

PROSECUTED FOR BLASPHEMY.

THE FREETHINKER.

EDITED BY G. W. FOOTE.

Sentenced to Twelve Months' Imprisonment for Blasphemy.

Interim Editor, EDWARD B. AVELING, D.Sc., Fellow of University College, London.

William James Ramsey, as Proprietor, sentenced to Nine Months' Imprisonment; and Henry Arthur Kemp, as Printer and Publisher, sentenced to Three Months' Imprisonment:

Vol. IV.—No. 1.]

JANUARY 6, 1884.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

A CHRISTMAS VISIT TO G. W. FOOTE.

ON Thursday, December 27, I exchanged such Christmas greetings, as the nature of the circumstances allowed, with our friend in prison. It was impossible to hope he had passed a pleasant Christmas. It was possible to wish and predict a year coming that would be happy, except for the bitter memory of the twelve months past, and successful beyond all our calculations and even all our hopes.

George William Foote is as firm, as hearty as ever. His health keeps at the same level—not, I fear, despite his cheery way of speaking, a very lively one. He is full of projects, and has again and again to check himself with the remembrance that official ears are listening, when he is on the point of unbosoming himself as to the many schemes for troubling the foe that are teeming in his active brain. I only wish every Freethinker could see his face set in that prison frame, and note the eagerness with which it lights up as the thought of the work he is going to do comes to mind. If any stimulus were needed to the energies of an unbeliever, it would be forthcoming there.

The *Freethinker*, *Progress*, his new weekly political paper, his lectures, all are discussed rapidly and clearly. As to the lectures, a most important change is desired by him. He feels doubtful as to the effect upon him of his release, and of a day's, or even one evening's, hard and excited work. He remembers that the trial before Lord Coleridge exhausted him, and we must remember that since then months have elapsed of monotonous and weakening confinement. Hence he has decided not to lecture until March 5 (Wednesday) at the Hall of Science, and to undertake no lecture-engagements out of London after March 23. Every country engagement after the Plymouth one, on the last-named date, is therefore cancelled.

When he is released and sees how his strength is, he will himself make all arrangements; and it is unnecessary to say that the towns whose engagements are thus temporarily cancelled, will have his earliest attention. He desires, however, to leave his hands quite free after March.

He told me to say that he was sorry not to have been able to issue a Christmas Number for 1883. He has plenty of material. In its place, he purposes bringing out a Special Holiday Number in 1884, and at Christmas next a specially strong number.

Our friend desires that if any preparations are made to receive him on his release (what an "if!") they may take the same form as on the occasion of W. J. Ramsey's exit. He would not like any addition to the simplicity of the arrangements on that memorable day. In less than two months he will be in our midst again, and for this we have neither to thank god nor his vicegerent in the Home Office, our virtuous Sir William Harcourt.

EDWARD B. AVELING.

AT WORK AGAIN.

WITH the New Year I am back to work at the old shop, very glad to be in harness once again. Ever since my release I have been shaking hands and exchanging greetings with warm-hearted friends. Everybody seems agreeably surprised to find that I am as strong and well as ever—they

expected to see me broken-down in health and physically wrecked. Friends have not ceased telling me how happily disappointed they are. The truth is, I take a great deal of killing, and, besides, I was determined that I would frustrate the efforts of our persecutors. It would have been a sweet delight to the loving and pious Christians of the City Corporation if I had succumbed to the miseries of my prison. "Justice" North would have said an extra lord's prayer or two. Lord Mayor Fowler would have said an additional grace between each plateful of turtle-soup at the next dinner of some City Company—paid for out of charities left for poor tradesmen. Tyler would have started a limited company for importing golden harps from heaven or brimstone from hell, or for some other pious purpose, and in the exuberance of his joy would have made himself a director, voted himself a heap of paid-up shares, and taken into his pocket no end of guinea fees. Sir Hardinge Giffard would have turned up the whites of his eyes in still more pious fashion than he did at the Old Bailey, and would have consoled himself with the reflexion that although he had been fighting Mr. Bradlaugh for seven years and been thoroughly beaten every time, yet the lord was at last good to him and had allowed him to help kill a Freethinker, and pocket a stiff fee into the bargain. He might perhaps in gladsome gratitude have—not invested in Tyler's shares; he is too knowing for that—but told somebody else to do so. The Christian Evidence (Manufacturing) Society would have held a special thanksgiving service, at which all its open-air lecturers would have assisted with sincerely heartfelt joy—for the esteem in which the Devil is supposed to hold holy water is as unbounded love when compared with the feelings which these lecturing "gentry" entertain towards myself.

One thing I can promise—that is, to do my best to earn the hatred of the persecuting bigots; I will do my best in season and out of season to damage the "accursed creed." Hard, bitter, wretched, miserable as my prison experience has been, it has not daunted me, and it never will. If more prosecutions come—well, so they must. I shall never go back nor stop my work.

Both Mr. Foote and myself will stand as candidates at the next School Board election—Mr. Foote for Finsbury, myself for Hackney. I have visited several of the Radical clubs in Hackney and have received enthusiastic assurances of support. If we are elected—and I think we are sure to be—we will pay off a little of the debt we owe the City Corporation, by dragging into the light some of the disgraceful robberies and jobberies in connexion with the endowed schools. We will try what two pairs of hands—nerved to strength by hatred—can do towards overturning their nest of civic corruption.

W. J. RAMSEY.

PETER ANNET ON THE RESURRECTION.

MOST popular among the answers to "Woolston on the Miracles" was "The Trial of the Witnesses," first published by Bishop Sherlock in 1729, and which quickly ran through fourteen editions. It was generally held to have completely overthrown Woolston's objections; and, indeed, did so most thoroughly from its own standpoint, which was an assumption of the accuracy of the gospel narratives. The problem then proposed to the unbeliever was this—Admit

that the gospels were written by the men whose names they bear, and who were thoroughly competent to speak of what they allege. Assume, further, that Christianity was accepted because its converts were won by a weight of evidence, and that the actual witnesses of miracles were ready to prove the sincerity of it by dying in attestation of these miracles, and what ground remains for disputing the Christian miracles?

Peter Annet, in replying to Sherlock, pointed out that "the conquest the trial seems to have over Mr. Woolston, was occasioned by his granting too much." Annet accordingly grants nothing. Supernatural tales from their inherent improbability must be accompanied by an extra weight of evidence. He says: "Should it be reported that the Archbishop of Canterbury, with his coach and horses, went over the Thames in the ferry from Lambeth to Palace Yard on a certain day, it might be credible; and Deists and Christians believe it alike, though the report be false. But, should it be affirmed that his grace's horses flew over the Thames, with the coach after them, even by the assistance of angels, I fear it would be incredible to those who are slow at heart to believe all that is written or reported, even though the bench of bishops had no more grace than to swear it. And why must we needs believe, on the bare report of unknown reporters, things seemingly as impossible or unlikely, because they are generally believed by those that never made any particular inquiry." Without the knowledge of modern criticism, which has demonstrated the unhistorical character of John and the Acts of the Apostles, and which enables us to confidently assign even for the synoptics a date long after the time of the occurrences they pretend to relate, Annet pointed out how little is known of the records, and who were the writers, or when or where they were first written, or that they are the same as at first, without corruption and innovation, but that we do know they were written after the event, probably long after, in a credulous age, and kept private for more than a century. "No such objections lie against profane or heathen as holy history. How can the incredible accounts, delivered we know not by whom, when, where, or how, be set on a level with probable facts, whose authors and writings have been generally allowed? What advances the credit of these, and lessens those, is the liberty always allowed to be taken with the one, but the danger there is in scrutinising the other?"

None the less, Annet's main objections to the alleged resurrection of Jesus are taken from the gospel narratives themselves. He dissects them and throughout shows their discrepancies. He argues that all the efforts of the concordance makers fail to remove inconsistencies so gross as to imply deliberate misstatement. If Jesus publicly predicted his resurrection, why did he not fulfil it in public? Did he promise it to be a sign of his mission to that generation, yet never show them the sign? Had it been publicly known to all Jerusalem that Jesus would rise on the third day, all Jerusalem would have expected to see him. The Jews said, "Let him come down from the cross and we will believe in him"; and would they not have believed in him if he had come up from the dead? "Is it probable," he asks, "that an extraordinary action done for an extraordinary end, and highly necessary to be known to mankind, should be so secretly done that no man saw it? That Jesus should require men to believe his disciples rather than their own senses; that he appeared in such a manner to his disciples, which scarce convinced themselves, yet sent them to convince the world! That he was with them forty days, yet never appeared but four times, or but now and then; and that he should not abide constant as before, nor be seen by others. That after the watch had spread lies about he did not show himself to the rulers nor the people to convince them of the contrary?"

Annet concludes that Jesus did not publicly predict his resurrection, and that in consequence the story of the watch having been set, is a fabrication. He further exposes this story by remarking that it is not credible that the watchmen should be almost killed by the miracle, yet deny its effects; nor that the Jewish rulers should believe it and hire the soldiers to deny that truth which they themselves believed; nor that either rulers or soldiers should think by so doing to conceal the consequence of a true resurrection.

Annet further points out the many contradictions as to the appearances of Jesus and gives in an appendix the different discrepant passages concerning the resurrection. It is quite absurd to suppose the gospel writers would so contradict themselves had they been dealing with facts or that the five

hundred witnesses spoken of by Paul would not have been referred to by the gospel writers if they had known of them. The only proof of them rests on his single testimony or of some other in his name, or of the greatest liar in the world—the Church of Rome.

J. M. WHEELER.

NEW YEAR — 1884.

With a smile and tear all tenderly,
Love thou old year in memory.
Midnight hath pealed, and from the street
Is borne the din of hurrying feet.
And singing voices clear and strong,
With grasp of hand and blended song,
Give happy greeting as they go,
With kindly heart to friend and foe.
"A good new year," the youth replies,
And hope is beaming in his eyes.
But old age smiles through gathering tears
"Ah me, how swiftly speed the years."
For, as from hill-top looking down
The city dwindles to a town.
So from the hill-tops of the years,
Is narrowed all life's hopes and fears.
But hark! that cry from o'er the sea
Of those who fight for liberty.
"Freedom!" they cried—and at the word,
Fire, Famine, Pestilence and Sword.
Swift followed where the tyrant trod,
And all the ground grew red with blood.
The heavens are louring black o'erhead,
The earth is covered with her dead.
And Furies in the battle lulls,
Leave every home a place of skulls.

Another cry is in the air,
From men and women in despair.
And little children day and night,
With fathers, mothers, join the fight.
They fight with ever-failing breath,
As only those who fight with Death.
And ever comes their battle-cry,
"Oh god, for bread, we die! we die!"
Starvation is their enemy,
Starvation claims the victory.
"Peace and goodwill to all mankind"—
A homeless echo on the wind.
With song and dance and kindly cheer,
We welcome in the new-born year.
This music wakens deeper chords,
The war of cannon, clash of swords.
And these, the sounds that fill their sky
Is Hunger's bitter, bitter cry.
Oh Christ of Nazareth, are these
The fruits of eighteen centuries?

L. J. NICOLSON.

FOLLOWERS OF JESUS

Scens I.—A London street; Christmas morning; snow deep on ground. Enter four men clad in smock-frocks, carrying caps in hand. They sing:—

We've got no work to do—oo—oo,
We've got no work to do—oo—oo;
We're all poor hungry, starving men,
And we've got no work to do.

Vicar comes out of Rectory.

Vicar (to men): Go away, my dear men—do. Don't make that noise outside of my house. I've got to prepare my sermon, and I can't do it if you make that dreadful noise. Don't you know that it is Christmas Day, the day upon which our lord was born.

1st Navvy: Of course we do, and that's why me and my mates are out here on this cold morning singing the blessed doctrines of Jesus.

Vicar: What do you say? Your impiety shocks me. How dare you say that your vulgar songs have anything to do with the teachings of my master?

1st Navy: Of course I do. Why, mates, here is a parson who don't understand the 'oly scriptures.

Chorus of Navvies: Good gracious!

1st Navy: Why, didn't Jesus say that we should "take no thought for the morrow." Well, we've taken no thought, and now "We've got no work to do," and we've come out to tell the people so, that we may collect a few pence.

Vicar: Disgraceful blasphemy! I have a good mind to give you all into custody.

2nd Navy: You daren't. We ain't a begging any more than you are when you send that cove of yours round with the plate after the sermon.

Vicar, in a fit of rage, strikes the navy on the right cheek.

1st Navy: Here, governor, here's the other cheek; just have a hit at that.

Vicar (in a perfect paroxysm of passion, clutches him by the throat and almost strangles him): How dare you to attempt to put my blessed master's teaching into practice. Soundrel, this is worse than all—for a navy, a dirty beggar of a navy, to have the barefaced impudence to instruct me as to my duty. Police-officer, here! I give these men into custody.

Constable: Yes, sir. What charge against 'em, sir?

Vicar: Blasphemy! Coarse, vulgar blasphemy.

Constable: Oh, ah! Blasphemy. See, what's that? It's something against your line of business, ain't it, sir?

Vicar: Never you mind what it is. Take these men into custody. The magistrate knows me, and he will be sure to find an act under which he can convict them. (*Exit Constables and Navvies.*)

Scene II.—Another street. A poor woman discovered sitting on the kerb with sickly child at her side. The woman has been singing a Christmas carol for the edification of the Christians residing in the street. Tired and exhausted by her effort, she has, as a last refuge, sought rest on the cold stones of the street, where she now sits hugging close to her breast her cold and almost starving child.

Rich Merchant (entering): I wonder what that miserable object is over there, seated on the kerb like a bundle of rags. I'll see. (*He advances and addresses the object.*) Here, I say. Oh, poor woman, what is the matter? This is not the time for you to be out in the street, on a cold, frosty Christmas morning like this. My good woman, where do you live?

Poor Woman: Nowhere; I've got no home. My child and I "have not where to lay our heads."

Rich Merchant: Then why don't you go into the workhouse? That is the place for you.

Poor Woman: Workhouse—never! I would sooner starve. Sir, I am a Christian, and I remember that it was Christ who said that the same god who provided for the ravens and the lilies of the field would also provide for the children of men.

Rich Merchant: Ah, you! seem a well-spoken woman. Here is a ticket for the Charity Organisation. Go next week—no, not next week, because the officials have their holidays—but the following week, and probably they will help you. Good morning! (*Exit Merchant.*)

Poor woman sits on kerb till evening and dies from exposure and want of food.

Scene III.—A Fashionable Church of the West End.

The pews are well-filled with ladies and gentlemen who are clothed in fine linen and who apparently fare sumptuously every day. The beautiful service has been read, the responses chanted, the anthem sung, and the fashionable parson has glided into the pulpit, wherefrom he is to deliver his Christmas sermon. All is now silence and the parson begins:—

Dearly beloved Brethren: My text is taken from the first epistle of St. Paul to the Romans, and the 16th verse:

"For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; for it is the power of god unto salvation to everyone that believeth."

Now, brethren, wherever we find a believer in Christ, whether in France, Germany or Africa, our duty is to exhibit those tender traits of character so frequently manifested in the blessed life of our savior. We must assist the poor, alleviate the suffering, and be kind even to our enemies. And that brings me to my second point. This is Christmas Day—a day of joy and happiness to us all. We are well

fed; our homes are pleasant; welcome books on our shelves, pictures on our walls; music and singing to enchant our ears; indeed our every comfort provided for. But is this so with the poor benighted savages of South Africa, to whom our missionaries have gone to communicate the "glad tidings" of the gospel. Alas! no. They are ignorant, they are starving (except those who every day for a meal devour a missionary), and they are in total darkness concerning the means of salvation. Let us think, therefore, of these poor heathens, and out of the bountiful goodness that has been showered upon us from heaven, give of our plenty to these poor benighted creatures of a far-off land. Remember your reward in heaven! Brethren, I do not purpose detaining you longer, because I know that most of you wish to go to your homes and pass this holy day in quiet communion with your heavenly father. I dismiss you, therefore, with a blessing. Amen!

The organ plays and a large collection is made; the congregation is satisfied; and the next morning the daily papers announce the total amount collected, and the British public exclaim, "How charitable these Christians are!"

Our voices, too, swell the chorus; but we add, "What a pity it is this charity should go to assist missionaries in enjoying themselves abroad, while there are so many of our brethren starving at home." ARTHUR B. MOSS.

CHRISTIAN COWARDICE.

THE Christians, as a whole, are growing every hour more afraid of discussion. Within the last few months so many instances of their cowardice has been afforded, that it is worth while placing the most prominent of them upon record. I will only deal with cases that have come under my own immediate cognisance. I do not speak of instances, like that of Mr. H. C. Richards, member of the London School Board, where the political or religious opponents of Mr. Bradlaugh have shown the white feather.

First, let me do justice to the rare cases where courage has been shown. A few brave and honest clergymen have taken part in, and have even invited discussion on, their creed, or on subjects with which they think their creed is connected. Notably, some members of the English Church Union have recently held open conferences on "Christian Socialism." But that Canon Shuttleworth and the Rev. Stewart Headlam have a courage not shared by other members of the union, is shown by the fact that, after a meeting at which one or two atheists spoke, the rooms of the English Church Union were no longer available for the meetings.

The men who have shown cowardice of late, when challenged by myself, are the Rev. C. J. Whitmore, the Rev. Samuel Wainwright, the Rev. Munro Gibson, Mr. Thomas Cooper, Dr. Kinns.

(1) *The Rev. C. J. Whitmore.*—Readers of the *Freethinker* are familiar with the fact that this scurrilous and untruthful clergyman has (a) lacked the courage to discuss in the columns of this paper his deceitful tract, "What Becomes of the Infidel Leaders?" (b) threatened me with a prosecution for libel, and not dared to prosecute me; (c) declined to meet Mr. A. B. Moss in debate after throwing out a general challenge.

(2) *The Rev. Samuel Wainwright.*—Twice I have challenged this gentleman to discussion upon any one of the subjects upon which he lectures. I am willing that the discussion should be where and when he likes. He "sees no reason" for accepting my challenge. This "I most powerfully and potently believe."

(3) *The Rev. Munro Gibson* was advertised to lecture every Monday evening, from September 24 to December 17 of this year, at the Young Men's Christian Association, Aldersgate Street, on "Rock and Sand." These lectures were not geological, as the speaker and the place would tell us. They were on god, Christ, the holy spirit, the resurrection, and so forth. I wrote to ask if discussion were allowed. Mr. Robert Burn writes: "There will be no opportunity on these occasions for questions or discussion."

(4) *Mr. Thomas Cooper.*—Once, when Mr. Cooper was to lecture at Westbourne Park Chapel, on September 17 and 18, on "Charles Darwin," and "Is Life worth Living?"—once again when he was to lecture in Kentish Town, I appealed for the right of discussion. On the first occasion it was refused courteously, on the ground of Mr. Cooper's

age. Even age is no justification for ignorant attacks upon great men; and if Mr. Cooper intends to deal with the burning questions of to-day, he should be prepared for, and should court, opposition. On the second occasion my request was refused by the Rev. C. J. Whitmore, and therefore, as a matter of course, was refused rudely.

(5) *Dr. Kinns*.—This portentous impostor has, by his show of pretended learning, gulled that ignorant peer, Lord Shaftesbury, and other kindred souls. Fooling these monied *ignorami* to the top of their bent, Dr. Kinns has induced them to find money for the purpose of sending him round London and the provincial towns with his lecture on "Moses and Geology." I wrote to the secretary of this mountebank scheme and to Dr. Kinns himself, asking for the privilege of discussion after one of the lectures, say that to be given at Exeter Hall. He tells me that "it is the unanimous wish of the committee that Dr. Kinns should on no account engage in any controversy." To which Dr. Kinns probably ejaculates, "Amen!"

Here are five representative Christians challenged by myself, and every one is afraid. Challenges from the unknown or the illiterate members, either of the Christian or Freethought party, cannot, of course, be entertained by the leaders on the opposite side. But, when known men are willing to debate with known men upon subjects, and at times and places whose selection rests with their opponents, if the opponents decline they must expect to be branded as cowards.

EDWARD B. AVELING.

ACID DROPS.

Does Bishop Fraser believe the Bible? Preaching to a number of railway workmen at Manchester recently, he declared "He did not believe that any man was ever directed by god to do a wicked thing." Now does he believe that god commanded Abraham to sacrifice his son, Moses to slaughter the Midianites, Joshua to butcher his adversaries, Samuel to hew in pieces Agag, and Hosea to take a wife of whoredoms?—or were these things not wicked because commanded by the Jew-god Jahveh.

If an Irish Roman Catholic meets a Protestant the first thing in the morning, although he may give him a most servile salute, invariably expectorates for purposes of purification. Mr. King, a clever schoolmaster, late of Wexford, during a morning walk met a Catholic who went through the above-mentioned performances, whereupon Mr. King exclaimed, "Ha! you'll want that to cool your tongue yet." We might remark—"Let brotherly love continue."

An eminent Dublin professor, who is a clergyman of the Anglican church, is an anti-miracleist. Referring to Balaam's ass, in a sermon preached before the most highly-educated Christian congregation of Dublin, this gentleman remarked: "Right well would it be and happy for this world were every ass as silent as that of Balaam."

THE Rev. Jas. Jones, of St. Catherine's, Ventnor, has the misfortune to be a better preacher than his vicar, the equally Rev. W. W. Willan. This occasioned some unpleasantness, and Mr. Jones has obtained a curacy elsewhere. On going to preach his farewell sermon the church was better filled than ever it had been before. The vicar became incensed, and, calling his curate a Judas, refused to let him preach, although he had no sermon ready himself. The congregation became indignant. The vicar was received with a shower of hisses, and but for the arrival of the police, might have suffered personal violence.

WHEN a family is hard up the first means of obtaining money is to "pop" the family bible. They generally omit to redeem it. This accounts for the fine show the gospel makes in pawnbrokers' windows. The three brass balls infer a connexion with the trinity.

THE *Echo* says:—"At a fashionable church in Madison Avenue the ladies are beginning to bring their pet dogs to divine service." After this we suppose the canine species will be allowed to enter the kingdom of heaven. Only fancy an angel being accompanied by a poodle.

SOME of our readers may remember the case of a certain Bristol clergyman, the Rev. F. W. Monck, who in November, 1876, was sentenced at Huddersfield to three months' imprisonment, with hard labor, for fraudulently obtaining money by pretended spirit manifestations. "Spirit-hands" with wires to move the fingers were found in his possession. Yet after his release some credulous spiritists got up a testimonial for him, and he departed for America.

THIS individual, or some one with the same name, has turned up in the police-court at Brooklyn. Monck has been sued by an employé named Henry for his wages. His defence was, that Henry was of no use to him. Henry's case was, that Monck was an impostor, whose employ he had left because no honest man could work for him. In the course of the trial the truth came out. Monck professes to cure all diseases by the laying on of hands in the name of the Nazarene. He has an asylum known as "The Door of Hope." His patients are chiefly women, upon whom he operates by manipulation. No decent paper could print in full the language used, in describing his methods, by Monck's dupes, who came forward to testify to his miraculous gifts. One woman, who was more decent and self-contained than the rest, said: "Dr. Monck rubbed my heart and then cured me in the name of the blessed master, Jesus Christ."

MONCK is said to have accumulated a large fortune by his pretended gift. This would be impossible in a country emancipated from superstition, but Brooklyn, where he thrives, is preeminently pious and called the City of Churches. Monck's imposture is ministered to by every teacher of Christianity, and only among a Christian population could he find his dupes.

THE Rev. A. B. Morris, preaching in Albany Street Chapel, Edinburgh, thus alluded to Lord Randolph Churchill's recent lectures in that city:—"We have had a man who claims the title of lord outraging the moral sense of the public.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts and stares, and a' that,
Though thousands worship at his word;
He's but a coof for a' that.

Let him go home, and if he cannot learn good manners, let him at least learn to respect moral principles. Let him learn the rudiments of morality before he comes to insult a nation that has ever esteemed high moral character. His aim is low, his language is low, and those who encourage him in his evil ways do much to disgrace themselves and disgrace their country."

FREDERICK BOYCE, of Kentish Town, wants 144,000 virgins. Boyce styles himself the messenger of the lord, and in the effusion in which he makes this little demand, tells us the lamb is coming immediately to choose his bride, and the 144,000, as prophesied in Revelations xiv. 3, will be all that are redeemed—we presume with the exception of Mr. F. Boyce. "Scrutator," in *Truth*, asks if nothing can be done to protect poor servant girls and the like from such seductions. We fear not. Any ignorant impostor has only to quote the addle-brained ravings of John on Patmos to be listened to with awe and respect. Freethinkers who appeal to reason and quote from philosophers are meanwhile thrown into gaol.

CHAS. FREEMAN, of Pocasset (Mass.), the Christian fanatic who followed the example of the father of the faithful in sacrificing his child, under the impression that god desired the deed, has been committed to an insane asylum for life. The *Christian Advocate* remarks: "No man who can become fanatical enough to murder his own child should be allowed his freedom, though he appear never so sane." Very good, but how about those noble bible heroes, Abraham and Jephthah. Freeman is doubtless mad, but he has been rendered so by the accursed creed whose god is only appeased by blood.

SOME time ago, a Polish Jew in poor circumstances happened to be standing near the "Home for the Conversion of Jews," when he was accosted by a gentleman in the following words: "Do you wish to become converted to the Christian religion?" "Well," said the Jew; "if that is anything to eat, I will gladly become converted to it." The gentleman then said: "We keep you in our home, feed you and clothe you for three months on condition you study the bible." To this the Jew assented, and entered the home. At the end of the appointed time he was asked if he believed in it; and made the following reply: "There are some things which I do believe, and there are some things which I do not believe; but if you will give me three months more, perhaps I shall then believe those things which I do not now believe." The extension of time was granted him, and again he made the same reply. At the end of a year a special committee was appointed to inquire into his case; when one of the committee men asked him to state what he did believe and what he did not. The Jew's reply was as follows: "I do believe Christ fed 5,000 with two loaves and a few fishes, but that the 5,000 were satisfied I do not believe. I believe Christ walked on the water, but that the water was not frozen I do not believe." It is unnecessary to add that the committee adjourned immediately.

"Who was Shylock, pa?" asked a young hopeful of his pious parent. "You young ignoramus. Here am I paying a guinea a term to Dr. Ebenezer Whiner for your seat in his church, and you don't know who Shylock was. Go and read your bible, sir!"

SPECIAL NOTICES.

The Editor of the "Freethinker," G. W. Foote, wishes to have all his engagements, other than London ones, cancelled after March 23, 1884. Glasgow, Bradford, Oldham, Huddersfield, Leicester friends will note this. See the article by the Interim Editor in another part of this issue.

Mr. Forder has now resigned the position of manager of the Progressive Publishing Company, Mr. Ramsey having returned to business. All letters, orders for literature, advertisements, etc., should be addressed to W. J. Ramsey, 28 Stonecutter Street, E. C.

MR. FOOTE'S ENGAGEMENTS.

March 6, Hall of Science; 9, Claremont Hall; Pentonville; 12, Hackney; 16, Manchester; 23, Plymouth; 30, Glasgow. April 3, 6, 10, 13, 17, 24, Hall of Science; 20, Bradford; 27, Oldham. May 4 and 11, Hall of Science. June, N. S. S. Conference.

DR. E. B. AVELING'S LECTURES.

Dr. Edward B. Aveling (interim editor of the *Freethinker*) will lecture on all Sundays in January at Milton Hall, Hawley Crescent, Kentish Town Road. Jan. 6 (at 11.30), "The Darwinian Theory: its meaning;" at 7.30, "The New Year and the New Campaign."

CORRESPONDENTS.

ALL business communications to be addressed to the Manager, 28 Stonecutter Street, Farringdon Street, E. C. Literary communications to the Editor of the *Freethinker*, 13 Newman Street, Oxford Street, London, W.

The *Freethinker* will be forwarded, directly from the office, post-free to any part of Europe, America, Canada, and Egypt, at the following rates, prepaid:—One year, 6s. 6d.; Half Year, 3s. 3d.; Three Months, 1s. 7½d.

MR. W. J. RAMSEY'S ENGAGEMENTS.—January 6, Leeds; 13, Walworth; 20, Bradford; 27, Claremont Hall.—Applications to J. T. Ramsey, 18 Pearson Street, Kingsland Road, E.

RECEIVED.—Robert Young, J. R. Nicolson, E. A. Leychele, J. B. W. PERCY.—There is a dearth of children's books that are free from the contamination of religion. Miss Howell's "Life of Christ" and the numbers of *Our Corner* may help you. We hope to make some attempt to remedy this deficiency ere long.

DR. EDWARD AVELING is most anxious to communicate at once with the sender of an unsigned letter, containing an important note. The letter bears post-mark E. C., date, December 25, and was franked by two halfpenny stamps.

A SECULARIST SOLDIER, stationed at Sunderland, wishes to know where our literature can be bought in that town. Who will tell him?

A. WEBB (Plymouth).—Many thanks for your excellent report.

We are asked to state that the quarterly meeting of the Finsbury Branch of the N. S. S. takes place after the evening lecture on Sunday, January 6.

G. TRAPPS, 104 Central Street, St. Lukes, sells the *Freethinker* and all Freethought literature

T. POWIS.—We are overwhelmed with verse at present.

R. BURN.—See Gen. xi., 5—"And Jahveh came down to see the city and the tower which the children of men builded."

R. CURSON.—See Isaiah xlv., 7—"I form the light and create darkness; I make peace and create evil. I, Jahveh, do all these things."

J. CLAYTON.—Your letter, although temperate, argumentative, and well written, is too lengthy for insertion. We think you do not sufficiently recognise the crushing out of myriads of beings in order that others better adapted to their conditions may survive.

P. A.—Prof. Zeller has shown that the accounts of Christian communism, as given in that untruthful book, the Acts of the Apostles, must not be considered as historical, but as embodying the lofty conceptions of a later period regarding the state of the original apostolic church.

L. S., who left his home at Manchester in July last is requested to write home; his friends are extremely anxious to hear of his welfare.

J. H. GRAFF.—Postal-order received. Your subscription runs to end of 1884, and for *Progress* to November, 1884.

It is particularly requested that all orders for literature should be sent to Mr. W. J. Ramsey, 28 Stonecutter Street, London, to whom all Post-office Orders should be made payable. Considerable delay and annoyance are caused by the disregard of this rule. In remitting stamps halfpenny ones are preferred.

AGENTS wanted in town and country to sell this paper and other Freethought literature.

SUGAR PLUMS.

A *Soirée* and Ball for the benefit of the funds of the Central London Branch N. S. S. will be held on Sunday, Jan. 6th. Dancing commences at 9; terminate at 1. Tickets 6d. each. F. Henderson and W. Robertson, secretaries.

THE Association for the Repeal of the Blasphemy Laws is issuing a twopenny pamphlet, by Dr. W. A. Hunter, entitled "The Blasphemy Laws: should they be abolished?"—a review of which will appear in our next number.

THE *New York Truthseeker* continues to evince its interest in our martyrs, and under the heading "Back from the Jaws of Death," transcribes our account of the proceedings in connexion with Mr. Ramsey's release. We heartily wish a Happy New Year to Mr. Macdonald and his co-workers.

THE Testimonial to Messrs. Foote and Ramsey will close shortly. Contributions should be sent to Mrs. Besant, 19 Avenue Road, St. John's Wood, and will be acknowledged in the *National Reformer*.

ANOTHER indication of the spread of unbelief. Preaching at St. Paul's on the Closing Year, Canon Liddon declared that "believers could not be insensible or contemplate without alarm the fact that among many persons, including some in the most cultivated circles of society, the work of Christ and the existence of god were being questioned with a deliberation, a publicity and a pertinacity before unknown since England had been Christian."

COL. "BOB" INGERSOLL has removed from the house in Lafayette Square, Washington, where he has resided for some years, to the house No. 1347 K Street, next to Senator Sherman's, which he has purchased. Here he resides, with his wife and their two daughters, Miss Eva and Miss Maud. It is liberty hall—each one of the quartette eating, sleeping, reading, working, or walking when desirable. The Colonel says that his children never did a wrong, never kept a secret from their parents, and never have been refused a request. The walls of the Colonel's house are hung with pictures of Voltaire, Paine, and Mohammed. In every nook and corner he has a Pagan statue or a barbaric idol.

THE *Truthseeker* (N. Y.) says: "Mr. Ingersoll's house receives scarcely fewer visitors than the White House. He is one of the most popular men in Washington. The fact that a good many of the senators and representatives are almost precisely of his way of thinking does not lessen the attendance at his receptions, nor make him the less respected by those who have not his courage and boldness of speech. His influence and services are sought by the most powerful. He is way up to the top of the heap, and our London friends will do well to disregard the pious stories to the contrary."

COLONEL INGERSOLL recently received a letter from an Ohio man, covering ninety pages of foolscap, pasted end to end. The writer wished to have a friendly argument with the infidel.

THE constitution of Michigan prohibits any form of religious service in either house of her legislature.

We are glad to learn that Lord Ripon is contemplating a scheme for the disestablishing of the English church in India. That any part of the proceeds of that over-taxed country should support the church of the alien, is nothing less than an infamous shame.

THE free Sunday-school in science, that opens at Milton Hall on February 6, promises well. Already several students have sent in their names. There will be three classes. Botany, 3 to 4, Chemistry 4 to 5, Arithmetic (taught by Miss Cracknell), 5 to 6. A syllabus of the twelve lectures to be given in each subject is now ready, and can be had on application to Dr. Edward Aveling, 13 Newman Street, W. It is hoped that this may be the founding of the true Sunday-school of the future.

THE North-Western Branch of the N. S. S. is anxious to call special attention to their Sunday morning lectures. These, commencing at 11.30, are intended to be instructive and constructive rather than destructive. The four to be given during January are on the Darwinian theory, and all Freethinkers who wish to have a complete knowledge of the theory will do well to be present.

A SUPPER and entertainment will take place at the Cromwell Club on Monday, January 7, in aid of the funds of the library of the West Ham Central Branch of the N. S. S. All Freethinkers are earnestly invited to help. Tickets for the entertainment, 6d. each; supper and entertainment, 2s. 6d. To be had at the club.

THE *Jewish World*, writes on "Genuine and False Inscriptions in Palestine." After alluding to the Moabite stone and the few other authentic memorials of the early Israelites, it says: "It is perhaps to remedy this dearth of ancient memorials that there were established at Jerusalem several years ago certain manufactories for the fabrication of antiquities." We can imagine the numerous discourses on the truth of the bible proved by antiquities to which these manufactories give rise when the clerical travellers and purchasers of ancient Jewish shekels, etc., return to their parishes.

MR. J. SYMES AT PLYMOUTH.

THE Radicals and Secularists at Plymouth and the neighborhood assembled in goodly numbers on Friday, 28th, to hear a farewell lecture by Mr. J. Symes on the subject of "Twenty-six Years of my Life." Mr. Symes was well received by the audience, and at the conclusion of the lecture a number of the leading Radicals and Secularists of the three towns assembled at Fowler's "Albion Hotel" to partake of a repast, in the shape of a complimentary supper to Mr. and Mrs. Symes on the eve of their departure for Australia. There were between fifty and sixty present.

The Rev. W. Sharman occupied the chair, being supported on either hand by Mr. and Mrs. Symes. The vice-chair was filled by Mr. Smith, the president of the local branch of the N. S. S., and he was supported by the treasurer and secretary. Amongst the company were several ladies, and after ample justice had been done to the excellent supper provided, the Rev. W. Sharman called upon Mr. Uglow to give the first toast—"The People."

Mr. UGLOW said that it was usual on most occasions to give the toast of "Her Majesty," but in an assembly such as he saw before him such a toast would be entirely out of place, especially as the company included Radicals, Republicans, and Secularists. He considered that the toast he was called upon to put was one far more worthy of being drunk than a toast to the lady who ruled our country, and he thought that if all persons held the same opinions as those held by the company assembled the people would be in a far better condition than they are, and the world at large would be greatly benefited.

The Rev. W. SHARMAN gave the toast of the evening, "Our Guests," and in speaking of the services rendered to the cause by Mr. Symes since his connexion with it, said that Mr. Symes was leaving the country at a time when he could be badly spared; but he trusted that Mr. Symes would come back to us in time to partake of the fiercest part of the fight, for, said Mr. Sharman, such a struggle will soon commence the like of which has not been seen for fifty years. It will not end quickly; it will be months, possibly years, before it terminates; but one thing we are determined upon, and it is that, however long this battle lasts, and whatever odds we have to fight against, we are resolved that ours shall be the winning side, and we will not cease from our labors until victory is in our hands. He paid his tribute to Mr. Symes, and said he had always found him loyal and true.

The toast was drunk amid loud applause.

Mr. SYMES, in responding, said: He must thank them for the kindly manner with which they had drunk the health of himself and wife that evening. He hoped he deserved their thanks; he assured them he tried to do so. He trusted that when he came back from his journey he would be a much better man than when he commenced it. He thanked the friends heartily for the kind manner with which he had always been received by the Plymouth people, and said there was no place he better liked to visit than that town. He assured them that it was his firm conviction that the Secular cause was progressing, and hoped that when he came back he should be able to say that he found Secularism and Radicalism in this country in a far better state than when he left it. He paid his tribute to the Secularists up and down the country, and said that he had always found they were upright and true, and trusted that the friends in the new country were as earnest there as they are here, and he believed they were. He thought little more of a journey to Australia than he did of a trip to Plymouth. He hoped he should come back in time to take part in the battle that lay before them; and in conclusion, thanked them again very heartily for their toast, and if he did not deserve it now, would endeavor in time to prove himself worthy of it.

Mr. Symes gave the next toast, "Success to Plymouth and the Cause," and Mr. SMITH, in responding, said: He took it that the toast meant more especially, "Success to our Society." He assured them that the society was progressing, and said that during the last twelve months they had nearly doubled their role of membership, and that which was essential to the success of any society—they had a nice balance in hand. He spoke of the unanimity that existed among the members, and said that in a short time they should be not only a power in the town, but also in the adjoining neighborhood, for a paper was to be read at one of the small towns of Buckfastleigh under the control of this branch of the society, and the result of the meeting, they trusted, would be the formation of a

branch of the N. S. S. He also alluded to the fact that several gentlemen at Liskeard had asked to have some one to visit them for the same purpose, and (continued Mr. Smith) we now want the co-operation of all Secularists to make the cause in Devon and Cornwall as strong as it is anywhere. He alluded to the fact of the branch having secured St. James's Hall (one of the finest in the west of England) for regular Sunday services, and he invited all Secularists to make a special effort for the success of the undertaking.

At the conclusion of the speeches, Mr. H. Adams recited a piece entitled "Farewell." After which an opportunity was given to inspect the beautiful testimonial presented to Mr. Symes, which elicited much admiration.

The company dispersed very pleased amid mutual congratulation for the continued success of Mr. and Mrs. Symes, who left England on Saturday morning for their destination.

A CAROL FOR THE CONTENTED.

(By a Christian Socialist.)

COME, you contented pauper folks,
Let nothing you dismay,
Since Jesus Christ, the rich man's friend,
Was born on Christmas Day.
For all the pleasant things around
Don't feel your fingers itch:
Christ didn't come to save the poor,
But the well-to-do and rich.

So come, contented pauper folks,
Let nothing you dismay, etc.

Here's one contented pauper chap,
He doesn't think it hard
That he should spend his Christmas Day
In Lambeth casual ward,
Because Christ's representative
Is hanging out quite near,
Where good Archbishop Benson draws
His fifteen thou' a year.

So come, contented pauper folks, etc.

A curate down in Fulham Fields,
With a dozen hungry brats,
Fed sumptuously this Christmas Day
On tripe and beer and sprats.
He might have felt the food was coarse,
And hard his lot; but then,
Does not the Bishop live close by
And draw his thousands ten?

So come, contented pauper folks, etc.

The lions in the wild-beast show
Could quickly burst restraint
If they were only wise enough,
But then we know they ain't.
And while you calmly sit and starve
And see your money spent,
Of course the folks who pocket it
Will rest and be content.

So come, contented pauper folks, etc.

But don't believe Christ occupied
A stall at Bethlehem;
He must have owned a palace home
In rich Jerusalem.
Ask those right-reverend potentates
To tell you which is which—
Did Jesus come to "save" the poor
Or to patronise the rich?

So come, contented pauper folks, etc.

PRESBYTER ANGLICANUS.

CHRISTIANITY AND DEISM.—Though philosophers might use the old language, it became daily more difficult to identify the god of philosophy with the god of Christianity. How could the tutelary deity of a petty tribe be the god who ruled over all things and all men? How could even the god of the mediæval imagination, the god worshipped by Christians when Christendom was regarded as approximately identical with the universe, be still the ruler of the whole earth, in which Christians formed but a small minority, and of the universe in which the earth was but as a grain of sand on the seashore? Or how, again, could the personal deity, whose attributes and history were known by tradition, be the god whose existence was inferred by philosophers from the general order of the universe; or regarded as a necessary postulate for the discovery of all truth? If there was no absolute logical conflict between the two views, the two modes of conceiving the universe refused to coalesce in the imagination.—*Leslie Stephen*, "English Thought in the Eighteenth Century," vol. i., p. 81; 1876.

FREETHOUGHT GLEANINGS.

THE BIBLE.—All the sacred writings of mankind, and more especially the Christian bible, abound with matter quite unfit for the general reader, and such as is often needlessly prurient and immodest, having no direct relation to worship or religion.—*Major-General Furlong*, "Rivers of Life," preface, p. xxxv., vol. i.; 1883.

THE GOSPEL OF JOHN.—These observations show that the production was not meant for history. It was composed in another interest, as is evident from the doctrinal statement at the beginning. Speculative considerations are paramount. There is no human development, no growth of incidents or course of life. The transactions are in the realm of thought.—*Dr. Samuel Davidson*, "Introduction to the Study of the New Testament," p. 301, vol. ii.; 1882.

BIBLE INSPIRATION.—It has been at various times supposed that the books of Moses, Joshua and Samuel were all written in their present form by those whose names they bear. This notion, however, has been in former ages disputed both by Jewish and Christian theologians, and is now rejected by almost all scholars. It has no foundation in the several books themselves, and is contradicted by the strong internal evidence of their contents.—*Dean Stanley's "Jewish Church,"* vol. i., preface, p. xiii.

CHRISTIAN SUPERSTITION.—Even down to the Christian era the Jews, in common with the Persians, Babylonians and others, retained distinct remnants of primeval animism, such as the belief in demons, magic, sorcery and witchcraft: and Christianity itself, the outcome of Judaism, organised by Greek philosophy, has never entirely shaken off the same belief, which has come down to the present day and still exists amongst us.—*F. T. Hall*, "The Pedigree of the Devil," p. 113; 1883.

GNOSTICISM AND EARLY CHRISTIANITY.—The alleged heresy of the Gnostics, which is supposed and assumed to have originated in the second century, the first being carefully avoided, only proves that the A-Gnostics, who had literally adopted the pre-Christian types, and believed they had been historically fulfilled, were then, for the first time, become conscious of the cult that preceded theirs, and face to face with those who held them to be the heretics. Gnosticism was no birth or new thing in the second century; it was no perverter or corrupter of Christian doctrines divinely revealed; but the voice of an older cult growing more audible in its protest against a superstition as degrading and debasing now as when it was denounced by men like Tacitus, Pliny, Julian, Marcus Aurelius, and Porphyry. For what could be more shocking to any sense really religious than the belief that the very god himself had descended on earth as an embryo in a virgin's womb, to run the risk of abortion and universal miscarriage during nine months *in utero*, and then dying on a cross to save his own created world or a portion of its people from eternal perdition? The opponents of the latest superstition were too intelligent to accept a dying deity. Porphyry terms the Christian religion a blasphemy barbarously bold. "A monstrous superstition," exclaims Pliny. "A pestilence," cries Suetonius. "Excitabilis superstitio," says Tacitus. "Certain most impious errors are committed by them," says Celsus, "due to their extreme ignorance, in which they have wandered away from the meaning of the divine enigmas." Which is true as it is temperate. The "primitive Christians" were men whose ardor was fierce in proportion to their ignorance, as the narrower chimney makes the greater draught, and turns the radiation of heat into an upward roaring; guides as blind in theosophy as in geology.—*Gerald Massey*, "The Natural Genesis," vol. ii., pp. 484-5.

A FREETHOUGHT FABLE.

Allow me to contribute a holiday greeting to my British sympathisers in a form of a fairy tale from real life, which may be worthy of a place in the "children's corner" of your bright little sheet. My story is entitled—

THE COLLAPSE OF THE CHRISTMAS BUBBLE.

Once upon a time there was a little boy who had been brought up on Santa Claus and the trinity, and went regularly to church and Sunday-school. He loved good St. Nicholas who brought him so many beautiful presents every Christmas, and he was fond of believing that when he died he would be a nice little angel, with pretty wings, and go flying around the country like a butterfly, and have lots of fun. So he never missed a day at Sunday-school, although he did not enjoy the kind of entertainment there which the minister had provided; and after Sunday-school he always went to church, and when he found himself very much bored at hearing the same things there over and over again, he amused himself in hunting for naughty stories in the bible, and then passing them for other little boys. And during the sermon he always

read his book from the Sunday-school library—when he could do so without getting caught. So he swallowed the little pill the good people gave him, and was happy.

But by and bye this little boy discovered that there wasn't any Santa Claus, but that it was all a big joke to stuff him, like a little goose, and make him be a good little boy—for he had been told that Santa Claus never brought bad boys anything. And then he began to wonder, all to himself, whether he had not been stuffed with that other fairy tale about the trinity and the pretty little angels. He thoroughly understood the arguments of a birch twig and Christmas presents for persuading him to be a good little boy; but he thought that the bugaboo of hell-fire, and the attractions of butterfly-fun, were only similar inducements for him to be a good big boy. So he looked into the evidence in favor of the ghost story, and after thinking a long time he laid down the subject with the verdict "Not proven," and became a Freethinker.

And now he believes that as a little boy is rewarded or punished by his parents in proportion to the help he gives them or the trouble he makes them, so the grown-up boy is rewarded and punished by society as he assists the wheels of progress or by his immoral conduct makes himself a nuisance and hindrance to his fellow workers. It pays to be moral for its own sake. But the boy has lost all interest in the church, and the cakes and birch rods of a future life. And his name is—

HARVEY CAMERON (*New York*).

PROFANE JOKES.

THE Rev. J. W. Bain, of Philadelphia, preaching in Pittsburgh, enumerated the things not to be found in heaven. "There is no darkness there, no clouds, no sickness, no graves, no funerals, no preachers—" At this point, seeing a smile rippling over the congregation, he explained: "I mean there's no preaching there."

UNCLE JESSE in early life studied hard for the ministry, and when he thought himself perfected, called on old Father P—, and told him he must either preach the gospel or die, and wished to be examined. After the examination, Father P— was silent for a few minutes. Then he said suddenly, "Mr. S—, I'm really afraid you'll have to die."

SOME years ago a very short parson accepted an invitation from a brother parson to "fill his pulpit." The pulpit was very high and nearly hid the poor parson. The congregation respectfully managed to keep their countenances and seemed religiously anxious for the text. Suddenly a nose and two little eyes appeared over the pulpit, and a small piping voice proclaimed in nasal tones the text—"Be of good cheer. It is I; be not afraid!"

BROTHER HORTON dealt in an original way with bible truths. "Brethren, you know there are some in this world so niggardly that they are never willing to give a fair price for anything. You may fix your price, they will Jew you down, and Jew you down, and Jew you down to the last cent. Now, my brethren, you all know that the children of Abraham have always been, and still are, notorious for Jewing folks down. Hence they are called the Jews!"

REV. DR. B—, of Dublin, on introducing Dr. S—, a famous missionary, concluded his remarks: "He comes to you from that land where every prospect pleases and only man is vile."

THEY were to sing the old hymn commencing, "I love to steal awhile away," and a deacon undertook to lead off, but pitched so high that he broke down at "I love to steal." Next was too low, and broke down at "steal." Not discouraged, he sang, "I love to steal," and again broke down. The audience being amused, the minister rose, saying, "It is greatly to be regretted. Let us pray."

DR. BRAMSTON, a Roman Catholic clergyman, was much pestered by a lady of his flock for advice about the marriage of her daughter. "Madam," he at length observed, "I must beg you to remember that my name is Bramstone, not Brimstone, so I don't make matches."

VERY APPROPRIATE.—In 1864 the Rev. Isidore Lowenthal, of the American Presbyterian Mission in India, was murdered by one of his servants. His grieving friends placed this inscription on his tombstone—"1864. Murdered April 27. Shot by his own chaulkidar (watchman). 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant.'" The native stonecutter, tickled by this, added in Persian the words, "Don't laugh."

THE reading-boys employed in a large printing firm in the city have to attend a morning-school held for an hour before beginning work. On one morning in each week the boys are instructed in the bad old book by the chaplain. "Jenkins" said the chaplain, one morning, lately, "is there any man in this wide world whom Christ would be powerless to save?" "Oh, yes, sir—Mr. Bradlaugh." The boys laughed—just a little. But the chaplain—well, let's drop the curtain.

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Interim Editor, EDWARD B. AVELING, D.Sc.

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DOES any Freethinker know of an honest, sober, kindly
and energetic woman, not a Christian, who would be able to
help an elderly lady living alone at Shepherd's Bush? Domestic
service, a little nursing, kindness are required. The terms would
be reasonable. The Interim Editor of this paper will be glad to
receive any communication on this subject.

To the Members of the

WALWORTH FREETHOUGHT INSTITUTE. A
general meeting will be held on Sunday the 6th inst. at 3 p.m.,
for the consideration of the Most Important Business.

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