

Random Notes of Life in London.

Miss Kaiser Describes an Exciting Military Tournament in Royal Agricultural Hall.

London, June 1.—London is getting more delightful every day, and is just blossoming out into almost bewildering beauty. One would not know it for the same London that, in the winter months, is dark, dreary and dreary. We are having a most beautiful spring, after a winter, which, compared to our winters at home, was mild in the extreme, although the people here did make a great fuss over some rather snappy weather, which we had for a week or so once. I do not think that their usual winter weather can be very severe, on the whole, because they became positively frightened when the Thames froze over here this last season. One thing I notice very much indeed is the birds that they have over in London. One would not think that an Audubon society was at all a necessity in England, for the feathered songsters are most numerous and their songs and twitterings all the day long make everything seem sort of light and pretty and happy. We do not live far from the heart of London—only a penny or tuppence fare from the Bank of England, and over here these birds wake me in the morning, singing away as early as six and a clock. They make me feel quite as if I were way out in the country. There are hosts of them, thrushes, robins, che-winks and others. I have not heard a nightingale yet, however, and am anxiously awaiting that pleasure.

Some Human Song Birds. But there is almost quite as much pleasure to be had nowadays in listening to the human song birds who are now singing at the Royal Italian Opera here, too, and I go to enjoy myself as often as possible. I heard M. Basso in "Faust" last week, and in "Roméo and Juliet" one evening this week, where she was simply charming. I liked her even more than I did in "Faust," and tonight we are to hear her again in "Rigoletto." We enjoyed the second Rigoletto concert this Monday also. It was magnificent. I am even more devoted to dear old Herr Richter than I was before. There was a Philharmonic performance this week, and I heard Mrs. Henschel again, likewise a new violinist, a Hungarian, with an impossible name, and nice Mr. Borwick again at the piano in a time-worn concerto of Beethoven's. Mrs. Henschel had on a perfectly irresistible gown, all white satin and gold, looked very lovely indeed, and sang better than she had when I heard her before. The treat of the evening, however, was a symphony by Dr. Hubert Parry, which he conducted himself. It was all very clever and very fine, I suppose, but so long that we did not enjoy it.

Nasrullah Khan. The little white prince is with us at last, having arrived some days ago, and the English, headed by their royal family and nobility, are making very much of him. He is the second son of the amir of Afghanistan, as I think I told you before, and rejoices in the black-coffee sounding name of Nasrullah Khan, plus some more unappellable names and titles. Dorchester house in Park Lane, which they have taken for him, is now converted into a veritable little eastern city, with shelters a suite of no less than ninety persons, all attached to this little Mohammedan. Arrangements had to be made for the killing of all their own meat by themselves, and on the premises, and several other odd Eastern proceedings have to be held in the aristocratic mansion in which he is housed, and for which the nation pays a rental of over \$5,000 a month, while he is on his visit here. All the royalties are made entertaining him in turns, and he has already visited the queen, the prince and Princess of Wales, and most of the rest of 'em.

But we have had enough of him, I think, and I will tell you about the military tournament, to which I went the other day with Miss Radical and a few other friends. Now one of the army people, in the Royal Agricultural hall, the largest place under roof in London, and is a most exciting affair. We went early and succeeded in getting into the shilling seats, which are the cheapest there, and we saw most easily from our places, too.

Exciting Military Tournament. The affair commenced with a contest in sword cutting, and four members of four different crack mounted regiments galloped in on their handsome chargers and rode round, ring in very much like a style, then charged down the hall at a whizzing pace, cutting off the heads of dummy enemies as they flew past. Some of them missed of course, as it is a very difficult feat, but some flashed right and left as they rode by, cutting off the heads of all the dummy enemies. Their horses were perfectly creatures, and seemed quite as proud of a difficult feat performed as their soldier riders.

The next thing was a lemon cutting contest, in which a row of lemons, five or six feet apart, were hung up in a straight line, and the mounted soldiers rode through the arena again and at a break-neck pace, trying to cut the lemons in two as they passed. One soldier did succeed in cutting each lemon nicely in halves, as he sketched past them on his snorting horse, and of course, he received the prize.

Then there was a contest in tont-poging, in which a mounted soldier rode full tilt through the place, picking out from the ground, where they were firmly imbedded, two tent pegs, with a long lance held in his hand. After that there came an exhibition of military tactics by a company of the Queen's Egyptian soldiers, brought over from Cairo to take part in the tournament. They were very fine, handsome black fellows, looking very cool and supple in their pure white uniforms and red fezzes. This feature was a great success, and was indeed so interesting that the duke and duchess of York, who, with nearly all the rest of the Royal family, were present, insisted on its repetition, for the sake of the duke of Saxe Coburg-Gotha, who came in later.

Straggling Princes of the Blood. It may be interesting to you to know that these aforementioned members of the royal family came to the tournament in installments, so to speak, and for the first half of the afternoon, while the affair was going on and everyone was looking at the maneuvers with bated breath, a glare of "God Save the Queen." Of course, everything stopped, people all got up and stood until the band ceased its announcement of the royal arrival, the soldiers in the arena

saluting at the same time, and the stir in the royal box subsided. We then resumed business, as it were, until, just as things became interesting again, "God Save the Queen" broke once more upon our ears. And so it kept on until we heartily wished they would let coming or all come at once. And by the time of the last royal arrival, I was too lazy to rise and stand, disregarding the indignation of those who thought that one of the girls assigned to me for my disrespect. Several people in front also favored me with a rather dark look or two, but that did not worry me greatly, and as no more royalties came after that, there was no occasion for the rising waters.

One of the most interesting contests of the afternoon was that of the running and jumping one for mounted regulars. A number of hurdles, with and without water on one or both sides of them, were placed about the arena, and the soldiers raced in on their horses and made it a pleasure to watch them. Some of them making ludicrous barks of it, while others, both horse and rider, took them all magnificently. There were entered in this some of the First (King's) Dragon Guards and some of the Eighth (King's) Royal Irish Hussars, all of them such splendid fellows and it was a pleasure to watch them. This was followed by a series of engagements between mounted lance and dismounted bayonet, a very exciting and scientific affair, as was also the one between mounted swords and dismounted bayonets, both these fights giving a very good idea of what often happens in an actual battle. We then had a simply rousing affair in the shape of a driving competition by Royal Horse Artillery, and a galloping one as well by the same regiment. It was a splendid thing, and the horses pulled the cannon and ammunition about the arena, and through the Royal Horse Guards, which had been arranged in order to try their mettle in most noisy and exciting style.

Grand Military Pageant. This was followed by a grand historical military pageant by the two swiftest regiments in the army, the King's Own Hussars and The Buffs, who were dressed in the costumes of British soldiers in all the different times in the history of this country, from the time of Charles I. The Cavaliers were there, with their flowing curls and big hats and lace ruffles, the Roundheads, quite a contrast to their predecessors, the soldiers of the Indian Mutiny, or rather soldiers of our time in the army costume worn at the time of the mutiny, and the soldiers of the Crimean war, and so on down to our own times, in which they came in on their horses, in just the costume they wear today, and in which they were overwhelmed with deafening applause, for they are great favorites, these two regiments.

We next had a musical band by the Royal Horse Guards, which was perfectly lovely. Unlike the other numbers of the afternoon, it did not represent war, but was a pretty dance, danced in a stately minuet style by the horses of this regiment, as one could ever wish to see, and the applause these fine animals earned made them even prouder of their masters.

Sample of Real Army Life. Now came the interesting part of the program, the most interesting and instructive of all, in the shape of an exact sample of real army life. This commenced with the entrance of a band of real Kaffirs jumping about and playing high jinks generally, at a camp fire. Two of their band then brought in some lost Englishmen, of whom they immediately took possession, and made camp in their village up in some rocks and shrubbery arranged in one end of the hall. Soon a regiment of English soldiers arrive upon the scene and proceed to pitch tents, cook meals, wash, and behave just as though they were really in the field, after having thrown up intrenchments and made a camp fire. Now one of the Kaffir prisoners escaped and found his way to the camp, told his story, and immediately orders are issued for the storming of the village. Camp breaks up in the twinkling of an eye, and a forward march commences.

The Kaffirs, however, had discovered the escape of their prisoner and followed him to the village. The battle is the result. The cannon peal forth, the soldiers fire away and kill the Kaffirs, whom they drive back into their village, which they then proceed to capture by means of building a bridge over a large creek which runs in front of it and which they have to cross. This is a most interesting work, and is finished in five or ten minutes, the soldiers all working up to their waists in the water and like ones possessed, too, till it is done. The village is captured, the Kaffirs are almost all killed or pretend to be, the ugly old chief surrenders, and I suppose, contents to rule his people in the future "under the protection of England."

Very Enjoyable Representation. This was a most delightful battle, and, from start to finish, showed the life of a soldier, and the science of war, to thousands of unenlightened people like me, who learned a great deal from it. I can not say too much for their beautiful horses. It was a pleasure and a delight to watch these lovely creatures, of whom there were over 100 taking part, and to see their intelligently performed maneuvers. They were most wonderfully trained, and with the handsome, splendid English soldiers on their backs, the flower of the British army, were a sight that I am thankful, indeed, to have seen, and which I shall never forget.

I have suffered a sad bit of experience lately. I wore out all my nice Italian American shoes, and had to buy a pair of horrid English ones last week, and they are such a tribulation to me that I must warn you against them. Never buy a pair of English shoes—I say this with an awful solemnity—and you will never know what it is to be perfectly miserable. I had been warned against them, too, so I thought I would be careful and buy a nice easy pair, and went to a shop where they make "easy shoes for tender feet," and invested in a pair, which were the smallest they had, but much too large for me. They are also very thick and heavy, and the usual shoe worn by the English girl is much heavier, I must own. At any rate, mine would do nicely for a cowboy, I think, instead of for poor me, and it is an added piece of work now, to drag them about with me, they are so clumsy. There is no fraud about an English shoe. They

are decidedly what they seem—big, thick, clumsy, unyielding and most frightfully ugly. They are made in circumstances that they really are, as our manufacturers artfully design them. You see a pair of shoes on a lady's foot; it looks at you with a stolid thick black look and says bluntly: "I'm caulkin'. I'm sixes, I am, and there's no mistake about it." And there she isn't. Sixes it is, or perhaps, sevens, never fives, as a six shoe looks at home in America.

Oh, for a pair of American shoes made by a man who can get No. 6 shoes to look like No. 5, and when shoes are as light and easy and pretty as are ours at home. Hurrah for America! Sadie E. Kaiser.

AFTER SIXTY YEARS.

Rev. John Davy Describes Some Incidents of His Journey Across the Sea, to the Land Which He Last Saw Three Score Years Ago. Tolland Royal, Wiltshire, Eng., June 12.—At precisely 1.40 a. m. on the morning of May 22, eleven of us from Scranton boarded a Delaware, Lackawanna and Western train for New York, and although it was 150 miles away, in about five hours we were in Gotham. Such fast travelling reminded me of the great change that had taken place in transportation since I rode from Greenwich Park to London bridge, sixty years ago. That was one of the first railroads operated and was built upon the old canal towpath. A speed of eight and one-half miles an hour was attained, a little faster than a man could walk or a dog trot, yet I will never forget the great rejoicing there in London when that little railroad successfully carried its first train. How great the contrast between those slowly rolling wheels and the monster iron horses of today!

Arriving in New York we obtained our first view of the American landscape, the New York, which was to be our home for the succeeding days and nights while buffeting the waves of the turbulent Atlantic. Unconsciously our thoughts turned to the wonderful development of steam since the days of Watt, Stephenson and Fulton, the latter's slow-going little steamboat ploughing its way up the North river, as Capernicus said, after his recantation about the revolution of the earth, "It does move anyhow."

The Ocean Voyage. Having arranged our baggage on board the "floating palace," and been assigned the room in which we were to sleep, at 11 a. m. the New York backed out of her dock and pointed her bow for another continent. In moving down the Narrows, passing by Staten Island and along the Jersey coast, everything looked beautiful. Nature was putting on her June dress, but soon we were out to sea and our glorious America, "the mightiest nation on earth," the home of the brave and the land of the free, disappeared from our vision. As the first evening on the water approached and we were saying our evening prayer, we began to wonder whether we could ride the waves of Old Ocean 3,000 miles without offering sacrifices to the gods.

Being fairly out upon the ocean we began to look for some good social companions. I was very fortunate. For stateroom companions I had two gentlemen from Buffalo, one a contractor and the other a dealer in lumber, going on a pleasure trip to England, Germany, France and Switzerland. For a deck chum I had a Norwegian, a fine, intelligent fellow, who had just returned from New York. On the fourth day we saw a passenger steamer and a man-of-war, but from that time our voyage was monotonous until we reached the British Channel, and then we saw coasters, and fishing smacks, and merchantmen and three American men-of-war lying there, to keep old England quiet. If the lion should roar the American bulldogs are there, ready to show their teeth. At 7 p. m. on Wednesday we were soon on land and felt to thank Him who holdeth the winds in His fist and the water in the hollow of His hand.

Preached in an English Pulpit. The next Sunday I preached twice in an English pulpit. On Monday I delivered an address at a Sabbath school session, and on Sunday I preached to a camp meeting, so they are laying out plenty of work for the "boy" preacher. The New York is 560 feet long, 64 feet beam, and swims in 30 feet of water. We had 1,000 passengers on board and 400 belonging to the ship. Her log showed that she had made 45 miles; second, 457; third, 462; fourth, 444; fifth, 432; sixth, 448; seventh, 412; eighth, 30, which makes up the distance of 3,150 miles between the two ports. The village from which I wrote got its name from the fact that King John once slept in it, while returning from a hunting party. The village is a royal city here. There is an Episcopal church in the village, which was built over 500 years ago.

John Davy. DEAD MAN TELLS TALES. Reasons for His Suicide Discovered After His Death. Kokomo, Ind., June 21.—Last winter Mr. Overman, a farmer near Windfall, Tipton county, was found dead with a pistol near him. No cause for suicide was assigned, and a paper written by Mr. Overman was found in his effects that explained the mystery. Overman's letter says that twenty years ago an Englishman came to his house with \$30,000 and tried to negotiate with him to go into the ranch business in Colorado. He murdered the Englishman, buried his body in a marsh, took his money and buried it on his farm. The place is not designated. This explains the hermit-like life of Overman for these many years.

SMALL TREASURY RECEIPTS. Officials Are Disappointed in the Amount of Revenue Coming In. Washington, June 21.—The treasury receipts from customs and internal revenue so far during the month of June show no improvement over last month, while the disbursements remain practically the same. The receipts from sugar importations are surprisingly low, and the expected large increase from whiskey withdrawals has not materialized. For the first half of the present month the receipts from customs amount to \$2,224,725, and from internal revenue \$1,187,000. The receipts from customs for the eleven and a half months of the fiscal year \$148,842,687, and from internal revenue sources \$135,954,163.

During the last five months the receipts from customs have been as follows: January, \$17,361,916; February, \$18,584,691; March, \$14,928,729; April, \$12,584,691; May, \$12,584,691. During the same months the returns from internal revenue sources have been as follows: January, \$9,034,984; February, \$8,860,460; March, \$9,854,977; April, \$10,648,880; May, \$10,754,691; June, estimated, \$10,000,000. The making of the total receipts for the fiscal year from customs \$153,618,982, and from internal revenue, \$142,757,077. The present deficit of \$48,400,950, however, is likely to be reduced by cutting of expenditures about \$45,000,000 for the full fiscal year.

VINDICATED AT LAST.

General Fitz John Porter Ably Defended by Major General John Gibbon. In the course of an eloquent oration delivered last Tuesday evening before the Army of the Potomac, Major General John Gibbon, retired, made this pathetic plea for justice, at least in history's record, to Fitz John Porter: "There can be no suffering more horrible than that experienced by a brave and faithful warrior who knows himself falsely convicted of cowardice on the field of battle, disobedience of orders and treason. Now fancy, if you are able, the tremendous load which is lifted from the shoulders of such an innocent man, by the ablest military minds of the country, proclaiming after the most searching investigation it is demonstrated beyond question that the charges against him are false. "After all the long years of trial through which he had gone there remains some great consolation to Fitz John Porter. He has outlived his calumnies, and he has outlived the satisfaction of his countrymen and to their representatives in congress his entire innocence of the charges against him, and has done what few other men have ever done under like circumstances—placed his case so clearly on record that history can make no mistake regarding it. Fitz John Porter was killed on the 30th of August, 1862, whilst directing his corps in the most desperate assault the gallant Fifth ever made, no whisper of the charges afterwards raked up against him would have been heard. The survivors of the battle, who were with him, and who tried in the courts to condemn him to death, Am I to suppose or believe that the officers of justice in His own country know nothing about Him and believe that you know all about Him? You sent a part of your own army to fight with him in his herculean struggle for—not justice, for that he can never get, but for his proper place in history. I earnestly urge it is a duty we owe to ourselves to endorse their action."

An Infidel's Letter. Wellsburg, W. Va., March 23, 1895. Dear Friends: Your letter received. It was quite a surprise, although it should not have been, to know that men of your profession are always ready to condemn their fellow-men when they do not believe as you do. When you make such assertions you should not only be ready to argue, but ready also to give proof that you are right. To believe and to know are very different. If the Jesus Christ of the Testament ever lived He lived in Palestine. He called his fellow-men ugly names because they did not believe what He said. Although I do not think that He claimed to be God, He did say He was equal to God, and He was arrested, tried and condemned to death. Am I to suppose or believe that the officers of justice in His own country know nothing about Him and believe that you know all about Him? You sent a part of your own army to fight with him in his herculean struggle for—not justice, for that he can never get, but for his proper place in history. I earnestly urge it is a duty we owe to ourselves to endorse their action."

MYSTERIOUS MURDER.

Aged Farmer Killed and Hidden in His Barn by Unknown Persons. Erie, Kan., June 21.—The body of Farmer Peterson, a bachelor about 60 years of age, was found hidden in the manger of his barn. The body was covered with hay and old horse blankets were thrown over the hay, as if to cover up all traces of the crime. The neighbors had missed seeing the old man around for about a week, and, becoming suspicious, went to his house. They found it unlocked and no one in. The condition of the furniture indicated that there had been a great struggle, and the searchers went to the barn, where they soon located the man's body. The old man is thought to have had considerable money, some of which he had intended to invest in a few days, but notwithstanding this, there is not the slightest clue to the identity of the murderer.

THE POPULIST KICKER.

Oh, Populist kicker, does your blood flow any quicker as you breathe your face in an eternal frown? You kick like the devil who is holding high revel, and swear that monopoly is blinding you down. You kick at old Grover the whole country over, and pray for the passage of unjust laws; you see in the distance a low mountain range, and you think of the standard of the Sub-Treasury cause. You kick at the banks like a parcel of cranks, and cause them to tighten their grip on their hold; you kick a little faster till to escape disaster each one must make his payments in gold. You kick at creation and any other nation, that you deem to be among those who differ from you; but you want your frothing just something for nothing, and it causes you to act as crazy as you do. You provoke them to laughter, not knowing what you're after, by eternally kicking and raising a dust; but if you don't get a sight and it is a sight in plight, if while you are kicking your suspender should bust? This would make me in danger, but you cannot make me; I am as fully as determined in her ways; the best we can do when the sky is not blue, is to look to the future for sunshiny days. —H. A. McEachin, in the Sun.

ON THE VERGE

Of Giving up the Fight—An Elmira Citizen's Last Resource Proves a Success.

[From the Elmira Gazette.] Do you know Mr. J. S. Boddier, of 214 South Main street? He has been a business man for over twenty years. A man who would not be disgraced by a failure cannot be disputed. Well, Mr. Boddier's case is a nutshell is—that he has been ailing for some time, and his physicians, but doesn't suffer any more. We will let him tell what has brought about the change. Here is how he spoke of his case to our representative: "I have never been well since the closing of the war, where, in the service of my country, I contracted kidney and bladder troubles. The complaint has gradually been getting on me, I had sharp pains in the small of my back, just back of the hips, and when they left it was only to be followed by a dull, heavy pain which would not leave me. I could not get on one or two positions in bed or the pain would be almost unbearable. I was always very sore over the kidneys, and the urine, only a strong odor. I tried times I felt existence a task. I tried this, that and the other thing, to no avail, and was on the verge of giving up entirely when I saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised. I thought as a last resort I would give them a trial; they were highly recommended, and I would use just this one more remedy. I began taking them and I am very glad indeed to give my statement, that suffering humanity may receive the same benefit from a few doses of Doan's Kidney Pills as I have received. I feel better now, the pain is all gone, and I am entirely well—this, after years of sickness. My sleep at night is more refreshing. I used to be on my feet all the time, but I am now able to rest. Doan's Kidney Pills are for sale by all druggists. Price, 50 cents per box; six boxes for \$2.50. By mail on receipt of price by Foster-McBurg Company, Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for United States.

The Infidel and The Minister.

Interesting Views of the Christian Religion Given at Pittston Presbyterian Church.

Some time ago the Rev. Thomas W. Swan, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, West Pittston, announced from his pulpit that he had opened communication with persons of his acquaintance who are not interested in the religious work of any church, and who denounce the Christians and their religion. A number of letters were received by Mr. Swan upon which he discoursed several successive Sundays. To one of the most radical of these letters he prepared an answer and read both letter and answer to his congregation on Sunday evening, June 2. Through the enterprise of our Pittston representative, The Tribune has been granted the permission to place before the public these interesting letters. The one denouncing the Christians and their Bible and church, the other presenting the value of the Christian religion and proving the Bible to be an inspired work.

Dear Friends: Your letter received. It was quite a surprise, although it should not have been, to know that men of your profession are always ready to condemn their fellow-men when they do not believe as you do. When you make such assertions you should not only be ready to argue, but ready also to give proof that you are right. To believe and to know are very different. If the Jesus Christ of the Testament ever lived He lived in Palestine. He called his fellow-men ugly names because they did not believe what He said. Although I do not think that He claimed to be God, He did say He was equal to God, and He was arrested, tried and condemned to death. Am I to suppose or believe that the officers of justice in His own country know nothing about Him and believe that you know all about Him? You sent a part of your own army to fight with him in his herculean struggle for—not justice, for that he can never get, but for his proper place in history. I earnestly urge it is a duty we owe to ourselves to endorse their action."

HE WAS DELIVERED FOR CRUCIFIXION AT ALL, AND IF YOU INQUIRE INTO THE ATTITUDE OF THOSE WHO CRUISE AGAINST HIM, YOU WILL FIND THAT THEIR HOSTILITY WAS OCCASIONED ONLY BY THE FACT THAT THEY DID NOT WANT TO BELIEVE HIM OR ACCEPT HIS CLAIMS. HE IS THE ONLY REASON WHY MEN TODAY TAKE A POSITION OF HOSTILITY TOWARD HIM. IT WAS NOT ANYTHING HE HAD DONE IN THE JEWS—IT WAS NO CRIME. IT WAS BECAUSE OF HIS CLAIMS TO BE THE SON OF GOD, AND HIS CLAIMS TO BE THE ONLY ESTABLISHED BEFORE THEIR EYES BY HIS DIVINE WORKS, BUT A CLAIM WHICH THEY BROUGHT UNDER THE NAME BISHOPRY THAT THEY MIGHT IDENTIFY HIM.

When you undertake to pick laws in the character of Jesus, you have undertaken a hopeless task. The great intellects of all the ages since Jesus left our earth, whatever their position toward Christianity, whether its humble disciples or openly opposed to it, or carelessly indifferent, or vaguely latitudinarian, are united in their testimony of admiration for the man who was crucified. It is the test of scientific truth, and falls to pieces under the touch of reason." But who, let me ask, are to be the judges as to whether or not the doctrines of the New Testament gospel will stand in relation to the test of scientific principles? There are doctrines of such a nature that every man cannot make such a test—not even every intelligent or educated man. In astronomy, we put no stress on the professed discoveries or experiments of a simple ploughman, who comes out of the field, with no previous preparation, and steps into the observatory. But if a man versed in astronomy, one whose eye is used to the great telescope and has prepared himself to be a judge in astronomical matters, such a man gives out his findings as to the position of the stars, and the true in astronomical science, we are ready to hear the results of his scientific investigations. Now, on the same principle, who are the capable of making a scientific test of the doctrines of the New Testament? Evidently, not everyone—not even every educated man. Nay, but Jesus Christ Himself laid down the rule, and it is a reasonable one. "If any man will do as He will, he shall know of the teaching, whether it be of God or whether I spoke from myself (that is as a mere man)."—see John 7:17. If any man will do as He will, he shall know of the teaching, whether it be of God or whether I spoke from myself (that is as a mere man)."—see John 7:17. If any man will do as He will, he shall know of the teaching, whether it be of God or whether I spoke from myself (that is as a mere man)."—see John 7:17.

That part of your letter which speaks of the person of Christ is a grief to my soul. His own country, and his own people, hated him, because of your words of blasphemy against Him "who knew no sin"—it hurts me that you thus speak of my best friend—I would rather hear you say that Jesus is a man, than never read words that grated more harshly upon me than these in your letter: "If the Jesus Christ of the Testament ever lived, He lived, He stole. He called his fellow-men ugly names because they did not believe what He said. Although I don't know that He claimed to be God, He did say He was equal to God. But no difference. He was arrested, tried in the courts, and condemned to death. Am I to suppose or believe that the officers of justice in His own country know nothing about Him and believe you know all about Him? I cannot think that you know anything about Him. You sent a part of your own army to fight with him in his herculean struggle for—not justice, for that he can never get, but for his proper place in history. I earnestly urge it is a duty we owe to ourselves to endorse their action."

Now, my dear fellow, I expect to go out to your brothers and my daughters in a few days, and I will tell you what I have to say. I will not say one word against their ideas. Instead of telling them that they are all going to the devil when they get down on their knees to pray, I will tell them that it is the only way to get to earth, and the devil they painted is embodied in their persons? Must we bury that devil with the "deceitful of mourning" and hang up wreaths of parsley and carnations, to the holiest of holies, the test of scientific truth, and fall to pieces under the touch of reason. And what is this joy, this exultation to which Mr. Gladstone assigns so shamefully a paragon? Is it the sense of freedom through our deliverance from the cruel superstitions which have overwhelmed brave men with abject terror, reduced feeble minds to imbecility and influenced the hearts of the masses to the ruin of the happiness of multitudes, destroyed innumerable lives and put instruments of torture into the hands of fanatics, wretched to oppress their victims, and to the ruin of the human race? Is it the joy of seeing the world as it is, and the devil they painted is embodied in their persons? Must we bury that devil with the "deceitful of mourning" and hang up wreaths of parsley and carnations, to the holiest of holies, the test of scientific truth, and fall to pieces under the touch of reason. And what is this joy, this exultation to which Mr. Gladstone assigns so shamefully a paragon? Is it the sense of freedom through our deliverance from the cruel superstitions which have overwhelmed brave men with abject terror, reduced feeble minds to imbecility and influenced the hearts of the masses to the ruin of the happiness of multitudes, destroyed innumerable lives and put instruments of torture into the hands of fanatics, wretched to oppress their victims, and to the ruin of the human race? Is it the joy of seeing the world as it is, and the devil they painted is embodied in their persons? Must we bury that devil with the "deceitful of mourning" and hang up wreaths of parsley and carnations, to the holiest of holies, the test of scientific truth, and fall to pieces under the touch of reason.

It is sometimes to be noticed in children that when they are surprised or unexpectedly discovered in doing what they know is wrong, they will say, "I don't know any better." Putting this in relation to the man who was crucified, we can say: "Let us alone; what have we to do with Thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth?" I am not surprised that you are impatient when this subject is brought before you. It is only a proof that the Scriptures are true when you say that the natural heart is at enmity with God—and this fact should mean something to you, as I hope it does to you. The Jesus Christ of the Testament ever lived," you say, as much as to imply that it is doubtful; while the whole testimony of history, both sacred and profane, is that He did live—and that it is only ignorance that He lived, and that He never has been proved, and I have no fear that it ever will be proved, though there are plenty of men and plenty of devils that would like to accomplish it.

Dear Friends: Your letter received. It was quite a surprise, although it should not have been, to know that men of your profession are always ready to condemn their fellow-men when they do not believe as you do. When you make such assertions you should not only be ready to argue, but ready also to give proof that you are right. To believe and to know are very different. If the Jesus Christ of the Testament ever lived He lived in Palestine. He called his fellow-men ugly names because they did not believe what He said. Although I do not think that He claimed to be God, He did say He was equal to God, and He was arrested, tried and condemned to death. Am I to suppose or believe that the officers of justice in His own country know nothing about Him and believe that you know all about Him? You sent a part of your own army to fight with him in his herculean struggle for—not justice, for that he can never get, but for his proper place in history. I earnestly urge it is a duty we owe to ourselves to endorse their action."

conscience of these facts just as you are conscious of the fact that you are alive? It is knowledge, which no one has any more right to question in a sane man than I have a right to question your existence. Now, you can see my position, if all this be true, then I am not doing my duty toward you until I have told you what I have found, and urged upon you to avail yourself of the same blessing. Please do not think of me as one who points the finger of condemnation at you, but as one who is prompted by the spirit of love to help you, and I beg of you, do not think of Jesus Christ as one who came into the world to condemn the world; "For God has sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved." (see John 3:17). The best friend you have in the universe today is this friend of sinners. He stands waiting to do for you what none other can do for you, and next to Him are those who point you to Him. These are your friends, those who encourage you to reject your only savior. You say that when I make such assertions as I made in my last I should not only be ready to argue, but ready also to give proof that I am right. To believe and to know are very different. If the Jesus Christ of the Testament ever lived He lived in Palestine. He called his fellow-men ugly names because they did not believe what He said. Although I do not think that He claimed to be God, He did say He was equal to God, and He was arrested, tried and condemned to death. Am I to suppose or believe that the officers of justice in His own country know nothing about Him and believe that you know all about Him? You sent a part of your own army to fight with him in his herculean struggle for—not justice, for that he can never get, but for his proper place in history. I earnestly urge it is a duty we owe to ourselves to endorse their action."

But the thought I wished to convey in my last letter to you was this: I was not writing to you to pick laws, but to give an argument on the subject of Christianity; on the other hand, I wished only to give you my witness that I had proved Jesus Christ to be what He claims to be, and that, if you will, you may believe in Him, if it is not too late. It is not theological, it is practical—scientific, if you please. Suppose that in your business you have written to you to pick laws, but to give an argument on the subject of Christianity; on the other hand, I wished only to give you my witness that I had proved Jesus Christ to be what He claims to be, and that, if you will, you may believe in Him, if it is not too late. It is not theological, it is practical—scientific, if you please. Suppose that in your business you have written to you to pick laws, but to give an argument on the subject of Christianity; on the other hand, I wished only to give you my witness that I had proved Jesus Christ to be what He claims to be, and that, if you will, you may believe in Him, if it is not too late. It is not theological, it is practical—scientific, if you please.

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He was delivered for crucifixion at all, and if you inquire into the attitude of those who crucify against him, you will find that their hostility was occasioned only by the fact that they did not want to believe him or accept his claims. He is the only reason why men today take a position of hostility toward him. It was not anything he had done in the Jews—it was no crime. It was because of his claims to be the son of God, and his claims to be the only established before their eyes by his divine works, but a claim which they brought under the name bishopry that they might identify him.

When you undertake to pick laws in the character of Jesus, you have undertaken a hopeless task. The great intellects of all the ages since Jesus left our earth, whatever their