggested “the religion of humanity”;
First proposed and first wrote the words “United States of America”;
Founder of the first Ethical Society;
Proposed purchase of the Louisiana Territory;
Inventor of the iron bridge, the hollow candle—principle of the modern central-draught burner, etc.

Died, June 8, 1809.

This is his history. Yet this great and good man who gave the loftiest patriotism when the founders of our Republic were surrounded and almost overwhelmed by British money and monarchical power, by trickery at home and abroad is called a “filthy little atheist” by a well-known Hyphenated Dutch-American.

*As well try to find sugar in a
lemon as the love of God in a
cyclone* ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣



FABLE OF THE BEES

*Superstition is nothing but
a misplaced fear of some
fancied supernatural phan-
tasm of divinity s• s• s•*

FABLE OF THE BEES*



A GREAT and noble King was formerly sovereign in one of the islands of the ocean. He was unequalled in power by all other Kings, and his subjects were so submissive to his will that it was the rule of all their actions. His wisdom and knowledge were as great as his power, and, as he was governed by reason, he was naturally led to practise all the virtues ☉ ☉

This King found the island a desert, and he greatly improved it, filled it with a large variety of insects, animals and birds, and ordered it to be so cultivated as to produce all things necessary for their comfort and support. There were also provided for the public use, many parks, woodlands, and meadows all admirably arranged, and greatly enriched with the different varieties of animal and vegetable life desirable for either pleasure, comfort, ornament, or utility.

This Sovereign's Palace, which was the finest and most imposing structure on the island,

** My endeavors to learn the name of the author of this Fable have so far been unsuccessful. It seems to me well worth reprinting and I regret my inability to give proper credit for its authorship.*

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commanded the grandest and most picturesque views in the vicinity.

On this Island there were vast multitudes of Bees; and as the King's care was extended over all, he so arranged it that there was an abundance of flowers provided for their maintenance. But in a corner of one of the Gardens there was a certain species of flowers which the King had forbidden the Bees to touch. Not that those flowers were harmful to the Bees, or that the monarch valued them more than the other flowers, but (as I was told), because *he wished to test their obedience*. It happened, however, that some of the Bees, forgetting this prohibition, or not much regarding the command, thoughtlessly and heedlessly sucked those flowers.

The King, who instantly perceived this transgression, was so incensed that he resolved to destroy all the Bees on the Island, and even swore, so great was his wrath, that he would not spare one single Bee. But some time afterwards, when the heat of his indignation had somewhat subsided, he regretted having pronounced so severe a sentence, and feeling some remains of pity for those industrious insects, the monarch, who was governed by both justice and mercy, devised a method to restore and retain them in his favor.

He had an only Son, whom he loved infinitely more than all else in the universe, and it was his desire that his Son should be the mediator to effect a reconciliation and to restore har-

Fable of The Bees

mony between him and the disobedient Bees. In order that this peace might be made in a manner consistent with the King's dignity, without questioning his honor or impugning his justice, which were involved in maintaining the oath he had sworn, it was agreed that this well-beloved Son should suffer the punishment due the Bees and that for this purpose he should become a Bee himself.

When this metamorphosis had taken place, the Son went in the form of a Bee, to one of the worst hives on the whole island, where he endeavored to induce the Bees to be more circumspect, and more observant of the King's commands; but these careless insects laughed him to scorn, taunted and reviled him; and, most pitiful of all, he was compelled to bear the whole weight of his Father's wrath and indignation, and he nobly suffered an ignominious death on the cross to atone for the disobedience of his ungrateful executioners.

But, what seems stranger than all else in this mystic story is, that the sufferings of the innocent could atone for the crimes of the guilty, and that the crucifixion of an immortal could atone for the sins which these thoughtless Bees had committed; and also, that their trivial offence of disobedience was promptly forgiven, and they were again received into the King's favor, as soon as they had wickedly committed the far greater crime of crucifying his only Son.

After this Son's death, he returned to his

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Father and commenced interceding for the poor Bees, whose debt he had paid and for whose disobedience he had suffered. This intercession he still continues with so much success, that the King has shown compassion to many of the Bees and has agreed to forgive not only their transgressions, but also that of the unborn myriads of their descendants, provided they adhere strictly to his Son, as many entire swarms of these industrious and intelligent insects have already promised to do.

¶ It does not appear that these favored Bees make more honey, or have greater enjoyment than those who neglect or disbelieve in this mediator; but the believing portion are assured by certain Hornets (who have introduced themselves in great numbers into all the hives), that, after they are dead, they will become more sensible of the benefits which accrue to them from their faith and obedience.

These Hornets tell the Bees who are inclined to listen to them, the whole of this story, besides a vast number of other fabrications; and in the several hives both the stories and the incidents are so varied that some receive it in one way, some in another, and many reject it altogether 

These latter are threatened by the Hornets with everlasting punishments after their death, whereas the Bees which follow their advice will be sure, they say, to receive eternal rewards in the world to come.

When they are told that it is evident that all

Fable of The Bees

Bees on dying fall to the ground, decay, and turn to dust, they gravely answer that it is only their bodies which perish, but that their *buzzing part* (for which they claim *immortality*) is to enjoy forever the promised reward, or suffer eternally the cruel punishment, with which they have been threatened.

For they make them believe that when a Bee dies who has followed the advice of the Hornets, and given them the greater part of its honey, its *Buzz* goes directly to the King's palace and contributes to fill the grand hall of audience with music, with which they say that monarch is greatly delighted. But the *buzzing part* of a Bee that rejects the advice of the Hornets goes after its death to a bottomless pit, where it is surrounded with flames, and utters plaintive and piteous groans in consequence of the eternal and almost infinite torture it is there compelled to endure.

There are a vast number of similar chimeras with which these Hornets are continually filling the heads of the poor Bees; for, as they are excused from labor and live on the industry of the Bees, they have both time and inclination to invent stories to terrify them, and thus keep them in a state of subjection. In this they have succeeded so well that we see many of these poor insects so full of apprehension as to what may happen to their *buzzing part* after their death, that they can not with pleasure eat of the honey they have stored, nor do anything as they should for their own

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comfort, or for the maintenance of the community ☉ ☉

And when any Bees, too wise to be deceived, treat these threatenings with deserved contempt, and turn a deaf ear to the evil predictions of these wily Hornets, the Hornets then incense the other Bees against them, and even strive to kill them, or at least endeavor to banish them from the hives as being both unbelieving and irreverent reformers.

¶ When the Hornets are thus at variance with one another, the Bees of a Hive take part with one side or the other, and after a battle, we sometimes find half of the Bees of a hive killed because they could not understand the Hornets as the other half did.

Sometimes the Hornets also engage whole colonies of Bees to make war against other colonies, and thousands of these poor insects are killed on both sides, merely for supporting the varying creeds of the respective Hornets, while in reality there is no real cause for animosity between them.

The Bees, however, expose themselves very cheerfully to this slaughter, on the assurance given them by all the Hornets that thereby they do great service to the King, who will commend their faith, and admit their *buzzing* part into his great Hall in preference to the *buzz* of their opponents. For they pretend to know the will and pleasure of the King much better than the Bees, because certain Drones, say they, who lived in remote ages,

Fable of The Bees

heard them from the King's own lips, and transmitted them to posterity, partly impressed upon wax and partly by tradition. ¶ It is upon such silly pretences that the designing Hornets have usurped authority over the credulous Bees, and extended their tyranny throughout the whole island so as to render the lives of these industrious insects perfectly miserable—forbidding them on certain days to suck the flowers which they are permitted to do on others, and they likewise prohibit their making wax and honey on certain other days, which must be passed in fasting and prayer, because, say they, "*Such is the King's will and pleasure.*"

The Bees are, however, somewhat consoled for the toil and suffering they may endure *here*, by the *unverified* promise of everlasting happiness to their *buzzing part hereafter!*



*I advocate equal pay for
equal work and no woman
can afford to be indifferent
to anything that degrades
woman* ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

**AN INCIDENT OF THE
CAMPAIGN**

*I advocate equal taxation,
and a steeple is no more to
be excluded from taxation
than a smokestack* ♣ ♣ ♣

AN INCIDENT OF THE CAMPAIGN

[*Mrs. Marilla M. Ricker visited the polls in Ward Three on Tuesday last and offered her vote, which was politely received by Colonel Tufts, the Moderator, but probably not counted, as the Selectmen had neglected to put her name on the check list.*—DOVER INQUIRER, March, 1870.]

TO THE SELECTMEN OF DOVER, N. H.:

 COME before you to declare that my sex is entitled to the inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The first two I can not be deprived of except for cause, and by due process of law; but upon the last a right is usurped to place restrictions so general as to include the whole of my sex, and for which no reasons of public good can be assigned. I ask the right to pursue happiness by having a voice in that government to which I am accountable. I have not forfeited that right—still I am denied. Was assumed arbitrary authority ever more arbitrarily exercised? In practise, then, our laws are false to the principles which we profess. I have the right to life, to liberty, unless I forfeit by an infringement upon

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others' rights—in which case the State becomes the arbiter and deprives me of them for the public good.

I also have the right to pursue happiness unless I forfeit it in the same way and am denied it accordingly. It can not be said, with any justice, that my pursuit of happiness in voting for any man for office would be an infringement of one of his rights as a citizen or as an individual. I hold, then, that in denying me this right without my having forfeited it, departure is made from the principles of the Constitution, and also from the true principles of government, for I am denied a right born with me, and which is inalienable.

Nor can it be objected that women had no part in organizing this government. They were not denied. Today we seek a voice in government and *are* denied. There are thousands of male citizens in the country who seldom or never vote. They are not denied; they pursue happiness by not voting. Could it be assumed, because this body of citizens does not choose to exercise the right to vote, that they could be *permanently* denied the exercise thereof? If not, *neither* should it be assumed to deny women who wish to vote the right to do so. And were it true that a majority of women do not wish to vote, it would be no reason why those who do should be denied. If a right exist, and only *one in a million* desire to exercise it, no government should deny its enjoyment to that one. If the thousands of

An Incident of the Campaign

men who do not choose to vote should send their petitions to Congress asking that body to prevent others who do vote from so doing, would Congress listen to them? If there are women who do not desire to have a voice in the laws to which they are accountable and to which they must contribute to support, let them speak for themselves; but they should not assume to speak for me.

Women did not join in the act of constructing the Constitution. So far as I know, none expressed a desire to do so, and consequently were not denied. But what is government, and what a republican form of government? Government is national existence organized. When government is fashioned for the people it is not a republican form; but when fashioned by the people it is a republican government. *Our* form of government is supposed to emanate from the people, and whatever control it possesses *over* the people is supposed to be exercised by and with their consent. I, and others of my sex, find ourselves controlled by a form of government in the inauguration of which we had no voice, and in whose administration we are denied the right to participate, though we are a large part of the people of this country. Was George Third's rule which he endeavored to exercise over our fathers less clearly an assumed rule than is this to which we are subjected? He exercised it over them without their consent and against their wish and will, and naturally they rebelled. Do men of the

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United States assume and exercise any less arbitrary rule over us than that was? No, not one whit the less. When our fathers launched “Taxation without Representation is Tyranny” against King George, were they consistent? Certainly. Were they justified? Yes, for out of it came our national independence. The Revolutionary War, which gave our country independence, grew from this tyranny.

The Fourteenth Amendment says that all persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States ; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws ☛ ☛

I am a person, one of the sovereign people, a citizen of the United States and of the State of New Hampshire. Does the State of New Hampshire enforce any law which abridges my privileges or immunities as a citizen? Is it nothing to be denied the right to vote? What privileges and immunities have I, differing from those of the subjects of the most absolute monarch? They are subject to such laws as he sees fit to impose. Am I subject to any laws other than are imposed upon me? It does not appear possible to me that men are conscious

An Incident of the Campaign

of the tyranny they exercise over women. It may be mildly exercised, but it is nevertheless absolute tyranny. I can have what they will give. Could any slave have less?

Therefore, government permits the State of New Hampshire, in the face of the Fourteenth Amendment, to enforce laws which abridge my privileges and immunities, as well as those of every other woman who resides therein who is responsible, taxed, and who contributes to the maintenance of an organized government.

And in conclusion I will say that so long as women are executed under the laws they should have a voice in making them.

MARILLA M. RICKER

March, 1870.



THE TROUBLE ABOUT GOD

Headed, *What Four Men Said*, the following lines by Sam Walter Foss, illustrate the trouble we meet with in the effort to define the word "God." What these four men said has been said by many times four million men, still we are far, far away from any final settlement of the question.

*They sat and they talked where the cross-roads meet,
Four men from the four winds come;
And they talked of the horse, for they loved the theme,
And never a man was dumb.
The man from the North loved the strength of the horse,
And the man from the East his pace,
The man from the South loved the speed of the horse,
And the man from the West his grace.*

*So these four men from the four winds come
Each paused awhile in his course,
And smiled in the face of his fellow-man,
And lovingly talked of the horse.
Then these men parted and went their ways,
As their different courses ran;
And each man journeyed with peace in his heart,
And loving his fellow-man.*

*They met next year where the cross-roads meet,
Four men from the four winds come;
And it chanced as they met they talked of God,
And never a man was dumb.
One imagined God in the shape of man,
A Spirit, did one insist;
One said that Nature herself was God,
One said that he did n't exist.*

*But they lashed each other with tongues that stung,
That smote as with a rod;
Each glared in the face of his fellow-man,
And wrathfully talked of God.
And then they parted and went their ways,
As their different courses ran;
And each man journeyed with war in his heart,
And hating his fellow-man.*

SO HERE THEN IS ENDED
THAT THOUGHTFUL BOOK

I AM NOT AFRAID—ARE YOU?

WRITTEN BY MARILLA M.
RICKER, AND PRINTED AND
BOUND FOR HER BY THE
ROYCROFTERS AT THEIR
SHOP, WHICH IS IN EAST
AURORA, COUNTY OF ERIE,
NEW YORK STATE, MCMXVII

