

THE LICENSED PREACHER.

Rev. Old Mortality Talks About Prayer.—A New Departure. A Prayer Wheel, Etc., Etc.

My dear little ones, it pains me not a little to notice that the Infidels, Skeptics, Freethinkers, Agnostics, and many well educated and intelligent men and women are now openly declaring unto the world that prayer is a silly and useless form of worship. These curious people say that prayer is of pagan origin, and that it was grafted on to our later styles of religious worship by the Jews, who were not intelligent enough to invent an original idea with which to embellish their religious rites. These Infidels also declare that prayer is a great waste of precious time, and that it ought to be done away with in this enlightened age of industry. They also say that no intelligent man or woman on earth can truthfully declare that their prayers and supplications have ever been answered! These strange people are now publishing these truths in the various newspapers of the land, and it pains me much to believe that in time perhaps some of the ignorant and superstitious members of this tabernacle may get hold of the independent papers, and then what will become of me?

Yes, my pets, what will become of your preacher? Being the block-head and fool of my father's family, I was sent to college, where I spent many years in learning the preacher's trade, and it is about the only thing I ever could learn. These Infidels have put out the fires of hell, and turned old spear-tail out of house and home. A religion that does not have its hell and its legions of devils is not worth anything to us sky-pilots. These Infidels have gone still further; they now say that heaven is a myth, and that it is also of pagan origin! They declare that heaven was invented by a wily pagan priest, in order to inveigle silly but beautiful women into the church. Hell, they say, was invented for the purpose of frightening ignorant men into the fold, in order that they might pay the piper while we slick-tongued skyscrapers did the dancing, and other things too numerous to mention.

If it were not for our free schools and temples of learning we sky-pilots would very soon be enabled to dictate to the governors of this mighty land. But the school teachers and the free investigators have placed us on their blacklist, and in consequence the pulpit is doomed to fall into the dust of oblivion. We are a marked and doomed race.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

A New York minister has introduced into his pulpit a phonograph which sings the doxology. He should guard it with watchful care.

Some impenitent sinner might shift cylinders on him and regale the congregation with "Trow Him Down, McCloskey," "Kiss Me for My Mother," or some other worldly air, which would scarcely dovetail in with the solemnity of the occasion. I will go this Rev. "Duke of York" a few "marks" better.

A PRAYER WHEEL.

My little ones, please say unto your parents that owing to the torrid state of the weather it fatigues me greatly to spend so much of my precious time in verbal prayer, and that after consulting with Rev. Mrs. Roxie Jane Mortality I have determined to place a silver-plated prayer wheel at the entrance to each one of the pews, so that the members of this tabernacle can give it a twirl on entering their seats, that is if they wish to forward any desire or communication to the golden city of the new Jerusalem. The cost to your parents for each prayer will be only ten cents; this they can drop into the open slot which is directly under the wheel. Any lady that has a wart on the end of her nose, and wishes it removed without attracting public attention to the event, will find the prayer wheel a most efficacious, silent and reliable panacea. A married lady whose pretty servant maid is in the habit of kissing her good and pious husband (against his will) whilst she is at the ladies' sewing circle, can easily frustrate this very shocking procedure by merely dropping a dime in the slot and at the same time violently twirling the prayer wheel.

To the members of this tabernacle, I will say that these prayer wheels are warranted to bring as good results as any style of prayer that has yet been sent heavenward by the lips of mankind. I particularly recommend these invaluable, time-saving prayer wheels to our government. They will fill a long-felt want and do away with all chaplains. Why should the intelligent people of America be compelled to pay for prayers that are never answered? Echo answers, "because the Americans are fools."

Faith and ten cents in cash is all that is required to make these time-saving machines a grand success, and more particularly so with the American people, whose time is cash. Speaking of cash reminds me that if it was not for the money your parents pay me for telling them that a sardine swallowed a Jew, I would let them all go to hell in a job lot, and I would go to shoveling gravel on the railroad. But if your parents are fools enough to pay us sky-pilots for preaching religion out of this obscene, contradictory and silly compilation of Jewish rot, we will gladly take their wealth, and mentally say you ought to go to hell, Greenland's icy mountains, Alaska or some other far away locality. Amen.

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