

THE FREETHINKER

EDITED BY G. W. FOOTE.
Sub-Editor—J. M. WHEELER.

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COMIC BIBLE SKETCH.—No. 180.



ANGEL FIREWORKS!

And the angel did wonderfully; and Manoah and his wife looked on. For it came to pass, when the flame went up toward heaven from off the altar, that the angel of the Lord ascended in the flame of the altar.—JUDGES XIII., 19, 20.

CONVERTING A CORPSE.

DURING his lifetime Darwin was the *bête noir* of the clergy. They hated him with a perfect and very natural hatred, for his scientific doctrines were revolutionary, and if he was right they and their Bible were certainly wrong. The Black Army denounced his impious teachings from thousands of pulpits. With some of them he was the Great Beast, with others Antichrist himself. And they were all the madder because he never took the slightest notice of them, but treated them with the silent contempt which a master of the hounds bestows on the village curs who bark at his horse's heels. Yet, strange to say, when Darwin died, instead of being buried in some quiet Kentish cemetery or churchyard, he was actually sepulchred in Westminster Abbey. Having fought the living Darwin tooth and nail—for that is how the clergy always fight, like the beasts of theology they are—they quietly appropriated the dead Darwin. The living, thinking and working man was a damnable heretic, hated of God and his priests, but his corpse was a very good Christian, and it was buried in a temple of the very faith he had undermined. Darwin, with all his gravity, is said to have loved a joke, and really

this was so good a joke that he might almost have grinned at it in his coffin.

By-and-bye the great naturalist may figure as an ardent devotee of the creed he rejected. The clergy are hypocritical and base enough—as a body we mean—to claim Darwin himself now they have secured his corpse. Who knows but, in another twenty years, the verger or even the Dean of Westminster Abbey, in showing visitors through the place, may not say before a certain tomb “Here is the last resting place of that eminent Christian, Charles Darwin. There was a little misunderstanding between him and the clergy while he lived, but it has all passed away like a mist, and he is now accounted one of the chief pillars of the Church”?

What the clergy have done in the concrete with Darwin they have done in the abstract with his predecessors in the great struggle between light and darkness. What are all the lying stories about Infidel Death-Beds but conversions of corpses? Great heretics, whose scepticism was unshaken in their lifetime by all the parson-power of the age, were easily converted in their tombs. What the clergy said about them was true, or why didn't they get up and contradict it? All the world over silence gives consent, and if the dead man did not enter a *caveat*, who could com-

plain if the men of God declared that he finished up in their faith?

Recently the clergy have been converting another corpse, but this time it has been able to protest by proxy, and the swindle has been exposed all along the line. Paul Bert, the great French Freethinker, died at Tonquin. The nation voted him a state funeral, and his body was shipped to France. The voyage was a long one, and it gave the pious an opportunity of leisurely converting the corpse, especially as Paul Bert's family were all on board the steamer. Accordingly a report, which we printed and commented on at the time, appeared in all the papers that the atheistic Resident General had sent for a Catholic bishop on his death-bed and taken the sacrament. Thousands of Christians believed the story at once, the wish being father to the thought. They never stopped to inquire whether the report was true. Why indeed should they? They took the whole of their religion on trust, and of course they could easily dispense with proof in so small a matter as an infidel's conversion. Some of them were quite hilarious. "Ha," they exclaimed, "what do you Freethinkers say now?" And with the childish simplicity of their kind, when they were told that the story was in all probability false, they replied, "Why, isn't it in print?"

Now the fraud is exposed, very few of the journals that printed it will publish the contradiction. We may be sure that the story of Paul Bert's conversion will be devoutly believed by thousands of Christians, and will probably be worked up in pious tracts for the spiritual edification of superstitious sheep. Give a lie a day's start, said Cobbett, and it is half round the world before you can overtake it. Give it a week's start, and if it happens to be a lie that suits the popular taste, you may give up all hope of overtaking it at all.

First in the way of exposure was a telegram from the Papal Nuncio at Lisbon on December 29, saying that his name had been improperly used. He was not the author of the telegram that had been fathered on him, and he knew nothing of Paul Bert's conversion. A day or two later the ship conveying the heretic's corpse arrived at the Suez Canal. Madame Bert heard of the preposterous story of her husband's conversion, and she immediately telegraphed that it was absolutely and entirely false. Madame Bert, who is a highly accomplished woman, is a Freethinker herself, and she is too proud of her husband's reputation to lose a moment in contradicting a miserable libel on his courage and sincerity.

Before dropping the pen we take the opportunity of saying a few words on Madame Adam's article on Paul Bert in the *Contemporary Review*. She is an able woman, but not a philosopher, and she labors under the craze of thinking that she is a great force in European politics. She confesses that she hated Paul Bert, and she betrays that her aversion originated in pique and jealousy. We do not wish to be ungallant but Gambetta had good reasons for preferring Paul Bert to Juliette Lambert, although the lady is ludicrously wrong in saying that "it was to Paul Bert that Gambetta owed all the formulæ of his scientific politics." She forgets that Gambetta's speeches before Paul Bert became his friend are in print. She also ignores the fact that Gambetta was a steadfast Freethinker from his college days, and was never infected with that sentimental religiosity from which she assumes that Paul Bert perverted him. Certainly he was incapable of being moved by the hackneyed platitudes about science and religion that form the prelude of Madame Adam's article, and seem borrowed from one of M. Caro's lectures. Nor did he need Paul Bert to tell him, after the terrible struggle of 1877 that Clericalism was the enemy. Still less, if that were possible, did he require Paul Bert or any other man to tell him that France imperatively needed education free from priestcraft. Madame Adam is so anxious to deal Paul Bert a stab in the dark that she confuses the most obvious facts. Gambetta and he fought against clericalism, and labored for secular education, because they were both Freethinkers as well as Republicans. In venting her spite, and reciting her own witticisms, she fails to see the force of her own admissions. This is what she writes of a very momentous occasion:

"I saw Gambetta at Saint Cloud the Sunday after the mishap at Charonne. He had just been taking the chair at the Chateau d'Eau, at an anti-clerical meeting of Paul Bert's.

"He came in a little late to dinner. Some dozen of us were already assembled on a flight of steps at the bottom of the garden when he appeared. He spied me at once [a woman speaks!] across

the green lawn and a vase of tall fuchsias, and called out in his sonorous voice:

"Admirable! superb! extraordinary! Never since Voltaire has such an irrefutable indictment been brought against the clergy! And what a style! What consummate art!"

"And what bad policy!" said a great banker who was with us, in a low voice, to me. [note the *me*]

Gambetta went on as he approached us:

"And such an immense success—beyond anything that could be imagined! Ten thousand enthusiastic cheers!"

"The ten thousand and first would not have come from me," I said [I said!] as we greeted one another.

"You yourself," cried Gambetta, "you yourself, I tell you, would have been carried away; if not by the ideas, by the genius lavished in propounding them."

Yes, and notwithstanding Madame Adam's "religion" and the great banker's "policy," Gambetta and Paul Bert were in the right, and miles above their heads.

Following Madame Adam's lively nonsense, the *Echo* says that Paul Bert tried to set up another Inquisition. "In France," says this organ of Christian Radicalism, "they strive to prevent a parent from giving his child a religious education." They do nothing of the kind. They simply insist that the religious education shall not be given in the national school. Every French parent is free to give religious instruction to his children at home, and there are still thousands of State priests who can supply his deficiencies in that respect. Meanwhile national education progresses in good earnest. The Empire left nearly half the population unable to write their names. Now the Republic educates every boy and girl, and Mr. Matthew Arnold assures us that the French schools are among the best in Europe, while the sale of good books is prodigious. Gambetta and Paul Bert worked, fought, and sacrificed for this, and they cannot be robbed of the glory.

G. W. FOOTE.

THE ATHEISM OF THE BIBLE.

AMID the barbarous narratives, puerile legends, and tedious drivel of God's revelation, two books, Job and Ecclesiastes, stand out conspicuous for philosophic elevation of thought and beauty of expression; and both suggest, if they do not teach, Atheism.

Probably the author of Job was a sincere Theist. Goethe, who in his *Faust* follows Job in introducing the Lord, Mephistopheles, and the heavenly hosts by way of prologue to his drama, certainly had no more belief in those mythical beings, than in the witches introduced on the Brocken on Walpurgis Night. Shelley in his glorious drama of *Prometheus Unbound*, introduces gods for the purpose of showing their nothingness. Prometheus, the human mind, has invested with his own power Jupiter, the god of heaven, who thereupon chains and torments Prometheus, and oppresses mankind. In other words, God is a creation of the human mind, and both the mind of man and man himself are enslaved while under this dominion. When the Time spirit (Demogorgon) dismisses Jupiter to nothingness, Prometheus is unbound, humanity is free, and in union with Nature the path is open for unlimited progress.

It would be absurd to impute any such modern notions as those held by Goethe and Shelley to the author of Job, but we certainly need not conclude that his God was similar to that of the modern Christian. Job's deity appears to be simply a personification of the forces of Nature, and he asks at the outset of his affliction "shall we receive good at the hands of God, and shall we not receive evil?" The purpose of the writer, was not, as usually supposed, to teach submission; for Job was perfectly submissive as unto an absolute sovereign from the first. But Job raises the question, Why is this thus? Why do the righteous drag out dull lives of misery while "the wicked live, become old, yea are mighty in power?" Some of the psalmists and prophets also evidently felt the difficulty of the "problem of evil," a problem, he it said, which is only raised by the theist predicating a human-like author to nature. They, however, looked forward to a Messianic kingdom in which the wicked should be consumed and the righteous rewarded. Nothing of the kind is found in Job. The author shows no more acquaintance with the Messianic doctrine than he does with the laws ascribed to Moses. With him death is the end. "As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away; so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more." Job raises the question of evil and does not answer it. Nor does his friends. The long vindication of God by Elihu (chaps. xxxii.—xxxvii.), which is probably an interpolation,

concludes with saying: "Touching the Almighty we cannot find him out." Job wishes to appeal direct to God. "Behold I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him: On the left hand, where he doth work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth himself on the right-hand that I cannot see him." God breaks off the discussion by suddenly manifesting himself in the terrors of the whirlwind. He does not vindicate his ways by reason, but simply boasts of his power. Job, the victim of a disreputable wager between God and Satan, might well answer, That you are powerful is no reason for afflicting me. Nor could he well think that the Lord's blessing his latter end more than his beginning, could compensate sons and servants who were destroyed. The difficulty of reconciling the existence of evil with an almighty and all-good God, is suggested and not answered by Job.

In the book of Ecclesiastes the same question is raised in another form. "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity" is the burden of the Preacher. All things are in flux, and there is nothing new under the sun. Death is better than life. One event happeneth alike to the righteous and the wicked. "For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them: as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath: so that a man hath no pre-eminence over a beast; for all is vanity." Wherefore "there is nothing better than that a man should rejoice in his own works, for that is his portion: for who shall bring him to see what shall be after him?" The central moral is that secular one, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest." No wonder learned Rabbis declared "wise men ought to secrete the book Koheleth, because they find in it words tending to heresy." Saving a few clauses, the book might have been written by a Pagan and an Atheist. Nor is the concluding and more orthodox portion without suspicion of being by a different and later hand. Perhaps the most reasonable view of its different and often contradictory opinions is to suppose that the author was a sceptic with orthodox surroundings, and that his diverse conclusions should be taken merely as the expression of the writer's mood at the time of writing. It may seem strange that a work containing such heretical sentiments should obtain admission into the Bible, but it is evident the compilers of that work were only sufficiently critical to forbid the study of certain portions, including the Song of Songs and Ecclesiastes, to those under thirty years of age. Moderns can reflect that perhaps God Almighty is of the opinion of Plutarch, and would rather that men should question his government or existence than that they should attribute to him an odious character, such as Jehovah is credited with in other books of the Bible.

J. M. WHEELER.

ACID DROPS.

A FEMALE captain of the Salvation Army at Rotherhithe applied for a warrant against another Salvationist who lodged with her. The man had borrowed money of everybody he could and had run away with her clock, but had been taken into custody at Luton. She says he is an impostor. Anyhow, he is far from being the only impostor in the ranks of the "Hariny."

THE Bishop of Worcester is opposed to the erection of a huge Church House in commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee. He thinks the money ought to be given direct to the clergy in the form of better endowments. Probably he would not object to commencing with the addition of a few thousands a year to the salary of each Bishop.

IN allusion to the omniscience and infallibility of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, with its reports of speeches at Cabinet Councils and revelations of the secret workings of the minds of great men, a correspondent of the *Echo* says it is on the card that the first-named paper is about to outstrip itself. In view of the visible approach of the Great Day of Reckoning, arrangements will be made for obtaining summarised, but authentic, if not official, reports of the judgments pronounced upon the doomed.

THE *Church Review* thinks a good deal too much fuss is made about material destitution. It is curious to note what lengths the pious will go to in order to save poor people's souls, and with what equanimity they can bear their want of food and clothing.

SOME little time since, a foreigner who wished to be naturalised as an American citizen was refused because he objected to be sworn on the ground that he was an Atheist. The refusal was

declared illegal and the individual was naturalised by affirmation. The American *Christian Statesman* now laments: "Our laws make no provision for excluding Atheists from citizenship. Even the President of the United States may be an Atheist, and the oath prescribed in the Constitution has been so framed as to be no hindrance to his entrance on office if he were. This latter fact is not as it should be, and all thoughtful Christians must grieve to think it is so."

CHARITY balls and all public dancing are put under the ban by the Romish Plenary Council at Baltimore.

THE vicar and churchwardens of St. Mary, Beverley, are at loggerheads. The churchwardens have announced that all the seats will henceforth be free. The vicar doesn't like losing the pew-rents. He objects to religion without money and without price. Filthy lucre is consecrated in his eyes when exacted for sacred purposes and sacred people. The Archbishop of York has helped him by declaring the action of the churchwardens illegal. But they still persist, and have issued a pamphlet on "Parishioners' Rights and Churchwardens' Duties."

SURGEON talks about the covenant of grace written out in the fair handwriting of his Savior. What wouldn't collectors give for a specimen of Christ's handwriting? His autograph would fetch a fabulous sum. But unfortunately he couldn't write. If he left anything written behind him, his disciples allowed it to perish and substituted their own ideas. The Bible never shows him as writing except in sand,—which probably was only a simulation or pretence of writing to gain time in answering awkward questions.

ELIZABETH ROW, wife of the parish clerk of Holy Trinity Church, Cloudesley Square, has committed suicide. Her husband deposes that she was a "truly religious woman" and "would have passed the whole of her days in the church had it been possible for her to have done so." Her religion was so great a comfort and so sure a stay to her that she became worried and despondent through the fear that she could not properly decorate the church at Christmas. Being very depressed and strange while in the church she was advised to go home. She did so, but when her husband returned home the next morning he found her lying on the kitchen floor with her throat fearfully gashed. A large carving-knife and a razor, both covered with blood, lay beside her.

A BIBLE-BANGER, named, Smith, is lecturing at Nottingham to prove that the earth is flat. Well, if the earth isn't flat the lecturer is, so 'tis all the same in the end.

DR. PRESSENSE, writing in the *Christian World* on French Atheism, says that to the ceremony of the unveiling of the statue of Diderot last year, "all the leading representatives of the Materialistic school in Europe were bidden for the occasion, from Max Buckner to Bradlaugh." One would think an opponent of Materialism should be acquainted with the name of Carl Ludwigh Buchner.

DR. PRESSENSE finds the cause of Atheism in the masses of Frenchmen in the fact that "our working classes have unhappily learnt to know religion only through a very false medium." He thinks that although Catholicism is objected to, his Protestantism should be acceptable. An infallible book is so much better than a fallible man, and it is so much easier to credit that water was turned into wine some time ago than that a wafer is transubstantiated now. Dr. Pressensé surely forgets that Protestantism has been sufficiently preached in France since the days of Calvin for the people to be pretty well acquainted with the beauties of its gospel.

JESUS tells us, and the parsons follow suit, that not a single sparrow falls to the ground without the observation of the Father. We observe that the sparrows fall all the same. The person who sprinkles a few crumbs outside his window-sill in the winter does a deal more for the birds than their heavenly father who watches them fall.

A SUBSCRIBER to our paper, residing in Hopetown, Cape Colony, noticing the many stories of the deaths of blasphemers without names, dates, or other means of investigation, sends us the following instance (which he says is well-known to all in the town) of a young man killed while worshipping his god: "On February 25, 1883, in the Dutch Reformed Church of this town, Divine Service was being held, and the minister, the Rev. G. A. Scholtz officiating, the hymn was being sung when a flash of lightning struck the edifice, the electric fluid passed down one of the hanging lamps which was suspended from the roof and killed instantaneously a young man, John Muller by name; and a blacksmith by trade. A number of other persons were also much affected by the lightning, but none very seriously injured, although the service had to be suddenly stopped and several carried out senseless. One lady's bonnet was struck off her head and hurled about ten yards from where she was sitting, and the clothes and hair of several persons were burnt. The smell of sulphur was great, and a loud cry arose from many of the congregation 'I burn, help!' The young man who had the visi-

tation' was a hard-working and honest young fellow, and was liked by all in our town."

A CASE was tried in the Madras Small Cause Court, the action being to recover a fee by a "devil extractor" for the cure of a mental disease. No doubt English Christians will laugh at this superstition, but their New Testament is full of it. Nay more, it is explicitly recognised as a religious verity in the seventy-second Canon of the Church of England, which enjoins that "no minister or ministers shall, without the license and direction of the bishop of the diocese first obtained and had under his hand and seal, attempt to cast out any devil or devils, under pain of imposture or cosenage and deposition from the ministry."

ESTHER JALLU, a pretty girl of Morbihan, has been done to death by her superstitious relatives. Fancying that there was an evil spirit in her body, her brothers threw her on the floor, and while one held her down the other bored holes in her with an auger, so that the demon might escape through the openings. Four holes were made, one in the body, one in each leg, and one in the forehead. While the fiendish act was being perpetrated, the poor girl's mother and sister knelt beside her praying for the success of the operation. Having murdered their victim, the family kept the neighbors from the house with hatchets. They were finally arrested by the gendarmes and sent to a madhouse. Their fellow Christians will laugh at their silly superstition, but it is taught in the Bible, and sanctioned by the canon law of the Catholic and Protestant Churches.

THE Rev. Mr. Fletcher, rector of Carfax, let a mild doubt as to the existence of Adam creep into one of his sermons. This awful heresy has excited the indignation of the Rev. E. S. Ffoulkes, who holds the fattest living in Oxford, and he has complained to the bishop. For the sake of poor Adam we hope this momentous question will be promptly settled.

WHAT funny people there are in the world! Lady Colin Campbell, after her arduous divorce case, takes a little recreation in the shape of singing and talking at a kind of revival meeting. That was in the East End. In the West End the same lady regards the Duke of Marlborough as a most eligible friend.

THE "Week of Prayer" has begun, and the Almighty will be pretty deaf, not to say distracted by the time it is over. The first day's performance was a thanksgiving for blessings. First of all God was thanked for his "long-suffering grace." No doubt the performers keenly felt what they would get if they had their deserts. Next, the Lord was praised for his "manifold temporal blessings, private and public." Surely, in the present state of the weather and trade, this looks like a bit of irony. Praising the Lord for the "preservation of peace among the nations of Europe" is equally rich, when the said nations are armed to the teeth, and waiting their time to fly at each other's throats. As for "the many tokens of the mighty working of the Holy Ghost," we should like to know where they are. Is it a sly hit at the number of illegitimate children?

NOT content with the damage done to churches by the recent snow-storm God has demolished a church spire at Templetown by lightning.

JEHOVAH has burnt another of his own houses. This time it is the Roman Catholic church of St. Thomas of Canterbury at St. Leonards. Not only is the Holy-Ghostified edifice destroyed, but some valuable "relics" have shared the same fate. No Company would insure "relics" at fancy prices, but happily (for itself) the Church can manufacture that kind of article wholesale at a ridiculously low figure.

THE Church of St. John the Evangelist, at Sheffield, is also completely destroyed with all its valuable contents. A good fire brigade seems to be much more effectual against fire than God's protection.

EIGHT Chicago clergymen were invited to sit in the stalls of the Columbia Theatre and give their opinion of the ballet. They sat it out—of course; but one of them said it was inexcusably fleshy, although the others thought it delightful. *Fleshy* is the word given in the papers, but as that implies that the ladies of the ballet were too fat, we gallantly assume that the indignant sky-pilot said *fleshly*. This professor of skyology is called Blackwell. We should like to hear Mr. Blackwell's opinion of the holy cancan that David danced before Jehovah's travelling trunk.

THE Church and Stage Guild is peculiarly fond of ballets, and the Rev. S. D. Headlam can discourse on all the intricacies of the terpsichorean art with the precision of a dancing master. Would it not be well if the English clergy were to adjudicate on the propriety of the ballet once for all. A special performance, say by the Alhambra troupe and two or three sprightly *premières danseuses*, might be given before next year's Convocation; and if the lightly clad, agile ladies did not wrest a verdict of "first-rate" from the white-chokers we should admit that we were mistaken in our estimate of human nature.

FORD, in his delightful *Gatherings from Spain*, tells us that "The Toledan clergy, out of mere jealousy wished to put the *bolero* down, on the pretence of immorality. The dancers were allowed in evidence to "give a view" to the court. When they began the bench and bar showed symptoms of restlessness, and at last casting aside gowns and briefs, both joined, as if tarantula-bitten, in the irresistible capering—verdict, for the defendants with costs."

THE statue of the Madonna at Westminster Abbey is a great outrage upon the religious susceptibilities of bigoted Protestants. A correspondent of the *Rock* holds that this "really idolatrous image" must be taken down "if England is not to rush to ruin." He attributes the divorce-court filth of the present day to the prevalence of the "Ritualistic Sacerdotalism" that sets up this "graven image" in public—so corrupt a religion necessarily issuing in corrupt morals. But why he describes the statue as "*falsely* representing the great risen Savior in the likeness of a weak child in the arms of an earthly parent" we cannot see. That Jesus (if he ever lived) commenced as a baby and had a mother is agreed upon by Christians and unbelievers alike. Surely the babe of Bethlehem and his maiden mamma are not forbidden subjects of art, except to real believers in the second commandment.

THE *Rock*, speaking on the comparative morality of priests and physicians in France, says: "The number of offences proved to have been individually committed by these ordained ministers of the Church is startling. In almost every instance the published reports state that the accused was found guilty of a number of criminal acts, showing a widespread system of immorality carried on for years. The greater number of the accused were engaged in the instruction of the young, or were priests who used the confessional for criminal purposes; the Abbé Hue, Curé de Limes, even urging in his defence 'that he had only followed the formula of a book, entitled *La Science du Confesseur*, which all the priests have in their hands.'" The physicians on the contrary, it seems, are remarkably exempt from charges of immorality and crime.

A VERY amusing and edifying interview has taken place between General Roberts and the Buddhist archbishop of Burmah. Seeing that the British forces are victorious, and that native rule is at an end, the archbishop, like a true priest, sacrifices his patriotism on the altar of profit and ambition. He welcomes General Roberts, and draws up a proclamation with the name of the clergy, exhorting the people to accept British rule. On the other hand, he impresses on General Roberts the necessity of respecting the Buddhist religion and temples; and the British commander, who is doubtless aware that every form of religion is an aid to tyranny, assures the archbishop that her Majesty's Government will both protect and support his church. Here again, as through all history, we see the spiritual and temporal thieves working hand in glove together.

THE Rev. Peter McKercher, parish minister of Kilmore and Kilbride, was ill advised in bringing an action against a Lochane baker for alleged slander. Evidence was called proving that he did commit impropriety "among the brackens" with a young girl to whom he admitted giving ten shillings a week by way of Christian charity.

SPURGEON says he is "still detained before the Lord in affliction," but he expects a speedy recovery. He asks his friends to help that recovery by praying for it. But will prayer act all that distance off? And if so, wouldn't it act just as well at home without his going all the way to Mentone to help it?

PREBENDARY ANDERSON has delivered another discourse at Bath on "Suicidal Concessions to Infidelity." We observe that this well-paid agent of superstition denies that nature is uniform and asserts the actuality of miracles. We shall believe that he believes this when he tries to live on faith instead of beef-steak. When Prebendary Anderson asks whether Jesus Christ was capable of telling a lie, we answer "Yes." There never was a man incapable of telling a lie, and the Christians are known all over the world as the greatest liars it contains.

ACCORDING to the report in the *Christian World*, General Booth, upon his reception at Exeter Hall, said "he believed he would be one of the wonders of heaven." Well, there are a tidy lot of wonders there, including the Lamb with seven horns and seven eyes, and the cherubim who "continually do cry;" but no doubt the "General" will be in his element bossing the show.

A LADY came from church the other day, and her husband asked her what the text was; she said she thought it was, "We look through a glass eye darkly."

MARIAN, aged five, is very much interested in her brother's natural science lessons. One Sunday her older sister related to her the story of the Ark and Flood. After listening very attentively she at length exclaimed: "I don't believe a word of it!" "Why, Marian, why do you say that?" the sister asked in surprise. "Why, all those people in the Ark would have been suffocated with carbonic acid gas!" the child replied.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

MR. FOOTE'S ENGAGEMENTS.

Sunday, Jan. 9, St. James's Hall, Oxford Street, Manchester; at 11, "The Sweet By-and-bye;" at 3, "The Star of Bethlehem;" at 6.30, "Where is God?"

JAN. 16, Milton Hall; 20, North Lambeth Branch; 23, Liverpool; 30, Camberwell.

FEB. 6, Sunderland; 13, Milton Hall, London; 20, Plymouth; 27, Huddersfield;

MARCH 20, Hall of Science, London; 27, Hall of Science, London.

APRIL 10, Birmingham.

TO 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.

STANLEY HALL, BATTERSEA.—The Secretary of the Branch is requested not to take Jan. 26 for Mr. Foote's lecture, but another date in the same week. The Secretary's address is mislaid.

RECEIVED WITH THANKS.—T. C., J. Harland.

W. PERRY wishes to know at what newsagent's the *Freethinker* can be obtained in Coventry. Can any reader inform him?

J. FENDER.—The subscription will carry you on to March 20. The book-post rate to India is three-halfpence for every two ounces.

"BURNT-OUT" FUND.—Portsmouth Branch of the N. S. S., £1.

A. H.—Thanks. See "Acid Drops."

R. W. HARDING.—You ask for our frank opinion. Well, we think your circular a hodge-podge. It contains bad philosophy, and atrociously false history. Still, we hope better things are spoken from your platform, and we wish your Branch all success. But let them be sure that in trying to be "religious" they are not simply aiming at respectability.

J. B. G.—We are afraid you have found a mare's nest. At any rate, it is not in our line. If your invention is any good you can easily communicate by advertisement with those who might take it up.

G. G. C.—Cuttings are always welcome and handy.

AGNOSCO.—Your cuttings are always welcome.

J. D.—Read Mr. Ball's article on Labor Capitalisation in *Progress*.

J. WHITE.—See our article. Paul Bert was not converted, but no doubt the sky-pilots will go on saying he was. They trade on lies, and why should they stick at this one? We shall of course include Paul Bert's case in the next edition of *Infidel Death-Beds*, a little work which Freethinkers should make a point of lending to their orthodox friends.

G. ALEXANDER.—Good, but the execution is rather rough. You will do better if you try again.

P. A. RODY.—Thanks. See "Sugar Plums." Send us cuttings whenever you please.

R. E. H.—We are obliged for the cuttings. In answer to your questions: (1) The flocks are not pastured out at this time of the year in Palestine. Dr. Edersheim himself is forced to "suppose" that the flocks referred to were "temple sheep" for sacrifice. (2) How does the Christian religion influence statesmen for good? Our two great parties are both Christian though they oppose and denounce each other. The "infidel" statesmen of France are at least as good as ours, and there are probably great statesmen in "heathen" countries of whom we know nothing.

PAPERS RECEIVED.—Boston Investigator—Monschenthum—Iron-clad Age—Lucifer—La Luz—Liberal (Nashville)—Church Reformer—Avant-Courier—Truthseeker (Leicester)—Newcastle Daily Leader—Financial Critic—Thinker (Madras)—Monthly Intelligence—Bournemouth Guardian—Hampshire Independent—Y.M.C.A. Monthly Review—Sheffield Evening Star.

SUGAR PLUMS.

THE title of the debate between Mrs. Besant and Mr. Foote will be "Is Socialism Sound?" A verbatim Report, revised by both disputants, will be published as promptly as possible. The announcement of the debate has naturally excited great interest, and there promises to be a big gathering. For the convenience of those who would rather book seats than push in with the crowd, course-tickets are issued, and can be procured at the Hall of Science, at 28 Stonecutter Street, and at 63 Fleet Street.

Mr. Adam and Captain Noah, the first two numbers of Mr. Foote's new work, *Bible Heroes*, will be ready next Thursday. This series promises to be even more interesting than *Bible Romances*.

MADAME PAUL BERT, in passing through the Suez Canal, received the news of the reported conversion *in extremis* of her husband. She has telegraphed to say that it is utterly untrue.

Pious American journalists complain of the "Christless Thanksgiving Proclamations" put forth by the President each year. The *Christian Statesman* says: "The Thanksgiving pro-

clamations of President Cleveland and Governor Pattison of Pennsylvania, follow carefully the almost unvarying precedents of the past in their exclusion of the name of Christ. This omission becomes more significant year by year as attention is called to it more distinctly, and this year is especially so in view of a letter which was addressed to the Governors of all the States and Territories before these proclamations appeared." The editor of the *Christian Statesman* thinks that all the Christian sects ought to take this matter up and insist on a due recognition of Christianity in these public proclamations. The fact is that there is a growing feeling that religion is out of place in public matters, and is more likely to be hypocritical humbug than honest conviction. Thus religion will gradually be excluded from practical matters and the world will be secularised.

MR. BUTLAND, who has left a munificent bequest to the Toronto Hospital, was a pronounced Secularist, and his virtues will be cited as a proof that excellence of character may exist without religious belief. But who can doubt this?—*Toronto Week*.

THE *Church Reformer* for January refers to the recent symposium on "Edification and Discussion," and recommends Churchmen not to allow speakers of the type of certain representatives of the Christian Evidence Society to have the monopoly of the "Christian" side of the debate. It even urges parsons to come (at least sometimes) out of their "coward's castle," and subject their views to free discussion. Parsons, however, are usually aware that their views are too feeble to stand that bracing influence.

THE *Detroit Free Press*, which has a very large circulation in England, and is one of the liveliest papers published, gives half a column of "gems" from Ingersoll's latest lecture, *Social Salvation*.

WHEN Mr. Foote's pamphlet *Was Jesus Insane?* was first published its title was pronounced blasphemous by the orthodox. There were some Freethinkers even who sniffed at it, and we dare say they do so still—bless their old-fashioned souls! But what do they think of this? Here is the Rev. C. Voysey writing in a high-class magazine like the *Fortnightly Review* that Jesus Christ was not an impostor in making the absurd claims that led to his death, but "simply mistaken and finally insane." The italics are ours, but the word is Mr. Voysey's. If this sort of thing continues, we shall soon see the editor of the *Fortnightly* applying to us for a few suggestions for Comic Bible Sketches.

MR. FOOTE is seeing through the press a new edition of his *Shadow of the Sword*, which has for some time been out of print. The present moment, when Europe, after eighteen centuries of the Gospel of Peace, is an armed camp full of rumors of war, is singularly opportune for the re-issue of this pamphlet.

THE Manchester Freethinkers should note that Mr. Foote lectures to-day (Jan. 9) at St. James's Hall, Oxford Road. The expenses are heavy, and it is feared that the hard weather and the trade depression may affect the audiences, unless an effort is made to sustain them. We trust the Freethinkers of the district will try to give the lectures publicity, and induce their orthodox friends to attend.

HARRY ALFRED LONG, the champion infidel-slayer of Scotland, has returned from his visit to Australia, where he made a very poor fist of his debate with Joseph Symes. Long's Glasgow friends welcomed him home at a "conversazione," which we expect was a tea-fight; and the hero of the evening made a speech, the chief merit of which was certainly not discretion. He told them that out in Australia "the Bible was expelled from the schools and infidelity was rampant." Yet he found there "a better social state," and none of "the black squalor with which we are familiar in this country." Good! Excellent! But, O Harry, Harry! call you that backing of your friends?

BURNING A FAMILY TO SATISFY GOD.

"All," says a disgusted Christian as his eye catches the unwelcome heading, "some lying newspaper report from the backwoods of America."

"Pooh," says another, "a mere case of lunacy put down to the credit of Christianity by these unscrupulous infidels."

"How shameful," cries yet another, "that these Atheists should be allowed to misrepresent religion and libel God in this wretched fashion. They ought to be hung, every mother's son of them, for outraging our religious susceptibilities."

Well, Christian gentlemen, I beg to assure you that this sensational case of burning a family to please God is derived from a source which you must acknowledge to be the best possible. If it be a lying report it is your God who is the liar, for it is his revealed Word which records it. If the act be lunacy, it is the species of lunacy called religion, for it consisted only in obeying the orders of your God. If it

is a slander upon God and religion, it is God and religion that have slandered themselves; and if anyone is to be hung it should be God himself, seeing that he is the author of the libel. It is a pity, Christian gentlemen, that you know so little of your Bible that you denounce its contents as lies and slanders and madness when put before you in plain English by men who are free to speak the truth on religious matters. The case is a minor one, it is true, and you did not recognise it as part and parcel of God's Word. It has also some slightly, very slightly, palliating circumstances, and of these you will of course make the most you possibly can to save the credit of your God and overwhelm the carping Infidel with confusion. To prevent any further rash charges of fabrication or fraud I had better at once inform you that the report of the burning of a family to satisfy God is to be found in the seventh chapter of the Book of Joshua, which work you may ascertain on due investigation is part of your orthodox Bible. I will describe the event for your edification.

A great city is besieged by barbarians. Your infinitely benevolent God has taken these savage besiegers under his wing as his chosen people. He enters alike into their savagery and their superstition, as if he enjoyed them both. He sanctions, nay he commands, indiscriminate slaughter of all the men, women and children of the comparatively civilised city which they are to reduce to ashes. Everything within the city walls is *cherem*, accursed and tabooed, horrible and hellish and doomed to destruction—except a harlot who sheltered spies and betrayed her fellow-citizens. Even the silver and gold and the iron saucepans and brass pipkins and frying-pans are accursed—so God and Joshua ordain—in order that such desirable plunder may be preserved for the priests, who will take the curse off the booty and dedicate it all to God and themselves. But when the city is captured and its inhabitants massacred, a man named Achan, who is not one of the priests, takes a cloak and some gold and silver for himself, and hides them in the earth beneath his tent. After wading ankle-deep in the blood of holy massacre, he thinks that as murder is so great a virtue, the appropriation of some of the property of the dead, who have no further use for it, can be no very great crime. But your God, who blesses the murder of all that breathed, is dreadfully enraged at the theft of his priests' perquisites. He resolves to obtain satisfaction. A straightforward God would surely work in a straightforward manner, but it is not so with Jehovah. He causes the Israelites to be defeated when they attack the city of Ai. Three thousand Israelites are slain, and poor broken-hearted Joshua falls on his face and piteously inquires of the Lord why he has deserted his poor innocent murderers. God, the all-good and all-wise, replies that he is punishing them because somebody has transgressed the covenant that he commanded and has "taken of the accursed thing." He has caused three thousand men to be slain because some other person unspecified has kept back some plunder which God had ordered should be handed in to his own treasury of stolen goods. But the omnipotent and all-merciful receiver is, of course, not as bad as the thief he seeks to plunder in turn. In his infinite pity and tenderness of heart he consoles Joshua by pointing out to him the only way by which the divine help can be regained—namely, by destroying "the accursed thing" and the accursed man and his relatives from among them. Lots are to be cast on the morrow, and the guilty one thus discovered "shall be burnt with fire, he and all that he hath." Such is the price that God demands for his almighty aid.

Tribe by tribe, family by family, lots are cast, till chance, or rather God's judgment, pitches upon Achan as the wicked one. Then, in obedience to God's orders, the Bible tells us that

"Joshua, and all Israel with him, took Achan the son of Zerah, and the silver, and the garment, and the wedge of gold, and his sons, and his daughters, and his oxen, and his asses, and his sheep, and his tent, and all that he had: and they brought them unto the valley of Achor. And Joshua said, Why hast thou troubled us? the Lord shall trouble thee this day. And all Israel stoned him with stones, and burned them with fire. . . . So the Lord turned from the fierceness of his anger."

Thus the whole family was burnt to satisfy the Lord, who was so well pleased that he graciously overlooked the fact that the pious cremators had presumed, possibly out of kindness, but more probably from superabundant zeal and pious delight in personal brutality, to kill, or half-kill, Achan

with stones before cremating the whole family as ordered. Sons and daughters, sheep and oxen, all that Achan had, including, it may be, concubines or wives who are not thought worthy of mention, the entire household and household stock, animate and inanimate were publicly consumed by fire to gratify the Lord. When the family was at length reduced to ashes, God was so delighted that he freely forgave the more pious thieves who had given him all their plunder. Satisfied by this glorious *auto da fé* in his honor, he at once incited the devout robbers (his omnipotence too being materially aided by a stratagem) to capture Ai and other towns in order to serve them as Jericho had been served.

This God, O Christian gentlemen, is the God you teach your sons and daughters to adore. You may say the report is a stale one, but if so why do you circulate these stale reports as of infinite consequence? Why do you not first examine and correct a book of whose contents you know so little? Achan and his family are far from being the only people burnt by your benevolent God. No wonder his people imitated him with faggot and stake during the long dark ages of Christian supremacy. He silenced complaints, apparently perfectly natural ones, in the desert by sending his fire (not Satan's) among them and he "consumed them that were in the uttermost parts of the camp" (Numbers xi., 1). At another time we read that "there came out a fire from the Lord, and consumed the two hundred and fifty men that offered incense" (Numbers xvi., 35). Jephthah burnt his daughter as a sacrifice to the Lord in fulfilment of a vow he made when the Spirit of the Lord came upon him. In these cases living beings were burned to death. Of his vaunted Good News of the eternal burnings in hell-fire your God is proud and will be proud for evermore.

A noble God, O Christian ladies and gentleman, is he not, and a nice being to introduce to the love and adoration and imitation of civilised children? What say you?

W. P. BALL.

SOME BEAUTIES OF ISAIAH.

THOMAS PAINE very forcibly argued from the Bible against monarchical forms of government. But the inspired word is so gloriously self-contradictory on nearly every subject, that the most servile loyalist can justify his toadyism on its authority. I am bound, however, to confess that admiration of a queen seems rank blasphemy against the sentiments of "Holy Writ." Thus Isaiah in reporting a speech by the king of *kings*, has the following dreadful curse, "As for my people, children are their oppressors, and *women* rule over them" (chap. iii., 12). A decided antipathy to petticoat government is implied in the text just quoted, and Isaiah, good Radical that he was in some particulars was probably right in objecting to "women" ruling over men and women. The beauty of Isaiah's remark lies in the fact of the harmony between himself and the New Testament writer who tells those among us who choose to read him, to "Fear God, and honor the *king*." Many more biblical examples of masculine one-sidedness might be given, but one other must suffice the present purpose. Jesus, after snubbing a woman for exclaiming, "Blessed is the womb that bare thee, and the paps which thou hast sucked," is reputed to have said, "The *queen* of the south shall rise up in the judgment with the *men* of *this* generation, and condemn them for (even) she came from the uttermost parts of the earth (!) to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and behold a greater than Solomon is here. The men of Nineveh," etc. (Luke vi., 27-32). Thus was she put in the category of the wicked. The Christian Evidence Society will retort perhaps, that Jesus Christ was very fond of women; and there is one instance of a woman using several pound's worth of unctuous perfumery to grease his feet with, and thereby earning the commendation of him who professed to have visited earth to minister and not to be ministered unto. But to pass on and to parsons (no pun) it may not be generally known that King David referred in Psalm lxxiii. to the happy accession of King George to the throne, but as a hint to any one who elects to find a distinct prophecy of an existing monarch, I may note that the third verse, "The earth and all the inhabitants thereof are dissolved: I bear up the pillars of it," is thus paraphrased:

"Britain was doomed to be a slave;
Her frame dissolved, her fears were great,
When God a new supporter gave
To bear the pillars of the state!"

Can any jubilee poetaster find a prophecy of Victoria so pertinent and manifest?

Among the beauties of Isaiah not generally appreciated is his prediction, concerning, and justifying the Iconoclasts of Christian times: "For the day of the lord of hosts shall be upon *all pleasant pictures*" (chap. ii., 16). He anticipated too, the modern idea that the coat makes the man (see chap. iii., 6): "When a man

shall take hold of his brother of the house of his father, saying, Thou hast *clothing*, be thou our ruler." Seeing that Isaiah does not condemn that principle of selection, I must perforce grant that Queen Elizabeth was pre-eminently *fitted* (by her dressmaker) to be a ruler, for in an historical note by Henry Ince, we are informed, "No female perhaps ever studied variety and richness of costume more than Elizabeth. She appeared every other day in a different dress, and was so fond of clothes that she would never part with them. At her death there were found in her wardrobe the different habits, of all nations, she had ever worn, amounting to upwards of three thousand. The Bishop of London, in a sermon before the queen, alluded to the vanity of decking the body too finely; her majesty told the ladies that "if the bishop held more discourse on such matters, she would fit him for heaven, but he should walk thither without his staff, and leave his mantle behind him." Applying further the esoteric interpretation of Isaiah, it may be pointed out that he foresaw the advent of that heroine of nursery legend of whom it is said,

"With rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes,
She shall hear music wherever she goes."

As the lady appears to be now deceased, we recognise the fulfilment of the prediction, "In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their *tinkling ornaments about their feet*" (verse 18). More beautifully *apropos* was the inspired vision in regard to vitriol-throwing, that resource of modern feminine jealousy, which is clearly foretold in the words, "And it shall come to pass . . . there shall be . . . *burning instead of beauty*" (verse 24). The wicked sceptic who ridicules the sacred goose which accompanied the Crusaders should hold his peace when he discovers that the much abused bird was "spiritually discerned" to be an apt emblem of him whom Isaiah spoke of in the words, "And he will lift up an ensign to the nations . . . and will hiss!" (chap. v., 26).

If I am accused of misrepresenting Isaiah, who is farcically dubbed Evangelical, I must retort that his sanctified expounders are tenfold greater sinners in that respect. Whereas Isaiah was innocent as a Hottentot of the Christian Jesus, I may quote the words of Thomas Paine in respect of the Book of Isaiah: "The head of every chapter and the top of every page, are blazoned with the names of Christ and the church, that the unwary reader might suck in the error before he began to read."

W. C. SAVILLE.

"AN INFIDEL'S INGRATITUDE."

UNDER the above heading Mr. Woffendale, in his monthly journal dilates upon my having returned evil for his good by mentioning in corroboration of a judgment upon Mr. Woffendale by Epenetus Earwaker, that the former gentleman "entered the house in which I lodged and endeavored to force his way into my room at a time when I was lying delirious." Mr. Woffendale very properly offers his own version of the affair, which I place before my readers:

"Judge of our surprise when we now hear that a poor Infidel whom we were entreated to visit some time ago *when he was sick*, is pretending, in print, now that he is well, that we endeavored to force our way into his room when he was lying delirious. This assertion is an Infidel falsehood, and as Mr. Wheeler, Mr. Foote's sub-editor, has chosen to make it, we now place the truth before our readers. One Sunday afternoon, after preaching, as usual, in the King's Cross Theatre, we were accosted upon leaving by a well-known Christian, who said, 'I am a friend of poor Wheeler, the Secularist. He is very ill. The Secularists are doing nothing for him. He has been praying to God, and at intervals when he is better and reasonable he has been anxiously asking 'Is there mercy for a Blasphemer?' He has also been saying, 'I only want converted persons to remain in the room with me.' I think therefore that some Christian minister ought to go and visit the poor fellow. Will you go and see if you can comfort him, or do him any good?'"

Whatever truth there may be in this story—and, as far as I am aware, there is none whatever—Mr. Woffendale is guilty of a *suppressio veri* in saying "when he was sick." Dr. Paramore, who attended me, and who is intimately acquainted with Mr. Woffendale, certified that I was insane, and most assuredly I must have been so if the report of this "well-known Christian" was correct. But why does not Mr. Woffendale give this well-known Christian's name, that I may know if he was indeed my friend and in a position to truly report concerning me? He mentions my friend Mr. Barlow, who, although a Christian, denied him admission into my room, and whose version of his behavior did not coincide with his own.

Possibly Mr. Woffendale was actuated by the kindest motives in calling on me when he heard I was insane, but I care not to pretend to a gratitude I do not feel. I have known Mr. Woffendale a long time, and I cannot think the sight of his face or the sound of his voice would have been beneficial to me. My gratitude is therefore reserved for the friends who denied him admission.

J. M. WHEELER.

HE hadn't attended divine services for a long time, and when they reached the church he attempted to enter by the side door. "What are you doing, John?" inquired his wife; "that is the side door." "Certainly," he replied; it's Sunday, isn't it? The front door is locked and—oh— suddenly interrupting himself—"oh! of course, certainly, what am I thinking about? I was under the impression that—that—" "Sh! that's enough," said his wife, and then she led him into the church.

F A R A W A Y.

PRIESTS say there's a heavenly land,
Far, far away;
Where eternal mansions stand,
Far, far away;
Where, beyond the sun and moon
Angels shout an awful tune.
Who's not glad this precious boon
Is far, far away.

There dwell God and Son and Ghost—
Far, far away;
With their ancient barbarous host,
Far, far away;
Liars, rogues, adulterers too,
Cheats and parsons not a few,
Murderers, thieves—a ghastly crew—
Far, far away.

Strange must sound their melody,
Far, far away;
Worse than lunatics on spree,
Far, far away.
Were I where such angels are,
To some other peaceful star
I should shift my lodgings, far,
Far, far away.

Some say there's a burning hell,
Far, far away;
Where from heav'n the faithless dwell,
Far, far away.
Where the good, the great, the true—
Earth's best sons—for ever stew;
Of the noblest there are few
Far, far away.

But old Nick, I make no doubt,
Far, far away,
Long has let the fire burn out,
Far, far away.
Shakespeare, Shelley, Paine, Voltaire,
Byron, Hume and Mill are there,
And may these our homes prepare,
Far, far away.

All religion is, my friends,
Far, far away,
Where its boasted virtue tends,
Far, far away.
If the Gospel brought no pay
Would the parsons preach and pray?
Not until th' eternal day,
Far, far away.

MICHAEL.

REVIEWS.

Our Corner. January. Freethought Publishing Co.—Mr. Bradlaugh opens with a paper on "The Truth about Burma," and very sorry truth it is so far as England is concerned. Mr. J. Robertson contributes an exceptionally well written article on "Clough as a Fictionist." Mrs. Besant begins a paper on "The Genesis of Conscience," which promises well and is already interesting. Mr. G. B. Slaw continues his novel "The Irrational Knot."

The Financial Reform Almanack for 1887. (1s.)—Full of useful statistics. Every earnest Radical should procure a copy and, still better, study it.

CHRISTIAN PROFANITY.

THE *Christian Commonwealth* is evidently going in for Profane Jokes. We extract the following examples from its issue of Dec. 30:

A little girl asked a minister, "Do you think my father will go to heaven?" "Why, yes, my child. Why do you ask?" "Well, because if he don't have his own way there, he won't stay long, I was thinking."

In the Peshawur cemetery in India, is the following amusing epitaph: "Sacred to the memory of Rev. —, missionary, aged —, murdered by his chowkidar. 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant!'"

Sandy: "I want a cake o' soap, Mr. M'Intosh." Chemist: "I canna let ye hae a cake o' soap on th' Sawbath day, Sandy." Sandy: "But ye sell'd that lassie peppermint drops." Chemist: "Ay, ye can sook peppermints in the kirk, but ye canna wash yersel' there."

A clergyman, some time ago, met a member of his congregation who was giving way to drink. Said he, "Now, Jones, you know drink is your enemy; why not give it up?" "But, sir," said the man, "are we not told to love our enemies?" The clergyman felt that this was a decided hit, and was rather taken back by the novel argument. But he was equal to the occasion. "Jones," said he, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "it is one thing to love your enemies, but quite another thing to swallow them!"

SOME questions were asked about Jesus the King. A Swedish boy was asked if they had a president in Sweden. "No; they had a king," was the reply. "Did he dress in fine robes and jewels and ride in splendid carriages?" he was asked. "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Now boys," said the Superintendent, addressing himself to them all, "was Jesus that kind of a king?" "No," spoke up one of them, "he rode a mule and knew as much as you do!"

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Anthony Collins	Mirabeau
Condorcet	Robert Owen
Robert Cooper	Thomas Paine
Danton	Shelley
Diderot	Spinoza
George Eliot	D. F. Strauss
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Labor Capitalization. By W. P. Ball.
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