

THE FREETHINKER.

EDITED BY G. W. FOOTE.

Sub-Editor—J. M. WHEELER.

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COMIC BIBLE SKETCH.—No. 159.



PETER AND THE ANGEL.

"But the angel of the Lord by night opened the prison doors, and brought them forth."—ACTS v. 19.

MR. BRADLAUGH'S SEAT.

LAST Sunday was an anxious time for Freethinkers. The polling was over at Northampton on Saturday evening, but in deference to the prejudices of the Tory candidates the counting was deferred till Monday morning, so as to secure a peaceful Sabbath. Perhaps there was also an apprehension that if the much-tried junior member for the borough were thrown out, there might be a dangerous ebullition of Radical feeling, and by letting Sunday intervene the electors' passions might cool down sufficiently to let them bear ill news with some approach to equanimity, or at least to hear it without riot or disorder. This was very considerate, so far as Northampton was concerned, but it was rough on thousands of Freethinkers throughout England. "How has Mr. Bradlaugh got on?" I was asked by dozens of Lancashire men and women last Sunday. I told them I had no more idea than they had, as the ballot boxes were sealed till the next morning. They were perfectly aware of this, yet they fancied I ought to know. Of course they were satisfied that I had no access to occult sources of information; they were in a state of anxiety, and they betrayed the usual symptoms of that emotion.

Fortunately all doubts are now allayed. Mr. Bradlaugh is once more member for Northampton, and what is still better, he is returned again by an increased majority. This is a striking fact when the Liberal poll throughout the country is so seriously diminished. It shows that Mr. Bradlaugh's hold on the borough strengthens with time, and that the bigots, by their miserable persecution and malignant abuse, have only endeared him to his constituents. Every Freethinker will be delighted at this aspect of affairs. It is imprudent to count too surely on

anything in this changeable world, where Fortune so often smiles to-day and frowns to-morrow; but, with due reservation for the freaks of chance and change, we may feel confident that Mr. Bradlaugh's seat is now secure. Henceforth, whatever the bigots may find in their wicked or foolish hearts to do, though we imagine they must have had enough of the game by this time, they may depend on it that Northampton will stand by Mr. Bradlaugh through thick and thin. That speaks well for the man and the borough, and it will be a firm rock in any fresh welter of bigotry that may arise. Not that we need expect another storm, at least for the present; yet it is well to feel fortified against a possible danger. Superstition is still rampant, persecution dies hard, Toryism may gain the ascendant, and, as Heine said, the fool-crop is perennial.

At any time during Mr. Bradlaugh's parliamentary struggle he would have been hopelessly defeated if the allegiance of Northampton had wavered. Had a single appeal to the constituency been decided against him, strong, brave, and resourceful as he is, he must have collapsed. Happily the gallant "snobs," as Churchill would call them, stuck to "Charlie" like wax; and when, a generation hence, the history of this pregnant contest comes to be written, Northampton and Mr. Bradlaugh will figure together as its twin heroes.

Perhaps Mr. Bradlaugh would not endorse our judgment, yet in our opinion the Oath question stands no real chance of being discussed, much less of being settled, without his presence in the House of Commons. Official Liberalism is cold or luke-warm on the matter, and although the rank and file would support an Affirmation Bill on principle, it is difficult to find any enthusiasm about it. Were Mr. Bradlaugh withdrawn

from the scene, the question would probably be allowed to drop. So true is it that liberty is never conceded but always conquered, and that Freethinkers enjoy no more consideration than they are able to command. Fortunately Mr. Bradlaugh remains a factor in the problem. From his seat in Parliament he will watch over, or take charge of, a measure which will place Freethinkers, in all matters of public business, on a legal level with their fellow citizens. And how necessary such a measure is becomes more obvious every day. Freethinking witnesses are not admitted in the Scotch courts, nor are Freethinking jurors legally admissible in the courts of England, though sometimes the law is strained to include them, while at others they are dismissed with insult or derision. This mark of inferiority, this brand of subjection, must be removed; and we rejoice to think that the interests of that act of justice are in such honest and capable hands as those of Mr. Bradlaugh. He has fought a long and arduous battle with signal success, but it still remains to reap the due fruits of victory; and if he brings the Oath question to a satisfactory issue, he will win a great historic renown. G. W. FOOTE.

FICTION.—NOTHING TO PAY.

"NOTHING to pay! Ah, nothing to pay!
Never a word of excuse to say!
Year after year thou hast filled the score,
Owing thy Lord still more and more.

Hear the voice of Jesus say:
"Verily thou hast nothing to pay!
Ruined, lost, art thou, and yet
I forgave thee all that debt."

Nothing to pay! yes, nothing to pay!
Jesus has cleared all the debt away,
Blotted it out with his bleeding hand!
Free and forgiven and loved you stand.

Hear the voice of Jesus say:
"Verily thou hast nothing to pay!
Paid is the debt, and the debtor free!
Now I ask thee Lovest thou me."—*Frances Havergal*

FACT.—SOMETHING TO PAY.

OR THE RICH CHRISTIAN LANDLORD, AND HIS POOR TENANT.

Nothing to pay! Eh? Nothing to pay!
Always a word of excuse to say!
Week after week thou hast swelled the score,
Owing thy Landlord more and more.

Hear the voice of thy landlord say:
"Clear out, if thou hast nothing to pay!
Ruined, lost, art thou, I bet
For I will seize thy *all* for debt."

"Christ will reward me!" fool, did'st thou say?
Why, he himself had nothing to pay!
Went about begging in Palestine,
Never paid rent, but drowned people's swine.

Hear the voice of thy landlord say:
Go to gaol, if thou can'st not pay!
Square up the rent and then thou art free,
No mercy can'st thou expect from me."

CHARLES KROLL LAPORTE.

THE FORGERY IN JOSEPHUS.

"Now, there was about this time Jesus, a wise man, if it be lawful to call him a man, for he was a doer of wonderful works,—a teacher of such men as receive the truth with pleasure. He drew over to him both many of the Jews, and many of the Gentiles. He was [the] Christ; and when Pilate, at the suggestion of the principal men amongst us, had condemned him to the cross, those that loved him at the first did not forsake him, for he appeared to them alive again the third day, as the divine prophets had foretold these and ten thousand other wonderful things concerning him; and the tribe of Christians, so named from him, are not extinct at this day."—*Antiquities of the Jews*, bk. xviii., chap. 3.

SOME readers may consider the exposure of this forgery little better than flogging a dead donkey. Why waste time attacking a position which every Christian scholar of repute has abandoned? Arguments, however, long cast aside by scholars remain in use among the illiterate. Moreover, publishers still continue to issue Whiston's translation intact and with his dissertation in favor of its genuineness just as written over one hundred and fifty years ago, despite the criticisms of De Longuerue, Lardner, Eichstaedt and Gerlach, who conclusively prove it to be, in the words of Gibbon, "an example of no vulgar forgery."

So fatal, moreover, to the historic claims of Christianity is the admission that God visited the earth and performed wondrous miracles without a word of mention from the

Jewish historian who had been Governor of Galilee, and whose father was a man of reputation in Jerusalem at the alleged time of Christ's resurrection, that the same reasons which induced the Christians of the beginning of the fourth century to fraudulently foist in the passage, lead the Christian evidence-mongers of to-day to adopt every shift in order to defend it.* A standard authority like Dr. Schaff's *Religious Encyclopædia* may admit "it is evidently spurious"; a subtle critic like De Quincey may declare "this passage has long been given up as a forgery by all men not lunatic"; but Mr. Engstrom's myrmidons will none the less vaunt "the testimony of Josephus to the truth of the Gospel."

That the passage is, as Bishop Warburton says, "a rank forgery and a stupid one too," is evident from the fact that the writer is evidently a Christian, whereas Josephus, in his account of his own life, written after the *Antiquities*, declares himself a Jew of the sect of the Pharisees. No Jew could have admitted that Jesus was the Christ. No Jew ever doubted the propriety of calling the Messiah a man. Josephus was too versed in the prophets to think they foretold a Messiah to be put to death and to rise on the third day. He thought some of the Old Testament miracles too much to be swallowed. Is it possible he could credit those of the New?

Both the place and the phrases betray a later date. It interrupts the sequence of Josephus's narrative, which is restored by its omission. The learned Catholic, Tillemont, confesses that the only way he can account for this is to conjecture that Josephus inserted the passage after he had finished his work. Moreover, the expression that the Christians are not extinct to this day could not well have been written in the first century. The Christians were, according to the Acts, first called so at Antioch. To the Jews they were always known as Nazarenes.

The passage says too much for a Jew, too little for a Christian. If Josephus believed that Jesus "was a teacher of such as receive the truth with pleasure," he would surely have said more about his teachings and doings. How came he to omit mention of the visit of the wise men, of Herod's consternation and slaughter of the children at Bethlehem, of the many wondrous miracles of Jesus, and of the eclipse, and earthquake, and resurrection of the saints at his crucifixion?

The external evidence is still more decisive. It was first quoted by Eusebius, above two hundred years after the death of Josephus, at a time when fraud and forgery were common weapons of Christian warfare, and when, Christianity having become the religion of the State, the Jews dared not expose the cheat, had they been aware of it. Eusebius not only cited as genuine many forgeries, such as the *Philosophy of Oracles*, fraudulently ascribed to Porphyry; the epistles between Abgarus, king of Edessa, and Jesus; the testimony of Thallus and Phlogon to the eclipse; but his absolute dishonesty in his citations from Josephus has been remarked by Lardner and other Christian writers.†

That it was not generally known in the time of Eusebius, who wrote during the course of the fourth century, and never before, is evident from the fact that Chrysostom, who, early in the fifth century, had many controversies with the Jews, does not mention it, but says of Josephus, "he not being a believer, but a Jew, and zealous for the Jewish rites, even after the rise of Christianity." Similar testimony is given by Theodoret.

Origen also, in the third century, cites the unimportant testimony of Josephus to John the Baptist and to James, without hinting there was a far more important passage, which he must have actually passed over before he found those he quoted. Speaking of Josephus, Origen says: "Now this writer, although not believing in Jesus as the Christ"‡ makes out that the putting to death of James was the cause of the calamities to the Jews.§

* The silence of Justus, who lived in the same century with Jesus and on the shore of the very lake around which was the scene of his ministry, and of Philo, a contemporary of commanding position, vast information and broad religious spirit, who, though dwelling in Alexandria, had visited Jerusalem and Galilee, is equally inexplicable on the Christian theory.

† See *Frauds and Follies of the Fathers*, p. 48.

‡ *Against Celsus*, bk. i., chap. 47.

§ Theophylact improves on this, and says that disasters befell the Jews, as Josephus testified, on account of the death of Jesus. A bold lie. Suidas also declared that Josephus said that Jesus officiated in the temple with the priests. Another specimen of Christian veracity.

Josephus does nothing of the kind; but how could a writer showing such a disposition to make the most of the testimony of the principal historian of the Jews, not only omit but contradict a passage which makes Josephus admit the Messiahship, the miracles and the resurrection of Jesus? The conclusion is inevitable. The passage was not in existence in Origen's time.

Origen, it should be borne in mind, argued against Celsus, who denied Christianity, adopting in part the standpoint of the Jews. The testimony of Josephus would have come with crushing effect. The same may be said of Justin Martyr, who, in the second century, shows himself to have been acquainted with the works of Josephus. Arguing against Trypho and the Jews, who denied all that the passage asserts, it would have been a triumphant retort to their demand for proofs of Christ's resurrection and ascension. Yet Justin, like Origen, Clement of Alexandria, Tertullian, and all the other Christian fathers before Eusebius, is silent as the grave. Had they known it they would certainly have quoted it. Had it been in Josephus's work in their days, they were scholars enough to have known it. As Lardner remarks:

"A testimony so favorable to Jesus in the works of Josephus, who lived so soon after the time of our Savior, who was so well acquainted with the transactions of his own country, who had received so many favors from Vespasian and Titus, could not be overlooked or neglected by any Christian apologist."

Not only Origen, Clement, Tertullian and Justin, but Cyprian, Arnobius, Tatian, Lactantius and Minutius Felix ought to have quoted a passage so important in their controversies. From the fact that not one of them did so, we may reasonably conclude that the passage did not then exist.

This is not quite all. Photius, in the ninth century, as Lardner argues, evidently had copies of Josephus which did not contain the passage, for he devotes three articles to Josephus and never mentions the passage, but says of Justus of Tiberias that he, like the rest of his nation, makes not the least mention of Christ. Lardner says if Josephus had been an exception he would have been expressly mentioned.

In any but a theological question this cumulative evidence would have been considered conclusive. Honest and learned Christians like Farrar and Baring Gould admit it to be so. Yet the emissaries of the Christian Evidence Society still defend the forgery and palm it off upon audiences of unlearned men as a genuine testimony. Could there be a more striking proof of the paucity of evidence for the wondrous events recounted in the Gospels, and of the dishonest means by which Christians support their religion?

J. M. WHEELER.

ACID DROPS.

SOME weeks ago, as our readers may remember, the London *Echo* published a false report of the imprisonment of a Freethinker for declining to support his wife and children. Mr. Robert Forder inquired into the case and found, not only that the essential facts had been misrepresented, but that the man was not a Freethinker at all, and had never been known to read our journal, which was said to be the cause of his ruin. The *Echo* refused to insert the correction, no doubt thinking it was hardly worth while to acknowledge a blunder for the sake of doing justice to a pack of infidels.

THE *Echo* has now found another mare's nest. "We have not yet," it says, "seen any announcements of the sums collected at Secular Halls towards the Hospital Sunday Fund." To this we reply with a fact. Several years ago money was collected on Hospital Sunday at the London Hall of Science, and the officials declined to acknowledge it as coming from such a place. Such a truly Christian insult may account for the omission which the *Echo* criticises. Freethinkers contribute like other citizens on Hospital Saturday, and we venture to think that church and chapel collections on Hospital Sunday would be infinitesimal if they were not trumpeted in the public press.

We also beg to remind the *Echo* of three more facts. Christianity is State-supported, while Freethought has to pay its own way. Christian churches and chapels are freed from taxes, while Secular halls have to pay them. And Freethinkers have to befriend their own poor and distressed, because it is useless for an "infidel" to apply for relief through the ordinary channels of charity.

LET the *Echo* take another fact still. Freethinkers have to raise money to fight Blasphemy prosecutions and the expulsion of Atheists from Parliament, the whole of the expenses being wantonly inflicted on them by their Christian neighbors. After injuring our business, robbing us of civil and political rights, putting us to the cost of defending ourselves against invidious laws, and taxing us to support a religion we detest, the Christians blandly reprove us for giving less than they do to charities they insist on administering.

FREETHINKERS are not so devoid of sympathy and generosity as the *Echo* supposes. A few days ago a little boy fell into the Regent's Canal near the Cambridge Heath Bridge. He had sunk to the bottom and the bystanders had given him up as lost. But Thomas Owen, of 56 Great Cambridge Street, was passing by, and on being informed of the occurrence he sprang from the parapet of the bridge and after diving three times found the body. Fortunately life was not extinct, and after spending a few days in the Bethnal Green Infirmary the little fellow was restored to his parents. According to the newspapers Thomas Owen "has since refused to accept any remuneration from them." Perhaps it will surprise the *Echo* to learn that Thomas Owen is not a Christian but a Freethinker and a regular attendant at the Hall of Science.

A WIDOW lady, depending mainly on the rent of three cottages in Orsett parish, let one of them to the local Liberal committee. This roused the ire of the Rev. R. W. Whittington, whose curate lodged next door. In a sharp letter to the widow lady, he threatened to get her houses empty for her, and wound up by saying "I will not allow my curate to remain there one week after I ascertain the truth of this statement." Evidently the sky-pilot fears his curate will be contaminated by the close proximity of a Liberal committee.

THE Rev. R. W. Whittington believes in Jesus Christ. Here are a few of his Master's words which seem very appropriate to his case:—"Ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers: therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation."

THE Christian Evidence Society in Australia seems to imitate the Christian tactics pursued at home. Its representative is calling Mr. Collins "a blasphemous ruffian," "a sweep," "a coarse and degraded character," "a low blackguard," and so forth. Abuse from Christians is really a high compliment. But these excited bigots do not always come off scot free. One of the Christian Evidence lecturers named Gottling is now in the Parramatta Lunatic Asylum. Insanity is a common product of Bible reading and bigotry.

THE *Indian Christian Herald* warns the public against "a set of rogues who go about professing great religion, and weeping profusely" while others "adapt themselves to circumstances." We quite agree that "the whole set" of these cheats needs to be watched both in India and at home, but we hardly expected Christians to put us on our guard against Christians in this outspoken way.

THE *Rock* has a paragraph commencing "The Friend of All." Naturally one expects to find that this universal friend is Jesus. But it isn't. The paragraph heading runs thus: "The Friend of All—Holloway's Pills." Well, one piece of quackery is quite as good as another. Holloway's pills at least have been more efficacious and far less mischievous than the blood of Christ.

A WITNESS in the Kershaw case apparently gave his testimony in a very careful and guarded manner. He was loth to swear to a thing that he did not know and understand for himself. As he left the stand the Court asked him: "Can you swear there is such a place as the City of Washington?" "No, sir," replied the witness, "I have heard of such a place, but I do not know for myself that it exists." "Can you swear there is a God?" said the Court. "No I cannot do that," replied the witness again and the Court relapsed. —*Ogden Daily Herald* (Utah).

STORIES continue to reach us about the recent fire next door to our printing-office on Clerkenwell Green. Many true believers in the crowd were sorry it was not our establishment that was burning, and others, under the delusion that it was, were loudly rejoicing. Two of these worthies at last found out their mistake, and the following conversation took place between them outside the opposite public-house, where they had been lavishly paying their devotions to Bacchus. "I say Bill," began number one, "it ain't that b—y place after all." "Ain't it?" replied number two; "then it's a d—d sell." "Yes," rejoined number one, "it is a d—d sell. I reckon the b—y place is too wicked to burn."

A NEW Congregationalist church has had to be built at Atlanta because the whites and negroes will not associate. A writer in the *Congregationalist* says: "The experiment has been tried in all faithfulness and Christian love in the First Congregational church in Washington, and it is a conspicuous failure; not from any lack of brotherly or Christian feeling, but in the nature of things." Frederick Douglass, the colored orator, makes the following stinging comment: "It is the saddest confession of the

impotency of Christian faithfulness and Christian love that has lately come to my notice, if, indeed, such faithfulness and such love cannot tolerate the presence of two varieties of the human family to worship God under the same roof. We can sit, side by side, in the public hall with white people to hear Robert G. Ingersoll denounce the mistakes of Moses; we can sit in the same circus, and see men and women play all manner of pranks; we can sit in the same theatre with white people, and hear the music and see the players; but the nature of things and the impotency of Christian love make it impossible for colored and white people to worship God in the same temple." But who expects Christian words and Christian practice to correspond? Sentiments of universal love and brotherhood are very grateful to the white Christian so long as they mean nothing.

"BLOOD-WASHED RUBE," of the N. Y. Salvation Army, has been arrested for wholesale stealing.

GOD has sent a terrific hurricane to Odessa, U.S., which demolished five out of nine of his churches in that place. What a fool he must be. Or is it pure impartiality?

La France du Nord revives an old story, which it entitles "La mort du bon Dieu," as told by M. Sébillot in his *Review of Popular Traditions*. It relates how a Brittany mother sent her son to his first communion. Being first catechised, the priest asked him upon what day the good God died. "Is he dead?" replied the youth; "I have not even heard that he was ill." "You cannot take your communion this year," said the priest. Going home crying to his mother, he complained that the priest would not let him have the communion. "Why not?" asked she. "Because I never knew that the good God was dead; you ought to have told me." "Truly," she replied, "I was unaware of it myself." Returning to the church, she asked the priest to forgive her for not knowing God was dead, for she dwelt in an out-of-the-way part and could not learn the news like those who live in the towns and read the newspapers.

THE thirty-nine bishops who have died since 1856 have left two millions in personal property, the poorest of them having left £12,000. And they all knew that it was as hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven as for a camel to go through the eye of a needle. And they knew the parable of Lazarus and Dives, and the warm reception in the nether world to which riches would entitle their possessors. Fancy the bishops howling for a drop of water to cool their burning tongues.

THE bishops complain of being over-worked. Why don't they give up their seats in the House of Lords so that they may do the Lord's work instead of the Lords'. They might also give up their palaces and pay for assistance out of their big salaries. Of course no one expects they will obey the New Testament, and sell all they have and give to the poor. If they preach, that is evidently quite sufficient. There can be no need to practise too.

A HALF-CRAZY evangelist named Wills has been proving the truth of the Bible at Detroit. He said to his scanty audience: "I can prove to you in a few words that the Bible is true, for does it not say a prophet is not without honor save in his own country? Look at the empty seats here to-night, and see if it is not so. . . That proves the Bible is true. Why, if Ingersoll was to lecture here to-night, every seat would be filled." The Christian Evidence Society might make great use of this convincing argument. We recommend it to them as at least better than most of the "proofs" they advance.

"CHRISTIAN" courtesy is a virtue scarcely to be admired. Speaking from the pulpit on June 6, Talmage denounces "the same old filthy vulture—infidelity." He declares that the "worst attempted crime of the century" is the attempt to destroy the Bible, and the infidelity that attacks this book he describes in his mild and gentle Christian way, as a "loathsome, stenchful, leprous, pestiferous, rotten monstre" which "stretches out its hand, ichorous with the second death." What would the saints say of an "infidel" who described Christianity in these elegant terms?

A FAMISHED Jewish pedlar in Russia, so runs the story, being overtaken by a snowstorm, sought food and shelter in the house of an orthodox Russian, who refused to help him unless he would acknowledge his belief that Christ was born of the Holy Ghost, and was crucified and rose from the dead, and that he fed and satisfied five thousand hungry people with five loaves and two little fishes. The Jew replied that he believed half of it already, and pleaded for food and a night's rest to enable him to think the matter over. Pleased with the progress he had thus made, the zealous host gave his expected convert a good supper and a bed and breakfast. The Jew, however, despite all arguments and exhortations, was unable to get beyond the amount of belief he had already acknowledged, and at parting the angry host demanded which half it was he believed. "I believe," firmly replied the Jew, "that Jesus was born, but not of the Holy Ghost. I believe in his crucifixion, but not in his resurrection. I believe he fed five thousand people with five loaves and two fishes, but I don't believe they were at all satisfied." The retreat

of the Jew from those orthodox premises was somewhat a hasty one.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* boasts of its enterprise and prides itself on being always up to date. A few days ago it announced the conversion of Léo Taxil, the anti-clerical publisher. Our readers may remember that we discussed this gentleman's "conversion" twelve months ago.

WHEN the *P. M. G.* was turning an honest penny over Eliza Armstrong and the "Revelations" we published a warm tract, the *Maiden Tribute to Jehovah*, showing how girls were treated by the Minotaur of the Old Testament. Recently, on the day when the Prince of Wales laid the foundation stone of the People's Palace, one of our lady readers distributed copies of this plain-spoken tract among the crowd. She was ordered by a policeman to desist, and on refusing to obey the would-be tyrant in blue, her name and address were demanded. There is nothing Christians dread more than an exposure of their blessed book.

IN his latest poem, "The Earthquake; or, Six Days and a Sabbath," Mr. Robert Buchanan glorifies his Savior in rhymes which we should fancy were originally intended for an Olympic burlesque. Here's a specimen:

"As long ago 'neath the empyrean
He walked the waters Galilean,
With only the poor damned souls to discern it, He
Walks and has walked through a long eternity."

'Tis a pity he didn't finish his description of Jesus as the Wandering Jew—

His poor holy feet are all blisters and bunions,
His corns are the size of fine Portuguese onions,
But all the time he has walked and has ran on
He ne'er met such a poet as Bobby Buchanan.

THE Rev. W. H. Marcon, rector of Edgefield, has been fined £2 for a violent and unprovoked assault upon a lad aged thirteen. Of such are the kingdom of heaven.

DESPITE the protest of the Duke of Norfolk, more Catholics have voted for Mr. Gladstone than at any time since the fall of the Irish Church.

THE Rev. Waldo Messaros, said to be the most famous pulpit orator of Philadelphia, has been charged with an indecent assault upon Mrs. Coulston, one of the leading members of his flock. In these degenerate, ungodly days it is very difficult for a man of God to exercise his moral privileges without a rumpus.

GEORGE WADSWORTH, of Ripponden, a candidate for the ministry, has been ordered to pay three shillings weekly for the support of the child of a woman whom he had seduced and deserted. The *Hebden Bridge Times* calls this spoiling his prospects. Such cases as that of the Rev. Frank Bell induce the impression that so far from spoiling his prospects, such escapades will ensure his success in the Christian ministry.

A DIVORCE was last week granted to a Mrs. Hobson, who is, together with her late husband, a Roman Catholic. A point unnoticed by the newspapers is that the Romish Church does not recognise civil divorce, and that whichever of the parties marries again during the life-time of the former partner, incurs the penalty of excommunication, and the act is considered as bigamy.

IT is utterly impossible that Catholic Christians can ever show a disposition to interfere with the rights of others, only the Tipperary Lawn Tennis Club have been warned that if they persist in playing in the grounds which they leased adjoining the convent, they will all be thrown into the lake. The holy nuns must be protected from the possibility of witnessing secular enjoyment.

BOOTH is in great straits for men and money, he says. At a great meeting at Exeter Hall, to bid farewell to the foreign contingents, he said that £2,000 was required to send these officers back, but he could only get £1,100 towards this sum. The expense of the night's meeting was £30, and the total collection only amounted to £17. The proceedings closed with a war-dance and a benediction, but no more cash was forthcoming.

PAUL SMITH was a cattle dealer, and was a very wicked man. A camp-meeting was in progress in his locality, and among many others who were converted were several members of his family. At last he consented to visit the meeting, and during the progress of the service one of his daughters came round to where her father was sitting, and in tears she said to him: "Father, I am wedded to the Lord." "Wedded to who, did you say, Mary Anne?" "The Lord, father." "If that's so, b'gosh, the Smiths have got into a good family at last."

FERGUSON FUND.—G. Barker, 2s. 6d.; R. Green, 2s.; W. Essex, 1s. 6d.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

MR. FOOTE'S ENGAGEMENTS.

Sunday, July 11, 3.15, Victoria Park, on "Is the Bible True?" at 7.30, Milton Hall, Hawley Crescent, Kentish Town, on "What think ye of Christ?"

AUGUST 8, West Hartlepool; 15, Milton Hall; 17, Walworth; 22 and 29, Hall of Science, London.

SEPT. 5, Liverpool; 19 and 26, Hall of Science, London.

OCT. 10, Birmingham.

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. 3d.; 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.—M. Plackett.
- W. E. S.—Thanks. See "Acid Drops."
- HORSA.—You never read the statement in this paper. Luther married a nun, and perhaps you have seen this called "seduction" in some Catholic print. Both Luther and his wife broke their vow of celibacy and lived happy ever after.
- R. BRINSMEAD.—Mr. Dunn may be less abusive than some of his C. E. S. colleagues, but he shows gross ignorance in his attack on Confucius. The Rev. James Legge, in his article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, vol. vi., p. 264, says of his teaching the Golden rule: "It has been said that he only gave the rule in its negative form, but he understood it also in its positive and most comprehensive force."
- E. EVANS.—One of the numbers of the Rev. Robert Taylor's *Devil's Pulpit* is devoted to Peter.
- M. GOODWIN reports that his children have been debarred from school prizes on account of their being withdrawn from religious instruction. We fear this is a common device. If Secularists did the like it would be denounced everywhere as sectarian bigotry contrary to the spirit of the conscience clause.
- YOUNG NAVY complains that in a large ironclad, Freethought papers are impounded and the tars are not allowed to meet in the evening and discuss religious and political matters. Why in their time of relaxation should sailors be treated as slaves and debarred from rights which they would enjoy ashore?
- W. CABELL.—We think Matt. xvi., 14, bears out our construction of Matt. xi., 14, as countenancing the doctrine of transmigration. The subject is an interesting one, and we shall recur to it in a future article.
- A. W. EXALL, 31 Arlington Street, New North Road, N., in answer to last week's correspondent, states that the Sunday Cricket Club is not absolutely defunct. The book of rules, etc., can be had of Mr. Exall on receipt of a stamped directed envelope.
- R. H. CAVE.—Affirmation is not allowed in lieu of oath in the public service, and if your friend joins the army he will have to attend church. Thousands of soldiers find this regulation irksome, but they are obliged to submit.
- W. CORNWALL.—Your letter got mislaid somehow, or it would have been replied to earlier. We are sorry, though not surprised, to hear that the Christian Evidence people have mobbed the Freethought lecturers in Hyde Park. We will see Mr. Forder on the subject. Could you favor us with a call and talk the matter over? Or you might see us after the lecture at Milton Hall. If you call, let it be on Monday or Tuesday, and let us know when to expect you.
- E. J. H.—Mr. Foote has not lectured at Birkenhead for many years, but he occasionally visits Liverpool, and the Birkenhead Freethinkers can easily cross the river. We have not seen the book you refer to.
- T. A. WILLIAMS.—Your letter is hardly of the nature of correspondence.
- J. ELLIS.—Scarcely in our way. It is too long and too sombre.
- A. HILL.—We constantly warn our readers not to send orders for literature to Mr. Foote, but to Mr. Ramsey, at 28 Stonecutter Street, and it is stated in every one of our catalogues that Mr. Foote will not be responsible for such orders. We have no recollection of yours, but if it reached us it would be handed over to Mr. Ramsey in the usual way. We have also passed over your complaint to him.
- S. M. PEACOCK.—Thanks for the information. It will be useful when we recur to the subject.
- W. ELMSLEY.—Your poem shows decided improvement and promise, but it is rather crude in parts, besides being too long. It would be better if you could compress it into half the length.
- PAPERS RECEIVED.—Pittsburg Commercial Gazette—Islington News—Thinker—Chat—Bristol Evening News—Hobden Bridge Times—La France du Nord—Echo—Ironclad Age—Rationalist—Liberty—Beacon Light—Bath Herald—Ogdon Daily Herald—Liberal—Dublin Evening Mail.
- 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.

SUGAR PLUMS.

Our Summer Number is selling merrily, and we hear that it gives general satisfaction. This is the fifth special number we have published since we saw daylight after twelve months in a

Christian cell. Prosecutions are evidently not very successful in putting down "blasphemy." We intend to "blaspheme" till the end of the chapter.

It will interest the Christians to learn that the *Freethinker* is extensively read in heaven. The *Rock*, the *Guardian*, the *Christian World* and the *War Cry* used to be patronised there, but the circulation of such organs has wonderfully fallen off in the upper circle since the "infidel scorcher" made its appearance. J. C. still frowns on it in public, though he laughs over it in private. The Ghost goes about retailing our jokes to the poor saints who can't afford a copy as original, and is now regarded as the wag of the establishment. Old Jahveh snatches the first copy every Thursday morning, and reads it with such avidity that any angel who disturbs him before he comes to the advertisements has his manna stopped for a week. Our Summer Number had a remarkable effect on the old gentleman. His queasy stomach recovered something of its ancient tone, and he enjoyed his first night's good sleep for six months.

MR. FOOTE is seeing through the press a large pamphlet on *Infidel Death Beds*. *Death's Test* has been out of print for some time, and the new work is intended to supersede it. It will be much fuller and more elaborate, and no effort has been spared to make it a final and standard work on the subject. The publication may be expected in a week or two. When it is ready the Freethought party will be able to appeal to it against the Christian maligners of our great dead.

MR. FOOTE'S next open-air lecture will be delivered (D.V. or otherwise) this afternoon, July 11, in Victoria Park. It is to be hoped the Branch will pitch the rostrum under a very big tree, for a bit of shade is very necessary in this weather, and as the lecturer has to preach the gospel again in the evening, a sun-stroke would be highly inconvenient.

WE are pleased to see that the Bishop of Ripon has been reminding God Almighty of his duties in the political crisis. Among other things, the Lord is invited to "enable all classes to put away all bitterness and party spirit." Those who follow the discussions on both sides will observe that the Bishop's prayer is answered to a T. We wish his grace would persevere in this good work. Some day or other he might induce God Almighty to try his hand on the Christian Evidence lecturers and endow them with "Christian courtesy and forbearance."

THE following is an extract from a letter by Mr. W. Powell, of the Ball's Pond Branch of the N. S. S.: "A word as to the *Freethinker*. My experience extends from the first number. There is nothing I know of that makes more Freethinkers than your cartoons. I am personally acquainted with from one to two hundred Secularists in the neighborhood, and I have asked dozens of them, 'What made you a Freethinker?' The answer has generally been, 'The pictures in the *Freethinker*.' I mention this as an encouragement."

SIR LEPEL GRIFFIN, writing on "Native India" in the *Asiatic Quarterly Review*, thinks that the probability is that Muhammadanism will become the dominant creed in India, as it alone gains largely by the break down of Hinduism. "Christianity," this official authority writes, "so far has not shown sufficient adaptation to attract educated converts, who do not fail to notice that modern criticism has treated its mysteries and dogmas with as little respect as the myths of Hinduism." Sir Lepel notices a curious sect which has recently arisen, called the Necharies pronounced like naturees, which seeks "to combine the teaching of Darwin and Huxley with the precepts of Muhammad." Incidentally Sir L. Griffin mentions his belief that Africa will be entirely conquered by Muhammadanism and that Christianity there will be gradually driven from the field.

WE are pleased to notice that our excellent contemporary the *Rationalist*, of New Zealand, is calling attention to the untaxed Church property of Zealandia, which it estimates at three quarters of a million. With a man like Sir Robert Stout at the head of affairs, a movement in favor of impartial taxation should be started. The reform, once effected in our colonies, will in time penetrate to this country.

A STRIKING announcement, which we believe originally figured in a New York goods store, now appears in a Walthamstow coffee-shop—"We trust God: others, cash on delivery."

WE are pleased to see the return of Mr. J. Rowlands for East Finsbury. Mr. Rowlands is an advanced Freethinker well known to the old frequenters of the Hall of Science, and we can rely on his supporting an Affirmation Bill and a Bill for repealing the Blasphemy Laws.

THE annual Children's Excursion from the London Hall of Science to the Epping Forest will take place on July 18. The financial secretary informs us that funds are urgently needed, but there is still time for subscriptions to pour in, and surely so good an object will not lack support. Remittances should be sent to J. T. Ramsey, 18 Pearson Street, Kingsland, E.

“THE SECRET OF ENGLAND’S GREATNESS.”

Most of us have seen a large picture in the *British Workman* or in other Christian journals wherein Queen Victoria is depicted as presenting a Bible to some African ambassador or potentate who has asked her to tell him the secret of England’s greatness. These pictures have been placarded outside religious institutions and they have been circulated by the million. The letter-press accompanying the picture declares that the Queen said on presenting the Bible: “Tell the Prince that *this* is the secret of England’s greatness.”

It now transpires that the whole story is a pure fabrication—as might have been expected from its obvious lack of date, place, name and general detail. It is one of the many pious and widely-circulated concoctions which serve to delude the confiding multitude. According to a paragraph in the *Daily News*, Mr. J. N. Masters, of Rye, Sussex, having written to inquire into the truth of the story, has received a reply from Sir Henry Ponsonby on behalf of the Queen, in which it is distinctly stated that “there is no truth in the story alluded to.” Freethinkers, however, need not be so simple as to imagine that this exposure will prevent the continued circulation of an untruth which Christians find useful for their purposes. I venture to say that none of the Christian journals will express regret at having deceived people with untrue statements, and that no Christian will expect such an impious apology to the goddess of truth. Christians will smile at the very idea as that of a crazy simpleton, though if Freethinkers had invented and published a purely fictitious story against Christianity the saints would denounce us all as shameless liars and swindlers. But a telling fib in favor of their creed they readily adopt and repeat without rash inquiry into its truthfulness; and when its falsity is unluckily detected and demonstrated they more than forgive the godly story-teller. They highly approve the motive and the result, without troubling to condemn or correct the means employed, so long at least as they feel that the active circulation of the fraudulent myth helps to bring grist to their mill.

This modern Christian myth or legend has been circulating these many years in the fullest publicity of the nineteenth century, and although it concerned so public a personage as the figure-head of the ship of state, it has hitherto remained uncontradicted, and might have passed into history with the loose Christian writers, as many other religious fabrications have done. But as an actual occurrence the story is now exploded. There remains, however, the question of the truth or falsity of its bold allegation that the Bible is the secret of England’s greatness.

It is difficult to connect England’s world-wide empire and influence with the teachings of the Bible. God’s word is a mass of contradictions both in letter and in spirit. Christians may base our policy of subjugation or extermination of heathenism on the models of conduct furnished by God in the Bible. But they will be ashamed to avow and defend their imitation, however successful, of the policy of wholesale slaughter and robbery enjoined by God on his chosen people. They will turn to the New Testament and talk of universal love, as if they believed that India was conquered by turning the British cheek to the Hindoo smiter, and as if China were practically laid under a tribute of some ten millions annually (in the opium trade) by the mere moral suasion of non-resistance—the said non-resistance being typified by Christian gun-boats and brotherly bayonets point foremost. No more hypocritical claim could well be put forward than that which attributes England’s sway to the Bible without mentioning the bullets and the bayonets that accompanied it. England has doubtless given the savages rum and true religion, especially the former. But justice, protection, kindness, liberty, have usually been conspicuous by their absence except when patronised by a small minority as a good introduction to the new business of exploiting the natives and cheating or robbing them of home and country. The survival of the fittest inevitably occurs when Briton and savage come into contact, but the process by which the unfittest die out or are killed out is one of which no Englishman can feel proud. When the Christian decorates this piteous process with unctuous professions of pious love and holy philanthropy he merely adds arrogant insult to wholesale injury. His plea is but hideous hypocrisy or degrading cant.

It may be urged that *relatively* we are just and kind to the natives, that we are better than other nations, that we have not enslaved and tortured and exterminated the heathen as the Spaniards did the West Indian islanders and the native American races. But the Spaniards too had the Bible for the secret of their greatness in cruelty and conquest and in the fierce Christian pride that despised the unconverted pagan as worse than cattle. Spain believed her Bible far more than we did; she was intensely religious when we English were comparatively Secular and practical. The Bible is the secret of pious Spain’s decay, and the practical tendency of the Anglo-Saxon is the secret of our rise to dominion and influence. Courage, enterprise and skill, founded on individual liberty and daring, have made for England her present position—not a Book which treats this world as a vale of tears unworthy of the child of God whose hopes and thoughts should be fixed on heaven and hell rather than on the vanities and snares of this mortal life. “Pray without ceasing” wins no empire. Act without ceasing has been the real motto carried out by our British hearts of oak. Not the parson, but the manufacturer, the sailor, the inventor, the merchant, the mechanic, the statesman, the soldier, the legislator, have made England’s greatness. Other countries besides England have the Bible and the religion of Christ. Why are Italy and Spain so far behind? Why are not Germany, and Sweden, and Holland, and Denmark, and Russia, and Portugal, and Austria, and Greece, ahead of us in prosperity and commerce, and manufactures, in art and science, in conquest and colonisation, in wealth and culture, and in the general comfort and progress of their inhabitants? The philosopher will trace our Colonial empire to our command of the sea and the character of our race, rather than to a Book whose fundamental teachings we trample under foot. Our command of the sea he will attribute partly to our favorable position as an island in the temperate zone and in the centre of the land hemisphere of the globe, and partly to the practical tendencies and general force of character of our race. The courage, vigor and ability of the Anglo-Saxon have depended on geographical considerations and the law of evolution or the survival of the fittest among peoples and individuals. But to trace out this racial evolution and the social evolution of liberty, law and industrial organisation which necessarily accompanied or followed the racial evolution would require a bulky volume rather than a brief article.

W. P. BALL.

PROOF POSITIVE. (A FACT.)

THE other day the door of one of our large publishing offices in the Strand was slowly pushed open by a Rev. Robert Spalding kind of biped, who inserted his meagre body through the smallest space possible, and took up his position before the counter. His clerical-cut coat was originally black, but from long battling with the dangers and hardships connected with Bible-reading visits and death-bed scenes, had taken unto itself a peculiarly pious bottle-green hue. His trousers were black, evidently “ready-mades,” and a trifle too short, showing a glimpse of white cotton stockings above the usual high-low shoes. When he walked these shoes had the happy knack of slipping down and exasperating the beholder by exposing a hole in each heel of the aforesaid stockings. His hands were encased in a pair of white Berlin gloves, which being rather larger than necessary, left a small piece to its own devices at the tip of each finger. He held his hands with the finger-tips of one touching those of the other, and moved both hands up and down while speaking, to emphasise his words. Under his arm was a “gamp” umbrella, and his speech fell in the slimy and insinuating manner often affected by the professional followers of the meek and mild who “came not to bring peace but a sword.”

“Do *yeuw* publish books?” “Oh, yes,” brusquely answered the man in charge. “All kinds of books?” “Yes.” “Can *yeuw* give me a list of your charges?” continued the reverend fire-escape. “Well,” said the man, “what sort of book do you want to publish, is it a three-volume novel, or —?” “Oh n-o-o,” this hastily, “it is a-a-a pamphlet.” His hands had gradually ascended to the level of his face during the hesitation, and were brought down again as he got through the last word with an air of joy at discovering the correct term. “Oh, a pamphlet, sixteen or thirty-two pages? And how many do you want to publish?” asked the business man. “It is not a large one, but the subject is *very* vital,” answered he, moving his head on one side like an idiotic figure in a stained-glass church window. “I think it would create a gr-e-a-t sensation if we printed, say five hundred to start with.”

The publisher’s man looked as if he would like to punch the

applicant in the ribs from excess of mirth, knowing that the type-setting of five hundred pamphlets would cost several times their sale price. But with great presence of mind he put back the idea, and resolving to choke his visitor off, said with great gravity:—"No doubt it would; what is the title of the paper?" "Well," slowly sung the reverend searcher after fame; "it is a question to which I have given a gre-a-t deal of time and anxious thought." Then after a short pause there came very slowly and impressively the title, "Is there a God?" "Ah!" said the man, evidently unimpressed, "that is an entirely new subject, and one which I don't think has ever been treated before." "No-o, not in my way." "Well, I should advise you to have an illustration on the title-page." "Oh, ves, they do like pictures; don't they, especially the ladies." "Yes, but I mean photographs." "Of myself?" "No, no. Now look here," answered the roa ter, "you want to prove that there is a God, don't you?" "Oh, y-e-e-s, precisely!" "Well, put a photo of him on the front page, and then you'll do it."

The white-gloved hands were raised in pious horror, the felt hat which acted as a head-piece, was perceptibly raised, the whole figure made a hasty slide for the door, and as it disappeared the single word "Heretic" uttered in an awe-stricken tone, and with much aspiration reached the ear of the freethinking and exploding publisher.

E. ANDERSON.

MR. JONAH'S SEA TRIP.

AN American has figured out the distance which Jonah's whale would have travelled in taking his inside passenger from some point off Tarshish to Nineveh. Here are the figures. The time is considered the best on record:

JONAH'S VOYAGE IN THE WHALE.

	MILES
Across the Mediterranean Sea	2,800
West Coast Africa, to Cape Town	6,700
Cape Town to Cape Guardafui	4,200
Cape Guardafui to Tigris River	2,000
Up river to Nineveh	450
Total	15,650
Duration of voyage	72 hours.
Speed per hour	217 miles
Speed per minute	3 1/2 "

Allow for feeding, blowing, and resting 12 hours, and you increase the speed 16 per cent. and make it 4.18 miles per minute.

REVIEWS.

Church Reform. By the REV. THOS. HANCOCK. Published for the Guild of St. Matthew, by Frederick Verinder, 8 Duke Street, Adelphi, W.C.—A twopenny pamphlet directed against "the curse of patronage."

Anti-Christian Theories of the Resurrection. A Sermon by the REV. H. E. B. ARNOLD, M.A. Frederick Verinder, 8 Duke Street, Adelphi. Price One Penny.—Mr. Arnold takes the Gospel stories as true, and labors under the delusion that unbelievers must frame some theory of the story of the resurrection which will fit in with and account for all the statements found in the four gospels. This is not our position. We find the statements themselves contradictory and grossly improbable. That the Jews asked for a guard, for fear of the resurrection, when Christ's disciples themselves did not expect it, and that Roman soldiers who had witnessed the miracle took money to say the body was stolen while they slept, are legends which bear the stamp of falsehood on their face. We feel no more necessity of accounting for the story by the "swoon," the "imposition" or the "vision" theories, than we do for accounting for the alleged resurrection of Sabbatai Sevi. It suffices us to know that the story arose in an age of superstition and religious excitement, that it was never put forward till after the destruction of the city in which it is alleged to have taken place, and that it is denied to this day by the people among whom it is said to have occurred.

Disestablish the Church, or, Sins of the Church of England. By ANNIE BESANT. Freethought Publishing Co.—The first eight numbers of the serial of the Sins of the Church, which we noticed upon their first appearance, are brought together in a neat volume for one shilling. We recommend it as a useful manual of historic arguments against the Church Establishment. The last chapter on the actual position of the Church as "A Creature of Crown and Parliament" is especially valuable. In regard to Disestablishment, Mrs. Besant suggests "as a plan that would avoid much friction"—

"That parish clergymen over sixty years of age, should be allowed to hold their livings till death, without any change being made in their parishes; that parish clergymen under forty should be offered the duty of teaching secular subjects, under control of the new district board, any who declined vacating their livings without compensation; parish clergymen between forty and sixty should have the same offer

made to them, with the alternative of receiving £150 a year till death, no lump sum being paid to them under any circumstances. All advowsons should pass to the district board on the death of the present proprietors; the patrons now living to be permitted only to present schoolmasters to any benefices that fall vacant, such presentation to be confirmed by the district board."

There are a few misprints, which we hope there will be a future edition to correct—1814, p. 52, should be 1714. Boyne is throughout printed for Bogue. The Oracle, p. 65, should be the Oracle of Reason.

The Bishops and their Wealth. By the REV. MERCER DAVIES, M.A. London: The Southern Publishing Company, 160 Fleet Street, E.C.; 1886. Price 2d.—The author of this thirty-two page pamphlet is not one of those exceptional Christians who think Jesus Christ was not joking when he said it was easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. As one of the clerical "ring," he simply wishes the proceeds of the craft to be a little more squarely divided. In answer to Bishop Ryle's bold lie that "The Bishops have so many demands on their purses that they can hardly make both ends meet," he extracts from the Probate Office the amounts of money accumulated at their death by the bishops who have died during the past thirty years. The result proves that with the solitary exception of the heretic Samuel Hinds, who resigned his bishopric at Norwich, and died poor but honest, every one of these bishops died immensely rich, the average sum amounting to 54,000*l.* a piece. Bishop Fraser (of Manchester) left 85,000*l.*; Bishop Wordsworth (of Lincoln), 85,000*l.*; Bishop Jackson (of London), 72,000*l.*; Bishop Jacobson (of Chester), 65,000*l.*; Archbishop Tait, 35,000*l.*; Bishop Olivant (of Landaff), 30,000*l.*; Bishop Moberley (of Salisbury), 29,000*l.*; Bishop Bickersteth (of Ripon), 25,000*l.* With even less chance of heaven were Bishops Baring, Auckland, and Maltby, who each were possessed of personal property to the tune of 120,000*l.*; and Bishop Monk (of Gloucester and Bristol) who died worth 140,000*l.*, these sums being in each case exclusive of any real estate they may have possessed, and exclusive also of any sums invested in policies of life assurance, or otherwise settled for the benefit of their families. This is what the Bishop of Liverpool calls being "hardly able to make both ends meet." We trust the people who pay the piper will read, mark, learn and inwardly digest the facts which Mr. Davies brings forward.

LOVE IN A SUNDAY-SCHOOL.—Sometimes strange difficulties are encountered by the young ladies who are endeavoring to teach Christianity to the Chinese in the Sunday-schools of New York. One of the most conscientious as well as one of the brightest and prettiest of these teachers was attempting in a Brooklyn school to inculcate upon the heathen mind of a sleek-looking Mongolian the lesson of charity towards all. "God loves everyone," she said; "we should love everyone." The Chinaman looked meekly up into her face and quietly asked: "Does God love me?" "Yes," the young lady replied. "Do you love everyone?" was the next pointed inquiry. "Yes," she answered. "Do you love me?" "Y-y-yes." "Will you mally me?" There was no direct answer to this question, but the teacher has since changed her pupil for a Chinaman of less logical turn of mind.

CHURCH Member: "They tell me you get up early every Sunday morning and go fishing. That is a wrong thing to do on the Lord's Day." Man who goes fishing: "Well, maybe it is. But I do it for peace and quiet. If I attempt to stay in bed and take a needed rest after my hard week's work I am aroused by the racket of the church bells. I can't do anything in my house Sunday morning, because of the monotonous ding-dong, so I get out of it. The same nuisance drives me into the streets Wednesday and Friday evenings. Church people ought to have sense enough to understand that there are people of nervous temperaments to whom this useless bell-ringing is a horror. I'll wager you that if any other institution perpetrated such an utterly preposterous annoyance in the neighborhood of churches the complaints of the good folks would be prompt and determined."

THE Boston Record relates this story about a venerable disciple of Wesley who rode the circuit of the north-west long years ago. The exploit of Joshua before Jericho formed the theme of his discourse one Sunday forenoon in presence of an audience gathered, as was customary in the days before settlements were large enough to support their own preachers, from far and near on the day of the "stated supply." The parson's sermon seemed to make a profound impression upon two of his hearers, who waited for him outside, one of them accosting him thus: "You say that seven men with seven horns walked seven times around the walls and blowed seven blasts seven times; and then the walls fell in?" The preacher acknowledged this to be as nearly correct as it could be stated. "Looks reasonable, don't it?" asked the questioner, turning to his companion. The latter slowly shook his head as if unconvinced. "You see," persisted the former, "there was seven men with seven horns, and they marched seven times around the walls and blowed seven blasts. Don't you think that would fetch 'em?" "Seven times seven is forty-nine, and seven times forty-nine is —." The voice of the sceptic muttered the calculation to the end, and then he said aloud. "Well, yes; I reckon that would fetch 'em. Leastways, it would have got a devil of a purchase on 'em."

PROFANE JOKES.

A BRIGHT little boy in Brooklyn, at the beginning of Lent when asked by his Sunday-school teacher "who had fasted forty days and forty nights," replied: "Dr. Tanner."

VISITING CLERGYMAN (in Indian nation): "Are all of these Indian Christians?" Irish waiter: "No, sor, not wan of thim; some is Comanches, and some is Episcopalians."

A LITTLE girl about four, being told of Adam and Eve being driven out of Eden, inquired promptly "Which carriage do you 'pose the angel drove them out in?"

A YOUNG clerical swell was at the reading-desk with a glass in one eye, "reading himself in," and when he came to the words, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear," he travestied them thus: "He that hath yabs to yab, let him yah."

A RECTOR the other Sunday made the following announcement:—"Remember the Holy Communion will be administered here next Sunday morning. The Lord will be with us during the morning services and the Bishop in the evening."

"WHILE there is a circus in town, very few children get excited over religious matters. Last Sunday Deacon Buorag, a good man, but a rather crude talker, addressed the Sunday-school. "Dear children," he began, plunging at once into his subject, "Jesus said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' Now, dear children, the little ones came to him in large numbers, and in—in their mother's arms, and he took them, and—and, can you tell me what Jesus did with all those dear little children?" "He took them to the circus," vociferated a small boy near the door.

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