

everywhere. "This is a huge joke," snorted the elder Emerson disgustedly. "We are wasting out time here. Suppose we go." He half arose. "Nevertheless, infidels and infidelity will be challenged. Infidelity and infidels will be refuted," David Dare promised in a clear, ringing voice. Those who had arisen sat down abruptly. "This sounds interesting," said Emerson. "Guess I'll stay." The large audience was silent again, leaning eagerly forward to miss nothing. David Dare smiled in understanding of their attitude, sensing fully the shocked amazement, the amused contempt. The jeering mockery changed now to interested expectancy. Stepping calmly to the edge of the platform, he spoke quietly, but in an earnest, impressive manner: "Yes, doubters will be challenged and scepticism refuted, but not by me. The scoffers of today, the unbelievers in this very audience, were challenged and refuted many hundreds of years ago by One infinitely wiser than I." "It will be my part to set before you certain facts. You will be given an opportunity to admit them or deny them if you can. Since every opportunity is granted to question the statements made, since you are freely invited and even urged to interrupt the speaker at any time with inquiries or denials, your silence will be taken as assent to his statements. Is that not fair?" "Yes, yes, Go on," responded a number in the audience. "Your questions and denials must necessarily be confined to the subjects under consideration. These lectures are built up in logical sequence, and if you will attend the entire series, many questions that may be suggested will probably be taken up later. "I shall assume that we are all doubters, myself included. But we are honest explorers, adventurers together, seeking to learn the truth about this strange, dominating, disturbing Book that has been put into our hands — the Bible. I am merely your captain on this voyage of discovery. "And mark this: I shall use no material we are not all agreed upon. We will advance together or not at all. If a statement is not accepted by everybody, it will be discarded immediately. We will progress as a unit. "And further: I warn you that I expect to

proceed step by step from infidelity to Christianity. You are invited to find flaws in this process. I am as interested to find them as you are. I am fully as eager to get help from you as to aid you. This is far too serious a matter for me to dare risk remaining in error. I earnestly invite your united help. Look for flaws in my reasoning and fearlessly point them out. If you fail to find any, I assume that you will as fearlessly accept the inevitable conclusion." Mr. Dare paused a moment for the audience to grasp his plan. "An amazingly daring undertaking," exclaimed one. "Absurd, impossible," sneered another. "Fair, indeed, providing he lives up to his promise," remarked Mr. Emerson. His sentiment was evidently shared by the majority present. Few, however, were convinced that the man who stood before them really meant what he said. "All right, we are with you so far. Let's go," shouted a stentorian voice from the rear. David Dare picked up a small, flexible leather book and held it toward the audience in his right hand. "Here is a book called the Bible. Unique claims are made for it. Its warm friends go so far as to maintain that it is the Word of God. Indeed, millions have cheerfully suffered horrible deaths rather than deny this or disregard its teachings. And other millions stand ready this minute to follow their example. "Now, all of us here are doubters; but a Book for which millions died and are still ready to die certainly ought to be examined. We are willing to investigate. Is this Book open to questioning? Does it invite scrutiny? "How are we to test a book for which such high claims are made? Where can we best begin? What part is most... **For the whole story, please contact us for your free book - The Experiences of David Dare.** **FOR MORE INFORMATION, AND OR ANYTHING ELSE, PLEASE CONTACT:** **MOBILE: 0404 881 885. INTERNATIONAL: 61 404 881 885. WEB SITE: www.freeliteraturemultimedia.org EMAIL: freeliteraturemultimedia@gmail.com POSTAL ADDRESS: P.O. BOX 220, MUNDARING, WESTERN AUSTRALIA, 6073.**



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FOREWORD Earle Albert Rowell, to whom we are indebted for this story of David Dare and his experiences in Bible research, is also author of "The Bible in the Critics' Den," "Letters From a Converted Infidel to His Agnostic Father," and "Battling the Wolves

of Society.” He was reared in an infidel home and is himself a converted infidel. For a number of years he lectured on the Pacific Coast of the United States, following the plan of going into a city, advertising his meeting, inviting all classes of unbelievers to attend and to interrupt him with questions at any time during the lecture. These he promised to answer. The story of David Dare is a composite of these experiences and is based on actual facts. Publishers. **1. THE SCOFFER SCOFFS**

GEORGE EMERSON TURNED to his father and pointed an emphatic finger at an advertisement he had just read: Amazement was in his voice: “Read that, Dad.” The elder Emerson took the paper and read aloud, his tone growing more amusedly cynical as he followed the item: “INFIDELITY CHALLENGED AND REFUTED. “An unusual lecture by David Dare, a converted infidel. All sceptics, scoffers, unbelievers, infidels — all classes of doubters — are especially invited to hear this important address. They may interrupt the speaker at any time during his lecture with questions or with denials of his statements. If you are a free-thinker, an agnostic, a heretic, or an atheist, COME! THIS MEETING IS ESPECIALLY FOR YOU.” The father laid the paper down, contempt in his manner. “This fellow certainly takes in a lot of territory.” “Well, he includes you, Dad! Here is your opportunity,” said George gleefully. “You are always asking Christians, and particularly ministers, all kinds of hard questions that they can’t answer. Let’s go and hear this man. I have some questions I’d like to ask him, too.” George’s questions, however, were hazy, and born of the desire to see his father in action. “It isn’t likely he’d welcome my questions, George,” smiled the father confidently, with slight emphasis on “my.” “But the invitation is especially to sceptics, who are urged to come with their questions,” argued the son eagerly. “Yes, I know — a very fine gesture it is, too,” admitted Henry Emerson. “You don’t believe he means it? You think it a trick to get a crowd?” “Something like that. I never heard of such a meeting. If he lives up to the terms

of his advertisement, the meeting will run away with him.” “Let’s go and see for ourselves,” urged George. “You might be surprised.” “Of course we’ll go,” assented his father, “since you are so anxious. No doubt the place will be packed.” Mr. Emerson himself was in reality eager to attend, but hid his longing under an apparently reluctant consent to accompany his son. George was wide-awake, questioning young man of twenty who had been reared in an atmosphere of religious doubt. His father was a large, rather dogmatic man of average education, with a keen mind turned slightly cynical. While they were discussing the strange announcement, Mrs. Emerson and her daughter, Lucile, entered. “Another religious argument,” Lucile laughed, her quick eye taking in the slightly belligerent attitude of her father. “Wrong guess, sis,” George assured her. “Just the prelude to one that promises to be a wholesale affair.” “A wholesale religious argument!” exclaimed Lucile in puzzled amazement. “What in the world do you mean?” “Fellow here in the paper, a converted infidel, advertises to take on all comers — at the same time,” explained George, with twinkling eyes. Lucile read the advertisement with increasing astonishment to the end. “Hm-m! A large order. He can’t do it! Must be a religious mountebank,” she decided. “No, for the meetings are sponsored by substantial, conservative citizens whose names are appended farther on — see,” said George, pointing them out. Lucile cast a roguish eye at her father, but addressed her brother. “I see dad is going to be as happy as any well-trained iconoclast could possibly be.” “It’s tonight. Will you go?” George spoke eagerly, as he drew his sister to one side. “Is dad going?” “Yes.” “Then try to keep me away. I see where dad is riding for a fall!” “Do you think so?” exclaimed George. “Do I think so?” she mimicked. “I am sure of it. Do you think any man would dare to insert such an advertisement, sponsored by these people, unless he knew his — his —” “Bible,” George hastened to add, as they dashed off to get ready. Though the Emerson family arrived fifteen minutes early it was with

difficulty they found seats in the large auditorium. “Standing room only, pretty soon,” whispered George to Lucile. “I am curious to see how they are going to conduct such a strange meeting as this,” remarked Mr. Emerson, settling himself comfortably. “We won’t have long to wait — there they start for the platform now,” indicated Lucile. “I’m just thrilling with excitement.” “Why,” exclaimed Mr. Emerson in surprise, “Dr. Morely is chairman of the meeting. David Dare must have an important message to induce the city’s most prominent physician to introduce him.” Just then Mr. Dare, a man past thirty and above average height, walked briskly but with utter lack of self-consciousness to his place beside Dr. Morely, who engaged him in conversation while the crowd continued to gather. The chairman called the meeting to order. “A series of lectures on ‘Infidelity Challenged and Refuted’ will be given here every Sunday afternoon for the next few weeks,” began Dr. Morely crisply. “This above all others is an age of doubt. The speaker, Mr. Dare, was reared in an infidel home. He was once an ardent sceptic. He has invited all classes of doubters here, and freely offers them opportunity to question his statements, even to the extent of interrupting him to propound their questions or denials. This is a serious attempt to aid sceptics in their search for the truth about the Bible. Mr. Dare will now tell you what he proposes to do.” An electric hush of expectancy swept the large audience as David Dare walked in calm dignity to the front. He stood silent for a few moments, scanning the sea of faces with his candid eyes. “You are all here under a misapprehension of what I plan to do,” he began. “I knew it, I knew it,” muttered Mr. Emerson, as low exclamations of amazement swept the audience. “Aha!” exclaimed Lucile in an undertone, while George sat speechless. “I am not here to challenge anyone. I do not challenge infidelity or infidels,” he went on calmly. The audience stirred restlessly. “Nor do I expect to refute infidels or infidelity.” Dare’s clear voice took on firmer tones. It could be heard above the belligerent murmurings that arose