

# THE FREETHINKER.

EDITED BY G. W. FOOTE.

Sub-Editor—J. M. WHEELER.

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## COMIC BIBLE SKETCH.—No. 132.



THE LORD'S TRADE MARK.

“And the Lord set a mark upon Cain.”—GEN. IV., 15.

## BOOTH'S NEW BOOM.

For some time it has been obvious that the “General” of the Salvation Army was looking out for a new “boom.” Big drums and tamborines no longer excited the same sensation. Hallelujah Lassies were a little stale. Salvation Captains, imitating Jesus Christ by riding at the head of processions on a donkey, failed to attract the old crowds. All-night meetings had lost their novelty. The “Indian contingent” had become a joke. The Salvation yachts were all wrecked or never launched, nobody could tell which. Even the trade department was dull. Salvation watches, Salvation tea, Salvation soap, Salvation crockery, Salvation towels, Salvation bed-clothes, were all a drug in the market. There was no brisk demand for anything but Salvation bonnets; and although the profit on these was enormous, something like three hundred per cent., it was quite inadequate to the General's necessities. Subscriptions were also falling off, and the “post office orders payable to William Booth” dwindled down like the river Jordan in the summer time. Unless something were done, it was clear that the whole business would end in bankruptcy, and the Salvation Army go to its old friend the Devil.

But Booth was not the man to quietly await this catastrophe. He cannot preach, nor even sing, with any considerable success; but he is shifty and resourceful, an excellent man of business, and the first pious showman on this quack-ridden globe. True, it was difficult to start a new sensation unless it were one as hot as cayenne, for the enterprising General had tried most things, and the spiciest of them palled on the public taste. Booth, however, was not to be defeated. “Come now,” he said to

the family party, dolefully gazing on the empty exchequer, “let us take a hint from *Town Talk*, and improve on it in our own inimitable style. Let us rake out all the filth we can from the London brothels and obscure haunts of criminal vice. Let us make a big stinking heap of it, and keep stirring it so as to preserve its flavor. Let us get somebody in a good public thoroughfare, say the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who, like ourselves, is interested in the matter, to give us leave to deposit it outside his front door. And if, by this means, we don't get a monstrous crowd around us such as we never had before, and the grandest opportunity for passing round the collection-boxes, my name is not William, and I am not the great, the world-famous, the unprecedented, the unparalleled Booth of Booths!”

The family party jumped at the suggestion. Young Bramwell, who nobly inaugurated his career by charging the public a shilling each to see him married (we suppose it would be half-a-crown to see him divorced), did the raking, and secured the use of Mr. Stead's front door. His dear mamma obtained a letter from the Queen, which she quietly treasured for several weeks until it was wanted, and produced at the opportune moment, after the stinking heap was all ready. Nothing was said about the date of this royal epistle, and the public were left to understand that it was just received. The Queen's letter was stuck on top of the dirty pile, and every loyal Englishman was expected to doff his hat in passing.

The editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* is reaping his reward. Following Booth's example, he has opened a subscription. His “Chief Director's Fund,” which is to be spent at discretion “like pocket-money,” without any bother about committees and auditors, already amounts to nearly fifteen hundred pounds. The same fund also will take the profits realised from the sale of the “revelations,” and Mr. Stead boasts that not a penny will accrue to him. Of course not. Booth makes the same boast about the profits of his Salvation grocery, and every honest and sensible man will believe them equally.

The ostensible object of the “revelations” (our nineteenth-century apocalypse) was to secure the passing of the Criminal Law Amendment Bill. That object is achieved; the Bill has become law. But the agitation is not to cease. Oh dear no. There must be a Demonstration in Hyde Park, with files of “ladies” dressed in black and carrying white flowers. There must be a National Vigilance Society formed to see that the Law is carried out. Agents and spies must be posted everywhere to watch every man who talks to a young girl. What the result of this hectic morality will be, it is easy to perceive. Several cases have already appeared in the newspapers, and the scandalous manner in which the *Pall Mall Gazette* and other journals have traded on the accusation against Sir Charles Dilke adds a new terror to the position of public men. Fortunately Sir Charles Dilke's constituents are not bitten with this pharisaic madness. Accepting his denial of the charge, and assuming him to be innocent until he is proved guilty, the working men of the Eleusis Club have passed a resolution of complete confidence in their old representative.

But let us return to the great Booth. Naturally he takes a higher flight than Mr. Stead, who is only trying his wings. He asks for £20,000 at once, and something like £11,000 a year afterwards, to establish a “Central Office of Help and Inquiry” for fallen women. The idea is a commendable one. No man or woman with any sympathy would refuse aid even to a prostitute. But there are societies already existing for this purpose, and there is no need whatever for Booth's gigantic scheme. He simply wants to raise £20,000 out of the present agitation; and

the worst of it is he may get it. Samuel Morley is down for £2,000, Francis Peek and two others for £1,000 each, and several more for various smaller sums. "In all but the finances," says Booth, "God has given us the ability and opportunity to make these proposals a success." The Lord appears to be in low water himself, or he would surely supply his servant with the necessary cash for this holy enterprise. Jehovah prostituted thousands of girls himself in olden days, but his friends have civilised him a little since then, bought him a suit of clothes to cover his nakedness, and made him look respectable enough to preside at Exeter Hall.

In his advertisement, Booth tells the subscribing public that out of a hundred girls who passed through his Home last year "seventy are known to be doing well." Known to whom? Why to Booth of course. The public has his word for it, and that is as good as Simon Peter's affidavit. With the £20,000 he expects to take in 4,000 girls a year, and at the present rate 2,800 would be reclaimed. Nonsense, you pious adventurer! At this rate you would reclaim all the prostitutes in London in ten years. You will do nothing of the sort. You will not diminish the number in the least. What is the use of erecting machinery to purify a few gallons of water a long way down a muddy stream? True reformers try to purify the water at the source. Education, good training, and just social and political institutions, are the real remedy; but while the superstitious nonsense, which you and your fellow-preachers expound, softens the minds of the people, poverty, hunger and misery will be their lot; and as the burden of social wrong always falls heaviest on women and children, the stream of recruits into the ranks of prostitution will continue. Some of the very Christian philanthropists who give you money for your little games have themselves amassed fortunes by wringing the last halfpenny of profit from their work-people; that is, they have batted on the causes of prostitution, although they pay you for pretending to cure it.

"Remittances," says the pious showman's advertisement "may be sent to W. Bramwell Booth." There is not a word about any committee, secretary, treasurer, or auditor. Booth takes everything, spends everything, and accounts (to himself) for everything. Like God Almighty, he is all in all. This charlatanry, which is nothing more nor less than gulling the public, seems to be getting played out. People are seeing through it at last. Such wealthy self-advertisers as Samuel Morley may go on subscribing, but the great body of pious dupes begin to feel mistrust. Mrs. Booth complained last Monday at Exeter Hall that "the money had not come in to the extent they expected. Evidently the agitation was expected to be profitable. Booth himself further let the cat out of the bag by saying that "the movement would be of great use to the Salvation Army."

Oh that Carlyle were alive, and would condescend to write another Latter-Day Pamphlet on this wretched business! Parliament is frightened; scandal is free with all sorts of names; London is flooded with filthy literature; bishops, clergymen, ministers, gushing ladies, and professional apostles of purity, including Henry Varley, are addressing public meetings all over the country; two archbishops sit in committee at the Mansion House; a Demonstration is held in Hyde Park; all England is agitated from end to end; and behind it all is the figure of our modern Cagliostro, General Booth, fishing for twenty thousand pounds.

G. W. FOOTE.

#### THE FIRST CHRISTIAN EMPEROR.

CONSTANTINE THE GREAT, as his Christian admirers style him, largely influenced the course of history by two especial steps which he took. He founded Constantinople and transferred the seat of the empire thither, which led to the breaking up of the Roman power, and its subsequent pernicious revival in an inferior ecclesiastical form under the popes. The second important step was his adoption of Christianity. He established that religion as supreme, and so enabled Christians to persecute each other in the deadliest manner through succeeding ages. Thus the Church, as Voltaire puts it, "at length contended against itself, and was always militant and triumphant."

Writers have differed much concerning the character of Constantine. Christian historians have naturally spoken

of the great patron of their superstition in terms of the most servile adulation. They have ignored his faults or have converted them into virtues. His crimes, so far as they condescended to notice them, they treated as political necessities or as acts of justice, and the most foolish tales and excuses in support of such views were readily accepted and repeated by them. To Christians he was a hero and a saint. But to hostile writers he was a crowned criminal, and the damning facts to which they point certainly justify their severest denunciations. Voltaire says:

"He had a father-in-law, whom he impelled to hang himself; he had a brother-in-law whom he ordered to be strangled; he had a nephew twelve or thirteen years old, whose throat he ordered to be cut; he had an eldest son whom he beheaded; he had a wife, whom he ordered to be suffocated in a bath. An old Gallic author said that 'he loved to make a clear house.'"

The alleged murder of his wife may be doubtful, though vouched for by both Pagan and Christian writers; the secret execution of his father-in-law Maximian (for one can hardly regard it as really suicide) and the murder of his brother-in-law Licinius despite the oath he had sworn to his sister Constantia that her husband's life should be sacred, may be partially accounted for by the wretched principles of statecraft then in vogue and by the personal faults and reckless ambition of these imperial rivals; but the extirpation of the whole family of Maxentius can scarcely be so palliated, and the murder of his favorite sister's innocent boy despite her tears and pleadings, and the murder of his own brave and amiable son Crispus from jealous but apparently perfectly unfounded suspicion after that son's great victories over the Goths by land and Licinius by sea, were crimes of the blackest dye. It is said that he convened the Council of Nice in the same year in which he murdered his son and perhaps his wife also, and that his Christianity became more pronounced when he found that the heathen priests declared that there was no expiation for such unnatural crimes. But in Christianity there was more than hope, and it is said that he reserved his baptism (as did others also in those days) till the end of his life in order that he might sweep all his sins away in the one efficacious sacrament of the Christian regeneration or new birth, and thus enter the next world in a thoroughly safe and purified condition.

Christianity certainly did not improve Constantine. From the alleged appearance of the cross in the sky with the words, "By this sign thou shalt conquer," which heralded his defeat of Maxentius and conquest of Italy, he degenerated in proportion as he favored the new religion and adopted Eastern ways. Gibbon says:

"In the life of Augustus, we behold the tyrant of the republic converted, almost by imperceptible degrees, into the father of his country and of human kind. In that of Constantine we may contemplate a hero, who had so long inspired his subjects with love, and his enemies with terror, degenerating into a cruel and dissolute monarch, corrupted by his fortune, or raised by conquest above the necessity of dissimulation. . . . The old age of Constantine was disgraced by the opposite yet reconcilable vices of rapaciousness and prodigality. . . . A secret but universal decay was felt in every part of the public administration; and the emperor himself, though he still retained the obedience, gradually lost the esteem of his subjects. . . . An impartial narrative of the executions, or rather murders, which sullied the declining age of Constantine, will suggest to our most candid thoughts the idea of a prince who could sacrifice without reluctance the laws of justice and the feelings of nature to the dictates either of his passions or of his interests."

The pernicious tendency of the general policy and influence of the aged emperor was seen in the corruption that prevailed among the time-serving courtiers and sycophants who won his favor, and in the greed and rapine which began to prevail throughout the provinces which he allowed them to plunder. The policy of domestic murder and extirpation, approved of, or winked at, by an accommodating court and by a slavish and grateful clergy, was continued by Constantine's sons on their father's death. Constantius first pledged his solemn oath for the safety of his kinsmen, and then, after thus disarming suspicion, carried out a promiscuous massacre, in which his two uncles and seven of his cousins were slain. As the father, at first only one of the six emperors who shared authority among them, had acquired the supreme power at the expense of his rivals, so also Constantius gradually climbed to power over the dead bodies of his brothers Constantine and Constans. He imitated, to the best of his ability, the teachings and practice of his Christian father.

Constantine divorced his first wife solely in order to marry a second for reasons of state. He enacted many unjust and intolerant laws against Christian heretics and against Pagans, but the prudent policy which guided him throughout his career, combined with his apparent lack of enthusiasm, prevented him from indulging to any great extent in the more violent forms of persecution against his Pagan subjects, who still largely outnumbered the Christians. The unscrupulous zeal and fanaticism produced by the new religion were useful to him, but he was not strong enough nor foolish enough to purchase that support by alienating the majority of his subjects, and driving them into revolt with such wholesale evangelisations by the sword as subsequent Christian emperors were able to carry out when the Christian minority were firmly established in power.

He displayed useful virtues as well as useful vices and useless follies. The foppish attire in which he exhibited himself before the Council of Nice and elsewhere, showed a growing vanity, and the favors he bestowed on rapacious flatterers were signs of growing weakness. But, on the other hand, it must be owned that he was no idler, no coward, no debauchee. There was nothing noble or praiseworthy in his ambitions. Passionless prudence of a low order, the ignoble prudence of mere selfishness, was the chief characteristic of his policy. He had no real love of virtue and goodness. He had no love of crime, and no hesitation in employing it when he deemed it necessary for his own safety, and for satisfying his fears or jealous suspicions. It can hardly be said that he had no love for cruelty, seeing that he made burning alive the punishment for various civil and military offences. He certainly was not a man to be esteemed or admired; and Christians by their indiscriminate panegyrics on their hero only show the depths of moral infamy to which they themselves have sunk.

W. P. BALL.

## ACID DROPS.

MARY ANNE PAYNE and her husband have been sentenced to five months' imprisonment for the manslaughter of their servant girl at Derby. The body of the girl was covered with bruises, caused by the cruel beatings and kickings administered to her by her unfeeling but pious mistress. The Rev. Canon McKenna, vicar of St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, said that Mrs. Payne had been brought up in his schools and had attended church regularly with her children. She and her husband were subscribers to various charities connected with the church. A little more of the secular kind of charity, which commences at home, and a little less of the pious kind, which exhibits itself abroad, would at least have saved Mr. and Mrs. Payne from the imprisonment and disgrace, and ruin in trade, which their priest's absolutism cannot wash away.

THE Rev. Lewis Lewis, vicar of Ockbrook, having got into debt, went bankrupt and executed a deed of assignment. Mr. Walker, one of the creditors, seized some of the reverend bankrupt's goods under an execution. He alleges that the assignment is not a *bona fide* one, that it is only drawn up to protect the vicar by frightening away creditors, and that but for his own action the reverend father in God would still be continuing the life of debauchery he was leading in his house at Ockbrook. Mr. Walker has had to pay damages to the assignee, but his action has been useful in calling public attention to the case.

THE *Derbyshire Courier* reports that Mr. Mortimer, while lecturing against Christianity in the Market Place at Derby, was subject to considerable interruption, which afterwards culminated in actual violence. "Many times his hat was knocked over his eyes, he was thrown down, his clothes were torn, and he was treated roughly." A mob of three thousand people hustled him away from the railway station, and he had to take refuge in Bloomfield Street police-station. Oh, these brave and gentle Christians! How nobly they rush to the assistance of the Almighty! They and their God are worthy of each other.

JOHN TAYLOR, churchwarden at St. Peter's Church, Earlsheaton, Dewsbury, has rushed into the arms of Jesus by cutting his throat with a razor. An open Prayer-book lay on the floor beside him, and he has written the word "sorrow" on the top of one of the pages.

THE Bishop of Manchester is an extraordinary logician. In a recent sermon at Preston, he deplored the "disgraceful vices that pervade society," and wondered however civilisation would hold together if Christianity were to die out. Such an *if* is in itself a symptom of religious decay, for what man, much more what bishop, would ever speak of the possibility of Christianity's dying out if he really believed that God is its author and sustainer. Dr. Fraser's logic, however, is our point. After eighteen

centuries of the religion of Christ, society is awfully corrupt. Very well, then, any common-sense man would say, let us change the medicine. Oh no, says the bishop, nothing of the sort; let us dose the patient still further, let us drench him with the old medicine; more Christianity is the only remedy for all his diseases! His Grace reminds us of the chairman of the Missionary Society in Hood's "Black Job." The object of this organisation was to wash the niggers white, and although the darkies obstinately refused to change color, the reverend chairman's constant cry was "more soap."

TALMAGE says that "it is most cruel for a man not to love Jesus." It follows, then, than all Atheists, Buddhists, Mahomedans, and so forth, are guilty of cruelty. It seems that sharp words will cut Christ's feelings like a dagger, and an unkind look will "rive" like lightning; for "Christ is a *bundle of delicacy and sensitiveness*. How you have shocked his nerves! How you have broken his heart!" Poor Jesus Christ, to be troubled with nerves! Who would have thought it? We recommend him to take a little quinine and bromide of potassium, and plenty of sea-bathing—not walking on the top of the waves in a mean evasive way, but plunging straight into them, head-first, like a man that isn't afraid of cold water. Poor Christ must be in a pickle in another way, too. Millions of men and women, in their different frames of mind, must affect him differently. His heart must be breaking over one slight or another at the same time that it is rejoicing over a penitent sinner more than over ninety and nine just persons. How can he carry on the complicated series of emotions necessary for all cases simultaneously?

SPURGEON, too, we find, says that "the unbeliever touches God in a very tender place by his unbelief," and that in rejecting Christ "the unbeliever has displayed an intense venom against God." What a touchy old tyrant this overwhelmingly egotistic God must be. Liberty, justice, truth and righteousness evidently are annihilated by his mere approach, or are degraded into mere lying words of compliment addressed to him by contemptible sycophants. Does Mr. Spurgeon display an intense venom against Jupiter, or Krishna, or against Mr. Bradlaugh or the Archbishop of Canterbury, because he does not believe in them? If Mr. Spurgeon has his bread of one particular baker, does he thereby display intense venom against the other bakers with whom he does not deal? We quite understand that those who will not patronise the parson touch him in an exceeding tender place—namely, the pocket.

THE Lord has killed one of his archbishops with cholera. The Archbishop of Seville evidently was not possessed of the miraculous powers promised to believers in Mark xvi., 18.

THE French missionaries report the massacre of 10,000 Christians in Tonquin, but later accounts from other sources reduce the number to a few hundreds. The previous unprovoked massacres of Tonquinese for years past by Christian armies did not call forth any protest from the missionaries. Europeans destroy law and order in a country and are surprised and indignant at the result.

THE Rev. T. A. Brown has been fined at Bow Street for molesting women and little girls and assaulting them in a "disgusting" way.

A WRITER in the *Christian World* has discovered a "paradise for parsons." It is Aberystwith. We always said that the parsons' paradise was a nice pleasant place on this snug little globe. The paradise somewhere out in space is what they offer other people. "Heaven is our home" they snuffle from the pulpit. Yes, but catch a parson going home till he can't help it.

THE same writer asks "In what town or village of Lancashire are half the people professed Christians?" We give it up. Can anybody answer it? If so, the place will be worth visiting to see what it's like. Still better worth visiting would be any place where there are six *real* Christians outside the workhouse or the asylum.

DR. PRESSENSE says that Christians should "step down into the slough of depravity to save that which is lost." Judging from the police reports, we should say that a good many of them step down into the slough of depravity to lose what they've saved.

WARD BEECHER is up to a thing or two. He has been startling orthodox America with his sermons on the Evolution of Religion, in which to all appearance, the Bible was knocked into a cocked hat. But at the end Beecher smooths down the ruffled feathers of the old hen of theology by stating that, with all its faults there isn't a book in the world like the Bible. We agree with him, and if we believed in a deity, we should say, "Thank God for it." One Bible has half killed the world; two would have murdered it outright.

"No other book," says Beecher, "has had the power to change human nature." We agree with him again. With the Bible in their hands, and Bible texts on their lips, many otherwise very decent men have robbed, tortured and butchered their neighbors, all for the honor and glory of God. Victor Hugo's powerful

poem, "Torquemada," aims at showing that the greatest Grand Inquisitor, who drenched the earth around him with the blood and tears of heretics, was a good-hearted person after all. Nature within him cried, "Love your fellow-men." But Bible religion cried, "Damn them," and damn them he did with a vengeance.

CLEANLINESS is next to godliness, but the people who care most for the latter seldom step over to the former. The Mohammedan pilgrims are now in full swarm at Mecca, where they religiously drink from the holy well, which is full of excellent sewage. It would be capital stuff to manure fields with, but it plagues the deuce with the pilgrims' stomachs. They catch the plague, and spread it all over the Mohammedan world.

"As a rule," says the *Christian World*, "this must be admitted—the clerical person evades debate." True, but why? Thirty years ago clergymen were mad to debate with leading "infidels." They fancied, the Lord helping them, that any little Christian David could easily slay the biggest sceptical Goliath. But they soon found out their mistake. They were beaten in discussion, and, what is worse, their defeat was obvious to their own side. Nay, more. Every debate was an eye-opener to many Christians, and resulted in a considerable addition to "the congregation of Satan." Consequently, the clergy discovered that discretion was by far the better part of valor; and it is now more difficult to drag a Christian minister into a public discussion than it is to drive a pig in a straight line.

THE Rev. P. J. Capron, Roman Catholic priest, of Coedangerhill, Monmouth, has been fined £4 and costs, or a month in default, for cruelly using a horse in an unfit state. The poor horse had six bad wounds, and the inspector said it was the worst case he had ever examined. Let us hope, for the horses' sake, there will be no stable attached to the Rev. P. J. Capron's mansion in his heavenly parent's house.

By the way, what a funny text that is—"In my Father's house there are many mansions." It is like saying "In my Father's pint-pot there are many quarts."

QUERY.—Is heaven a sort of big model lodging-house, where every flat will have his flat?

THE religious journals are boasting that General Grant was an excellent Christian. Perhaps so, but President Lincoln, a much bigger and better man, was an excellent Freethinker.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Christian World* says there should be no surprise at the recent excommunication, since "the book of common prayer again and again breathes this domineering persecuting spirit." It enjoins the form of excommunication, and expresses a devout wish that some more severe measure might be adopted, while a special article declares that all the faithful should look upon an excommunicated person as an heathen and a publican. He might have added that Paul declared that if anyone preached a different gospel to his he was to be accursed (Gal. i, 8), and that St. John wrote: "If there come any unto you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him God speed" (2 John 10).

THE Archbishop of Canterbury does not show up very well in his explanation of his attitude in regard to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He writes to a correspondent that he strongly deprecates the modes of inquiry, and considers the dissemination of this literature has been needlessly forced on the attention of many who would be the worse for the knowledge; yet he could not decline to investigate the matter himself when asked to do so by the person whose policy he reprobated.

DR. PEARSE, at a meeting of the Sheffield Congregational Association, said they had to deplore the want of whole-hearted consecration on the part of many of Christ's disciples, their faint relish of spiritual food, their low ideal of Christian character, nominal church membership, and lukewarm interest in home and foreign missions. In short, Dr. Pearse makes out that many of Christ's present disciples are almost as bad as the original ones, who, when he was in trouble, "all forsook him and fled."

THE *Nonconformist* declares that although church rates have been abolished for seven years, they constantly hear of impudent attempts to extort them from the unsuspecting. The usual pious dodge is to send a printed notice saying the rates are now due.

CANON COOK, who is getting in his dotage, writes to the *Guardian* complaining of the Revised Version. He says the margin to Psalm xlv., 6, is a flat contradiction to the New Testament and a deliberate effacement of a great doctrinal truth. If the Revised Version is allowed to be read in churches it will be resigning the faith once delivered to the saints.

THE *Tablet* takes occasion of the recent excommunication to ridicule "the paper discipline and paper theology" of the Church

of England. But how much did Victor Emanuel care for the excommunication of Pius IX.?

THE Rev. M. D. Turner, one of the most prominent preachers of the Methodist Church in Georgia, and a leader of the perfect holiness doctrine, has committed suicide by taking strychnine.

THE births in Lima during the month of January, 1885, numbered 353, of which 158 were legitimate and 195 illegitimate. Lima is Catholic in religion, and its morals are at a low ebb.

TALMAGE, the pious orator of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, is in England for a holiday. True to its new policy of sensation, the *Pall Mall Gazette* has interviewed him, and taken his opinion on its "revelations." Talmage's advice was "go on." Having himself done a little amateur running through New York brothels and fast places, he naturally feels quite a brotherly affection for Mr Stead.

THIS is how the *P. M. G.* describes Talmage:—"The great American Boanerges, the eloquent and popular pulpiteer, whose thunder is heard throughout the States, whose fiery anathemas and fearless denunciations rouse the good citizens of Brooklyn." It would be much more to the purpose if Talmage's anathemas and denunciations roused the *bad* citizens of Brooklyn. The *P. M. G.* also gives a flattering account of the American Boanerges' personal appearance. But it forgets to mention his mouth, which is said to be the widest in the United States.

TALMAGE is further described as "the opponent of Ingersoll and American Infidelity." This is news indeed. Talmage has no such reputation across the Atlantic. All he does in the way of opposing Ingersoll is to scream indignantly and call on the authorities to prosecute the great Freethought orator for blasphemy. If that is "opposing Ingersoll" any lunatic at large is capable of doing it. Talmage is far too cute to meet Ingersoll in public debate.

BISHOP RYLE has been speaking of the poverty of the clergy. Why doesn't he augment their stipends from his own pay? A writer in the *Liverpool Post* mentions, as specimens of the poor clergy of Lancashire, Bishop Ryle's own chaplain, Mr. Stewart, with £2,000 a year; at Sefton, E. Horley, with £1,284; Wigan, Canon Bridgman, £1,400; Standish, Rev. W. Brandeth, £2,000; Halsall, Rev. B. H. Blundell, £3,500; Winwick, Rev. F. G. Hopwood, £3,500; Bury, Rev. E. Hornby, £1,937. Others are mentioned as receiving over four figures per annum. No wonder they have to go round with the hat to increase the livings of the poor clergy.

A CURIOUS state of matters in the Church of England is exhibited by the fact that, while the Rev. Bell Cox, in the diocese of Liverpool, is being prosecuted and may be imprisoned for wearing Romish vestments and using lights and the mixed chalice, all these practices are constantly used by the Bishop of Lincoln in his own diocese.

THIS is the way in which the *Church Times* speaks of dignitaries of a low church type:—"Bishop Beckles is a 'returned empty' from Sierra Leone, and has now a vicarage in Bethnal Green. He has abetted the schism in Scotland known as the 'English Episcopalians,' and has held confirmations for them, and is thus a very unfit person to be sent as deputation from a church society."

F. V. (the initials are those of the active secretary of the Guild of St. Matthew) writes in the *Church Reformer* on "The Bible and the Land Question." But what is the use of referring to the old book on such a question when F. V. admits that the whole conditions under which the ancient Israelites lived were widely different from those of our own day?

THE *Athenæum* (Aug. 15), in a review of "The Pontifical Decrees against the Doctrine of the Earth's Movement," by the Rev. W. W. Roberts, says that the full significance of Galileo's trial is now for the first time put plainly before the world. Pius IX., in an epistle to the Archbishop of Munich, declared it incumbent upon all Catholics to submit themselves to the decrees of the Church in matters of science. Either Pius IX. erred in this, or Urban VIII. erred in denouncing Galileo. The Catholics can take which horn of the dilemma they please.

MR. EDWIN CLODD, writing in *Knowledge* upon the old "Mysteries and Moralities," says of these religious representations, which were a chief means of making the sacred stories known before the triumphs of the printing press: "There can be little doubt, from the evidence of stage directions and the references of opponents of the plays, that Adam and Eve appeared on the stage naked." We wonder in what condition the Lord appeared himself? We were considered blasphemers for clothing him in a pair of trousers; no doubt the orthodox fashion is *in puris naturalibus*.

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

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

OUR recent article in the *Freethinker* on "The Bible and Young Girls" is reprinted with some additions as a Tract under the title of "THE MAIDEN TRIBUTE TO JEHOVAH." Copies will be supplied at 6d. a hundred, or 7d. post free. One thousand for 4s. While the *Pall Mall Gazette* revelations are fresh, the wide distribution of this Tract will be a splendid blow at the Old Book.

## MR. FOOTE'S ENGAGEMENTS.

Sunday, August 23, Hall of Science, Old Street, E.C., at 7.30, on "Woman's Worst Foe—the Bible."

AUGUST 30, Hall of Science, London; 31, Battersea.  
SEPTEMBER 6, Birmingham; 13 and 20, Hall of Science, London; 27, Liverpool.  
OCTOBER 4, Manchester; 11, Milton Hall, London.  
NOVEMBER 1 and 8, Hall of Science, London.

## CORRESPONDENTS.

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

RECEIVED WITH THANKS.—J. G., An Enemy of the Cross.

C. CURSON writes that another attempt was made by the Christian mob to break up the Secular platform in Southwark Park last Sunday, but fortunately it was less successful than on the former occasion. It is hoped that more Freethinkers will attend next Sunday and foil these disgraceful tactics. The meetings are held near the Deptford Lower Road gates, at 11.30 a.m.

WILLIAM LRES, 1 Devon Street, Milkstone Road, Rochdale, supplies the *Freethinker* and all Secular publications.

A. BOWHAM objects to our calling Lord Randolph Churchill the Woodstock Bantam. We advise our correspondent to read the pamphlet, and if he holds the same opinion afterwards, we must agree to differ.

W. FOSTER.—The malignity of Providence towards the St. Ives Quakers is nothing unusual.

W. KIMBLEY.—Your letter appears to have been delayed in the post. See our editorial note to Mr. Millar's letter last week.

W. R. ORD.—Thanks for the cutting. We have dealt with the Bishop.

J. COLE asks us to announce that Mr. Rosetti debates with a local missionary this afternoon (Aug. 23), 3.30, at the Triangle, Hackney Road, on "Is the Bible a Modern Book?" It is hoped the local Freethinkers will attend and help to see fair play.

W. BLACKWELL.—We have received a letter from you, but it appears to be meant for someone else.

W. HICKS STRUTTON, 21 Tottenham Street, Fitzroy Square, supplies the *Freethinker* and all Secular publications.

H. HISCOCK reports that Mr. W. J. Ramsey gave a successful lecture to a very large audience on Clerkenwell Green last Sunday.

W. BRADBURN.—Thanks. We had already written a paragraph on the subject.

C. H.—We know nothing of the Mr. Moody you refer to. If he is an accredited agent of the Christian Evidence Society there need be no difficulty in arranging for a debate. Any of our outdoor lecturers, say Mr. Mortimer, would be happy to oblige him.—We intend to publish more of James Thomson's articles in *Progress*, besides the Heine series, which you so warmly approve.

F. NEWBRAND writes that on Sunday, August 2, eight men were at work in the Kennington Oval cricket ground, preparing for bank holiday and the gate money; and he asks what is the difference between this and Sunday cricket.

THE Catalogue of Progressive Publishing Company's works can be obtained at 28 Stonecutter Street.

PAPERS RECEIVED.—Derbyshire Courier—Derby and Chesterfield Reporter—California Signs of the Times—Church Reformer—The Judge—Freethought Review—Marybone Independent—Boston Investigator—Paddington Mercury—Warrington Examiner—Yorkshire Post—Liverpool Courier.

## "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 September 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.

MR. FOOTE has accepted an invitation to address the United Society of Boiler Makers and Iron Shipbuilders in the Crystal Palace theatre next Monday afternoon on the occasion of their annual demonstration. This powerful Trade Organisation has 244 branches, with a total of 28,983 members.

In reviewing our edition of Ingersoll's "Mistakes of Moses," the Rev. S. D. Headlam's paper, the *Church Reformer*, says that "those who admire the smart but utterly superficial manner of Colonel Ingersoll's writings and orations, will feel grateful to Mr. Foote for giving them 136 pages for a shilling." We accept the commendation, and, on behalf of Colonel Ingersoll, we smile at the charge of superficiality. We venture to say, with all respect to Mr. Headlam, that there is more profound and vigorous thinking in the "Mistakes of Moses" than in the whole file of the *Church Reformer*.

MR. HEADLAM also charges Ingersoll with being "entirely ignorant of the Christian theory of inspiration." What he really means is the Headlam theory of inspiration, by which the Bible is turned into a receptacle that contains exactly what you like to put in it. Colonel Ingersoll, does the Bible at least one justice more than Mr. Headlam—he allows it to mean what it says.

MR. HEADLAM'S *Church Reformer*, in some excellent common sense advice "To the Electors," urges that all should support the Affirmation Bill, abolish the Blasphemy Laws, enable the citizens to go into their own museums on Sundays, and "emancipate the Church" by the disestablishment and disendowment of the bishops, beneficed clergy and patrons. An admirable programme as coming from a Church of England clergyman, but what will his fellow clericals say?

LEO TAXIL, the leader of the Anti-Clerical League, who has just gone over to Rome, has had to agree to an amicable separation from his wife, who remains a Freethinker and considers her husband out of his mind. Judging from the long report in the *Church Times*, we should say that she is about right. Léo Taxil appears to be an eccentric, excitable man, and the reasons he assigns for his conversion can hardly be satisfactory even to Catholics. He allows that he was "discouraged and disheartened," and his old colleagues say he has so right among the Christians the pecuniary success which he ought never to have expected among Freethinkers. The moral of this story is that no man should aspire to lead the soldiers of Freethought who expects to obtain plenty of spoil after every battle. Soldier's wages is all he must expect, and sometimes he will be lucky to get that.

WE have always contended that Christianity has not reformed the world. The Redeemer came eighteen centuries ago, but the redemption has not come yet. Nor do we believe it ever can come until Christianity is flung aside for ever. Fortunately, our opinion is now endorsed by the Archbishop of York, who opens his tract on the new slave trade with these startling words: "We have been accustomed to think of Christianity as breaking upon the dead, dark Pagan world a sunrise of new light and life. A voice has broken on the world which arrests us at once. There is not a vice of Greece or Rome which Christendom cannot parallel." Surely, if the great Emperor Julian, the last of the Pagans, could revive for a little and contemplate the condition of Christendom, he might cry again the words ascribed to him in the pious legend, but this time with a smile of scorn—"Thou hast conquered, O Galilean." Greece and Rome are dead, but Galilee still lives to curse the world.

THE *Academy* publishes a new poem by Robert Buchanan on Walt Whitman, which concludes with the following lines:—

"The noblest head 'neath western skies,  
The tenderest heart, the clearest eyes,  
Are thine, my Socrates, whose fate  
Is beautifully desolate!  
As deep as hell, as high as Heaven,  
Thy wisdom hath this lesson given:  
When all the gods that reign'd and reign  
Have fallen like leaves and left no sign,  
The god-like Man shall still remain  
To prove Humanity divine!"

Good! Robert is improving.

ON Saturday August 22nd, at three o'clock, will be unveiled in Kensal Green Cemetery, a monument of considerable interest. It will be known as the Reformer's Memorial, and is erected at the expense of Mr. Joseph W. Corfield to the memory of the pioneers in modern social and political reform. Among the names inscribed on the monument are those of John Bellers, Joseph Priestley, Thomas Paine, Robert Owen, Richard Carlile, Julian Hibbert, Frances Wright, Harriet Martineau, Henry Hethrington, James Watson, William Lovett, William James Fox, Ernest Jones, George Odgers, etc. Mr. Lloyd Jones will perform the ceremony of unveiling the memorial and all persons interested are invited to attend.

THE Leicester Secularists resumed their cricket playing on the Abbey Meadow last Sunday. A pious spectator "collared" the ball and threw it into the river. The police took his name and address, and the players mean to take legal proceedings against him so as to test the question in the courts.

TWENTY THOUSAND of our tract, "The Maiden Tribute to Jehovah," have been distributed, and we are printing a further supply. The Demonstration in Hyde Park furnishes a good occasion for circulating a few thousand advantageously.

THE late Lord Hobart, whose Writings and Letters have just been published by his widow, appears to have been a Radical and a bit of a Freethinker; witness the following extract from a letter written in 1870:—"The Bishop of — (see *Times* to-day) appeals eloquently to his Christian friends to draw the sword and forgive nobody, as becomes their profession. I wish he had to fight himself, and to pay 50 per cent. taxation on an income of 6d. a-day, instead of growing a double chin in a comfortable arm chair."

WE have received a specimen copy of an illustrated journal to be published in Manchester. It is entitled *The Judge*, and from our glance at the contents we think it likely to receive the support of our friends in that district.

"RANDOLPH CHURCHILL: the Woodstock Bantam" is still selling rapidly, and at the present rate a third edition will soon be required.

THE New York *Truthseeker* says that our Summer Number is "metaphorically enough to make the angels weep." Nothing of the sort. Blasphemous wit is relished in Heaven as well as in England or America. Fourteen million angels have already subscribed for our ordinary number; but as they remit in Jerusalem greenbacks, which we cannot negotiate, we are unable to execute their orders, although we generously forward six gratis copies weekly to Gabriel, who sees they are passed round.

IN an appreciative notice of Miss Hennell's writings, which appears in the *Unitarian Herald*, her brother Charles Hennell's "Inquiry Concerning the Origin of Christianity," is rightly described as a noble work, far ahead of the age in which it appeared. But can Mr. Williams tell us why the cheap edition, published a few years ago by Triibner, was withdrawn from circulation?

WE hear of two new Australian Freethought literary ventures. The one is the *Rationalist*, a weekly hailing from New Zealand, the other a monthly entitled *Modern Thought*, published at Melbourne and edited by Mr. George Walters, who, although a Unitarian minister, is a broad-minded one.

## THE BIBLE AND SLAVERY.

THE course taken by theologians in regard to any new thought or reform is always the same. At first, violent opposition and attempt at extirpation, on the ground of its antagonism to the Bible and the Church; then, as the doctrine strengthens, attempts at reconciliation; and finally, as it triumphs, the assertion, "We always said so. The Bible, properly interpreted, declared so all along."

The most interesting article by S. Britton, with the strange title "D.D.," in the current number of *Progress*, recalls attention to a famous controversy which illustrates this. D.D., he it said, was the celebrated Liverpool brand, placed, like the XX on a cask of beer, on all slaves who were kidnapped or purchased by the Liverpool traders for exportation to America in the last century. Of the horrors and infamies of that traffic one cannot read without shuddering and tears. Christians talk of the cruelty of Paganism, but we doubt if anything in Paganism exceeded the villainy and degradation connected with the Liverpool slave trade. Doubtless the condition of the slave in Pagan Rome was bad enough, yet Lecky, in his "History of European Morals," tells us:

"The physician who tended the Roman in his sickness, the tutor to whom he committed the education of his son, the artist whose works commanded the admiration of the city, were usually slaves" (Vol. I., p. 323).

Some of the finest writers of antiquity were slaves. *Æop*, Terence, and Phædrus were slaves. Epictetus was a slave, and passed at once from a state of servitude to the friendship of an emperor. Tiro, the slave, and afterwards the freedman, of Cicero, compiled his master's letters, and has preserved some in which Cicero addressed him in terms of sincere friendship. Such instances have no parallel, were indeed impossible, in Christian slavery. And the whole iniquitous system was defended from the Bible. It was "infidel France" which first decreed the emancipation of all slaves. In England, Wilberforce gave his testimony that the greatest opponents of abolition, and the stoutest defenders of slavery, were the religious people. In America

it was Freethinkers like Theodore Parker, Lloyd Garrison, Elizur Wright, Parker Pillsbury, Gilbert Vale and Ralph Waldo Emerson who were most strenuous in opposition to the Church-supported curse.

A volume of extracts might be given illustrating the treatment of slaves by Christian ministers who drew their warrant from holy scripture. Readers of the early numbers of the *Freethinker* will remember the illustrations given in the articles "How Christians have Loved the Negro" by my friend Mr. Garner. Thousands of sermons were preached in defence of slavery, as, in the words of the Rev. Mr. Crowder, of Virginia, "not only countenanced, permitted, and regulated by the Bible, but positively instituted by God himself." Just as Mormons to this day quote the example of the Jewish patriarchs in favor of polygamy, so did the slaveholders quote the Protestant fetish in favor of slaveholding. They referred to the curse upon Canaan and to the treatment of captives in war.\* In their support stands the command:

"Moreover, of the children of the strangers that do sojourn among you; of them shall ye buy, and of their families that are with you, which they begat in your land: and they shall be your possession. And ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you, to inherit them for a possession; they shall be your bondmen for ever" (Lev. xxi., 45, 46).

In certain cases the chosen people were even permitted to enslave the members of their own race, but, as is usual with the most savage tribes, under more restricted conditions.

"If thou buy an Hebrew servant, six years he shall serve: and in the seventh he shall go out free for nothing. If he came in by himself, he shall go out by himself: if he were married, then his wife shall go out with him. If his master have given him a wife, and she have borne him sons or daughters, the wife and her children shall be her master's, and he shall go out by himself" (Exodus xxi., 2-4).

If he desired his liberty he must desert his wife and little ones. What a choice to be offered by divine law!

"And if the servant shall plainly say, I love my master, my wife, and my children; I will not go out free: Then his master shall bring him unto the judges; he shall also bring him unto the door, or unto the door post; and his master shall bore his ears through with an awl; and he shall serve him for ever" (Exodus xxi., 5-6).

In the boasted Decalogue the man-servant, maid-servant and wife are classed with the ox and the ass among the possessions of the master, and in a law which closely follows upon the Decalogue we read:

"If a man smite his servant or his maid with a rod, and he die under his hand, he shall surely be punished. Notwithstanding if he continue a day or two, he shall not be punished; for he is his money" (Exodus xxi., 20, 21.)

The passage shows the meaning of the word "servant," and shows also that the "servants" were merely the money of their masters so long as they were not murdered outright—a sentiment which, according to a well-known passage in Bishop Colenso, fairly disgusted a Zulu.

Nor is it the Jewish scriptures alone which sanction slavery. The Christian scriptures do so likewise. Jesus never said a word against it. He never declared boldly: "Human bondage is degrading and contrary to human welfare. It should be prohibited by the civil law." Paul emphatically endorsed the *status quo*:

"Let as many servants [slaves] as are under the yoke count their own masters worthy of all honor." (1 Tim., vi., 1).

"Exhort servants to be obedient unto their masters." (Titus ii., 9).

"Servants be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling." (Eph. vi., 5).

Peter takes exactly the same position:

"Servants, be subject to your masters with all fear; not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward." (Pet. ii., 18).

Perhaps it may be urged that the term "servant" here refers to a hired servant. Not at all. The word so translated is *δουλος*, which Liddell and Scott properly define as "a slave, a bondman."

The Rev. Moses Stuart, of Andover Theological Seminary, declared:

"The precepts of the New Testament respecting the demeanor of slaves and their masters, beyond all question recognise the existence of slavery."

\* Numbers xxxi.; Joshua ix., 21.

Said Professor Hodge, of Princeton Theological Seminary :

"At the time of the advent of Jesus Christ slavery in its worst forms prevailed over the world. The Savior found it around him in Judea; the apostles met with it in Asia, Greece and Italy. How did they treat it? Not by denunciation of slave-holding as necessarily sinful."

The Rev. Dr. Taylor, Principal of the Theological Department of Yale College, said :

"I have no doubt that if Jesus Christ were now on earth, he would, under certain circumstances, become a slave-holder."

Slavery flourished so long because the Bible taught that it was lawful. To oppose slavery was to oppose the plainest teachings of the sacred book. As the voice of humanity and advancing civilisation was heard, it was suddenly discovered that slavery was opposed to the glorious doctrine of universal brotherhood which the Christian churches have done so much to foster by condemning to hell all unbelievers in their creeds, and the ministers now find in the abolition of slavery another triumph of the orthodox Gospel. J. M. WHEELER.

#### STAND BACK, YE PRIESTS!

HOLD! ye babbling, loud-tongued preachers;  
Cease your clamorous, insane din!  
Gospel-mongers and soulless teachers,  
Where is your world so steeped in sin?  
The earth is full of smiling gladness,  
And flowers would bloom all o'er her breast  
Were it not for your faith's cold sadness  
And your ghoul's in dread and mystery drest.

Nay! tell me not of your dogmas lying;  
Naught want I of your foul, black creed;  
Your tree of Calvary's drooping, dying,  
And withered is all its scattered seed.  
For it will not live in the light of reason—  
'Tis a fungus growth of the shade alone,  
And soon in the morn of the glad new season  
The shadows of faith shall all have flown.

Fling them away, your Cross and Bible—  
Symbols of drivell and brainless rant—  
Ye priests of fraud and pious libel,  
Humanity laughs at your creed of cant!  
Stand back in the shadow and gloom of myst'ry;  
Go, kneel in the mire of thoughtless night;  
Pray to your God of reddened hist'ry—  
Make way for the priests of Truth and Right!  
H. GORDON SWIFT.

#### A DOG-DAY SERMON.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

BELOVED,—The above words, interpreted literally, mean nothing more or less than to advocate suicide. Thousands of weary souls, tired of existence, logically conclude that if "rest" is the desideratum, death is the only medium through which to obtain it. This appears to be the doctrine of the grim humorist of Galilee, and none will have the effrontery to deny that Christ had a humorous vein, for did he not say to his disciples, "Remember Lot's wife," and again by implication, "Ye are a lot of salt"?

Again, brethren, "The Prince of Peace" seems to be an anomalous title for one who came to bring not Peace but a sword. The inconsistency, however, is merely genial wit, as every educated burglar knows. No one feels unrest after being executed, and if the victims object at the time, we know they will be for ever "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

The burglar takes up the same strain, and proclaims a like evangel. The constable, weary with his long beat, and heavy laden with lamp, and staff, and the obesity of his frame, approaches the busy and benevolent burglar. William Sykes, like the lamb of God, promises to give him rest, points his revolver, and offers to shoot him into the area of the universe, or heave him to heaven, which is the attic thereof. This to show that many who do not call themselves Christians do follow Christ. True, it undoubtedly is that different minds attach peculiar meanings to his words, but the paramount fact remains, that artless souls, each in his own way, strive to imitate or follow him.

The man of high aspirations seeks approach to Christ on "wings of faith" and a flying-machine. Laudable is the attempt, but as none have succeeded in reaching Jesus by means of that arrangement of faith and feathers, we must prayerfully seek the reason of failure. You all know the text which states that most important proposition in theological mechanics, "No man cometh unto me except the father draw him." As well we might expect a steep-grade tramcar to climb a hill with the cable detached, or a toy chariot to travel without a string. Does not God talk some-

where of drawing with cords, and has not a Freethinker Sketch shown how Christ was drawn by a cable to heaven's high gate? Some sceptical sinner will impiously ask how the artist knew "his Savior" went to glory with a rope around him. I must answer that question by asking another. Were there not present at the ascension several gentlemen of a Stareoscopic Company, who, taking advantage of the son being high in the heavens, obtained some good photographs by the instantaneous process?

Brethren, the weather is hot, and short services are the order of an enlightened day (that is, in the evening), so I must conclude; but I trust the collections will not fall short, for God loveth a cheerful giver, and I love what is given. You will believe me when I say this sermon cost a great deal to produce, owing to the scarcity of ice. Now, finally, brothers, for the last time I ask you to ponder with all the ponderosity (!) of your heads the texts of my discourse: "Come unto me all ye that labor (fools) and are heavy laden (asses), and I will give you rest." "No man cometh unto me except the father draw him" (with cords). "God loveth a cheerful giver." Then give, give, I cry, in the name of the Lord! Hallelujah! Amen.

W. C. SAVILLE.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### BATTERSEA CHILDREN'S PARTY. TO THE EDITOR OF THE "FREETHINKER."

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me, through the medium of your paper, to inform those who sent me subscriptions to enable us to take the children of the Battersea Secular Sunday-school for a day in the country, that the excursion took place on Friday last. We took fifty-two of the elder scholars to Epsom by train, and they thoroughly enjoyed themselves on the downs. I have received the following donations:—Miss Howell, £1; Mr. Ellis, 10s.; Mr. Hurst, 10s.; Mr. Hemmingway, 7s. 6d.; Mrs. Marks, 5s.; Mr. Pearce, 5s.; Mr. Harwood, 5s.; Mrs. Marande, 4s.; Mr. Minson, 2s. 6d.; Mr. Crossfield, 2s.; Mr. Brown, 1s.; Mr. Josslyn, 1s.; Mr. Annis, 1s.; Mr. Bartlett, 6d. Total—£3 14s. 6d.—Your obedient servant,  
S. WATERS.

## REVIEW.

Hell: Where is it? and The Beauty of Holiness. By SALADIN. Stewart and Co.—Both pamphlets are reprinted from the *Secular Review*. They are written with characteristic Scotch fervor. The first is perhaps the more effective, but both should be serviceable in the Freethought propaganda.

### PRECOCIOUS PIETY.

A MICHIGAN lawyer sends us the following:—Several years ago I was practising law in one of the many beautiful towns in Wisconsin. One very warm day, while seated in my office at work, I was interrupted by the entrance of a boy, the son of one of my clients, who had walked into town six miles, in a blazing sun, for the purpose of procuring a Bible. He had been told, he said, that there was a place where they gave them away to people who had no money; he said he had no money, and was very anxious to get one of the books, and asked me to go with him to the place where they were kept.

Anxious to encourage him in his early piety, I left the brief on which I was, and went with him over to the stand of a Presbyterian deacon who had the much-coveted books in charge. I introduced him to the deacon, telling him the circumstances. He praised the boy very highly; was delighted to see the young man so early seeking after the truth, etc., etc.; and presented him with the best bound Bible in his collection. Bubby put it in his pocket, and was starting off, when the deacon says, "Now my son, that you possess what you desired, I suppose you feel perfectly happy?" "Well, I do, old boss; for, between you and I, I know where I can trade it for a plaguey good fiddle!"

SLATER TESTIMONIAL FUND.—S. Taylor, 5s.; T. Sharp, 3s.; Staleybridge Branch N. S. S., 5s.; W. Sharp, 1s.; C. H. P. Haigh, 2s.; F. Newton, 1s.; — Aspinall, 1s.; W. Evans, 2s.; J. Garside, 2s. 6d.; W. Winterbottom, 6d.; J. Hemingway, 5s.; J. Langfield, 2s.; E. Turner, 2s. 6d.; O. Balmforth, 1s.; S. Biddle, 2s.; A. G., 1s.; W. Smith, 5s.; — Kilburn, 1s.; H. Moore, 6d.; Mrs. Moore, 6d.; D. France, 1s.; B. Shaw, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Kenny, 1s.; Mrs. Barnett, 1s.; — Hainsbury, 1s.—W. H. Reynolds, Treasurer, Camplin House, New Street, S.E.

THE much-quoted passage in Job, "I know that my redeemer liveth," should be "I know that my blood-avenger liveth." The Goel, so far from being a redeemer, was bound to assassinate the murderer of his relative or friend. It was to prevent or evade this custom of Goelism or the blood feud that Moses built the cities of refuge. And Christians take the passage as a grand prophecy of Christ, and twist both the plain language and obscure language of the text to suit their views. Of course they cannot allow Christ to be depicted as a revenging assassin, and they are too short of prophecies to allow any accepted one to drop.

PROFANE JOKES.

LE BON DIEU, having made a mouse, said to himself, "Hilloh! I have done a foolish trick;" and he made the cat, which is the erratum of the mouse. The mouse plus the cat is the revised and corrected proof of creation.—Victor Hugo.

THE captain of the "Army" was hard up for a novelty. "Come forward," he cried to the "chucker-out"; "come forward, Brother Snooks, and tell the friends what the Lord has done for you." Brother Snooks came forward, scratching his head. "Wal, friends," he remarked, "it seems to me that since I've attended these barracks I've been doing a good deal for the Lord, but the Lord has done nothing for me as I know on." Hallelujah!

A LITTLE New Haven boy, not a professor's son, was seriously disturbed in his devotions the other evening by his little brother. Sense of duty and inclination warred for a time, but a compromise was finally determined upon, and the little saint observed: "Please, Lord, excuse me while I punch brother Johnnie's head." The job having been judiciously performed, our hero resumed his devotions at the point of interruption.

FOND papa (proudly displaying the accomplishments of his six-year-old boy to the visiting clergyman): "Now, Tommy, tell the gentleman what you would like to be, when you grow up to be a great big man." Tommy (pointing to the distinguished visitor): "I'd like to be a minister like him." Visiting clergyman (greatly gratified): "Ah, my young friend, you would like to be a clergyman like me, would you? And now tell me, why would you like to be a clergyman like me." Tommy (promptly): "Cause I heard pa say yesterday that you had the softest job of any man he knew. Nothing to do but talk an hour every Sunday, live free on the members of the congregation, and be worshipped like a little tin god on wheels by all the women in the parish."

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PART VII.—THE RISE OF THE PAPACY

The succeeding parts will be issued at intervals of a fortnight.

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"The evidence against the culprit, Christianity, is led with forensic skill."—Secular Review.

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