

THE FREETHINKER

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

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COMIC BIBLE SKETCH.—No. 181.



A WORLD MAKER.

And God saw everything that he had made, and, behold it was very good. . . . Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them.—GEN. I, 31; II, 1.

THE SONS OF GOD.

“The sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair.”
GEN. VI, 8

ACCORDING to the first book of the Bible, the earth fell into a very wicked condition in the days of the patriarchs. God made everything good, but the Devil turned everything bad; and in the end the Lord put the whole concern into liquidation. It was a case of universal bankruptcy. All that was saved out of the catastrophe was a consignment of eight human beings and an unknown number of elephants, crocodiles, horses, pigs, dogs, cats, and fleas.

Among other enormities of the antediluvian world was the fondness shown by the sons of God for the daughters of men. That fondness has continued ever since. The deluge itself could not wash out the amatory feelings with which the pious males regard those fair creatures who were once supposed to be the Devil's chief agents on earth.

No. 285.]

Even to this day it is a fact that courtship goes on with remarkable briskness in religious circles. Churches and chapels are places of harmless assignation, and how many matches are made in Sunday-schools, where Alfred and Angelina meet to teach the Scripture and flirt. As for the clergy, who are peculiarly the sons of God, they are notorious for their partiality to the sex. They purr about the ladies like black tom-cats. Some of them are adepts in the art of rolling one eye heavenwards and letting the other languish on the fair faces of the daughters of men. It is also noticeable that the Protestant clericals marry early and often, and generally beget a numerous progeny; while the Catholic priest who, being strictly celibate, never adds to the population, “mashes” the ladies through the confessional, worming out all their secrets, and making them as pliable as wax in his holy hands. Too often the professional son of God is a chartered libertine, whose amours are carried on under a veil of sanctity. What else, indeed, could be expected when a lot of lusty young fellows, in the prime of life, foreswear marriage, take vows of chastity, and undertake to stem the current of their natures by such feeble dams as prayers and hymns?

Who the original “sons of God” were is a moot point. God only knows, and he has not told us. But Jewish and Christian divines have advanced many theories. According to some the sons of God were the offspring of Seth, who was born holy in succession to righteous Abel, while the daughters of men were the offspring of wicked Cain.

Among the oriental Christians it is said that the children of Seth tried to regain Paradise by living in great austerity on Mount Hermon, but they soon tired of their laborious days and cheerless nights, and cast sheep's-eyes on the daughters of Cain, whose beauty was equal to their father's wickedness. Marriages followed, and the Devil triumphed again.

According to the Cabbalists, two angels, Aza and Azael, complained to God at the creation of man. God answered, “You, O angels, if you were in the lower world, you too would sin.” They descended on earth, and directly they saw the ladies they forgot heaven. They married and exchanged the hallelujahs of the celestial chorus for the tender tones of loving women and the sweet prattle of little children. Having sinned, or, to use the vile language of religion, “polluted themselves with women,” they became clothed with flesh. On trying to regain Paradise they

failed, and were cast back on the mountains, where they continued to beget giants and devils.

"There were giants in the earth in those days" says Scripture. Of course there were. Every barbarous people has similar legends of primitive ages. The translators of our Revised Version are ashamed of these mythical personages as being too suggestive of Jack and the Beanstalk, so they have substituted Anakim for giants. In other words, they have shirked the duty of translators, and left the nonsense veiled under the original word.

The Mohammedans say that not only giants, but also Jins, were born of the sons of God, who married the daughters of men. The Jins soon had the world in their power. They ruled everywhere, and built colossal works, including the pyramids.

Of the giants the most remarkable was Og. He was taller than the last Yankee story, for at the Deluge he stopped the windows of heaven with his hands, or the water would have risen over his head. The Talmud says that he saved himself by swimming close to the ark in company with the rhinoceros. The water there happened to be cold, while all the rest was boiling hot; and thus Og was saved while all the other giants perished. According to another story, Og climbed on the roof of the ark, and when Noah tried to dislodge him, he swore that he would become the patriarch's slave. Noah at once clinched the bargain, and food was passed through a hole for the giant every day.

When we look into them we find the myths of the Bible wonderfully like the myths of other systems. The Giants are similar to the Titans, and the union of divine males with human females is similar to the amours of Jupiter, Apollo, Neptune and Mars with the women of old. In this matter there is nothing new under the sun. Every fresh myth is only the recasting of an ancient fable, born of ignorance and imagination.

Let it finally be noted that this old Genesiac story of the angelic husbands of earthly women gives us a poor idea of the felicity of heaven. In that unknown region, as Jesus Christ informed his disciples, there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage; that is, no males, no females, no courting, no loving, no children, and no homes. Men cease to be men and women cease to be women. Everybody is of the neuter gender. Or else all the angels are gentlemen, without a lady amongst them. Perhaps the latter view is preferable, as it harmonises with the Bible, in which the angels are always *he's*. In that heaven would be, to say the least, rather a dull place. No whispering in the moonlight, no clasped hands under the throbbing stars. Not even a kiss under the misletoe. Oh, what must it be to be there! No wonder the sons of God wandered from their cheerless Paradise, visited this lower world, and saw the daughters of men that they were fair.

G. W. FOOTE.

RELIGION AND MORALS.

IT has often been remarked that conduct is so distinct from creed that in the same circumstances a Catholic, a Protestant, a Mahomedan, a Deist, or an Atheist will act essentially alike. The facts of human life remain the same whatever our religious views concerning their origin and purpose, or even if we think they have no knowable origin or purpose. Conduct is bound to be on the same general lines, because nature in the past has tended to stamp out varieties inimical to human welfare. The opinion of that social environment which has moulded and made us into what we are is always far more operative than any religious opinions as to the will of God or divine rewards or punishment.

None the less belief has play in important minutiae of conduct, and the Freethinker should as much insist upon the fact as the theologian. There should be no mistake. All is not exactly the same to the believer and the unbeliever, since the former refers to a supposed supernatural will which the latter ignores. If, as we contend, human welfare forms the only criterion of conduct, the introduction of any other consideration, as of the will of God or a future life, cannot fail to be a disturbing influence upon the judgment. Clear natural issues are dimmed or distorted by reference to supernatural beings who may be offended or conciliated. That this is so cannot be disputed by any one who has

surveyed religion in the past, or as it is manifested where least checked by secular considerations. Too often, instead of being, as defined by Matthew Arnold, *morality touched by emotion*, it has been immorality touched by emotion.* Witness the religious wars and persecutions of the past. Even at the present day the worst cases of warped morality is where religion comes in play. The man who deserts wife and family to join the Salvation Army; the father who, instead of providing a doctor for his sick children, follows the injunction of St. James and sends for an elder to pray over them; the individual who multiplies paupers and relieves his own feelings by giving indiscriminate alms "to every one that asketh": all these act as directed by religion.

All religions, moreover, confound ceremonial observances with duties having real moral obligation. Thus in the Decalogue, still taught in nearly all our schools, the command to observe the Sabbath is placed on the same level with, or made more of than, the prohibitions of stealing and murder. Sunday is not the same to the sceptic as to the believer. The one as much as the other admits the necessity of a day of rest and recreation, but the Secularist enjoys his Sunday like any other holiday, and he would prevent valuable plant lying idle by being ready to take his seventh day on Monday, Tuesday, or any other day of the week. Many yet look on Sabbath-breaking as a crime; and in France but a century ago sacrilege was punished more severely than murder.

Religion acts as a bar to human happiness not only by the antipathies it arouses between people who cannot be expected to agree on a subject of which they know nothing, but by the fearful anxiety it causes as to the tremendous issues of a future life. Who can compute the agonies occasioned by a real belief in a devil and an eternity of torment in hell? And then the deity is conceived as requiring sacrifices of happiness here in order to ensure happiness hereafter. Beauty, honor, wealth, fame, all desirable things, are held to be snares of the evil one. Harmless amusements, cards, balls and theatres are held to be the primrose path to the everlasting bonfire. The essence of the Christian faith was to oppose this world to the next, to transfer the centre of importance from the visible to the invisible world. In seeking to do so, it, as Clifford said, destroyed one civilisation and attempted to strangle the next, which has been built up on the opposite principle of seeking to make the most of the world here and now. In modern ethics the fulcrum of the moral lever is placed in this life and has regard to human welfare alone. The change has readjusted moral estimates. We no longer, as in the ages of faith, esteem those the most who separate themselves from the world in order to lead a religious life. On the contrary we regard them as lazy shirkers of life's true duties. We are learning that worldliness is commendable, other-worldliness condemnable. The man who should imitate Abraham and offer to sacrifice his son because he heard a voice from heaven, would be deemed insane.

Yet as a nation we continue to teach our children from a book full of the barbarous notions of the past, and we call the book divine. We hold up as the being worthy of their highest reverence, a god who because a pair of his own making ate of a forbidden tree, condemned the whole of their posterity to eternal torments; and who chose as his favorites some of the most barbarous villains of whom there is record. Much of the immorality of Paganism has been ascribed to the bad conduct related of their gods, but it may be doubted if any of them was one whit more atrocious than the Christian Jehovah.

With the advance of human morality we witness a decline of theology. Secular considerations really influence those who pretend to religion. Ascetic other-world morality is becoming a relic. Human aspirations are taking a new direction. The relinquishment of hopes of heaven means stronger endeavors for an earthly paradise. The resignation of another world will make men more earnest in seeking to better this. Since our poorer brethren have no consolation hereafter, we shall be more careful to alleviate misery here, and as we surrender interest in sky-politics we shall see that the time, talent and expense wasted in sky-pilotage is employed to ameliorate the condition of mankind on this earth. J. M. WHEELER.

* "Robbery as well as murder has had, and has still in some places, a religious sanctification."—H. Spencer, *Principles of Sociology*, vol. ii., p. 808.

RANDOM NOTES FROM CHRIST.

SINCE slinking off this earth a short time ago to try others, my life has not been a happy one. The inhabitants of one planet wanted to cook me, preferring to take their Savior hot, with side dishes of vegetables. My fearful experiences have so unhinged me that I'm glad to return to this one-horse affair and take a little needful rest. All would have gone well if my egotism hadn't overcome my prudence. A community of Christians, having witnessed my arrival, gave me an invitation to what your printer's devil irreverently calls a "muffin struggle," they no doubt thinking that if I turned out a "Simon Pure," the fortunes of their particular block-tin chapel was made, as they then could advertise the only genuine Jesus.

In a weak moment I accepted the invitation, and the results were serious. The congregation met me in a body, and told me the means of conveyance were at the door. Think of my surprise when two donkeys met my view, who at once communicated with each other in that rich contralto voice common to the species. I at once saw they meant me to make a triumphal entry, and pointed out that the City authorities would not let me pass unless with the permission of the police. Besides, a gentleman standing on the backs of two donkeys, attired in a tall hat and claw-hammer coat, *à la* "The Courier of St. Petersburg," would scarcely command respect; and as I was not trained for the circus, it would be necessary to engage a coroner to accompany the procession.

One of the brethren offered to lend me a sheet off his bed, if I preferred doing the asinine feat in a toga, and said that he would strew cabbage leaves, etc., in my path, palm not being obtainable. I declined making my entry thus, as the Commissioners of Sewers would have to send one of their carts to sweep up the *débris*, but wouldn't mind riding one of the animals if some one would see that no rude boy hastened the donkey by cheving behind. The procession did not have the effect intended, as we had to go by the slums, the police not allowing us in the main thoroughfares without an order from the presiding magistrate. At last we arrived at the conventicle, and I then found out the mistake I had made in accepting the invitation. Better had I remained unknown; better had I again skulked off; better had I returned to the old lady and incarnated myself on some more barbaric planet.

After the tea and shrimps, the congregation sung some nonsense about "One day nearer home" to the tune of "They're all very fine and large." The first thing that met my gaze was a blind buck negro, the evangelist of the sect, and on a side table a lump of clay. I saw now too late that they had arranged for some startling miracles to be performed by me, and the first one was the restoration of the sight of the negro gentleman. It seemed he was the great draw of the establishment, especially when praying. He was so vigorous and made such terrible grimaces, that the members were only too glad to keep this awful fellow from denouncing them and sending them when dead to sultry climes. I had telephoned to the Holy Ghost some time since for more miraculous power, as my stock had almost evaporated, being so volatile; but the Ghost must have sent it to the wrong planet. It was very provoking to think this extra dose of power was wandering about in space, wanting an owner; so hoping, Micawber-like, that something would turn up, I mounted the platform and commenced giving them a lecture on blindness in general and darkeys' blindness in particular, dividing my discourse into "firstly," "secondly," and "thirdly," to gain time. But still the negro waited, and all my talking would not divert the congregation from their purpose; so, in despair, I spat upon the clay, mixed it up to a proper consistency, and stuck two great lumps on the patient's black eyes, telling him to have faith, if only the size of a cocoa-nut, and in a day or two he would get rid of his infirmity as completely as Spurgeon gets rid of his gout at Mentone.

Here followed applause and three cheers for the Son of God, one imbecile shouting "Angeore!" I bowed my thanks, and thought this a favorable opportunity for making my exit, and for slinking off this planet again, where I'd made such a confounded fool of myself. But my cup was not yet full, as some of the audience now entered with pails of water to be turned into wine and, by the curious light in their eyes, no doubt intended making a night of it. Unless I got clear of this infernal crew, they no doubt would march me to a cemetery, and want me to revivify the dead; in fact one of the members—an undertaker—actually offered me a bribe to do so, informing me with great unction, that all these resuscitated bodies would want burying again soon, especially those from sultry climes, who naturally would feel chilly, and in the present depressed state of trade it would be a sweet boon to the builders of stout elm cases for the dear departed. I was cornered, but with sudden inspiration I cried, "Hark! my Father calls me." The old women shrieked, expecting the old man in their midst, and seeming terribly afraid. Whilst the uproar was at its height I slunk off, my last impression of this delightful evening being the view of the buck negro and the ridiculous figure he cut with each eye bunged up with yellow clay, looking as solemn as an archbishop up aloft, teaching the juvenile angels to play on the "fuzzy-guzzey."

I found out afterwards this awful congregation intended finishing up the evening with an amateur crucifixion (myself the

subject), just to see how it looked, and no doubt would have parted my raiment amongst them with great celerity. This experience will make me more careful in the future.

BOAZ AND RUTH.
AN EASTERN STORY.

LONG, long ago a maiden dwelt, as Eastern legends tell,
In Moab, and I now relate the fate that her befel.
At early morn and dewy eve she gleaned the ripened grain
That Boaz bid the reapers fall. Her smiles were not in vain.

When Boaz, lord of all the land, had laid him down to sleep,
The maiden, with enchanting eye, to gaze on him did creep:
And, gazing on his manly form, more bold and bold she grew,
For was he not her kinsman? and what harm would kinsman do?

She touched his mantle tenderly, and felt her heart aglow
With gratitude for all the gifts his kindness did bestow.
The little part she had to play was but to lay her down
And lift the mantle from his feet—'twas softer than her gown.

At midnight, lo! a sudden fear did fall on Boaz' mind,
A fear, perchance, of secret foe a stranger there to find;
And when, by light of star and moon, a maiden he espied,
His terror fled; he fondly smiled to see her by his side.

"And who art thou, my maiden fair? Pray tell to me thy name.
Come wrap thee in my mantle close and I will share the same.
From all the dangers of the night I'll shield thee with mine arm."
Perhaps she blushed—she closer crept—nor showed the least alarm.

Then Boaz to the maiden said: "Thy kindness I'll repay,
For thou art kind to me to come, but kinder far to stay:
The joyous hours are passing fleet—I would they were more slow;
In early morn, lest idle tongue revile thee, thou must go.

"And nought about thy visit tell, and none will say thee ill.
Why should'st thou slander give a tongue? All know thy virtue still.
And part we now, for Duty calls, and Love his voice must heed,
And Caution whispers, 'Day reveals, while night doth cloak a deed.'"

Now Boaz offered to a friend—a kinsman—choicest land,
And, whether by consent or not, fair Ruth the maiden's hand.
The kinsman, like an Eastern sage, looked up with curious eye;
He wondered what was "in the air" that he the girl should buy.

Perchance he caught a lurking smile in Boaz' crafty eye;
Perchance the maiden crimson blushed, with Boaz standing by;
Perchance malicious whisperings of nightly rambles spread;
Perchance—perchance a thousand things—a tale about a bed!

Now Boaz knew the land was rich, and took it for his own,
And took the girl who pleased him well the night they were alone.
And so the story ends, and so the moral is—forsooth!—
Go for a spicy story to the book that tells of Ruth.

J. L. AND A. B. M.

ACID DROPS.

MR. A. S. H. GARTON, of Horncastle, is a pious "evangelist." The other day he saw a boy sinking through the broken ice and another boy trying to help him out. The unctuous saver of souls heard the "heart-rending shrieks of the poor lads" as they struggled for dear life in the water, and he—"walked away." Both the boys were drowned. We don't wonder that the coroner so forgot the respect due to the sanctity of a laborer in the Lord's vineyard as to characterise his conduct as "cruel, cowardly and disgraceful."

In the last number of the *Tydschrift* a "Diary of a Boer in the Kafir commando" is published. We extract two consecutive entries: "Sunday, February 23. No Kafirs in sight. Held divine service. Prayer meeting at night—a blessed time. Monday, February 24. Saw Kafirs on the hills. Commando went out and shot thirty-four, besides a number that got away wounded. Thanksgiving service in the evening on return to camp. Sang Psalm 107, and went on sentry. Shot two Kafirs during the night."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

NOT long since, at an experience meeting at Gainesville of the Sanctificationists, one good sister arose and said: "I am safe on the rock. The good Lord is with me; I trust everything to him. The other day Mr. S. sent me word that he would bring some friends to dinner at twelve o'clock. It was then eleven o'clock. You know it takes beans two hours to bile, but I just got down on my knees by that old stove and prayed that them beans would get done in an hour. When the clock struck twelve I got up, lifted the top, and them beans were done."

THAT highly delectable specimen of humanity ex-butcher Varley, will undoubtedly meet with something stranger than a foretaste of the joys of heaven of which he knows so much, if he does not mend his ways. According to the *Newcastle Herald* (Natal), of November 27, 1886, this evangelist of God, stated that he had "come to Maritzburg to make the people thoroughly wretched and dissatisfied with themselves." The editorial comment on this speech is "What a pleasant creature it must be! It is a relief to read that this gentleman

has left Maritzburg and gone farther down country." In another portion of the same news-sheet an extract is given from the Free State paper *De Express*, which is well worth reprinting, as showing the estimate the Colonists have of this godly evangelist: "'Lying like Varley' will in the future become one of the most libellous assertions against any person's veracity. No sooner arrived in Natal, than this individual indulges once more in the preposterous statement that because he damaged theatres and canteens in Capetown he incurred the hostility of the Press. The most revolting characteristic of this blasphemous rant is his assumption that he is able to interpret the will of the Almighty, making the same dependent upon his own narrow-minded and uncharitable acts and thoughts. We wish the fellow was out of the country, for it is sickening to read about his brassy impudence. As regards Varley's comment on the sudden death of an honest man, who to the dissatisfaction of this shameless spouter, followed the calling of a publican, we wonder what the family and friends of the deceased are about. Two courses suggest themselves, one of moderation and one of aggressiveness. The former is, to collect sufficient money to prosecute Varley for criminal libel—mind you, the worst form of foul libel too. The other is, that some near relative of the dead should fasten himself on to Varley's heels, and whip him off every platform in South Africa."

THE *Wertheimer Zeitung* reports that recently two processions went to a well-known shrine in the neighborhood of Shoenstein, in Austria. One came from the east, and prayed to the holy Virgin for rain, having had a drought for several weeks. The other party came from the west, and prayed for dry weather. They had been having a wet season for a long time. The last-mentioned pilgrims, upon hearing what their fellow-Christians were praying for, were so annoyed that speedily a row ensued, which resulted in a terrible fight "all for the glory of God."

DAVID JAS. WINSTONE, an insurance agent and leader of the church choir at Tredegar, has been indicted on a charge of forgery.

THE *Church Times* alludes to "the dismal disparity" which is seen between the sexes in candidates for confirmation, the girls and women being to the lads and men as two to one.

A COMIC contemporary, which evidently draws a very strong distinction between religion and morality, says: "A Spanish bandit, charged with a countless number of murders, was found covered with sacred relics, crucifixes, and images of the Virgin when taken. This gentleman's piety was so great that he made it a rule never to cut a throat on a Friday, or shoot a prisoner whose relatives failed to stump up ransom-money, without saying a prayer before doing so."

ANOTHER contemporary, whose literal accuracy we by no means vouch for, says that a pious tradesman in Constantinople has to pray twelve times per day, and you've got to catch 'em between prayers to do any trading. If they have got hold of an American, who seems willing to pay four times the price an article is worth, the Koran permits 'em to skip one prayer.

THE *Christian Commonwealth* considers that "the sin of sins" is the "extreme selfishness" so prevalent among professing Christians. It says: "Our churches are still filled with the demon of selfishness simply because the members of these churches have never been thoroughly converted or else have lapsed from their first love." But if the members of the churches are no better than this, why do Christians boast so loudly of their moral superiority over unbelievers? To excuse themselves by pleading that so few church members are real Christians is suicidal. Christianity must be very weak except in producing a hypocritical conformity.

THE same journal talks gushingly about Christian unity being brought about by the "Divine Word" and by perfect love to Christ, and almost immediately after the editor proceeds to say of the *National Baptist*: "We cannot kick even a dead lion, to say nothing of a dead animal of much less importance." If Christian editors cannot agree where is Christian unity to come from?

A CLERGYMAN, writing in the *Christian*, says: "The state of the Church of England at this time is simply appalling. It is saturated with Popery and leavened with worldliness. For the most part it is being used as a mighty instrument for the perversion of the nation to Popery. O Lord undertake for us!" Does he think the Church fit for burial that he wants the Lord to act as undertaker?

AT Battersea the Social Democrats had a "Church Parade." They marched in procession to the church and were accommodated with seats during the service. They hissed when the Queen's name was mentioned in the prayers, and gave vent to a chorus of "Hear, hear," at a certain passage in the sermon.

FOUR hundred and five persons were burnt to death on New Year's Eve at the annual fair at Madras. God of course didn't

trouble to interfere to save them, perhaps because they were not Christians, but only native idolators.

THE rector of Etchingham, in Sussex, has been fined £5 for selling adulterated milk. He collects this from farmers to sell cheap milk to the poor in London, but neglects to see that the poor are not cheated in the quality.

THE *Tablet* gives the names of fifty-four English Roman Catholics who suffered death for their religion's sake under Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, and whose canonization is confirmed in a decree recently issued at Rome. Of these martyrs to Protestant intolerance Sir Thomas More was the most eminent in general character and abilities. Protestants must not be allowed to forget that they too have persecuted as well as the Roman Catholics.

THE Rev. W. S. Shipley, a clergyman of the Church of England, has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment with hard labor for obtaining goods by fraud from various tradesmen at Reading.

THE Government of Ceylon having made a small grant for the repair of certain Buddhist temples, which it probably looks on as national treasures in that island, the *English Churchman* denounces this "establishment of idolatry" as "a foul offence against the one true and living God." The *E. C.* will probably be surprised to learn that the Cinghalese Buddhists are not idolators, and, so far from worshipping idols, do not even worship the beings they represent, any more than the editor of the *E. C.* worships Lord Robert Montagu.

"Do you worship the gods?" was asked by Sir Emerson Tennent of a Cinghalese Buddhist. "No; the gods worship me," was the answer, which was in strict accordance with the teachings of Gautama Buddha, that, whatever gods there might be, good men alone were worthy of reverence.

THE *English Churchman* finds a terrible omen in the fact that an old Bible has been taken away from behind the Communion Table at Canterbury Cathedral and a crucifix substituted in its place.

DR. WILBERFORCE, Bishop of Newcastle, speaking in that city last week, said that the Church of England could offer to the people what none of the Dissenting bodies could offer, and could show that there was something to be gained even in the present life by joining it. We suppose that the something to be gained in the present life is the custom of rich people and the having one's church and religion paid for by other people.

MISS ANNA BALLARD writes from Colombo, Ceylon, that the Salvation Army has attacked the island, but that the soldiers are regarded there with little favor. The natives haven't the least idea what they are up to, and think that their peculiar antics and goings-on are only amusing illustrations of the peculiarities of the English people.

THE Rev. James Knaggs, of Stratford Congregational Church, gave last Sunday evening a special sermon on the manufacture of Adam and Eve. He "presumes that Moses received the information by direct divine vision," and believes "light came out of darkness," and that at the creation "there must have been something corresponding to human speech if the words as set down in the Bible were not actually spoken." Though this gentleman is professedly a student he showed his ignorance of Hebrew by floundering to his heart's content over the verse commencing: "And God said, Let us make man." He is evidently unaware that the word Elohim is either singular or plural according to the sense, and that in this instance the sentence should be translated, "And the gods said, Let us make man, etc." But this ignorance is only what might be expected of one who says "The theory of evolution has been invented by sceptical scientists to show that there is no need of a creative power." The hymn sang after the sermon commenced "Forward be our watchword," the *mal-apropos* of which was in no way destroyed by the "pastor" explaining it was chosen in reference to the new year and not the sermon.

THE Rev. J. W. Bardsley, vicar of Huddersfield, announces his intention to hold services of intercession each Sunday "to invoke the influence of the Holy Spirit on the Prime Minister." No doubt Lord Salisbury is much in want of divine grace. Cannot Mr. Bardsley slip in a word or two for Lord Randolph as well?

DR. MCGLYNN was summoned to Rome by the Pope to account for the support he has given to Mr. Henry George's land theories. He refuses to obey. He is probably suspended from his priestly functions, as he has not officiated at his church for two weeks past.

A CHICAGO paper says that the name of the Devil is rarely mentioned there. This brings to mind the fact that it was formerly the custom in Japan to refrain from mentioning the name of the Mikado.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

MR. FOOTE'S ENGAGEMENTS.

Sunday, Jan. 16, Milton Hall, Hawley Crescent, Kentish Town, N., at 7.30, on "Old Nick."

Thursday, Jan. 20, North Lambeth Branch, 122 Kennington Road, S.E., at 8.30, on "Good God."

JAN. 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.

RECEIVED WITH THANKS.—W. S., Ex-Animo, E. Anderson.

CONSTANT READER.—Yes, Mr. Bradlaugh *did* affirm in the House of Commons, being allowed by Resolution to do so at his own risk. He sat there for some months on those conditions, and spoke and voted.

J. K. SYKES.—Introduce yourself after one of the lectures by all means.

W. PERRY.—Sent as desired. Mr. Foote visits Birmingham again in April.

J. B. GARNETT.—Thanks for the extracts. Similar enclosures are always welcome.

J. G.—We do not publish an index to the *Freethinker*. A meagre index would be comparatively useless and a complete index would be a colossal labor.

R. HANKEY.—Sent. Your newsagent should insist on being supplied with our publications by his wholesale agent. It is nonsense to say they cannot be obtained.

J. CASPAR.—Thanks. Cuttings are always useful.

A. H. K.—The address of the North Lambeth Branch is 122 Kennington Road, S.E.

W. B.—1 Timothy iii., 2, only applies to bishops, and while saying they must have one wife does not say they may not have more than one. This is the construction the Mormons put on the passage.

M. PLACKETT.—Thanks for your good wishes. Cuttings are always welcome.

OWN CORRESPONDENT.—Mr. Ball had an article in type on the subject before your letter arrived.

J. C. T.—An Atheist does not believe in supernatural beings, whatever names they pass under. *Freethinker* is what we call ourselves. *Infidel* is what the Christians call us. We don't know where Jehovah got the bellows from. But as he made the earth and all that therein is, we suppose he made the wooden and leathern instrument out of his own head.

B. STEVENS.—We said a few weeks ago that we would not re-open such a nauseous matter. Whether Mr. Woffendale's convert is Arthur or James, and whether he does or does not write his blessed experiences himself, are matters as to which our readers are probably quite indifferent.

C. WARD.—Always pleased to receive your cuttings.

MAHOMET.—Verse declined with thanks. Charles Southwell died in New Zealand. There is an absence of trustworthy details as to his "closing scene," but his friends say he died a *Freethinker*, and we think they are likely to be correct.

R. FOX.—Mr. Foote intends to have his photograph taken again before long, and your "four friends" will then be able to obtain what they desire.

INQUIRER.—Mill speaks slightly and sometimes almost contemptuously of Christianity in his Essay on Liberty. The Christians fight shy of those passages.

R. HANKEY.—*Progress* sent. We hope another newsagent will be found to supply our publications in Spennymoor.

W. CARROL.—The insinuation of the *Daily News* that Mr. Foote is a "Conservative agent" because he warns the London Radicals against being played with by the orthodox Liberals is really too grotesque. Those who know Mr. Foote will only laugh at it; and the opinion of ignorance is unworthy of consideration. The *Daily News* praises Mr. Bradlaugh when he serves an object which it supports, but at other times it systematically suppresses his name. He has often complained of this in the *National Reformer*.

PAPERS RECEIVED.—Newcastle (Natal) Herald—South Wales Daily News—Women's Suffrage Journal—Sunday Chronicle—Menschenthum—Jus—Ironclad Age—Chat—Church Pastoral Aid Quarterly—Liberator—Avant Courier—Oxford Times—Boston Investigator—Truthseeker.

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.

SUGAR PLUMS.

THIS evening (Jan 16) Mr. Foote lectures at Milton Hall on "Old Nick." He will give some very curious information about

this old gentleman, who is the most conspicuous figure in the Christian religion.

THE debate on Socialism between Mrs. Besant and Mr. Foote will be published in book form. There will be two editions; one printed on good paper and bound in paper covers, and the other printed on superfine paper and bound in cloth. Country orders should be sent to Mr. Forder in advance, as there is sure to be a great demand, and the rule will be "first come first served."

LECTURING on Savages last Saturday at Toynbee Hall, Sir John Lubbock pointed out how greatly the religion of savages was influenced by dreams. Believing that during sleep they wandered away to meet absent friends they came to the conclusion that man had a spirit which could leave his body. So strong, he remarked, was the belief in a future life that the early Britons readily lent money on promise of repayment in another world. Modern Britons, however, somewhat doubt the security offered by sky-pilots.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK pointed out that the first religion of the savage was one of terror and dread. "The savage creates his gods in his own image—cruel, revengeful and merciless." It would not be difficult to argue from their representation of their deity that the Jews had once been savages.

MR. PROCTOR opens the new volume of *Knowledge* with an important paper on "The Beginning of Christianity" to which we shall next week direct our reader's further attention. Mr. Proctor starts with the fact that not one of the writers, and notably neither Josephus nor Philo—who might have been expected to record the most remarkable events associated with the life of Jesus, make any mention of those events. From the similarity of the Gospel stories to other myths, Mr. Proctor draws conclusions adverse to the credibility of those documents. Mr. Clodd continues his papers on Evolution, "Stella Occidens" writes on Indian myths, and Miss Ballin on the Evolution of language. Mr. Proctor also has papers on "A Whist Superstition" and the Origin of Comets and Meteors, and Mark Twain has a diverting lecture on a Yankee at King Arthur's court thirteen centuries ago.

THE *Jewish World* contains a smart letter sent by Mr. Oswald J. Simon to the Dean of Litchfield, occasioned by the Dean soliciting money for the conversion of the Jews. Mr. Simon asks what right Christians have to seek to convert those who have "a grand religion of their own," while so many Christians are weltering in wretchedness and crime. He urges that the money would be better spent in rescuing fallen Christian women and converting Christian men to ways of temperance.

ON the anniversary of Gambetta's death a number of Republican pilgrims went to Les Jardies and placed flowers in the room where he died. Yet Christians think that without their consolations all care for the dead would expire.

THE Society of Freethinkers of Antwerp have issued their protest against the Anti-Semitic movement. They object to religious prejudice being employed against any class or nation.

SOME time ago Mr. James Nicholson, chairman of the South Shields School Board, delivered a Sunday afternoon lecture in answer to the question, "Does Christianity make for progress?" A spirited reply has just been published by Mr. Gordon Scott, of the South Shields Branch N.S.S. We hope Mr. Scott's pamphlet will be largely circulated in the district.

A DEPOT for the sale of Freethought literature will be opened at 14 New Arcade, Sunderland, on January 21. We hope it will do a flourishing business.

WE are glad to see that some Freethought lectures are to be delivered in Cardiff. Mrs. Besant speaks at the Lecture Theatre, Working Street, to-day (January 16). All Freethinkers in the district should rally round the Branch on this occasion.

RELIGIOUS THEATRICALS.

RELIGIOUS plays in which heaven and hell and purgatory were frequently introduced were common enough in the olden times. Devils and angels figured largely in these representations of biblical scenes, and God himself in a gilt wig was seen talking to Adam and Eve clad in their native innocence in Paradise. But the buffooneries, profanities, and other abuses which became practically inseparable from these highly popular spectacles caused their abolition in the interests of religion. The only genuine survival of the old miracle plays is the solemn representa-

tion of the passion of Christ at Ober-ammergau in fulfilment of a religious vow and in commemoration of the delivery of that remote Tyrolese village from cholera. A less obvious but in its way genuine survival of the religious drama is probably seen in our Punch and Judy show. Punch and Judy are the remains of Pontius Pilate and Judas, who in the ancient performances were tormented by imps and devils now degenerated into such characters as Jack Ketch and the ubiquitous clown. The delight formerly taken in such scenes of torment made ludicrous with all manner of comic and vulgar incident, is still seen in the exuberant vigor with which Spanish and Portuguese sailors beat and hang and burn effigies of Judas Iscariot and Pontius Pilate on Good Friday.

French theatres have of late exhibited comic operas in which some scriptural incidents such as those connected with John the Baptist have been utilized. It is only a matter of time for sacred history to become as open to satire and ridicule as profane history now is. We may then have "Christ and the Woman of Samaria" advertised as an *opera bouffe* in place of the "Grand Duchess," and "Peter's Mother-in-law" as a screaming farce. "Jephthah's Daughter" may compete with "Claudian" in evoking sobs and tears, and "Jericho Destroyed" may claim a divine superiority over "Venice Preserved." "Moses and the Egyptians" and "Joshua in Canaan" may vie with "Titus Andronicus" and "Tamburlaine" as tragedies of horrors; while David undraped and with crown all awry may dance a holy cancan before the ark on wheels. This cancan may even be beaten by that which takes place between Gabriel and Mary in the courting scene.

Christians are not altogether averse to leading the way to such a state of things. With, as they think, the highest of motives, which means the most religious of motives, the congregation of the Church of the Ascension, Lavender Hill, has been giving a costly and elaborate series of highly theatrical tableaux from scripture. This was described as a New Year's Eve "Watch Night Service"—a religious celebration wherein at midnight the congregation sees the old year out and the new year in—a usual but very doubtful proceeding both for health and propriety, considering the lateness of the hour for young and old and the coldness of the weather. A large hall adjoining the church was fitted up as a stage with the usual footlights and drop curtain. A pianist and a choir of ladies and gentlemen furnished suitable musical accompaniment. The costumes of the actors and actresses are described as "really gorgeous." The "service" commenced with remarks from the vicar, who, as showman, introduced his "series of 'sacred tableaux' representative of the Fall of Man, the Promised Seed, and the Nativity."

The first scene was a wonderfully realistic representation of the Garden of Eden with Adam and Eve in "skin-coverings." A much less pronounced nudity in ballet girls would shock the religious world out of its senses, but the sacredness of the scene palliates anything in the eyes of a true believer. The evicting angel, sword in hand, stands on a rugged rock and points the grand old gardener and his partner to the gate. The bell rings, the curtain drops, music follows, and the vicar illustrates the next scene, from the life of Abraham, with texts "descriptive of the birth of Ishmael, the promise to Abraham of a son, and the birth of Isaac." After more music the curtain rises to the scene in which God's horrible test of Abraham's piety and the horrible readiness of religious believers to commit the worst of crimes in the name of God are faithfully depicted. Abraham, in front of a rough stone altar, is in the act of slaying his son to sacrifice him as a burnt offering. The next tableau represented the prophet Isaiah before king Ahaz and "pictured the prophecy, 'Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel.'" The impropriety, if not pruriency, of this Christian distortion of a simple statement of a highly natural event

is covered of course by its sacredness. It is self-evident to Christians that the boys and girls of the congregation can never have their modesty injured by scriptural language or scriptural events. The fifth scene showed Gabriel's visit to Daniel. The sixth represented the same angel appearing to aged Zacharias in the temple and prophesying to this incredulous husband of an aged wife, the birth of a son, John the Baptist. The next scene was "the visitation of the Virgin to her cousin, Elizabeth, previous to the birth of John the Baptist." The final tableau represented a confinement, or in other words, the Nativity. The new-born infant "lay in a rough manger, behind which sat the Virgin Mother admiring the child." Surely such scenes are among the least fitted for stage presentation. But the profane sense of propriety and delicacy easily succumbs to the religious influence. The congregation piously admired the acted pictures, though there can be no doubt they would have hissed a secular series of stage effects depicting similar indelicate announcements and circumstances rightly treated as the reverse of public. If there were further tableaux of secular Adams and Eves in fleshings or tights and an atheistic Abraham about to cut his son's throat in a beautiful spirit of obedience to a superior's orders, the indignant hissing would probably culminate in a riot and a prosecution of the performers for violation of public decency and public morality.

W. P. BALL

A VOICE FROM HEAVEN.

I'M safely lodged in Paradise,
And watch Jehovah snoring;
The Holy Ghost is catching flies,
Jesus, the lamb adoring.

Messiah is no anchorite,
He's turned a reg'lar masher—
Admires the girls, and once got tight
With Michael the slasher.

He now plays Don Giovanni's part,
("Il catalogo questo!")
Lays siege to every female heart,
And captivates them presto.

The saints are very jolly all,
Th' apostles deuced frisky,
They don't regret poor Adam's fall,
But drink his health in whiskey.

The first of men now keeps a pub,
And draws both mild and bitter;
Upstairs there is a ladies' club,
Whore oft you hear them titter.

The charming Eve presides at night,
And toasts chaste Potiphara;
The fallen ladies seem all right,
They're chaperoned by Sarah.

The club's not private—oh dear no;
But when dear Joe intruded,
The ladies shouted "Not for Joe,"
Potiphara's wife included.*

Great changes every day take place;
You'd hardly know the Devil;
He's now a saint by Venus' grace,
And has no thought of evil.

The damned all heavenly joys do share,
And hell is quite deserted;
The parsons hold their meetings there,
For *they're* not yet converted.

I hear they made a great hubbub
About the liquor question—
Denied poor mortals even a sup
To aid their weak digestion.†

"Jesus!" bawled out the boss divine,
"Let silly parsons bicker;
Just change this water into wine,‡
Flare up, and let us liquor!"

CHAS. KROLL LAPORTE.

OBITUARY.—Henry Mitchell, an ardent and energetic Freethinker, met his death on New Year's Day under sad circumstances. He was employed on the North London Railway as a signalman, and was cut down and killed instantly by an engine, whilst crossing the line in the fog. He was very outspoken in his Freethought, and took a delight in sending copies of the tracts and *Freethinker* up and down the line among his mates, by whom he was much liked and respected. He was buried on Monday at Finchley Cemetery, a number of his fellow-workmen attending the funeral and carrying him to his grave. Mr. Ramsey gave a Freethought address at the grave side.

* The vicar has since written to the *Daily News* to say that the performance was not a watch-night service, but "simply a series of sacred tableaux, interspersed with hymns and Scripture readings." The same scenes were represented on the evenings of December 29 and January 3, as well as on New Year's Eve. He also complains that the reporter is in error in supposing there was any desire for secrecy or any wish to prevent reporters entering if any of those had happened to be included in the communicants and "Sunday School children and their parents" to whom tickets of admission were issued. In other respects he finds no fault whatever with the description which appeared in the *Daily News* of January 6.

* Genesis xxxix. 9-10. † 1 Timothy v. 23. ‡ St. John ii., 6-10.

RIVAL FAITH-HEALERS.

EVERY week the *Christian Herald* has nearly a column of miraculous incidents that take place in connection with "Bethshan Faith-Healing House," and the readers are constantly referred for information to a second periodical called *Thy Healer and Faith Witness*, which is conducted by Mrs. Baxter, wife of the editor of the *Christian Herald*. But an opposition faith-healer has arrived from Australia, and the "clergyman of the Church of England," who edits the *Christian Herald* has to look to his laurels and crush the presumptuous interloper as a mischievous impostor. Accordingly alongside the column of genuine cases of miraculous recoveries from chronic illness and desperate disease through faith and prayer, there is another column headed "Counterfeit Faith-Healing." One quack indignantly denouncing another quack is an amusing spectacle, and when both are Christian quacks the exposure ought to be instructive to the 250,000 purchasers of the superstitious rubbish contained in the *Christian Herald*.

The Rev. M. Baxter's counterblast against the fraudulent article supplied by Mr. Wood commences with warning Christians that "Wherever there is a true work of God, there Satan always comes with a counterfeit." Satan knows how powerfully God is at work overthrowing his kingdom by faith-healing in answer to prayer, so he has artfully set to work to discredit the only genuine and truly divine process by disgraceful imitations of it through the means of his emissary Mr. Wood, who of course professes, like Mr. Baxter's friends, to work his medical miracles by Christian faith in accordance with God's plain and unmistakable promises in the Bible. The reverend charlatan says of his rival's meetings:

"We are grieved to hear of the unseemly and extravagant doings at the Assembly Hall, Brighton, which seem to be the result of a species of animal magnetism on the part of Mr. Wood, of Australia, and are as unlike faith in God as anything can well be. Mr. Wood, when he first came to England, seemed to be a true and consistent Christian, but now there is much in his work to deplore. Faith for salvation, sanctification or healing rests in the promises of God; this magnetism of Mr. Wood's exercises a power over the minds and bodies of people which works them up into a frenzy, which they have no power to resist. This is not like the work of Jesus and his apostles, and we can only pray that Mr. Wood may be saved out of his errors, and that miserable souls may be no longer brought under his influence."

If Mr. Wood had a periodical of his own we should probably see similar denunciations and explanations of Mr. Baxter's faith-healing. In thus showing up the miserable nature and evil consequences of each other's operations both would probably be right.

Mr. Wood's exhibition of faith healing and frenzy are not at all unlike the effects of faith in God as depicted in the New Testament. Paul describes how by faith and the operation of the Holy Ghost one man prophecies, another discerns spirits, another works miracles, another receives "the gifts of healing by the same spirit," while others gabble in various unknown tongues (1 Cor. xii. 8-10). Paul strove to put down these excited utterances of unintelligible sounds, and he asks: "If therefore the whole church be come together in one place, and all speak with tongues, and there come in those that are unlearned, or unbelievers, will they not say that ye are mad?" (1 Cor. xiv., 23). The frenzies of people alleged to be possessed by devils and from whom the devils were exorcised by Christ and his apostles were also largely, and probably in some cases entirely, the effects of religious faith and hysterical belief in the supernatural.

A letter which Mr. Baxter quotes from the *Sussex Evening Times* thus describes some of Mr. Wood's faith-healing work at Brighton:

"In your excellent account of the extraordinary proceedings at the Assembly Hall, Edward Street, you make no mention of the children who are brought under the mesmeric power.

"It is this which should make every husband's and father's heart burn with indignation. The scandalous way in which they are worked up into an ungovernable frenzy, which entirely possesses them, and for hours subjects them to the most painful experience, is shocking. I myself last Thursday night saw a little girl, about eleven years old, under the influence for about three hours. A more painful sight I do not wish to witness. With dishevelled hair, and caroworn, unearthly-looking face, with closed eyes, this little girl was impelled by some strange power not her own, which drove her round the hall, jerked her furiously up and down the stairs where the platform is, and many times throw her violently to the ground, where she lay thoroughly exhausted and worn out.

"A friend of mine (Mr. H. A. Marchant) witnessed similar proceedings on Saturday night, and was so moved by the scandalous treatment of the children he jumped up from his seat, went straight up to Wood (*alias* King Solomon) and commanded him to release the children from the spell. Wood, seeing my friend had the sympathy of some stalwart Christian men with him, took off the spell, and in less than a minute the children were acting as ordinary mortals.

"These proceedings, sir, are, to say the least, very suspicious, and call for careful investigation; and let me say, in conclusion, that you deserve the warmest thanks of every honest man for the fearless manner in which you have made some of the facts manifest. Your paper was the means of bringing hundreds of indignant men and women to the vicinity of the hall, and Wood's people were unable, on account of the adverse influence, to obtain any manifestations."

Scenes of folly and frenzy more or less resembling the above have been common in all ages and in all countries where Christian revivalism has spread. It is only through the growing influence of civilisation that such manifestations of the power of the Holy Ghost and of the Devil become disreputable.

It is noticeable that Mr. Wood, like his great predecessor in faith-healing, Jesus, could do no mighty works when the spirit of unbelief prevailed. "Adverse influence" is always remarkably powerful in preventing manifestations by miracle-workers, mesmerists, spiritualists, and all their tribe.

Later news shows that the adverse influence has culminated in actual disturbances at these faith-healing meetings. Some of the adverse influencers being refused admittance, a crowd of a hundred or more persons assembled, broke open the doors and rushed in. Summonses were applied for against two local tradesmen for creating a riot, but were refused, summonses for "disturbing a religious meeting" being granted instead.

W. P. BALL.

PROFANE JOKES.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER: "What is an epistle? Can any of you tell me?" Small boy: "Please sir, an epistle is the wife of an apostle."

A SALVATION captain recently announced that he would read "Pisalm Siv." After reading awhile it flashed upon the congregation that he meant Psalm civ.

"HAVE you finished your sermon, dear?" asked the wife of one of the Brooklyn divines. "Sermon be blanked!" was the reply; "how in blazes do you suppose I'm going to write sermons? This is another reply to the four hundred and forty-fourth chapter of charges in the twelfth case. Nice chance I have to write sermons!"

A COUNTRY minister, who, in addition to his clerical duties, followed the profession of photographer, was called upon to perform a marriage ceremony. "Now then, young man," he said to the groom, who was nervous and excited, as all grooms ought to be, "just keep your eye fixed on that crack in the wall and try to look pleasant."

THERE is a clergyman in Australia who charges for the performance of the marriage ceremony according to the weight of the parties—a cent a pound for the bridegroom, and two cents a pound for the bride. In that parish it is not an uncommon thing to hear a young man remark: "No, darling, it cannot be immediately; you're too fat."

"YOU ought to join the church," said Deacon Pusher to another board of trade man the other day. "I know it, deacon, and I have been feeling as though I would like to do it for a good spell back." "Then why the mischief don't you do it?" said the deacon, as he made a memorandum to crowd Mickum to the wall at the first favorable opportunity. "There is one serious obstacle in the way." "And what the Old Harry might that be?" "Well, the fact is, I am not religious—I have no religion at all." "Well, that is not at all necessary, my dear sir—not necessary at all. Humph! The idea!" "But, deacon, my convictions—" "Convictions be hanged! What do we care for convictions? All we want is pew rent."

HALL OF SCIENCE CHILDREN'S PARTY (Wednesday, Jan. 12).—Further subscriptions: From Little Johnny, box of toys; Mr. Tonge, box of oranges. Per Mr. Heale: — Jacobs, 1s.; Hartwell, 3d.; A. E. Jacobs, 9d.; Miss Coats, 3d.; Mrs. Goldsmith, 3d.; Amyas Leigh, 1s.; Ayacanora, 1s.; Salvation Joe, 1s.; — Goodhall, 2s.; W. M., 2s.; — Pingram, 1s. Per — Doran: Annie Doran, 6d.; W. Doran, 3d.; H. Doran, 6d.; — Brown, 3d.; — Hills, 6d.; Friend, 6d.; — Hunt, 3d.; H. Doran, 6d. Per Miss Reynolds: R. Reynolds, 10s. 6d.; A Friend, 2s. 6d. Per Mrs. Forder: — Bullock, 1s.; — Hawkins, 6d.; — Seal, 3d.; — Hartman, 5s. Per Mrs. Green: — Rasset, 3d.; F. Dicks, 6d.; J. Dicks, 3d.; — Cooper, 6d.; — Athsay, 3d.; — Cherry, 6d.; — Billimore, 6d.; — Kemp, 6d.; — Hurley, 6d. Per Williams: Cheeseman, 1s.; J. W., 6d.; — Brookman, 1s.; T. Brower, 6d. — Baxter, 1s.; R. Turpin, 2s. 6d.; W. Davey, 2s. 6d.; — Hartgill, 1s.; — Hook, 1s. 10d.; — Phipson, 5s. Per Mrs. Burton: Miss Barnett, 6d.; Friend, 1s.; — Banks, 6d. Subscriptions will be gladly received by Wm. Cookney, hon. sec., 1A Willow Street, Paul Street, Finsbury, E.C.

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