

# THE FREETHINKER.

EDITED BY G. W. FOOTE.

Sub-Editor—J. M. WHEELER.

Vol. VI.—No. 45.]

NOVEMBER 7, 1886.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.



## JEREMIAH FLOORED.

*O Lord, thou has deceived me and I was deceived: thou art stronger than I and hast prevailed.*—JEREMIAH XX., 7.  
*The Lord is a man of war: the Lord is his name.*—EXODUS XV., 3.

## THE CITY-TEMPLE BARNUM.

Mr. Irving is his own manager, and so is Dr. Parker. Mr. Irving is a splendid self-advertiser, and so is Dr. Parker. Mr. Irving knows how to "fetch" the public, and so does Dr. Parker. But there the analogy ends; for while Mr. Irving rejoices in being thought a fine actor Dr. Parker disclaims the title, and while Mr. Irving thinks it an honor to be a first-rate theatrical manager Dr. Parker would scorn the imputation. He is a minister of the gospel, and all his incessant manœuvres to attract attention to his Temple are only so many evidences of his sleepless zeal in the service of Christ. When he began the pious show business he required a front of brass to bear the sarcastic blows of the secular and religious press. But he proved himself quite equal to the emergency. Years rolled by, and success gradually rewarded his efforts. Even the *Christian World* at length began to "lie low," and now it blows Dr. Parker's trumpet almost as lustily as he could blow it himself.

Recently the Beecher "boom" has been a god send to Dr. Parker. He almost "ran" the American preacher, and Major Pond was obliged to take a very back seat. Beecher made Parker's house his home, and the host was careful to acquaint the public with his guest's habits, and the list of illustrious persons who sought the honor of his company. It was at Dr. Parker's gospel-shop that Beecher made positively his first appearance, and there also he gave his fare-

well performance before leaving London with English good wishes and an equally useful bag of English gold, which proved that justifying the ways of God to men pays a good deal better now than it did when John Milton sold the copyright of *Paradise Lost* for five pounds.

Before Beecher's back was turned there appeared one morning in the *Daily News* a lunatic letter from Dr. Parker. It would have puzzled a prophet to make head or tail of it, and the editor printed it as an enigma. Had Dr. Parker gone crazy? Was his brain turned with too much Ward Beecher? Or was the mad epistle a clear and convincing proof of his inspiration? Several days passed without a word of explanation, but at last the silence was broken by a perfectly sane letter from the City-Temple Barnum, confessing that his previous communication was simply a dexterous puff of friend Haweis's sermon. Following up the Beecher sensation, Parker had invited a Church of England clergyman, the Rev. H. R. Haweis, to preach in the square Bethel on the Holborn Viaduct, which is so situated that the parish Church near it seems to turn its "back parts" to the schismatic interloper. The ostensible object of these two sky-pilots, who are very much after each other's heart, was to show how much love might exist between differing Christians, and that whether they walked on the Established kerb or in the Nonconformist gutter the worshippers of Jesus were all travelling the same road to glory. The ulterior object, probably, was to do a good stroke of advertising. Haweis had a pulpit, and Parker had a pulpit, but that was a tame

arrangement. If they could only exchange pulpits, cause a nine days' wonder, and perhaps drag the Bishop of London into the business, what a capital thing it would be for both! Mr. Haweis might be inhibited by his Bishop, or he might be allowed to preach in peace; but in any case it would be "good business," and the two sky-pilots could each say with Iago "Either way makes my gain."

Parker, however, appears to have preferred the more sensational way of inhibition; and in order that the Bishop might know on undoubted authority of Haweis's intention, he dropped a line to Lambeth Palace formally announcing the fact. From that moment Dr. Temple had only one course open to him. He gave Mr. Haweis to understand that he was not to go. The *Daily News* thinks this "intolerant exclusiveness." But what is a Bishop to do? He is a high officer in an ecclesiastical organisation; he has sworn to maintain its doctrines and discipline; and he is fairly entitled to plead "An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven! Shall I lay perjury upon my soul? No, not for Parker!" There are plenty of good reasons for Disestablishment, but, Atheist as we are, we venture to say that a Bishop doing his duty is not one of them.

Parker and Haweis kept the Bishop's inhibition a profound secret. Announcing it through the newspapers was a humdrum method. So the City Temple was allowed to fill, and when its capacity was taxed to the uttermost, and many who could not get in had turned their faces homeward, the Barnum of the establishment came to the rostrum alone and announced the sorrowful fact. It was a capital piece of histrionism, and Parker deserves every credit for the well-studied performance. The evening papers rang with the startling news, and the morning papers joined in the chorus. Five hundred pounds, however judiciously expended, could not have purchased so excellent a puff.

Mr. Haweis had a crowded congregation the next Sunday; so had Dr. Parker. The thing was well planned and well executed, and who shall deny the clever advertisers their just success? For our part, we heartily admire their genius, and we certainly think that Jesus Christ should be proud of them. Mr. Haweis is publishing five volumes on *Christ and Christianity*, the first of which we have had occasion to review in what we fear is a spirit of sarcasm in *Progress*. Dr. Parker is also publishing the *People's Bible*, we believe in twenty volumes, to let the British public know what God Almighty really means. Scripture used to be thought so clear that a wayfaring man though a fool could understand it. If this be true, and if Carlyle's saying is also true, that England contains thirty millions of people mostly fools, the Word of God should be almost universally intelligible. Dr. Parker, however, evidently thinks his own intellect much more lucid than his Maker's, and Mr. Haweis seems to entertain the same opinion with regard to himself.

We have called Dr. Parker the City-Temple Barnum, and few will dispute his claim to the title. Yet it is quite possible that the original Barnum of America would play the pious showman still more successfully, if he could only rid his mind of a few old-fashioned notions of honesty and sincerity. Failing Barnum himself, however, Dr. Parker might well be made the supreme boss of English Christianity; or, perhaps, he and General Booth might work the business between them. Should a Trinity be desired, as is not improbable in a three-goded country, Mr. Haweis might complete the group.

Seriously, it is a matter for congratulation that Christianity can only hold its own, to say nothing of advancing, by the vulgar arts of puffery and sensationalism. The dying creed exhibits all the characteristics of second childhood. Like all religions it begun in noise and excitement, and it bids fair to expire in the same circumstances. Christianity began as a Salvation Army, laughed at by philosophers and educated men. It is fast becoming a Salvation Army again, and who can say that the laughter of philosophers and educated men is wanting to complete the parallel?

G. W. FOOTE.

"MAKE it very strong and close, John," said a Western lady the negro who was building a new garden-fence; "my Christianity can't stand the test of my neighbors' pigs and chickens." "I believe you, missis," was the old man's emphatic response; kase I bin allus notice dut dere was an end to all peace and goodwill an' neighborliness an' ligion whar dar warn't no fence."

## THE ROCK ON INFIDELITY.

THE *Rock* boasts of its "efforts in the direction of literary excellence." These efforts are conspicuously displayed in a leading article on "Infidelity," which appears in its issue for October 29. It sets out by observing—

"One of the definitions given by Johnson of the word 'Infidelity' is that of 'deceit.' It has a particularly happy bearing in respect of unfaithfulness in religion, for the individual who has brought himself into a state of mind which professes to have no belief in anything existent, but attaches some importance to a series of negatives, has had to go through a long course of self-deception and cheating in order to arrive at so peculiar a condition of intellect."

When we have sufficiently admired the literary excellence, which confuses deceit with self-deception (which is no more the same thing than suicide is murder), we may ask whether "deceit" is not rather to be predicated of a writer, who would have his readers believe that those he calls "infidels" profess to have no belief "in anything existent." We are tolerably conversant with religious unbelievers, but we have not yet come across one who had brought himself into a state of mind which professes to have no belief in anything existent. The nearest approach to such a state of mind we have found in Christian immaterialists, who have sought to make room for their Infinite Spirit by questioning the existence of everything else.

The editor proceeds: "The faith in a Higher Power is an innate one. It has been demonstrated as a positive fact beyond the shadow of a doubt by the attitude of almost all utterly uncivilised nations and tribes." Almost all! A universal proposition is proved by partial evidence. The writer is perhaps aware of the evidence adduced by Sir John Lubbock as to the existence of tribes without any idea of God. If the idea is innate why is one without it? How is it there are any Atheists? Why are so many books written to prove the incontestable? But the belief in God is far from universal. The southern Buddhists acknowledge no personal deity. The larger portion of the vast Chinese nation worship only their ancestors. The gods of most savage people are simply the supposed spirits of their dead. The alleged universality of belief in God, like the, at one time, universal belief in witchcraft is, instead of being an evidence for Theism, rather a proof of its low origin in an ignorant and mistaken view of nature.

Having so satisfactorily demonstrated deity, the writer says: "But to stop at this point is distinctly illogical, for why, when God has shown us so much, should he not have given us a full and complete knowledge of himself." If God has given full and complete knowledge of himself, he must have confided it to the editor of the *Rock* solely, for God's 'revelation' certainly reveals nothing concerning God that was not believed before it was in existence, and his worshippers have been disputing about his existence, nature and attributes ever since his revelation was given. But we endorse the idea. If there is a God, and he has shown so much, why does he not give such a full and complete knowledge of himself that all alike shall be convinced?

The writer admits that to some the Trinity presents a difficulty, but not to him. Having this full and complete knowledge of the infinite, in which presumably he lives, moves, and has his being, he can confidently assert it consists of three persons, one and indivisible. He says: "If we go to physical science we can find an illustration which exactly fits the case. Radiant energy is the combination of three forces strictly co-existent and inseparable, which, while perfectly comprehensible singly, as light, heat and actinism, in conjunction form one grand unity." What a specimen of theological science! Three forces only, of which "actinism" is one, leaving quite out of sight the lower form of energy manifested as sound, and the higher form as electricity. Nor are the "forces" mentioned inseparable, as every tyro in chemistry knows. Yet the writer calls this an "exactly parallel instance" to his three-headed deity, and, in case the reader is not satisfied, offers "an even more striking case," "that of the atmosphere, an invisible entity of which our senses can take no direct cognisance, yet which forms the whole source of our existence. This, chemists tell us, is composed of oxygen, nitrogen and carbonic acid." Passing by the literary excellence which writes of the atmosphere as the whole source of our existence, and briefly noticing that our senses

can take cognisance of the atmosphere, we would ask where the analogy with the Trinity comes in. Every chemist knows that the elements of the atmosphere are separable and can exist apart. Is this the case with Father, Son and Holy Ghost?

"Christianity," the editor goes on to say, "has its most triumphant refutation in the simple moral and practical good it has worked for the human race." His "efforts in the direction of literary excellence" hardly appears to extend to the reading of his proofs, or he would surely have substituted "vindication" for "refutation," or have rewritten this and several other bungling sentences. We are content that Christianity should be judged by its fruits, and we assert it has produced more bloodshed, persecution, insanity and misery than any other known faith. It destroyed one civilisation and attempted to strangle the next. To vindicate its claims the editor of the *Rock* is forced to disparage Paganism and misrepresent Buddhism. He says the Greeks set up "propitiatory altars to the unknown god in maddening despair at the emptiness of all their now vaunted perfection." No one acquainted with the tone of thought in ancient Greece could write in this style. He says Buddhism "teaches that there is no time to help others." This is a falsehood, whether it is to be attributed to ignorance or to malignant bigotry. Guatama, the Buddha, said, at least four centuries before Christ: "Liberality, courtesy, benevolence under all circumstances and towards all men. These qualities are to the world what the linch-pin is to the rolling chariot."\* "As a mother, even at the risk of her own life, protects her son, her only son, so let there be good-will without measure among all beings."† The *Rock* begins by calling "infidelity" deceit, and ends by calling it "animal" because it "endeavors to put a shadow in the place of a substance." This is exactly what Christianity does. It offers the shadows of a God and a devil, heaven and hell, instead of the realities of human life. The clerical obscurantists, of which the *Rock* writer is a type, desire their dupes to look skywards while they dip their fingers in their pockets.

J. M. WHEELER.

## ACID DROPS.

THE vicar of Christ Church, Stafford, was chased through the streets the other day by his wife, who was armed with a cricket-stump wherewith she sought to chastise her reverend lord and master. Finally the lady was taken into the police-court to render an account of her performances. Jesus was our great exemplar, but he knew better than to undergo such a trial as this. He left it to Socrates, who managed to endure his shrewish wife with tolerable dignity and good humor. Christ would have broken down, but it would be interesting to have a description of him as a hen-pecked husband. Fancy him flying through the streets of Jerusalem, with his skirts or coat-tails all askew, and Mrs. Jesus following close behind, cricket-bat in hand.

A BAPTIST minister complains in the *Christian Commonwealth* of the persecutions and boycotting to which Baptists are subjected by their intolerant fellow-Protestants in Ireland. A perfectly able and honest assistant master in the Waterford Model School became a Baptist, whereupon the local Protestant clergy "raised such a storm of opposition to this young man that he was dismissed, and for no other reason than that he was a Baptist." Christians naturally persecute each other, and combine in turn to persecute the unbeliever. If the boycotted school-master had been a Freethinker, what Christian paper would dream of claiming sympathy or justice for him?

BARBARA ANNE RUTTER, housemaid in the service of Lord Justice Bowen, has committed suicide through religious mania. The deceased had remarked to a fellow-servant, "The Devil will have me." To escape from such fears and sufferings, she cut her throat.

EVEN in noticing a *Dictionary of Abbreviations*, the *Church Times* finds an occasion to have a slap at Dissenters. It says B. C. should stand for Bible Christian. "But as the sect in question is one of those which is weak in morals, the editor may have thought it sufficiently provided for under Bad Character." If the Bible Christians are really noted for their study and practice of the teachings of the holy volume, the slur may perhaps be justified.

\* Sigalvada Sutta. Translated by Professor Childers in *Contemporary Review*, Feb. 1876.

† Metta Sutta, quoted by Mr. Davids, "Buddhism;" p. 109. Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge.

MR. M'CLURE, secretary of the Working Men's Protestant League, says of a Roman Catholic: "All that Father Damien can achieve as the priest of Antichrist is to make his proselytes twofold more children of hell than he is himself." Christians must acknowledge that this kind of language is full of meek and mild courtesy and friendly kindness, for it is imitated as closely as possible from the very words of gentle Jesus himself, and he was the very perfection of meekness, mildness and brotherly love.

JOHN WILSON, a "staff captain" in the Salvation Army, was fined 10s. and costs for persistent obstruction of the footway at Stoke Newington Green. He played a cornet, a comrade was loudly beating a drum, and the rest of his companions were shouting and singing. A gentleman, whose wife was ill, wanted them to go away, and the police accordingly ordered them to move on. The teacher of religion replied that he would not move for anybody, and that he should defy the police—which he accordingly did by remaining there annoying the sick lady and the public generally with his religious noises.

THE Rev. J. H. La Trobe Bateman, vicar of Haile, has been sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment for unlawfully marrying his servant to a youth of eighteen without his parents' consent and without due publication of banns.

THE *Rock* calls Canon Body "an ecclesiastical firebrand" and accuses him of playing "a discreditable trick" on the Archbishop of York, who had "inhibited" him from taking any part in a mission in his diocese. Religious people are always falling foul of each other in this way, though when talking to sceptics they represent Christians as being full of love and brotherly feeling.

At a coroner's inquest at Deptford, Mr. Spenceley, a hair-dresser, refused to be sworn as a juryman on the ground that he believed in nothing, and had never been to a place of worship since he was a boy. The coroner made him stay in the room till the jury had finished its inquiry and was dismissed, when Mr. Spenceley, as the report has it, "managed to slip out of the room with them, and thus escaped an intended lecture from the coroner." Why are Freethinkers treated in this ignominious manner? The law summons them and then insults them by incapacitating them for sitting, and the coroner punishes them for the wrong done to them by lecturing them and by "keeping them in" like naughty school-boys.

WE have received from America the *Charleston Sunday News*, giving graphic descriptions of scenes among the pious colored people at the earthquake. "It's the night of Sodom and Gomorrah" they shouted. One crowd sung at the top of their voices:

"Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down,  
No man like Jesus,  
Sometimes I'm almost on the ground,  
No man like Jesus."

The prayers which were offered were simple in every sense of the word. One is given as follows:—"Oh Lord, look on last Tuesday night. Some is alive and some is dead and gone. Oh, my handsome God, dear sir, look down on us. We know what the little finger of the Lord can do. Oh my Lord, don't touch my city any more. I pray God to hold the world up. Ain't I dun promise to be baptise." Here the crowd took up the words "promise to be baptise," and sang it with great force and pathos. After this hymn, of course, a number were converted.

THE Primitive Methodist Chapel, Waterhouses, near Leek, has been the scene of a battle royal. The occasion was the sale of the decorations used for "Harvest Thanksgiving." According to the report in the *Leek Times*, "the scene reminded one more of a drunken row in a public-house than the sequel to a harvest thanksgiving service. The language used so freely on the occasion was probably never heard before in a place of worship, the flow of broken English being remarkably free and full. When the air ceased to be full of legs and arms and blood and hair, it was found that Mr. Sackville emerged from the contest with a broken leg and sprained ankle, and that several others bore unmistakable evidence that they had not been present at a love feast or prayer-meeting."

OUR readers will recollect the exposure of the Church of England Working Men's Society, which we cited from the *Church Reformer*. That journal now gives particulars of sums amounting to £937 10s. which have been granted by the English Church Union to this body of self-styled working men.

THE Rev. John Adams, a New York minister, dropped dead in the pulpit of a Calvinistic Methodist Church. If the case had been that of a Freethinker, the verdict would have been visitation of God. As it is, it is put down as a case of heart disease.

At the Bristol Assizes, a clergyman's son, named Sachell, pleaded guilty to stealing two umbrellas and a hand-bag in 1884. The young man, while holding a position of tutor at a college, had formed an attachment which was disapproved by his friends, and his mind seemed to have become unhinged when the engagement was broken off. Since the theft he had suffered two years

imprisonment on a very similar charge, and Baron Huddleston, thinking the prisoner had already suffered enough, let him off with one day's imprisonment.

HARRY LONG, of Glasgow, seems a failure out in Australia. He went to net a little cash by "smashing the infidels." At first Harry had good audiences, for the infidels went to hear him out of curiosity, but they are now tired of the fun, and Harry shakes his forefinger at empty benches.

DR. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS has refused to debate at Melbourne with Joseph Symes. The leading men in the city dissuaded him from making a fool of himself, or rather from being made a fool of by "that cunning infidel." We presume this Grattan Guinness is the gentleman who organised that famous ticket-meeting at Exeter Hall against "Bradlaugh." It wasn't very successful after all, and Grattan Guinness seems to carry his ill luck about with him.

At the Salford Hundred Court of Quarter Sessions on Monday, a man named Alexander Radcliff, who stated that he was a member of the Salvation Army, and was sorry for what he had done, was sentenced to five years' penal servitude and seven years' police supervision for stealing a watch and articles of wearing apparel at Oldham on the second inst.

Two Italians named respectively Merlatti and Succi are bent on outdoing Jesus, Dr. Tanner, and each other, by trying how long they can fast. Merlatti is now at the Grand Hotel, Paris, doing fifty days. Succi, who is about to begin his fast, has a marvellous elixir, which, he asserts, will enable anyone to dispense with food. Merlatti expresses the most profound contempt for the elixir. Another individual named Stewart, in Connemara, has declared his intention to fast for forty days, but has been sent to Ballinsloe Lunatic Asylum.

W. S. SHIPLEY, described as a clergyman of the Church of England, has been remanded at Reading, charged with obtaining goods by false pretences.

THE Rev. Daniel Smelt, vicar of Melbourne, Westmoreland, has become a bankrupt.

ANOTHER clergyman, the Rev. W. W. Wodehouse, has gone into the bankruptcy court to avoid paying costs in a divorce suit.

THE *Guardian* recently had the following advertisement:—"A curate of thirty years will be grateful for clothing. Has six girls, ages from five to twenty, four boys from eight to eighteen, destitute of clothing and education." The ten children destitute of clothing should surely be looked after by the persons who supply the inhabitants of Central Africa with pocket-handkerchiefs. The advertisement gives one a startling view of the scanty side of our heavily-endowed Established Church.

WHEN the champions of Christianity are asked to oppose Secular lecturers they generally reply "Oh dear no, we are not going to bring grist to your mill; you charge for admission, and every Christian who comes to hear the discussion will be so much money in your pocket." How much sincerity there is in this objection may be estimated by the fact that it is raised in a slightly altered form when the admission is free. None of the local champions of Christianity have put in a word for their holy religion at the course of Tuesday evening lectures which are being delivered at Milton Hall. The Rev. Z. B. Woffendale has always something else to do, and the Rev. C. J. Whitmore says to the secretary, "I must decline your very kind invitation to assist you in getting audiences for your lectures by being present at them." Jesus Christ ought to be very proud of his friends. They have always been a queer set ever since the first dozen left him in the lurch when he was arrested for blasphemy.

MR. WHITMORE is going to reply to four of the six Milton Hall lectures in his own Gospel shop. He hasn't heard them, but what does that matter? Besides it is ever so much easier to answer arguments when you never take the trouble to listen to them.

MR. WHITMORE says he is willing to hold a public discussion "in a large neutral hall with equal time; charge to be made, and all the proceeds—after expenses—given to the North-West London Hospital." In other words, Mr. Whitmore is willing to discuss if he can dictate all the arrangements.

MR. FOOTE's first lecture of the course was on the question, "Is the Foundation of Christianity Sound?" Mr. Whitmore informs Mr. Waterman that he is willing to discuss this subject, *only*—Ah, there we are again!—*only* the question must be altered so that Mr. Whitmore may discuss something else. "I shall claim," he says, "to have it so worded as to give me opportunity to contrast Christianity with Secularism." In other words, Mr. Whitmore wants an opportunity of bringing in all the personal rubbish with which he condescends to entertain his orthodox audiences. If he is willing to discuss the question, "Is the Foundation of Christianity Sound?" he can be accom-

modated. But what is the use of debating the silly and endless question of whether the Archbishop of Canterbury is a better man than Mr. Bradlaugh, or the Rev. C. J. Whitmore a better man than Mr. Foote?

JANITOR TITUS, of the Methodist Institute at Hackettstown, has been found guilty of outraging and murdering Tillie Smith, the kitchen-maid. He is said to be a very religious man, and spends his time in jail poring over the Bible.

Two clergymen once hotly disputed upon some knotty point of theology until it was time to separate, when one of them remarked, "You will find my views very well put in a certain pamphlet," of which he gave the title. To his surprise, his antagonist replied, "Why, I wrote that pamphlet myself!"

THE Huddersfield Sabbatarians have been holding a conference for the purpose of upholding the authority of the Lord's Day Vicar Bardsley was in the chair, and made the surprising statement that if the museums and art galleries were opened the people would not attend them. Yet there was a consensus of opinion among the white-chokered speakers that the authority of the Lord's Day was declining.

PRESIDING over a meeting at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Mr. Spurgeon said there was very much over which he had to sigh. There were hundreds of thousands just outside, who would never enter a place of worship. He might preach as he wished, but there was no way of getting at these people. Since he has been so troubled with the gout, Spurgeon does not seem to believe so much in the help of the Lord as formerly.

It appears from an old sermon by Mr. Spurgeon, the report of which is in the possession of Mr. Forder, that the pastor of the Tabernacle used to be in the habit of working miracles, although he now finds all the prayers of his congregation insufficient to cure him of the gout. The report declares how Mr. Spurgeon once pointed out a shoemaker in the crowd as having kept his shop open on Sunday and sold his soul to Satan for fourpence. The shoemaker admitted he had kept his shop open on the previous Sunday, and all the profit was fourpence. Spurgeon continues: "I could tell as many as a dozen authentic stories of cases that have happened in this hall, where I have deliberately pointed at somebody, without the slightest knowledge of the person, or ever having in the least degree any inkling or idea that what I said was right, except that I believed I was moved thereto by the Spirit; and so striking has been the description that the persons have gone away and said, 'Come and see a man that told me all things that ever I did: he was sent of God to my soul beyond a doubt, or else he could not have painted my case so clearly.' The phrase 'all things that ever I did' speaks as much for Mr. Spurgeon's accuracy as the rest does for his inspiration.

MR. — MACKIE (we can't make out his initial) writes us without any address on behalf of the Christian Defence Association, a body we never had the honor and pleasure of hearing of before. His object is to enquire whether we are willing to debate with the Rev. T. Lawson, of West Hartlepool. If we are *not* willing, Mr. — Mackie and his illustrious Society will conclude that we are "afraid." If we *are* willing, Mr. — Mackie says we should write to the Rev. T. Lawson at once. We regret to say we cannot oblige Mr. — Mackie. In the first place there is not a particle of evidence that he is authorised to use Mr. Lawson's name; and in the second place we do not condescend to write letters to Christian ministers with whom we are utterly unacquainted asking whether they want to debate. If the Rev. T. Lawson wishes to hold a public discussion with us he can easily communicate with the West Hartlepool Branch of the N. S. S., and probably the matter could then be arranged. Or if Mr. Lawson prefers writing to us direct he will of course receive courteous treatment at our hands.

We infer, however, from Mr. — Mackie's letter that his "challenge" is for a debate "through the post or through the press." We do not precisely understand the meaning of this, and we refrain from expressing an opinion until it is explained.

EDWARD CLODD's little book on the *Childhood of Religions* is a capital one. But, query—Is there any religion which ever got out of childhood?

THE Brooklyn Presbytery, having found the Rev. Mr. Staunton guilty of ministerial conduct toward a woman not his wife, has now forgiven him. He will not be expelled from the ministry, nor even temporarily suspended, and endeavors will be made to induce Mrs. Staunton to take him back.

STANLEY, when he started across Africa, took with him sixty-nine books for entertainment on the way, and the only one to survive the trip was the Bible. It is amazing how long the Bible will last some people. In some families the good book, bound in flimsy muslin, will outlast a dozen novels substantially bound in leather.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

## MR. FOOTE'S ENGAGEMENTS.

Sunday, Nov. 7, Hall of Science, Old Street, London, E.C.; at 11.15, "Churchill's Programme"; at 7, "The Day of Judgment."

NOV. 14, Milton Hall; 16, Walworth; 21, South Shields; 28, Hall of Science, London.

DEC. 5, Portsmouth; 12, Milton Hall; 19 and 26, Hall of Science, London.

JAN. 9, Manchester; 16, Milton Hall; 23, Liverpool.

## CORRESPONDENTS.

LITERARY communications to be addressed to the Editor, 14 Clerkenwell Green, London, E.C. All business communications to Mr. R. Fordor, 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.—Eugene Macdonald, J. G. Campbell, Glasgow, F. C.

E. VANS.—The extracts you give from Sir George Macfarlane show that Beethoven was far from orthodox.

R. FOX, 72 Hamilton Square, London Bridge, will be glad of back numbers of the *Freethinker* for distribution in Southwark Park.

R. FOX.—An attempt was made to expel Bishop Colenso, but the case was decided in his favor. Many thanks for the cuttings.

EX-RITUALIST.—Always pleased to hear from you and to receive your verses. You'll stand a good chance of being post-laureate in Hades, unless the saints clamor for your presence in New Jerusalem to relieve the monotony of their tedious *te deums*.

H. G. SWIFT.—Shall be pleased to receive your promised contribution for our Christmas Number.

F. MARGETSON.—Hardly worth the space. The person you refer to, if it is the one we fancy, has been too well known to the police.

J. COOK.—You will find what you require in *Infidels Death-Beds*.

W. T. LEEKEY.—We take it that Mr. Slater never lectured on Free-thought or any cognate subject; it is not likely, therefore, that you or the North London Freethinkers who go to the Midland Arches would know anything about him. Thanks for your information as to Mr. Woffendale's converts.

W. WILLIAMS.—The matter shall be seen to. The change at the shop naturally caused a little disturbance at first.

A. B. MOSS writes that Mr. Clodd's work, mentioned in his last article, should have been the *Childhood of Religions*, not the *Childhood of the World*.

E. HALL.—We respect your opinion, and value your compliment. But you must remember that we have to please a variety of tastes, and different people have to be got at in different ways.

H. J. PYEWELL.—If "Lead us not into temptation" is a sensible prayer, it must be the Lord who takes us into mischief. You pay your deity a very poor compliment. When you tell us that Jesus Christ abolished the Mosaic law we can only ask you for a single sentence of his justifying your surprising statement. When you say "Fools will be meddling," we agree with you; your letter proves it.

C. NIXON.—Attended to, but please send all future orders to Mr. Fordor at the shop.

CARLOS.—Shall appear.

CONSTANT READER.—All our tracts were destroyed in the fire. We shall reprint some of them very shortly.

VANATHEIST.—We do not always know the price of publications sent us for review. *Progress* is not published as early as some cheap magazines, but it is always issued before the first of the month, and we do not understand how you had to wait until the tenth before being supplied. The joke is somewhat ghastly. Thanks for the cuttings.

H. T. WHEELER.—Pleased to hear of the wiggling the Christian apologists received in Southwark Park, and that they feel it prudent to carry their ignorance and insolence to a fresh market.

A. W. PORRITT.—It is gratifying to hear that you find the *Freethinker* "a veritable armory" in controversy with Christians. Well-written letters to the local press are extremely useful in keeping Froethought before the public. We refrain from answering your last question, but you will find the whole subject dealt with in the next number of *Progress*, for which Mr. Foote is writing an article on Julius Caesar's Atheism.

E. WARD.—The case is not worth further trouble. You say that if we ever turn Christian, you will not believe in the sincerity of our conversion. What, not if we should suffer from softening of the brain?

H. P. BOWDEN.—Many thanks. We thought you referred to the other work.

J. WATERMAN.—We are obliged. See "Acid Drops."

J. ROOSE.—Shall appear. Thanks for your good wishes. A good way to assist our circulation is to lend this paper round. People who read it once generally like to see it again.

A FOGGY ONE.—You are evidently friendly, but we cannot deal with anonymous letters.

C. DENCH says we have been chiefly instrumental in freeing him from Christian superstition. He adds, "After reading the *Freethinker* I lend it to a Christian or two. When I get them back and have a nice little bundle, I send some to India and some to Africa to soldier friends of mine who say their comrades all cry for a first read, and that the papers pass round till they are fairly worn out."

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.

PAPERS RECEIVED.—Bristol Times and Mirror—Freethinker—Ironclad Age—Sunday News—Liberator—Church Reformer—Boston Investigator—Willesden and Kilburn Herald—Pallen's Kent Argus—Southampton Times and Hampshire Express—Boston Herald—Truthseeker—Leek Times—Women's Suffrage Journal—Liverpool Mercury—Evening Standard—Huddersfield Examiner—Workington Free Press—Carlisle Journal—Bedford Record.

## SUGAR PLUMS.

MR. FOOTE met with a very hearty reception at Leeds last Sunday. Owing to the weather the morning audience was scanty but there was an improvement in the afternoon, and the Circus looked quite animated in the evening. Mr. Fisher made an excellent chairman. We learn that the N. S. S. Branch is looking about for a hall for its regular meetings, but Leeds is a difficult place to find proper accommodation in.

OUR Christmas Number is on the stocks, and we are trying to make it the best special number up to date. Our readers may look out for a treat, and we hope our "budget of blasphemy," will warm the cockles of many a Christian's heart and lead him into the ways of truth.

THE French Republicans see that the safety of their institutions lies in the promotion of Secular education and the diminution of the power of the priests. The debate on the Law of Primary Instruction was concluded by its being passed by a large majority despite the protests of the clerical party. Among other things the law provides that elementary education in free schools shall not be undertaken by teachers who are at the same time ministers of any denomination, whether Catholic, Jewish or Protestant.

MR. F. B. BARTON, known from his great age as the patriarch of English Positivism, has reprinted from the *Inquirer* a lengthy letter on the Religion of Humanity, which he is convinced is destined to supersede the old faith.

LIVERPOOL is progressing. We notice from a report in the *Mercury* that the scientific lectures delivered under the auspices of the Liverpool Sunday Society are well attended and that the lecturers are frequently applauded.

WE are glad to notice that the East Londoners are agitating for the opening of the "People's Palace" on the people's day. If closed on Sundays, the Palace would altogether fail in its purpose as designed by Mr. Beaumont, who was a Unitarian. A petition in favor of Sunday opening is being got up and we trust it will be extensively signed.

MR. W. W. COLLINS's journal, the *Freethinker*, is now incorporated with Mr. Symes's *Liberator*. Probably this amalgamation will give our party in the southern hemisphere a better literary organ than they have yet possessed. Mr. Symes and Mr. Collins ought to turn out a very good paper between them. But the two editors live six or seven hundred miles apart, and the only communication is by water. How will they manage it?

THE last number of the *Freethinker* (Mr. Collins's, you know) contained an article of Mr. Foote's, entitled "Come to Jesus," which was reprinted from our columns. We are happy to be of any use to our colleagues at the antipodes, but when they reprint from our columns they should plainly say so. Putting "G. W. Foote" at the end of an article makes it look as though the writer were on the staff.

MR. COLLINS's journal has been stigmatised by the godly as "indecent," and the Sydney School of Arts has rejected it from the library table. This bigoted action has been denounced by the *Sydney Bulletin*, which says that "if the *Freethinker* conforms to the laws of the country, and cannot be reached by the police, it has, we take it, as much right to be given entrance to a State-subsidised institution as has any other paper."

PROFESSOR FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN's latest pamphlet is entitled *Life after Death*. We understand that it will be a criticism upon the orthodox doctrine of immortality. It will be published in a few days by Messrs. Trübner.

THERE is a scheme afoot for a closer union among the Lancashire Branches of the National Secular Society. Last Sunday evening Mr. Schweizer, secretary of the Liverpool Branch, laid the views of his society before the St. Helen's Branch, and a resolution in favor of federation was carried unanimously. There is a fine field for Secular propaganda in populous Lancashire, and we trust that concerted action among the Branches will lead to greater strength and efficiency.

THE number of the *Boston Investigator* lying before us contains a full report of an excellent lecture by L. K. Washburn, entitled "The Coming Religious Conflict." Mr. Washburn says: "The growing conflict is between knowledge on the one side, and superstition on the other. It is a war between men on their knees and men on their feet. It is a battle between school-

books and prayer-books, between mankind and priestkind." We are pleased to notice that Mr. Mendum, the veteran publisher of the *Investigator*, has nearly recovered from his long and severe illness.

*Apropos* of the Church House, which the bishops want to see erected in London for the holding of their gospel fights, the *Pall Mall Gazette* says that the poor curates, who would rather see something done for themselves, will, before very long, get into the condition of mind of the boy in Sydney Smith's story. This young spark was told by his father to drop his horse talk, and suit his conversation to the Bishop of London, who was to sit next to him at dinner. When they were elbow to elbow, the youngster began the conversation by saying: "Pray, Bishop, how long do you think it took Nebuchadnezzar to get into condition after he came from grass?"

MONSIEUR ANDRE SATURNIN MORIN, the veteran author of an able French "Examination of Christianity," in three volumes, in sending us a copy of his "*Jesus reduit à sa juste valeur*," says: "I felicitate you upon the courage with which you pursue your arduous work. You have to fight against prejudice, against the aristocratic spirit, against cant, all leagued to uphold the old institutions and superstitions. How comes it that England, which is credited with being in the vanguard of progress, has not yet confiscated the enormous and scandalous riches of its Church?"

THE tenth Annual Congress of the American Secular Union will be held at Chickering Hall, New York, on November 11, 12 and 13, and on Sunday the 14th a lecture by Colonel Ingersoll will conclude the Congress.

#### TALMAGE ON BLASPHEMY.

THE only two preachers in Brooklyn who can draw large audiences are, as the New York *Truthseeker* points out, the heretic Beecher, and the orthodox clown Talmage. Beecher succeeds by his abandonment of the old theology, and Talmage by his unflinching acceptance of the ignoble superstitions of the pure Christian creed. The latest sample of the wretched wares supplied by this clerical mountebank is his denunciation of blasphemy in the course of a sermon on "Scattered Enemies." As the *Christian Herald* of October 27 gives a much fuller account of his remarks than the *Truthseeker*, I shall take my quotations from the Christian journal rather than from the condensed summary of its "infidel" contemporary.

The text of Talmage's sermon is "Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered." Talmage thinks "it seems about time for God to rise," a sentiment in which Freethinkers can thoroughly agree with him. But, whereas Talmage wishes the Deity to arise as a God of vengeance, scattering his enemies, the Freethinker wishes him to arise firstly to prove the reality of his existence, and secondly to prove the beneficence of his sovereign power by making men good and happy.

Talmage shows to his own satisfaction how the Lord's enemies were scattered or "wiped out" by God and Gideon, by "the sword of the Lord and of Washington," by "the sword of the Lord and of Judson," by "the sword of the Lord and of Bishop McIlvaine," and so forth. He then proceeds to show how dreadfully the Lord's enemies have blasphemed his holy name and have been wiped out by the personal interference of the insulted deity himself in consequence. Talmage's little crusade against profane swearing, and profanity in general, commences thus:—

"Was there ever before so many fists lifted towards God, telling him to come on if he dare? Look at the blatant blasphemy abroad! What towering profanity! Would it be possible for anyone to calculate the numbers of times that the name of the Almighty God and of Jesus Christ are every day taken irreverently on the lips? So common has blasphemy become, that the public mind and public ear have got used to it, and a blasphemer goes up and down this country in his lectures defying the plain law against blasphemy, and there is not a mayor in America that has backbone enough to interfere with him save one, and that the Mayor of Toronto. Profane swearing is as much forbidden by the law as theft or arson or murder, yet who executes it? Profanity is worse than theft or arson or murder, for these crimes are attacks on humanity—that is an attack on God. This country is unfortunately pre-eminent for blasphemy. A man travelling in Russia was supposed to be a clergyman. 'Why do you take me to be clergyman?' said the man. 'Oh,' said the Russian, 'all other Americans swear.' The crime is multiplying in intensity."

Thus we see that according to Talmage's teaching it is a more atrocious "crime" to say "God damn" than to commit a murder. Murder is the lesser sin of the two be-

cause it is *only* directed against man, whereas the profanity assails God whom we cannot injure or annoy. A code of ethics that declares assassination or parricide a less serious offence than the disrespectful misuse of a word or name is itself a more "towering profanity," a more "blatant blasphemy" against all that is just and right than any unbeliever can ever be guilty of towards a Being who, if he exists, is perfectly able to look after himself. Talmage wants to have Ingersoll arrested for blasphemy, that is for simple Freethought lecturing, and of course if he means what he says, he would have him hung as guilty of a crime which is worse than murder. If he could, mountebank Talmage would arouse the most horrible spirit of persecution that ever deluged a land with blood. It will be charitable to suppose that in his ranting and raving he hardly knows or cares what he says so long as he succeeds in rivetting the attention of the audience that supplies his ample income. He is a Randolph Churchill in the pulpit—a Randolph made a hundred-fold worse by its license.

Talmage proceeds to give the following account of sundry occasions on which the Almighty Sovereign of the Universe has scattered his enemies and vindicated his majestic honor by killing off a few obscure men and children for their own or other people's profanity:

"God very often shows what he thinks of it, but for the most part the fatality is hushed up. A few summers ago, among the Adirondacks, I met the funeral procession of a man who, two days before, had fallen under a flash of lightning, while boasting, after a Sunday of work in the fields, that he had cheated God out of one day anyhow, and the man who worked with him on the same Sabbath is still living, but a helpless invalid, under the same flash.

"On the road from Margate to Ramsgate, England, you may find a rough monument with the inscription 'A boy was struck dead here, while in the act of swearing.' Years ago, in a Pittsburgh prison, two men were talking about the Bible and Christianity, and one of them, Thompson by name, applied to Jesus Christ a very low and wicked epithet, and as he was uttering it, he fell. A physician was called, but no help could be given. After a day lying with distended pupils and palsied tongue, he passed out of this world. In a cemetery in Sullivan county, in this State, are eight headstones in a line and all alike, and these are the facts: In 1861, diphtheria raged in the village, and a physician was remarkably successful in curing his patients. So confident did he become that he boasted that no case of diphtheria could stand before him, and finally defied Almighty God to produce a case of diphtheria that he could not cure. His youngest child soon after took the disease and died, and one child after another, until all the eight had died of diphtheria. The blasphemer challenged God, and God accepted the challenge. But I come later down and give you a fact that is proved by scores of witnesses. This last August, of 1886, a man got provoked at the continued drought, and the ruin of his crops, and in the presence of his neighbors he cursed God, saying that he would cut his heart out if he would come, calling him a liar and a coward, and flashing a knife. And while he was speaking his lower jaw dropped, smoke issued from mouth and nostrils, and the heat of his body was so intense that it drove back those who would come near. Scores of people visited the scene and saw the blasphemer in awful process of expiring."

The *Truthseeker* says that "every one of his references is a known lie." They certainly have all the usual signs of a pious falsehood. The particulars that would enable an inquirer to test the truth of the assertions are always withheld, a mere delusive show of particularity being given instead. What is the use of a date when no locality is given, or of vague indications of locality when no date and no precision of statement allow us to fix the alleged event? What is the use of a score of witnesses none of whom have any name or address? Why is it "*a cemetery*" without name and "*a Pittsburgh prison*" to which we are referred? If any man in the interests of truth wished to hunt up these cases in person, how could he set about it? Investigation is avoided, and this is a prominent sign of the religious lie. The case with most definite locality occurred far away from Talmage's audience, but if, after searching both sides of the road between Margate and Ramsgate, one should come across the "rough monument" which Talmage says you "may" find there, nothing would be proved. The inscription on the stone was evidently paid for by some superstitious terrorist of the Talmagean type. What is wanted is the verifiable testimony of competent witnesses, and of this, as is usual in religious essentials of fact, there is a most plentiful lack.

I do not for an instant doubt that some people have died after swearing, just as thousands of people have died after praying, or after eating, or after talking. A

practical man would have no great difficulty in finding perfectly genuine cases of people who have died after, or during, any ordinary kind of act or event. The pious reliance on bogus cases is simply a sign of the inferior nature of the kind of mind that greedily absorbs stories of divine vengeance and interprets all natural disasters to others as edifying judgments from above. As it is, the recorded *bonâ fide* cases of sudden death are *against* the clergy. Priests themselves have fallen dead at the altar from heart disease. The very day that I write this the newspapers report the almost instantaneous death of the Rev. John Adams in the pulpit of the Calvinistic Methodist chapel at Beaumaris, Anglesey. "Visitation of God," as our pious people have named sudden death in recognised legal phraseology, befalls the saints just about as often as it does sinners. God sends his lightnings, like his sunshine, upon the just and unjust alike. Only credulous fools whose degraded minds feed on the rotting dregs of superstition will see the relation of cause and effect between a profane word and instant death. With profanity as common as Talmage says it is, how is it that God strikes so few dead, and that the evidence he provides of these signal judgments in modern times is even more weak and paltry than in the old-time case of Ananias and Sapphira? Talmage makes out that such deaths are very numerous, but families conceal them and "physicians suppress them through professional confidence." He also plays on nervous people's feelings as quack doctors do, trying to make them believe that every pain or ache, or numbness, down even to the "peculiar feeling of your tongue," is God coming "to avenge your blasphemies" or "already avenging them."

In the cases given, the first blasphemer, an agriculturist, had cheated God out of the Sabbath, a course recommended by many divines in harvest time, and sanctioned by Christ's own teachings. The death was caused by lightning, and Sabbath-breakers as a whole enjoy as great an immunity from lightning as other people. The second is the case of a boy. God's manly and considerate way of correcting a rough-tongued boy is to murder him on the spot. In the third case the death was a lingering one, God's personal visitations being as varied in kind as nature's, and with no distinguishing mark. The fourth case shows God killing eight children for no fault whatever of their own, but merely because their father was foolishly boastful. This case is so improbable, and the concluding case is so monstrously absurd that only a contemptible charlatan or a pious idiot could dare to palm them off upon a nineteenth-century audience as facts. Vulgar lying and the ridiculous, but to some minds blood-curdling, terrorism of old women's tales of horrible deaths inflicted by a vindictive deity may strengthen religion for a while, but they will only discredit Christianity the more with reasonable beings, and the discredit will be lasting.

W. P. BALL.

## REVIEWS.

*Our Corner.* November. Freethought Publishing Company.—Mr. Bradlaugh opens with an article on "Who Shall Be the Radical Leader?" Mr. Bradlaugh, like all the Gladstonians, is off with Joseph Chamberlain, but he evidently sees there is practically no one else in the running for the Radical leadership. Mr. Robertson's "Scheme of Taxation" is extremely well written, but he does not appear to have studied the real incidence of a tax on rent in a thickly populated country. Mrs. Besant writes on "Radicalism and Socialism." Her faith in the wisdom and virtue of elected bodies is really refreshing in this sceptical age. Professor Sanday begins a reply to Mr. Robertson, who follows with the first part of his Rejoinder.

*The Bishops and Their Religion.* By the Rev. Mercer Davies, M.A. London: 160 Fleet Street; 1886. One penny.—The clerical author of this pamphlet must be a thorn in the side of the bishops. His recent exposure of the wealth of the bishops during the last thirty years, the figures of which are reproduced in the present brochure, has been followed up by a letter to the Bishop of Ripon as president of the Church Congress at Wakefield, calling on him to rouse the Church to the necessity for financial reform. Mr. Davies will not receive much notice from the bishops, but he may succeed in usefully directing a little of public attention to those highly paid functionaries.

The parson who prefaced his sermon with, "Let us say a few words before we begin," is about equal to the man who took a short nap before he went to sleep.

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## SEEK YE HEAVEN?

BROTHERS wherefore seek ye heaven,  
Wherefore dreaming raise your eyes?  
Do ye seek for life hereafter,  
Seek ye worlds beyond the skies?  
List, thy childish hope of heaven,  
Shadow-world for which ye crave,  
Is but faith's alluring promise.  
What sweet message hath the grave?

Brothers turn your eyes from heaven:  
Turn your gaze to beauteous earth;  
Join in songs of joy and gladness,  
Swell its laughter and its mirth.  
Seek its sunshine, seek its pleasures,  
Laugh to scorn the dark cowed priest;  
Those who most love mystic heaven  
Love bright earth and life the least.

Brothers, do ye seek for heaven;  
Are ye not contented here?  
Is this life so blank, so weary;  
Is the world so dark and drear?  
Yes, alas! this world of beauty  
Is now scarred with woe and vice.  
Work ye, toil ye, heed not heaven;  
Make THIS world a paradise!

H. GORDON SWIFT.

OBITUARY.—The remains of the late William Harwood were interred on Saturday, Oct. 30, at Battersea Cemetery. Mr. A. B. Moss conducted an impressive Secular Burial Service at the grave, and there was a large gathering of friends and sympathisers. Mr. Harwood was a brave and staunch Freethinker, who could never do enough for the cause, and he bore the distressing malady which led to his death with heroic fortitude.

## PROFANE JOKES.

AN account of a negro's love-feast in the *Detroit Free Press* tells how one old aunty shook herself from side to side, making a strange noise with her mouth like the inflating of a bellows. "Aunty," said some one to her on coming out, "you've been very happy, but why did you make that queer noise with your mouth?" "O, honey, I'se a suckin' in de breff ob de Lord." Aunty thought this the natural way to get "filled with the spirit."

LET HIM BE SUMMONED.—A clerk in one of the Boston courts tells a very good story of a somewhat flighty lawyer, who was once trying a case in which there was a great scarcity of witnesses, and the evidence was almost all circumstantial. Finally, the lawyer got excited and exclaimed, "Why, Judge, the angel, Gabriel, came to me last night, and said this man is innocent." The judge, who happened to be writing, did not even look up, but said in the most matter-of-fact way, "Let him be subpoenaed!"

IRRITABLE CHRISTIANS.—There was a clergyman who often became quite vexed at finding his little grandchildren in his study. One day one of these little children was standing by his mother's side, and she was talking to him of Heaven. "Ma," said he, "I don't want to go to heaven." "Don't want to go to heaven, my son!" "No, ma, I'm sure I don't." "Why not, my son?" "Why, grandpa will be there, won't he?" "Why, yes, I hope he will." "Well, just as soon as he sees us, he will come scolding along and say, 'Whew! whew! whew! what are these boys here for?' I don't want to go heaven if grandpa is going to be there!"

ENERGETIC RESPONSES.—The following story may not be true, but it is a humorous illustration of the danger of waking up a man, suddenly, from a nap:—In a large edifice of the Church of England the sleepy clerk, a somewhat old and not over-intelligent man, sat directly beneath the high pulpit of the rector, and responded the "amens" to his reading, as was his custom. Now, the clerk very often fell asleep during the service, and the rector invented the plan of dropping a pea (unnoticed by the congregation) upon his bald pate with the mutual understanding that this was to be the signal for an "Amen." This worked fairly for a while, when one day the rector in his gestures knocked the whole box of peas over the pulpit upon the clerk's head; and he, being sound asleep, jumped up wildly and yelled—"Amen! Amen! Amen! Amen!"

Reduced to Threepence.

PROGRESS

THE Freethinker's Magazine, EDITED BY G. W. FOOTE.

The NOVEMBER Number contains: Sentimental Christianity. By G. W. Foote. Some Real and Alleged Atheists. By J. M. Wheeler. Henry George on Protection and Free Trade By W. P. Ball. The Atheist Marlowe. By S. Britton. Four Great Essays on Liberty. By G. W. Foote. The Joy that Never Fails. (A Poem) By H. S. S. Brief Freethought Biographies. By J. M. W.

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