

GOD AND MY NEIGHBOUR

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God and my neighbour by Robert Blatchford

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ROBERT BLATCHFORD

**GOD AND MY
NEIGHBOUR**

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GOD AND MY NEIGHBOUR

BY

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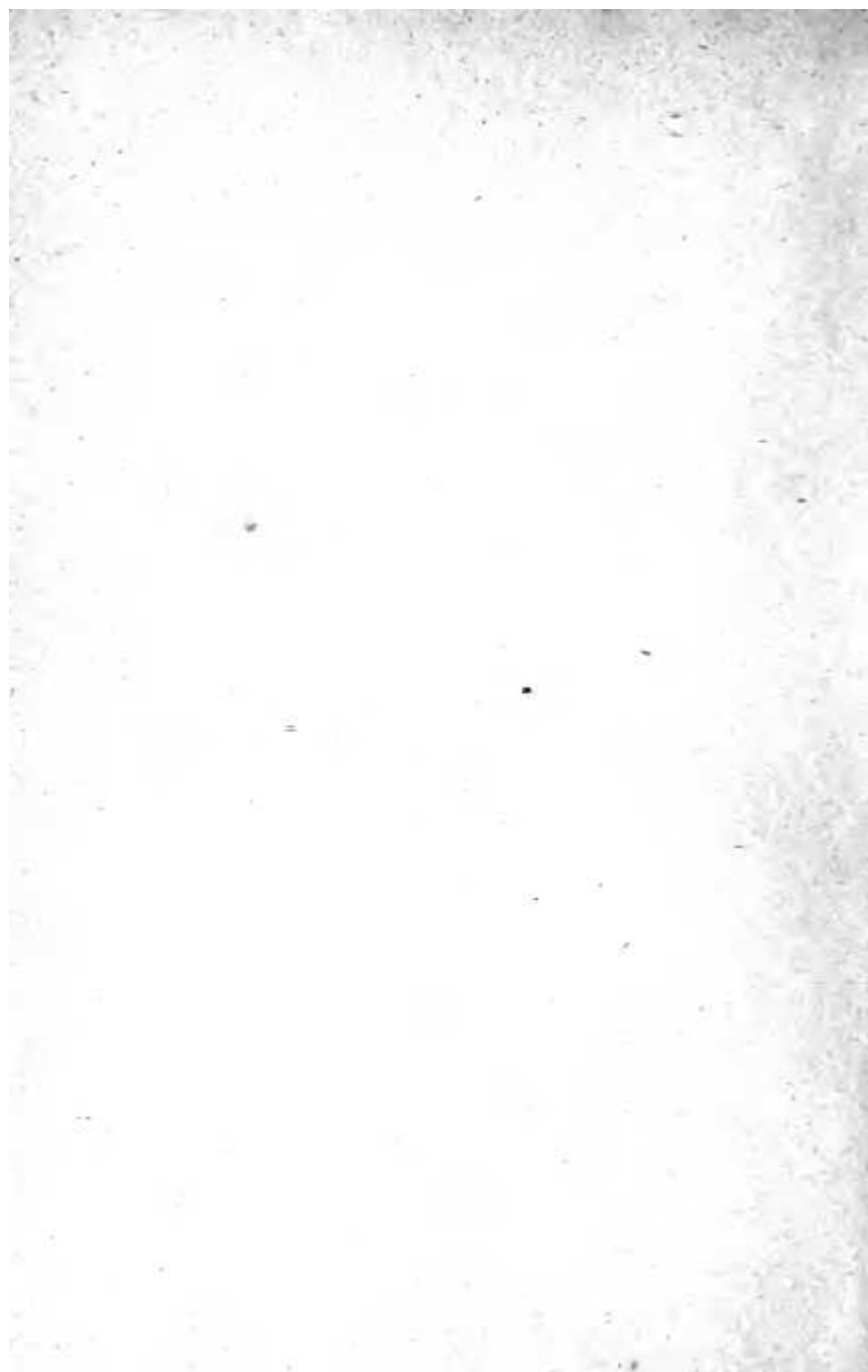
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TO
MY SON
ROBERT CORRI BLATCHFORD
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED.



PREFACE

INFIDEL!

I put the word in capitals, because it is my new name, and I want to get used to it.

INFIDEL!

The name has been bestowed on me by several Christian gentlemen as a reproach, but to my ears it has a quaint and not displeasing sound.

Infidel! "The notorious infidel editor of the *Clarion*" is the form used by one True Believer. The words recurred to my mind suddenly, while I was taking my favourite black pipe for a walk along "the pleasant Strand," and I felt a smile glimmer within as I repeated them.

Which is worse, to be a Demagogue or an Infidel? I am both. For while many professed Christians contrive to serve both God and Mammon, the depravity of my nature seems to forbid my serving either.

It was a mild day in mid August, not cold for the time of year. I had been laid up for a few days, and my back was unpropitious, and I was tired. But I felt very happy, for so bad a man, since the sunshine was clear and genial, and my pipe went as easily as a dream.

Besides, one's fellow-creatures are so amusing: especially in the Strand. I had seen a proud and gorgeously upholstered lady lolling languidly in a motor car, and looking extremely pleased with herself—not without reason; and I had met two successful men of great presence, who reminded me somehow of "Porkin and Snob"; and I had noticed a droll little bundle of a baby, in a fawn coloured