

Mr. Patrick Sullivan Takes 'Theobald' to Task Proves His Non Belief in Hell Not Well Founded

"Now, Infidel, I have thee on the hip."—(Shakespeare.)

Theobald admits that there is a kind of hell, but an indefinite state devoid of fire and brimstone, and leaves his readers to infer generally that God will not punish sinners in such a horrible way as to keep them suffering eternally in unquenchable fire.

Now, if God's mercy is infinite, His justice is infinite, and if there is an infinity of eternal happiness as the reward of a well-spent life, it is quite in accord with reason to believe that there must be an infinity of punishment for a wilfully mis-spent life with its accompanying unrepented sins. That place is certainly Hell. Disbelief in Hell implies a disbelief in the plan of man's redemption. The purchase price in man's redemption—Christ dying like a criminal on the cross—is the best proof of the extremity of the punishment destined for the repentant sinner.

It never occurs to Theobald or his kind to discount the revealed truths about Heaven or the plenitude of its eternal bliss. It is all right for God to go to the extremity in rewarding the greatest saint, but he is limited in providing a state of punishment for the greatest sinner. This is because Theobald and men of his ilk flatter themselves too much and think that they are greater beings than they really are.

Theobald scores Billy Sunday for preaching Hell, but is it not a fact that thousands who have "hit the trail," as Mr. Sunday says, have been aroused to turn to God and forsake their evil ways, mainly because of their belief in the certainty of the punishment of Hell. The love of God for His own sake and the hatred of sin because God hates it are of course purer and higher motives than the fear of Hell, but the number of Christian people that would lead good lives influenced by these motives alone would be small indeed. If Rev. Mr. Sunday preached only the love of God and the joys of Heaven the people of Paterson and Philadelphia would treat him as a joke.

Your well-off, respectable citizen with an assured future, a good dinner, and a good bank account, wants no Hell. His whole study is to dodge discomfort in this life at any cost and the man who preached Hell to him is dubbed vulgar and ignorant. He says God would never be so cruel as to keep a soul in such a state as this preacher's Hell for all eternity. There is some kind of Hell for sinners who die unrepentant, but not of fire and not eternal.

Well, let us see what the Scripture and Christ himself say about it. In Isaiah we find this, "The streams thereof shall be turned into pitch and the ground thereof into brimstone and the land thereof shall become burning pitch, night and day it shall not be quenched, and the smoke thereof shall go up forever." XXXIV, 7. And in the 14th verse of the 33rd chapter the same holy prophet says "Which of you can dwell with devouring flames? Which of you can dwell with everlasting burnings?"

St. Luke in 16, 28 calls Hell where the rich man was "in place of torments" and our Divine Saviour in Matt. XIII, 40, says as plainly as words can convey an idea that "all those that worked iniquity shall on the last day be cast into the furnace of fire where there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth."

Now, Theobald, is it for fun or just for amusement, to frighten silly-minded folk, that these words are set down in the Bible? Are we to pick and cut in the Scrip-

tures and believe what flatters our vanity and deny what tells the message of punishment of sin and the having a good time on this side of the grave. The poor, the persecuted, and the down-trodden will want to see justice done somewhere, and if you drive them to cut out a belief in Hell, they will then believe there is no God.

Theobald has admitted that there is a Hell but it carries no such fire punishment. The rich man in St. Luke XVI, 24, cried out from his place and asked Abraham to send Lazarus that he might dip his finger in water to cool his (the rich man's) tongue, adding, "for I am tormented in this flame."

Billy Sunday is abused for preaching this old Bible stuff and Theobald and his friends say it is out of fashion. They have cut out Hell of unquenchable fire. They have cut out the virgin birth, the vicarious atonement, and the Resurrection, and only their own inordinate pride and vanity make them stick to the immortality of the soul.

Now, Mr. Theobald, if you are weak in your own faith on the revealed truths of the Christian religion, you would do well to keep it yourself. Do not try to undermine the faith of others, especially that of the rising generation. At least, send your views to some of the infidel sheets abroad and do not air them in The Evening Telegram which comes into my household of boys and girls under the guise of a good family paper. You and I may not like the idea of a Hell of fire—everlasting fire—but there it is all the same in the Bible in a hundred passages, and what can you do about it?

St. Mark says in IX, 44-48, "they shall be cast into the Hell of unquenchable fire

for every one shall be salted with fire and every victim shall be salted with salt." Now, it is going out of the way and the part of the evangelist to let us know that it is fire punishment, and fire well rubbed in, too. In Matt. XXV, 41, Christ will say to the wicked on the judgment day "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels." This I think is plain enough. In fact, in every quotation, it is fire and unquenchable fire, which will go on for all eternity.

I anticipate that Theobald will reply that while these words are quoted correctly, they do not mean a pain-giving, material fire such as we know in this world. Well, even if I grant him this point, whatever interpretation you put upon the nature of the fire, whether it be a metaphor and means the sense of the loss of Heaven and eternal separation from God, or whether it be material fire and material brimstone, the pain and the punishment, its duration and the state of the damned soul are conveyed to our minds as God wanted them conveyed in the Scripture. Otherwise, God would be a deceiver and the Bible a fraud.

Theodore and his friends will have to take one or the other of the horns of the dilemma.

—PATRICK SULLIVAN.

Pittsburg Has 8 Thousand Italians

Pittsburg, Pa., May 21.—Eight thousand Italians in Pittsburg and vicinity are prepared to return to their homes to join the colors in the event of a declaration of war between Italy and Austria, according to estimates made to-day by Italian leaders here.

"Whatye got there, Silas. A petition to the legislature?"
"No, Hiram, that's a list of the thetayers in the big city my wife don't want me to vist."

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Letter From Fr. McPherson Chaplin to 25th Reg.

We are soon to embark and leave Halifax, and, for the boys, none too soon. They are as anxious to get away as a mettlesome steed champing at the bit. I have heard many compliments for the 25th, but doubtless we may leave its reputation to the supreme criterion in soldiering, the "baptism of fire." Watch out for the Twenty-fifth. Optimism and esprit prevail through the corps, from Co. LeCain to Tommy Atkins' full private in the rear rank.

The other day I was saying to some of the boys that when we got to France—and, by the way, we don't know whether we are to reach Berlin via Constantinople, or Bordeaux, or Basutoland—that when we reached France I could help out in asking for food, so that the generous Franks would understand what we wanted, and not conclude that we asked for horse feed, as reported of one who brought an armful of hay to the hungry Anglais, thinking he wanted something for his horse. I added that it would be well to start in to learn names of necessities in German. Thereupon a chap struck in, "When we get to Germany we shan't ask, we'll take what we want."

More than half our regiment are from Cape Breton, so we can have a few Gaelic songs, for surely the classic doric has many votaries among some seven hundred from the other Island. Talking of Gaelic and Cape Breton brings to mind a reply I got in the Victoria General the other day. Passing through the ward I saw a convalescent folding and making up bandages. I approached and saluted "am bhell Gaidhlig agad?" "No," he answered, "but I'm from there."

Not quite certain whether he was from Maryland, U.S., Alexandria, Ont, the Highlands of Scotland, a corner of P.E.I., or far-famed Cape Breton, or the Emerald Isle, I queried, "what part?" "New Waterford," came the answer.

To-day I dropped into the clink where some twenty or so were being desiccated. One small chunk of hu-

manity lay in oblivion. I said, "that fellow is pretty full." A son of the Green sod, who was drying out pretty well, chimed in, "I wish I had half his sickness now."

Up to these latter days I had seen very little of Halifax, although, in common with the author of Gillis's Grammar, I was to the States a few times, and had even been within hailing distance of Kiltortilly. I have had a chance to see some of the forty-seven licensed-to-sell-hell-fire emporiums and their finished product. I watched fellows zigzag a theory to correspond to the one in acoustics which claims that the several notes of the gamut have waves of fixed amplitude. Wonder if the zigzagging is affected by the quantity or quality, density or dirtiness of the fluid imbibed? More of Halifax.

DONALD MacPHERSON.
Halifax, N.S., May 13, 1915.

Something Wrong At Clarendville

Dear Sir,—The game Hide and Seek is the most appropriate name that I can think of at present to put to the movements of the P. T. O. employees at Clarendville. It is a game of hide rather more than seek, because the Postmistress manages to get back to her post every time without being found or touched by her pursuer. If Stott and the P.M.G. had not given the Postmistress here so many days off picnicing, we might not have had to go to the Post Office and ask the employees there to remove important mail from the letter box, that had been posted nine days before.

However, the game referred to above is still going on, and it seems to have fascinated and captivated the players, so that it never seems to become monotonous, but whether the players are seeking for Captain Kid's buried treasure, or Clarendville's office treasures, which the innocent of this place was suspected for hiding, I am not prepared to say, but anyway the game still continues. When we have complained to the P.M.G. of friends and relatives of the Postmistress having access to the private office here, overhauling matter and reading it, probably to know other people's pri-

OBITUARY

(Editor Mail and Advocate)

WILLIAM JERRETT

There passed peacefully away at his home on Saturday, the 22nd, William Jerrett. Pneumonia was the cause of death. His presence will be greatly missed in our little locality, as he was everyone's friend. He was Chairman of the F.P.U. Local Union here since its organization and bravely fought for everything concerning its interest. Deceased was 64 years of age and leaves three sons and one daughter to mourn his departure and to them we extend our sympathy in their hour of mourning.

"God moves in a mysterious way. His wonders to perform, He plants his footsteps on the sea, And rides upon the storm."

FRIEND.

Cavendish, T.B., Mar. 26, 1915.

BENNIAH SHORT

Dear Sir,—Will you allow us space to say a few remarks, concerning our dear uncle, Benniah Short, who passed peacefully away on the 5th of May, aged 48 years and 4 months, leaving a wife, one son and four daughters to mourn the loss, and also many friends. He will be missed by all who knew him. The deceased was a "Sir Knight," of the Orange Association, and also a Guardian of the Orange Young Briton.

Private business to gratify curiosity, we have been, no doubt, treated as being wholly malicious, and our reports written on impulse instead of fact. I wish to assure the public that whatever I have written to the public Press concerning Clarendville Office, it has been penned after five years watching and considering the movements of the Office of which I write. Therefore, I am, if necessary, prepared to make a solemn declaration on oath to prove anything I have written and am writing. I have no wish to injure any person, but after giving the office here five years to change its tactics, and if the Press will grant my letters publication, in future I will try to see that all here get a square deal in postal affairs.

M. L. BUTLER.

They will hear him no more in their midst, nor hear his voice mingle with theirs. He has gone from the grand L.O.A. on earth, to join the Grand Lodge above. All the friends extend their warmest sympathy to those who are left to sorrow. May God comfort the aged father and mother in their lonely hours and help them to say: "Thy will be done."

L. & H. SHORT.
Long Isld., N.D.B.

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