

THE FREETHINKER.

EDITED BY G. W. FOOTE.

Sub-Editor—J. M. WHEELER.

Vol. VI.—No. 51.]

DECEMBER 19, 1886.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

COMIC BIBLE SKETCH.—No. 178.



FINISHING ADAM.

And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.—GEN. II., 7.

LUSCIOUS PIETY.

LORD TENNYSON'S new poem, *Locksley Hall: Sixty Years After*, is severe on what he evidently regards as the pornographic tendency of our age.

"Feed the budding rose of boyhood with the drainage of your sewer;
Send the drain into the fountain, lest the stream should issue pure.

Set the maiden fancies wallowing in the troughs of Zolaism,—
Forward, forward, ay and backward, downward too into the abyss."

There is some truth in this, but far more exaggeration. English novels, however they may trifle and sentimentalise with the passion of love, are as a rule exceedingly "proper." In fact, for the most part they deliberately ignore all the unconventional aspects of that passion, and you might read a thousand of their productions without suspecting, if you did not already know the fact, that it had any connexion with our physical nature. The men

and women, youths and maidens, of Thackeray, Dickens, and George Eliot, to say nothing of minor writers, are true enough to nature in other respects, but in all sexual relations they are mere simulacri. George Meredith is our only novelist who triumphs in this region. As Mr. Lowell has noticed, there is a fine natural atmosphere of sex in his books. Without the obtrusion of physiology, which is out of place in art, his human beings are clearly divided into males and females, thinking, feeling and acting according to their sexual characteristics. Other novelists simply shirk the whole problem of sex, and are satisfied with calling their personages John or Mary as the one safe method of indicating to what gender they belong. This is how the English public is pleased to have it; in this manner it feeds the gross hypocrisy which is its constant bane. Hence the shock of surprise, and even of disgust, felt by the ordinary Englishman when he takes up a novel by a great French master of fiction, who thinks that Art, as well as Science, should deal frankly and courageously with every great problem of life. "Shocking!" cry the English when the veil of mystery is lifted. Yet the purism is only on the lips. We are not a whit more virtuous than

those plain-spoken foreigners; for, after all, facts exist, however we blink them, and ignorance and innocence are entirely different things.

Besides, the great French masters of fiction do not write for boys and girls. They believe that other literature is required besides that which is fit for bread-and-butter misses. Yet they are not therefore vicious. They paint nature as it is, idealising without distorting, leaving the moral to convey itself, as it inevitably will. As James Thomson said, "Do you dread that the Satyr will be preferred to Hyperion, when both stand imaged in clear light before us?"

Zolaism, or rather what Lord Tennyson means by the word—for *Nana* is a great and terrible book with all its vice—is not the chief danger to the morals of English youth. Long before the minority of them learn to read French with ease, there is a book put into the hands of all for indiscriminate reading. It is the Bible. In the pages of that book they find the lowest animal functions called by their vulgar names; frequent references, and sometimes very brutal ones, to the generative organs; and stories of lust, adultery, sodomy and incest, that might raise blushes in a brothel; while in the Song of Solomon they will find the most passionate eroticism, decked out with the most voluptuous imagery. The "Zolaism" of the Bible is far more pernicious than the "Zolaism" of French fiction. The one comes seductively, with an air of piety, and authoritatively, with an air of divinity; while the other shows that selfishness and excess lead to demoralisation and death.

There is in fact, and all history attests it, a close connexion between religion and sensuality. No student of human nature need be surprised at Louis XV. falling on his knees in prayer after debauching a young virgin in the *Parc aux Cerfs*. Nor is there anything abnormal in Count Cenci, in Shelley's play, soliciting God's aid in the pollution of his own daughter. It is said that American camp-meetings often wound up in a saturnalia. The Hallelujah lasses sing with especial fervor "Safe in the Arms of Jesus." How many Christian maidens are moved by the promptings of their sexual nature when they adore the figure of their nearly naked Savior on a cross! The very nuns, who take vows of perpetual chastity, become spouses of Christ; and the hysterical fervor with which they frequently worship their divine bridegroom, shows that when Nature is thrust out of the door she comes in at the window.

Catholic books of devotion for the use of women and young people are also full of thinly-veiled sensuality, and there are indications that this abomination is spreading in the "higher" religious circles in Protestant England, where the loathsome confessional is being introduced in other than Catholic churches. Paul Bert, in his *Morale des Jesuites*, gives a choice specimen of this class of literature, or rather such extracts as he dared publish in a volume bearing his honored name. It is a prayer in rhyme extending to eleven pages, and occurs in a book by Father Hugnet, designed for "the dear daughters of Holy Mary." As Paul Bert says, "every mother would fling it away with horror if Arthur were substituted for Jesus." *Vive Jésus* is the constant refrain of this pious song. We give a sample or two in French with a literal English translation.

Vive Jésus, de qui l'amour
Me va consumant nuit et jour.

Vive Jésus, vive sa force,
Vive son agréable amour.

Vive Jésus, quand il m'enivre
D'un douceur qui me fait vivre.

Vive Jésus, lorsque sa bouche
D'un baiser amoureux me touche.

Vive Jésus, grand il m'appelle
Ma sœur, ma colombe, ma belle.

Vive Jésus, quand sa bonté,
Me réduit dans la nudité;
Vive Jésus, quand ses blandices
Me comblent de chastes délices.

"Live Jesus, whose love consumes me night and day.—Live Jesus, live his force, live his agreeable attraction.—Live Jesus, when he intoxicates me with a sweetness that gives me life.—Live Jesus, when his mouth touches me with an amorous kiss.—Live Jesus, when he calls me, my sister, my dove, my lovely one.—Live Jesus, when his good pleasure reduces me to nudity; live Jesus, when his blandishments fill me with chaste delight." And this erotic stuff is for the use of girls!! G. W. FOOTE.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S OPINIONS.

THERE are few living Englishmen whose opinions are better worth attention than those of Professor Huxley.

He has by his own unaided exertions pushed himself from obscurity to fame as a scientific investigator and still more as a scientific expounder. In him breadth of view is not lost in the specialist, nor has the wide range of subjects which has engaged his attention resulted in superficiality. In his *Lay Sermons* he has treated "A Piece of Chalk" in a way to lead the reader from the most familiar facts to the highest conception of natural law. He has been equally in place as president of the Geological and Ethnological Societies. He has done much to connect the separated studies of botany and zoology in the one important science of biology, and he is equally at home in every department from protozoa to man. Above all he has the merit of being the first to scientifically apply the doctrines of evolution to determine "Man's Place in Nature."

All Professor Huxley's works are written in a fine vigorous style characterised by clearness and careful finish. His command of humor and sarcasm render him formidable as an opponent, while his intimate acquaintance with the best literature enables him to adorn a work on Cray-fish or the Anatomy of Vertebrates with the graces of the man of letters. His book on "Hume" is a model of clear statement, while his recent articles on the Evolution of Theology* are in style of treatment as well as in interest and importance incomparably superior to anything the theologians could produce.

Throughout his career Professor Huxley has made it abundantly clear that the trend of his teaching is in opposition to the dogmas of the theologians. We cannot be surprised that they recognise in him an opponent who is none the less dangerous because the scope of his work is rather to ignore, explain and supersede than to attack and confute theology. Mr. W. S. Lilly, the Roman Catholic who some time since distinguished himself by his scandalous libels upon French Freethinkers, and who, since Mr. Mallock's fireworks have burnt out and show only the stick, now poses as the champion of orthodoxy, accordingly selects him, together with Herbert Spencer and the late Professor Clifford, as representatives of what he calls "scientific materialism." Unfortunately for Mr. Lilly, Mr. Huxley has long since, in the most explicit language, made it clear that he is neither a materialist nor spiritualist. He feels himself under no compulsion to be either. As he observes in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review*:

"I have always entertained a strong suspicion that the sage who maintained that man is the measure of the universe was sadly in the wrong, and age and experience have not weakened that conviction. In following these lines of speculation, I am reminded of the quarter-deck walks of my youth. In taking that form of exercise you may perambulate through all points of the compass with perfect safety, so long as you keep within certain limits: forget these in your ardor, and mere smothering and spluttering, if not worse, await you. I stick by the deck and throw a life-buoy now and then to the struggling folk who have gone overboard; and all I get for my humanity is the abuse of all whenever they leave off abusing one another."

Professor Huxley says he found it considered an unpardonable sin to presume to go about unlabelled. The world regards such a person as the police do an unmuzzled dog not under proper control. He remarks, "I could find no label to suit me, so, in my desire to range myself and be respectable, I invented one; and as the chief thing I was sure of was that I did not know a great many things that the -ists and the -ites about me professed to be familiar with, I called myself an Agnostic."

This however is so unsatisfactory that Mr. Lilly accuses Mr. Huxley, in common with Spencer and Clifford, of "putting aside as unverifiable (1) everything which the senses cannot verify; (2) everything beyond the bounds of physical science; (3) everything which cannot be brought into a laboratory and dealt with chemically." Each of these assertions Mr. Huxley deals with separately, and shows to be—well—unhistorical. Thus he believes Mr. Lilly is the victim of a patent and enormous misunderstanding, and has no intention of putting that conviction aside because he cannot verify it by his senses. He enjoys music, painting and sculpture, though he does not include them in physical science. He does not expect to put the truths of mathematics, philosophy or history in a laboratory, to be dealt with chemically.

But both Mr. Lilly and Professor Huxley know that the real ground of complaint is that scientists disregard the dogmas of the church and Mr. Lilly prophesies all

* *Nineteenth Century*, March and April; see *Freethinker* April 11.

manner of evil on this account. Mr. Huxley's reply is worth citing at length :

"I think it would puzzle Mr. Lilly, or any one else, to adduce convincing evidence that, at any period of the world's history, there was a more widespread sense of social duty, or a greater sense of justice, or of the obligation of mutual help, than in this England of ours. Ah! but says Mr. Lilly, these are all products of our Christian inheritance; when Christian dogmas vanish virtue will disappear too, and the ancestral ape and tiger will have full play. But there are a good many people who think it obvious that Christianity also inherited a good deal from Judaism, and that if the Stoics or the Jews revoked their bequest, the moral property of Christianity would realise very little. And, if morality has survived the stripping off of several sets of clothes which have been found to fit badly, why should it not be able to get on very well in the light and handy garments which Science is ready to provide?"

Mr. Huxley aptly compares Science to Cinderella who has been kept in the background by her elder sisters Philosophy and Theology who are continually bickering about things of which they know nothing.

"Cinderella is modestly conscious of her ignorance of these high matters. She lights the fire, sweeps the house, and provides the dinner; and is rewarded by being told that she is a base creature devoted to low and material interests. But in her garret she has fairy visions out of the ken of the pair of shrews who are quarrelling downstairs. She sees the order which pervades the seeming disorder of the world; the great drama of evolution, with its full share of pity and terror, but also with abundant goodness and beauty, unrolls itself before her eyes; and she learns, in her heart of hearts, the lesson, that the foundation of morality is to have done, once and for all, with lying; to give up pretending to believe that for which there is no evidence, and repeating unintelligible propositions about things beyond the possibilities of knowledge."

Cinderella, however, is gradually being advanced to the high position of princess of the land, and Professor Huxley may justly take some credit for his share in her advancement.

J. M. WHEELER.

ACID DROPS.

THE Rev. Dr. Keatinge, the "convict in the pulpit," has been tried for obtaining money fraudulently, but the jury are unable to agree upon a verdict. The defendant's Christian eloquence and reputation probably blinded them to the false pretences by which the ex-convict had obtained employment as a fashionable clergyman.

SECTARIAN riots have taken place at Lurgan, in Ireland. The town was in a state of uproar for several hours. Considerable damage was done to property. The Protestant and Orange inhabitants were roused to frenzy, and the opposing factions came to blows. Many men were armed, and used their weapons, but the fight was carried on chiefly with bludgeons and stones. Several attempts were made to storm the residence of Mr. Samuel Sloan, spirit merchant, but the house does not seem to have been damaged beyond the breaking of a few windows. Other houses, in most cases, it is said, inhabited by Protestants, were afterwards attacked and more or less damaged. The disturbances continued until the streets were finally cleared by two troops of dragoons, assisted by the constabulary.

POOR old Newdegate, the God-forsaken hero of the inglorious struggle with Mr. Bradlaugh, disappears into private life with a congratulatory address from the Tories of North Warwickshire and a cheque for £547. Mr. Newdegate values the cheque very highly, but instead of having it framed, he has turned it into filthy lucre. We always thought he was very well off, but perhaps he has been drained by the legal harpies who helped him to fight the Lord's battle.

TRUE to his old-fashioned bigotry to the last, Mr. Newdegate, in acknowledging the testimonial, advised the English people to keep Atheists out of Parliament, and declared that the principles of the English Constitution and of the English common-law were derived from the Bible, an opinion which would greatly astonish Sir Henry Maine. Poor Newdegate! Probably he is an honest, muddle-headed old scarecrow after all.

MR. BRAM STOKER, of the Lyceum Theatre, has been presented by the Columbia Club, Spitalfields, with a Bible and a copy of the *Life of Christ*—probably Archdeacon Farrar's. If Mr. Bram Stoker, as is very unlikely, were to study those two works, he would find some capital subjects for a screaming farce; or if he prefers tragedy, he would find some subjects black enough to satisfy an audience of devils.

THERE'S many a true word spoken in jest. In one of our special numbers we mentioned "a bottle of Jordan water" as one of the articles in a facetious museum of curiosities. It is now

stated in the papers that a lady who has visited Palestine and brought back a supply of Jordan water of unquestionable authenticity has offered it to Princess Battenberg for the baptism of the Queen's youngest grandchild.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS RODMAN, the enterprising darkie who trades in the religious line as "Principal Nero," is laid by the heels at last. At the Salford sessions a stony-hearted judge sentenced him to six months' hard labor for obtaining money by means of false testimonials. Nero is now practising on the treadmill, and he would have plenty of congenial society in that elegant pastime if all the pious rascals in England who live by the same game were served in the same way.

WHEN Nero was first arrested at Glasgow the police found at his lodgings a lot of love-letters he had received from ladies who are well-known in religious circles. These missives were mercifully suppressed; otherwise the public would have seen some striking proofs of the connection between piety and eroticism.

THE Rev. Richard Bulmer, of Lavender Hill Congregational Church, was struck senseless while preparing for evening service and died a few hours afterwards without having regained consciousness. The *Christian Herald* should point out the dangers of piety as strikingly shown by such a signal warning direct from the hands of Almighty God.

SURGEON is suffering severely at Mentone from his rheumatic gout. His right hand was so swollen that he could not write his usual weekly letter to his congregation, and his left foot is so swollen and painful that he is almost confined to his bed. As Spurgeon has the most perfect confidence in the efficacy of prayer, he must hold that his own diffidence about boring the Almighty with personal supplications is the real cause of his continued sufferings. Perhaps he wishes to feel the delightful force of the divine saying, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." When things are well the Christian, however, says that "All things work together for good to them that love the Lord." Either way he sees a striking fulfilment of biblical promises.

CANON EAGER, lecturing on Church Defence, denied that the clergy were under the control of the State, and declared, "Their authority was based upon a different foundation; they claimed descent from the holy Apostles." Canon Eager would find it as difficult to prove his apostolical descent as he would to escape a penalty, if he broke the public Worship Regulation Act or interpolated his own thoughts into the State-appointed Prayer Book. Canon Eager objects to State control, but wishes to retain State pay.

CANON EAGER also denies that tithes ever were in any part of England given to the poor. This is not true, and if it were, the more shame to the Church, since the canons ordained that a portion should be set aside for that purpose.

MANY persons ask us whether Mr. Foote has received any answer to his *Letters to Jesus Christ*. We are sorry to say *not*, up to the present; but there is plenty of time for a reply. It would take Jesus Christ several months, even with the assistance of a dozen secretaries, to answer satisfactorily all the questions put to him in those epistles; and it would take the wings of a whole squadron of angels to supply the quills for the job.

"GOOD Jews were polygamists, but Christ allowed a man but one wife." This extraordinary statement, according to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, was made by Canon Liddon last Sunday afternoon in St. Paul's Cathedral. It is absolutely false, as Canon Liddon must be well aware. There is not a word in the whole of the four Gospels against polygamy. Nay, we defy Canon Liddon or anyone else to find a single word against polygamy in the whole Bible, from the first mistake in Genesis to the last curse in Revelation. The ease with which clergymen can misrepresent "the blessed book" shows what a profound ignorance of it they can count upon in their hearers. The Bible is worshipped, sworn on, and drivelled over; everything but read. And those who *do* read it, and tell their fellow men what it *does* contain, are liable to imprisonment, the robbery of their children, and the deprivation of their political rights. A mad world, my masters!

CANON LIDDON, it also appears, was severe on those writers who try to rehabilitate the characters of such men as Cromwell. Why, you elegant preacher of invertebrate sentimentalism, Oliver Cromwell needs no rehabilitation, especially when he is compared with your "blessed martyr" Charles the First, whose consecrated head he severed from his unconsecrated shoulders. Probably if "Old Noll" could hear you spouting at St. Paul's, he would cry out as he once did to another clergyman, "Sir, cease your fooling, and come down."

At the Dale Street Police-court, Liverpool, recently a lawyer's clerk, upon stepping into the witness-box produced a small book from his waistcoat pocket, declaring he would only swear on his own Testament and stoutly declined "to kiss that greasy book after the people whom I have seen kissing it." After a minute inspection of his New Testament to see that it was the genuine article he was allowed to have his own way.

THE following extraordinary passage appears in an article by "D." in the *National Reformer*: "With the uncontested admission of Mr. Bradlaugh to Parliament, a new era has opened for Secularists in England. The order of battle which might be suited to a small and persecuted minority, is out of place now, when there is a growing desire on the part of Christians to know us better and do us justice."

"D.'s" *naïveté* is quite refreshing in this sophisticated age. Because his editor has got into Parliament at last, not by a just alteration of the law, but by absolutely firing out his opponents, "D." fancies that the era of persecution is closed or closing. He appears ignorant of the fact that the *N. R.* is not the only Freethought journal in existence, and that other people have been persecuted as well as Mr. Bradlaugh. He does not know, or he forgets, that less than three years ago Mr. Foote was in Holloway Gaol. He does not remember, or he blinks the fact, that twelve months ago poor old Robert Ferguson was with great difficulty and expense rescued from almost certain death in Glasgow Gaol. He is unconscious of the perpetual Christian clamors for fresh prosecutions of "infidel publications." Really, his peaceful condition of mind is enviable in the extreme.

WE will give "D." another proof of how Christian bigotry is dying. When our premises at 14 Clerkenwell Green were first insured, our agent tried half the companies in London before he could find one to look at our application. Our evil reputation as "blasphemers" stood in the way of our securing the common benefits of civilisation. Since the fire we have had the same trouble over again. Company after company declined to "entertain" our proposal. Being technically uninsured at the time of the fire, we did not get a farthing of compensation; and it is well known that the fire originated in another part of the premises, occupied by persons who, if anything, were Christians. The Insurance Companies cannot therefore regard us as incendiary sharpers. They declined to insure us on the same principle as an ink merchant once refused to supply us with ink. He was to have cash on delivery, and the ink was about to leave his warehouse, when he discovered who we were, and stopped the consignment rather than see his manufactures employed in printing "blasphemy."

WHO is "D."? We know, but of course we cannot say. But this fact is patent; he writes under a *nom de plume* (if a letter can be called so) in a journal in which every other contributor signs his name. Now the only reason that could be fairly assigned for this *incognito* is that he would suffer in purse or person by disclosing his identity. We sympathise with a gentleman in such a position, and we think he is perfectly justified in his politic reticence; but how such a perpetual victim of bigotry can turn round and tell still greater sufferers that Christians are becoming anxious to do them justice, altogether passes our comprehension. It is one of those mysteries which even Materialists are constantly meeting in this surprising world.

POSSIBLY we shall soon learn from "D." that the State Church is disestablished, that the Blasphemy Laws are repealed, that Atheists are eligible for juries, that Freethinkers can without subterfuge become teachers in public schools, that Mrs. Besant's child is happily restored to her, and that Freethought halls, like Christian churches and chapels, are free from rates and taxes. Perhaps he will also apprise us that, even in Scotland, Freethinkers are admissible as witnesses in courts of law. When he does so we shall believe with him that the "new era" has begun.

MR. JOHN GRAHAM, newsagent for the Wigan Branch N. S. S. has been served with notice to quit his present residence for selling Freethought literature. The person who served him with notice practises as a house-agent during the week and performs as a Particular Baptist minister on the Sabbath. Mr. Graham has appealed to the landlord against this fussy bigot, with what result remains to be seen.

WE find the lie about Ingersoll's conversion to the sublime belief that the British nation is identified with the Jews, is going the round of the provincial press. The letter of Mr. H. H. Rugg is given. After stating that the "Arch-Atheist and five thousand of his followers have been won for Christ," it tones the matter down by saying: "The Colonel's cousin, the Rev. Mr. Ingersoll [*sic*], wrote to Mr. Hine soon after he began lecturing in America, informing him that his lectures had made a great impression on the Colonel and other Atheists." We suspect the great impression made by Mr. Hine was similar to that made by the bad jokes of a circus clown.

ACCORDING to the *Truthseeker*, it appears that by the laws of New Jersey the courts of that State cannot try cases of libel committed on non-residents. It would seem, then, that the first duty of Mr. Reynolds's prosecutors is to prove that God, Christ and the Holy Ghost, whom he is charged with libelling, are residents of New Jersey. When this is done the trial can be proceeded with.

THE Rev. John Griffiths, a Welsh clergyman, under the influence of religious monomania, got the idea that angels would

take charge of him lest he should dash his feet against a stone, and he put the matter to the test of an experiment by leaping out of the second floor window of an empty house at Haslingden, Lancashire. The angels did not even pick him up.

A YOUNG woman named Ellen Paton, of Tickenham, near Bristol, committed suicide while under the influence of religious gloom. Her aunt gave evidence at the inquest that the clergyman's family took considerable notice of the deceased, and witness thought had overburdened her mind with religion. The Coroner here interrupted and said he did not think there was any need to enter into that subject. The coroner ought to be aware that that subject is the cause of a vast amount of insanity and suicide.

THE Rev. H. R. Haweis preached again last Sunday to another "crowded congregation" on the Athanasian Creed. Mr. Haweis repeated that he believed the statements of this Creed, but he "did not read it in the church, for it was always misconstrued and misunderstood, and always gave offence." Still, he admitted the "criminality" of rejecting it if you understood it, though if you "never understood it at all" you were perfectly innocent. Mr. Haweis understands it and believes it, and this is how he expresses its real meaning. It requires us to "believe in the ineffable Deity of the Father, in the expressional Deity of the Son, and in the processional or tangential Deity of the Holy Spirit." How delightfully clear! No wonder Mr. Haweis puts in a saving clause for those who "never understood it at all."

ACCORDING to Mr. Haweis, a man cannot believe a thing if he does not understand it. That is a good Freethought maxim, but it is decidedly not Christian. There is no virtue in believing what you understand; the merit of faith consists in believing what you don't understand.

AGAIN, Mr. Haweis said that formularies were not essential, for God wrote his own message on men's hearts. Then what is the use of the Bible and all the well-paid gentlemen who live by explaining it?

DR. BAGSHAWE the Roman Catholic Bishop of Nottingham, in his Pastoral Letter, boldly announces Catholic opposition to the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Church of England on the ground that the property may one day revert to the Popish Church. He says, "The old cathedrals, churches, colleges and church lands belong to the Catholic church." It is true they are now used to pay a heresy; but if the State disestablishes it "it will in great measure put it out of its own power to make that restitution of the property to the Catholic Church which it ought to make, and which, we hope it will make in God's good time."

THE Pope has just sanctioned the beatification of Cardinal Fisher, Sir Thomas More and about sixty other English "martyrs" who refused to accept State supremacy in the days of Henry VIII. Those who are proved to have wrought miracles after death will be enrolled among the saints.

THE Rev. John Vaughan, minister of two Baptist chapels at Merthyr, whose affairs in bankruptcy lately showed gross liabilities of £4,528, and a deficiency of £3,169, has been arrested on a charge of forging the signatures of the deacons to a promissory note for £20.

A LIVELY publication is *The Witness for God in Christ*, the first number of which reaches us from Glasgow. It commences with an article on "The Coming Man" in the following style: "Not Bradlaugh, ye blaspheming Agnostics, grinning in the conceit of your cunning sophistry, your brains inflated by the emptiness of verbosity! Not Gladstone and Parnell, ye loud-mouthed seditionists and lovers of anarchy! No, the coming man is Jesus, the Christ of God!" It then goes on to tell us that the end is near—the Son of Man about to be revealed. Hallelujah!

THE same *Witness* bears testimony to our paper as having "a caricature of a most abhorrent nature headed 'A Hungry God.'" The memory of the *Witness* is, however, not very exact, as it declares in choice Christian language that "The heinous sketch, which covered the whole page of the infamous rag, represented Christ as being in the wilderness and Satan carrying Him on his back." Our cartoon "A Hungry God" (July 25) was not a whole page one, and instead of representing Christ on Satan's back, faithfully depicted him with Satan leaving him and angels ministering unto him, as recorded in the blessed gospel.

THE *Christian Million* boasts that it has secured a weekly sale of sixty thousand copies "by its own merits," but with a truly Christian sense of humility, it does not rely on its merits for further success. It issues circulars to all and sundry, offering a bonus of five shillings to every one who will "sell and pay for" one hundred and thirty copies for four weeks, and so on in proportion. Here is a chance for the Christian unemployed. Even Sunday-school teachers who are out of work, or on short time, might make a trifle by "kidding the kids."

SPECIAL NOTICE.

MR. FOOTE'S ENGAGEMENTS.

Sunday, Dec. 19, Hall of Science, Old Street, London, E.C.; at 11, "Parson Diggle and the School Fees;" at 7, "God's Birthday."

DEC. 26, Hall of Science, London.

JAN. 2, Milton Hall; 9, Manchester; 16, Milton Hall; 23, Liverpool; 30, Camberwell.

CORRESPONDENTS.

LITERARY communications to be addressed to the Editor, 14 Clerkenwell Green, London, E.C. All business communications to Mr. R. Forder, 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.—D. Woffenden.

R. LONSDALE.—If the miracles of the Egyptian enchanters were only an appearance, may not the walking on the water and the levitation of Jesus also have been only appearances?

H. D. BAILEY.—It was of course a misprint, but thanks all the same.

H. AIRD.—We do not undertake to answer legal questions.

A. E. P.—The paper referred to was the *Christian Commonwealth*, but we cannot fix the date.

C. W.—Zephaniah Banks Woffendale is not a clergyman "in holy orders," but sky-pilot to a Presbyterian conventicle. The sect has not received recognition in England since the time of Cromwell.

W. McDOWELL.—Thanks. See "Acid Drops."

ENQUIRER.—The word translated *servants* should be *slaves*. See 1 Tim. vi. 1, and Philemon 12. Part 1 of Comic Bible Sketches cannot be reprinted as the blocks were injured in the fire.

A. BLOOMFIELD.—Your letter is dated Dec. 13, but addressed from no where. Correspondents who desire an answer must give full name and address.

D. W. S. ALLEN.—We do not know the author of *The True Source of Christianity*. It was first published twenty-five years ago, and as the author was, according to the title-page "An Indian officer," his withholding his name does not argue cowardice or that he was at all ashamed. If the government knew what Indian officer wrote the volume, he would have lost all chance of promotion even if he had not been discharged on some pretext. Pleased to hear you find *Bible Romances* and *Bible Contradictions* so useful. You should write to the editors of the Almanac if you are put to inconvenience by its mistakes.

C. J. WILSON.—We will deal with Mr. Hastings next week. He scarcely merits an article, but he shall have a paragraph or two.

WEST HAM BRANCH N. S. S.—All members should attend this evening, Dec. 19, at 7.30, at 8 Waddington Road, Stratford.

G. CLUSKEY.—We have published that profane shop maxim before. Thanks for enclosures. See "Acid Drops."

E. T. GARNER writes: "I have just read your "Christmas Number," and it is so good that I shall get half-a-dozen copies and post to the local clergy. My advice to all Freethinkers who wish to help the cause is, "Go and do likewise."

G. S. points out that our last week's cartoon was a work of pure imagination. The Bible says that Jesus told Peter to fish for money but it does not say that he caught any. G. S. wishes our artist to answer these questions. "Did Peter cast an hook? If so, did he catch a fish? If so, did he find a piece of money in its mouth? And if so, did he pay tribute?" The last question might be answered unhesitatingly in the negative. Peter was not so soft as to part with hard-earned money in that way. Maybe he kept the coin and gave the tax-collector J. C.'s private address. As for facing it out, it is evident that Peter would swear to anything.

J. S. WALTER reports that the *South Eastern Gazette* has inserted a letter from him contradicting the fable of Ingersoll's conversion to which it gave currency.

L. COLMAN desires to thank the friends who have recently sent him parcels of Freethought literature for distribution.

EDWARD COX.—We have done with the paltry subject.

A. H.—We are much obliged for your generous efforts to increase our circulation. Pleased to hear you agree with our views as to free discussion.

W. SIMONS.—Shall be dealt with next week.

PAPERS RECEIVED.—Lucifer—Boston Investigator—Monroe's Ironclad Ago—Truthseeker—Sydney Bulletin—Avant Courier—South Eastern Gazette—Bristol Evening News—Belfast News Letter—Bedford Record—Huddersfield Echo—Leamington News—Luton Journal—Menschonthum—Liberator—Lloyd's Newspaper—Liberal (Nashville).

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.

EDITORIAL.

WE unwittingly did Mrs. Besant an injustice last week in reviewing her *Roots of Christianity*. This title, we said incidentally, was used by Mr. Foote for a course of lectures at the Hall of Science in 1884. Mrs. Besant informs us

that she used the same title for a course of lectures in October, 1883. We were in prison during that year, and our ignorance of what was going on outside is very excusable. Mrs. Besant will do us the justice to remember this fact. We are sorry she did not tell us in 1884 that she had previously used the title, especially as Mr. Foote's course of lectures was editorially noticed in the *National Reformer*.

SUGAR PLUMS.

"GOD'S BIRTHDAY" is the seasonable subject of Mr. Foote's lecture at the London Hall of Science this evening (Dec. 19). In the morning Mr. Foote lectures on "Parson Diggle and the School Fees." Parson Diggle is the chairman of the London School Board, and the head and front of its reactionary policy.

THE Secularists have had another triumph at Huddersfield. The Rev. R. C. Wilford brought a motion before the School Board that on certain days the children should simultaneously repeat Exodus xx., 1—17, "the teacher giving such short and unsectarian explanations as he or she may deem suitable." The motion was stoutly opposed by Mr. Balmforth, who took objection to the second and fourth commandment, and the repetition of the seventh by children. The motion was lost by a majority of two.

A CORRESPONDENT in the *Pall Mall Gazette* says "While admitting that Mrs. Besant and Miss Helen Taylor are ladies of whom Englishmen may well be proud, I cannot think that you, sir, will for a moment admit them to be on an intellectual par with Mrs. Fawcett, and least of all with Mrs. Lynn Linton." For our part, we think Mrs. Besant is quite a match for Mrs. Fawcett, but we willingly allow that Mrs. Lynn Linton, who is a woman of genius, is far superior to Miss Helen Taylor.

A CAPITAL letter on "Christianity and Progress," from the pen of Gordon Scott, appears in the *Shields Daily News*. Mr. Scott gives a number of crimes of Christianity as showing the reverse of the bright view put forward by Christians.

RECENTLY Mr. Symes was called away from Melbourne over Sunday. He invited any one of the Melbourne clergy to occupy his platform for the day on one condition—that they should reply, as he does, to criticisms and questions from the audience. Not one could be found; all evidently dreading the sharp interrogations of a Freethought audience. Mr. Symes wants to know if any one will offer him a pulpit on the like conditions.

PROFESSOR CAIRD, writing on Goethe and Philosophy in the *Contemporary Review*, states that the "Ethics" of Spinoza was the one philosophical work from the influence of which the great German poet never sought to withdraw himself.

PROFESSOR CAIRD says in plain words of Goethe, "he could not accept the Christian idea of life," but he endeavors to make out that his "truly Julian hate to Christianity and so-called Christians" softened with years, although "the form in which Christianity is commonly presented as a religion of supernaturalism and other-worldliness continues to keep him alienated from that which in its moral essence he recognises as the highest." Professor Caird seeks to read a little of his own faith into the thought of the great German poet.

G. VALBERT, in an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, says of the pious gentlemen who are sent from England at great expense to convert the heathen in all parts of the world, that "now, most missionaries are only commercial travellers in disguise. For every day's work done for Christ they do another for Manchester. The savages are taught that to become good Christians they must wear good clothes, and that the only calicoes entirely pleasing to the Lord are those manufactured at Manchester."

AN American Methodist paper says that if Ingersoll went to heaven it "would materially modify its desirability as a place of abode to all who love God." In other words heaven isn't worth living in unless God Almighty lets the Methodists select the company. No doubt Ingersoll's admission to Paradise would make it uncomfortable for Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, David, and all the other crowned and uncrowned rascals who loaf around the throne. Ingersoll is honest and generous, otherwise many of his pious libellers would have tasted the sweets of gaol. Well does the New York *Truthseeker* say: "We will wager Dr. Buckley (for anyone can see that he is the culprit) anything he likes that from all his Methodist acquaintances he cannot pick out a man who has done as great good to as great a number of persons as has Mr. Ingersoll. All sorts and kinds and classes of people—worthy and unworthy—have profitted by Mr. Ingersoll's generosity and services. Mr. Ingersoll has earned hundreds of thousands if not millions of dollars, yet he is not a very rich man. Others have had the benefit of it. His whole life has been one of princely generosity, unselfish action, and immense good to others."

It is a notable fact that in Professor Otto Pfeiderer's recently-published *Philosophy of Religion* much attention is given to the English Deists—Toland, Tindal, Chubb, etc., and but little note taken of their orthodox opponents, who had little or no influence upon continental thought.

JOHN LEMOINE, one of the most solid and impartial writers on the French press, pooh-poohs the Catholic cry of persecution in France. He says the Church has brought her misfortunes on herself by her treachery. When trusted by the nation she betrayed her confidence and only feigned to embrace liberty that she might suffocate it. The laws restricting her influence upon education have dealt a vital blow at the domination of the church; they constitute, he says, "the most profound social revolution that has been effected in France since 1789."

DR. PANKHURST has obtained an order for a new trial of his suit against the *Manchester Courier* for libel, Judges Huddleston and Manisty holding that Mr. Justice Grantham, who imported a lot of gratuitous bigotry into his summing up, had misdirected the jury. If we had a little more faith in Christian courts and juries we might venture to hope that Dr. Pankhurst will obtain a verdict with heavy damages.

MR. SYMES'S *Liberator* reports that £38 10s. 9d. was collected by the Melbourne Secular Association on Hospital Sunday.

THE *Hampshire Post* gives a fair report of Mr. Foote's lectures in the Circus at Portsmouth. Beyond an expression of surprise at "the shocking title of the evening lecture," there is nothing to indicate that the reporter was a Christian. By the way, why should "An Hour in Hell" be shocking when an eternity in hell is offered by the clergy?

THE *Era* complains that "our civilisation is not yet so far advanced as to permit the Book of Common Prayer to be topsyturvyed, or to allow a patter song to be sung in public exposing the weak points in the first book of Genesis, or the unreliability of certain portions of the gospel of St. John." We sympathise with the *Era*. It is really shameful that the innocent amusements of the public should be curtailed in this bigoted fashion. By-and-bye the Bible will furnish the stock subjects for comic operas and screaming farces.

ONE of our Nottingham friends resolved to try the experiment of selling the *Freethinker* in the streets. For this purpose he had down several quires and advertised for boys in the local newspapers. Two youngsters responded, but were frightened at the name of the paper. They took a quire each, however, and soon sold them, but nothing would induce them to take more. It appears that some servants of God went about telling the street newsvendors that if they sold the *Freethinker* they would probably get twelve months' imprisonment as its editor had done. The result was that although there were plenty of customers, not another copy of this journal could be disposed of.

THE *Washington Critic* tells this: "A nice little boy, reared in the intellectual and heterodox atmosphere of Boston, happened to be a witness in a case in Cincinnati, and the question arose as to his being able to understand the nature of an oath, so the judge investigated him. 'Well, Wendall,' he said, kindly, 'do you know where bad little boys will go when they die?' 'No, sir,' replied the boy, with confidence. 'Goodness gracious!' exclaimed the judge, in shocked surprise; 'don't you know they will go to hell?' 'No, sir; do you?' 'Of course I do.' 'How do you know it?' 'The Bible says so.' 'Is it true?' 'Certainly it is.' 'Can you prove it?' 'No, not positively; but we take it on faith,' explained the judge. 'Do you accept that kind of testimony in this court?' inquired the boy, coolly. But the judge didn't answer. He held up his hands and begged the lawyers to take the witness."

THE papers report that the late R. B. Butland, formerly a correspondent of the *Truthseeker*, and a prominent Secularist of Toronto, Ont., left an estate valued at one hundred thousand dollars, seven thousand of which was willed to the Toronto General Hospital. It is still in order for religious people to ask what Infidels have ever done for charity.—*Truthseeker*.

RATIONALIZED CHRISTIANITY.

THE *Christian World* is Neo-Christian or emotionally rationalistic in its tendencies. Relatively, though of course not positively, the *Christian Commonwealth* is Palæo-Christian; it still attaches supreme importance to the antique fossils of the geological strata of Christian history. Naturally enough the more antiquated Christian falls foul of the rationalizing Christian who allegorises and explains away such fundamental fossils as hell-fire, miracles and salvation by faith. The *Christian Commonwealth* now finds that it is "impossible to be silent without being guilty of treachery." It must defend the Christianity which its

pious contemporaries "parade so much," and so shamefully betray.

The traitor in the camp, the *Christian World*, is the best and most liberal Christian journal of our day. Its particular offence is that it devotes a whole article, headed "Christ Revealing the Father," to the praise of a rationalizing work written by Dr. Abbott, Head Master of the City of London School, and entitled "The Kernel and the Husk." Dr. Abbott rejects a great deal of the supernatural, which he regards as worthless husk and retains the more emotional and defensible parts of Christianity as its precious kernel. The *Christian Commonwealth* holds the reverse opinion. It charges this "philosophic sceptic" in sheep's clothing with throwing away the kernel and keeping the husk. The charge is a true one. The kernel of Christianity is the supernatural, and "Throwing Away the Kernel," as the *Christian Commonwealth* heads its leading article, is a far more correct description of the work done by a "spiritualizing rationalist" like Dr. Abbott than the title of "Christ Revealing the Father," which its Neo-Christian contemporary adopts as its condensed description of the comparatively rational Christian Deism of the new disturber of the faith. Dr. Abbott denies that Jesus ever rose from the dead except in a purely spiritual sense. He describes himself as a "seceder from miraculous to non-miraculous Christianity." All the alleged miracles of Christ, in his opinion, were either myths or the "faith-healing" effects of a powerfully excited imagination. The Incarnation was purely spiritual, Redemption is only moral help, and the Gospels are merely tradition. Thus he earnestly explains away the Christianity which he still professes to believe.

The *Christian World* is favorable to Neo-Christianity partly because there is a certain demand for it and partly because it sees and acknowledges the "difficulties in connection with the commonly received mass of dogma," which it says are felt especially "among those young men who have hitherto formed the best recruits for the Christian ministry." It confesses, and it laments, that "The cry from the Universities is that youths of intellectual mark are ceasing to enter the Church, and we are much mistaken if that cry finds no echo in the Nonconformist colleges." Hence the *Christian Commonwealth* cordially welcomes Dr. Abbott's work as a step towards the solution of "the problem of combining modern thought with Christian faith." Dr. Abbott, however, with the reprehensible timidity or time-serving of his kind, begs those who worship a miraculous Christ without doubt and difficulty to refrain from reading his work. He would not for the world upset the believer; he only wishes to enable the doubter to retain the name of Christian without hypocrisy. The *Christian World* is bolder. It condemns the "insulting kindness" that consigns people to the peace of intellectual slumber. This honorable advocacy of outspoken candor particularly arouses the wrath of the *Christian Commonwealth*, which says it has never read a more delusive and dangerous book than the one in question, and proceeds to accuse its more liberal contemporary of devouring the sceptical work with avidity, of hastening to recommend it to the world without saying anything to indicate the real character of the work, of mocking and luring its readers who without this concealment would have turned with disgust from the snares and pitfalls of so dangerous a mass of error couched in the language of rapt devotion and adorned with all the charms of subtle culture and grace. The leading article, however, is not enough. The editor returns to the charge in his Editorial Notes, and, after expressing some approval of Dr. Abbott's strong desire to withhold his opinions from satisfied believers, he continues:—

"Our contemporary has no such scruples. It is never more happy than when shaking and unsettling the beliefs of simple-minded and old-fashioned Christians. To deprive a man of a faith which gives him consolation and strength, without being able to give him something better for it, is to do a grievous wrong. But our contemporary seems to be positively anxious to do this very thing; indeed, it has apparently come to believe that it is rendering the highest service to God and man when it is dishonoring the one and impoverishing the other. We invite our readers to calmly reflect upon these two facts: First, that the *Christian World* hastens to praise and puff the most dangerous Rationalist book that has issued from the press for many a day; and, secondly, that it rebukes the author of that book because he does not emulate its own zeal in destroying the faith of Christians."

The *Christian Commonwealth* is always crying out for "Christian Unity." If Christian journals, differ like this, how is the unity to be achieved? The unity never was achieved, except at times in outward form by the most crushing persecution, and it never can be. The best Christianity of the day is marching on towards Secularism under Christian banners whose inscriptions are losing the old miraculous meanings and becoming mere poetical or symbolical expressions. Christian references to the Christian mythology will in time cease to mean anything more than a poet's acceptance of the mythologies of Greece and Rome. Particular thinkers march on more rapidly to the goal of Freethought, but the mass moves but slowly to the same goal. Transitional stages of thought which in the individual lasted only for weeks or months, will occupy years or centuries where large numbers of people are concerned. But the process is inevitable, and every step in it is to be welcomed and rejoiced over with the patient faith of the steadfast believer in truth and reason. Mankind is not likely to adopt Freethought by an abrupt transition. The main process will be by a gradual rationalization or secularisation of a Christianity which is continually softening down its worst dogmas and dissolving them into thin air and transient vapor. This, however, is no more an argument for dropping militant or "aggressive" Atheism than similar reasoning would be for abolishing pioneers and advance-guards for armies. The honorable post in a forward march is on ahead. Outspoken Freethinkers make easy the path of those who follow. They both facilitate and compel the progress of others.

W. P. BALL.

OBEY THE SCRIPTURES. THE SONG OF SOLOMON AGAIN.

A SENSATIONAL ministerial divorce suit, says *Truth*, is about to occupy the New York tribunals. The petitioner is Rev. Timothy Brown, a Methodist preacher, who, last year, married a quadroon young enough to be his granddaughter. The co-respondent is another preacher, the Rev. William J. Pymm, who is described as "a full-blooded negro." A few months ago Mr. Pymm occupied the pulpit of Mr. Brown's chapel on a certain Sabbath evening, the minister himself being absent at another service. Mr. Brown returned to his home earlier than he was expected, and discovered a man climbing out of his bed-room window. He snatched up an axe and gave chase, but the supposed burglar escaped by swimming across an adjacent river. Next day Mr. Brown was unpleasantly enlightened by reading a letter sent to his wife by the promising young parson who had taken his duty on the preceding evening, which letter he chanced to intercept, and the tone of it may be judged from this extract: "If he did see us last night, as I escaped with difficulty by the window, what signified it to grieve or to be incapacitated by disastrous regret. I always now, by the grace of God, carry a defensive weapon, and some day if an overruling providence ordains that I carve that old black nigger's anatomy into pie meat, it will be his own fault. I will not imbibe so much again, but I was depressed, and the Scripture says (Proverbs xxxi., 6, 7) give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto him that is heavy of heart." Mr. Brown, amazed, horrified, and furious, then searched his spouse's writing-table and found dozens of letters, many of which have been printed in the New York papers. Here are a couple of extracts:—"I will be along Tuesday evening on the wheels of the whirlwind to see you when that wriggling old black nigger of yours is on his round perverting the gospel, and then, as Lord Byron says, you will rise and cling to my embrace, for as the Scripture says (Eccles. iv., 5), there is a time to embrace and a time to refrain from embracing, and we must try to obey the Scriptures and sweet love when the old nigger is away. Oh, Octavia, why did you not keep yourself alone for me? Why did you covenant to marry that contemptible object of scorn? Glory, hallelujah, amen. Octavia, how I admire, love, worship, and adore you, and as the Scripture says (Solomon's Song 1, 2), let me kiss thee with the kisses of his mouth, for thy love is better than wine. Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou wilt meet me? Will it be in the little cabin by the creek's silent shore? Behold, thou art fair my love—see Solomon's Song—behold thou art fair; thou hast dove's eyes. Read all Solomon's Song; it means you and me."

A CORRESPONDENT when in America some years ago picked up a popular punning verse upon the name of the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher. It runs thus:

"Said a great Congregational preacher
To a hen—'You're a beautiful creature.'
Then the hen, just for that,
Laid two eggs in his hat,
And thus did the *Hen* reward *Beecher*."

REVIEW.

Labor Capitalization. By WORDSWORTH DONITHORPE. London: Harmsworth and Co., Hart Street, Covent Garden.—This pretty little volume of 218 pages is one of a series issued under the auspices of the *Liberty and Property Defence League*. We have no space to criticise it properly here, but Mr. Ball is writing a review of it for the January number of *Progress*. We must content ourselves with saying that Mr. Donisthorpe has a good head, and we fancy a good heart; that he does his own thinking, without following authorities or mobs; that his review of the present industrial system is admirable; that his suggestions as to future economical progress, if not right, are in the right direction; that his defence of Individualism against Socialism is carried out with excellent skill and good temper; that his style is vital and pungent; and that no one, except a pedant or a fanatic, could read his volume without pleasure and profit.

TO CHRIST.

O crucified man, man-forsaken,
At the thought of thine anguish and shame,
Our sorrow and pity awaken;
A suffering brother we claim.

O infinite God, god-forsaken—
Self-begotten, self-sentenced, self-slain—
Inconceivable! What canst thou waken
But ridicule, scorn and disdain? C. S.

PROFANE JOKES.

A CLERGYMAN exhorted his congregation to "vote as you pray," and later on he advised them to "pray often."

"YOUNG man," said a revivalist, solemnly, "do you feel that you are prepared to answer the summons at any moment? Do you realise that when you go to bed at night you may be called before the morning dawns?" "Oh, yes, sir; I'm night clerk in a drug store, and all you've got to do is to keep on ringing the bell until you hear me holler."

WHEN some years ago an eminent Australian was inspecting in that country a lunatic asylum, miserably defective in construction and appointment, he asked what was the special feature in the lunacy of a certain patient. "He thinks he is in hell, sir," was the reply. "If that's all his delusion," was the rejoinder, "I think he has a very substantial basis for it."

COUNTRY PARSON (to city visitor): "Didn't I see you at church to-day?" City Visitor: "Yes, and if you will believe it, it was the first time that I can remember when I didn't go to sleep before the sermon was half over." Country Parson: "Indeed! but I am afraid you are trying to flatter me." City Visitor: "Oh, dear no, it wasn't that; it was the flies. Country Parson: "Oh!"

"WHAT is this I hear?" said Mrs. Spook, "about compulsory prayer being abolished in Harvard? Did they use to compel the students to pray?" "Yes," said young Spook, who had just come home from college on a vacation; "yes, the janitor used to go round three times a day and make every student get down on his knees and pray, and if the student resisted, swore at him like a pirate." "That's just right," said Mrs. Spook, "if a young fellow won't pray he ought to be sworn at until he is ashamed of himself."

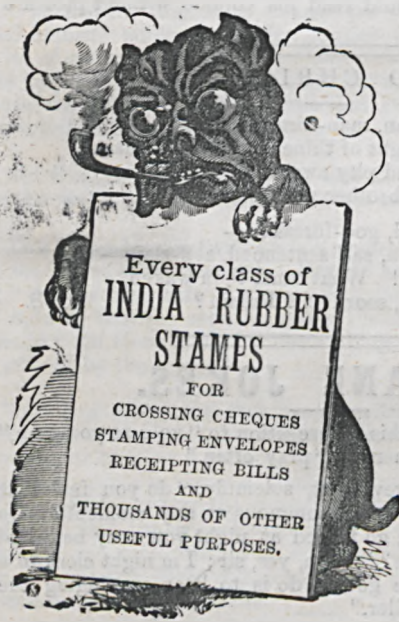
ONE sultry Sunday a minister was thundering away at his drowsy congregation, the majority of which would go to sleep in spite of all his efforts. At last he shouted, "Wake up, here! There is a man preaching to you who has only half a shirt on his back!" It woke them tremendously. The next day a delegation of ladies visited the parsonage, and presented the preacher with a package containing some very nice shirts, saying that "it was a shame that he should be reduced to half a shirt to his back." He replied, after accepting the shirts with thanks, that he was literally reduced to half a shirt on his back, but he wore the other half in front of him.

CHRISTIANITY AND MODERN THOUGHT.—An historical phenomena as vast as Christianity has been, does not, even when inwardly dead, vanish directly from the scene of History; its expulsion must be a gradual process, it sinks but slowly into dissolution. A contrast so marked as that which exists between Modern Civilisation and the Christian Middle Ages, cannot be brought about as a sudden, direct leap from one to the other, but only as a gradual transformation; during the different stages of the change, the principal factors of the two sides are mixed together in varying proportions, something like two dissolving views on the same curtain, one of which grows clearer while the other grows over more dim. Protestantism is nothing else but the bridge to be crossed on the road between defunct, genuine Christianity and Modern Thought; those two systems are diametrically opposed to each other on all important points, and, therefore, is Protestantism a mass of contradictions from beginning to end. But what else could it be when it torments itself during every phase, its life to reconcile the irreconcilable?—EDWARD VON HARTMANN, *The Religion of the Future*, p. 27.

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