

THE FREETHINKER.

REGISTERED FOR]

EDITED BY G. W. FOOTE.

[TRANSMISSION ABROAD,

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JULY, 1881.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.



JONAH ON THE WHALE.

Did yer find me so soft or consummately tough?
Ping a pong; pong, pong pong.
We prophets are made out o' brass sure enough.
Ping a pong; pong, pong pong.
And we live on the people as much as can be.
Ping a pong; pong, pong pong.
I'm yer bother yer see, so yer can't digest me.
Ping a pong; pong, pong pong.
So ping a pong; pong, pong pong.
Ping a pong; pong, pong pong.
But I'm nothing at all to th' brass that'll squall
When a "new digit" flea and a "Randy" shall bawl.
Ping a pong; pong, pong pong.
But you're a great fool, as I'll soon show yer how.
Ping a pong; pong, pong pong.
You'd eat up the people, you'd gobble'em now.
Ping a pong; pong, pong pong.
But I keep' em, and fleece' em, and make 'em INCREASE!
Till in millions and millions they're beautiful feasts
For a "nude I get" flea, and a "Wolf," and such beasts.
Shriek! Ping a pong; pong, pong pong.
But dust and ashes. Ah! ashes and dust.
As a prophet I see this game must soon bu'st,
When the Freethinker comes and taps our poor crust.
Dole—ping a pong; pong, pong pong.
But we'll say he's indecent, he's wicked and base;
We shall lose many people who see through our case,
But we'll live on th' rest of th' ignorant race,
And ping a pong; pong, pong pong.
So ping a pong; pong, pong pong.
Ping a pong; pong, pong pong.
But we're nothing at all to th' brass that'll bawl,
When a "Drunk I get" flea and a "Randy" shall squall;
Ping a pong; pong, pong pong—pong—pong—
Exit.

Whale. "Encore! encore!"

[Re-enter Jonah.]
Yes, my Vision discerns some bad "eggs at a hall,"
Yes, a "Purse-y" and "Vile-y" shall piously bawl.
Ping a pong; pong, pong pong.

[Translated at very great expense from the original at Nineveh.]

THE CHRISTIAN EVIDENCE SOCIETY: ITS REPORT AND BALANCE-SHEET.

ACCORDING to promise we now proceed to dissect and analyse the Society's "Ninth Report," which is highly interesting, especially to Freethinkers. What the Society's patrons think of it is another question.

With the report two tracts are presented. One, entitled "The Spread of Secularism," is a reprint of a letter to the

Record by the Rev. Prebendary Anderson, of Bath. Its contents are enough to make the hair of all good Christians stand on end. It declares that "few have any idea of the activity, the principles, and the organisation of the enemies of Christianity in this country at the present time. . . . Our enemies are more numerous, more resolute, more in earnest, better trained for the work of destruction, and far better organised." And the secretaries add that "their erroneous opinions are extending in face of such widespread preaching and dissemination of the Gospel as the land has never previously known."

The other tract is the report of a meeting held in "Mrs. Renton's drawing-room," and in it we find Earl Shaftesbury harping still more loudly on the same string. "Infidel tracts," said he, "are distributed at the corners of streets; children are encouraged to deny the existence of God. . . . There is no time to be lost. To be called an infidel was once a disgrace; the disgrace now is to be called a believer."

After all these alarming statements one would naturally expect to find pious Christians rushing in multitudes to the Society's office, and depositing there a heap of money for the purpose of "stemming the tide of infidelity." But as a matter of fact we find that during the past year the subscriptions and donations have fallen off to the extent of £100! And throughout the report we hear a sort of underwail of unsuccess. The Society's officials don't like to see the funds decrease, and they seem ready to cry out with Marc Antony, "Oh, what a fall was there! Then you and I and all of us fell down." 'Tis the cash that keeps them up.

Not meaning to succumb easily, the Society has resolved to make a special appeal for more cash. Accordingly we find stuck on the title-page of the report, as though it were a sudden afterthought, a small slip of paper, which states that "In consequence of recent public events [? Mr. Bradlaugh's return to Parliament, and the smash-up of the Exeter Hall meeting] and the great impulse given to the dissemination of infidel opinions, the committee feel it to be urgently necessary to arrange for a largely increased number of lectures to the artisan classes, and a very free distribution of tracts. £1,000 in addition to the ordinary funds should be provided to meet the case. One friend offers £200 with the hope that others will cooperate. £350 more are immediately required to produce the volumes of lectures in a cheap form for popular distribution." Is the "one friend" a decoy bird? We shall look out for him in the next report.

The Society's income last year was £1443 10s. 6½d. Among the subscribers are the Earl of Aberdeen, the Earl of Chichester, the Bishop of Durham, Sir H. W. Peek, Sir William Rose, the Duke of Rutland, Sir T. Watson, and Dr. Gladstone. Samuel Morley is down for £50—a very good investment—and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts for the same sum. We wonder what that enterprising young gentleman, her husband, thinks of this. Probably he opines that he could spend the fifty pounds to much greater advantage. The Columbia Market is vulgarly called "Coutts's Folly," and this subscription to the Christian Evidence Society should be classed with it. Another £50 was subscribed by "The Worshipful Company of Grocers." In the list of life members we find the Corporation of the City of London, with £105; the Goldsmiths' Company, £20; the Mercers' Company, £52 10s.; and the Merchant Taylors' Company, £10 10s. Now we should very much like to know what right these companies have to bestow funds on the Christian Evidence Society or any other sectional organisation. If they subscribed the funds themselves, it would be nobody's business but their own. But they do not. The revenues they disburse so arbitrarily, and with such gross disregard of public opinion, arise principally from old endowments.



Why do they squander moneys, which ought to be spent in wise charity or public service, on such a wretched sham as the Christian Evidence Society? Do they think that Christianity wants pecuniary aid to oppose infidelity? Why, to say nothing of other endowments, the Church of England alone starts with an assured income of about ten millions a year. And if all these wealthy and powerful religious organisations cannot keep the people Christian, what is the use of whipping in a thousand or two a year for the purpose of dragging them back after they have slipped away? As for the Corporation of London, it scandalously outrages every principle of freedom and civil equality in granting public money to one set of people for the purpose of opposing the opinions of another. Perhaps the Corporation and the City Companies regard their subscriptions as a sort of bribe to purchase connivance with their corruption. When the day of reckoning comes, as come it will, we shall remember this.

Some of the other life members are Lord Cardwell, J. W. Childers, Viscount Cranbrook, Dr. Gladstone, the Earl of Northbrook, Lord Overstone, Sir Henry Peek, M.P., and the Marquis of Salisbury. Yet, with all these big nob and a host of smaller ones to back it, the Christian Evidence Society cannot compete with a Freethought organisation which is burdened with public disfavor, which is mostly served by men who have had to train themselves for the work, and which is chiefly sustained by the subscriptions of poor men and women. Look on this picture, and on this! On the one side wealth, position, and failure; on the other poverty, lowliness, and—success!

Like all such bodies, the Christian Evidence Society has heavy working expenses. Nearly half its income goes to three permanent officials, namely, £569 5s. to two secretaries and a clerk. Office rent eats up another £100. Travelling expenses amount to £28; and stationery, postage, and incidentals to £66. The sum paid in fees to lecturers and preachers, hire of halls, etc., amounts to £359 1s. 6½. Our readers will see the flagrant disproportion of these charges. Only half the Society's income is expended in real work.

And now for the work itself. The report for the past year cannot "call attention to any particularly novel or striking feature in the Society's operations." But although very little has been done in particular, there has been a remarkable success in general. "The most interesting and important series of lectures," the report goes on to say, "has been a course delivered at the Hall of Science, Old Street, St. Luke's," which is described as "the centre of Secularism in London." The rest of the paragraph on this subject is exceedingly tame; it doesn't even give the assurance of a single convert having been made. Nobody who attended the lectures would ever expect to hear of any such result. But at the meeting in "Mrs. Renton's drawing-room" the chief secretary, the Rev. T. T. Waterman, spoke in a more boastful tone. He referred to letters from correspondents who had testified to the usefulness of the lectures, but did not say whether any of them were sceptics. Acknowledgment had been made "We did not know how weak were the arguments against Christianity when they were fairly met." Bishop Claughton followed in the same vein. Many of the professed Secularists, he said, "were not infidels at heart; if taken by themselves their infidelity would pass away." Why then is not this method pursued? Why does not the C. E. S. convert us all in detail? Has it yet succeeded in one case? Has it taken any sceptic into a corner and found his infidelity "pass away?" This sort of stuff may go down with the Society's supporters, but the infidels simply laugh at it. They know it to be unmitigated buncombe. And they defy Bishop Claughton to tell them to their faces that "they like to think that there is no moral Governor to whom they are responsible." When this person comes to the Hall of Science he does the child-like and bland, and nobody would think that butter would melt in his mouth; but when he gets "in his own street" he puts on a defiant air, calls us bad names, and challenges us to come on.

The C. E. S. is proud of its open-air work. The men who do it are described as "experienced," and so they are—in a way. The work itself is described as peculiarly difficult, and "demanding special gifts of wisdom and charity and patience." O ye gods and little fishes! Where is the wisdom of the C. E. S. open-air lecturers? Have they an ounce among them? Their mental poverty is striking. A more insignificant set of men never served any

cause ^{on} this earth. Then their *charity*! Where is it? Has anybody ever perceived a scintillation of it? They spend half their time in defaming Secular lecturers, whom they cannot answer in debate. Most of them have Bradlaugh on the brain. Taken altogether they are about as ungenerous, mean and acrid a clique as could be found in the whole of London. As for their patience, the less said about it the better. They have nearly as much as Job's wife.

Yet, according to the report, they do much useful work so useful that Samuel Morley is going to subscribe £200 towards the open-air fund next year. How their eyes must twinkle at this good news! The report says that they have sometimes succeeded in "actually arresting those who were engaged in Secularistic work." We challenge them to show a single case within the last seven or eight years, since say the defection of George Bishop. You can always do a little converting, even amongst Jews, if you have cash enough. When the C. E. S. started with a full exchequer from new life-memberships it did a little business in this line, but since it has had to work with a comparatively depleted exchequer it hasn't a convert to show, not even a blind man or a cripple.

In the provinces the work has languished. There has been so little aid from local sources, and the lecturers' travelling expenses and their honorarium amount to so much! Most of these lecturers are parsons with assured incomes, yet the *fee* stands in the way. On the other side, Secular lecturers go from one end of the country to the other lecturing wherever audiences can be got, often with no prospect of a fee, and sometimes without realising one.

The C. E. S. holds examinations in Christian Evidences and awards prizes and certificates. Most of these go to girls, and many of them to schoolgirls. We look in vain for the special results which should follow the Society's work. Where are the *men* whose infidelity is so bewailed, and whose rescue is to be attempted? The actual result is the gaining of a prize or a certificate by Emily Jones and Jemima Brown, who have probably neglected a more useful branch of education to make themselves proficient in this.

We close our dissection and analysis of the Christian Evidence Society's Report with the remark that in our opinion the C. E. S. very fairly represents the biggest system of superstition and fraud ever devised for the degradation of mankind.

ACID DROPS.

WE have been reading a recent number of the *War Cry*, "an official gazette of the Salvation Army." Our conviction is that the lunatics at large far outnumber those in asylums. The first sentence in this curious print runs thus; "The masses are still going straight to hell." In the next column there is an original song, two lines of which are—

"Raise the standard of Salvation,
March with Blood and Fire unfurled."

As we proceed the language reeks of the slaughter-house. There is a biography of Captain William Beaty, *alias* "Drunken Friday," who ought to have been hung long ago. He used to enjoy himself at home by smashing the furniture and beating his wife insensible. Then comes an idiotic story of a man who offered up his pipe as a last sacrifice to the Holy Ghost. The Bristol captain reports that the Lord is doing wonders there, and blasphemously adds, "Therefore we will rejoice and be glad, and praise him with a loud voice, and with cornet, horn, and big drum, or anything that will make a decent noise." After this it is not surprising to find that one of their serious songs, besides outraging grammar, is irresistibly comic. "The Devil and me we can't agree," is its leading line. The Bridlington army was pelted with shillings, sixpences, threepenny bits, and coppers, whereupon they shouted, "Oh, its glory, fire away!" The Scarborough band must have been awful; it consisted of a fiddle, a concertina, and "a big brass instrument," played by anybody who liked to take a turn. Mrs. Colonel Pepper reports that she left "five little children down with whooping cough, under the care of a new, untried nurse," without any thought that her first duty was to her family. Probably she likes the excitement of the Salvation business better than the task of nursing her sick children, and piety is made to sanctify the evil choice.

THE Salvation reporters have no sense of humor; very

pious people never have. The Sunderland captain reports that a drunkard signed the pledge, and the next night "came sober and fell into the fountain." Another original songwriter says—

"The world is very sinful and the Devil's in a rage."

Why? Surely the Devil ought to be very happy.

At Liverpool the wife of a sailor, whose mind had apparently given way through religious mania, has strangled her female child, four years old. When charged, she said she killed it to save its soul!

In a recent trial for perjury, arising out of the Dunbar divorce suit, a publican living near the Archdeacon's church said "it was a good customer to him while it was open."

THE Rev. Robert Matlock founded a sanguinary sect of religionists in Kansas. He imbued a few fanatical followers with the belief that the shedding of human blood is necessary to appease God's wrath, and in obedience to this belief the gang committed several murders. The inhabitants of that part had a very natural dislike of the new sect, and the other day the Rev. Robert Matlock's corpse was found hanging to a tree. Most people thought the tree bore very good fruit, and wished to see many more adorned in the same way.

THE young man Pope, who deliberately shot Mr. Naylor at Oldham a few days ago, has been for seven years a Sunday-school teacher, and his evenings were spent at home in reading devotional works. So say the papers. But perhaps Lord Randolph Churchill or Mr. Newdegate will find on inquiry that a Secular tract got mixed up with the pious ones and wrought all the mischief. Randy-Pandy might question the Home Secretary on this point.

RECENTLY at Salisbury Cathedral six clergymen couldn't between them favor the congregation with a sermon. Owing to a misunderstanding as to who was to be preacher, neither of them had brought his manuscript, and the people had to go away without a single word of exhortation. Fancy six Secular lecturers in such a quandary!

Truth tells another good story. At a morning service in a fashionable London church there was a large congregation, mostly ladies, but no clergyman appeared. The neighborhood was searched for a stray curate to officiate, but none could be found, and the clerk had to dismiss the pious crowd without a blessing.

THE living of Wimbush, in Essex, is for sale. There is no residence imposed on the holder, and not the least duty to be performed. The nett annual income is £650, and the moderate price of £5,000 is asked for the benefice. What a nice little investment!

TALMAGE is dreadfully enraged over the New Version. He calls it "a desecration, a profanation, a mutilation, and a religious outrage." He declares that he will not use it. "I put my hand," says he, "on the old book and take oath of allegiance. So help me God!" He sagaciously observes that this is just the wrong time for tampering with the venerable book, when Christianity is engaged in deadly war with Scepticism. After remarking that, according to the Revisers (he calls them *revisionists*) there are in the New Testament 10,000 mistakes and 150,000 various readings, he adds, "The Devil takes these statistics, which you can manage without damage to yourselves, and he makes them the everlasting ruin of a great multitude. . . . We shall have revision on top of revision, revisions in flocks, revisions in herds, revisions in swarms, and after a while Presbyterian revision, and Baptist revision, and Episcopalian revision, and the church will go into paroxysm of revision, and there will be nothing intelligent, satisfactory and appropriate left either in Bible or prayer-book but the ejaculation "Good Lord, deliver us!" Talmage evidently wishes King James's version to be deemed infallible. For our part we regret, from a literary point of view, that the Revisers have played havoc with one of our noblest specimens of pure and majestic English; but from a religious point of view we are heartily glad that the new version is setting the Churches by the ears. The sacredness of the English Bible will be injured, and there will be a great gain to Freethought.

A CLERGYMAN in the Midlands has a very poor opinion of our legislators. When the prayer is offered up in his church for "Jews, Turks, Heretics and Infidels," he adds "and Members of Parliament."

PROFESSOR PLUMPTRE recently lectured at Zion College, under the auspices of the Christian Evidence Society on the conflict between faith and unbelief. Canon Hall, who presided, scolded the Agnostics for regarding a man who invented a good scheme of drainage as a far better man than a priest who taught the people to pray. What a horrible idea, to be sure! What hope is there for a generation cursed with thousands who judge in this way? Professor Plumptre's lecture was mild and amiable. He thought that the "character of the warfare had been altered; it was more civilised and courteous." More civilised, truly, for humanity forbids burning infidels at the stake or even imprisoning or outlawing them. But scarcely more courteous, if we may judge from the scandalous treatment of Mr. Bradlaugh by the bigots in the House of Commons, and the disgusting libels vented against him by the bigots outside. One of the Rev. Professor's remarks, however, was exceedingly true. "It is now," said he, "almost a work of supererogation to assert the possibility of a miracle." Quite so, for nobody would believe it. At the conclusion of the lecture Dr. Sexton, who was present and took part in the discussion, justly maintained that the scepticism of the people was "far less complimentary to Christianity than the lecturer imagined." That also is true. Men like Professor Plumptre live in a sort of fool's paradise. They read Mill, Rénan, Strauss, Arnold, Huxley, and Tyndall, all of them well-bred gentlemen, and have no idea of the bitter feeling that prevails amongst the masses against a Church which preaches ancient falsehoods instead of present truths, which has always favored the insolence of unjust power, and kept priests in luxury while the people have starved.

AFTER the lecture and discussion, the Secretary of the Christian Evidence Society intimated that there was a great need of funds. That's good news, at any rate.

THE Christian Evidence Society might earn its salt by looking after the City Churches. In order to provide for 3,853 sitters in the City of London, 61 churches are kept up, and £41,814 spent. In All-hallows, Great Tower Street, the worshipers are 40, and the income is £2,000 a year. In All-hallows, London Wall, the attendance is 25 and the income £1,700. In St. Andrew, St. Mary Axe, the attendance is 104 and the income £2,400. These are only samples of a great number. Let Christians set their own churches in order before they try to reform Halls of Science.

M. LITRE, the great French Freethinker, is dead. He attained to the venerable old age of eighty-three. His life was so blameless that a pious lady called him "a saint who did not believe in God." His wife and her daughter were Catholics, and during his last illness they excluded all his Freethinking friends from his bedside. When he was *in extremis* the sacrament was administered to him; at first it was said by a Catholic priest, but it is now known by his wife. Not only was his corpse buried according to the rites of the Church, but under the instigation of their confessor his wife and daughter have determined to suppress his posthumous essays and to stop the publication of all his heretical works already issued. But the world is not to be blinded so easily. As the *Morning Advertiser* said, in a highly appreciative article, "there can hardly be a doubt that M. Littré died a steadfast adherent to the principles he so powerfully advocated during his laborious and distinguished life." The same paper sarcastically adds that the Church "has attempted to take the same posthumous revenge on Voltaire, on Paine, and on many others who are described by Roman Catholic writers as calling in the last dreadful hour for the spiritual support they held up to ridicule in the confidence of health and the presumption of their intellect."

"DEATH'S TEST" is the title of a lying pamphlet which is just now being extensively circulated in London. It outrages the decency of the death chamber, and defiles the memories of our great dead. The editor of the *Freethinker* is preparing a reply to it, and he will take that occasion to write at greater length on M. Littré's case. When M. Littré was elected to the Academy, the pious Bishop Dupanloup walked

out rather than sit on the same bench with an Atheist. Poor man! Dupanloup did nothing to deserve a place in the Academy at all, while Littré, single-handed, produced in fifteen years his monumental dictionary of the French language, the greatest dictionary in the world. The *Pall Mall Gazette* well observes that this robust scholar shames the feebler brood of our generation.

Mr. WADDY, Q.C., says that "the most prominent advocate of unbelief is a weak and vulgar imitation of Voltaire." What a discovery! Probably no two men in this world ever differed more widely than Voltaire and Mr. Bradlaugh. Another of Mr. Waddy's statements is, however, true enough. "He had been grieved, when talking to Christian men, to find the extent of their ignorance." Anybody can see at once the truth of this. It looks true, sounds true, and *is* true.

THE Unitarian anniversary in London gave rise to some noticeable statements. The Rev. T. W. Freckleton expressed a doubt whether Unitarians wanted working men in their churches. He had himself attempted some outdoor work, but had been checked by members of his congregation, who threatened to leave if he preached in a hall. Our opinion is that Unitarianism will never affect the masses. If workmen are anything, they are Freethinkers. At the cold collation Mr. C. H. James, M.P., presided, and in the course of a vigorous address denounced Atheism as folly and Darwinism as something which no sensible man could believe. Had the wine got into his head?

WELSH Methodists don't approve of muscular Christianity or sports of any kind. They like everybody to be decorous and miserable. The Rev. T. C. Edwards presided at some athletic sports in connexion with the Welsh College, and the Methodists of North Cardiganshire passed some very grave strictures on his conduct. These pious people seem to think that God cannot be happy unless men are wretched, or good-tempered unless they are sour.

WE made a curious mistake the other day. There was a meeting of the Christian Blind Relief Society, and we read it as the Christian Blind Belief Society, which we thought very happy and appropriate.

A MADAGASCAR missionary made an awful mistake in translation. He got from a native a word which he was told meant "love," and he went about saying "God is love" in what he thought very good Madagascan speech. To his horror he found that the native word did not mean love at all, but something very different. He had been telling everybody that God was "stinking fish." Will God ever forgive that man? Hasn't he committed the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost?

A TRUE story comes from Keighley. There is a hawker of wood in that town called Isaac, or Ike, who employs an ass to draw his little cart. One day, passing along a certain lane, the donkey proved obstinate, and all the master's entreaties were of no avail. As Isaac was trying the effect of a bit of stick, in imitation of Balaam, the Vicar chanced to pass by, and, seeing what was going on, remarked, "You shouldn't serve the poor creature like that. Don't you know that our Lord Jesus Christ rode into Jerusalem upon an ass?" "By God," replied Ike, "it wonten an ass like this one, or he would not ha' been i' Jerusalem yet."

THE MISSIONARY BUSINESS.

ONE of the crew of a steamer just returned from a three years' trip to Alaska, the Sandwich Islands, and the Samoan Islands, has been relating his experiences, which are the reverse of complimentary to the white man, and especially to the white missionary. The religion of the savages of the Samoan Islands is described as teaching them to be virtuous; they are far stricter in matters of morality than the white men. Of the missionaries who are sent out from different countries, hardly one fulfils his legitimate purpose. In the first place, the Bibles and tracts sent out for free distribution are sold at a higher price than should be paid even in fair trade. Then, as the Evangelists are paid by associations at home, all they make in "the sphere of their labor" is clear gain. They swindle—that is the expression used—the natives out of shells and coconut oil, which they send up to Honolulu, and so do a brisk trade. The savages never think of wearing clothes until they are converted to Christianity, and then

only on Sundays. On that day they put on all the apparel they can obtain, and may be seen marching to service some with only a shirt on, others with one stocking or a glove, or other instalments of dress. When the missionaries become particularly objectionable or outrageous they are driven off, and in extreme cases made a meal of. These statements are not made by a romancer or an enemy of religion, but by "a pleasant intelligent Scotchman," who was asked to state his impressions of the Samoan Islands, and who declares that missionary work in the South Seas is a farce, and that religion is used as a cloak for cheating the natives. The so-called ministers of the Gospel make, he says, no pretence to converting the natives. "All that they do is to live high and to rob the savages, and I would be ashamed of the savages if they were as bad as some of the missionaries. Of course some of the missionaries are honest, but they are very few, and if the Christians here knew of some of the tricks they are up to, they would not blame the savages for cutting their windpipes." This is not the first time the character of missionary work has been challenged, and it might not be without benefit to the cause which such labor is intended to serve if a commission of inquiry were instituted.—*Liverpool Post*.

RUSKIN ON THE BISHOPS.

Is there a single statement of the Bishop of Natal's (Colenso) respecting the Bible text, which the Bishop of Oxford dares to contradict before Professor Max Müller, or any other leading scholar of Europe? Does the Bishop of Oxford himself believe every statement in the Bible? If not—which does he disbelieve, and why? He suffers the whole collection of books to be spoken of—certainly by many clergymen in his diocese—as the word of God. If he disbelieves any portion of it, that portion he is bound at once to inhibit them from so calling, till inquiry has been made concerning it; but if he and the other orthodox home-Bishops—who would very joyfully, I perceive, burn the Bishop of Natal at St. Paul's, and make Ludgate Hill safer for the omnibuses with the cinders of him—if they verily believe all, or even with a living faith, *any*, vital part of the Bible, how is it that we, the incredulous sheep, see no signs following them that believe;—that though they can communicate the Holy Spirit, they cannot excommunicate the unholy one, and apologetically leave the healing of the sick to the physician, the taking up of serpents to the juggler, and the moving of mountains to the railway navy.—*Fors Clavigera*, L. 49.

OPEN AIR WORK.

OUR limited space prevents us from giving more than a brief outline of the work at our stations. At the Midland Arches the audiences have been very good and attentive, an enormous crowd having gathered to hear Mr. Foote on June 19th. On Clerkenwell Green we have also had very large audiences, and the same at Gibraltar Walk, Victoria Park, and Mile End Road. The speakers have been Messrs. Grout, Ramsey, Thurlow, Norrish, Moss, Job, Haslam, Fagan, and the Editor of the *Freethinker*. As a rule excellent order has been maintained the only exception being in Victoria Park where a rowdy Irishman, very drunk and very pious, has once or twice tried to make a disturbance. The Sunday following his worst attempt a number of sturdy friends gathered from North London, Finsbury, and other places, and the result was that perfect order was preserved in the exceptionally large crowd which was addressed by Mr. Foote. The Christian Evidence Society sends lecturers to all our stations, and these have been employed during the present season in blackguarding Mr. Bradlaugh, urging people to prevent his taking his seat, and selling Mr. Varley's lying slander. We wonder what class these "Christian Evidences" come under, they clearly must be approved by the Society which pays for the delivery of such "lectures" as little else is spoken about. Christian Evidences really are never lectured upon at all: this is perhaps not much to be wondered at when we see that of all the prizes granted to proficient in various branches of "Evidences" not one was secured by their open air speakers. At all the stations the sale of literature was very good, the *Reformer*, *Freethinker*, and "Bible Romances" being in great request. Arrangements are in progress for opening a lecture station on Streatham Common in July, and we should be glad to hear from South London friends with reference to Peckham Rye, where the Christian Evidence speakers are specially coarse and violent in their abuse of Freethought advocates.

NATIONAL SECULAR SOCIETY'S FREETHOUGHT OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

LECTURERS FOR THE MONTH OF JULY, 1881.

STATION AND TIME.	3	10	17	24	31
MIDLAND ARCHES, ...11.15	Moss	Palmer	Job	Ramsey	Thurlow
CLERKENWELL GREEN 11.15	Ramsey	Haslam	Forder	Foote	Grout
VICTORIA PARK, 3.30	Forder	Foote	Thurlow	Moss	Fagan
MILE END ROAD,11.15	Job	Foote	Norrish	Haslam	Moss
GIBRALTAR WALK, ...11.15	Haslam	Norrish	Grout	Thurlow	Johnson

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THE *Freethinker* sent monthly post free for a year, 1s. 6d.

A. FREETHINKER.—We quite approve the sentiments you express, but cannot find room for your letter. Thanks for the translation.

W. E. K.—Many thanks. We shall always be glad to hear from you. If our readers would all send serviceable cuttings, they would co-operate in the editing of the paper.

H. J. B.—Scarcely suitable. You seem to have a faculty in that direction, but it wants cultivating. Your metre and your rhymes are both irregular. Practice will remedy this defect.

W. DORRILL.—We really have not time for correspondence in provincial papers; if we had we would criticise the Rev. H. Mills' effusion. We have noticed it in "Acid Drops."

A. W. MARKS.—Your letter of approval is only one of scores. The *Freethinker* is winning golden opinions from all sorts of men, and its extensive circulation at this early stage of its career promises a great future success. Thanks for the scrap.

A. STEWART.—The *Freethinker*, when altered, will be changed to a weekly. Mr. Foote intends to provide the Secular party with a monthly magazine, by resuscitating the *Liberal* or starting another publication on the same lines. Mr. Wheeler contributes something to the *Freethinker*, although anonymously. You will meet him in the magazine.

WE have nothing definite yet to report concerning Mr. Foote's debate with the Rev. J. McCann. It is possible that a discussion for one night only may take place at the Hall of Science in July or August, but more probable that a more elaborate discussion will take place early in the winter instead. Mr. Foote's debate at Stockton with the Rev. Mr. Howard cannot now be held before August.

J. MOYES.—Thanks for the story.

G. F.—The verse is scarcely up to our mark, and the subject is so hackneyed that, to be read with pleasure, anything written about it must be very original.

J. THOMS.—Our circulation is unprecedented, we believe, in the history of the movement. After the *National Reformer* we have a far larger sale than any Freethought journal published during the last twenty years. It is a good sign that No. 2 sold better than No. 1. If No. 3 shows a further improvement we shall scarcely be able to resist the general appeal of our readers to make the *Freethinker* a weekly journal.

G. HENDERSON.—Thanks. We are always glad of good cuttings.

HOLY FRIAR.—We dislike slang in a general way as much as you, but satire is apt to run into the grotesque when directed against abysmal folly. You only quarrel with one word in our June number: was that harmless slip a sufficient reason for not distributing the half-dozen copies you bought? We shall try to please, but we cannot promise, nor can you expect, absolute impeccability. You admit that the paper contained "many good and laughable things." That's more than you could say of every journal. Thanks for the cuttings. As for the difficulty at present experienced in procuring the *Freethinker*, it will vanish in time. If you insist on your newsagent's supplying you, and threaten to withdraw your custom if he does not, he will soon learn to execute your orders. Our first number has been out of print for many weeks.

W. LUND.—Thanks.

J. MORRIS.—We are very glad to hear that the Birmingham friends are "much in favor of the *Freethinker*." Send the cartoon, and we will, of course, notice it.

MARS.—Received. Thanks for your good wishes.

H. W. JONES.—We cannot apply to another editor for a letter you sent him and he did not insert. What next? Anything you send us yourself will be fairly considered.

SUGAR PLUMS.

A GOOD story was told the other day in reference to the sub-division of the religious sects in America, which is worth repeating. An earnest member of the Free Will Baptists took into the pulpit one day a green walnut with which to illustrate the comparative worth of the sects. Holding it up he said, "Brethren, this outer shell is like the Methodists, soft and spongy." Breaking the outer shell off, he came to the nut, "And this," he continued, "is like the Missionary Baptists, hard and dry." Then, crushing the nut, he said, "And this kernel is like the Free Will Baptists." He looked at it a moment in disappointment and despair, and added, in apparent soliloquy, "I do declare! It's rotten!"

THE National Secular Society's Annual Conference at Bury on Whit-Sunday was a great success. Delegates were present from scores of towns, and a most business-like air characterised the proceedings. Mr. Bradlaugh received a unanimous vote of confidence as an answer to those who pretend that his conduct in relation to the oath has alienated the esteem of the Secular party.

MR. CHAMBERS, of Newcastle, carried a resolution to the effect that a Temperance Section should be added to the N. S. S., all members being free to join or to hold aloof.

This is as it should be. The primary purpose of the N. S. S. must not be subordinated to a secondary one, as it would be if membership of the new Section were compulsory. There are many men who work hard for the cause, and yet refresh themselves now and then with a glass of something tastier than water and cooler than coffee, and even solace themselves occasionally with a pipe or cigar. If these were driven out by a new sumptuary law, the N. S. S. would lose some of its very best servants. Let us have perfect freedom on all unessential points. For the rest, we wish the new Section all success; although, as Secularists are not particularly given to drunkenness, we imagine that the scope of its operations will not be very extensive. Time will show.

ON the Monday evening following the Conference a town's meeting was held in the St. Andrew's Hall, Bury. It was convened by the local branch of the Land League, and presided over by the Mayor. About 4,000 people were present. After a resolution in support of Mr. Gladstone's Irish Land Bill, one was proposed in favor of Mr. Bradlaugh's claim to a seat in the House of Commons. When it was put to the vote only two hands were held up against it. Another victory!

THE St. James's Hall meeting in London on June 9th was a glorious sight. The place was crammed from floor to ceiling nearly an hour before the time for taking the chair, and crowds were turned away from the doors. Our own speakers met with their usual reception, Mr. Bradlaugh's being exceedingly enthusiastic. Among the other speakers, Admiral Maxse distinguished himself by a speech finely conceived and admirably expressed. Had it been delivered by an orator it would have created an immense sensation. We should much like to see Admiral Maxse in the House.

THE Rev. Mr. Sharrman, of Plymouth, and the Rev. W. Freeston, of Manchester, made effective speeches. Mr. Winks, of the latter place, evoked roars of laughter by his imitation of swearing in the ordinary courts. Councillor Adams, of Northampton, made an excellent chairman. Councillor Gurney, who sat on the platform, too modestly declined to speak.

WORD came that the Protestant Alliance had resolved to send a strong opposition. It never came. Only three hands were held up, out of 5,000, against the resolutions.

CANON BIRCH, speaking at Oldham recently, said that one of the most unhappy features of the present day was that in Manchester and other large centres of industry there were thousands ready on Sundays to listen to Secular lectures having for their object the dethroning of the Christian faith from its position in the land.

AT the annual session of the Western Unitarian Union, held at Bristol, a petition was unanimously adopted to Parliament against the oath as a religious test.

THE Rev. J. Baldwin Brown frankly admits that the Scripture abounds with interpolations, that there are "grave differences in the MS.," and that there is now "no hope that the original text can be restored." Tell common people this, and they will soon ask why God did not take the trouble to preserve intact the word by which we are to be saved or dammed.

THE Rev. Principal Caird (of Glasgow), a highly cultured and liberal thinker, has just preached a sermon in Edinburgh which is calculated to take away the breath of Scotch orthodoxy. Speaking of the belief in heaven and hell, he said that it "had been before the popular mind for centuries, and he feared its practical results were of the slenderest." After remarking that the policeman and the jail terrified criminals more than the dread of hell, and that the sweets of earthly happiness proved more attractive than the most glowing pictures of heavenly bliss, he asked: "But even if by hope or fear of individual salvation or damnation a man's conduct was influenced, was there not this serious objection, that such a motive could not be regarded as either moral or religious? . . . The promises of happiness or threats of future retribution, if they had any influence at all, tended, by stimulating motives of cowardly fear and selfish desire, to deteriorate and degrade." He also asked "What sort of

heaven and perfection would that be which was consistent with the knowledge of the continued misery and guilt of others?" Dr. Caird denied that Christian love knew of an individual heaven, and he concluded by saying that "working for the realisation of the great divine purpose of the emancipation of the world from evil was a far more exalted and worthy endeavor than to be perpetually thinking of and preparing for going to heaven to escape for ever and ever from this world with its sins and sorrows." About the *divine purpose* we are by no means satisfied, but we quite agree with the eloquent preacher as to rest, and we are heartily glad that there is a man of influence in orthodox Scotland liberal and bold enough to speak thus before all his countrymen.

THE Leicester County Court judge, sitting at Hinckley, has had to decide a curious oath question. The plaintiff in a money-lending case named Benjamin, a Jew, was sworn on a Church Service for lack of an Old Testament. Defendant's solicitor objected to his evidence being received on a Church Service oath. Plaintiff considered he had taken an oath which was binding upon his conscience. His honor said it was no use raising objections to the form of oath in that court. They had better take them to the House of Commons. Judgment was given for the plaintiff.

BIBLE BIOGRAPHY.

ADAM—(concluded).

AFTER his second creation, as just related, Adam, in company with Eve and the animals which he had named (if not baptised) before he lost his rib, lived very pleasantly in Paradise. This was a garden, as every Sunday scholar knows, "planted" in Eden, where grew the tree of life, of which if one ate he would never die (Genesis iii., 22), and the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, of which the happy couple were forbidden to eat on pain of death.

Thus says holy writ. But the sceptic will be sure to ask what sort of a tree it was? Why they were forbidden to eat of it? and how they could be awed by a threat they could not understand? These deep questions are far too profound for finite minds to solve, and we must leave them beneath the dark veil divine revelation has seen fit to shroud them in.

Alas!

"The best laid schemes o' mice and *gods*,
Gang aft agley."

In stocking the world with animals the creator or creators had manufactured the serpent, and the "serpent was more subtil than any beast of the field," so much so that he began to talk; and soon he showed himself a more powerful and successful orator, reasoner, and commander than all the creators together. The creator told Adam and Eve not to eat the tree or touch it, lest they should die. The serpent said, "Pooh! Pooh. It's the best tree in all the garden—is good for food, is pleasant and agreeable; and besides, it possesses the most astonishing educational properties; for you no sooner eat this fruit than you open your eyes, and know good and evil; in a word, Sir, Madam, you no sooner swallow a little of this delicious fruit than you become like the gods themselves, who out of jealousy have forbidden you to touch it."

No pedlar ever succeeded better, no quack doctor ever gained an easier victory. Before this, Eve would not have touched that tree for the world; now she felt that she could eat every apple it bore. The serpent's eloquence and subtlety prevailed; Eve ate two apples on the spot and ran off with one in each hand to her husband, whom she speedily induced to follow her example and eat of this marvellous fruit. The serpent now chuckled with delight at the success of his exploit; and Adam and Eve felt no worse, nor very much better for the new food.

Their deity, however, who had probably seen the serpent enter Paradise, suspected something wrong. He descended in haste, and began to look about among the trees and bushes for the disobedient pair. Adam heard him rustling through the long grass, and hid himself among the bushes, rightly judging that his maker was not in the sweetest of tempers. At length in desperation he cried, "Adam, where art thou? Hast thou eaten of that tree?" Not daring to hide longer, Adam now slowly crawled out of his hiding-place, begging his majesty not to be so angry with him, as,

in truth, the woman had pressed him to eat the fruit in question.

Still the deity was not pacified, and he pronounced a curse upon Adam and his descendants, upon the ground, upon the poor woman, and upon the serpent that had deceived them; and then went back again to his mansion, his wrath still burning as it will do for ever and ever.

This story, Gentle Reader, is extremely instructive. You know that there are thorns in the world; they are the results of the above crime. Mothers, as you know, bear their offsprings in pain and sorrow; it is because Eve ate an apple or two. All serpents go upon their belly; that is because the first serpent, who, no doubt, crawled upon his back, tempted Eve to sin. Before that date, pain and death were known only by name; since then there has been little else. Hell, at that date, was peopled only by devils, and even they were not regular denizens, but merely occasional visitors; ever since about that date, men, and women, and children, have been dropping into it in ever increasing numbers, whereas, not a human being would ever have sniffed so much as a whiff of its sulphur, if Eve and Adam had not sinned. All which shows what sort of a thing divine justice is, and demonstrates that, of all beings known, none need so much to be civilised as the gods.

Adam and Eve were next driven out of Paradise to prevent their becoming gods, the older gods being afraid of the possible consequences. They knew that the serpent was too subtle for the best of them, and they, no doubt, feared that under his tuition, Adam and Eve, should they eat of the Tree of Life, would be more than a match for them. Therefore, driving the unfortunate couple out, they guarded the gate of Paradise by cherubs with a flaming sword. Whether this was a Damascus blade or Toledo, I cannot say; antiquaries having never yet lighted upon it. Perhaps Dr. Schliemann, when he has finished Troy, Mycene, and other classical sites, may take a trip to Paradise to explore that region.

Some little time before this expulsion, the guilty pair took to vestments. They had been created naked; nor did their maker see the necessity of clothing them. Taking the hint, no doubt, from the "aprons" he saw them wearing on the day he cursed them, the creator next turned butcher, and killed two beasts and flayed them (we hope he did not flay them alive); then, becoming a tailor, he made the skins into two coats, *à la mode*, no doubt, for the man and woman. Clothes had not yet become "differentiated," and both sexes dressed alike; coats, then, were all-sufficient; it was a later civilisation that first demanded skirts and pantaloons.

After leaving Paradise, this interesting pair were blessed with a family of sons and daughters, who intermarried with each other, and came to but little good. The eldest son murdered the second, and then became a vagabond. Of the rest we know nothing; though to judge from their descendants, they were little to boast of. Adam himself lived no more than 930 years and then died. If any should fancy that he lived too long, let them reflect upon the misery he might have inflicted upon the world if he had never eaten the apple! In that case he would have lived for ever and have been an endless nuisance to mankind. Eve, I presume, never did die, for the Bible does not record any such event in her history; and I should not like to incur the "plagues" that will fall on those who "add to" the Word of God.

Such, Gentle Reader, is a summary of the life of Adam (and Eve in part) as given in the Bible. It is very interesting and instructive, is it not? The lessons we learn are: never to listen to a talking, garrulous serpent; never to eat forbidden fruit, nor too much of what is lawful; and if we should ever have a chance to eat the fruit of the "Tree of the knowledge of good and evil," and also of the "Tree of life," the fate of Adam and Eve suggests that we should eat of the latter first, for that, it seems, will ensure our immortality, eat of the other while we may.

J. SYMES.

AN IMPORTANT ADMISSION.

THE being of a God is as certain to me as the certainty of my own existence. Yet when I look out of myself into the world of men, I see a sight which fills me with unspeakable distress. The world of men seems simply to give the lie to that great truth of which my whole being is so full. If I looked into a mirror and did not see my face, I should experience the same sort of difficulty that actually comes upon me when I look into this living busy world and see no reflection of its Creator.—
Cardinal Newman.

JUDGMENT-DAY DIALOGUES.

LET me show you the result of unbelief. Let us suppose, for a moment, that we are at the Day of Judgment, listening to the trial of souls as they arrive. The Recording Secretary, or whoever does the cross-examining, says to a soul :

Where are you from ?
I am from the Earth.
What kind of a man were you ?
Well, I don't like to talk about myself. I suppose you can tell by looking at your books.
No, sir. You must tell what kind of a man you were.
Well, I was what you might call a first-rate fellow. I loved my wife and children. My home was my heaven. My fireside was a paradise to me. To sit there and see the lights and shadows fall upon the faces of those I loved, was to me a perfect joy.
How did you treat your family ?
I never said an unkind word. I never caused my wife, nor one of my children, a moment's pain.
Did you pay your debts ?
I did not owe a dollar when I died, and left enough to pay my funeral expenses, and to keep the fierce wolf of want from the door of those I loved.
Did you belong to any church ?
No, sir. They were too narrow, pinched and bigoted for me. I never thought that I could be very happy if other folks were damned.
Did you believe in eternal punishment ?
Well, no. I always thought that God could get his revenge in far less time.
Did you believe the rib story ?
Do you mean the Adam and Eve business ?
Yes ! Did you believe that ?
To tell you the God's truth, that was just a little more than I could swallow.
Away with him to hell !
Next !
Where are you from ?
I am from the world too.
Did you belong to any church ?
Yes, sir, and to the Young Men's Christian Association besides.
What was your business ?
Cashier in a Saving's Bank.
Did you ever run away with any money ?
Where I came from, a witness could not be compelled to criminate himself.
The law is different here. Answer the question. Did you run away with any money ?
Yes, sir.
How much ?
One hundred thousand dollars.
Did you take anything else with you ?
Yes, sir.
Well, what else ?
I took my neighbor's wife—we sang together in the choir.
Did you have a wife and children of your own ?
Yes, sir.
And you deserted them ?
Yes, sir ; but such was my confidence in God that I believed he would take care of them.
Have you heard of them since ?
No, sir.
Did you believe in the rib story ?
Bless your soul, of course I did. A thousand times I regretted that there were no harder stories in the Bible, so that I could have shown my wealth of faith.
Do you believe the rib story yet ?
Yes, with all my heart.
Give him a harp !

INGERSOLL.

MRS. McWRATH GIVES HER OPINION.

"Them infidels it seems to me
They all ought to be stampt on
Until they're squashed, especially
That member for Northampton.
He don't believe in hell, they say,
And rails against damnation ;
It's plain he wants to take away
The Christian's consolation.
And some to pass a law are bent
('T would be indeed a sad law),
That would admit to Parliament
All Atheists like Bradlaugh.
Against it some petitions lie,
And so my husband Saml. he
Has signed six times, and so have I,
And so have all the family.
There's little fear 't will keep him out,
And that my spirit raises,
And at the last without a doubt
He'll surely go to blazes."

PROFANE JOKES.

A LITTLE miss had got into the naughty habit of not stating things as they were, or to put it plainly, of stating them as they were not. Rather than reason with her on the wickedness of lying, her mother took down the New Testament and very solemnly read the story of Ananias and Sapphira and their sudden death because they disregarded the truth. The little lady heard the story through, and then looking up, said :—
"Mamma, I don't believe it ! I've told lots and lots of lies !"

A *propos* of the Revision of the New Testament, a good story comes from Galveston. They are not very polite to editors in Texas, it seems, for a Galveston man walked into the office of the *News*, and, upon being admitted to the editor's room, remarked, "I hear that the Bible has been revised. Do you know if any important changes have been made?" "A good many, I believe." "Then there is no mistake about Ananias being struck dead for lying?" "No, I believe not." "Well, if I were you, I would find out about it." And he strolled out as unconcernedly as you please.

A STORY is told of an old gentleman who always took notes of his minister's sermons, and on one occasion read them to the minister himself. "Stop, stop!" said he, at the occurrence of a certain sentence; "I didn't say that." "I know you didn't," was the reply; "I put all that in myself to make sense."

A NEW vicar having lost his way in one of his distant parochial excursions, and enquiring, in a dainty south-country accent from a lubberly boy weeding turnips in a field, "Pray, my boy, can you tell me the way to Bolton?" "Ay," replied the boy, "yo' mun go across yon bleach croft and into th' loan, and yo'll get to Doffcocker, an' then yo're i' th' high road, an' yo' can go straight on." "Thank you," said the vicar, "perhaps I can find it. And now, my boy, will you tell me what you do for a livelihood?" "I clear up the shippon, pills potatoes, or does oddin; and if I may be so bou'd, win yo' tell me what yo' do?" "Oh, I am a minister of the Gospel; I preach the Word of God." "But what dun yo' do?" persisted the boy. "I teach you the way of salvation; I show you the road to heaven." "Nay, nay," said the lad; "dunnot yo' pretend to teach me th' road to heaven, and doesn't know th' road to Bow'ton."

YEARS ago, in a seaport town, two sailors had just come ashore for their "Sunday leave." On landing, they crossed over to the Wesleyan chapel just opposite. On the door was a notice of some revival services, headed in big type, "Christ is God." Jack read it with a puzzled look, and then shouted to his mate: "Look here Bill—that's a rum go, the old un's dead at last, and the youngster's come in for the property!" They teach the sailors better theology now, or the chaplain does not earn his money fairly.

A SCRIPTURAL PROBLEM.

(Respectfully dedicated to studious Christians) to be solved by Holy Writ.

WHAT was the ordinary costume of Joseph of Arimathea's gardener?

"And they parted his garments, casting lots; that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet, They parted my garments among them, and upon my vesture did they cast lots." Matthew xvii., 35.

Ergo—He was not buried in his clothes!

"And the other disciple did outrun Peter and came first to the sepulchre. And he, stooping down and looking in, saw the linen clothes lying." John xx., 4, 5.

Ergo.—He resurrected naked!

"She turned herself back and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, etc. John xx., 14, 15.

Ergo.—The gardener was innocent of tailors' bills!

Q. E. D.

Caution.—He that believeth not shall be d—d.

THE NEW VERSION.

"ARE you the person," asked the General of the man at the bookseller's, "of whom I bought the revised version of the Scriptures yesterday?"

"Yes, sir, I am."

"Then I want my money back. It isn't revised at all."

"But I assure you, sir, it is."

"Don't talk to me. Look here. Here you see all the old bigoted attacks on drunkards! Here is the same ponderous abuse of liars! Here is poor Dives still thirsty! And James Anthony Froude, who whitewashed Henry VIII. and black-washed Carlyle, had he no time to rehabilitate the character of dear dead Judas Iscariot? And, sir, I may tell you that what most grieves me as a man is that no one has had the thoughtfulness to add to that one-sided version of the ever-to-be-regretted accident by which Sapphira met her death, that a neat little headstone was put over her, saying that she was a devoted wife, a fond mother, and deeply lamented by all who knew her. Revised, sir, no! all the same old harsh judgments, nothing cheery, nothing kindly," and the old warrior, with tears in his eyes, went sadly and slowly into the refreshment room.

BUTCHER VARLEY SLAUGHTERED.

UNDER the title of "Henry Varley Exposed," Mrs. Annie Besant has issued, through the Freethought Publishing Company, a twopenny pamphlet in reply to that person's scurrilous attack on Mr. Bradlaugh. The quondam butcher is killed, dressed, and hung up outside the Stonecutter Street office, very much like a weasel nailed up by the farmer as a warning to other vermin. All his flat lies, half-truths, and suggested falsehoods are mercilessly exposed, and the poor creature is left a sight to gods and men. Henry Varley has been pretty successful in his attempt to earn a dishonest penny by slandering Mr. Bradlaugh, for nearly forty thousand copies of his pamphlet have been sold, unless he lies in his advertisement too. We earnestly trust that Mrs. Besant's reply will reach the hands of every man and woman who has read Varley's "Appeal." The only way to secure this, as far as possible, is to circulate the exposure to the fullest extent. Mr. Bradlaugh is attacked by creatures like Varley because of his freethought, and it is the duty of every Freethinker to do his utmost to repel the assault. The wide distribution of Mrs. Besant's pamphlet will help to clear off some of the mountainous heap of lies piled on Mr. Bradlaugh's character by this infamous bigot and his like. Mrs. Besant has omitted to notice just one point, which we hope she will deal with in the next edition. Towards the end of his "Appeal," Varley admits that "the foregoing extracts are from the pen of a gentleman well known in Northampton." This can be no other than the great Barber, who has vainly tried for the last ten years to get the electors of Northampton to believe the libels which Varley is now seeking to palm off on the people of London. The converted butcher's admission comes to this, that he has never read any of the books or pamphlets he quotes from, but has compiled a defamation of Mr. Bradlaugh from the Barber's note-book. This not only explains the gross inaccuracy of his references, which Mrs. Besant complains of, but adds a deeper hue to his infamy.

REVIEWS.

The Student's Darwin. By EDWARD B. AVELING, D.Sc., Fellow of University College, London. (Freethought Publishing Company.) 5s.

This is the second volume of the "International Library of Science and Freethought." So far as we are able to judge, Dr. Aveling has supplied an admirable *resume* of Darwin's researches and speculations. The general reader will perhaps regret that more space was not given to the evolution of man. Dr. Aveling has a deep sense of Darwin's greatness, and he is evidently steeped in the Master's writings, which his native bent and his undoubted accomplishments well fit him to explain. The portion which treats of religion is unmistakably Atheistic, and there are many passages in other chapters directed against theological ideas. A refreshingly enthusiastic tone is preserved throughout, although it occasionally runs into language which appears to us just a little strained. Such a blemish is, however, very pardonable, and it does not detract from the real value of the work. The volume is pleasant to the eye—paper, print and binding being all excellent. We heartily commend it to the attention of our readers. It supplies a long-felt need, and we predict for it an extensive sale. The general reader who desires to obtain a fair knowledge of Darwinism from one book instead of twenty will find here the very thing he wants; while the student will find it valuable as a handbook of the subject.

The Upas Tree: A Vision of Past, Present, and Future. (London: Freethought Publishing Company.) 2s. 6d.

We have pleasure in calling attention to this work, which is now being sold at a greatly reduced price. Owing to its heretical character, and to its being published by a Freethought house, it has never received from the English press the notice which it merits. The Italian translation has, however, been favorably reviewed in some of the leading papers of Italy, where thought and speech on religion and morals are much freer than in England. Written in an animated style, "The Upas Tree" is calculated to please many readers who might be repelled by a dry historical treatise on superstition.

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