

THE FREETHINKER.

EDITED BY G. W. FOOTE.

Sub-Editor—J. M. WHEELER.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

PRIZE TOPICAL RELIGIOUS SKETCH.



SAINT CASH.

“Sell that ye have, and give alms.”—LUKE xii., 33.

THE PALL MALL GAZETTE AND THE CLERGY.

“*Pall Mall Gazette*, sir?—Fourpence.” Such was the cry from many a street news vendor last week. And why was fourpence, and more, charged and given for a penny paper? Because it contained what are called “spicy revelations” as to the great social ulcer of London. The multitudes who bought the paper in the streets knew that Messrs. Smith and Son had excluded it *pro tem.* from the railway bookstalls, and that it was tabooed by the “respectable” booksellers. They purchased it, therefore, out of mere prurient curiosity. Nine-tenths of them, at least, would have derided the idea of paying even a penny for an article on any social malady of a less scabrous nature. It is astonishing what an itch there is among the chaste Christian public for surreptitious sexual excitement. At times they betray, in a sneaking fashion, not only a great deal of the old Adam, but a great deal of the old beast. They descend to the level of the human doggerly, over whom Carlyle waxes Rabelaisian in his “*Frederick*,” who resemble their four-legged brethren in their peculiar method of investigating with the nose.

We do not assert that the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* had any improper motive to serve in his remarkably free exposure of the horrible traffic in young girls. If the statements he publishes are true, they ought not to be concealed but proclaimed from the housetops. But we do assert that the language he has employed throws the most “objectionable” parts of the Knowlton pamphlet altogether into the shade. There were more outrages on what is called “ordinary decency” in any single paragraph of the *Pall Mall Gazette’s* Report on the sexual sewers of London than in the whole of that publication. Yet the Government has come to the conclusion that the enterprising journal should not be prosecuted for obscenity. Why then were Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant prosecuted for publishing the Knowlton

pamphlet? Because they were Freethinkers. That is the only reason, and we defy anybody to assign another. According to the verdict of the jury, the motives of Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant were entirely honorable, and Lord Cockburn admitted that the statements in the pamphlet were perfectly true. Could the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* make any better defence? All he can plead is that he has published the truth, and that his object was to compel public attention to a grievous wrong. Yet Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant were prosecuted for obscenity, found guilty, and sentenced to six months’ imprisonment; while the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, whose offence (if there be any) is infinitely worse, and whose defence could not be better, is allowed to go unmolested. The reason is obvious. The editor talked a great deal about religion in his articles. That saved him. If the feculent Report, however necessary or justifiable it may be, had appeared in a Freethought journal, there would have been a unanimous howl of execration from all the Christians in London; the editor, printer, publisher and proprietor would all have been laid by the heels in a Christian gaol; and in a short time they would be taking daily practice on a Christian treadmill.

There is no mercy, no consideration, no Justice for Freethinkers. They are the Ishmaels of England. Every man’s hand is against them; and if they were not a sturdy, unconquerable body, like the desert Arabs, who never know when they are beaten, never recognise defeat, and always fight on with the same immortal hope, they would long since have been extinguished. Freethinkers have no friends but their own strength and courage. But, fortunately, these are great; and when the soldiers of Freethought stand solidly shoulder to shoulder—resolute, undaunted, keen of eye, and firm of hand—they cannot be crushed by the whole world. They are like a Macedonian phalanx among multitudinous barbarians; like the little army of Greece at Marathon, hurling back the Persian

myriads as an ocean rock flings off the waves in foam and spray.

When this journal was prosecuted, and Messrs. Foote, Ramsey and Kemp were sent to gaol, the *Pall Mall Gazette* was one of the papers that approved our sentence, and called us "obscene," although we were only indicted for "blasphemy." The only "obscenity" in our paper was a picture called "A Back View," representing Moses as gazing through an eyeglass at a huge pair of trousers. According to the Bible, Moses saw God's afterwards, and there is not the slightest reason to believe that the writer thought of clothes, or contemplated anything but sheer nudity. We decently covered the heavenly posteriors with Scotch plaid. The Bible leaves them naked. We were imprisoned for blasphemy, and the Bible is circulated by Act of Parliament among all the children of this realm as the infallible Word of a pure and holy God.

What does the *Pall Mall Gazette* think now of its action then? It told us that we had no right to laugh at religious subjects because it "shocked people's feelings" and was "indecent." Well, it has shocked people's feelings a great deal more than we did. "Oh," the editor will reply, "my motive was a good one." So was ours, but your paper said that, whatever our motive, we had no right to "outrage public sentiment." You think the traffic in young girls infamous. So do we. But we tell you that superstition works infinitely more mischief, and is in fact responsible for nine-tenths of the social evils that every good man deplores. You accuse the statesmen of both the great political parties of being callously indifferent to the brutal degradation of poor men's daughters by rich and titled scoundrels. But are not those statesmen Christians? Would you have a moment's doubt as to how Mr. Bradlaugh would speak and vote on the question, if he were occupying his proper seat in the House of Commons, instead of being kept out of it by Christian bigotry?

We notice that the *Pall Mall Gazette* asks what the clergy think of its revelations, and is anxious to "hear what good men say before listening to the clamor of the bad." But why did not the clergy do the job themselves? They talk about their parochial work and their constant visitation of the poor, and they profess to be the proper custodians of morality as well as of religion. Nay, they declare that without their dogmas, and perhaps without their ministrations, there would be no morality at all. Why, then, did they not cry out against this frightful evil? Why did they leave the exposure to an evening newspaper? Nay, more; why is the evil possible after so much preaching and revivalism, so much religious education of the young, such a universal circulation of the Bible, and so many centuries of Christianity? The fact is, the very ministers of this faith, who are now wailing over the awful brutality disclosed in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, are themselves indirectly responsible for it. They belong to the great Black Army, banded against the liberty and progress of mankind. Their regular methods are more powerful than their spasmodic screamings. They systematically drug the public mind with their pious anodynes, and the result is what we see. There is only one remedy against the brute in man—Thought! We spread it with all our might, and suffer for doing so; while the Christian ministers of every denomination are occupied in droning old fables, and keeping men's minds frostbound under the spell of ancestral prejudices.

G. W. FOOTE.

PRAYER AND SICKNESS.—The medical works of modern Europe teem with records of individual illnesses and of broad averages of disease, but I have discovered hardly any instance in which a medical man of repute has attributed recovery to the influence of prayer. There is not a single instance, to my knowledge, in which papers read before statistical societies have recognised the agency of prayer either on disease or on anything else. The universal habit of the scientific world to ignore the power of prayer is a very important fact. To fully appreciate the "eloquence of the silence" of medical men, we must bear in mind the care with which they endeavor to assign a sanitary value to every influence. Had prayers for the sick any notable effect, it is incredible that the doctors, who are always on the watch for such things, should not have observed it, and added their influence to that of the priests towards obtaining them for every sick man. If they abstain from doing so, it is not because their attention has never been awakened to the possible efficacy of prayer, but, on the contrary, that although they have heard it insisted on from childhood upwards, they are unable to detect its influence. —Francis Galton, *F.R.S.*, "Inquiries into Human Faculty and Development," p. 279; 1883.

PIETY AND DISEASE.

EMERSON says somewhere that he knew a physician who could tell a man's creed from his temperament, and he instances that those with the liver deranged were inclined to Calvinism, while a more healthy and cheerful temperament would lean towards universalism. "Every man is a rascal when he is sick," said Dr. Johnson, and it may with equal truth be affirmed that every healthy man is a Secularist. Thoughts of another world and considerations drawn from another life fall on his ears like water on a duck's back. The old couplet runs:

"When the Devil was sick, the Devil a saint would be;
When the Devil was well, the Devil a saint was he."

Heine, when on his mattress-grave, jocularly turned towards "the Aristophanes of the universe," and confessed that ill-health turned a man towards religion.

The sky-pilots often declare that unbelief arises from a bad state of the heart. It would be easy to show that much of the piety of the world is the result of a disordered state of the stomach and liver. Who can read the lives of the saints without seeing that their visions and conflicts with devils were the result of disordered nerve-centres proceeding from their fasting and concentrating their minds on their idiotic creeds? Who can read John Calvin, Jonathan Edwards, and other manufacturers of theology, without seeing that these unhappy men were suffering from liver disorder? How many a poor sallow-faced Bible-banger thinks he is zealously religious when the fact, simply stated, is that he is bilious?

A history of religion is a study in pathology. There would have been no Christianity if Jesus had taken his meals regularly, and if Paul had never had that sunstroke on the road to Damascus. The sanest of great religious teachers, Gautama the Buddha, foolishly, as he confessed, spent six years in asceticism, and Mahomet was continually subject to fits of epilepsy. "Never," says quaint old Burton, in his "Anatomie of Melancholie," "never any strange illusions of devils amongst hermits, anchorites; never any visions, phantasms, apparitions, enthusiasms, prophets, any revelations; but immoderate fasting, bad diet, sickness, melancholy, solitariness, or some such things, were the precedent causes."

The religions have done their best to hide the real nature of the disease by an absurd separation of man into body and soul. The fact is, man is one, and whatever influences him in one direction has its influence on the whole man. Revivalists illustrate how much the effect of fear and emotional excitement will derange health. In extreme cases, that is, with susceptible subjects, fainting, convulsions and insanity result from their hell-hot preaching. On the other hand, the influence of ill-health is well known to lead to gloomy forebodings of the state of the soul. Sufferers take to the opium of religion as to any other sedative. How many poor girls have wasted their fond emotions yearning to be "safe in the arms of Jesus" when their real need was a little human love! How many would be better for less Bible and more skipping-rope. Physicians know that a dose of castor-oil often relieves a sufferer who fears having committed the mystic sin against the Holy Ghost for which there is never forgiveness, and a dose of jalap has been known to take away the dread of hell-fire.

I know it may be said, "But look at the sleek and rosy-gilled sky-pilots; do they look as if troubled with bile?" Not much. But the simple explanation is that these plump parsons never think of taking the medicine they prescribe for others. They neither renounce the world nor the good things of life, and are in no haste to depart and be with Jesus. The muscular Christians moreover are usually Broad Church and incline to the Gospel which runs "Blessed are the strong, for they shall inherit the earth," and "Blessed are the pure in liver for theirs is the kingdom of the coming man."

J. M. WHEELER.

SOME one remonstrated with John S. Clarke, the actor, about his profanity, and quoted the words "Swear not at all." "I don't," said Clarke, "I only swear at those who offend me."

A YOUNG men's improvement class announces for debate the question, "Was the star in the yeast a mythus based on the Barmin Gilead. Ale-lulajah!"

THE PARSON AND THE CLERK.

A PARSON preached to his flock one day
 On the sins of the human race ;
 The clerk a loud "Amen" did say
 With solemnest tones and face.
 But that pious clerk, on the quiet, though,
 Would venture a bit of remark.
 "All sin is sweet," said the parson ;
 "Then I'm for sin," said the clerk, "Amen."
 "Yes, sin for me," said the clerk, "Amen."

"Oh, never covet thy neighbor's goods,"
 The parson said, "nor his maid ;
 For to rob a man of that which is his
 All good men should be afraid ;
 And covet thou not, thou man of sin,
 I pray you this matter to mark,
 Thy neighbor's wife," said the parson ;
 "The maid for me," said the clerk, "Amen."
 "The maid for me," said the clerk, "Amen."

"As Christian men," said the parson, "you
 Should ever be humble and meek ;
 You should not strike a sinful man
 When he smiteth you on the cheek ;
 But turn, my friend, to that erring one,
 Yea, turn to that sinner so dark,
 The other cheek," said the parson.
 "I'd black his eye," said the clerk, "Amen."
 "I'd land him one," said the clerk, "Amen,"

"Oh, never sigh for the dross called gold,
 For blest is the man that is poor ;
 You should not seek the fishes, my friends,
 Nor cast ye the loaves from the door ;
 I dread to think it's my lot to drive
 A carriage and pair in the park,
 With a thousand a year," said the parson.
 "Then give it to me," said the clerk, "Amen,"
 "No pride about me," said the clerk, "Amen."

"The girls are awfully frivolous,"
 The parson said with a groan,
 The boys, too, of the Sunday-school
 Won't let the young hussies alone.
 I've watched them grin behind their books,
 And I've seen those boys, for a lark,
 Kissing the girls," said the parson.
 "I've done it myself," said the clerk, "Amen."
 "And they're fond of it, too," said the clerk,
 "Amen."

"And now my sermon, my friends, is done,
 I bid you go work and pray ;
 Do not do as your parson does,
 But do as your parsons say ;
 When you depart to your worldly cares,
 Follow my advice, and mark,
 Never drink," said the parson.
 "I'm awfully dry," said the clerk, "Amen."
 "And I'm off for a drop, said the clerk, "Amen."

REVIEWS.

Waves of Freethought. By ARTHUR B. MOSS. Watts and Co. —Mr. Moss has bound up under this title some of his best essays. The little volume looks neat, and is published at the low price of sixpence. It should command a wide circulation.

Ingersoll's Ghosts. By THE REV. J. C. STUART, of Manchester. Abel Heywood.—The author is wroth with Ingersoll for "paining and insulting those who do not think as he does," yet in the first two or three pages he calls the great American orator a "buffoon," a "showman," and many similar complimentary names. Mr. Stuart is thin-skinned, and like most thin-skinned men he has a large capacity for insulting others. His answer to Ingersoll is the poorest thing we have seen for a long time. For instance, he defends the massacre of the Canaanites, on the ground of their "iniquity." But he forgets that the Jews who dispossessed them were by God's own admission worse. Surely the Lord might have sent cleaner handed executioners.

Agnostic First Principles. By ALBERT SIMMONS (Ignotus). Watts and Co.—This is the first part of an exposition of Mr. Herbert Spencer's philosophy. It is ably written, and shows a practised pen. But we fancy the author is sometimes misled by a deficient knowledge of facts. Herbert Spencer's brilliant generalisations are not always well founded, and taking them on trust is a dangerous form of mental intoxication. If Mr. Simmons had carefully studied Tylor, Lubbock and other workers in the great field of Primitive Culture, he would scarcely have echoed Herbert Spencer's rather vague rhetoric

on the religious sentiment. For the rest, this first instalment of Mr. Simmons's work gives good promise; and if he will only avoid such crudities as ranking Macaulay as the first of historians, he will doubtless produce an excellent summary of his master's system.

ACID DROPS.

THE Rev. George Bishop, of Nottingham, has been sneering at Mr. Carvell Williams as an "ex-Dissenting minister." It is astonishing what airs these Church of England curates give themselves, although some of them are little better than scrubbing boys. Mr. W. A. Columbine takes the Rev. George Bishop to task in the *Daily Express*, and suggests that if Christ were alive now he would probably say to the ex-outdoor-Secular-lecturer, "Woe unto you hypocrite!"

THE Lord's Day Rest Association has uttered a new Cassandra cry. Sunday is in danger, and the British public is invited to come to the rescue. One result of opening Museums, Art Galleries and Public Libraries on the blessed Sabbath will be a "diminished attendance" at "Sunday-schools and Christian churches." So says Mr. Hill's circular, and we can well believe it. But this is rather a professional view of the question, coming from such men as the Bishop of Liverpool and the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. On the whole, we are not far wrong in calling the document a Trade Circular.

THE Rev. J. Weir, M.A., is evidently a clerical hero. At a Sunday-school excursion, at Glamis, in Scotland, a little girl about twelve fell into a pond and got beyond her depth. The parson, according to a local paper, "bravely looked on at the little girl sinking twice, while all that prevented him rescuing her was the fear of wetting himself." Fortunately a young man named David Johnson rushed into the pond and saved the girl. The bold sky-pilot subsequently managed to fish out her hat with the help of his walking-stick. These sky-pilots are dreadfully anxious to save children's souls—at a respectable salary. Their lives are of secondary importance.

THOMAS GRIGG, who conducted religious services in the Primitive Methodist Church at Montreal, has departed from that city with 8,000 dollars of his employers' money and the wife of one of the members of his congregation.

AT Reading, U.S., Mrs. Hiram Pfantz, threw her five children into the mill-pond and drowned herself with them. "Religious excitement" was the cause.

THE *Christian Herald*, in its biography of Captain Stephens, narrates in italics, and illustrates in a woodcut, how, as a boy out fishing, he left his line in the water and ran behind a tree and prayed, and immediately, when he returned to his rod, he found a fish was caught. In angling matches, in future, praying must be barred, or else members of the Salvation Army will be winning all the prizes.

TWO Jews have been fighting in a synagogue because one insulted the other by calling him a Christian. We admit the provocation. It is not pleasant to be taunted with a name so redolent of bigotry and persecution.

PRACTICAL jokes are the lowest form of wit. We are therefore not surprised at finding that some Christian, probably a parson, has employed some of his abundant leisure in playing one on us. He enclosed a copy of the *Freethinker* for July 5 in an envelope addressed to us, omitted to pay postage, and let us in for twopence. Over our address he wrote "immediate and important." This brilliant correspondent, judging from the postmark, hails from Evesham. Perhaps he is a country clergyman, who began with a small stock of sense, and by dwelling constantly with yokels and sporting squires has sunk into that form of wit which rarely soars above a slap on the back or a smack on the chaps.

IT may be interesting to supporters of the Established Church to note that the Duke of Marlborough has eight livings at his disposal, while the Earl of Aylesford appoints to seven. These heroes of the divorce court are samples of the kind of people to whom parochial clergymen bow and scrape for their gracious patronage and approval. Churchmen ought to be ashamed of such degradation. If they had any sense of honor they would surely rescue their Church from such disgrace and secure its freedom. But they love the loaves and fishes too well.

IN the case of Robson v. Robson, where the wife sued for a separation, the judge said that the family appeared to have got on well together until religious differences occurred between them. Exactly! Christ said he came to set people at variance with each other. He came to bring not peace but a sword.

THE *Anaheim Gazette* remarks that the substitution of sheol for the more familiar designation of the under-world is a sheol of a change.

We begin to see why the Salvation Army are so fond of brass bands. Dr. Chase says that a brass band is one of the best curatives known for insanity, and he always organises the patients at his hospital for the insane into musical bands, as a hopeful step towards recovery. The lunatics become as proud of their new clothes and their vigorous playing on the trumpets and horns and drums as children are of new toys. The method has been tried, however, with Booth's brigades for years, but we have never heard of a single recovery.

WILLIAM COLPITTS, "drum major" in the Blyth Corps of the Salvation Army, and a married man, was summoned by Elizabeth Turner, likewise a soldier in the Army of the Lord, and was ordered to pay 3s. per week for the support of her illegitimate infant, of which he was the father. He used to call on his fellow-soldier at her mother's house, and would show her a hymn book, on which he had written a request that she would try and get upstairs alone. He confessed he was often alone with the girl "upstairs" for her spiritual good, but he always left in time for the evening meeting. Three years previously the girl used to be improperly intimate with Donnison, another member of the "Army." What a nice set of people to go about improving the morals of the masses!

JOHN BLANDTHORNE, a scripture-reader, was arrested at Liverpool last week, when about to embark for America, on a charge of appropriating money belonging to a Birmingham clergyman, who had dismissed him on discovering that he was too friendly with his domestic servant. Blandthorpe is a man of mature years, and had deserted a wife and large family. The girl accompanied him to Liverpool, where they passed as Mr. and Mrs. Williams.

THE Smethwick magistrates have ordered William John W. Frost, farmer, and preacher at the Baptist Chapel at Draycot, to pay 4s. per week to Mary Elizabeth Peace, who was organist at the chapel, towards the support of her illegitimate child.

BISHOP NULTY has returned to Ireland, and informed his faithful flock that the Pope is filled with the Holy Spirit, and could not possibly go wrong. Judging from results we should say the Spirit is above proof—the Romish dogmas decidedly are so. By the way, though, was Pope John XXIII, who was deposed by the Council of Constance for infamous and unmentionable crimes, also filled with the Holy Spirit?

MARY E. RENSHAW was charged before Mr. Raffles, at Liverpool, on Monday, with stealing a quantity of wearing apparel. It was elicited that the prisoner pawned the things to provide mutton chops for her husband, who, to use his own words, "popped in" at a mission hall to "bear witness to the truth he was living to." It was shown that his cruel conduct had driven his wife to commit the act charged against her, and Mr. Raffles adjourned the case.

SOME one asked the poet Lamartine whether he was not spending too much money in advertising his publications. "No," he is reported to have answered, "advertisements are absolutely necessary. Even the Almighty needs advertising. Otherwise, what is the meaning of church bells?"

WITHOUT State support and the compulsory principle, the Holy Ghost can apparently do little for his Church. The Vicar of St. Jude's, Southsea, thinks that "disestablishment would give the final blow to much of the mission work that the Church is feebly carrying on at home and abroad, and would be the ruin of the church in very many poor neighborhoods." If the "meanness" and "shamelessness" of respectable members of the Church are as great as this vicar maintains, the sooner it falls the better. Why should the parson expect the State to plunder the people for his behoof?

THE Archbishop of Canterbury says that "the Church has been to England the mother of liberty and of peacefulness." When? When Claverhouse's dragoons scoured the Scotch Lowlands and shot poor peasants wholesale for holding religious services of their own in the recesses of their native valleys? When Quakers were branded and imprisoned, and Dissenters whipped and pilloried? When the Test Act disqualified Nonconformists for public positions? Or does the Archbishop refer to modern times when the tyranny of his Church is being successfully opposed? He calls himself "Cantuar," and echo might well reply to him "Cant you are."

WHAT should be done with a spider that falls into the communion wine? There are few people in the world who can answer this tremendously important question. One way of settling the difficulty would be to take the spider out, and common sense might think that enough, for what the eye does not see the heart does not grieve at, and the blood of Christ would taste just as sweet as ever if the man who fished out the spider held his tongue. But we gather from a priest's guide-book, circulating about Swindon, and perhaps elsewhere, that the unlucky spider, whether sober or drunk, should be "carefully washed and then burnt." Fancy a lot of lazy fellows, dressed in black to

fight the Devil, who have no better occupation than speculating on such absurdities.

MR. B. H. COWPER, the boss scholar of the Christian Evidence Society, who has published an edition of the apocryphal gospels remarkably like its predecessors, was recently among the audience at Kingsland Green, listening to Mr. Ramsey's lecture on the "Fruits of Christianity." Mr. Ramsey cited Mr. Cowper as an authority for the statement that the early Fathers were guilty of many frauds and forgeries. Invited to oppose, Mr. Cowper walked away; but last Sunday he turned up at Mile End and answered Mr. Ramsey, who was some miles off, without any fear of reply. Mr. Cowper is wise in his generation. He knows what PIOUS FRAUDS disgraced the Christian Church, and he dare not debate the subject with any Freethinker who has a copy of the "Crimes of Christianity."

MR. H. H. JOHNSON, writing in the *Graphic* on his travels in Central Africa, says of the Masai tribes: "Thank goodness! Mahomedanism has not yet reached them to turn them into mad fanatics or faithless cut-throats like their neighbors to the north and east." Such are the effects of religion. Christianity has been a much greater curse to the African races than Mahomedanism. It degrades and enervates them. Christians, accepting the biblical condemnation of the children of Ham to slavery, have carried on as dreadful a slave-trade as the Mahomedan Arab. They supplied the rival negro chiefs with rum and guns to foster wars and slave-hunting.

SUPERSTITION is still rampant in Montreal. The body of Archbishop Bourget has been publicly exposed in St. Peter's Cathedral, and crowds of people flocked to it to be healed of their infirmities. "Millions of articles" have been placed in contact with the corpse so as to carry away some of the healing influence. Four priests were busily engaged in receiving books, beads, crucifixes, and even children, for this purpose. Other priests were doing a roaring trade in rosaries which had already been sanctified by contact. When the body of the Archbishop was removed from his wooden coffin into a metal one the people made a rush and the police had to be called in to prevent the fanatical multitude from injuring each other in their attempt to seize the wooden coffin and its trimmings. When order was restored the priests broke up the coffin and distributed it to the people in small pieces. Hundreds of miracles are said to have been worked through touching the body. The "sisters of the congregation" have secured one of the dead prelate's feet as a relic to be "venerated" each year on the anniversary of his death. The Archbishop had been a fanatical Catholic. He forbade Catholics to have social intercourse with Protestants, and claimed to be gifted with miraculous healing powers through the intercession of the Virgin.

ACCORDING to the Rev. Dr. Wills, of San Francisco, what the Apaches need is a gospel that will get hell out of the Indians, and not a gospel that will get the Indians out of hell.

JUDGE MACKAY, father of the American consul under arrest in southern Brazil, bears this testimony to his son's piety: "My son is a very religious young man. He says his prayers every morning, and practices with a Colt's navy revolver the balance of the day. . . . I am of the opinion that in the country where he is located a revolver is of more practical use than a Bible."

TALMAGE has come to the conclusion that resurrection is easier after cremation than after inhumation. If he were called upon to conduct a service at a crematory he declares he would do it with as much solemnity as if he were in a graveyard. Inhumation is the principle of dust to dust; incineration that of ashes to ashes—equally Scriptural and equally Christian in his eyes. But why was not this discovered before?

What was the difference between Balaam's ass and a zebra?—The one speaks Zebraic, the other spoke He-bray-ic.

Why is the Lord the boss cook?—Because "he spake and it was done" (Psalm xxxiii., 9).

Why was the first day of Adam's life the longest?—Because it had no Eve.

What stone should have been placed at the gate of Eden after the expulsion?—Adam ain't in (adamantine).

Of what religious persuasion (if any) is the sea?—A Quaker, for it has a broad brim.

If Abraham, when riding a hired horse, had met his wife, what medicine would he have named?—Sal I'm on a hack.

When Cain slew his brother what suitable ejaculation from his lips would have also expressed his liability to punishment?—Amen Abel! (amenable).

What is the difference between a Catholic priest and a donkey?—One has a cross on his breast and the other on his back.

What is the difference between the late Charles Keen and Jonah?—One was brought up Eton, the other was eaten and brought up.

"THE GRAND OLD MAN" Cigars are so named because—like the Grand Old Man himself—they have never been equalled.—Thornes, Maker, Bradford, Yorks. All Liberal and Radical Clubs should try them.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

MR. FOOTE'S ENGAGEMENTS.

Sunday, July 19, Milton Hall, Hawley Crescent, Kentish Town; at 7.30 on "Good God."

JULY 26, Claremont Hall.

AUGUST 23 and 30, Hall of Science, London.

SEPTEMBER 13 and 20, Hall of Science, London.

CORRESPONDENTS.

ALL business communications to be addressed to the Manager, Mr. W. J. Ramsey, 28 Stonecutter Street, London, E.C. Literary communications to the Editor, 14 Clerkenwell Green, London, E.C.

The *Freethinker* will be forwarded, direct 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. 3s.; Three Months, 1s. 7½d.

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.

J. ROBSON.—Not a bad idea. We will consider it.

W. SNOWDEN.—Many thanks. Freethinkers should question every parliamentary candidate on the Blasphemy Laws.

J. FINN.—It is absurd to say that men owe their belief in God to the Bible. They had that belief before the Bible was written, and it is possessed by hundreds of millions now who never saw a copy of the Christian Scriptures. Circumcision did not begin with Abraham. It is a very ancient oriental practice, and common to the Semitic race, of which the Jews are a branch. Probably it was at first a phallic rite. The Jewish Passover, like the Christian Easter, is of astronomical origin; in short, a relic of sun worship.

W. SWIFT.—The "Mill's Christ" is now ready as a pamphlet, and you will thus be able to keep it in a convenient form. We have a great admiration for Mill's "System of Logic," and we think the eulogies of Grote, Sterling, Lewes and Huxley, are not at all excessive.

L. COLEMAN.—Many thanks. Freethinkers should heckle parliamentary candidates everywhere on the question of the Blasphemy Laws.

J. POWELL.—Glad to hear that you have plenty of our literature circulating at Swindon. Keep pegging away. Mr. Foote may pay you a visit in the autumn or winter. The verse is not bad but it is out of our line.

T. J. CLEAL.—The ideas are good but you want a good deal more practice in versification. Many of your lines do not scan.

DEVILSHOOF.—The Brighton Secretary's address is J. Lilley, 21 Caledonian Road; or you might see Mr. Early, newsagent, 35 Tidy Street. We know nothing about the meetings. Consult the guide in the N. R.

E. J. FAIRMAN.—Political verses are hardly in our way. Try the *Republican* or the *Weekly Dispatch*.

E. BARBER (Sheffield).—No matter. It does not at all affect Mr. Foote, who has plenty of other places to visit. You may be able to secure a date later on. When you write mention *all* the dates open for a month or six weeks, so as to give a wider choice.

W. FOSTER.—The joke is a very old one and has been published in many forms, in one of which it has appeared in our columns. Thanks all the same.

PAPERS RECEIVED.—Truthseeker—Ironclad Age—Boston Investigator—Lucifer—National Reformer—Morpeth Herald—Blyth Weekly News—Liberal—Evening News—Unitarian Herald—Liberator.

"FREETHINKER" PRIZES.

We offer another *PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA* for the best Comic Bible Sketch, and a *PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA* for the best Religious Topical Sketch suitable for reproduction; the competition to close on August 1.

The drawing must be done on white cardboard or thick white paper in pure black ink. The lines should be bold and well distinct. Washes or colors must not be used. The size should be about one-third broader than our ordinary single or double column size.

SUGAR PLUMS.

THERE was an exceptionally large audience at the Camberwell Hall last Sunday evening to hear Mr. Foote's lecture on "The New Bible." This evening (July 19) Mr. Foote lectures at Milton Hall on "Good God." Short and sweet. And you can read it how you like.

PART V. of "Crimes of Christianity" is now ready. Its subject is Pious Frauds. The authors intended to devote only one number to this topic, but they found, in their researches, that they were overwhelmed with a mass of materials, every bit of which was a proof of the lying spirit of Christianity. They resolved, therefore, to give two numbers to the Pious Frauds of the only true faith. The first deals with the forgery of documents, and puts all the most important facts in a small compass. Freethinkers will find it quite a little handbook of the subject. The second part will deal with spurious miracles, thaumaturgical relics, and all the profitable trumpery of Christian superstition. It will be one of the most entertaining numbers of the series.

THE article on "Christ in London," in another column, is from the pen of a private soldier. We have good reason for saying that Freethought is spreading in both branches of the service. The chaplain of one of her Majesty's ironclads recently

hunted over the ship for our publications, and threatened those who possessed them if they refused to give them up. Of course he grossly exceeded his duty, and barked where he could not bite; but parsons were never deficient in cheek.

MR. Moss will be spending a holiday during August in Somersetshire and Devonshire, and he will be happy to hear from any Freethinkers in the south who want new ground broken. Address, 37 Catlin Street, Bermondsey, London, S.E.

THE Hon. P. Stanhope, the Liberal candidate for Wednesbury, pledges himself to vote for Mr. Justice Stephen's Bill for the abolition of the Blasphemy Laws as well as for Mr. Hopwood's Affirmation Bill.

TWELVE months ago Mr. Mundella would not interfere with the Blasphemy Laws. Now he promises to support Mr. Justice Stephen's Bill for their total repeal, and says he is "not in favor of prosecutions of that sort." A very satisfactory progress.

IN a recent sermon Beecher says of the orthodox doctrines of the fall of man and eternal punishment: "No errors are more mischievous than this theory of the origin and punishment of sin. It can be used only where ignorance prevails. Men can be crammed with it. They can have the facts recited to them and be told, 'You've got to believe it or be damned.' Of course they will respond, 'Well, rather than be damned, I'll believe it.' I say you are damned if you do believe it. It is hideous. It turns creation into a shamble and God into a slaughterer." Beecher is evidently well advanced on the road to freedom and a purely human morality of the noblest type.

THE first bridge ever built across the Jordan has been opened to the public. What sacrilege! Surely the only way of crossing that holy river ought to be by following the ark or smiting the waters with Elijah's mantle let out on hire. Penny steamers we suppose will follow, and Sunday excursions to Capernaum. Who will then be able to believe in the miraculous draughts of fishes and the wave-walking exploits of a carpenter and a fisherman?

THE Secularist Cricket Club at Leicester have received the following letter from the Rev. C. Marson in approval of their attempt to establish Sunday cricket:—"Allow me as a Church of England parson to most heartily sympathise with you in your efforts to promote healthy and restful recreation upon the only holiday our commercial covetousness allows to the modern labourers. May you win a most decisive triumph and deal a blow at the loveless (godless) trammels which prevent the free development of manhood, and are among the chief supports of the reign of dulness. It may interest you to know that your controversy is one in which very many leading English minds from Saxon times onward have declared for a free Sunday, and until Puritan times our English Sunday was free." We are afraid our outspoken curate will be persecuted by the bigots as the Rev. Stewart Headlam was.

OUR sub, who has been frisking on the shingle at Southsea, reports an excellent and well-attended excursion in brakes of the Portsmouth Secular Society to Rowlands Castle last Sunday. The members amused themselves on the road by singing Secular hymns and distributing tracts and back numbers of the *Freethinker*. One of these last was put into the hands of a sky-pilot at Havant, and his gesture of pious horror provoked much amusement. We are pleased to know such excursions are becoming more common. They prove attractive to many, promote sociality, and show Christians that Freethinkers know how to rationally enjoy the Sunday.

PROF. TYNDALL has sent over \$10,000 to each of three American colleges. The sum represents the proceeds of his lectures in America. All the same, every true Christian knows that no infidel can do a generous thing with his money or support a college with his earnings.

GIRARD college has over two thousand students and an annual income from the endowment fund of nearly 1,000,000 dollars. And yet Christians like Spurgeon are continually asserting or insinuating that no "infidel" has ever founded a college.

THE chief event of the National Fête in Paris has been the unveiling of a bronze statue of Voltaire. It stands on the Quai Malaquais, facing the window of the Louvre, across the Seine, from which Charles IX fired upon the people at the massacre of St. Bartholomew. A public subscription paid for the statue in 1876, but the pious government of M. de Broglie quashed the vote of the Municipal Council, accepting it as a gift to the city, and granting a site for its erection. Since then it has been lying by, but now the bronze statue of the grand old Heretic, in the familiar dressing-gown and crutch-stick, takes its place as one of the glories of Paris.

THE Academy was represented by M. de Lesseps, M. Sardou, and M. Boissier; M. Arsène Houssaye represented the Society of Gens de Lettres; M. Michelin, president of the Municipal Council, the city of Paris; and M. Guyot the subscribers who paid for the statue. The last gentleman made the speech of the

occasion. The *Daily News* correspondent says: "M. Guyot is one of the best speakers I have ever heard. . . . M. Guyot has a fine face that lights up, great warmth of feeling which he perfectly masters, charming diction, expressive gestures, a very fine voice, and the art of making himself heard far off without seeming to shout."

AFTER this eloquent eulogy, the readers of the *Freethinker* will be proud to know that M. Guyot is a staunch Republican, an ardent social reformer, and a confirmed Atheist.

MR. MUNDELLA showed on Tuesday evening in the House of Commons what a powerful influence education is in diminishing crime. Since the Education Act of 1870 came into operation there has been a gradual decrease in our criminal statistics. In March, 1880, there were 429 prisoners under sixteen years of age; in 1883 there were only 268, and the number has since fallen still lower. In 1869 the number of prisoners under a sentence of penal servitude was 11,668; the number has fallen to 9,500, and the greater portion of the reduction is in the case of prisoners under thirty years of age.

CHRISTIAN CANNIBALISM.

"O, taste and see that the Lord is good."—1's. xxxiv., 8.

IN Shakespeare's (?) "Titus Andronicus," the climax of vulgar crimes and brutal revenges is reached when Titus cuts the throats of the empress's sons, and has them served up in a pie, of which the mother partakes. In Dante's "Inferno," Ugolino devours for ever his living foe, and "quaffs the streaming gore." In these cases, as in many ancient fictions and in nursery tales of the "raw-head and bloody bones" type, the repulsively-sensational idea of cannibalism is resorted to because it excites the utmost horror and disgust. In the Bible, too, unnatural incidents or awful prophecies of mothers devouring their offspring in the strait siege or the dreadful famine, rouse similar emotions of the extremest kind—so far, that is, as the inspired statements are believed and mentally realised. To all civilised people cannibalism is unspeakably odious, unspeakably revolting. It is felt to be hardly excusable, even on the part of famished wretches who can find no other means of prolonging their desperate struggle against a lingering death by starvation. Why, then, have Christians taken up this hateful and unnatural idea of cannibalism and made it a prominent feature in their religion?

The Evangelists, in their curious collections of mythical anecdotes and sayings, attribute the origination of this cannibalistic idea and practice to Christ himself. Matthew (xxvi., 26-28) says:

"And as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said: Take, eat; this is my body.

"And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, "Drink ye all of it;

"For this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins."

John says (vi., 53-57):

"Then Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood ye have no life in you.

"Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day.

"For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed.

"He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me, and I in him.

"As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father: so he that eateth me, even he shall live by me."

Of course, some defenders of Christianity will say that all this is only mystical and figurative. If it were so the objection still remains: Why employ so intrinsically hateful a figure as that of cannibalism? Why not avoid the loathsome ideas and feelings associated with eating human flesh and drinking human blood? If the idea is truly realised, and forcibly conceived, is not the imagined action far more nearly akin to the blood-drinking of vampires, and to the feasting of ghouls on corpses torn from their graves, than to any rational and becoming act of love or remembrance on the part of human beings? Why base religious conceptions on the thought of actions suitable only to wild beasts and the filthiest and most degraded savages? Why use ideas from which modern man shrinks with horror? It is true that a happy mother may occasionally say, as she kisses her chubby little cherub of a

baby, "I am so fond of you, I could eat you," and that Charles Lamb said he preferred babies boiled. But such remarks as these are purely jocular extravagances, and no one would think of basing a serious ideal or important ceremony upon such passing utterances. We know that such speakers would be the first to recoil from any serious interpretation of their hasty words, which are endurable only so long as they are understood to be spoken in fun. Christ, however, was not in a frivolous or jocular humor when he put forth his *bonâ fide* idea, or figure, or comparison, or command, of corpse-eating and blood-drinking.

But the majority of Christians accept Christ's words *literally*. Roman Catholics hold the doctrine of transubstantiation. The communion bread or wafer is actually, and not metaphorically, the flesh of Jesus, and the red communion wine is really his blood. Even the Church of England teaches that "the body and blood of Christ . . . are verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful in the Lord's Supper." In the English Church, however, everything depends upon the faith of the recipient, while the Romish Church maintains that an actual change takes place when the priest consecrates the "elements." Hence special care has to be taken to secure the "reverent consumption" of any fragments of Jesus that may remain.

Protestants smile at the anecdote—which would be awfully blasphemous if it were not directed against the hated Romish doctrine of transubstantiation—of the communicant who by mistake received a bone button or disc instead of the consecrated wafer, and who handed it back to the priest with the remark: "You have given me a piece of God the Father; he is so tough I cannot eat him." And they do right to condone a joke which lessens the grim horror of the theophagy and cannibalism supposed to be practised by their ignorant and deluded brethren. Saddening, indeed, though not without interest to the Evolutionist, is the spectacle of human beings devouring their man-God amidst solemn incantations, and drinking the blood of their Savior from silver cups as the heroes of Walhalla quaff the blood of their enemies in skulls. The ceremony is simply a survival of savagery—one of the many survivals of savagery of thought and act which only the glamor of the religious sanction could have preserved so long amidst the more refined thoughts and habits of an advancing civilisation.

Thanks to conventionalism and want of thought, Christians ignore the cannibalistic aspect of the Lord's Supper, and feel shocked and "outraged" when it is pointed out to them. If they wish to view the matter fairly they should imagine what their own thoughts would be on the hideous vulgarity, and so forth, of us Freethinkers if we were to imitate the action and belief, or even the language alone, by which they so frequently, and so strikingly as they perhaps think, commemorate their departed Lord and Master. Suppose Atheists were once a month to drink the blood of Garibaldi and feast on the flesh of Bruno or Voltaire. Suppose that the majority of the guests, too, indulged in curious pleasures of belief and declared most positively that the port wine and roast beef were verily and indeed human blood and human flesh, having become so by some strange magical process. Would not Christians then easily perceive the bad taste of such real or imagined cannibalism? Would they not see in such suppers an unpardonable re-emergence of the old brutal ideas and customs of our ferocious forefathers? And if such Atheistic corpse-eating and blood-drinking would remind Christians of the orgies of savages and the revelries of Walhalla, why should they expect the forcible words of Christ and the teachings of the Churches should not arouse similar thoughts? Is Christian cannibalism never to be spoken of except in terms of the highest eulogy and the most ardent admiration?

W. P. BALL.

THE MORAL VALUE OF HELL-FIRE.—The supposition that the terrors of hell-fire are essential, or even conducive to good morals, is contradictory to the facts of history. In the Dark Ages there was not a man nor woman from Scotland to Naples who did not believe that sinners were sent to hell. The religion they had was the same as ours now, with this exception, that every one believed it. The state of Europe in that pious epoch need not be described. Society is not maintained by the conjectures of theology, but by those moral sentiments, those generous virtues which have raised man above the animals, which are now instinctive in our nature, and to which intellectual culture is propitious.—*Winwoode Reude*.

CHRIST IN LONDON.

"FATHER," said Christ one day, "I want to visit the earth." "You what?" said the old man, looking up from his book on "Redeemed Murderers." "I want to visit the earth," repeated Christ. "I thought you had visited it once too often already," grimly remarked Jehovah, as he closed the book and took off his spectacles. Christ frowned, but made no remark on his father's joke. "What do you want to go there for? Are you not satisfied where you are? But of course you're not satisfied. You never were satisfied." "I hear strange accounts of the way our religion is carried on down on the earth, and I want to go and see for myself. London is the best place to go to." "London? London?" repeated Jehovah. "Where's that?" "London is in England; England is on the earth, and the earth is ——" "Ah, London," broke in the old man, "I remember now. That's where Bradlaugh and Foote live. Confound them, especially Foote! Look here." And he opened a box and took out a number of "Comic Bible Sketches," which he spread out for his Son's inspection. Christ could not repress a smile at the amusing sketches, in which his respected father played a prominent part. "They are certainly very amusing," was his incautious remark. "Amusing!" yelled Jehovah. "Amusing! you ——" "But it's just like you. I shouldn't wonder if you want to go to the earth to start another *Freethinker*. You can go to the earth, or to the Devil if you like!" and the immutable tore off his spectacles and swept through the door, which he closed in *italics*, as Artemus Ward would say. Christ was used to such ebullitions of temper, and so he took no notice, but quietly prepared for his journey. He arrayed himself in a more modern dress than the one he used to wear in the old preaching days, and in an instant he was in London.

It was on a Sunday morning, and in winter time. The snow lay thick on the tops of the houses, and the frost was keen and the wind was biting. He walked on through the streets, listening to the church bells as they rang out clear and sharp on the frosty air. He found his way into a fashionable church. He sat in a corner, and watched the crowd of well-dressed people as they flocked in to hear his gospel. The text was Matthew v., 42: "Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away." An eloquent sermon was preached, and at its conclusion a collection was taken up for the conversion of the heathen. The congregation dispersed, and Christ went out into the street. Along the way he saw many poor wretches, ragged and hungry, whose looks told a tale of want and misery that could not be mistaken. Many of them asked for help, but, alas! the church-goers seemed to have forgotten the words they had so recently listened to. "Give to him that asketh thee," seemed to have faded entirely from their memory. He wandered sadly on, and followed some of these miserable creatures to their homes in the slums and alleys. He wandered through the dirty, narrow dens, crowded with ragged, hungry and diseased men, women and children. He went into the foul-smelling, rotten rooms, where human beings were packed so closely together that they had scarcely room to move about. He here saw the match-box maker and the artificial flower maker at work. He here saw Hood's sempstress in the "Song of the Shirt," as she sat and stitched in even more misery than Hood pictured in his powerful poem. He saw the straw on which these poor creatures lay and shivered through the long, dreary winter night. He saw the empty cupboard and the fireless grate, and his heart swelled with pity. He hurried away from the slums and went to the richer end of the town. He went into the dwellings of the rich. He went through the luxuriously furnished rooms. On every hand were evidences of great wealth. The rich carpets, the costly furniture, the old pictures, the jewels, the servants, the table laden with wines and fruits—everything gave evidence of luxury. Here were some of the people who had been that morning at church. Here were men and women who thought nothing of expending hundreds of pounds on things which it is difficult to see are necessary to their well-being, and yet down in the slums human beings were rotting with disease and starving with hunger. Burning with rage, Christ once more hurried into the street. He wandered about all that night through the city, thinking, thinking, thinking, and growing more and more dissatisfied with his religion. In the morning he visited a police-court. Here he saw the most outrageous violation of his precepts. On the bench sat men who professed to be his followers, and yet they refused to allow a man to give evidence because he objected to take an oath, although they knew that Christ had said "Swear not at all." He saw here a man brought up for assault. The complainant was a leading Christian. He prosecuted with a bitterness that was surprising in a follower of the teacher who had said, "But I say unto you that ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also" (Matt. v., 39), and "But I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you" (Matt. v., 44). He saw a man sent to prison for begging, and yet Christ when he sent out his disciples forbade them to provide themselves with anything except what they had on, and they were to live by charity. He saw a man sent to prison for being a vagrant—that is, he had nowhere to sleep. Yet this man was only doing what Christ had done, for "the foxes have holes and

the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." More angry than ever he left the court. He visited Newgate. Here he saw a scoundrel who had been for fifty years a scourge on the earth. From his earliest days he had practised lying and robbing and murdering. Now, when all hope was gone; when he could work no more evil; when it was forever out of his power to do a single good deed; when the gallows stared him in the face, he thought it was time to get washed in the blood of the Lamb. Christ saw this villain, his hands still red with innocent blood, work himself into the belief that he was going to heaven. With a heavy sigh Christ turned away from the miserable criminal, and left Newgate. In an instant he was at Canterbury. He went there to see his grace, the Archbishop. He went into the palace and wandered through the magnificently furnished rooms. Dazzling splendor surrounded him on every hand. Livered servants hurried to and fro, attending on the meek and lowly follower of Christ. His Grace was dining. Christ went into the dining-room where a select company had assembled. He looked at the table laden with luxuries. Earth, air and sea seemed to have been ransacked to deck that table. The most delicate dishes, the costliest fruits and wines were there. A bitter smile came to the lips of the carpenter's son. "And this man," he said, scornfully, surveying the humble recipient of £15,000 per annum, "this man is the head of the Church of England. When I was on earth I went about homeless and penniless. I had nowhere to lay my head. I taught that poverty was a virtue. I said: 'It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God' (Matt. xix., 24). I told the young man who wanted to be perfect to sell all he had and give to the poor (Matt. xix., 21). I distinctly taught that the rich would go to hell. This man is very rich, and he knows it. Therefore, if he believes in the religion he professes, he knows he is going to hell. If he does not believe in his religion, and teaches things he does not believe, he is a hypocrite and a robber to take £15,000 a year of the people's money for administering what he believes to be a fraud and a farce." Christ stood for a while listening to the merry company, and then, with a parting look of mingled scorn and pity, he turned and left the palace. "No one seems to believe in me," he said bitterly; "they practise my doctrines only when do not clash with their desires or interests. My teaching was all in vain. It is thrown on one side as soon as it comes in contact with their wishes. I said, 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal: for where your treasure is there will your heart be also' (Matt. vi., 19—21). I said: 'Take no thought for the morrow, for the morrow will take thought for the things of itself' (Matt. vi., 34); and yet everyone that can is grasping and hoarding up treasure, and nearly everyone provides for the morrow. I taught that, to be perfect, a man should sell out what he had, give it to the poor and follow me; but how many of my professed followers do this? None of them, so far as I have seen. They either believe this saying of mine or they do not believe it. If they do believe it, and do not practice it, they must know they are disobeying me, and are therefore going to hell. If they do not believe it, why do they not say so? They cannot be true followers of mine. Everywhere I am disregarded, and my teachings held in contempt. Hypocrites, hypocrites all! I am sick at heart. Then, think of that scoundrel at Newgate. I have associated with the like of him too long. We have too many like him in heaven. I am growing tired of heaven. Heaven! It is worse than hell. The old man's temper is growing fearful of late. I am disgusted with the society. How pleasant it is to see a murderer, his clergyman, his executioner and the lawyer who tried to prove his innocence, though he knew him to be guilty, all in one group! They all look ashamed of each other. They all seem to have got there by false pretences. Most of the angels are there only because they were frightened into it by the fear of hell, and those who have come by honest means do not half like the company; and no wonder. There is that inventor maniac, for instance. A short time ago he invented a new collar to hide the mark of the rope on the necks of newly-arrived murderers. Now he is engaged on a new kind of boot for angels with big feet. In fact, so badly have things gone on of late that many of the new saints think that our government have made a mistake, and sent them to hell instead of to heaven! I am disgusted with heaven, I want a change, and I must have one. I won't go back. I will go to hell first." With these words Christ vanished, and I saw him no more. From what he said, things seem to be in a bad way in Paradise, and Christianity on earth must soon be bankrupt now that its founder has gone to hell.

JOHN SMYTH.

SLATER TESTIMONIAL FUND.—Further subscriptions:—H. Crossfield, 2s.; G. Allward, £1; J. Noble, 2s.; Mrs. Brown, 1s.; H. Jervis, 1s.; T. Darrell, 1s.; A. Baxter, 6d.; H. Blakelock, 6d.; E. Appleby, 6d.; O. Musgrove, 2s. 6d.; A. Fletcher, 2s. 6d.; T. Hubbotts, 2s. 6d.; T. Warwick, 2s.; S. Farrow, 5s.; J. Parsons, 1s.; J. G. Cottrill, 1s.; E. Pearson, 3d.—W. H. Reynolds, Treasurer, Camplin House, New Cross, S.E.

PROFANE JOKES.

"WHAT is meant by the words 'Quench not the spirit?'" Bright scholar: "Please ma'am, my father says he guesses as how it means don't put too much water in it."

MR. MONOPOLE (anti-collegiate): "So your father is goin' to make a doctor of you?" Divinity Freshman (facetiously): "Oh, yes. A D.D.; doctor of souls, don't you know?" Mr. M.: "Oh! they call 'em chiropodists, don't they?"

REPORTS of School-board examinations will form quite a comic library. When inquiring, "What comes next to man in the scale of being?" it is rather surprising to be told it is "his shirt." It surely must have been the same boy who replied that the chief end of man was, "The end what's got his head on."

MRS. MINKS: "There it is again. Tobacco, always tobacco. What will you do when you get to heaven, where there are no spittoons?" Mr. Minks: "Perhaps there will be some there." Mrs. Minks: "Indeed there won't. The idea! What will you do then, Mr. Minks? Just answer that." Mr. Minks: "I really don't know, my dear, unless we can get seats near the edge."

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