

PRICE 5 Cts.

MURRAY'S BROADSIDES No. 2.

CHURCHES AND RELIGION
ORIGIN OF OUR CIVILIZATION
W. W. ROBERTSON
SPIRITUALISM
INTERESTING BIBLE TEXTS.

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(F1317)

BY NORMAN MURRAY.

MONTREAL.
NORMAN MURRAY,
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N.B.—Broadsides No. 1, uniform with this containing "Moses and the Prophets" and The "Prohibition Fad" sent to any address for 5c. 21 Beaver Hall Hill, Montreal.

Churches and Religion.



Churches ! Churches ! everywhere and not a place to sleep ;
Churches ! Churches ! everywhere, and not a bite to eat ;
Churches ! Churches ! everywhere, thus cries the wandering
sheep :
With no place to go to, to rest his weary feet.

Thus I once began to meditate, as I often do at times,
And then I also dotted down a few notes in rhymes,
Upon the woes and miseries that oft afflict mankind,
And I thought some of the remedies were not of the right kind.

If Christ came round to Montreal and took a look around,
What would He say about the churches that cover so much ground ?
Would He go on Sunday morning to the Gesu to say mass ?
Or would He look with sorrow on the churches all and pass ?

For the thief at the last moment who leaves them his estate,
And the lewd w... monger they prefer to pure and chaste,
For they objected to good Guibord, but " Black Angel " they re-
ceived,
It does not matter about actions of those who have believed.

Some people clear the forests and then put in the plough,
Some also sow and reap the corn and look after the cows,
But the Jew sets up a pawn shop and looks out for bailiff sales,
And out of gentile losses he then himself regales.

Religion and churches we have them " en masse "
In some they sing psalms and in others they say mass ;
Religion ! religion ! what's the good of it all ?
They are one day fasting and the next at a ball.

There are some people you know that on Friday eat fish,
Not because they like it above any other dish ;
And some cut their foreskins and won't eat pork,
Who would rather on Sunday than Saturday work.

Of course all these varieties can't all be right,
For "Prince of Peace" officers often do fight ;
And when they mount up the pulpit they often do shout :
" Believe or be damned " to those who are out.

And the blessing of poverty they sing in your ear,
And call themselves poor on ten thousand a year,
And they'll pray for poor sinners if they pay for their pews,
And believe in old Moses and other bad Jews.

And if there is a hell or a heaven at all,
And if old father Adam had such a bad fall,
I don't think that we should be called to account,
For we cannot believe ten different accounts.

For if God ever dictates a Bible to man,
You'll find no lies or mistakes in the plan ;
It will all be as plain as the sun in the skies,
And man cannot change it at all if he tries.

God's book is for all like the sun and the rain,
He does not entrust it to mountebank brains,
To quarrel and speculate just for mere gain,
For with them it's all guessing and guessing in vain.

He allows mankind to play as they wish—
On land with the animals, and on water with fish,
At praying and singing they are playing also,
But prayer won't affect either rain or the snow.

Praying is always the lazy man's fort,
We have never been scarce of men of that sort ;
I have seen some praying and neglecting their crops,
And the walls of their houses kept up with old props.

For God always helps the best soldier to fight,
And the only true religion is " Do what is right,"
So keep your " rule of conduct " " toujours " straight and bright,
Then for the parson's balderdash you need not take fright.

But there's no use abusing the parsons or priests
For believing what you don't believe in the least ;
For I know there are good men to be found among them all,
They are not the cause of my quarrel at all.

For if a man is sincere and believes in the moon;
You may find he will do a good turn just as soon
As the man who believes in Eve and the "Fall,"
But first you just try and examine them all.

But there is no such a thing as a mortgage on heaven.
For keeping a holiday one day in seven ;
And if there is a hell or a heaven at all,
If you trust the old fables your chances are small.

So you just be faithful and truthful and kind,
And about the old devil don't trouble your mind,
For no plan of salvation is yet found out,
Like a straight rule of conduct to settle your doubt.

Why should God play with Abraham and ask for his son,
For thousands each day of whites and of coons
Throw up the sponge and turn dust as before,
So why should God ask for that kind of gore.

You have also heard how Jephthah gave his daughter to the Lord,
He roasted her with fire after tying her with cord ;
You speak with hate about cannibals and their horrid ways,
And still you say your God was like them in bye gone days.

Some people are objecting to have things described in rhyme,
That they'll read with groans in churches at some other time,
You proudly scorn the Jesuits in " End justifies the means,"
But Moses labelled ' righteousnes' what we now call sins.

You have often heard of Dreyfus and his trials in old France,
But did Moses to the Egyptian give half so good a chance ?
And now we have Zionism reviving once again,
And very few will be sorry if they start by the first train.

Did you ever hear the story of the poor man with the sticks ?
Of which the very mention is enough to make you sick ;
They found him on the Sabbath with some sticks to make fire,
And Moses the old villain for this made him expire.

If we must have religion let us have something good,
For rubbish in religion is as bad as rotten food ;
For the wise men of the ancients such as Socrates of old,
The rubbish of old Moses in pure contempt would hold.

For all men are not atheists who throw Moses overboard,
For a man that's good and honest is the best work of the Lord ;
It does not matter what you believe if you are good and true,
For virtue is far better than belief for me and you.

But religion is a trouble that afflicts the human mind,
No matter where you wander some phase of it you'll find ;
Some are victimized by fakirs and some others are so blind,
They cannot see the roguery that's preying on mankind.

I don't despise religion if it is of any use,
But I know it's now mostly used just simply for excuse,
But a blackguard is a blackguard be he religious or not,
For the religion of a blackguard I would not give a groat.

So it does not matter a brass farthing David, Moses, Brigham
Young,
If one deserves the gallows the others should be hung,
And if slavery is wrong to day it was always the same way,
But the black man by the Israelites was bought and sold like hay.



Origin of our Civilization.



I have often heard it stated as a platform of the truth
That was intended for old folks as well as the youth,
That all our good laws and statutes we got from the Jews,
But I for one won't swallow any such erronic views.

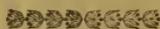
Although I am partly Celtic and to the Highlands always true
I am at last converted to the old Teutonic views,
That to look for the best manhood you must look up to the north,
The farther you get from the Equator the more a man is worth.

When Caesar came to Britain, Germania and Gaul,
They had not heard a word about Adam and the " Fall ",
But the people of Germania whose blood within us flows,
Was far above the Jews then as every scholar knows.

They never sought to persecute a man for his belief,
And to the weary traveller they always gave relief ;
And as to the conduct of the men towards the maids,
They were as far above the Jews as heaven is from hades.

But there is no doubt at all as to the priestcraft class,
They caused more terror to a Jewess than to a German lass ;
For often times the wicked is much worried about God,
While the honest sceptic goes quietly on his road.

For instance all the jewellery they got from Egypt's land
By degrees it all reached Moses and Aarons greedy hands ;
For some people's religion is the queerest thing you meet,
I heard of a brigand who killed a man on Friday but refused the
meat.



W. W. Robertson.



You have often heard of Robertson that lectures above Hall's,
And of all the blooming fakirs I think he beats them all,
He has lots of trouble with the devil I am told,
It's too bad to have such trouble when a man is getting old.

And wherever there's a devil there a hell is sure to be.
And when they look up both of them give Robertson the key ;
For if you give ten thousand subjects to Robertson the bold,
He'll always come straight back to hell like a sheep into the fold.

We have always got our hobbies some good and some are bad ;
But to be always with the devil seems so very, very sad ;
But to hear him quote the Bible and translate it from the Greek,
You would wonder where the devil or in hell he got his cheek.

For I'm quite sure he's not a scholar of a very high degree,
I don't believe he'd know " Omega " from a character in Cree ;
But all that he is short in learning he can make up in bluff,
Some people think he's clever but I think he's only rough.

If he will be an officer in the kingdom bless,
I think there will be a feeling of disapproval in the rest,
For an officer in a kingdom should a little knowledge have,
Besides playing with the devil and roaring like a calf.

He professes always to believe the old Bible is inspired,
It's only the translators to the truth had not aspired,
For myself I think quite differently 'bout the matter in dispute,
The translators than the authors I think of more repute.

He makes himself a critic if a preacher comes to town,
He takes them all separately and treats each one like a clown,
For it's not all ideas but personalities with him,
For of spleen, spite, gall and venom he is filled up to the brim.

I think each one is justified when the money of the state
Is given to a preacher to influence our fate ;
I say that then I am justified as a member of the state,
To have an eye upon the man who lives by the rates.

But under dis-establishment as we have in Montreal,
We should discuss the principle and not the man at all ;
For the greacher may be quite sincere and give some foolish views,
But it's only vagabonds who give personal abuse.

You now may ask the reason why Robertson I rhyme ?
Just because old Robertson more than one time,
Gave me and others some abuse and no chance to reply,
So as I am a Highlander I now let at him fly.



Spiritualism.



We have lately had some faking of an old kind revived,
That the world to get rid of for a long timo has strived ;
It is nothing but the witchcraft of the Highlands and the East,
Which if you wont believe them won't hurt you in the least.

For myself I want no spirits stronger than a glass of wine,
It goes well with some potatoes and fresh herring from Loch Fyne ;
But the spirit that moves tables and does other foolish things,
I think we had better lock them in a place like Sing Sing.

One thing I want to ask of the spiritualists is this :
Have you exhausted all the means of getting knowledge except this?
Have you studied human nature and the problems of our age ?
Before you waste your time with clowns in trance upon a stage.

I think if I had relations in a spirirualist's moil
I in the first place would give them a strong dose of castor oil
If this was not sufficient this humbuggery to foil,
I'd try some other method this tom-foolery to spoil.

I'd also get a lantern hid up under my clothes,*
And spring it on the spirits right under the nose ;
I'd also make an inspection round the platform and screens,
I think you would materialize some spirits by such means.

If you test a hundred mediums on their knowledge on one point,
You will find for certain each and all out the joint ;
If you ask a medium old Plato to take up,
If he has not read Plato you might as well ask a pup.

If the medium is a sceptic he will bring you sceptic news,
If he believes Mahomet he will give Mahomet views ;
Now then what's the use talking any nonsense of this kind ?
For you get no information this way outside the medium's mind.

So you may talk till doomsday of the evidence you have,
I don't dispute your honour but somewhere there's a knave ;
I think when men and women sit down without a light,
And like this wait in silence some arms on waists will light.

Of course I'm only guessing about matters of this kind,
And I may be more material than spiritual in mind ;
But I think a living female along side you for a spark,
Is far more interesting than a spirit in the dark.

Broadsides No. 3 will contain "Fancy Fair Religion," "The Wars of the Religious Fakirs," etc.