

THE FREETHINKER.

EDITED BY G. W. FOOTE.

Sub-Editor—J. M. WHEELER.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

PRIZE COMIC BIBLE SKETCH.



GOD'S TIFF WITH SARAH.

And the Lord appeared unto him. . . . And he said. . . . lo, Sarah thy wife shall have a son. And Sarah heard it in the tent door, which was behind him. Now Abraham and Sarah were old and well stricken in age. . . . Therefore Sarah laughed within herself. . . .

And the Lord said unto Abraham, Wherefore did Sarah laugh, saying, Shall I of a surety bear a child, which am old? . . . Then Sarah denied, saying, I laughed not; for she was afraid. And he said, Nay; but thou didst laugh.—GEN. XVIII, 1-15.

HUXLEY ON MOSES.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY devoted a good deal of space in his American Addresses to refuting the Mosaic, or, as he discreetly called it, the Miltonic cosmogony. Since then the apologists of Genesis, with the exception of the irrepressible Kinns, who rushes in where others fear to tread, have kept very quiet; and we fancy that the professional champions of Christianity must have stared aghast at Mr. Gladstone's recent defence of Moses, and wondered why he so rashly evoked the avalanche of a scientific reply. The avalanche has descended. Professor Huxley's rejoinder in the *Nineteenth Century* crushes and pulverises our pious ex-Premier as thoroughly as an Alpine glacier grinds down a jutting rock or annihilates a mountain chalet.

When we replied to Mr. Gladstone, in our small way, we noticed that all the scientific authorities he relied on were ancients who lived before the Darwinian flood. Professor Huxley also wonders whether Mr. Gladstone "has ever opened a respectable modern manual of palæontology

or geology," for "the facts which demolish his argument are of the commonest notoriety." The learned Professor is not so directly sarcastic as we were, but he indulges in a well-bred sneer at "those modern representatives of Sisyphus, the reconcilers of Genesis with science." He is ironical likewise, as he has been before, on the wonderful nature of Hebrew, which every new generation of translators render in a different way to suit the exigencies of their time. "I have great faith," he says, "in the elasticity of that tongue in the hands of biblical exegetes."

Mr. Gladstone's contention, which Professor Huxley will not dispute, for it is not his province to do so, is that the central idea of the Bible account of creation lies in the "fourfold order" of water-population, air-population, land-population, and man. This, he says, "is understood to have been so affirmed in our time by natural science, that it may be taken as a demonstrated conclusion and established fact." Nothing of the sort, says Professor Huxley; this "fourfold order of creation" is absolutely at variance with geology and biology. Following up this plain contradiction, he gives a list of geological formations, and the

organic remains found in them, which knocks Mr. Gladstone's fourfold order into a cocked hat.

As a biologist, Professor Huxley laughs at the notion that the air-population, as we find in Genesis, preceded the land-population.

"On the contrary, every beginner in the study of animal morphology is aware that the organisation of a bat, of a bird, or of a pterodactyle presupposes that of a terrestrial quadruped; and that it is intelligible only as an extreme modification of the organisation of a terrestrial mammal or reptile."

If Genesis asserts what Mr. Gladstone alleges, as it obviously does, then "it merely demonstrates the scientific worthlessness of the story of which it forms a part."

Nor could such aquatic animals as whales and porpoises, dugongs and manatees, have been brought into existence before the land animals, for no "competent judge would hesitate to admit" that their organisation "shows the most obvious signs of the descent from terrestrial quadrupeds."

Farther, it is not true, as Genesis asserts, that grass and fruit trees were created before any kind of animal, for botanical palæontology teaches that "grasses and fruit trees originated long subsequently to animals."

Professor Huxley likewise remarks that it is not scientifically accurate to say that the land population is "consummated in man." Man is undoubtedly "the last term of the evolutionary series to which he belongs," but so is the horse of his, and it is impossible to decide which is the older. Further research may show that man preceded, not only the horse, but many other existing forms of animal life.

Mr. Gladstone found the evolution theory foreshadowed in St. Paul, Eusebius, and St. Augustine. Thank you for the admission, says Huxley, but you might have gone farther back. It was adumbrated by the founders of Greek philosophy, "to say nothing of Indian sages to whom evolution was a familiar notion ages before Paul of Tarsus was born."

After a few similar rounds, which we have not space to describe, Professor Huxley quietly states his "own conviction that, so far as natural science is involved, Mr. Réville's observations retain the exact value they possessed before Mr. Gladstone attacked them."

Even from our imperfect summary the reader will see that Huxley triumphs all along the line, while Gladstone is nowhere. We regret, however, that the Professor should make his bow to Philistia before retiring. He declares that the antagonism between science and religion is "purely factitious." Theology he will pummel as much as you like, but he will not disturb religion, which appears to consist in a curious mixture of "imagination, hope and ignorance." His eulogy of the prophet Micah is also a little far-fetched, for the sentiment he cites from that ancient Hebrew was familiar to religionists who taught before he was born. Surely Huxley is himself a trifle grotesque when he puts Micah in the same rank with Pheidias and Aristotle; and when he holds up as "the perfect ideal of religion" a Jewish text ending with the word God, we humbler Freethinkers have a right to ask him whether, after all, he has any God, and what he means by Religion.

G. W. FOOTE.

ACCORDING to the *Christian Herald* the "gift of tongues" is a reality now just as it was with the apostles eighteen hundred years ago. Mr. Wood, an eminent faith-healer and pious fiction manufacturer, was addressing an audience in Switzerland. A Miss Grey translated his words into French, and a brother retranslated them into German. But this proved a failure, "as neither of the interpreters could find suitable words." The account proceeds thus: "Miss Grey then requested the brother to discontinue, as the spirit had revealed to her to claim the gift of languages, and she would interpret in German. This was attempted, and it looked like a complete failure. The spirit then taught her that it was not to translate Mr. Wood but to speak herself in the German tongue. This the Devil tried his utmost to prevent, but she called upon the audience to claim victory with her, which they did, and a complete triumph was gained for Jesus. She then addressed the meeting at considerable length, fluently and correctly without hesitation. Hallelujah! Afterwards she addressed the French in the same able manner. At the close of the meeting thirty persons waited for healing, which all realised but one, who would not accept healing as a free gift from the Lord."

THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

ALTHOUGH there is no book with which students of divinity are better acquainted than with the "Song of Songs," there is also none of the same dimensions over which theologians have expressed so much diversity of opinion. Its authorship has been ascribed to Solomon for no better reason than because that sensual sultan is one of the subjects of its story. It has been credited with unfolding the sublime mysteries of the relation of Christ to his Church. It has been called an epithalamium upon the marriage of Solomon with the daughter of Pharaoh. According to a distinguished commentator, De Lyra, the first portion describes the history of Israel from the time of the Exodus to the birth of Christ, while from chapter vii. to the end gives the history of the Christian Church to Constantine. In short, nearly every possible explanation has been offered of this portion of the Word of God except the obvious and natural one, that it is an erotic poem. That there is any allegory in the piece is a pure assumption. The theory was unknown before the time of the Talmud. The Canticles are never referred to in the New Testament. There is not the slightest indication in the work itself that there is any such object. Not the most delicate hint, save in the headings of the chapters made by King James's bishops, that by the secret charms of the young lady we are to understand the mysterious graces of the Christian Church. In all allegories it is necessary the subject should be in some way indicated. The parables of Jesus often proved puzzles to his disciples, but they had no doubt they were parables. Moreover, the allegory—if it is one—is absurd or blasphemous. Why should the Church say of God: "His head is as the most fine gold, his locks are bushy and black as a raven?" or compare his legs to pillars of marble, or celebrate other parts of his divine person which are not usually mentioned in polite society? Nor is it easy to see why Christ should say to the Church: "Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep that are even shorn, which came up from the washing; whereof every one bear twins, and none is barren among them;" or why he should declare, "Thy neck is as a tower of ivory; thine eyes like the fish-pools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bath-rabbim; thy nose is as the Tower of Lebanon which looketh toward Damascus." Of course, to parody a phrase of Voltaire's, the Holy Ghost was not bound to write like Alfred Tennyson, but if intended for human guidance one would think the divine meaning should be a little more apparent.

The truth of the matter is, an allegorical interpretation has been forced into the Song of Solomon in order to relieve the Holy Ghost from a charge of indecency. Grotius ventured to call the Song of Songs a libertine work. Even the orthodox Methodist commentator, Adam Clarke, earnestly exhorted young ministers not to found their sermons on its doubtful phrases. He knew how apt religious people are to mix up carnal desire and appetite with love to our blessed Savior, and was perhaps aware that a number of Christian hymns might appropriately have been addressed to Priapus.*

In the Jewish Church no one under the age of thirty was permitted to read the Song of Songs, a prohibition which may have assisted to give it its sacred character. It is, nevertheless, not more indelicate than many other portions of God's Holy Word, and viewed in its proper light as an Oriental love poem, although it cannot be acquitted of outraging modern notions of decency, it is not, I think, so much, as some other portions of the Bible, open to the charge of teaching immorality. On the contrary, its purpose is commendable. An attentive reading of the Revised Version, which is without the misleading headlines, and is divided to indicate the different speakers in the love drama, will make this apparent, and show this little scrap of the Jewish national literature to possess a certain natural beauty which has been utterly obscured by the orthodox commentators who have sought to associate it with theology.

The piece opens with the yearnings of the heroine, whom "the king hath brought into his chambers," for her absent lover. "Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth, for thy love is better than wine." She is black but comely; swarthy, because having to tend the vineyards she has been scorched by the sun. She is a Shulammitte, or native

* See Rimini's "History of the Moravians," and Southey's "Life of Wesley," Vol. I., pp. 188, 387.

of Shulem, now Solma, near Carmel—a part renowned for its beauties. It was Abishag, a Shulammitte, who was chosen when they sought for a fair damsel throughout all the coasts of Israel to warm the bed of old King David. Solomon had seen her, and, when she went down into the garden of nuts “to see the green plants of the valley,” or ever she was aware, she was abducted. In vain, however, does the mighty monarch offer her the best place in his harem. Amid the glories of the court she sighs for the shepherd lover from whom she is separated. She tells how early one spring morning her beloved engaged her to go out with him. “For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come. And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;” and now, although she seeks and finds him not, she declares “my beloved is mine and I am his.” Her constant burden to her harem companions is, “I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem, by the roses and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up nor awaken love until it please.”* Love must be spontaneous, she declares, and she refuses to yield to the wishes of the libidinous monarch. When Solomon praises her she replies with praises of her beloved peasant swain. She longs for him by day and seeks him in dreams by night. Solomon offers to place her above his “threescore queens and fourscore concubines and virgins without number;” but she is home-sick, and prefers the embraces of her lover to those of the lascivious king. Her humble vineyard is more to her than all the king’s riches. The moral is, “Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it: If a man would give all the substance of his house for love, he would utterly be condemned.” And a far better one too than most morals to be drawn from the pages of the Old Testament.

The Song of Songs, which is *not* Solomon’s, is a valuable relic of antiquity, both because it utterly refutes the orthodox notion of biblical inspiration, and because it deals with the old old story of human passion which surges alike in peasants and in princes, and which animated the hearts of men and maidens two thousand years ago even as it does to-day.

J. M. WHEELER.

ACID DROPS.

THE Rev. J. S. Boucher, of Godding, denies that such a thing as “worship” can go on in Nonconformist chapels, because they contain no provision for kneeling, and God almighty won’t listen to ladies or gentlemen who pray to him in any other posture. We are inclined to agree with the reverend gentleman. On the intellectual side, prayer is imbecility; and on the moral side, it is slaving. Gods and Kings, so long as they are powerful enough to insist on their prerogatives, will not receive supplicants unless they crawl on all-fours, or adopt the compromise of dropping on their marrow-bones.

Mr. Gladstone has spoken in favor of Mr. Bradlaugh’s right to sit in the House of Commons, but he has never tried to give effect to his words. He introduced an Affirmation Bill, without endeavoring to get it carried. The secret of this equivocal position lies in the fact that while Mr. Gladstone is politically abreast of his age, he is theologically a hundred years behind it. The late Professor Fawcett, whose life has just been written by Mr. Leslie Stephen, left behind him the following significant passage: “Gladstone will go as far as he can in the direction of commercial liberty, and as far as he is forced in the direction of religious liberty.”

ARCHDEACON FARRAR has been doing a lecture tour in America and drawing in the bawbees like a Christian. He has a great reputation as a popular preacher in England, but the Americans find his style too churchy on the platform. The Boston correspondent of our leading Nonconformist journal says that his delivery is defective, especially in the poetical quotations, which “were given with less expressiveness than that of a schoolboy on Recitation day.” According to the same reporter, the Archdeacon’s voice “is naturally of a metallic quality, having a very limited range, and next to no variety.” The fact is, there is hardly one popular preacher in a dozen who is worth his salt on a public platform.

THE *Christian Herald*, in giving an account of the death of William Hunter, the boy-martyr, makes much of the ennobling effects of the Christianity that sustained him. But it says nothing of the unutterably brutalising effects of the Christianity

that caused his fellow Christians to burn him alive. Christianity is supposed to be one of the grandest things under the sun, because it enables some of its victims to endure bravely and unshrinkingly the torture and the death it inflicts upon them. So, too, Christianity is held to be valuable because it encourages people to fight in the wars that it instigates. Hatred, envy, pride, and contempt for others must also be grand things, for they also sustain the tortured and the torturers, and spur men on in war and persecution.

IN the case of this William Hunter, it seems God worked a bit of a miracle. The boy at the stake pleaded, “Son of God, shine on me,” whereupon God graciously caused the sun to shine upon him through a rift in the black clouds. How good and kind! But God didn’t save him from the fire. Probably he couldn’t, because the event was historical. If it had been mythical, like the Scriptural tales of Shadrach, Daniel, Jonah and others, the Lord could easily have worked a good bouncing miracle, and the poor brave lad would have been saved.

ALL Catholics are not agreed upon keeping up the Established Church, and it may be safely said that those who are in favor of doing so hope that their own body will one day step into its shoes. A Catholic priest, writing in the *Catholic Times*, gives the following description of the Church of England. It is “an outrage on the faith of Catholics, and a system of the grossest villainy, commenced by bloodshed, spoliation and rapine, which should never be tolerated, much less maintained.” How these Christians love one another.

THE Church is opening its eyes to its danger in the future and to its failure in the past. The agricultural voters who have had immediate experience of their spiritual pastors and masters have not rallied to their support as Churchmen had fondly hoped. The Bishop of Chichester, who appears to be much wiser and more thoughtful than his fellows, writes thus: “I think the result of the county poll ought to teach a lesson—a lesson I tried to press on our conference—that the agricultural laborer resents, and justly, his virtual degradation in the Church which is his own. Villages churches are more exclusive than most of our parish town churches; the poor are thrust into corners. So we have said and preached, but the dull weight of inveterate abuse always prevails. I suppose when it is too late we shall learn and feel the truth. It is a great distress to a bishop to feel himself so utterly helpless in this vital matter.” Appeals of this kind are of little use now. They should have been made, and responded to, at least a hundred years ago.

THE elections have worked a miracle. They have induced the *Record* to urge the necessity of Church Reform. Of course the reforms it mentions are of a very mild character, as, for instance, prohibiting the sale of Next Presentations, as distinguished from Advowsons; refusing to institute those unfit from “age, infirmity, youth, bankruptcy and evil living, or notorious reputation thereof, etc.” It says nothing as to the bloated revenues of the bishops or the favoritism which characterises all good appointments. That it should admit there are those in the Church who should be kicked out as men of “evil living or notorious reputation thereof,” can only arise from a dim presentiment that the Church must somehow try to set her house in order, either before or after Disestablishment.

THEY manage things better in France. When the priests are discovered intimidating their parishioners in election matters they are served with a notice in the following form: “If by such a date you do not clear yourself of the charge of complicity in political agitation, your salary will be suspended.” The Bishops of Montauban and of Pamiers, among others, have received this notice anent the recent elections in France. If we could follow suit in England nearly every clergyman’s stipend would be in danger.

SEVEN HUNDRED clergymen of the Church of England have signed a memorial asking for legislation to effect reforms in their Church. The public are to be allowed a share in the management of Church affairs and in the appointment of their own ministers. Traffic in livings is to be abolished, the endowments are to be more evenly distributed, and inefficient parsons are to be dismissed. How strangely the approach of Disestablishment sharpens the conscience of the dying Church. A death-bed repentance is, however, of little value. Reformation should have taken place long ago, and spontaneously.

How far Lord Salisbury is in favor of Church Reform is indicated by his appointment of Lord Alwyne Compton to the Bishopric of Ely. Lord Compton is brother of the Marquis of Northampton and already holds the well-paid post of Lord High Almoner to the Queen, an office which would be almost a sinecure but for the occasional birth of triplets being brought to the Lord High Almoner’s attention.

ARCHDEACON EARLE says that Mr. Gladstone is to Christianity what Pontius Pilate was to its author. Archdeacon Earle might remember a certain injunction against evil-speaking. He teaches it to others in the Catechism, but doesn’t care to practise himself. Gladstone is a much better friend to Christianity than those who

* Revised Version. The authorised version changes the whole purpose of the piece by reading, “that ye stir not up nor awak en my love until it please.”

condemn it by sharing in the legalised plunder it exacts of the people.

ACCORDING to a correspondent in the *Times* the parson and the squire have been pulling famously together against poor Hodge. In one Eastern Counties division, while the Conservative magistrates voted solid that Hodge should tramp eight miles to the polling booth, the sky-pilot refused the use of the school-room to the laborers' candidate, and added that "it was like his impudence to ask for it."

ONE nice little trick the parsons and their wives have been up to is calling every Radical candidate an Atheist. It is rather rough on the poor candidate to be tarred with the Atheistic brush; but, for our part, we are rather pleased than otherwise; for we naturally rejoice at everything that sets Radicalism and religion at variance.

SEVERAL Churchmen are demanding the assistance of the legislature to reform the Establishment, but they would show more wisdom in keeping silent. There is not much use in a valetudinarian swallowing physic. His best plan is to exert himself as little as possible, and not hasten the advent of the undertaker.

LORD SALISBURY is prepared to recommend an inquiry into the "religious questions that have arisen in connection with the existing educational system." His lordship adds that the Conservatives are at one with Catholics, Churchmen and Wesleyans on the subject of denominational education. It is evident that there will be a grand battle before very long over the schools. The priests of every denomination are bent on securing or retrieving their position as licensed perverters of youth.

THE Rev. Dr. Anderson has been good enough to tell the Bradford people, or so many of them as condescend to visit his chapel, that all fraternities of men and women outside Christianity have only one bond—selfishness. The reverse is a good deal nearer the truth. Take away the stipend, and how many sky-pilots would navigate other people's craft to glory? It is a remarkable fact that the one call which is invariably found to be of the spirit is a call to a higher screw.

It is somewhat curious that, owing to members of Parliament being sworn in according to the alphabetical order of their constituencies, it will be possible for the bigots to prevent the swearing-in of Mr. Bradlaugh, although it would be impossible to hinder Dr. W. A. Hunter, against whom similar allegations have been made. If Mr. Bradlaugh sat for Aberdeen he would be the first person called upon to swear, and could find no House constituted to offer any objection.

FREEMASONRY pretends to be the least sectarian of all institutions, yet another gentleman of high character has been expelled in America for holding Agnostic opinions.

SPURGEON is at it again. Notwithstanding a vegetarian diet, his old friend the gout has paid him another visit. Being unable to preach, Spurgeon informs the Tabernacles that he is "detained before the Lord." In other words he is "kept in." What the deuce the Lord has to do with Spurgeon's legs we can't imagine. It would be better if the Lord troubled about his head and put a little more sense in it. There would be plenty of room if all the *cant* were cleared out.

WE hear from a trustworthy correspondent that the new Governor of Bolton Workhouse has taken upon himself to impound and threaten to burn two parcels of *Freethinkers* sent for the perusal of the inmates of that institution. He declares that the law prohibits the paper; but can he point to any other law than that made by bigoted sky-pilots and guardians who seek to dictate what shall be the mental food of the poor creatures who have fallen under their clutches?

THE *Christian World* keeps a funny man on the staff, who provides a weekly series of theological conundrums. Of course they are intended to be serious, and no doubt the readers of our pious contemporary regard them as very profound. But to anybody who exercises the least common sense in religious matters they must appear extremely grotesque. In his last article the funny man asks us to "give God scope." What a strange and what an impudent request! Surely the being who is everywhere has scope enough already, and as he has been operating from all eternity it is difficult to see what better opportunities he can require.

HERE is another gem from the same shop: "The waiting power of the divine nature is very wonderful." 'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true. Ever since men began praying, and that is an awfully long time ago, the Lord has been solicited to bestir himself and set the world in a little better order. But up to the present he has never budged. He takes more stirring up than old Baal. He is a god, as Carlyle complained, who does nothing. Yes, his waiting power is immense. Fortunately, however, man doesn't show so much patience. While the Lord is meditating

how not to do it, some of his children bustle about and tidy up the wretched old chaos a bit, and so we make a little progress, although it is infernally slow.

THE *English Churchman* is responsible for the statement that the whole of the stock of the "Autobiography of Father Chiniquy," a seceder from the Church of Rome, has been destroyed by an incendiary fire at Chicago, "at the instigation of Roman priests."

EXTRACTS are given from the volume which show it must be a sore thorn in the side of the Church. It states, for instance, that the Bishop of Detroit and many of the Irish priests are drunkards; that at Quebec the Bishop (Dr. Plesis) declared that with the exception of four all the priests in his diocese were "infidels and Atheists;" while of the priests of Illinois "They are all," said the Bishop of Illinois to Father Chiniquy, "either notorious drunkards, or given to public concubinage. Several of them have children by their own nieces, and two by their own sisters."

THIS reads like a short chapter from the history of the Middle Ages; yet we do not doubt it has as much truth in it. The institution of sacerdotal celibacy gives rise to the same evils in all times and places.

WHAT, perhaps, the priests like as little as the exposure of their vices is the exposure of their real doctrines and aims. For instance, St. Ligouri is cited as saying: "When you are not questioned as to your faith, you are not only allowed to conceal it, but it is often more to the glory of God and the interests of your neighbor. If, for example, you are among a heretical people, you can do more good by concealing your faith."

FATHER HECKER writes in the *Catholic World*, "The Catholic Church numbers one-third of the American population; and if its membership shall increase for the next thirty years, as it has the thirty years past, in 1900 Rome will have a majority, and be bound to take this country and keep it. There is, ere long, to be a State religion in this country (United States), and that State religion is to be Roman Catholic. 1st. The Roman Catholic is to wield his vote for the purpose of securing Catholic ascendancy in this country. 2nd. All legislation must be governed by the will of God, unerringly indicated by the Pope. 3rd. Education must be controlled by Catholic authorities, and under education, the opinions of the individual, and the utterances of the press are included, and many opinions are to be forbidden by the secular arm, under the authority of the Church, even to war and bloodshed."

AN Illustrated Family Almanack is sent us from Bristol, containing a cut entitled "An infidel terrified by a storm." A note upon the illustration relates how Volney was once in a storm. "On deck the scene was heartrending; the passengers, terror-stricken, were praying loudly for rescue. Still the storm grew, the heavens were rent, and there stood Volney terrified almost into prayer himself. At length, in a paroxysm of terror, he sank to his knees, exclaiming with fervency of soul, 'Oh, my God, my God! what shall I do?'" Volney was a wide traveller, and little likely to be affected by a storm in the manner described. It may, however, be that on some occasion he used the common French expletive, *Mon Dieu!* (My God), an exclamation which by no means implies a belief in the efficacy of prayer. The story is a piece of repeated tittle-tattle which first appeared in the *Evangelical Magazine* long after Volney's death.

Church Bells contains a suggestion, evidently regarded as a very valuable one, that there should be a general employment of "magic lanterns for Church defence." The suggester describes how he treats the working classes to a magic lantern entertainment *gratis*, and intersperses the pictures with ecclesiastical history and praises of the glorious Church of our fathers. He says he finds this "a powerful way of interesting the most ignorant." Yes, and soup and blankets are similarly powerful, we doubt not. The magic lantern, however, is particularly appropriate as a basis for Church influence. Like the Church, it shines only while surrounding darkness is maintained by putting out all other lights, and it fades away in open daylight, as the Church will do. In either case, the unsubstantial pageant will pass away, and will, we hope, leave not a rack behind.

THE Rev. A. Maclarren, D.D., has been preaching on "The Fulness of Christ." Does this mean that Christ has been celebrating Christmas before the time, and has been indulging in too much roast beef and plum-pudding? If he is suffering from consequent dyspepsia, we refer him to our advertisement page, where he will find Thwaites's liver pills duly recommended. The text (John i., 16) evidently refers to the usual "grace" before gorging, and to the subsequent "fulness" of the inner man.

"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.—ADVT

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Owing to the Christmas Holiday, the "Freethinker" will be published on Wednesday next week.

MR. FOOTE'S ENGAGEMENTS.

Sunday, Dec. 20, Hall of Science, Old Street, London, E.C.; at 11.15, "What does Mr. Parnell want?" at 7, "God's Birthday."

DECEMBER 27, Milton Hall, London.

JANUARY 3, Milton Hall, London; 10, Hall of Science, London; 17, Huddersfield; 24, Liverpool; 31, Hall of Science, London.

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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. M. HARVEY writes: "As an Irishman, and therefore as one popularly supposed to have a tolerable appreciation of humor, I must say that I think much of the Christmas Number of the *Freethinker* comes very near genius, if it does not actually amount to it. The illustrations are superb."

J. C. MARRIOTT.—We know no work giving a full account of all the various cosmogonies, but you will probably find what you want in Osmond de Beauvois Prialux's "Questiones Mosaicæ." The word "sociology" is a hybrid compound from the Latin *socius* = society, and the Greek *λογος* = discourse. It means the science of social life. Comte introduced the word into French, and Mill and Spencer into English.

R. NICHOLS.—Mr. Ball approves of your suggestion that the verses of his "New Doxology" should end with "Praise God," etc., instead of "Curse God," etc. He varied some of the endings in this way and thought of using the same ending throughout. But he wrote the verses as a logical counterpart to the Old Hundredth psalm, and the argument is that if Christians praise God for the good they must also curse him for the evil. Of course this cursing is "objectionable," but it is logical. If Christians can be made to see what objectionable results their doctrines lead to, they may think twice before swallowing them with such avidity. The Atheist no more curses God than he does *x* to the *nth*, or the equator. It is the Theist only who is logically bound to do so.—[W. P. B.]

W. HESKETH.—See paper on "The Pagan Origin of Christmas," in the *Freethinker* for Dec. 30, 1883. The Old Testament is written in Hebrew, the New in Greek. The Bible has been frequently translated into English from the time of Wyclif, 1380. The authorised version was issued in 1611. There has been no authorised revision until recently, although there have been many private translations, and additions have been made to the margins, giving dates, parallel passages, etc.

W. CARTER.—Your sentiments are excellent, but you are not a poet. We cannot review a pamphlet bearing no publisher's address.

W. HAWKINS.—Your wife has no right, in leaving you, because you are a Freethinker, to take away your daughter. You are the legal guardian of your child, and you can take possession of her and keep her. We advise you, however, to have a little patience and see what persuasion will do.

J. WEBB.—Glad to hear from you.

J. WIDDICOMBE.—We appreciate your indignation, but it is hardly worth while to waste breath on the weaklings who collapse at the sound of danger. As Dante says, "Let us not speak of them, but pass on."

ROBERT WALLACE, 356 Cumberland Street, Glasgow, desires that all communications to the Secular Society there may be addressed to him, Mr. Gilmour having resigned the post of corresponding secretary.

AVEKROES.—Some of your lines are good, but others are halting.

A. SERCOMBE.—Mr. Foote will be happy to pay Exeter a visit if proper arrangements can be made for a lecture. Glad to hear you find our Christmas Number a rare treat.

W. R. JOSSLYN.—Thanks for the enclosure.

S. NOBLE.—We are quite unable to tell you what will happen in Mr. Bradlaugh's case.—The Church is State-paid, just as it is State-controlled. If the funds belong to the Church, how is it that Acts of Parliament decide what shall be done with them?

CORRESPONDENCE should reach us not later than Tuesday if a reply is desired in the current number. Otherwise the reply stands over till the following week.

A CATALOGUE of the Progressive Publishing Company's Works can be obtained at 28 Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.

PAPERS RECEIVED.—Wesleyan Monthly Magazine (Huddersfield)—Church Reformer—Monroe's Ironclad Age—Boston Investigator—Liberal—Truthseeker—Liberator—Market Rasen Weekly Mail—Highland News—Huddersfield Examiner.

"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 January 1, 1886.

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.

SUGAR PLUMS.

"GOD'S BIRTHDAY" is the novel but reasonable subject of Mr. Foote's lecture at the London Hall of Science this evening (Dec. 20). The morning lecture will be on "What does Mr. Parnell want?"

THE new number of "Crimes of Christianity," on the Inquisition, will not be published until the 31st inst. Mr. Foote and Mr. Wheeler are both easing their pens for a week or so, and giving their brains a partial rest.

Progress for January will be a particularly strong number, and we hope it will be well supported by the Freethought party. The Gossip at the end of the magazine will be resumed, after a lapse of more than a year; and an entirely new feature will be added in the shape of brief reviews of advanced literature, which will give the reader a bird's-eye view of the progress of thought in the book-world, and indicate the volumes that would best repay study. The January number will contain an Index for the present year's volume, which can be detached for binding with the numbers.

UNDER the heading, "London Infidels Active," Dr. Muir's lively *Ironclad Age* notes the recent "valuable and cheap publications" brought out by the Progressive Publishing Company.

A LIBERAL journal called the *Secular Age* has just been started in Cleveland, Ohio. No doubt the harvest is plentiful and the laborers are increasing. More power to their elbow.

WE are glad to notice that the *Liberal*, of Liberal, Missouri, has discarded its spiritist craze, and is once more preaching the unadulterated Gospel of Freethought.

THE Marquess of Queensberry has made his sensational protest against the bigotry of his fellow Scotch peers, who, we daresay, are wondering what the end of these things will be. We suggest that the Agnostic Marquess and the Duke of Argyll should meet in public debate and thrash the religious question out. If ever such an encounter does take place may we be there to see.

THE *Church Reformer* calls attention to the outbreak of persecution in Glasgow and the "bad old law" under which Mr. Symes is prosecuted at Melbourne, and urges again the claims of the Association for the Repeal of the Blasphemy Law. If only a considerable number of Christians shared the enlightened views of the *Church Reformer* the hostility of Freethought would be greatly mitigated.

MANY members of the North-West London Branch N. S. S. are engaged with others in founding a new St. Pancras Radical Club. We wish their project all success. Those who desire to cooperate should put themselves in communication with Mr. B. Brown, 13 Saverlake Road, Gospel Oak, N.W.

CORRESPONDENTS are particularly requested not to send orders for literature to Mr. Foote, but to Mr. Ramsey, at 28 Stonecutter Street. Mr. Foote cannot be answerable for the execution of orders sent to him in defiance of repeated warnings.

SAINT RAHAB.

SAINT RAHAB, the harlot, is not now a very popular character among Christians. Morality is making headway, partly in forced and temporary alliance with religion, and partly in honest and outspoken opposition to it. The victory of morality over religion is already so pronounced that Christians are ashamed of their biblical Madame Mourey, as of many other biblical heroes and heroines. They will accuse me of malicious misrepresentation in associating so disreputable a creature with the honor of Christian saintship. I am glad that Christians are growing more particular about moral character than they used to be when religion was supreme, and I will point out to them that the misrepresentation, if any, proceeds from Christian sources and from the Bible itself.

Long before I was born, a great commentator—I think it was the "heavenly Henry," as admiring readers termed the lumbering, grandmotherly old divine, Matthew Henry—spoke of Rahab as having been "canonised" by the Apostle James. This apostle, the "brother of our Lord,"*

* This is disputed, but as some make out there are two Jameses, some three, and others even five, I will leave Christians to fight out the whole matter among themselves.

gives Abraham and Rahab as his two great examples of faith shown by works (James ii., 21, 25), the first having proceeded to cut his son's throat and burn his body, and the second having sheltered spies and betrayed her fellow-citizens to wholesale rapine and slaughter. If Abraham deserved to be called the Father of the Faithful, Rahab evidently should be dignified with the corresponding title of Mother of the Faithful.

James's authority is supplemented by the word of a still greater apostle, Paul, who includes the pious prostitute and traitress among his inspired list of sanctified beings "of whom the world was not worthy" (Hebrews xi., 31, 38). If morality had not grown too powerful to be trampled under foot by religion, Christians of to-day would be as proud of their Saint Rahab as were these great apostles, these writers of the infallible Word of God. But they fight shy of the subject; they build no churches to her memory, and would never dream of naming a girl of theirs after so pious and so biblically-honored a character. Mary, Sarah, Elizabeth, Hannah, Miriam and many other less honored scriptural names, are used freely, but poor Rahab is left to the darkness of contemptuous oblivion so far as modern Christian nomenclature is concerned. This delicacy was not always observed. One of the alleged ancestresses of David and of Jesus was named with the name of this holy prostitute (Matt. i., 5; spelled Rachab).

The Epistle of Clement, a document held in great repute among the early Christians, and commonly read in their churches as of canonical authority, supports the teaching of the Holy Ghost concerning Saint Rahab as given through the pens of St. Paul and St. James and the anonymous writer of the Book of Joshua. In the sixth chapter of his first (and only genuine) Epistle, Clement substantially repeats the inspired account given in Judges ii., and shows that "by faith and hospitality was Rahab the harlot saved." That the hospitality was towards spies who sought the destruction of the city and the murder of all its inhabitants, is no drawback to its pious excellence. Hospitality to dynamiters and assassins is a grand religious virtue if the criminals are on the Lord's side. Hence St. Rahab is glorified in the pure and holy Word of her God for concealing and aiding his treacherous but godly emissaries, who naturally sought shelter in the all-embracing hospitality and self-saving faith of the Madame Mourey and Rebecca Jarrett of her age. Her house was open to all comers—to all godly sinners—to the disreputable and criminal of all nations. Blessed saint! Holy type of Christ, her master! And so she received the gift of God—salvation, not morality, for of this there is no mention. She bargained with Jehovah's noble representatives, the spies, for her own safety, and lied and plotted for them until by her help they escaped back to guide God's chosen army of marauding murderers in their sacred work of indiscriminate massacre. Clement concludes his account thus (verse 10):

"And they gave her moreover a sign: that she should hang out of her house a scarlet rope, showing thereby, that by the blood of our Lord, there should be redemption to all that believe and hope in God. Ye see, beloved, how there was not only faith, but prophecy too in this woman."

Many of the Fathers, and more recent commentators too, have been proud of this comparison. The scarlet cord by which pious infamy saved itself from the holy slaughter of the innocent was to them a fitting emblem of the work done by the scarlet blood of Christ. Betray your fellows, side with gigantic falsehood against simple truth and virtue, with religious fraud and murder against human peace and honor, and no matter what vices or devilish betrayals and infamies may have blackened your carrion soul, the scarlet cord of Christ's help displays itself to your enraptured gaze—not to hang you, as indignant common sense might demand, but to hoist you gently up above into the dazzling realms of everlasting bliss! Verily, there are few things in this wide and varied world of ours more atrociously revolting to the moral sense than this Christian scheme of salvation as set forth in the eminent examples furnished by Holy Writ and its miserably deluded partisans. Cast it from you, men and women who would be good and free. Take not its lying bribery and corruption into your hearts—for this is the accursed thing to be for ever burned with the consuming fires of human indignation and everlasting contempt. Be true to truth, be loyal to your fellows.

The interests and happiness of unborn millions are at stake. For them, even more than for yourselves, simple truth, simple repudiation and trampling under foot the terrible serpent of falsehood, is the first necessity.

W. P. BALL.

THE GLASGOW PROSECUTION.

MR. ROBERT WALLACE, the Secretary of the Glasgow Committee, writes: "There is nothing new to report in connection with the Ferguson case this week. The agent in Edinburgh says that seeing Mr. Ferguson is out of prison, the Court is not likely to make a special case of it, and it may have to lie over until there are as many cases of like nature as will take up a day in the hearing." Meanwhile, we repeat, the *Freethinker* continues to be openly sold in Mr. Ferguson's shop as before the prosecution; the old man of eighty being a little pluckier than some of the younger agents in other parts of the country.

THE FERGUSON DEFENCE FUND.

THE Glasgow committee desire us to acknowledge the following sums which they have received:—A Friend, 2s.; D. G. Glasgow, 2s. 6d.; A. B. Glasgow, 5s.; James White, 144 Great Hamilton Street, who lost his collection sheet No. 6, handed in as having been collected from a number of friends by him (per Mr. R. McHarg), £1 1s.; William Johnson, 1s.; John Lenn, 2s. 6d.; Alex. Higgings, 2s.; David Dunn, 1s.; William Whitehead, 1s.; Hugh McKenzie, 6d.; Ezra Keen, 1s.; John McLean, 1s.; James Freeland, 2s.; Buckley, 1s.; William Forrest, 1s.; Henry Halstead, 10s.; John L. Speirs, 2s. 6d.; A. Friend, 1s.; Florence Speirs, 2s.; Mrs. Speirs, 2s. 6d.; Mr. Brand, 3s.; Mr. Lees (Edinburgh), 4s.; George Brownlie, 1s.; Wallace Owen, 1s.; A. F., 1s.; William Owen 3s.; John Duncan, 6d.; Zosimus, 2s. 6d.; William Scott, 2s. 6d.; G. Foster, 1s.; James Russell, 1s.; James Cooper, 6d.; Robert Mustard, 1s.; J. Cameron, 1s.; John Smith, 1s.; James Lagan, 1s.; J. Pasyuell, 1s.; James Mason, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Mason, 2s. 6d.; G. S. Neilson, 1s. 6d.; G. Duncan, 6d.; Thomas Thomson, 2s. 6d.; David Halstead, 2s. 6d.; A. Wilson, 2s. 6d.; John Millan 1s.; A. Friend, 6d.; Mrs. Millan, 1s.; A. Friend, 1s.; John Young, 5s.; James Wallace, 5s.; John Dowie, 5s.; John Dow, 5s.; Alex. McInlay, 5s.; Alex. Crawford, 2s.; Andrew Hobson, 2s.; James McLauchlin, 1s.

Walworth Freethought Institute: A. Side, 2s. 6d.; E. D. Side, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. R. H. Side, 2s. 6d.; R. H. Side, 2s. 6d.; G. Hook, 6d.; No Name, 6d.; G. Gardner, 6d.; J. Crabtree, 10s.; J. Bates, 1s. 6d.; A. Bell, 1s.; G. F. Ferris, 10s. 6d.

Errata.—In the Glasgow Committee's list, J. K., 2s. should have been J. K., 2s. 6d.; William Stut should have been William Steel; and John McGlochan should have been John McGlashan.

A MODERN SAINT.

CHARLES SWEETMAN was born some forty years ago in the East of London. His father was a revival preacher, and his mother a pretty young woman who delighted in the society of godly men. Unfortunately, however, this interesting couple were not married; and three months before little Charley's advent into the world, the revival preacher suddenly disappeared. The funds of the Society he was connected with disappeared at the same time, and nothing was ever afterwards heard of the man or the money.

Charley was the very image of the departed; the whole "matter and copy of the father, eye, nose, lip, the trick of his frown." His poor mother, with the strange affection of an injured woman, loved him the more on that account. But her pious friends hated the bantling as a flagrant scandal on their faith. They cold-shouldered her, instead of assisting her; and, notwithstanding that Charley was an unmistakable miniature of the absconded saint, they gradually ventured to doubt, and finally to deny, their relationship. The man of God had his failings, as who had not? He had in a moment of weakness given way to the temptation of filthy lucre. But they were sure he was not such a son of Belial as Charley's mother gave out; and Miss Mary Smithers, who had shown many signs of her own affection for the dear man, declared she had often heard him say that he did not care for "that girl" a bit.

In a very short time the unfortunate young woman was driven out from their society. Her Christian relatives had already disowned her, and she was obliged to work hard at an ill-paid employment for a bare subsistence for herself and child. Her health succumbed, for she was not strong, and she died in a workhouse when Charley was three years old.

He was an engaging little fellow; pretty, quick-witted, and as lively as a cricket. The matron of the workhouse made him her favorite, fed him on the best, and gave him every possible privilege. Year by year he grew in body, but very little in mind; for in those days, pauper children were taught

little else than the Catechism. Yet everybody liked him. His naturally bright parts, his trim figure, his handsome sly face, like Sir Joshua's "Mercury," and his musical voice, amused the men and charmed all the women. Even at that early stage of his career, however, there was a noticeable deficiency in his composition. He had no sense of *meum* and *tuum*, or rather he was all *meum* and no *tuum*. What he didn't want anybody might have; but, on the other hand, what he did want he assumed a natural right to, though it happened to belong to someone else. Other boys' little belongings were often found in his possession, and he never saw a halfpenny lying about without appropriating it. Yet when he was taxed with his offences, he lied with such effrontery, and excused himself so dexterously, that his elders and superiors laughed through their frowns. He was, in short, a born adventurer; one of those bright, lively, attractive, and utterly selfish creatures, whose very moral defect is a part of their charm to the ordinary run of mankind until they happen to become its victims.

At the age of ten Charley was bound apprentice to a tallow chandler, who taught him the mysteries of that profession by making him run errands from morning till night. But the little fellow gained one advantage. His master allowed him to go twice a week to an evening school, kept by a charitable old gentleman, of rather heterodox opinions, who had a passion for ridding the world of ignorance. The old fellow saw through Charley in no time, but for all that he taught the boy more in a month than he had learnt in six years in the work-house. He also lent him books to read, and Charley wasted a good deal of his master's tallow in poring over them at night in his miserable little garret.

The tallow chandler was a pious Methodist, and Charley, with an adventurer's instinct, fell in with his master's tastes. He went to chapel twice every Sunday, joined the choir, read the Bible, and quoted godly texts with the best of them. Long before his apprenticeship expired he began to preach, and although his sermons were not very learned, they were full of unctious, and gave great satisfaction, especially to the female part of his auditory, many of whom declared that he realised their ideal of the beautiful young David when he was selected to fight the giant Goliath. At length his soul rose above the tallow trade, and when his indentures ran out he accepted a call to preach at a mission-hall for the modest sum of twenty shillings a week. It was little, but it was a beginning. Charley Sweetman already saw the world gaping before him like a great oyster, and he meant to enjoy the feast.

Our hero preached and prayed for a living with great assiduity. His labor was chiefly physical, for his prayers were for the most made up of sighs and time-honored ejaculations, while his sermons consisted entirely of notions he had borrowed from his betters, and a plentiful sprinkling of texts gathered from the Concordance.

His congregation comprised only small tradespeople at first, but after a few months' industry in the Lord's vineyard he attracted the attention of old Mrs. Butcher, the relict of a shopkeeper whose business had been so large and flourishing that he died worth five thousand pounds. The pious widow subscribed largesomely to the mission-hall funds, and invited our hero to her house, where he drank large quantities of tea, although his heart yearned for a bottle of wine. He consoled with her on her loss, echoed her praises of the deceased Mr. Butcher, and was in turn commiserated on his orphan condition. The old lady treated him as a son, but her feelings grew warmer as their intimacy deepened, and Charley soon perceived that he might easily become the master of five thousand pounds by offering to take the ancient dame for better and for worse. He was just about to seal this little bargain when an accident disturbed his calculations and ruined his hopes.

Mrs. Butcher had a very pretty niece, and although Charley was about to bestow his hand on the old lady, his eyes and ears were charmed by the young one. She sometimes came to the mission-hall when the weather was too inclement for her aunt to venture out of doors. On those occasions the young man of God walked home with her, and while his tongue distilled piety his fingers were busy in squeezing her hand. One evening they found that Mrs. Butcher had gone to bed with a headache. Miss Lucy, however, could not think of letting him go to his bachelor home without supper. While the meal was being despatched they quoted many Bible texts, but their eyes looked nothing but love. Their chairs drew nearer and nearer, until they touched. In the most careless, absent-minded way Charley laid his hand on hers, which did not resent the intrusion. Her eyes sparkled, her lips were red and pouting, and her lissom waist might have tempted the arm of a saint. Charley's prudence deserted him. He flung his arms round her and ravished a kiss.

"Wretch!" exclaimed an indignant voice. Charley looked towards the door, which had been left open. There stood old Mrs. Butcher, in a nightgown and shawl. The lull in their conversation had aroused her suspicions; jealousy had invaded her breast; and she had crept downstairs to witness the little scene we have described. Miss Lucy fainted, or

pretended to, and Charley levanted amid a storm of objurgation, in which the old lady showed an astonishing proficiency in the art of cursing.

(To be concluded.)

THE PRUDE AND THE NUDE; OR, GOD THE FIRST NUDE MODEL.

If Adam and Eve, as the Bible doth tell
Were naked and were not ashamed
Until from their state of perfection they fell,
Such shame is a thing to be blamed.
At nakedness, Sin and corruption were shocked,
Which Purity had but admired;
The "fall" made man scrupulous! Nature was mocked;
God's image aversion inspired.
Some Christians have very much shocked been of late
At pictures hung up on a wall
Of Nature's great masterpiece, just in the state
God left it before Adam's fall.
They're savage to think that some folk of our race,
Themselves have been able to raise
To look on the "Nude" with a calm placid face,
Like man in his innocent days.
If all that these pious prudes preach be but true,
The "fall" must have been a great "rise,"
Because it taught man it was wicked to view
God's image *sans* artful disguise.
R. A.'s of more talent than wisdom and wit,
To "models" have, lately, been rude,
Forgetting that God as a "model" did sit
A whole blessed day in the "Nude."
He sat to himself his own image to sculpt,
And modelled it all out of mud,
Or dust of the earth puddled into a pulp,
Which dried into warm flesh and blood
For blasphemous prudes who "look down" on the "Nude,"
Jehovah will pickle a rod.
To study the "Nude" must be noble and good
If man be the image of God.
An artist who copies a "model" undecked
Is really but sketching the Lord;
For man is God's image in ev'ry respect,
Except his umbilical cord,
Or, rather, the scar which its severance doth cause,
For Adam like God had no "Ma";
But we who "appear" under different laws
Have one feature more than old Jah.
For long it has been very well understood
That "all things to pure minds are pure;"
The Nude is impure to the piously good;
So, the piously good are not pure.

G. L. MACKENZIE.

REVIEW.

Party Politics in England. By an "INTELLIGENT FOREIGNER." Reeves: Fleet Street.—The author points out the evil and danger of party government without giving any very valuable suggestions as to a remedy.

INGERSOLL AT HOME.

In *Goodall's Sun*, published at Boston, Mr. F. S. Ryan, of that city, gives an account of a visit which he paid to Col. Ingersoll. The following passages will be interesting to our readers:—

"I consider it a great event in anyone's life to meet either Mr. or Mrs. Ingersoll. They certainly are an ideal couple. Mrs. Ingersoll is an acute reasoner and a splendid talker, and she is very enthusiastic in regard to all the discussions that have made Mr. Ingersoll so justly famous. In dedicating one of his books to her, Mr. Ingersoll speaks of her as 'a woman without superstition,' and it is, I believe, a literal fact that she has no superstitious notions whatsoever. She is one of the very grandest women I ever met. . . . Mr. Ingersoll showed me photographs of his two daughters. They have very beautiful, intelligent faces, proving that they are the ideal children of an ideal mateship. With a just pride Mrs. Ingersoll spoke of them in the highest terms of praise. I do not believe that Cornelia was prouder of her children, nor do I think that she more fully comprehended the sublime and mysterious office of motherhood. Mr. Ingersoll is the same jolly joker in private life that he is on the stage, and few points in conversation come up that he is not able to illustrate at once with some comic and appropriate story."

SAID a Salvation captain to a convict in a penitentiary: "My poor unfortunate brother, I trust that since you have been in this wretched place you have been able to find Jesus?" Convict (positively): "I haven't seen a thing of him. What tier is he on?"

PROFANE JOKES.

AN honest Hibernian, in company, who blamed the clergy for taking a tenth part of the people's property, exclaimed, "Ay, they would take a twentieth if they could."

A NEGRO minister observed to his hearers at the close of his sermon, as follows: "My very obstinacious brethren, I find it's no more use to preach to you, than it is for a grasshopper to wear knee buckles."

PERSONS in this country, and Americans also, say, "As black as the fiend;" the French say as blue, the Spaniards say as green, the Italians say as grey, and the Chinese say as white.

"My bradders," said a waggish colored man to a crowd, "in all infiction, in all ob your troubles, dar is one place you can always find sympathy." "Whar? whar?" shouted several. "In de dictionary," he replied, rolling his eyes skyward.

A SCOTCH clergyman, while discoursing on the petition of Dives that Lazarus would dip his finger in water and cool his tongue, spoke of it as "this apparently reasonable, but under the circumstances totally inadmissable request."

A SPORTSMAN in the Highlands having remarked to his attendant that it was a very wet season, Sandy replied, "Ay, weot enough—only five dry days i: this month, an' they've maistly a' been nippet up by the Sawbaths."

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Neither Slumber nor Sleep. (A Poem.) By John Harvey.
A Forgotten Reformer—(concluded). By George Payne.
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