

THE FREETHINKER.

EDITED BY G. W. FOOTE.

Sub-Editor—J. M. WHEELER.

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FEBRUARY 28, 1886.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

HOLY BIBLE SKETCH.



A SACRIFICE TO THE LORD.

"Then the Spirit of the Lord came upon Jephthah. . . . And Jephthah vowed a vow unto the Lord, and said, If thou shalt without fail deliver the children of Ammon into mine hands, Then it shall be, that whatsoever cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me, when I return in peace from the children of Ammon, shall surely be the Lord's, and I will offer it up for a burnt offering. . . . And Jephthah came to Mizpeh unto his house, and, behold, his daughter came out to meet him with timbrels and with dances: and she was his only child; beside her he had neither son nor daughter. And it came to pass, when he saw her, that he rent his clothes, and said, 'Alas, my daughter! thou hast brought me very low, and thou art one of them that trouble me: for I have opened my mouth unto the Lord, and I cannot go back. . . . And it came to pass at the end of two months, that she returned unto her father, who did with her according to his vow which he had vowed.'—JUDGES xi., 29-39.

"No devoted thing, that a man shall devote unto the Lord of all that he hath, both of man and beast . . . shall be sold or redeemed . . . None devoted which shall be devoted of men, shall be redeemed; but shall surely be put to death."—LEVITICUS xxvii., 28, 29.

HOLY BUTCHERS.

DURING the last fortnight I have been under a cloud. I do not mean that I have been in the police-court, like some sky-pilots the public is acquainted with; or that I have been hiding from my creditors; or that I have suffered from toothache, rheumatism, dyspepsia, or the gout. But I have been at work, with my friend Mr. Wheeler, on the last two numbers of the *Crimes of Christianity*, and collecting and recording the horrors of the Inquisition was such a frightful task that, without giving me the nightmare, for I seldom dream, it poisoned my days, depressed my spirits, and made me feel as though the world was ready to swarm at any moment with two-legged tigers and serpents.

The very compositors were sick of setting up the copy. It was a thousand times worse than the columns of the *Police News*. And now the Inquisition is done with everybody at our printing-office breathes more freely.

There are many histories of the Inquisition, but they dilute its horrors with diffuse writing or historical disquisition. Never before have the infamies of the Holy Office been gathered into thirty-two pages, forming a compact mass of iniquity calculated to shock the most hardened criminal on the face of the earth, and to strike honest men dumb with the thought of what priests have done, and people have suffered, in the name of religion.

For several centuries the Inquisition, authorised by the Church, conducted by priests, and supported by princes, did its best to turn the earth into hell. Every man or woman who happened to see anything the Church did not, or who dared to think outside its dogmas, was hunted out of existence like a wild beast; and what a frightful deterioration of the human race such a proceeding involves, let Spain, the classic land of the Inquisition, attest.

The tortures and butcheries of the Inquisition, in France, Italy, Germany, Bohemia, Poland, Venice, Spain, the Netherlands, and even India and America, were all done in the name of Christ. Church Councils ordered them, Popes blessed their perpetrators, and princes were excommunicated for refusing to abet them. And all its atrocities, as Lecky well argues, logically flowed from the foolish and accursed doctrine of salvation by faith. If unbelief is a crime in the sight of God, it will naturally be considered a crime by his worshippers, and especially by his agents. And if God burns heretics hereafter in hell, how can earthly rulers do better, as Queen Mary asked, than imitate the divine vengeance by burning them here?

I must refer the reader to the two numbers of *Crimes of Christianity* on the Inquisition for a faithful record of the lingering agony of the victims at the stake, and for a minute account of the frightful tortures that were practised in the secret prisons of the Holy Office. Hardly a single part of the body was without its special torture. Cords cut through the limbs, water was poured down the throat, limbs were broken or dislocated by the pulley or the rack, the feet were boiled in oil or charred with fire, the breast and sides were seared with hot irons, needles were run up under the quick of the nails, blood was squeezed out from the tips of the fingers, and the thumbscrew crushed the very bone to splinters or pulp. Decency was outraged remorselessly, and women were subjected to monstrous indignities that make the flesh creep and the spirit burn with rage.

What darker picture is there in all history than an Inquisitor bending over a torture-trough to catch the faint accents of a suspected heretic in the weakness following hours of agony and loss of blood? Yet that picture was repeated in city after city, day after day, for centuries. Princes and governors were too awed to resist the black Militia of Christ, and though the people hated them, they feared them still more. Yet the abject stillness was once broken by the lion-voice of the greatest Englishman who ever wielded the sceptre. When Thomas Maynard, an English consul at Lisbon, was imprisoned by the Inquisition for some real or fancied insult to Catholicism, Cromwell demanded his release. The King of Portugal replied that he could not liberate Maynard, as he had no control over the Holy Office. Then, said Cromwell, I declare war against the Inquisition. The threat was enough, and Maynard was instantly released. Then, at least, Cromwell spoke for humanity. They have since shouted the same challenge in chorus, and the holy butchers of the Inquisition have become things of the past.

G. W. FOOTE.

THE COMEDY OF CONVOCATION.

A STRIKING proof of the little hold Church affairs have on the public mind is the fact that although Convocation—one of the most ancient institutions in the realm—has met during the past week, with the entirely new adjunct of a House of Laymen, their proceedings have been but scantily reported in the public press, and even in the Church of England paper, the *Rock*, are dismissed with but a few lines. We doubt indeed if one newspaper reader in a hundred understands how the members of the House of Laymen are elected, or what are their qualifications and functions. Indeed, one gentleman, who had given £12,000 to the Church, wrote to the *Times* complaining that he not so much as heard of the election of the body, and that staunch churchman, Mr. Beresford Hope, who is one of the 102 members, expressed himself unaware if the House of Laymen had any right to originate business apart from what the Upper and Lower Houses of Convocation sent down to it. In fact the members of the House of Laymen are elected by the lay members of the Diocesan Conferences. As the diocese of Worcester holds no conference, it accordingly has no representative. The one qualification is that of good churchmanship, as proved by gifts to the Church or bigotry shown to its opponents, and the one function, like that of the Upper and Lower Houses of Convocation, simply talk, with the knowledge that if anything has to be done it must first receive the sanction of Parliament, in which Atheists, Jews, Unitarians, and all the varied sections of Dissenters have voice.

The new farce of a popular House of Laymen is then of a piece with the old and well-worn Comedy of Convocation. Year by year the Queen calls Convocation together at the same time as Parliament, and they go on twaddling and passing resolutions which nobody heeds. In theory Convocation exists for the protection of the Church from the legislation of the State. In practice it cannot legislate for itself without the sanction of the State. It cannot revise its Prayer-book without the approval of Parliament, and no canon it wishes to enforce is binding until it has received Royal assent. Claiming immense powers it really has none whatever. Time was when Convocation claimed the right to examine all Bills brought before Parliament which in any way related to religion; and that burly old bigot, Dr. Johnson, declared he would stand before a battery of cannon to reinstate Convocation to its full power. One might as well attempt to alter the course of the sun.

The Comedy of Convocation always begins with the same farcical opening. The Dean of Westminster enters his protest against the Archbishop of Canterbury usurping authority over the privileges of Westminster, which the Archbishop promises not to do, and then sits on "The Tribunal or Seat of Judgment" at Westminster as though no such protest and promise had been made. The next scene in the comedy is the entrance to the Upper House of the prolocutor, as the president of the Lower House is called. He is presented to the Archbishop, is received and complimented by him, and makes a suitable reply; all in Latin speeches carefully concocted beforehand. Then comes an address to the Queen, in which the most important point this year was the mention of the revision of the Bible. As drawn up by the bishops, this read: "We believe this most valuable work would be of great service to all English-speaking Christians in the understanding of God's holy word"; but in the Lower House this favorable report got altered into "a work which we trust will be of great service to all English-speaking people in the understanding of many passages of God's holy word." After this it seems certain that Parliament will not be called upon to authorise the reading of the new and improved version of God's Word in churches.

The next and most important matter was the subject of Church reform, with the object of staving off Disestablishment. The Bishop of Peterborough, who was commissioned to tell the House of Laymen of the scheme which the Archbishop of Canterbury will lay before the House of Lords, stigmatised the plan of parochial councils as a craze. It would never do to allow the people of a parish to settle their own affairs. Why, even Convocation does not allow unbeficened curates to be represented in its own councils.

The scheme of the Archbishop is simply to efface some of the scandal of the traffic in livings by prohibiting the sale of next presentations. Even this, however, is going

too far for many in the Church; Canon Hinds Howell declaring, oblivious of the fact that a Roman Catholic may not present to a living, that "an advowson was as much a man's property as his house." Canon Butler thought that on the whole the sale of advowsons had been "beneficial to the Church," and the Bishop of Dover pointed out that "since the Reformation they always had a money value. Why should not a rich manufacturer buy one for his sons?" And so they went on arguing, much like a conference of cheesemongers upon the price of Cheddar, but without the ability to give effect to a single resolution. For this they must obtain the aid of a Parliament which can no longer be specifically termed Christian. Does not the Comedy of Convocation remind us of the Comedy of Christianity? An ancient institution, arrogating immense authority, but with no real power and of no real service or utility, trying to pitch overboard its Jonahs and to retain its loaves and fishes, even though in order to do so it has to resign its ancient claims and submit itself to secular ideas and secular control.

J. M. WHEELER.

THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT).

PARIS, FEB. 21.

You will no doubt be surprised at the above address, but the success of the mission has been complete. I was at Jerusalem on Christmas Day, as ordered, although the thought took possession of me that you must be a little—well, eccentric in sending me on such a foolish errand as to expect the prophets to be correct, and that I, out of all the newspaper correspondents, should be told off to witness and report the second coming of Jesus; but your orders were carried out conscientiously, and I am glad to inform you of my success. I paid daily visits to the Mount of Olives, and was beginning to tire, until last Monday week, on looking up I noticed what I thought a rather large meteorite, but was astonished to find it get larger, and gradually assume human proportions, and at last a gentleman, with much ease and grace, descended near where I stood. I raised my hat and said—

"Jesus Christ, I presume?"

"Eh?" said the stranger. "Oh, yes, Joshua Chrestos, if you like."

"I am here to meet and interview you."

"Thanks; but this is no time for compliments. My costume must be altered, if you can oblige me with a suit—not forgetting a Gibus hat, if possible."

I was glad he had stated his wishes with respect to costume, for his suit made me smile. It was of asbestos, with large sails for guiding purposes, and attached to his feet were a pair of patent compressed air tubes, such as are found on doors of first-class taverns to prevent their slamming.

"You're rather late, sir. I expected you on December the 25th."

"Yes, I dare say. But it was so deuced cold coming down. I gave a look in at Mars. Very nice fellows, but rather fast. They go the pace, I can tell you. They made me very welcome, but I was glad to leave. Half-crown nap's somewhat costly. It's rather odd you earth-men have given pagan names to all the planets."

"Would you like to visit the old places?"

"Oh, blow the old places! I was tired of them when they were new places to me. No, thanks. Let us push on. I'm anxious to get on. Paris is where I want to go to. You know the old saying—'When Americans die, they go to Paris.' I spotted a lot of Cook's lambs, and if we're quick we can join them—mind, strict *incog*. till we get to Europe. There's just time for a wash and brush up, and to insert myself in your 'duds'; and then, oh! for Brindisi, and so on to Paris. That new idea of steam's rather good!"

His one idea was to get to Paris, and my clothes fitted him very fairly—the trousers not being of the masher type—for his legs were far from muscular, in consequence of his doing so much throne business. The old man, he said, was very dotty—in fact, a perfect old leering Silenus—and the Mater devoted all her spare time to working slippers for the male angels and teaching the female ones the art of nest-building. They seem to have a great trouble with the angels moulting. They've tried nearly everything—old nails in their drinking water—and they are now trying sulphur, having bought up Lucifer's stock, he having let his fire out, at which there is great complaint, his friends being nearly frozen.

"The old woman and myself," said Joshua, "have been trying on the old dodge of the birth and crucifixion—in fact, we've been on a travelling tour; but it's like the rope-tying trick—found out; and besides very tiring and wearing to the constitution and very expensive, for we've to take all our stage properties with us. It's only in the new planets that it answers at all. The older ones have advanced so much—Board Schools, you know."

I sounded Joshua about his intentions. He thinks of giving up the business and taking to the stage. Irving's success as Mephisto seems to have inflamed him. If he carries out his intention, the old man'll break up his establishment; and if he does, there'll be the deuce to pay, as he has such a large stock of smug rascals with him. Lucifer says he won't have 'em at any price, as his establishment is now select. Most of the female angels could no doubt be induced to emigrate to some planet and enter domestic service after they've moulted their wings.

I have great doubts of ever getting J. C. to London. He has such a horror of the Salvation Army, Sam Morley and Exeter Hall. He feels sure they'll make a show of him, and he'll have to appear nightly at Spurgeon's or some other gospel-shop. Spurgeon, he says, is flabby in appearance and flabby in speech, and he wants to know why he goes to Mentone. I asked him about missionary work. No, said J. C. He has no desire to figure on toast in some Polynesian island. The only thing that'll bring him to London is "The Private Secretary" or "The Man with Three Wives."

I'll report further. He seems rather glad of my guidance. There's no doubt he's rather morbid, as, at his request, we're now off to the Morgue.

ACID DROPS.

THE *Tablet* has a violent article against the Chief Secretary for Ireland entitled "Mr. Morley and Christianity," in which it takes some pains to prove that Mr. Morley treats Christianity as "a creed intellectually efete and fallacious," and that he is "the persistent assailant of the Almighty." The *Tablet* asks why should such a man have the rule over Catholics. It is satisfactory to know that, despite the Catholic organ, Mr. Morley's appointment is a popular one even among Irishmen, who have vastly more faith in the justice of an unbeliever than in such a defender of the faith as Lord Randolph Churchill.

RELIGIOUS organs always take the cake for personal abuse in the interests of party. That meek and mild Church organ, the *Banner*, not content with calling Mr. Gladstone "a miserable coward," "a sophistical rhetorician," etc., quotes with approval an alleged prediction by Lord Palmerston that W. E. G. would bring the country to the verge of ruin and die in a madhouse.

THE Rev. W. W. Wodehouse, who was found guilty of adultery by the Consistory Court of Carlisle, has appealed. The Master of the Rolls dismissed his application as wholly groundless and improper, and the other judges concurred.

THE Rev. G. Dyson is committed for trial on the charge of murder. The coroner's jury find that Mr. Bartlett was poisoned by his wife with chloroform, and that her reverend lover and accomplice was an accessory before the fact. What will the poor lambs do without the ministrations of their beloved pastor?

THE *West Surrey Times* describes a little scene at the parish church of West Clandon on a recent Sunday evening. A young man sitting beside a young woman had his arm on the back of the pew behind his companion. The minister, horrified at the spectacle, stopped short in his praying and exclaimed: "Take your arm from that woman's waist, will you?" Of course, at this there was a general look to discover the guilty one, the young man himself being unable to realise his position. Giving another look at the minister, he was met with the words, "You, I mean; don't you hear?" As there could be no mistake this time, the young man answered: "Do you mean me?" The minister said, "Yes; take your arm from that woman's waist!" "I beg your pardon, sir," replied the young man; "my arm is not round her waist." "Don't answer me in church," said the reverend gentleman. "Very well," replied the young man; "I will leave your church;" and picking up his hat, he did so. Ministers appear to regard themselves as infallible and as having the right to condemn any one from their coward's castle. The impression this reverend despot had formed was a totally false one. We wonder whether he will apologise for interrupting the Lord's service, for insulting people, and for driving away willing worshippers from the parish church, which is theirs as much as it is his.

By opening its columns to any ignoramus who professed himself able to expose "Professor Huxley's Scientific Errors," and demolish "the infidel doctrine of evolution, which the Rev. F. O. Morris has aptly called the Darwinian craze," the *Rock* registers its own imbecility, and gives evidence of how far the Church is behind the age.

JOAQUIN MILLER has formulated a new poem which is going to "shake the rafters of heaven," for he says so himself. The publication of it should be suppressed. Nobody is anxious for another flood, which will surely come if the rafters are shaken much. A daughter of Joaquin Miller, who is also a Catholic, has recently committed bigamy. Before doing so, however, she consulted a priest, who informed her that, in the eye of the Church, she had never been married to her husband, he not

having been baptised into the Catholic Church. This she deemed sufficient justification for taking a new husband.

A NEW ENGLAND Congregational parish is wrestling with a very perplexing conundrum. The pastor exchanged with a neighboring pastor, and he preached the same sermon the pastor had given them a month before. Now they want to know whose sermon it was.

TALMAGE has been lecturing upon "The Absurdities of Evolution." He is of opinion that the human race is going backward instead of forward. No better instance in favor of his theory could be adduced than himself, but one case of reversion hardly proves the degeneracy of the entire race.

THE Malthusian League ought certainly to circulate their leaflets among the poorer clergy. Dr. Gifford, the chairman of the Friends of the Clergy Corporation Fund, gives numerous instances of applicants for assistance on account of large families. Such items as "A vicar with ten children and an income of £124 a year," "A curate with nine children under fifteen years of age and £130 a year," continually appear as grounds for appeal to the benevolence of the public.

THE living of St. Martin's, Oxford, having been privately swapped for that of Scotter, in Lincolnshire, the rector makes his protest against the parishioners being bought and sold like a flock of sheep. Neither he nor they, however, have any remedy.

A WRITER in the *English Churchman* endeavors to make out that the members of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament are something more than cannibals. They are devourers of their own body, inasmuch as Paul declares that all Christians are part-takers of the flesh and blood of Jesus. In taking the sacrament Christians are therefore eating and drinking their own flesh and blood, for they and Christ are one.

THE sale of the *War Cry* has long been on the decline, and the drop has been accelerated by stopping the commission on the sale, which in the palmy days meant several pounds addition to the salaries of officers in populous quarters. The *War Cry* has this week been raised to a penny. It will only come out once a week, and we understand the officers' commissions will be resumed.

THE *Christian Herald* gives an account of a miraculous cure of a leper in England by faith. The case is related by "a devoted Christian lady," whose name and address are not mentioned, and she merely "heard" of it from some person or persons unknown. The flimsiest case is Gospel truth in the eyes of religious circulators of profitable lies and impudent exaggerations.

TALMAGE, speaking of the death of an amiable and self-sacrificing Christian lady, says: "When she went out of this life into the next what a shout there must have been in heaven, from the front door clear up to the back seat in the highest gallery!" It is interesting to know on such eminent authority that heaven is arranged like a theatre, and that the gods in the gallery applaud new comers.

LIKE most Christians, Talmage improves upon his Bible by sending Christians straight to heaven when they die, though the Bible makes them wait till the judgment day, which may be millions of years yet. Christians are just as sure that they are right and the Bible wrong in this matter as they are that the Bible is right when it agrees with their own wishes and private opinions.

A "TRUE STORY" in the *Christian Commonwealth* presents the same anti-biblical view. The Christian mother tells her children "that when a little child died and went away an angel was always by the darling's side to take it safely to the better home beyond the skies." The writer of the story, however, feels that the mother is speaking without knowledge or authority, for he concludes by expressing a mere "hope" that what she says is true, and that "a dear white angel" met the child's spirit and carried him safely to the blessed arms of Jesus. So the Christian mother is lauded to the skies for telling falsehoods.

BUT why should we discountenance or destroy these pleasant falsehoods? we shall be asked. Because they are falsehoods, and the ultimate outcome of pleasant falsehood is misery and ruin to individuals and to society. Pleasant falsehood causes men to hate and persecute each other and to crush honesty and intelligence. When morality and honor and happiness are founded on falsehood, all alike are as frail as a house of cards, and the exposure of the falsehood may mean moral shipwreck. The pleasant falsehood brings with it moreover its counterpart in the shape of the horribly demoralising belief in hell.

A WESLEYAN preacher at Manchester recently explained to his congregation the meaning of the text, "As far as the east is from the west." His explanation ran something in this way: "The sun rises in the east in the morning, and, I think, the schoolboys

in the gallery will bear me out in saying that it is about ninety-five millions of miles from the earth. During the day the sun goes round the heavens and sets in the west in the evening, when I think, the schoolboys in the gallery will bear me out in saying it is still ninety-five millions of miles from the earth. So you see that from east to west is about a hundred and ninety million miles."

THE *Golewad*, a Welsh paper, has been publishing a census of church attendance in certain districts of Wales. In Montgomeryshire it names ten parishes, the population of which amounts to nearly 6,000, but at which the Sunday morning attendance in the ten parish churches only amounts to 175; in the afternoon 77 more are present. In Carmarthenshire there are eleven parishes, or groups of parishes. The average attendance at church, throwing in the clergy and their sextons, is two per cent. £20 is the handsome sum spent to minister to the religious wants of each church-goer. In Pembrokeshire there are eight parishes, with a population of 2,148, in which there are only ten communicants, and the value of the living is £799. So that there are parishes in Wales where every communicant of the Episcopal Church costs £80 per annum.

THE Rev. Dr. McCann, one of the burning and shining lights of the Christian Evidence Society, who is about to convert all the Freethinkers in London on an approaching Thursday evening at the Hall of Science, has been showing the people of Lancaster, or as many of them as cared to attend his lecture ("there was not a large audience," says the newspaper report) that Secularism is impossible. The greater part of his discourse consisted of a mere one-sided account of his debate with Mr. Bradlaugh. The rest was a peculiar jumble of foolish argument and brazen assertion. Dr. McCann appears to think that because he signed a petition for Mr. Foote's release Christianity can no longer be considered a persecuting religion. He forgets that he petitioned against an infamous wrong done by his co-religionists in the name of their common creed. Mr. Foote was tried under a Christian law by a Christian jury; he was sentenced by a Christian judge and imprisoned in a Christian gaol, where a chaplain is kept to look after the prisoners' souls as a doctor is kept to look after their bodies, and where no prisoner can absent himself from chapel without permission from the authorities.

Dr. McCann argues that Secularism is a persecuting system because it holds that society has the right to discountenance, and even punish, actions that injure it. But does not God, according to the Christian creed, punish, not those who injure him—for how can they do that?—but those who disobey him, or are unable to believe what his ministers tell them? According to Dr. McCann, God is quite right in torturing for ever and ever in hell those who incur his resentment, while Society has no right (except what God gives it, we suppose) to protect itself against criminals.

"If men could only be consistent Secularists," says Dr. McCann, "the whole earth would be changed into a pandemonium." This is a free country, at any rate for Christians, and Dr. McCann is at liberty to hold any opinion he pleases; but his prediction as to what Secularism would do if it had the chance is only a conjecture, and as George Eliot said, prophecy is a gratuitous form of error. Fortunately we need not indulge in vaticination to show the evil effects of consistent Christianity. We can show the trail of the Galilean serpent over eighteen centuries of persecution and bloodshed. Dr. McCann is invited to answer the *Crimes of Christianity* instead of prophesying future events.

CURIOSLY, however, Dr. McCann does not think Secularism "impossible" after all, for he winds up by saying that Christianity is the true Freethought and the true Secularism. He reminds us of the wolf in *Little Red Riding Hood*.

A BOARD SCHOOL manager writes to the *Christian World* anent its list of clerical managers of Board schools, stating plainly that they are there not in the interests of the Board schools, but of their own denominational school. Accordingly, when anything has to be done for the benefit of a Board school, they try how not to do it. Surely it would only be just to prohibit any one belonging to a Board of Management who has an interest in a rival school.

HIRAM MANFUL, the churchwarden of Chellaston, seems to be a nice specimen of an applicant for a front seat in the New Jerusalem. He has been quarrelling with the parish clerk, refuses to take the sacrament with him, and calls both him and the parson d—d rogues. He has had to pay £20 for his exhibition of Christian courtesy.

ONE of the brethren, who had a habit of moaning out "O-h! y-e-s!" at regular intervals during the service, was rather broken up on Sunday night. He had just wakened up, when the preacher asked the solemn question: "Brother, do you intend to spend eternity in hell?" "O-h, y-e-s!" sang out the devoted brother.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

MR. FOOTE'S ENGAGEMENTS.

Sunday, Feb. 28, Free Library Hall, Ocean Road, South Shields; at 11, "An Hour in Heaven;" 3, "Bible Blunders;" 7, "An Hour in Hell."

MARCH 7, Hall of Science, London; 14, Hall of Science, London; 21, Leeds; 28, Milton Hall.

APRIL 8, United Radical Club, Hackney; 4, Wigan; 11, Nottingham; 18, Milton Hall; 25, Liverpool.

MAY 2, Manchester; 9, Sheffield; 16, Milton Hall; 23 and 30, Hall of Science, London.

CORRESPONDENTS.

LITERARY communications to be addressed to the Editor, 14 Clerkenwell Green, London, E.C. All business communications to 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.—H. Adams.

J. TAYLOR, Stockton-on-Tees, sends us several folios of manuscript to show that Freethought is persecuting and Christianity full of the milk of kindness. J. Taylor's argument has at least one merit—it is tolerably original.

J. KEITH.—We are not acquainted with any other such poem.

W. HARDAKER.—Many thanks for the references. We remember the passage in *Courier*.

T. B. SMART, Kensington and Hammersmith Branch N.S.S., desires us to ask the members to attend the Sunday evening lectures more regularly. Attendance depends pretty much on the lecturers. People may be attracted but they will not be driven into a lecture hall.

A. W. P.—Mr. Foote's article on "Up Above" appeared in the *Freethinker* for December 13.

J. B. HOYLE.—See "Acid Drops."

J. BURBAGE.—Your letter is interesting coming from one so young.

B. DAWSON.—There is no time to arrange for a lecture now, but Mr. Foote will be happy to visit Spennymoor when he comes north again.

W. R.—Thanks for your good wishes.

W. A. (Liverpool).—The great difficulty is that orthodox newsagents too frequently decline to supply Freethought periodicals. Hawking about the streets would hardly pay. The newsboys want something largely and readily saleable to the general public.

J. RABSON.—Sorry to hear your newsagent declines to supply the *Freethinker*. You might arrange with Mr. Ramsey to get it through the post.

W. BEALE.—Thanks. See "Sugar Plums."

ACCORDING to their circular the Boiler Makers and Iron Shipbuilders on the Tyne and Wear, complain that the employers who are trying to enforce another sweeping reduction in wages, refuse to have the matter discussed by joint committees. In these circumstances the men appeal for support in resisting what they consider a high-handed proceeding. Communications to be addressed to William McIntosh, Secretary, 27 Elm Street, New Benwell, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

A. BOLTON.—We have no means of ascertaining the proportion of Christian ministers convicted in the police-courts as compared with the general population.

W. CABELL.—John iv., 2, either contradicts or qualifies chap. iii., 22.—Archbishop Newcome's version of Philipians ii., 6, is "who, being in the form of God, did not esteem as a prey, this resemblance to God." Samuel Shappe has, "thought not the being as God a thing to be seized." The Revised Version has, "counted it not a prize [or a thing to be grasped] to be on an equality with God." The authorised version gives the passage a Trinitarian turn.

SACRAMENT.—Thanks. See "Acid Drops."

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.—Portsmouth Evening News—Great Yarmouth Parish Magazine—Newcastle Daily Leader—Freethinkers' Magazine—Liberty—Boston Investigator—Liberal—Halfpenny Weekly—Northern Echo—Echoes of the Exo—Wexford People—Lancaster Guardian—St. Louis Post—Dispatch.

"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 March 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.

SUGAR PLUMS.

Bible Contradictions, the first part of the Bible Handbook for Freethinkers, edited by Mr. Foote and Mr. Ball, has proved very serviceable to its purchasers, and there are constant inquiries for the succeeding parts. The delay has arisen in consequence of the thoroughness with which the work is being done. The Old Testament has been thoroughly exhausted, and when the New Testament has been served in the same way the Bible Handbook will be promptly completed, the several parts being published in rapid succession.

A "VICAR" writes to the *Daily News* complaining of the Bishop of Peterborough's Bill as a more effective disendowment than any proposed by the Liberation Society. As it will abolish pew-rents where these have not been legally reserved, many of the clergy will find their livings gone, and it will be difficult if not impossible to raise their salaries by voluntary efforts. So much the better. When the Church finds it cannot have State support without the State insisting on this "high-handed plunder both of clergy and congregations," as "Vicar" calls it, Churchmen will be glad to seek liberty in disestablishment.

THE *New York Times* is authority for the following information: "Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll is to open a law office down in Wall Street, and New York in all likelihood will be his permanent home for many years to come. He has established his family on Fifth Avenue, and in addition to his law practice he is said to be devoting himself to literary work which will be given to the public before long in the form of a good-sized volume. His theme is kept a secret, only friends being able to conjecture the subject."

WE notice with pleasure that the Melbourne theatre was packed to hear Mr. W. W. Collins's first lecture in that city and that it was warmly appreciated by his hearers. Mr. Collins arrived in time to give Mr. Symes a little rest, which he must sorely need after his heavy fighting.

APROPOS of our illustration this week we may mention that Edwin Long, R.A., has now on exhibition in Bond Street three pictures illustrating Jephthah's vow. The first illustrates Jephthah's return, the second, the maidens bidding farewell to his daughter, and the third exhibits her bound upon her funeral pyre. Mr. Long is too real an artist to countenance the orthodox attempt to make something else than a human sacrifice out of the barbarous Bible narrative.

THE Rev. T. F. Morton, chaplain to the Royal Marine Artillery, during his sermon last Sunday, made some remarks on the "use and the abuse of the tongue," and said: "There are members of this congregation who abuse the tongue by denying the existence of God, and also try to induce others to deny him, but strange to say, the name of the Supreme Being was more often on their tongues than on the tongues of some Christians. These people should be shunned as the very Devil." Here a regular outbreak of coughing took place, and the reverend gentleman was obliged to stop in his sermon and ask his congregation to use a little more restraint and he would then proceed. The *Freethinker* and Ingersoll's lectures are often read in church by a number of the reverend chaplain's congregation.

BIBLE DRAGONS.

AMONG civilised nations dragons are now universally acknowledged to have been only fabulous creatures born of the fears and imaginations of our unscientific forefathers, who gave ready credence to tales about wonderful animals of all kinds, among which dragons figured conspicuously. These products of inventive ignorance and receptive credulity now only appear in the shape of pantomime monsters, Christmas snap-dragons, and such heraldic devices as the green griffin on which the City of London still prides itself. The representation of St. George and the dragon, which has been restored to our gold coinage to save wear and tear of precious metal by its comparatively smooth contours, indicates the hold which the belief in dragons once had on mankind. St. George, the obscure rogue whom we have thus once more canonised as the patron saint of England for his alleged feat of slaying a dragon who devoured an annual tribute of virgins, is said to have been a fraudulent army contractor of Alexandria. His fabulous exploit does not of course appear in the Bible, but, like other similar exploits of the Christian knights of pious romance, it sprung largely from the Christian belief in dragons inculcated in Revelation and in other parts of God's holy word.

When he wrote his Bible, God evidently did not know that dragons were only fabulous beings. The Omniscient was so ignorant and so credulous that he believed in dragons,

just as he did in unicorns, satyrs, cockatrices and devils. If he did not believe, then he did worse. He pretended to believe. He humored people's misbeliefs and delusions, and accepted them as true, in order that his acceptance and re-issuance of popular falsehoods might teach men the way of truth. As Christians may doubt or dispute the fact of the divine acceptance and confirmation of the unfounded belief in these purely mythical monsters, I will turn to the Bible for illustrations of the fact, and also for the purpose of discovering as far as possible what kind of creatures these curious biblical dragons could have been.

The great prophet Isaiah, writing of course by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, says of certain ruins that they "shall be an habitation of dragons, and a court for owls"* (Isaiah xxxiv., 13). Of "Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency," he says that satyrs shall dance there and wild beasts and dragons shall cry in her pleasant palaces (Isaiah xlii., 21, 22). In chapter xxxv., verse 7, he says that "in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes." God encourages David by promising him that he shall "trample under feet" the "young lion and the dragon" (Psalm xci., 13). Jeremiah, describing wild asses, says "they snuffed up the wind like dragons" (xiv., 6).†

Speaking by the mouth of Jeremiah the Lord says: "I will make Jerusalem heaps, and a den of dragons" (Jer. ix., 11). The "cities of Judah" are also to be "a den of dragons" (Jer. x., 22), and the same fate is to befall Hazor and Babylon (Jer. xlix., 33; li., 37). Ezekiel compares Pharaoh to a "great dragon that lieth in the midst of his rivers" (xxix., 3). Job (xxx., 29) in his desolation calls himself "a brother to dragons and a companion to owls."

Under the influence of divine inspiration the prophet Micah says: "I will wail and howl, I will go stripped and naked: I will make a wailing like the dragons, and mourning as the owls" (i., 8).

Altogether the biblical dragons seem to be a noisy and disreputable set of animals, fond of desolation and destruction, and addicted to howling by night, to haunting ruins and lying in wait in rivers, besides being objectionable in various other ways. Deut. xxxii., 33, for instance, speaks of the "poison of dragons"; and as they are here made venomous like adders, the Revisers cannot adopt their usual device of substituting the word "jackal." Dragons also appear to swallow people, as Jonah's whale and the dragon of Wantley did, for God complains that Nebuchadnezzar has devoured him and swallowed him up like a dragon (Jer. li., 34).

Objectionable and formidable as the dragons are, however, God rejoices in their praises. In Isaiah xliii., 20, he says, with an illogicality not altogether infrequent with him, that the dragons and the owls shall honor him because he gave drink to his chosen people. In Psalm cxlviii., 7, the command is given: "Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons;† just as all the beasts and kings and creeping things and all cattle and people are commanded to praise the Lord. What a fine Salvation Army a good chorus of these Hallelujah Dragons would make! Why do not Booth and Barnum avail themselves of the idea. Dragons, who only take their name from the old-fashioned "dragons," as their fire-spitting carbines were called, would be as nothing beside a set of genuine Bible dragons, secured say by prayer if other means fail.

W. P. BALL.

(To be continued.)

FERGUSON DEFENCE FUND.

THE following additional subscriptions have been received:—Mr. Keeling (Hanley), 3s.; A. E. Downs, 6d.; Two Sons of Neptune, 2s.; J. F., 2s.; W. H. Hawkins, 1s.; A. W. P., 1s.; J. Burbage, 6d.; J. Mosenthal, 10s. 6d.; J. J. Holms, 2s. 6d.; A. W. Freer, 2s. 6d.

* The Revisers, correcting God's revelation by their own ideas, change "dragons" into "jackals," and "owls" into "ostriches."

† The Revised Version changes this into "they pant for air like jackals," or in the margin "the crocodile."

‡ The Revised Version retains the word "dragons" here, but places "sea-monsters, or water spouts," in the margin as alternative readings. It usually retains the word "dragon" only where a poetic or figurative sense might plausibly be assigned to the word.

REVEREND ROWDIES.

MR. SYMES'S *Liberator* gives the following accurate, though condensed report of what took place in the Alfred Hall, Ballarat, on Thursday night, December 10. Mr. W. Clarke attended, by special invitation, the farewell public meeting of Dr. G. Guinness, and took his seat beside one of the most ferocious bigots in Ballarat. After the sermon Dr. Guinness said, "All who love the Lord Jesus stand up," when the audience, with the exception of Mr. Clarke stood up. The Rev. W. L. Morton, a Presbyterian parson, thereupon approached Mr. Clarke, and the following conversation took place:—

Morton. My dear brother, do you want Christ?

Clarke. As a Freethinker I can get on very well without Christ.

M. Do you reject Christ, then?

C. I do. Christ can do me no good. I was as earnest as Dr. Guinness or any Christian once.

M. You are a liar.

This expression coming from a prominent Christian, encouraged several Christians to abuse Clarke, whereupon the Rev. Kennedy, principal of the Ladies' College, approached Clarke, and questioned him thus:

Kennedy. Do you want to find the Lord, my dear brother?

C. In the first place I don't know what you mean, and in the second place I was called a liar by the Rev. Mr. Morton, and if that is his Christianity—

K. No doubt Mr. Morton was rather hasty, but you—

C. I am a Freethinker and he is a Christian, therefore his religion—

K. You belong to that dirty filthy lot, do you? A Freethinker, the dirty lustful—

C. Mention one dirty, lustful Freethinker. Name one if you can.

K. (turning to the excited bigots)—"Ha! ha! ha! here's a Freethinker." (Laughter.)

A lady interjected—Oh, do give up that foolish idea.

C. No, I have read too much for that.

K. Who made the world?

C. The world never was made.

K. Where did it come from?

C. Matter cannot be created nor destroyed, it is indestructible; we can only conceive of matter undergoing certain changes and—

K. (excitedly)—Who made you?

C. (coolly)—If you mean who created me, I never was created. But this is—

K. (raving)—Ha! ha! ha! here is a fellow who never was created; he made himself, he made his eyes, his hair, etc.

C. You now talk twaddle. I did not say I made myself, but as you affirm that I was created, I must ask you to—

K. (now frantic with rage or the Holy Spirit)—Did you not hear Dr. Guinness say that no scientific men are infidels?

C. I have heard Dr. Guinness say that some of the most intellectual men of the day are infidels; Mr. Symes is a practical scientist, yet he is an infidel.

K. Oh! oh! oh! this fellow says that Symes, the filthy blaspheming infidel, is a scientific man.

C. Symes is more than a match for all the parsons in Victoria, and—

K. (inspired)—You are a dirty, filthy, lustful, lying fellow.

C. (calmly)—How do you know that I am a dirty, lustful fellow? I am a married man, and I must leave such company as yours. (Clarke then put on his hat to go.)

K. Take off your hat, you fellow, there are ladies and gentlemen here, you—

C. I am going home.

K. (fiercely shaking his hand in Clarke's face)—You are a sinner.

C. (jocularly)—Perhaps so.

K. Christ died for sinners like you.

C. I am much obliged to him, but his death can do me no good. Why don't he come and tell me so himself, not send you? (Sensation, and cries of "Oh" and "Amen" from the holy Willies and Betsys.)

K. (bouncingly)—Kneel down here. (Seizing Mr. Clarke by his legs, he forced him down on his knees.)

C. (sarcastically)—Your praying can do me no good. If I—

K. (now mad with rage)—You are a filthy, lustful, wicked man.

C. Do you mean carnal or mental lust? I do lust for knowledge; but I am a married man.

K. I mean carnal; but you want more women, you lustful fellow.

M. You have not got the courage to write the filthy thoughts of your heart on paper.

C. Oh, yes I have (lady hands Clarke a card to write on).

K. Take that clean paper away, give him a filthy piece like himself.

Clarke then took from his pocket a piece of paper and wrote, "I don't believe your prayers will do me any good."

K. What have you written there, you lustful fellow?

Clarke handed him the paper, and after reading it, he called Clarke some *Christian names*.

Half-a-dozen parsons and women howled and prayed over Clarke for 10 minutes, yelling as though God were deaf, "Oh, Christ, save the sinner; save him to-night," etc.

Kennedy said, My dear brother, do you feel a change come over you?

C. No, I cannot believe in your Bible or your God. They are the worst things in existence. David was a man after God's own heart; yet David was a thorough blackguard, an adulterer, a liar, and a murderer; and when he was dying his last instructions to his son were—

M. (excitedly shaking his hand in Clarke's face)—David was ten thousand times better than you. David was—

K. (interrupting Morton)—There is not a crime under the sun that you are not guilty of.

C. This conversation shall appear in print. Had I said one-sixteenth as much to you as you have said to me, you would have given me in charge or torn me to pieces.

K. Take the filthy fellow away, and let those dear little lambs of God accept Christ in peace.

As Clarke was leaving, one of the *learned* parsons said, What becomes of all the stars that fall to the earth?

☞ C. No star ever fell to the earth.

(As it was now twelve o'clock Mr. Clark returned home.

A N G L O - I S R A E L.

THIS is another phase of religious madness, the outcome of Bible reading. A Mr. E. Hine has conceived the brilliant idea that the lost ten tribes of Israel, spoken of in the Bible as *spiritually lost*, are to be found somewhere, and the result is a crazy pamphlet, in which E. Hine states that the English are the lost tribes. He twists the most absurd biblical quotations, gathered pell-mell, to his own conceit, and defies contradiction. The crass ignorance of the man becomes patent to every one who knows that ethnology and philology alone can decide the question which Mr. Hine wisely leaves out as stultifying his so-called *proofs*. Another point he has altogether lost sight of, namely, that among the Jews we find no drunkards, baby-farmers, wife-beaters, garroters, forgers, coiners, and corner-men. To compare our modern Anglo-Israelites (English Christians) with those ancient people is a gross insult, to say the least of it. The main object of the association founded by E. Hine is to raise the wind. Large sums of money are being collected among the residuum in order to search for the ark of Noah on Mount Ararat, and for Javeh's worm-eaten old box, called the Ark of the Covenant, in the probable fields at Tara, in Ireland. Shakespeare knew his countrymen, and, sad to relate, they have not changed since the immortal *Hamlet* was written.

First Clown: "It was the very day when young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England."

Hamlet: "Aye, marry. Why was he sent into England?"

First Clown: "Why, because he was mad. He shall recover his wits there, or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter THERE."

Hamlet: "Why?"

First Clown: "'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he."—(Act V., scene 1.)

CHARLES KROLL LAPORTE.

FREETHOUGHT GLEANINGS.

A MAN-MADE GOD.—It is because the Scriptures bear within them such unmistakable evidence that, in the beginning, it was man who made God in his own image, that the "Old Testament" books have fallen into such ill-repute amongst the cultured men of every country. Man is no longer content to worship the creation of his own imagination. This God of the "Old Testament," of like passions with ourselves, no longer satisfies his spiritual cravings.—*Westminster Review*, p. 131; Jan., 1886.

A REVELATION is only a revelation to the individual to whom (if such a thing be possible) it is made. His account of it to another is not revelation, and whoever puts faith in that account, puts it in the man from whom the account comes; and that man may be deceived or he may have dreamed it, or he may be an impostor and may lie. There is no possible criterion whereby to judge of the truth of what he tells, for even the morality of it would be no proof of revelation.—Paine's *Age of Reason*.

THE MIRACLE AT CANA.—When nothing was known of the constitution of wine or water, except that they were both fluids, it was comparatively easy to accept the statement that such a conversion really took place. But now we know that water consists of oxygen and hydrogen combined in a certain simple proportion, and of these and nothing else; while wine contains, in addition, nitrogen, carbon, and other elements combined in very complicated proportions. If the water was not really changed into wine, but only seemed to be so, it was a mere juggling trick, such as the Wizard of the North can show us any day for a shilling. But if it was really changed, something must have been created out of nothing to supply the elements which were

not in the original water, and were not put into it from without.—S. Laing, *Modern Science and Modern Thought*, p. 247; 1885.

CREATION.—The phrase, "He made the stars also" (Gen. i., 16), clearly applies to all stars, not only the planets of our system, but the sun and planets of other systems. Were they all made in the beginning, and lighted up on the fourth day for the purpose of being ornaments in the sky for the admiration of man? Were all these vast worlds, of which we know so little save their vastness, created and lighted (How? Not by our sun) to inspire poets and assist navigators in our world? No one could believe this: it is surely beyond the credulity of Mr. Gladstone himself.—*Westminster Review*, p. 123; Jan., 1886.

REVIEWS.

Expropriation. An Anarchistic Essay. By PIERRE KRAPOTKINE. International Publishing Company, 35 Newington Green Road, N.—We are not of those who would connect the simultaneous appearance of this pamphlet with the raid on the shops of West End jewellers, but certainly its doctrine is a very hazardous one to preach to people who are unemployed and starving.

Why Pay School-Pence? By ERNEST PARKE. W. Reeves: Fleet Street.—Mr. Parke's pamphlet, *What shall I do with my Vote*, was circulated to the number of 120,000 among the agricultural laborers and other newly-enfranchised citizens before the general elections. His present pamphlet deserves as great a success. It is an admirable plea for Free Secular Education, supported by a strong array of statistics. Its wide circulation will do a great deal of good.

Scientific Meliorism and the Evolution of Happiness. By JANE HUME CLAPPERTON. Kegan, Paul, Trench and Co.—This is a work of practical Secularism. Believing that happiness for all is the primary object of life, the authoress gives suggestions upon all the main problems of our time. Scientific Meliorism, according to her, discountenances the sham benevolence which results in the multiplication of the unfit, and it seeks to press forward the counteracting social force of intelligent selection which brings about the increase of the fittest. It supports co-operation in industry, the enfranchisement of women, the reformatory treatment of criminals, the alteration of the marriage laws, the land laws and the laws of inheritance, and discards all supernaturalism and subserviency to Mrs. Grundy. In speaking of the clannishness of modern morality, the authoress alludes to the prosecution of the *Freethinker* as contrasted with the case of Pooley in 1857:—

"Pooley was prostrate in face of the law. He could neither speak in his own defence nor pay others to speak for him; whereas Mr. Foote and his companions boldly and ably defended themselves. The law crushed Pooley, but before the bar of public opinion his weakness and utter helplessness proved favorable; for benevolence and compassion were thoroughly aroused, and as thousands of individuals are swayed by these sentiments alone, apart from any rational principle bearing upon the special subject before them, the social force was broad and strong—it swept aside the ancient bulwark, and promptly rescued Pooley. The law had not an easy task in crushing Messrs Foote, Ramsey and Kemp. They showed vigorous fight, and loudly appealed to public opinion for aid; but benevolence and compassion were by no means excited in their favor. What they demanded was simple justice, not justice allied with patronage."

Although as the authoress notes, the social force of rational moral opinion in favor of Freethought is immensely stronger in the present day than in Pooley's day, that force has not overcome prejudice; "the men whom we look up to now for intellectual strength and culture held back, and silently, we may say, basely permitted smaller men to suffer persecution for merely exercising a freedom of expression which they themselves enjoy." The work is brightly and pleasantly written and its many illustrations and anecdotes will doubtless prove attractive to those who are apt to regard the problems dealt with in *Scientific Meliorism* as somewhat dismal.

THE GREAT REVIVAL SCHEME.—"Dis heah is er great 'vival dat we'se got on han', Brother Marcus," said Parson Hickney, addressing a co-laborer in the great cause. "Yas, indeed. Yas indeed. It do me er heep er good ter see all dese ole sinners 'fessin' de Lawd, sho's yer born'd, it do." "Me, too, Brudder Marcus. It do 'pear like de day o' de penycost hab come at de las', an' I thanks de Lawd fur it. Start up ernuder him, dar," he added, turning to the congregation. "Yas, Brudder Marcus, we'se gwine ter git our 'ward fur all dis good work we'se doin'. Say, deah brudder, whut does de c'leckshans ermount ter dis ebenin'?" "Ten dollars an' er quarter." "I thanks de Lawd fur dat, too. Say, Brudder Marcus, we ain' gwine ter steal dat money, is we?" "No, indeed." "Jes' gwine ter 'joy ourse'fs er leete arter sarvices, ain' we?" "Dat's all." "Dar's plenty red plan'ation likker down de street, ain' dar?" "Plenty o' hit." "Gwine ter git some, ain' we?" "'Deed we is." "Fine 'vival dis, Brudder Marcus." "Monstrous." "An' we'se thankful." "We is dat." "Wall, let 'em sing ernuder him an' den we'll go. Sing ernuder him, please. Brudder Jake, please start de chuane an' de Lawd'll jine in arter er while."

PROFANE JOKES.

"Mr little boy," said a good man last Sunday to a lad who had evidently been playing baseball, "do you not know that it is wicked to play ball on the Sabbath day, and that you will never go to heaven unless you come to see the error of your ways?" "Error," snorted the little boy, "our side played the hull nine innin's, mister, without makin' a single error."

WHEN teaching a class one Sunday in an agricultural parish, a lady thought she would adapt the lesson to the children's surroundings, so she chose as her subject, "Consider the lilies." She began by asking what "lilies" were. "Cows," replied a little boy confidently. "What makes you think so?" she asked. "'Cause we have a cow called Lily."

A CABIN boy on board a ship, the captain of which was a very religious man, was called up to be whipped for some misdemeanor. Little Jack went crying and trembling, and said to the captain: "Pray, sir, will you wait till I say my prayers?" "Yes," was the stern reply. "Well, then," replied Jack, looking up, and smiling triumphantly, "I'll say them when I get ashore."

A FOND mother, had been exhibiting the cleverness of her pretty little daughter of four years, who had learned a variety of historical facts. Many questions had been promptly and correctly answered, and the happy mother asked, "Who were Noah's sons?" immediately the wee child answered, "Shem," and there was a pause. After some seconds the mother suggested "Ham," and the little one said, "Oh, yes; Shem, Ham, and Corned Beef."

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