

THE FREETHINKER.

REGISTERED FOR]

EDITED BY G. W. FOOTE.

[TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.



THE LORD FIXING UP THE SUN AND MOON.

"And God made two great lights. . . . And God set them in the firmament of the heaven."—Genesis i, 16—17.

MR. TENNYSON ON ATHEISM.

MR. TENNYSON has written some fine poetry in his old age, and he has also written a good deal of trash. Most of the latter has appeared in the hospitable columns of the *Nineteenth Century*. Mr. James Knowles, the editor of that magazine, is an excellent man of business and knows what takes with the British public. He is fully aware that Mr. Tennyson is the popular poet of the day, and, with commendable sagacity, he not only accepts the poet laureate's verses whenever he can get them, but always prints them in the very largest type. Mr. Tennyson opened the first number of his magazine with a weak sonnet, in which men like Professor Clifford were alluded to as seekers of hope "in sunless gulfs of doubt." That little germ has developed into the longer poem on "Despair" that appears in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*.

The critics have lauded this poem. Nothing else could be expected of them. Mr. Tennyson is the popular poet, the household poet, the Christian poet, and scarcely a critic dares give him aught but unstinted praise. The ordinary gentlemen of the press write to order; they describe Mr. Tennyson's poetry as they describe Mr. Irving's acting; they are fettered by great, and especially by fashionable reputations; and when the public has settled who are its favorites they never resist its verdict but simply flow with the stream. In the course of time there grows up a sanctified cant of criticism. If you are rash enough to doubt the favorite's greatness, you are looked upon as a common-place person incapable of appreciating genius. If you object to the popular poet's intellectual ideas, you are rebuked for not seeing that he is divinely inspired. Yet it is surely indisputable that ideas

are large or small, true or false, whether they are expressed in verse or in prose. When poets condescend to argue they must be held amenable to the laws of reason. The right divine of kings to govern wrong is an exploded idea, and the right divine of poets to reason wrong should share the same fate.

Mr. Tennyson's poem is about Atheism and Despair. The two things of course go together. Yet he is singularly infelicitous in showing their connexion. The hero of his poem gets converted from Calvinism to Atheism and then commits suicide. But to our mind a man who could live for years in the belief that the evils of this life were ordained by God, and were to be followed by eternal hell in the next life, is not likely to destroy himself when he finds that the universe has no jailor and that all the evils of this life end with it. As a matter of fact, Atheists are not particularly prone to suicide. On an average, if we may judge by our own notes during the past six months, one parson cuts his throat, or hangs, or poisons, or drowns himself, every month; while, so far as we know, not a single prominent Freethinker has taken his own life in the whole present generation.

Mr. Tennyson, too, does not play fair. He takes an almost impossible extreme. His Atheist husband loses more than belief in God. His wife suffers from a malady only curable, if at all, by the surgeon's knife. His eldest son has forged his name and ruined him, and another son has sunk to a still worse depth of vice. All this is highly inartistic. An Atheist under such a burden of trouble might commit suicide just as a Christian might. The real question is "Does Atheism, as such, incline men to self-destruction?" and that is not touched.

Mr. Tennyson's lack of art in this poem goes still further. He makes the Atheist husband and wife drown themselves theatrically. They walk out into the breakers near a lighthouse. This is mere melodrama. Why did they not take poison and die in each other's arms?

The wife is drowned, but the husband is rescued "by a minister of the sect he had abandoned." He wastes a great deal of denunciation on his rescuer, and vehemently protests his intention to do for himself despite the minister's "lynx-eyes." Why all this pother? Why not hold his tongue and quietly seize the first opportunity? But Mr. Tennyson's heroes are usually infirm of purpose. He can make his characters talk, but he cannot make them act.

Mr. Tennyson's Atheist "leans to the darker side" in everything." This is how he expresses his pessimism:

"And the suns of the limitless Universe sparkled and shone in the sky,
Flashing with fires as of God, but we knew that their light was a lie—

Bright as with deathless hope—but, however they sparkled and shone,
The dark little worlds running round them were worlds of woe like our own—

No soul in the heaven above, no soul on the earth below,
A fiery scroll written over with lamentation and woe."

Things are very much mixed in these lines. Why should the stars be "bright as with deathless hope?" All the meaning they have we put into them. To Carlyle they were "a sad sight." Hegel called them "a golden leprosy on the face of heaven." Their significance is all a matter of fancy; and if they do not realise our fancies it is scarcely fair to make Atheism responsible for the failure.

Towards the end of his poem Mr. Tennyson asks—

"Why should we bear with an hour of torture, a moment of pain

If every man die for ever, if all his griefs are in vain,
And the homeless planet at length will be wheel'd thro' the silence of space,

Motherless evermore of an ever-vanishing race,



When the worm shall have writhed its last, and its last brother-worm will have fled
From the dead fossil skull that is left in the rocks of an earth that is dead?"

Now, sincere pessimists, like Schopenhauer, deprecate suicide. Schopenhauer describes it as an act of cowardice. If here and there a pessimist destroys himself, how does that make things better for the masses who are governed by instinct and not by metaphysics? Mr. Tennyson does not see that the most confirmed pessimist may, like George Eliot, believe in *meliorism*; that is, not in perfection, but in improvement. Nature, we may be sure, will never produce a race of beings with a general taste for suicide; and it is therefore the duty of those who deplore the ineradicable evils of life to stay with their brethren and to do their share towards improving the common lot. If they cannot really make life happier, they may at least make it less miserable.

The Atheist, however, is not necessarily a pessimist. Mr. Tennyson might have seen from Shelley's writings that an Atheist may cherish the noblest dreams of progress without intellectual deception.

As a whole, we think "Despair" a poor achievement. Yet it contains some fine passages. Even when his mind is biased by vulgar prejudice, Mr. Tennyson cannot write a poem of a hundred and sixteen lines without saying some admirable things. Here is a powerful condemnation of mere Deism:—

"He is only a cloud and a smoke who was once a pillar of fire,
The guess of a worm in the dust and the shadow of its desire—
Of a worm as it writhes in a world of the weak trodden down
by the strong,
Of a dying worm in a world, all massacre, murder, and wrong."

Calvinism, too, is vigorously denounced.

"What! I should call on that Infinite Love that has served us so well?

Infinite wickedness rather that made everlasting Hell,
Made us, foreknew us, foredoom'd us, and does what he will with his own;

Better our dead brute mother who never has heard us groan!

Hell? if the souls of men were immortal, as men have been told,
The lecher would cleave to his lusts, and the miser would yearn for his gold,

And so there were Hell for ever! but were there a God as you say,
His Love would have power over Hell till it utterly vanish'd away."

Mr. Tennyson deserves our thanks for these lines. But his poem is on the whole a failure. He does not understand Atheism, and he fails to appreciate either its meaning or its hope. We trust that he will afflict us with no more poetical abortions like this, but give us only the proper fruit of his genius, and leave the task of holding up Atheists as a frightful example to the smaller fry of the pulpit and the religious press.

G. W. FOOTE.

THE ATHEISTIC PULPIT.—SERMON X.

"And it came to pass at noon, that Elijah mocked them, and said, Cry aloud: for he is a God; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked."—1 Kings xviii., 27.

THE story of the contest between the prophets of Baal and Elijah is a good one, and the writer was not destitute of dramatic power, nor entirely void of wit. Elijah railed at Baal's prophets, and no Christian ever thinks of complaining of that conduct; but when we rail at their god they are shocked, and we are set down as excessively vulgar fellows. But we have no more reverence for Jehovah than for Baal, nor do we know the difference between them—for us, one God is as good as another. The fire from heaven business is long since played out, and all the orthodox and unorthodox church could no more get their god to send a spark of fire than they could induce him to keep President Garfield alive with the bullet in him.

Speaking of Garfield—whose sad fate I deeply regret—brings me to the point of my present sermon. Had I been an almighty and all-wise God, I would not have made such a fellow as Guiteau, or I would have prevented his murderous assault. And to pray to a God who would not or could not prevent the crime was, in itself, as great an act of insanity as any ever performed.

A few weeks ago the papers contained a story relating how a number of men stood by and unconcernedly saw a child

drown. Well, that was barbarous conduct; but the men were only finite, and it may have made them wet, poor things, to have attempted a rescue. But the Almighty Jehovah also stood by and did nothing, and the papers never mentioned that. It would not have made *him* wet, possibly, if he had rescued the child. If it had, surely his wardrobe must be extensive enough to allow of a change! What excuse can be offered for him?

The Christian world at large prayed for Garfield's recovery—and he died. How was that? There is only one reply—Baal or Jehovah, or God, or Deity, or the Almighty, is nothing but an empty name. If he were a real God, all-good, all-wise, it would be a pleasure to him to do his duty without being entreated, cajoled, threatened, or bribed to it. And yet the whole of Christendom went down on their knees and prayed, and whimpered, "O, Lord God, Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and all that in them is (Guiteau and his revolver, etc., too, of course), we beseech thee, of thy infinite goodness and Fatherly loving-kindness to roll up thy sleeve to thy shoulder, or, to use Bible language, we mean that thou shouldst 'make bare thy arm,' and contract its extensor muscles, and save President Garfield from death. Come, thou, who art everywhere present, and save him. MAKE HASTE, COME BY EXPRESS TRAIN, OR BY TELEGRAPH, 'ride thou upon a cherub and fly, yea, ride thou upon the wings of the wind,' for they will bear thee; bow or bend the heavens and come down, only be careful not to break them, and thus kill more than thy visit would save. 'Up, Lord, and save our President;' 'awake, awake! put on strength!' Like to thy servant Samson of old, thou, good Lord, hast slept while Guiteau has almost murdered Garfield; and now we beseech thee, awake, save him. We ask all this, O God! in the name of thy only-begotten son, whom thou didst murder for our sakes. Amen and Amen."

This is the plain English of their prayer; and it has the merit of being exceedingly biblical too. For a period they thought their God had heard it; but the sad event showed that there had been a miscarriage somewhere—either their God was unwilling or unable to save Garfield, or else he slept, like Baal, or was in a long conversation, or was on a journey, or pursuing his pleasures, and so never heard the cry of his legions of priests.

But those crest-fallen priests, having no fear of being murdered wholesale by a cunning rival, try and make the best of a total defeat, and say that their prayers *really were answered*, though not exactly as they had hoped—that, no doubt, divine grace was vouchsafed to the poor sufferer and his bereaved friends, in answer to their petitions—as if, forsooth, their deity did not know how to bestow charity without their entreating it, or as if, indeed, no message could be received from Jehovah without endless coils of priestly red-tape!

Besides, their silly subterfuge is as available for the prophets of Baal as for Christians, and I proceed to give a reflection or two on the case of those martyrs. They prayed to their God with frantic gestures and wild entreaties. To the sceptical eye of their cruel rivals and to the jeering Elijah, they appeared to pray in vain. But not so. Baal knew what was best for his followers, and he resolved to try their faith to the uttermost. So he refused an open answer to their request, because his ever-watchful eye saw that it would not be good for them. Indeed, he needed them in his heavenly temple, and determined to make the blood-thirsty Elijah the agent of their quick transmission to the "mansions above." No doubt his grace sustained them in the conflict with bright prospects of immediate glory in the New and Spiritual Tyre or Sidon in the skies, where they have ever since been worshipping Baal with harps and cymbals, while the miserable Elijah, whom the devil took away in a chariot of fire, has been gnashing his teeth or grinding his toothless gums in everlasting fire prepared for Jehovah (the devil of the Baalites) and his angels!

If any silly bird prefers chaff to honest grain, he can be supplied *ad libitum* at any of the churches, free of cost too, if he can pay for his pew and "contribute liberally of his substance" to the various departments of the "cause of God." Pretended answers to prayer will be vouchsafed just so long as public taste demands them, as long as dupes consent to pay for oracular responses which mean—whatsoever credulity pleases.

J. SYMES.

A PROFANE correspondent, who has been reading about "the horns of the altar," asks whether the father must not be a ram of whom the son is a lamb?

ACID DROPS.

THE *Western Daily Press* has taken a religious census in Bristol. Its statistics, however, are simply absurd. The total population of Bristol is 210,000, and the attendance at places of worship is given as 116,018. This is an impossible number. But the absurdity is explained by the fact that the people in churches and chapels were counted twice over, at morning and at night. Anything might be proved by statistics of that sort.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL talked great nonsense at the Conservative banquet in Hull last week. After demolishing Mr. Gladstone and the whole Liberal cabinet, he finished his magnificent oration with a reference to Mr. Bradlaugh. This is what he said:—

"It should not be forgotten that the contest with Mr. Bradlaugh, which was the one great parliamentary victory which the Conservatives could boast of till now, was initiated by Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, and that, thanks to the undaunted attitude of the member for Portsmouth, our ancient House of Commons had not yet become the platform for the disloyal, a lecture-room for the immoral, or a temple for the Atheist [and his hideous crew.]"

Now there is not a word of truth in this passage. Sir Henry Drummond Wolff's attempt to keep Mr. Bradlaugh out of Parliament was defeated by Mr. Gladstone's resolution that the member for Northampton should be allowed to affirm at his own risk; and Mr. Bradlaugh actually sat in the house for months, during which time the Wolffs and Churchills never wagged their impudent tongues against him. It was only when Sir Stafford Northcote, in violation of his public pledge, and with the assistance of the Speaker, raised fresh obstacles after the decision of the judges as to an Atheist's right to affirm, that Mr. Bradlaugh was excluded from his seat. Further, Mr. Bradlaugh never once used his position in the House of Commons to advocate his views on any questions except those dealt with in Parliamentary Bills; nor was he recognised there as particularly immoral. His name is not notorious in questionable circles of the West End of London. And as to the "hideous crew," Mr. Bradlaugh looks more of a *man* than Lord Churchill, although he owes less to the tailor and spends less time on the cultivation of hair on his upper lip. Randy Pandly should not provoke personal comparisons, for he is about as insignificant a whipper-snipper as one sees in a day's march, and if he were not a lord he might be taken for a barber's clerk.

GEORGE MULLER, the Bristol orphanage man, is stated by a Christian paper to have "obtained £907,000 by prayer and faith." Our opinion is that all that money had to be worked for by somebody. Not a half-penny of it was ever made by prayer.

MR. MULLER says that his "mental powers are now as good as they were fifty-six years ago." That is not saying much, for he appears never to have flourished until he went into the business of pious philanthropy. Mr. Muller's chest is also as good as of old. No doubt his money-chest is a great deal better. "The Lord be magnified for this mercy," he exclaims; but it seems to the merely carnal mind that nothing Mr. Muller can do could possibly make the infinite any greater. Our advice to Mr. Muller, if he really believes in prayer, is to beseech the Lord to keep away from his orphanage the fever brought on by bad drainage and polluted water.

THE *Christian Herald* last week contained a picture and a story of a "Sceptic" converted by his "dying child," the silliness of which could scarcely be exceeded. This pious print boasts a circulation of 230,000; another proof of Carlyle's dictum that "This England of ours contains thirty millions of people—mostly fools."

MR. W. R. BRADLAUGH, who is described as "Brother of the Infidel Member of Parliament," is reported to have preached recently at Rotherham to a "crowded audience;" and it is added that "William Thompson, a leading sceptic, found peace in believing." Who is William Thompson?

TALMAGE says that "if we had everything just as we want it in this world, and all kindly and blissful surroundings, we would never aspire for heaven." True. People yearn

for heaven because ignorance, superstition, and oppression make them miserable here.

MOODY AND SANKEY are still preaching and singing in Newcastle. Sankey appears to be the favorite. Some of the Tynesiders listen to his songs and close their ears to his partner's sermons. Moody is in a dreadful way about the working men of England, "ninety per cent. of whom never enter the house of God," and he warns us that every nation which dishonors the Sabbath is going to ruin. What does he say to France?

THE Rev. F. Pigou, vicar of Halifax, is sadly perturbed by the thought that "an avowed Atheist should be returned for the Parliament of a professedly Christian nation," and he suggests that we should appoint a day of humiliation for our sins. What a fuss about a trifle! Is one Atheist going to pull down the throne of Omnipotence? Or does the vicar of Halifax think that the Almighty needs his aid against the member for Northampton?

"MR. SPURGEON," says a religious paper, "thoroughly delights in kicking, cuffing and belaboring Modern Thought." Modern Thought can stand a lot of that. Mr. Spurgeon, after all, only represents shop-keeping Dissent, which is intellectually the most feeble element in the country.

THE *Christian World* thinks that the Atheist's revolt against the doctrine of deity springs from selfishness and a contracted view of things. "The Atheistic wiseacre," says this sapient print, "having fallen into a ditch, forthwith concludes that heaven and earth are clothed in darkness." Strange as it may seem to the *C. W.*, it is nevertheless a fact, that it is the misery and the degradation of so many of his fellows, even more than his own sorrows, which make the Atheist scorn the pretension of an all-good God.

ANOTHER case of religious bigotry. Mr. William Roberts, schoolmaster of the Bakewell Union, has been defeated in his candidature for the Union Mastership because he was suspected of "supporting Bradlaugh." That set the *Guardians* against him, although the local paper praises his conscientiousness and ability. The successful candidate was a sergeant of the Grenadier Guards, and there can be little doubt that his orthodoxy is unimpeachable both in religion and in politics.

THE parish church of Morfil, in Pembrokeshire, is in a sad state. The roof and the doors are gone, and the sexton has often to drive out the four-legged sheep before the two-legged ones can enter. Some months ago a farmer reared a sickly calf in the pulpit. Was that the parson?

THE Salvationists go in for red-hot shot against the Devil, but we should suppose him to be careless about the temperature of their missiles. He's used to hell.

WE have received a copy of "The Infidel Silenced." It is a pity the sender wasn't careful and honest as well as pious. We object to paying postage for rubbish.

THE Rev. James Aiken, superintendent minister of the Primitive Methodists in the Hanley circuit, was last Monday fined £10 and costs for purloining a snuff-box from Peter Perry, landlord of the "Waggon and Horses" Inn. He pleaded in defence that he only meant to get one made like it. He might have said that he only imitated the example of God's chosen people in spoiling the Egyptians.

AN army colonel, speaking at a Tory meeting in Battersea, said that Mr. Gladstone was like St. Paul, a gifted and misguided man. Much learning had made him mad. Was the colonel suffering from the effects of heavy dining? Was it a case of *in vino veritas*?

THE Hon. R. A. Arundel delivered a wonderful little speech at the Yarcombe agricultural meeting in proposing the toast of "The Bishop and Clergy." He opined that the coming battle was one between religion and infidelity. Step by step infidelity was increasing, and the question of the day would soon be whether our children should be taught religion or be brought up as infidels. The remedy for infidelity was in his opinion a State Church, which is about as efficacious as the quack's pills to cure earthquakes. This bucolic orator of

course had a fling at Mr. Gladstone for "backing up a man who was a proclaimed infidel, one who paraded his disbelief in the Almighty." After this the Premier had better see about removing his furniture from Downing Street.

The *Newcastle Chronicle* is puffing Moody and Sankey in the most shameless manner. A few days ago it declared that they had received "an application from Birmingham, signed by 200 ministers, 77 of whom are clergymen of the Church of England." Now, the total number of clergymen in Birmingham is only 65, and the Nonconformist ministers number only about 85. Joseph Cowen's paper has been doing its utmost for some years to debauch the public mind of Newcastle, but it has reached the lowest depth of degradation in playing touter to the Yankee revivalists.

In a Birmingham Gospel Hall two Sundays ago a discourse was delivered on the lively subject of "The Devil out for a holiday while his church is whitewashed." Where's the church? And who took the whitewashing contract? We are anxious for information.

GOD is no respecter of persons, but a Clifton vicar holds confirmation classes for "ladies" and "women."

The following, from *Old Jonathan*, is a very good specimen of the pious yarn:

"ATHEISM AND ITS DOOM.

"It happened at Port Royal, in Jamaica, that two young men were at dinner with Jonathan Dickinson and divers other people of account in the world, and they were speaking about earthquakes, there having been one in that place formerly. These two young men argued that earthquakes, and all other things, came by nature, and denied a supernatural power, or deity, inasmuch that many, surprised at such wicked discourse, and being ashamed of their company, left it; and, at the same time, the earth shook and trembled exceedingly, as though astonished at such treason against its Sovereign and Creator, whose footstool it is; and, when the earth thus moved, the company which remained were so astonished that some ran one way and some another, but these two Atheistical young men remained in the room, and Jonathan Dickinson with them, he believing that the providence of Almighty God could preserve him there if He pleased, and if not, that it was in vain to fly; but the hand of God smote these two young men, so that they fell down; and, as Jonathan said, he laid one on a bed and the other on a couch, and they never spoke more, but died soon after."

Brother Jonathan is a capital hand at drawing the longbow, but *Old Jonathan* licks creation in that line. We are ready to back him against all comers, bar the *Christian Herald*.

TWO TEACHERS.

"TAKE therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."—*Jesus*, Matt. vi., 34.

"If a man will take no thought about what is distant, he will find sorrow near at hand."—*Confucius*, Lun-Yu bk. xv., c. 11, Legge's Translation.

THE GOSPEL MIRACLES.

IN No. 14 of your well-abused paper "Lucianus" starts a theory that the Christian miracles should be considered as "padding" to enliven the narratives and teaching of the evangelists. He ascribes to their being novices in the art of romance writing the fact of the "padding" being so palpably overdone. Now, I do not think it incumbent on a Freethinker, when he finds that these stories are without sufficient evidence to prove them, to set up any theory whatever to account for their origin. But the suggestion of "Lucianus" seems to derive some countenance from the unoriginality of most of these stories. Just as new accounts of our old friend the sea serpent periodically turn up in "the silly season," so the gospel miracles are for the most part revised versions of older legends. The birth from a virgin had been alleged of Plato and Buddha. The fast for forty days and nights of Moses and Elijah. Gautama had been tempted by the evil spirit Mara before becoming the Buddha. Krishna had been transfigured and had shown himself in his God-like form to his disciple Arjuna. Devil-exorcists were as common in that age as theological quacks in this. Moses had been said to cross the Red Sea dryshod, so Jesus must still a tempest and walk on water. Elisha had fed one hundred, and restored the Shunamite's son; so Jesus must feed five thousand, and raise the widow's son and the daughter of Jairis. "As Jonah was three days and three nights in the whale's belly so must the son of man be three days and three nights (i.e. from Friday night till Sunday morn) in the heart of the earth."—Yours in the cause of emancipation
APISTOS.

JOHN CALVIN.

[Calvin and Servetus had maintained an amicable correspondence for 16 years, when on certain doctrinal points Servetus argued so successfully as to engender Calvin's jealous hatred. On the strength of these private letters, and other papers obtained by Calvin in no honorable way, Servetus was arrested, but escaped from prison, and resolved to retire to Naples. He took his route through Geneva. Calvin set the authorities upon him, and he was again arrested on a charge of heresy and blasphemy, the main charge being: "That in the person of Mr. Calvin, minister of the word of God in the Church of Geneva, he had defamed the doctrine that is preached, uttering all imaginable injurious and blasphemous words against it." Calvin was the accuser, and according to law he would have been required to surrender himself to abide the penalty should the charge be proved false. Calvin sent his domestic in his place. Servetus after enduring a painful imprisonment was condemned to be burnt alive on the 27th October, 1553. Historians are agreed that the dreadful sentence was pronounced at the instigation of Calvin.]

"Oh wretched man! will not my goods and gold
Buy wood enough to end my misery?
Still, still I live, and yet the hours have rolled
A century of torment over me."

So died for Truth, Servetus, hunted down
By Protestant Reformers Calvin-led;
Oh fools! ye gave to him a fiery crown—*
A crown of glory that will never fade!

John Calvin, trusted friend! oh can it be
That everything but hate is now forgot?
Then wallow in thy depth of infamy,
More foul and loathsome than Iscariot.

Thy cruel creed is swept into the night—
The brutal outcome of a brutal mind;
But what is lost in quenching this one light,
Through all the rolling years we may not find.

Because this man is great, as thou art small,
His name is far above thy poisonous breath;
Thy spirit cannot keep thy soul in thrall,
Servetus lives! and thou hast died the death!

Triumphant satire, laugh with lip of scorn!
Geneva! home of Reformation! thou
For Truth's sake slayest Truth; now sit forlorn,
Betrayed! Coward! blazoned on thy brow.

L. J. NICOLSON.

THE ORTHODOX PULPIT.—SERMON III.

"Jehoiachin was eight years old when he began to reign, and he reigned three months and ten days in Jerusalem, and he did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord."—2 Chron. xxxvi., 9.

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHERN,—Holy Writ does not inform us what were the particular offences of this juvenile and short-reigned king. Perhaps he pilfered the sacred offerings to the priests, or perhaps he derided God's holy ministers. He was evidently a wicked little sinner, and we must not suppose that because God winked at the ignorance of the Athenians (Acts xvii., 30) that he overlooks little sinners. "Whosoever shall keep the whole law and yet offend in one point he is guilty of all," saith the brother of the Lord (Jas. ii., 10). So in the all-seeing eye of Jehovah, Jehoiachin (yea, every little sinner that ever breathed) was guilty of all the abominations so fully described and proscribed by the Jewish law. In these piping days of peace juvenile offenders find sentimental pleaders. But hearken to the words of the God of Sabaoth, "Awake, O sword, against my shepherd and against the man that is my fellow, saith the LORD of hosts; smite the shepherd and the sheep shall be scattered; and I will turn my hand upon the little ones" (Zech. xiii., 7) Do we not read how he laid his hand upon the little children who called Elisha "baldhead," by sending two she-bears out of a wood to tear forty-two of them? (2 Kings ii., 24). We need not suppose that these forty-two were wicked above all others any more than the eighteen upon whom the tower of Siloam fell (Luke xiii., 4). All children are "born in sin and shapen in iniquity!" The wisest man the world e'er saw tells parents not to spare the rod: "Chasten thy son, and let not thy soul spare for his crying" (Prov. xix., 18). It is true Solomon's own son did not turn out very well, but this was probably because attention to seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines did not permit him to flagellate his son as effectively as he desired. Before leaving the subject of the Divine dealings with children, brethren, I may call your attention to the fact that the revisers of the New Testament read in the margin of Matt. xxv., 31, *kids* for "goats" whence we may infer that, according to this reading, while the saints, the sheep, who go to life eternal are all adults, the sinners, the kids, who go to everlasting punishment, are all little ones. And, indeed, the blessed Calvin tells us that there are children in hell not a span long. Let us pray.
JEHOSEPHAT GRIMES.

* Sulphur was actually put round his head to add horror to the scene.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Mr. FOOTE will lecture to-day (Sunday, November 13th), at the Hall of Science: morning, "The Land, the Lords and the People;" evening, "Hebrew Old Clothes."

MR. FOOTE'S ENGAGEMENTS.

November 20th Sheffield; 22nd, Walworth; 26th and 27th, Manchester; 28th, Hyde Eclectic Institute.

December 4th, Huddersfield; 11th, Claremont Hall, London; 18th, Rotherham.

January 5th, 12th, 19th, 26th, and 29th Hall of Science, London; 8th, Bradford; 15th, Rochdale; 22nd, Halifax.

March 5th, Claremont Hall, London.

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ALL business communications to be addressed to Mr. W. J. RAMSEY, 28, Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.

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THE Reverend George Bishop sends us another nagging letter which we do not feel justified in inflicting on our readers. It contains no reply to any article or paragraph that has appeared in the *Freethinker*, but consists of querulous complaints of our editorial policy. We again state, once for all, that our object is not to please Christians. The way in which the *Freethinker* is edited is our business. People who don't like it can cease buying it and save a penny a week. Or if they must spend the money, there is the *Shield of Faith*, or the *Christian Herald*, or the *War Cry* to be bought. Mr. Bishop has had his say, and we do not see what reason he has for complaint.

W. R. GRIGG.—We are always pleased to receive such cuttings.

SEEKER AFTER TRUTH.—Mr. Symes is, we believe, quite recovered. Many, like yourself, relish his sermons. The little Bible problem you refer to has been noted and dealt with before.

N. HALL.—Thanks

NEO PHILISTINE.—Received with thanks.

SUBSCRIBERS who receive their *Freethinker* in a colored wrapper are thereby notified that their subscriptions need renewing.

J. T.—The verses have frequently been reprinted.

MR. FOOTE'S "Bible Romances" are being continued monthly. The first two numbers of the Second Series are now ready—"Daniel and the Lions" and "The Jew Judges."

W. GROVE.—Jules Soury's volume in the International Freethought Library would be useful.

W. BARTLETT.—The paper has not reached us.

V. CONDASAWMI.—Nothing would be gained by enclosing the two papers in one wrapper.

R. H., Bilston.—It is best to order through a newsagent.

SUGAR PLUMS.

DR. CARPENTER, in his lecture on "Nature and Law" at Glasgow last Sunday, said that "He had heard a very distinguished man—the late Professor Clifford, whose loss they all deplored, and whose pure life and high aims they must all admire—he had heard him state, not only that there was no need for a God in the universe, but that there was no room for a God in the universe. The laws of Nature accounted for everything, and to go beyond them was trying to put something into a vessel that was already full."

THIS statement horrified poor Dr. Carpenter; at least he said so to the Glasgow folk. Dr. Carpenter's feelings are a matter of small importance, but it is gratifying to know that he is doing something to acquaint common people with the fact that accomplished, able and good Atheists actually exist in the world.

THE *Church Standard* notices with alarm that "Gambetta is an Atheist, and so are his political friends." This is no new discovery, but we are glad to see the statement in a pious print. It will be an eye-opener to some good Christians.

WE are sure that our readers will enjoy this plucky retort on the Bishop of Manchester by the *Hulme Gazette*:—

"Secularism has no help from the State or God, it has no great churches nor has it the £10,000,000 per annum to fight with as the Church of England has; it has not the £5,000,000 which the dissenters have, it has not influence in 'high places.' It cannot enter the jails, asylums, and infirmaries; it cannot hang up at railway stations its texts, nor lay its books on the tables to propagate its views; it cannot have an organisation like the British and Foreign Bible Society, nor can it have the useful aid of money to convert the heathen. The people who profess the secular opinions are scouted and traduced by the leaders of Christianity, and they cannot obtain justice in the law courts and never could. Yet these people are feared. They are so interesting that their doings occupy the time of Church Conferences and Congresses. What explanation is offered of this?"

The religious census taken at Newcastle the very day the many churchmen were there shows that fewer people attend places of worship now than in 1851. The same discovery was made at Liverpool. How is this? Can the Bishop explain it? The bankruptcies amongst clergymen are as bad as the worst cases amongst tradesmen. The Church cannot stand up with cleaner hands than other people. We have not any angry words for any class of men, from sweeps to bishops. We must, in truth, defend all classes, even if we fall under the curse of a conference of bishops and clergy. Not one newspaper in each hundred in this kingdom will or dare lift up its voice on the side of the traduced and much-abused Secularists. Silence is cowardly and criminal."

THE Greeks do not seem an ungrateful people. They have just unveiled a statue of Byron on the spot where he died. The ceremony was imposing and the populace very enthusiastic.

It is rumoured that important passages of Shelley's biography are soon to be published for the first time.

ATHEISTIC SONNETS.

By John Rowell Waller, F.R.H.S., Author of "Unstrung Links," "Wayside Flowers," "Rambles and Musings," "Men we Meet," etc.

XI.—HOLY GHOST.

Dread shadow of a god; inspiring sprite!
Whose presence flashed athwart th' unfinished light,
When first this globe from dark chaotic flood
Sprang into being at the beck of god;
How well thy inspiration can defy
Man's puny thought,—the evolution lie,—
And all things reasonable men may teach
Against the holy trash thy zealots preach;
But ah! great phantom, bogie of the fool,
We Atheists come not 'neath thy ghostly rule.
Freed from thy yoke, we smile upon the cant
That asks of thee the thousand things men want;
From press and platform goes the sceptic shout,
"Look to thy laurels ghost, for truth is out."

MUSINGS BY A WOULD-BE PHILOSOPHER.

No. III.—INSANITY.

PROFESSOR NEWMAN's able pamphlet "What is Christianity without Christ?" and the work of Jules Soury on "Jesus and the Gospels," have combined to call attention to the view that the Founder of Christianity was insane. This is by no means a new theory, since it was put forward by his friends. "He is beside himself," said they (Mark iii., 21), and many of the Jews said, "He hath a devil and is mad" (John x., 20). If the insanity of Jesus was perfectly incontestable, I opine that it would not altogether settle the question of the worth of his teaching, any more than to demonstrate that Mahomet was an epileptic solves the problem of his great personal influence, or of how he wrote the Koran. Judged by the ordinary criticism of nineteenth century life, Gautama, Isaiah, the author of the "Bhagvat Gita," Jeanne d'Arc, Francis d'Assisi, George Fox, Emanuel Swedenborg, William Blake, and a host of others, were all insane. But the very mention of such names suggests a question as to the adequacy of the ordinary criticism. The utterances of men like Carlyle, Ruskin, and Hugo are often enough spoken of as foolish and absurd by critics whose method reminds us of plumbing the ocean with a two-foot rule. Jesus was a poet and a mystic. The poet needs a poet as interpreter. The mystic must be judged by those who know his plane of vision. Whoever says "poet" says "fool," writes Hugo; and with equal truth it may be said: whoever says "mystic" says "madman." Yet the profoundly sceptical and sane Schopenhauer declares there is no more marvellous fact in history than the points of agreement between mystics. Charles Lamb in his paper on "The Sanity of True Genius," asserts a truth, but not the whole truth. Sanity is simply the balance of the faculties, and as few are perfectly balanced few are perfectly sane. The balance may be destroyed by an overweight of the higher qualities as well as of the lower ones. There is an insanity that rises above the common level as well as an imbecility that sinks beneath it. The faith of Jesus may have been of the former kind, but we can, in these days, affirm with far more certainty that the faith of his followers comes within the latter category.

DAIB.

FREETHOUGHT GLEANINGS.

THE SPIRIT OF THE BIBLE.—It is not sufficient to appeal from the letter of the Bible to its spirit; indeed the one "kills," but even the other is no longer life and truth to us. The spirit of the Bible is not the spirit of our time; it is not the light that illumines our path and points to our goal.—*Dr. M. M. Kalisch, Ph.D.M.A.* "Theology of the Past and the Future," p. 46.

MOHAMETANS AND CHRISTIANS.—Had the Saracens been infected with the same odious spirit of persecution that possessed the Crusaders, there would not, perhaps, have remained a single Christian in that part of the world. But though these infidels were chargeable with various crimes, and had frequently treated the Christians in a rigorous and injurious manner, yet they looked with horror on those scenes of persecution which the Latins exhibited as the exploits of heroic piety, and considered it as the highest and most atrocious mark of cruelty and injustice, to force unhappy men, by fire and sword, to abandon their religious principles, or put them to death merely because they refused to change their opinions.—*Mosheim.* "Ecclesiastical History," vol. iii., p. 12.

RELIGIONS AND THE AGE.—When a religion is separated from its time and the progress of its time it perishes! It is impossible that a liberal age should harmonise with an epoch of absolutism in religion; an age in which the living conscience is progressive, and a religion drawn from departed traditions; an age of right, and a religion of compulsion; an age which unfolds itself to study all sciences, and a religion which closes itself against everything which is not theological; in such a condition, in a crisis so fearful and supreme, either the people become fossilised like the Moors, who never change their fatalism; or religions decay and disappear, as disappeared the pagan religion, when on account of its sensual character it could not satisfy the spiritual thirst awakened in the soul by sad misfortunes and consciousness of having been deceived, and by the sublime truths of immortal philosophy.—*Emilio Castelar.* "Old Rome and New Italy," p. 215.

CHARACTER OF A FANATIC.—Saint Paul was thought by Festus to be mad with too much learning, but the fanatics of our times are mad with too little. He chooses himself one of the elect, and packs a committee of his own party to judge the twelve tribes of Israel. He calls his own supposed abilities "gifts," and disposes of himself like a foundation designed to pious uses, although, like others of the same kind they are always diverted to other purposes. He owes all his "gifts" to his ignorance, as beggars do the alms they receive to their poverty. He is but a puppet saint, that moves, he knows not how, and his ignorance is the dull, leaden weight that puts all his parts in motion. His outward man is a saint and his inward man a reprobate; for he carries his vices in his heart and his religion in his face.—*Samuel Butler,* author of "Hudibras."

WAKING GOD UP.—*Dr. Justus Jonas* asked me if the thoughts and words of the prophet Jeremiah were Christian-like when he cursed the day of his birth. I said, "We must now and then wake up our Lord God with such words."—*Martin Luther,* "Table Talk," No. 320, p. 153, Bell ed., 1878.

THE LAST OF THE MYTHOLOGIES.—I am confident that a brighter day is coming for future generations. Our race has been as Adam created at nightfall. The solid earth has been but dark, or dimly visible, while the eye was inevitably drawn to the mysterious heavens above. There the successive mythologies have arisen in the east, each a constellation of truths, each glorious and fervently worshipped in its course; but the last and noblest, the Christian, is now not only sinking to the horizon, but paling in the dawn of a brighter time. The dawn is unmistakable; and the sun will not be long in coming up. The last of the mythologies is about to vanish before the flood of a brighter light.—*Harriet Martineau,* "Autobiography," vol. ii., p. 460.

ORIGINAL SIN.—As an excuse for tyranny, as a justification of slavery, the Church has taught that man is totally depraved. Of the truth of that doctrine the Church has

furnished the only evidence there is. The truth is we are both good and bad. The worst are capable of some good deeds, and the best are capable of bad. The lowest can rise, and the highest may fall. That mankind may be divided into two great classes, sinners and saints, is an utter falsehood. In times of great disaster, called it may be by the despairing voices of women, men, denounced by the Church as totally depraved, rush to death as to a festival. By such men deeds are done so filled with self-sacrifice and generous daring, that millions pay them the tribute, not only of admiration, but of tears. Above all creeds, above all religions, after all is that divine thing, Humanity; and now and then on the wide wild sea, or mid the rocks and breakers of some cruel shore, or where the serpents of flame writhe and hiss, some glorious heart, some chivalric soul does a deed that glitters like a star, and gives the lie to all the dogmas of superstition.—*Ingersoll,* "Breaking the Fetters."

THE BIBLE AND VEGETARIANISM.

"A PRIMITIVE METHODIST" sends a letter to the *Eastern Morning News*, in reply to a minister of that body who had been advocating the practice of vegetarianism on Scriptural grounds. He says:—"I don't profess to be learned in the Scriptures, because I am a Primitive Methodist, and our preachers spend their time in getting folks converted, and, when converted, in teaching them from the Bible that it's their duty to support preachers; but after all, I've picked up a bit about Bible teaching. Now the Bible shows clearly to my mind that when King Nebuchadnezzar sinned against the Almighty, as a punishment for his sins, for the space of seven years he was compelled to be a vegetarian, and had to eat grass, peas, beans, turnips, etc., like the rest of vegetarians. Then in the case of Peter, the New Testament shows that when the Almighty provided refreshments for famishing Peter they were not boiled turnips, stewed peas, or roast onions, but that they consisted of animal flesh; and when Peter, like foolish vegetarians, said he did not eat the flesh of unclean animals, his Lord and Master said, 'Don't call anything unclean that I have provided for man's food.' Then look at the Prodigal's return. Did the happy father say when he saw his long-lost son return, 'Bring forth the largest cabbage and let us boil it, or go into the field and pull the biggest turnip, and let us be merry?' Oh no, "but let the fatted calf be killed, and let us eat and be merry." Who could imagine men, and especially Primitive Methodists, being merry over peas, turnips and onions."

A WIFE'S CREED.

My Will believes no priest,
No churches, creeds nor prayers;
But every man, aye, every beast,
His love and succour shares.

He don't believe in God,
Or that above he'll fly
When underneath the chilly sod
His body low doth lie.

Yet he has faith in good
Down here within his ken,
And in a band of brotherhood
Would link his fellow-men.

The issue who can tell?
The final judgment, who?
But if my Will is sent to hell
I want to go there too.

JESSIE.

DR. PARKER'S STYLE.

THE Congregationalists of Ilkley had a lively time of it when Dr. Parker came down amongst them the other day, and let out his bellowquence upon them. When he made a start, after the preliminary hymn had been sung, he astonished the natives greatly. As the musical echoes died away in the upper air, he gave out his text, "And he lodged at the house of one Simon—(awful pause)—a tanner!" (an octave higher). Then he placed his finger tips together and looked round. (Surely he was not bashful). Then another sentence, after which, with a familiar, defiant, jaunty air (no, he wasn't bashful), he put out one of the lights. (Note, the glasses had been precautionarily removed.) Another sentence, then ditto the second light. Then a further pause. Then he seized the Book, and, gesticulating wildly, in a rising key, flapped and twirled the leaves fiercely, and shouted "This book!" then put it suddenly down. "Ah," he said, after the delivery of one of his master-strokes "I thought that would make you smile; you would have laughed outside." The collection was all right at the end, however.—*The Yorkshireman.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ATHEISTIC PULPIT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "FREETHINKER."

SIR,—I am not like the parsons in the opposite pulpit, offended at criticisms, nor am I above replying to my critics.

1. I beg to assure D. R. that I carefully weigh my words before using them; hence it is exceeding rare for me to have to withdraw what I venture to say.

2. I have studied Christianity far more than it deserves, and understand it is well as most persons I know.

3. I speak from conviction after long years of painful study and thought.

4. No man in the country is more under the sway of "reason, propriety, and reverence" (for worthy objects) than I am.

5. My "motto is not general ruin." D. R. speaks with stupid rashness in saying it is. Will he justify or retract the statement?

6. I do not believe D. R. knows what he worships—unless it is some physical thing; and I challenge him to describe it. Spirit, in the orthodox sense, has no sense at all. When spirit ceases to be physical it becomes nothing; when people cease to worship the physical, their gods become nothing. A fetish worshipper knows more about his deity than all Christians do about theirs. D. R. forgets that Christians "walk by faith, not by sight;" and though they talk of seeing the "invisible," that is only an unconscious joke.

7. Jesus taught nothing new about god, gods, or goddesses.

8. I have not misunderstood his character, though many others have. He was utterly selfish, inhuman, egotistic—a man (if not a myth) to whom the world owes nothing good, but much evil. I only refer to the gospels and the rest of the new Testament—to the Bible I always turn when I attack Christianity.

9. Jesus never met with anyone who put him in any difficulty or opposed him, without threatening them with pains and penalties. And therefore I assume that a Freethinker would have been badly treated by him if fully in his hands. If D. R. wants the character of Jesus, let him read the New Testament without prejudice, as I have done.

10. If I had written the Bible, there would have been ten times as much order and good arrangement in it; and I should have omitted most of the rubbish and wickedness it now contains. It would have been a good thing if the Holy Ghost had made me his literary executor, with *carte blanche*, as to what of his "remains" I should publish and what not. The Bible in that case would have been a decent and reputable book, fit to be read in churches or in families; and it would give no support or countenance to priestcraft, kingcraft, or other wicked thing. I will undertake this literary task now, if the Holy Ghost wishes me.

11. D. R. cannot have read either my sermon or the New Testament very carefully, or he would not ask for proof of "two fathers," etc. I put it to him thus:—Jesus, according to orthodoxy was the Son of God the Father from all eternity. There you have one Son and one Father, haven't you? Luke says (and other gospels, etc., support him) that Jesus was the Son of God, but God the Holy Ghost. Now, in the first place, he was the Son of God the Father; there you have God the Father and God the Son. Then he became the Son of the Holy Ghost, who then of course became the second God the Father, or he could not have had a Son. Here we have two God the Fathers, surely. And Jesus, who was thus the Son of the two different Fathers must have really been two different Sons. Well, the first Father is one person, the first Son two; the second Father (Holy Ghost) the third; the second Son (Jesus Christ) the fourth; and Mary and the Holy Ghost are six. Can't you see it, D. R.? If not, a profane joke is evidently too much for you.

I hope D. R. will have something solid to say the next time he ventures into print. The idea of talking seriously about gods now-a-days!

J. STYMS.

MR. HATCHARD'S PROMISES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "FREETHINKER."

DEAR SIR,—The Rev. Mr. Hatchard has been talking a deal about the debate that he had with Mrs. Besant at the Hall of Science, some twelve months ago, but I cannot gather whether he has forgotten the promise he made on three occasions, the first time being during the debate. He promised to send some books to the library of the Central London Branch of the National Secular Society, but has never sent them, although they were to be sent within a few days.—Yours truly,

J. T. RAMSEY, Librarian.

"O, DISCLOSE THY LOVELY FACE!"—A young Wesleyan minister, who is still in their ranks, was preaching in a northern town, his sweetheart, with her veil down, sitting opposite the pulpit in company with a female companion. The sermon was over, and the young Levite proceeded to give out the hymn, "O, disclose thy lovely face," etc., when quick as thought, the female companion, turning to the "elect lady," whispered in her ear, "Pull up your veil, Miss —."

BLASTS FROM THE NORTH.

"And a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind."
—1 Kings xix., 11.

PASSING down the High Street, Sunderland, the other evening, I heard a terrific drumming and howling noise, and was beginning to wonder what it could be, when a man on the side walk said to a companion, "Here's the Salvation Army coming, keep your hand on your money and look close after your watch!" A very thoughtful and necessary precaution.

A person named Sexton has been trying to defend Christianity at this stirring northern seaport. This is the same Sexton who "did" the Shiney Row Methodists. As a "defender of the faith" he is an eminent failure. He had very spare audiences.

A Mr. W. R. Bradlaugh, who tries to gain notice by his relationship to the editor of the *National Reformer*, gave two or three lectures in the little town of Houghton-le-Spring some time ago. The pious ones got round an Atheistic friend of mine, and after talking to him gently, gave him some of W. R. Bradlaugh's tracts. Meeting my friend a few days after, one of the faithful asked, "Well! William, what do you think of Mr. Bradlaugh's reasons 'Why I am a Christian'?" "Well!" replied William, "I see he gives only three weighty reasons: First, because his father was a Christian; second, because his mother was a Christian; third, because his brother isn't." Collapse of the pious one.

They have persecuting bigots in Houghton-le-Spring. Anthony Hamilton, an earnest and intelligent Atheist, moved the *National Reformer* for the colliery reading-room, and John Turnbull seconded the motion. Both men lost their employment, but they won their motion.

THE North country parsons are still doing the great "Harvest Thanksgiving" trick, although this is November. After the Lord has kept them waiting till patience is almost exhausted, and then given them nothing to thank him for, yet they cannot resist the temptation of having their usual "draw."

As the farmers in this neighborhood are now taking up their potatoes, it is more than half hinted that a "Potatoo Thanksgiving" would make a pretty good "draw." The parsons might work it into a paying job at collection time; besides, by getting gratuitous "offerings" from agricultural Cains, every pastor might be able to lay in a winter's stock of "spuds."

ACCORDING to Mother Shipton we may expect the Last Day at least within two months. If you think, Mr. Editor, that Jesus won't come for you, just drop a line at the foot of these notes, and you may go up with—

THE NORTH WIND.

PROFANE JOKES.

BIBLIANA AT THE SABBATH SCHOOL.—"Who was Lot's wife?" "The pillar of salt that Jacob lay his head on after he came down from mount Sinai to offer up his son Isaac because his strength lay in his hair after fasting forty days and nights in the belly of a whale according to the scriptures."

A REALLY most amusing tale
Is that of Jonah and the whale;
A merry one the time to pass
Is that of Balaam and his ass;
Another that is somewhat odd
Is Mary giving birth to God;
While for a neatly rounded fib
There's mother Eve from Adam's rib.

A WORD to the wise is sufficient. A minister made an interminable call upon a lady of his acquaintance. Her little daughter who was present grew weary of his conversation, and whispered in an audible tone, "Did'nt he bring his amen with him?"

"WHAT constitutes the chief happiness of your life?" asked a serious Sunday-school teacher. She blushed, and then replied, "It is that John has at last fixed the day."

THAT was a good, though rather an irreverent pun which was made by an Edinburgh student when he asked:—"Why is Prof. — the great revivalist of the age?" and, on all "giving it up," said—"Because at the end of every sermon there is a great awakening."

"YES, Job suffered some," said an Illinois deacon, "but he never knew what it was to have his team run away and kill his wife right in the busy season, when hired girls want three dollars a week."

THE Catholics have the advantage of Protestants in some of their theological dogmas. They believe in purgatory, which is an exceedingly convenient stopping place, but Protestants are compelled to go further and fare worse.

MARY and Jeany, two country lasses, were discussing their new minister. "D'ye ken what he puts me in mind o'?" said Mary; and then archly answered, "Just o' a kiss frae a body ye dinna like."

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South Place Institute, South Place, Finsbury.—SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 13th, at Seven o'clock, a LECTURE will be delivered by H. J. SLACK, Esq., F.G.S., on "Human Perfectibility from the Naturalist's Point of View." Followed by "HEAR MY PRAYER," and other Selections. Madame Alice Barth, Miss Jessie Bond (by permission of R. D'Oyly Carte, Esq.), and Mr. H. Walsham. Full Band and Chorus. Conductor, Dr. J. W. Bernhardt. Tickets at the doors, 6d. and 1s.—Nov. 20, No Lecture, in consequence of the Building being let to the People's Concert Society. Nov. 27th, Lecture by Sir Arthur Hobbhouse, P.C., Q.C. Followed by "Hymn of Praise."—National Sunday League, Office, 15, Bloomsbury Street, W.C. HENRY SAVERAUX, Secretary.

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