

THE FREETHINKER.

EDITED BY G. W. FOOTE.

Sub Editor—J. M. Wheeler.

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COMIC BIBLE SKETCHES.— No. 87.



A HEAVENLY BOXER.

"Thou hast a mighty arm: strong is thy hand, and high is thy right hand."—PSALM LXXXIX., 13.

"Blessed be the Lord my strength, which teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight."—PSALM CXLIV., 1.

MY RESURRECTION.—III.

So slight a repast rather sharpened than allayed our hunger, and our slumbers that night were slight and unrefreshing. At daybreak we were all alert. The raw morning air crept into our hiding-place and smote upon our unprotected nakedness. Our bodies shivered and our teeth chattered with the cold. In this woeful condition we held a general council, at which it was unanimously decided that I should dress in the poor beggar's rags and endeavor to reach the holy city, whence aid might be procured from our friends.

Accordingly I sallied out in this pitiful costume. By this time the sun had risen above the horizon, and the warmth of its rays, combined with the effects of my exercise, filled me with a gentle glow. Every moment, however, added to my hunger. The fresh air seemed to sweep through me, and I felt as hollow as the withered fig-tree which the Messiah once cursed.

Suddenly as I trudged along the high road I perceived in front of me a man leading a fine donkey. There was something, methought, familiar in his lineaments; and when he replied to my solicitation for alms, I fancied I remembered his accents. Thrusting his hand inside his robe, he drew it out again with an air of disappointment, and accosted me in the following strains:—"Obadiah, I know thee and thy business, and I am sorry I cannot

befriend thee. I have nothing wherewith to relieve thy distress. But do not despair. God will send thee succor in due season. Gladly would I stay to comfort thee, but I may not. This ass I am leading is the one the Messiah rode into Jerusalem a short time ago. Since then I have watched it carefully, lest any man should desecrate its back by riding it again; and I am now leading it to a certain appointed place, where it will once more be mounted by the Messiah, ascend with him into heaven, and stand with him for ever at the Father's right hand. Meanwhile thou must know that the Messiah has been crucified by his enemies. He died the very moment your grave was opened. But he will rise again from the dead, and you shall behold him ere he ascendeth through the clouds. You and your resuscitated brethren must not go into the holy city until you learn that the Messiah has risen. You will then serve as living testimonies to his glorious resurrection. Farewell, farewell!"

He passed on with the ass, and was soon out of my sight. But before he disappeared I knew by an infallible sign that he was the angel Gabriel, and I bowed myself in solemn adoration of his eminent glory.

Soon afterwards I met a stranger, of whom I begged an alms. He gave me from his bag some pieces of bread and a few olives. Just then a company of Roman soldiers came towards us from Jerusalem, and knowing how prone they were to play severe jokes on Jewish mendicants, who

were generally the refuse of the population, I hurried away to rejoin my companions. Before reaching them I found an empty water-skin, which I filled from a spring by the roadside. Of course they were delighted to see me. They shared with me the few provisions I had brought, although there was not a mouthful for each; and they sat awe-stricken while I related my encounter with Gabriel.

Early in the afternoon I went out again, my companions being ravenous, and eager to procure some victuals by hook or by crook. In fact, they protested that if help did not soon arrive, they would, despite the angel's warning and their own nudity, sally out themselves in a body, and either beg, borrow or steal both food and clothes. Rebuking their impiety, I set forth, and on reaching the nearest gate of the holy city, I waited under a rock that sheltered me alike from view and the sun's heat. Presently a merchant rode out on an ass, with a small retinue of mules, bearing merchandise. He flung me a small coin in passing, which I eagerly picked up. I entered into conversation with his servant who brought up the rear, walking along with him for some distance. In reply to my cautious inquiries about the Messiah, he first shrugged his shoulders and then laughed uproariously. "Ah, ah," said he, "it is that Galilean impostor, Joshua the son of Joseph, you mean! Why, my dear fellow, he is as dead as a door-nail, and was safely buried nearly twenty-four hours ago, with two other thieves in the same batch. Surely you don't expect to see him again! As for his followers, such a plucky crew were never seen. They all ran away when he was arrested; and one of them, a fellow called Cephas, who turned up in court at the trial, swore like a Samaritan or a mad leper that he had never known his master. Of course the officers knew better, but as they had the chief culprit, and old Cephas was too small game, they let the poor devil go. Since then, neither he nor any of his rowdy friends have been heard of. No doubt they are quietly lurking in some obscure shelter. May the Lord forgive me for being uncharitable to the fallen, but hang me if ever I saw such a greasy collection of highland fanatics. But the Galileans always were a superstitious rabble, full of blasphemy and sedition. Joshua the son of Joseph was a trifle superior to his followers, and many of us are after all sorry for the young fellow. His followers egged him on farther than he might have gone by himself, and he has paid the penalty of listening to their mad advice. Good-bye, my friend; here's a few figs for you, and may you fare better, and keep out of mischief."

Thereupon the blasphemous wretch left me, burning with indignation I dared not express. One thing, however, was certain. The Messiah had not yet risen.

An hour or so later I met the disciple of whom this ribald jester had spoken so slanderously, as I then thought, although alas! I afterwards learned, to my great sorrow, that he had spoken only the truth. Cephas was walking along in a brown study. He had scarcely altered since I last saw him, a few hours before my death. There was the old squab figure with the short arms and bow legs; the same bald head and long grey beard; the unmistakable big nose, and the deep-set eyes under the great shaggy brows. Being unable as yet to reveal my identity, I mildly begged his charity. "Away," he cried, "away! I never denied him, s'w'help me God. It's a lie, I say, a lie." Wondering at these strange words, I repeated my request, in a tone of voice which perhaps my hunger and weakness made rather faint and shrill. "Aha," he cried, "why dost thou crow at me? Avaunt, thou shrill feathered biped, or I'll outcrow thee till thou art hoarse. Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

Surprised at these wild utterances, I tried to calm his agitated mind; but the more I spoke, the more poor Cephas indulged in these mad ejaculations, until at last I left him with his face turned towards the sky, outcrowing his imaginary rival.

With the merchant's small coin I purchased some bread at Bethany, which I took with his servant's figs to our cave. We all sat down to supper, including the beggar. It was a wretched repast. How we longed again for the Messiah to multiply our bread and figs into a good square meal, with something left over for the morrow! But our yearnings were fruitless, and we composed ourselves for sleep as best we could, with the taste of food in our mouths and next to nothing in our stomachs.

For a long time I lay revolving in my mind the events of the day, until I noticed a movement among the sleeping

figures around me, and a form creeping towards the cave's mouth. The truth flashed upon me at once; the beggar was trying to escape. Springing up and bounding forward like a panther, I seized him; and as the noise awakened the whole company, he was soon put in a safe place at the back of the cave, where he was guarded all night by three sentinels.

The next morning I heard an ominous whispering among a knot of my companions. Hunger had overcome their humanity, and they were actually considering the propriety of making a cannibal repast off the poor beggar. Horrified at the thought, I assured them that help would reach us as Gabriel promised, and they were pacified. Then I set forth again to Jerusalem. Just as I reached the Needle-gate a woman came running out. As she came nearer I saw it was mad Mary Magdalen. Flinging about her arms, while her long black hair floated in disorder over her shoulders, she shouted, "Joy! joy! He is risen! Good news for Martha and Mary. Joy! joy!" She was evidently rushing off to Bethany. Following her with great difficulty, for by this time I was extremely weak, I saw her knock at the house of the two sisters. Lazarus opened the door. As she repeated her cry, "He is risen!" I advanced and made myself known. Taking Mary Magdalen inside to convey the news to his sisters, Lazarus followed me to our cave, where he was joyfully welcomed by the starving company, who were again contemplating a meal off the poor beggar. With the assistance of a few brethren at Bethany, Lazarus provided us all with food and raiment; the beggar receiving back his own rags with a small present of money.

Our next step was to visit Jerusalem, whither we travelled in ten companies of seven. That same evening we saw the Messiah. He appeared amongst us as we sat together in a large downstairs room, after an interview with the eleven who were assembled in the room above. He preached to us for three hours. One by one the company fell asleep, and even I was at last compelled to nod. When I awoke the Messiah had vanished, and I never saw him again. His subsequent appearances were all made to the Apostles, who were the only witnesses of his ascension. The five hundred brethren mentioned by Paul never existed except in his fertile brain, which was permanently inflamed by a severe sunstroke.

Early the next morning I began to search for my wife. How glad, I thought, she will be to see me! How she will dance with joy! But, alas! I found her married again to my old friend Zebedee, with whom she was living very happily, and I was evidently not wanted. They admitted that I bore a striking resemblance to Obadiah, but everybody knew that such likenesses had occurred before. They brought witnesses to prove that Miriam's Obadiah had been properly buried four years ago, and the authorities pronounced me an impostor. My bigamous wife boxed my ears when I tried for the last time to bring her to reason; and Zebedee, who caught me attempting to embrace her, kicked me out of the house and a long way down the street. From that day I resolved to leave the infamous couple alone in their sinful obstinacy; and I consoled myself with a younger spouse, who always laughed in my face when I told her of my death and resurrection. But my story met with a very different reception among the brethren, although our stiff-necked fellow-citizens would not credit a single word of it. I was a marked man in the early Church for many years, until, when my resuscitated companions were all dead again, and a new generation had arisen who knew me not, I was treated with general incredulity, and became a laughing-stock to the whole body of the faithful. Since then I have wandered about, century after century, awaiting the day when my story will find its proper recipient, and I shall be released from the trammels of a miserable existence. Surely the Messiah will assign me a large province in his heavenly kingdom. Great have been my sufferings and great should be my reward. Sometimes, however, I fancy that distant past is all a dream. My brain swims, the world reels, and I seem a phantom among phantoms, all whirling in a meaningless dance through everlasting time and space. But memory says "No! that distant past was a fact, as thou art; and thy testimony to the Messiah shall yet be a world's wonder, a flaming beacon of conviction over the weltering seas of unbelief." So I stand firm again, looking steadfastly for the end. Amen!

G. W. FOOTE.

THE CHRISTIAN'S GOD.

[Slightly altered from "The Philosopher's Atom" by Hugh MacColl in the *Spectator*; reprinted by the *Christian Commonwealth*. Our alterations are put in italics. If Christians think the reasoning ridiculous and the charges atrocious, they must remember that we are only returning their own compliments, re-addressed, to reach the party who issue them].

WHEN ask we, "What is it? and whence did it come?"
No answer is given—*Religion* is dumb.

Yet, bold in their dogma, nor bolder than blind,
Priests crown it creator of matter and mind.

These sages assure us *their God* is the cause
And ruler supreme of all natural laws.

The thinker may think that he thinks, but it's plain

'Tis merely *that Phantom* exciting his brain,

Transmitting ideas through tissue and nerve,

As if it were working some purpose to serve.

Yet, facing us always, this marvel we've got:—

The God-mind is brainless but our minds are not.

Yes, he thinks without brains, he's so wondrously wise,

And he works without hands, and he sees without eyes.

This paradox funny unquestioned must go;

Religion asserts it, *Religion* must know."

And therefore forsake we *dame Nature*, whose eye

The secretest action or purpose can spy,

And worship the *Phantom*, who cares not a jot

What virtues we practice or wickedness plot.

We may trample the Decalogue under our heel,

We may murder, or libel, or covet, or steal,

Yet sleep with a conscience as calm and composed

As though the most virtuous work we had closed.

'T would be folly to feel any sorrow or shame,

Since our dear little *Savior* bears ever the blame.

'Tis *Religion* that steals; 'tis *Religion* that slays;

'Tis *Religion* that slanders, and dupes, and betrays;

'Tis *Religion*, in short, that must answer for all,

While we, *sound in faith*, need care nothing at all.

Oh, wonderful doctrine! How soothing and sweet

To the would-be assassin, seducer, or cheat,

Who conscience and scruples far flinging away,

Determines the *Bible* alone to obey.

But what about him who, though poor and distressed,

'Mid troubles and trials is striving his best,

In steadfast reliance on *truth and on right*,

All good to uphold, all evil to smite?

To him our proud Pharisees surely might leave

The *peace and the comfort* he here can receive;

Through his darkness and gloom pierces *Life's* sunny ray,

Is it human, the heart that would take this away?

W. P. BALL.

ACID DROPS.

ACCORDING to Daniel iii., 1., King Nebuchadnezzar made an image of gold ninety feet high and nine feet wide. All the gold in the world that has come into the possession of man would not be enough to make such an idol. Was it hollow then, or only gilded?

AN American "Purgatorial Association," for liberating souls from purgatory, gets through no less than 14,000 prayers a week. Who can tell whether the prayers are effectual? For our part, we feel sure that they are effectual—in bringing in the coin. Otherwise we are sure that they would speedily be discontinued.

A CHRISTIAN paper shows that European nations spend a total of £191,800 out of the public treasuries in supporting opera houses and theatres. It groans over this encouragement of "luxuries and dissipations," and exclaims: "No wonder Continental Europe is in the moral condition it is. And no wonder the masses feel the burden of their rulers." Without discussing the wisdom or unwisdom of spending even this amount on State theatres, we would remark that our own nation alone spends from twenty to fifty times this amount of national money in providing the luxury and dissipation of religion to people who mostly decline the proffered State aid on any terms. Why doesn't this Christian paper include the "heavy expense" of religion among the burdens by which it says "the people are pressed to almost the point of revolution"? Does it think that church rates do not come out of the "hard earnings of the people," or that the extraordinary tithe of 16s. per acre is no burden on the Kentish farmers?

IN proportion to a man's piety he wears less hair—from the young curate who shaves off his whiskers, to the Popish priest who shaves his crown.—*Christian Commonwealth*.

THE Bible somewhat confirms this view in 1 Cor. xi., 14, where it says that "if a man have long hair, it is a shame unto him." This would make a good motto for the profession whose crop is always growing, and who number Jahveh among their fraternity, since Isaiah vii., 20, declares "the Lord shall shave with a razor hired."

A SALVATION ARMY hand-bill forwarded to us is headed in large type—"Have you seen the Devil?" It says that "A great reward is offered for his apprehension." If this emanates from the throne of grace, it indicates a sound policy on the part of the old governor up above. The question with which Friday so puzzled Robinson Crusoe—"Why God no kill Devil?"—is perhaps about to be answered, for it is the "King of the Salvation Army" himself who issues these orders. On the ensuing Sunday there is to be "Knee Drill" and "a Dash upon the Enemy with Drawn Swords and Fixed Bayonets." After "an Avalanche of Fire" on Drypool Green, the Lord's troops, including lads and lasses alike, will take a cooler in the "Icehouse," and will stay there "for the All-Night of Prayer," to which "all the enemies of the Devil are invited" on payment of 2d. for admission. We should think the money was worth it.

ANOTHER dodge of the Salvation Army to raise the wind is the establishment of a "Finance Brigade," of which there are various sections, from No. 1, who subscribe one guinea, to No. 5, who only give one shilling quarterly. Every member of the Finance Brigade should be entitled to a Jew's harp and a front seat in the New Jerusalem. Guinea subscribers might receive in addition a robe washed in the blood of the Lamb.

AT Stratford Police-court, recently, a milk-boy named Smith, a member of the Salvation Army, was charged with embezzling moneys belonging to his master. The prisoner had collected several small bills, and was about to send 10s. of the amount to General Booth, with the following note, on a printed form:—"Salvation Army Extra Relief Fund for 1884.—Dear General,—I have great pleasure in sending you the sum of 10s. in answer to your letter. God bless the Salvation Army.—(Signed) W. SMITH, Corps 390, dated Sept. 6, 1884." The accused was remanded. We presume he is a member of the Finance Brigade.

ON Case Hill, near Belfast, there was, a short time ago, an ancient castle. In order to protect its ruins from Vandals, some lovers of antiquity ordered it to be surrounded by a wall. Upon coming to see the castle, they found it was gone. The contractor had used the ruins for building the wall, and not a stone of the castle remained. The protectors of Christianity have acted very similarly, only they have used its stones to build their own edifices. If its original founders returned they would not be able to discover a single stone in any of the churches.

IN a paper on the Dalston Mystery, the *Christian World* quotes the old lines—

"Murder is loathsome and abominable
To God, who is so just and reasonable
He will not suffer it concealed to be,
Though it may wait a year, or two, or three."

Any reader of the papers, however, must be aware of at least a score of murders within the past dozen years, the perpetrators of which have escaped. It would be a bad thing for society if human vigilance relaxed under the delusion that crime is brought to light by God.

THE country parsons set an exquisite example of Christian humility. A schoolmaster who dared to call at the front door of the parsonage, has received the following letter from his clergyman:—"South Wytham Rectory, Sept. 17, 1884. All the villagers desirous of coming to my house approach it in a becoming and respectful manner, *i.e.*, through the backway and to the kitchen door—there is not a farmer in the place who ever has had, or would have, the impertinence to do otherwise. I desire that in future you will do the like.—(Signed) R. W. LYONEL TOLLEMACHE-TOLLEMACHE.—The Teacher of the Board School, South Wytham." There is one consolation derivable from such incidents as this. The more ministers make themselves ridiculous and despicable in the eyes of the people, the sooner will Parliament call at the front door of the Church with a wholesale Disestablishment Bill.

THERE is a complaint in the religious press of the scarcity of professors of theology. Professor Cave says that he is himself teaching, besides Christian doctrine, "chemistry and German, Hebrew, Old Testament criticism and interpretation, preaching and pastoral care." It is evident Professor Cave has too much on his hands, and he would do well to resign all except chemistry and German, which are the only useful parts of his curriculum.

THE "enthronement" of the Bishop of Ripon took place the other day in Ripon Cathedral. The reports say that the "nave was crowded." Mrs. Partington thinks that if the poor bishop was mobbed by the congregation, that is no reason why these dreadful papers should speak of him so disrespectfully.

THE *Christian Herald* gives a wonderful instance of the miraculous efficacy of prayer. A converted bargeman on the Surrey Canal says to a missionary: "It pleased God to send a heavy storm of wind. . . . I then remembered how you used to tell me that God would hear prayer. . . . I prayed most earnestly to God either to save my life from a watery grave or fit me for heaven. He heard my prayer, I am sure, for in less than half an hour there was a great calm." Great storm on the Surrey Canal.

Christians saved from imminent shipwreck by prayer! Christ's famous miracle of Stilling the Tempest repeated by a simple bargee! Advertise it well, good Christians.

A MANUFACTURER in North Carolina, struck with revivalism, declined to execute some urgent orders. In reply to remonstrances, he telegraphed back: "The Lord is at work; the factories will not run this week."

A BIBLE banger concluded his eloquent address with the words—"Ho, everyone that thirsteth, come ye to the waters without money and without price." After a short pause he added, "We will now take up a collection."

LAST week at Manchester a young woman, suffering from religious mania, jumped from the gallery window of St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Church into the graveyard beneath, a distance of forty feet. She probably believed in the passage, "He shall give his angels charge concerning thee: and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." The poor woman fortunately fell on the grass, and did not sustain very serious injuries.

THE *Barrow News* reports a sermon by the Rev. A. Hall, Congregational minister, Dalton, in which he denounced all who deny the personality of the Christian's scapegoat, the Devil. He said "too much fairness had been shown to infidels in treating them as honest men," and earnestly exhorted his congregation to "cling to the truths of the Bible and not argue the question with anyone." This will be their only safe plan if they do not wish to learn anything of the lies as well as of the truths of the Bible.

A FRENCH provincial, who was induced by a Protestant friend to read God's holy word, remarked, "Je n'ai jamais su qu'il y eut des obscénités dans la Bible." He had been kept in such deplorable ignorance by the Catholics that he did not even know there were obscenities in the Bible.

SURGEON, in a recent sermon, tells us that "very few of the supposed converts of inquiry-rooms turn out well." Had he gone the length of saying that very few converts to Christianity at all turn out well, he would have had our hearty endorsement.

A DISCUSSION on the use of the word "Theotokos," mother of God, has been going on in the *Record*. The Rev. Malcolm MacColl contends that the use of the phrase "Mother of God" is a test of right belief in the Incarnation. He does not say anything as to the orthodoxy of calling St. Ann God's grandmother, though in a volume called "Anthems to Mary" she is called "grandmother of the eternal God." Another correspondent, in his anxiety to give Mary all the credit of making Jesus, declares that "what the son takes the mother gives, so much and no more." This gentleman apparently dispenses entirely with any male parent for his incarnate God, whether God the father, the Ghost or the angel Gabriel.

A WRITER to the *Christian* complains that the Ball's Pond Secular Hall, "so near Mildmay Conference Hall and the dwellings of many Christians in the vicinity, has been felt as a serious burden." Poor creature! How naughty of the wicked Secularists to have a ball in her vicinity!

ACCORDING to a story in the *Rock*, a certain ritualistic clergyman keeps a crucifix on the communion-table in defiance of the law and of his bishop. When challenged, he passes a knife under the crucifix to show that it does not touch the table, but is merely a projection from the wall behind. Thus he evades the law.

MR. GEORGE KENNEDY, charged with begging, pleads that he is only carrying out the Bible precepts, "preach to every creature" and "ask and ye shall receive." He is anxious to "impart wisdom to all those who did not possess it," but has to admit that he has, like Paul, "been oft in prison." He goes to tourists' hotels, and blows a trumpet at four and five o'clock in the morning, with the usual result that his victims bribe him to depart by giving what he asks.

PIOUS Italians believe Saint Roch to be the great preserver from cholera. A single church in Rome, of which he is the patron saint, has received 700,000 francs in gifts.

THE *Christian Herald*, speaking of the desperate burglars Wright and Wheatley, says: "Bad as such men are, they may, through faith in Christ, reach heaven." Oh, what must it be to be there!

ACCORDING to the same veracious journal, a certain, or rather uncertain, minister told an agitated mother in London that her sick daughter in Scotland was still alive at that moment, and he then proceeded to pray for her. The girl recovered, and when she came to London and saw the preacher "through whose prayers she had been brought back from the gates of death," she cried, "There is the man I saw when I was ill praying for me." If the society now prosecuting "psychological researches" wants

proof of this wonderful miracle, with its addendum of clairvoyance, they must apply to the following addresses:—Godly Scotch woman once living in London; godly Scotch woman's daughter once living in Scotland; pastor once living in London—century, name and locality unknown. If the letters are returned marked "insufficiently addressed," we have no more definite particulars to hand, as our pious journals almost always avoid such snares of Satan.

T. T. BERGER, vicar of St. James', Bolton, sends out a begging circular. His parish has a debt of over £1,200, and he states that unless helped "we shall be compelled to close our day schools." This, he complains, would take the education of the children out of the hands of the Church, and give the clergy less access to many families. Mr. Berger complains that he has to go round "day after day, to the utter neglect of the parish and till I am sick and weary, to collect subscriptions." He adds: "I really do not know how, except for the fulfilment of the promise (Deut. xxxiii, 25), I have so long continued the struggle." The promise is, "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass." Mr. Berger may find this kind of shoe best, since he has so much canvassing for subscriptions, or he may take the advice of the preceding verse and "dip his feet in oil."

IN a little volume published by Whittaker, entitled "Reasons why we Believe the Bible," by the Rev. J. Copland, M.A., we read that Christ testified not only to the plenary inspiration of the Old Testament, but to that of the New, which was not written till some time after his death. Mr. Copland relies on the texts where Jesus is reported as saying to his disciples, "For it is not you that speak, but the spirit of your father which speaketh in you," and "The Holy Ghost shall teach you what ye ought to say." In this case every word uttered by the apostles was inspired. Why, then, were not all their words preserved? What has become of the gospels of James, Bartholomew, Thomas, Philip, Andrew and Matthias?

ROBERT ROPER, formerly curate of St. George's, Birmingham, has been fined 10s. for being drunk and disorderly.

A GENTLEMAN at Tiverton refuses to let his farm to any but Churchmen. It is well known how far superior their crops are to those raised by Dissenters.

A VIGOROUS sermon by Archdeacon Colley, formerly of Portsmouth and now at Natal, is reported in the *Hampshire Post*. The Archdeacon says his motto is "The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, and to hell with all opposing."

THE *Rock* has a very poor opinion of Christian Churches generally. It declares that the Russian Established Church, for instance, is "hopelessly corrupt," and says: "The Christianity of Southern Italy is scarcely to be distinguished from the most debased of idolatrous worship except by its nomenclature. In no Mahomedan country, we believe, are the people so utterly enslaved to superstition." In another column we read: "The priest presents a family likeness all the world over, and in every age and clime . . . priests of the exclusive caste have ever been the most malignant enemies that ever compassed the ruin of a man or undermined the welfare of a nation." As the *Rock* is so highly religious a paper, its testimonies to the practical working of Christianity are worth noticing.

DR. SAMUEL KINNS has at last had a literary introduction to the Queen. Her Majesty has accepted a copy of his "Moses and Geology," with a long list of its scientific sponsors. No doubt she is mightily pleased with it, and the aspiring author has now reached the height of his ambition. His critics are for ever silenced, for who can censure a work approved by the author of "Leaves from my Journal" and the biographer of John Brown?

QUERY—Will Kinns some day figure in the Civil List for a small pension on account of his great services to science? Who knows? Stranger things have happened. Presenting a volume to the Queen has often led to a good plum, and there is no reason why Kinns should not get one as well as other candidates who have been successful.

A REVEREND inspector of elementary schools was somewhat taken aback the other day by the unexpected answer he received to one of his questions. He was examining a class of little boys as to their knowledge of scripture, and in the course of some questioning concerning the position John the Baptist occupied towards Jesus, he asked, "What is a forerunner?" A slight pause followed; the lads were evidently puzzled as to the exact meaning of the question. At length, one bright-eyed little fellow near the bottom of the class suddenly lifted up his hand, saying, "I know, sir." "Well, what is it, my little boy?" blandly inquired the cleric. "Why, sir, it's the hoos what goes twice round the course and comes in fust." The precocity of that small boy in his knowledge of the turf was too much for our clerical friend, and the examination was brought to an abrupt conclusion.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We shall Publish Next Week a Full-page Politico-Religious Cartoon, entitled the **POLITICAL BALAAM** Hitting off the present situation in a novel and striking manner, it is sure to have a quick sale, and intending purchasers should therefore order early of their news-agents.

There will also be a special article by Mr. Foote on "The Parson's Parliament."

MR. FOOTE'S ENGAGEMENTS.

Sunday, October 5, Secular Hall, Camden Street, Liverpool:—Morning, "Judas Iscariot;" afternoon, "Sky Pilots;" evening, "Will Christ Save Us?"

Thursday, Oct. 9, Hall of Science, Old Street, London, at 8.30, "The Roots of Christianity.—II. God." A formal invitation, with complimentary tickets, has been sent to the Christian Evidence Society; and ample opportunity will be allowed for discussion.

October 12, Halifax; 14, Walworth; 16, Hall of Science, London; 18, Failsworth; 19, Manchester; 26, Plymouth; 30, Hall of Science.

November 2, Burnley; 6, Hall of Science, London; 9, Birmingham; 13, Hall of Science, London; 16, Nottingham; 20 and 23, Hall of Science, London; 25, Claremont Hall, London; 30, Hall of Science.

December 2, Claremont Hall; 7, South Shields; 9, Claremont Hall, London; 14, Oldham; 16, Claremont Hall, London; 21, Hall of Science, London; 28, Milton Hall, London.

January 4, Rochdale; 11, Huddersfield; 18 and 25, Milton Hall.

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ALL business communications to be addressed to the Manager, Mr. W. J. Ramsey, 28 Stonecutter Street, London, E.C. Literary communications to the Editor, 28 Stonecutter Street, London.

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SCALE OF ADVERTISEMENTS:—Thirty words, 1s. 6d.; every succeeding ten words, 6d. *Displayed Advertisements*:—One inch, 3s.; Half Column, 15s.; Column, £1 10s. Special terms for repetitions.

RECEIVED WITH THANKS.—H. Meeson, Bee, E. Roberts, A True Freethinker.

A BLASPHEMER.—Dr. Aveling is the proper person to answer your questions. Why not write to him direct? We fully appreciate your remarks.

LIBRE PENSEE.—See answer to "A Blasphemer."

INQUIRER (Yeovil).—You complain of the definitions we gave you, and ask us to give a full statement of "all the views of different sects of unbelievers." Thank you, but we have no leisure for such a long job. We will, however, cheerfully answer your question whether we "believe in God, Devil, Hell, Heaven, Christ, Holy Ghost, or any life after this." Our reply is simple—No.

W. THOMPSON.—If you send the tract and your answer, both shall receive attention, and if you enclose stamp they can be returned. We do not throw any letters into the waste-paper basket without assuring ourselves of their contents. Digesis signifies "explanation or setting forth in order."

T. PRINCE.—Very good for a beginning.

W. C. S. asks, if it is necessary for bodies to be buried in an eastward position, how about those who are thrown into the sea. Do they banker for and anchor in an eastward position, or do they, like the parsons, lie in all directions?

F. CLAYDON, JUN.—Many thanks for your exertions on our behalf during our imprisonment. We have already illustrated Jahveh's visit to Abraham.

A CONSTANT READER.—Write to the Editor of *Lucifer*, Valley Falls, Kansas.

J. R. sends us a model prayer. He prays that Satan shall be changed into an angel of mercy, commissioned to alleviate physical suffering, rectify moral delinquency, and extinguish hell-fire, or judiciously diffuse its heat around the poles of this unfortunate planet.

J. WIDDICOMBE.—Your plan of leaving *Freethinkers* about when upon your journeys is an excellent one. No doubt you stimulate thought in many minds.

W. I. B.—The paragraph was taken from the *Rock*. You had better write to the Editor of the *Inquirer*.

C. B. B.—Received with thanks. Always glad to hear from you.

X. L.—You cannot send us cuttings too often.

HOMO.—We do not expect every one to agree with our definition of an Agnostic—especially Agnostics. We may be very obtuse, but we fail to see in any straightforward statement of the Agnostic's position anything that distinguishes it from the Atheist's. The real difference is one of attitude. It is not far from correct to say that the Agnostic is a timid Atheist and the Atheist is a courageous Agnostic. For the rest, while we quite appreciate courtesy to persons we do not understand courtesy to ideas.

FREETHINKER (Salisbury).—Papers sent. You do not give the news-agent's address, or we would communicate with him. Sorry to hear the sky-pilots in your district are ceasing to advertise this paper from their pulpits. Fortunately, however, they have done us a great deal of good already, and we are sincerely grateful. Many of our correspondents, like yourself, express indignation at the dastardly assault on Mr. Ramsey, and an itching desire to be on the spot if it should be repeated. In that case it would not be "all for Jesus," and we expect the Christian lambs would quietly adjourn to the

nearest "pub" to fortify themselves with deep draughts of the spirit.

C. GOODENOUGH.—Your expressions of sympathy have been conveyed to Mr. Ramsey.

UR PROSIM.—Unfortunately there is no hall obtainable in the neighborhood of Stamford Hill, or we would at once hold a free meeting there and make ample arrangements for preserving order. The outdoor lecture season is now over, and Mr. Foote is engaged in the country every Sunday for many weeks. When the outdoor season begins next year we will pay special attention to that station. We remember three or four summers ago, taking down a van-load of sturdy North London Freethinkers to assert our party's right to a fair hearing in Victoria Park, the previous meeting having been broken up by the Christians. The result was that a huge crowd assembled and listened quietly to the lecture, without even a crow being heard from the opposition.—With respect to the other matter, [we can only reply that it is impossible to please all tastes.

J. BRUMAGE, formerly of Sydenham Terrace, Portsmouth, has removed to 186 Gloucester Terrace, Lake Road, Landport. Freethinkers in the surrounding districts are requested to notice.

R. YOUNG.—Thanks. Send again.

H. BEE.—The Manchester "Polonius" who is so severe on Stage Profanity, ought to spend a few hours in an orthodox church or a Salvation Barrack, where he would hear the Lord's name taken in vain with ten times more irreverence and blasphemy than he will ever hear in a theatre.—Thanks for all your good wishes.

FAC.—How can we answer your question? Why not write to the gentleman yourself?

W. SMITH.—Mr. Foote does not propose to have his four lectures on the "Roots of Christianity" reported, but he intends to publish the substance of them with other matter in a volume by and bye.

S. BROWN.—We have not the name and address by us.

E. CHAPMAN.—Mr. Foote will be glad to see you at Liverpool. Please make yourself known.

IGNATIUS SINGER.—We are much obliged. Of course the English shall be looked to.

W. WHITE.—The passage is in Luke xiv., 26.

SUGAR PLUMS.

As this number of the *Freethinker* will be in the hands of our London readers before Mr. Foote's first lecture at the Hall of Science on the "Roots of Christianity" (Thursday, Oct. 2), we may state that the Christian Evidence Society has deputed the Rev. J. B. Heard, M.A., vicar of St. John's, Caterham, to attend and oppose. Special time will be given to the reverend gentleman, and an interesting discussion is expected.

MR. FOOTE'S welcome at Aberdeen was one of extraordinary enthusiasm. It is said that the Aberdonians are difficult to "fetch," but they laughed and cheered about every two minutes during Mr. Foote's lecture, and gave him an ovation at the close of each evening. Freethinkers came in from distant villages to welcome the ex-prisoner for blasphemy. Dr. Mortimer travelled forty miles by a slow train, and Dr. Young rode in twenty miles on his bicycle. Others did long journeys, ranging from thirteen to 42 miles. One old couple, Mr. and Mrs. Cumming, actually walked in twenty miles, and had to walk all that distance back after the lecture so as to be at work by six o'clock in the morning.

THE *Freethought Review*, published at Wanganui, New Zealand, gives as a supplement to its August number a very good lithographic portrait of Mr. Joseph Symes. Those friends of Mr. Symes who are unable to possess themselves of this likeness will be glad to know there is an excellent one on the cover of "Blows at the Bible."

At the Cassadaga Lake Convention, Colonel Ingersoll was unanimously elected president of the National Liberal League.

A CHICAGO minister the other Sunday told his congregation that "Chicago is now one day's journey nearer hell than yesterday!" He only had fifteen hearers, while a Sunday band outside was playing to an assemblage of at least 10,000 people. This is very annoying to a man of God, especially as open-air preachers are not allowed to spoil the pleasure and comfort of the public by spouting and bellowing while the music is on. At a religious station hired close by, J. Wolcott found only 100 listeners, though there were seats for 3,000 and standing room for 1,000 more.

THE *Freidenker* (Freethinker), a German-American weekly, is also the official organ of the North American Union of Gymnastic Societies, and of the North American Union of Radicals.

According to the *Rock*, the native newspapers of India are "written almost without exception by men who have abandoned Hindooism without accepting Christianity," i.e., by Freethinkers.

THE vicar of St. Mark's Church, Lower Easton, got his congregation to vote by ballot the other Sunday whether they would have one of the church windows altered or not—106 voting for the alteration and 47 against. If the "sacred edifice" and the pulpit can thus be used on the Lord's day for so trivial a purpose, why could not churches and Sundays be occasionally utilised for the far more important purpose of recording the political votes of the nation?

THE Chester Town Council have resolved, by a large majority, to open the reading and reference libraries on Sunday afternoons.

THE "dead languages" are doomed. Lord Rayleigh, president of the British Association, advocates the substitution of French and German for the Latin and Greek once thought indispensable for mental discipline. But why, says the *Chicago Radical Review*, are the scientists not equally outspoken with regard to the "dead religions"? Why will so many scientists still play fast and loose with theology when they have already left it far behind? Because it requires great moral courage as well as intelligence to do otherwise. "We do not often hear such brave words as those uttered by Professor Tyndall at Belfast, in 1873."

EDWARD CLODD contributes to the current number of *Knowledge* a lengthy notice of a new heretical book entitled "Bible Folk-lore," an essay in Comparative Mythology, by the author of "Rabbi Jeshua." This author goes even further than Goldziher in his Hebrew Mythology. Not only does he resolve the story of Samson into a sun myth, but he sees the twelve months in the twelve patriarchs, and the conflict of day and night in the legend of Cain and Abel. Even Daniel's escape from the den of lions is the old sun's deliverance from the fierce clouds. The writer says: "It is not a divinely-inspired record which we have examined, but a mythology of Egyptian and Assyrian origin, a ritual based on the most ancient laws and customs of the Aryans, a poetry whose most noble thoughts and images may be matched, if not excelled, by the hymns of the Veda and of Egypt, or even by those of Babylon and Chaldea."

A PIOUS PAPER ON "INFIDELS."

THE *Christian Commonwealth* says that "nothing could be more disrespectful than to use names which are repudiated by the persons to whom they are applied." Nevertheless, it continues to call all Freethinkers "Infidels," however strongly they may object to the insulting epithet. "Infidelity" signifies unfaithfulness or disloyalty, and we utterly repudiate it, although perforce we have to recognise the fact that our enemies persistently affix the abusive term to our movement.

In its "Editorial Notes," the *Christian Commonwealth* refers to the "frantic" efforts of Infidels to attract attention just now, but does not venture to directly answer our charge of wholesale untruthfulness in its attacks on Freethinkers (see "Acid Drops," Sept. 7) though we took care that our remarks should be forwarded to the editorial sanctum. It prefers the usual Christian method of ignoring its own gross faults and retorting slanders upon opponents both collectively and individually.

We beg to remind the editor that it is no answer, but only an aggravation of the offence, to say that "The generosity of Infidels" is "the unknown quantity in the boasted science of Freethought," and that "infidelity" has not a particle or "a single specimen or sample of anything 'lovely or of good report,'" and only seeks to "bespatter and besmear everything." Such an outrageous libel upon the Agnosticism or Freethought of Huxley, Tyndall, Darwin, Comte, George Eliot and the many other eminent people whom the *Christian Commonwealth* has stigmatised as "Infidels" can only proceed from a mind incapable of forming a sane and sober judgment of opponents when religion is at stake.

The *Christian Commonwealth* points its wild abuse with two alleged illustrations of "Infidel" inhumanity. "The Christians at the Antipodes," it seems, "have recently been commenting on the death, in circumstances of destitution, at the Hutt, New Zealand, of a noted Freethought lecturer, Madame Lottie Wilmot." Fortunately we still have by us the refutation of this calumny in the columns of the *Sydney Liberal*. Madame Wilmot never was a member of any Freethought association in New Zealand, and never lectured for any Freethought association there or, it is believed, for any other in Australasia. The Dunedin Freethought Association declined her offer to lecture. At Melbourne she lectured in defence of orthodoxy—so that Christians are far more responsible for any neglect that may have occurred than are the Freethinkers.

The second case put forward by the pious editor is the alleged neglect of Thomas Paine on his death-bed. If it is true that the "common attentions to a sick man had been withheld from him," how is it one Christian (Dr. Manley) who visited him at midnight to test his dying opinions, speaks of "the nurse being present"? This nurse, Mrs. Hadden or Hedden, had been appointed by Mrs. Bonneville to attend to Paine, who was then becoming very feeble, being in his 73rd year. She was a religious person,

and used to read the Bible to him. If the common attentions due to a sick man were withheld from him, his Christian nurse was responsible for the neglect. The formation of external ulcers, blisters and bed-sores in an aged person dying of an internal ulcer and other complications, is no proof that he had been "neglected and forsaken by his pretended friends." Paine was not in poverty. After his return to America in 1802, less than seven years before his death, in 1809, he writes: "My property in this country has been taken great care of by my friends, and is now worth £6,000 sterling, which, put in the funds, will bring me £400 sterling a year." Even supposing for argument's sake that the worst of the Christian accounts were true, we would ask two questions. Firstly, did not Christ's own apostles forsake him and flee? Secondly, why did the orthodox Christians to whom Paine had rendered such important political services in the critical times of the great struggle for independence, neglect the dying heretic to whom they owed so much?

But our pious contemporary makes amends for Christian mendacity in a very simple way. It has a leading article on "Reverence for Truth," which is written in a most excellent spirit. It is a great pity that this Christian journal cannot accept its own teachings, and reduce them to practice. It speaks with two voices. Which is to be regarded as the utterance of real Christianity—the actual malicious libel upon heretics or the theoretical inculcation of truth and charity? While Christians continue to unite lofty theory with despicable practice they must expect to be regarded as hypocrites. In fairness, however, it must be remembered that people suffering from religion are under a delusion bordering on insanity and are to be pitied accordingly. In political and social matters the *Christian Commonwealth* often speaks out in a way that commands one's sympathy and admiration. But a paper which is "determined" that it shall be "second to no religious journal published in the United Kingdom," feels that it must keep at least one or two rabid bigots on the staff to conciliate the thoroughly religious readers who regard Freethinkers as beings outside the pale of humanity, and destitute of all rights or claims save such as might be possessed by criminals or devils.

This journal of Christian light and leading also has a leading article on "The Agnostic Golgotha,"* which deals with the controversy between Herbert Spencer and Frederic Harrison concerning the religion of the future. These two heroes of "Infidel intellectualism" are represented as "breaking each other's skulls" in an arena "strewn with the dead skulls of old Agnostics." Voltaire said: I destroy a monster; and you ask me what I will put in its place. The two combatants have failed to profit by Voltaire's saying. They are not Atheistic enough. Like the Israelites at Sinai, they must have a new God, now that Jehovah has disappeared. So out of the best gold of his thought each fashions a precious and beautiful image and cries aloud: "These be your gods, O Israel."

Spencer would replace the old monster by Unknown and Unknowable Power, the mysterious and wonderful cause of the universe of phenomena. Harrison would substitute Humanity as the god of the religion of the future. Each exalts his special ideal into a sublime "deity of some kind or other." A sympathetic and receptive nature in each case makes them too subservient and imitative. Christian theology ought not to be copied. A fresh start should be made. A jealous God who excludes all others is not wanted in the pantheon of the future, which will have to include all noble and practical ideals, all virtues, all excellencies of thought and work and feeling—thus evolving a republic of gods, *i.e.*, of moral ideas and aspirations, rather than a theocracy or monarchy. And as there will be division of labor, so through the long ages of the future will there be division of worship.

After contemplating, however momentarily, so grand a subject, and after one's feeling of deep joy in the presence of such able and high-minded men as Spencer and Harrison in the "Infidel" ranks, the uncomplimentary remarks of the *Christian Commonwealth* on "mummy-dust," "quackery" (its own contrasted ideal is "living on the flesh and blood of the Son of Man," *i.e.*, figurative cannibalism), "deceit," "Gloomy Golgotha," "dread dark despair," and so forth, really become too trivial to be worth further notice.

W. P. BALL.

* Perhaps an indirect and far-fetched reply to the illustration in the *Freethinker* of Sept. 14.

CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

"And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, ELI, ELI, LAMA SABACHTHANI?—that is to say, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"—Matthew xxvii., 46.

If there is any passage in the traditionary legends of Jesus which bears the impress of truth it is this. The most sceptical criticism must admit that if not true it is at least truth-like. It is not an utterance likely to have been invented by the biographers of Jesus, who show a constant disposition to do him honor at the expense of probability. It is, moreover, unlike the other sayings attributed to him, put into his own language. Few people reflect on the absurdity of a Palestinian Jew giving long discourses in Greek like those in John's Gospel, or of Greek gospels being written by unlearned Jews. But what is more likely than that an Hebrew enthusiast in his despair should repeat the words of the Psalmist, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

Others may contrast the cry of Jesus with the fortitude of Socrates. No words of mine shall cast ridicule on the sufferings of a man in his agony. Freethinkers are not such callous creatures as the well-paid priests pretend. The picture of Jesus brought to a cruel death at the instigation of the priests he denounced, and crying out when he finds his beautiful ideal of a father in heaven unable to help him in his dreadful pain, is one that well might move the heart of opposition and blind with tears the eyes of criticism. It has, in fact, drawn to his side the sympathy of ages, and made him worshipped even to the exclusion of the supposed father who forsook him.

But what shall we say of those who deface the pathetic human picture with the smirch of a supernatural glory? How dare the orthodox, in face of such a text as this declare that the poor sufferer was "very God of very God?" How ridiculously they turn the human tragedy into a divine farce. Very God of very God, killed by God to satisfy God, and calling out to God and asking God why God has forsaken God. And the believers in this nonsense cry out against us for defaming their idol, and visit us with penalties when we expose their absurdities!

What shall we say, too, of those Christians who have eyes only for the sufferings of their God at Golgotha and disregard the misery of their fellow beings through the ages? Hearts that are callous to the ills of those with whom they are brought into actual contact are supposed to be moved by the agony of a being who died eighteen hundred years ago. What is the worth of such a religion? Have revelations brought in righteousness? Let the history of Christianity, with its conflicting sects, its sanguinary religious wars, its persecution of heresy, and its constant opposition to education, science and freethought, answer. When preachers tell us of the scene on Calvary we think of the long crucifixion of the people nailed by faith and fear and ignorance to the cross of superstition. With Swinburne we turn to the figure of the crucified one and cry:—

"Oh hidden face of man, whereover
The years have woven a viewless veil,
If thou wast verily man's lover
What did thy love or blood avail?
Thy blood the priests make poison of,
And in gold shekels coin thy love.
When we would see thee, man, and know
What heart thou hadst toward men indeed,
Lo, thy blood-blackened altars, lo
The lips of priests that pray and feed
While their own hell's worm curls and licks
The poison of the crucifix."

J. M. WHEELER.

THE BRIGHT SIDE UPPERMOST.—Dr. Johnson used to say that a habit of looking at the best side of every event is better than a thousand pounds a year. Bishop Hall quietly remarks, "For every bad there might be a worse, and when a man breaks his leg let him be thankful that it was not his neck." When Fenelon's library was on fire, he exclaimed, "God be praised that it is not the dwelling of some poor man!" The true spirit of wise and unselfish resignation is one of the most beautiful traits that can possess the human heart.

"The prayer 'Lead me not into temptation' means 'Let me not see what manner of person I am.'—Schopenhauer, "The World as Will," vol. i., p. 474; 1883.

SALVATION ABSURDITIES.

If Freethinkers at any time feel at all dull, they cannot do better than purchase a copy of the *War Cry* for perusal. It is sure to have an enlivening effect. The *Blood and Fire Gazette* far surpasses our so-called comic journals for humor. Even the advertisements are funny. Salvation Army Quilts are now advertised, in red and white, with emblematic borders, crest, etc.—so that even while in bed the hallelujah lads and lasses have the satisfaction of being covered with godly goods. Salvation Towels are also advertised, on which is the text: "The blood of Christ cleanses from all sin"—bleached or unbleached. After this we shall soon hear of Hallelujah Soap and Salvation Small-tooth Combs. Boots are also sold at the Salvation Stores. We suppose the General sends them out with good souls. Knee-drill stockings are not yet on sale.

In the news portion of the paper, "knee-drill" seems to be the chief item on the board—not on cushions—but there are many other amusing items—for instance, "The Living Skeleton." This emaciated soldier "electrified the people" at a meeting when he told them "that a few weeks since he was a living skeleton, but in answer to the officers' prayers he was entirely healed body and soul in a moment, and was gaining flesh every day." This is a proof that one can get fat on religion.

Near Bathurst, states a *War Cry* correspondent, "the Devil stirred up a man with a black horse and carriage to try and break the Salvation Army ranks, but, glory be to God, he made a miserable failure." He adds: "Lord save the poor man." Better save the poor man's horse from taking fright through being "stirred up" by the devilish Salvation music.

At Chichester, reports "Captain" Jewell, a convert said many years ago he was a sceptic, "but he found it would not do to die unbelieving." Praise the Lord we have a special report of the speech he must have made. It was as follows: "I thank God to-night because I know that I am saved. Many years ago I rejected God's holy book. The Devil had hold of me then—I was, in truth, a child o' Satan. I used to wonder how God made the light before he made the sun; why God let the Devil tempt Adam and Eve and upset his arrangements; I used to ask where Cain got his wife from. Ah, brothers, I had no faith then! I used to question the Noah's ark miracle. I couldn't make out how the poor old patriarch squeezed all the animals and birds and insects into so small a space, and found food enough for them; and how he got on for ventilation with only one window, and that closed for nearly a year. O, brothers, I was a wicked sinner then! I doubted nearly everything in God's holy book—that about Joshua making the sun stand still while he slaughtered his enemies, and that about the Ten Plagues—in fact, I disbelieved everything, including the story of Jonah swallowing the whale. I really couldn't swallow that piscatorial anecdote, but now, praise the Lord, through the grace of his blessed Son, I can swallow anything—even the Rich Man and Lazarus. (Cries of 'Hallelujah'). O, brothers and sisters, I believe every word of the Bible now—I couldn't go on disbelieving any longer—it's horribly wicked to use your reason in preference to having blind faith. Praise the Lord it is only blind faith that will save you from everlasting damnation. (Cries of 'Thank God he's saved' and 'Hallelujah,' during which the ex-Sceptic resumed his seat.) [If this report isn't correct, let the "Grecian Orator" send us the correct one with the ex-Sceptic's name and address.] It is to be hoped that none of our friends (under the pretext of being saved) will make a similar speech at Salvation meetings, merely for the sake of having a dig at the Bible.

In another part of this humorous paper it says of an All-Night Meeting at Castleford that "at 3.30 the Holy Ghost fell upon us in mighty power. We were soon all ablaze . . . some were prostrate on the floor and carried away to what we call the 'grave-yard' insensible. . . . Many of them seemed as though they had been drunk." It would have been a grand sight to see these Hallelujah lads and lasses prostrate on the floor—but these all-night meetings generally take place with lights out. The individual who reports this All-Night meeting further states that his "soul was all on fire and his body too." This proves that the Salvationists are a warm lot.

There are no end of Salvation Free-and-Easys reported. At one of these "the spirit of the Lord was mightily at work, that at the prayer-meeting the people shook in their seats, yet none would surrender." What a stubborn lot to be sure. Not surrender after the spirit of the Lord giving them a good shake! Never mind, better luck next time. At this meeting they had a "Hallelujah Wind-Up"—we suppose this means singing in all manner of keys and without keeping time.

But the best Hallelujah Wind-Up we notice in the *War Cry* occurred at the Regent Hall, London, on Sunday evening, where, reports "Major" Higgins, "We took hold of God at the commencement of the meeting determined that something should be done ere we closed." Oh, "Major" Higgins, why didn't you pop him in a cab and drive him to the Hall of Science, Old Street, and there exhibit him to the confusion of the "wicked Infidels," and convert those present at one fell swoop.

These Salvation absurdities, quoted from the *War Cry*, prove that paper to be nothing better than a comic religious paper, and it likewise proves that "General" Booth is nothing else than a religious —

SCOFFER.

EXTRACTS FROM JOS. SYMES'S "LIBERATOR."

WE heard of a peculiarly Irish definition the other day. A boy (of Celtic extraction, of course!) defined sugar as that stuff which makes your tea nasty when you don't put it in. In this way we might define Christianity as that mixture of bigotry and superstition which makes your religion reasonable when you leave it out.

"SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS!"—The Salvationists and others boast of being "safe in the arms of Jesus. Poor fellow! He must be in an awful condition—covered with parasites and vermin. It is rumored that he can endure it no longer, and has at last made up his mind to burn his old clothes and take a good bath; he is sick of the swarms that infest his body, and is inquiring for the most effectual insecticide to be got. This may be mere rumor, but one could wish it were true in the interest of sanitation.

PROFANE JOKES.

PHILOSOPHERS say that shutting the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. A wag says that this accounts for the many closed eyes that are to be seen in church.

THE following answer was obtained from "a child of average intelligence in an inspected school" less than thirty years ago: "My duty toads God is to bleed in him, to fering and to loaf withold your arts, withold my mine, withold my sold, and with my sernth, to whirchip and give thanks, to put my old trash in him, to onner his old name and his world, and to save him truly all the days of my life's end."

A LITTLE girl, five years old, was walking along one day, when she stepped on a caterpillar. Turning around, she asked—"Mamma, did God make that worm?" Her mother replied, "Yes, darling, why do you ask?" The little girl began to cry, and said, "Why doesn't he take care of it, then?—now I've hurt it; see it tie up in a knot."

A FARMER in a remote district in the Yorkshire wolds, met a country rector who had been two years absent on travel. "Mr. Rector," said the farmer, "you've been to the Holy Land, I hear?" "I have, John, and got safe back you see." "Well," said John, "I have often thou't I'd like to hear aboot that spot. It's a fine country, I lay?" "Well," said the rector, "I saw Lebanon, and Jerusalem, and the Twelve Palm Trees, and the wells of water in the Great Desert; and we went across the Jordan, and up Mount—" "Excuse me interrupting you, Mr. Rector, noo," said the farmer, "but if it be a fair question, hoo was turmet (turnips) looking oot yonder?"

A LADY recently took her little three-year-old daughter in bathing with her. The water was very cold, and as the little one emerged dripping from the water she gasped: "O, mamma, tell Jesus to turn on the hot water!"

THE following large-hearted and compassionate prayer was delivered by a minister in the Heilands:—"An'noo, Lord, that we're prayin' for a' sorts and conditions o' men, dinna forget the puir auld Deil that's lying chained in the inner neuk o' hell! Lord, let byganes be byganes, an' gin ye tak' him to yoursel' again, mak' him cut off his horns and his hoofs, and gar him look like anither mon!"

"SAMBO, kin you tell me why dey invariably take de pennies from children at de Sunday-school?" "Course I kin. Dat is to get de cents ob de meetin'."



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