

# THE FREETHINKER

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

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THE FAITH CURE: A HINT FOR THE FEVER HOSPITALS.

*And Simon's wife's mother was taken with a great fever; and they besought him for her. And he stood over her, and rebuked the fever; and it left her.—LUKE IV., 38, 39.*

## MR. GLADSTONE ON CHRISTIANITY.

MR. GLADSTONE may not be a grand old man, but he is certainly a wonderful old man. Here he is, at the close of a long and arduous life, working off his exuberant energy in all sorts of magazine articles, to say nothing of his letters to correspondents and his speeches in parliament. Nor does there appear any particular falling off in the quality of his writing. He never was, in the proper sense of the word, a thinker, though he has a very active mind; and his literary style always smacked of the platform rhetorician rather than the scholar. But such as his thought and style were, they seem unimpaired; his last article in the *Nineteenth Century* being as good as anything he ever published.

The article in question is a review of Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Robert Elsmere*, one of those novels with a purpose which our age is so familiar with. We confess we have not read it, for we never read works of that kind. When we want a sermon or an essay, we know where to get it, and we like it unadulterated. A novel should be a work of art, dealing with the perennial in human life; and its teachings should be as indirect as the lessons of nature. Mrs. Ward's novel is intended to preach a new gospel,

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namely that of Christ without Christianity. All miracles, dogmas and rituals are to be abolished, and the personality of Christ is to be the sole object of adoration. This impossible religion is considerably kicked and cuffed by Mr. Gladstone. But he exposes its absurdity from the orthodox point of view. He rightly says that the Redemption, which involves the Incarnation, the Crucifixion and the Resurrection, is the very essence of Christianity; and if you discard it, it is idle to call yourself a Christian. From the Freethought standpoint, Mrs. Ward's ideal is quite as absurd. The "secret of Jesus" is not his moral sayings, but the legend of his life. That being gone, there does not remain enough to justify worship. It is only an emotional prepossession which finds perfection in the Jesus of the Gospels; and if he was but a man, it is a stultification of our nature to narrow its love and reverence to an isolated figure, when history teems with other characters that exhibit many virtues in which he was deficient.

Mr. Gladstone's pounding of Mrs. Ward will be entertaining to the orthodox. Our concern is rather with his own utterances on Christianity. Mr. Gladstone seems, in his old age, desirous to be the defender of the faith. Not only does he defend Genesis against Huxley, and Christianity against Mrs. Ward; he is even bent on defending

religion in general against Ingersoll. That is the biggest job he has ever undertaken. Why cannot his friends restrain the impulsive old gladiator? In Ingersoll's hands, he will be a sight for gods and men. His ponderous dialectic will be futile against the nimble wit of his opponent; and, if the truth must be told, there is more real thought, more free play of mind, and more human nature, in a single page of Ingersoll than in all Mr. Gladstone's dozen volumes.

Mr. Gladstone's first words on the miraculous show that he is hopelessly behind the age and out of the fight. "The impossibility of miracle," he writes, "is a doctrine which appears to claim for its basis the results of physical inquiry." But who talks about the *impossibility* of miracle? Not Hume, not Mill, not Huxley. Every alleged miracle stands or falls on its own evidence. Mr. Gladstone should have written "the *improbability* of miracle." When these terms are confused the writer has no real grasp of the question at issue.

Christianity's triumph over Paganism is considered by Mr. Gladstone as a miracle. He cannot otherwise understand "the victory of the world's babes and striplings over its philosophers and scholars, and the serried array of emperors, aristocracies, and statesmen." Well, look at Mormonism, look at the Salvation Army. These systems have grown faster than Christianity did. But they have arisen in a period of vital and progressive civilisation, and consequently their spread is limited. Christianity spread while the Roman Empire was decaying, and the ancient civilisation was slowly breaking up for reconstruction. Paganism itself had broken up also. The old national religions had perished, because the Empire had annihilated the national barriers. But the instinct and the material of superstition were still left. There was a splendid opportunity for a new universal religion. Christianity arose and occupied the field, and had it not done so another system would have taken its place. It was victorious by adjustment. Its ecclesiastics altered and improved it judiciously, adding here and lopping there, until it fitted the superstition of every race in the Empire. Christianity incorporated from all preceding creeds, and its triumph is a striking illustration of the Darwinian law of natural selection.

We do not, however, allow the truth of Mr. Gladstone's statement without reservation. Christianity did not triumph over "emperors;" it triumphed at last *by* emperors. Constantine made it the state religion, though its adherents only numbered one in twenty of his subjects; and though it took three centuries to convert that fraction, the residue were bought over in less than a century by the persuasive eloquence of fine, imprisonment, torture and death.

Mr. Gladstone denies that there was a general preconception in favor of miracles in the Pagan world when Christianity arose; though he afterwards argues that the Roman religion was systematically miraculous. "In Philosophy," he says, "the Epicurean school was atheistic, the Stoic school was ambiguously theistic, and doubt nestled in the Academy." True, but the philosophic schools had no direct influence on the masses, who were left to the priests of the popular religion. Printing was required to make knowledge and reflection democratic. No doubt great names exerted an indirect influence over the people, but all the great names had vanished before Christianity was victorious. Science, art, philosophy, and literature died out with the Empire, and Christianity arose in almost universal darkness. This is another proof of Schopenhauer's accuracy in saying that "Religions are like glow-worms; they require darkness to shine in."

That Christianity "reconstituted in life and vigor a society found in decadence" is one of the wildest assertions. What renovation took place after the age of Justinian, when Christianity had everything at its feet? The decadence continued as before. Not until the Northern barbarians carved out fresh kingdoms from the old ruins, and poured new life into the veins of Europe, was there any sign of improvement. It was not religion that wrought the change, but the savage strength of virgin races. From the German forest and the Scandinavian ice-fields poured down the living tide that fertilised the barren fields of a decrepit civilisation. Christianity had reviled nature, and nature avenged the insult. She flung her barbaric brood upon the effeminate religionists; the healthy blood and brawn triumphed, and Europe was reborn.

G. W. FOOTE.

(To be concluded.)

## GOSPEL LIES AND LEGENDS.

WERE there no external evidence that the Christian gospels are of much later date than the events which they pretend to narrate, it would be a reasonable supposition arising from an examination of their contents. On the very first incident—the miraculous conception and birth of Jesus—John, the custodian of Mary, is silent; Mark, the companion of Peter, is silent. Matthew and Luke relate the angelic visits, etc., in an entirely different way, and are silent each as to the marvels of the other. John makes no mention of the transfiguration and other wondrous events at which he was alleged to have been present. He knows nothing of the saints rising out of their graves and coming to the city. He omits all reference to the numerous instances of casting out devils, and only mentions seven miracles, five of which are not found in the other gospels. The stories are full of discrepancies and proofs of exaggeration. At one time Christ feeds four thousand with seven loaves, and seven basketsful of fragments remain. At another he feeds five thousand with five loaves, and twelve basketsful of fragments are left, with apparently no other purpose than that of magnifying the miracle. Mark gives the story of one blind man cured; Matthew gives two stories of two blind men cured. Matthew makes the fig-tree wither away immediately when cursed; Mark makes it withered by the following morning. The ear of Malchus is cut off in all four gospels; Luke alone claps it on again. In such instances we may see the Christian legends in the process of growth.

The falsity of this large element of the Gospels may be inferred from the evidence that the supposed miracles had no effect on many of those living at the time who were most capable of appreciating them. The brethren of Jesus, brought up in the same house with him, and the best judges of his claims, did not believe in him (John vii., 5). The very people before whom he had done so many miracles "believed not on him" (John xii., 37). He upbraided the cities (villages) wherein most of his mighty works were done because they repented not (Matt. xi., 20). Even his disciples were upbraided for their unbelief (Mark vi., 52, xvi., 14; Matt. xxviii., 17).

Much of the legendary supernatural element in the gospels may be ascribed simply to exaggeration and error. Some of the misquotations and perversions of the Old Testament may be proofs merely of negligence and mistake. Others look like deliberate perversions. Thus Psalm lxxviii., 2-3, says, "I will open my mouth in a parable: I will utter dark sayings of old: which we have heard and known and which our fathers have told us." Matthew flagrantly misquotes and misapplies this by describing Jesus as fulfilling that which was "spoken by the prophets, saying I will open my mouth in parables; I will utter things which have been kept secret from the foundation of the world." An equally deliberate misapplication is referring the allusion of Jeremiah to the lost tribes of Israel as a prophecy of the massacre of the children by Herod. In many instances we find evident perversion of facts in order to fit the prophecies. Thus, because Zechariah speaks of the king coming "riding upon an ass, and upon a colt the foal of an ass," Matthew goes the length of seating Jesus on both of them, in order to completely fulfil the prophecy. Mark with better sense and better knowledge of Hebrew, sets him only on one animal. Psalm lxix., 21, says, "They gave me also gall for my meat; and in my thirst they gave me vinegar to drink." Matthew accordingly makes them give Jesus vinegar mingled with gall to drink, although the other gospels say nothing whatever about the very improbable gall. Matthew too fulfils prophecy by making the priests buy the potter's field with the thirty pieces which Judas is alleged to have returned, while Judas, according to the Acts, kept the money and bought a field himself.

How unscrupulous the gospel-writers were in putting into the mouth of Jesus the beliefs of the Church in their own day is well seen in the last chapter of Luke (24-48), where a statement utterly untrue is ascribed to the risen Christ. Nowhere in Moses, the prophets, or the Psalms is it written that Christ will suffer and rise from the dead on the third day. Matthew makes Jesus speak of "the Church" as if it already existed in his lifetime. He even makes him refer to Zacharias, the son of Barachias, slain

between the temple and the altar, when this event did not take place until more than thirty years after the date of the death of Jesus. John does not scruple to make his hero say (xvii., 3): "This is life eternal that they may know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou has sent." Whoever spoke of himself in the third person in this way? The very construction of the language shows that the writer was employing a phrase used by other persons about Christ, and not the original statement of Jesus himself. A passage like this gives the clue to the nature of the long discourses ascribed to Jesus in John, so very like the language of the epistles of John, and so unlike the short, sharp sentences ascribed to him by Mark and Matthew. Jesus must have been far gone if he ever said of himself, "I am the way, the truth, and the light," "All who came before me were thieves and robbers," "A greater than Solomon is here," etc. These were the ascriptions of a later age, when, little being known of any historical Jesus, the Christ was fashioned according to the believer's ideal.

J. M. WHEELER.

### LONDON INFIDELITY.

THE *Spectator* has an article on the recent intellectual scuffle in South London between the local Freethinkers and the Bishop of Rochester. The article is unsigned, but we believe the writer is Mr. J. M. Ludlow. Some of his remarks are rather silly. He assigns several causes of "infidelity," such as ignorance, conceit and wickedness; but it does not seem to occur to him that the chief cause of "infidelity" is a perception that Christianity is false. He also talks of the "hopeless infidelity" of those who "have come to make their living by it," just as though thousands of clergymen did not make their living by Christianity. Mr. Ludlow would find, if he inquired, that living by Freethought is a very poor speculation. Any man who can get a living in our cause could easily make a far better living outside it. Mr. Ludlow notices a change in the "infidelity" of this generation. After speaking of the old discussions between F. D. Maurice and the London working men, he says:

"Darwinism, in place of Straussianism, appears to be now deemed the triumphant victor over Christianity, and Mr. Foote, instead of Mr. Holyoake, the general-in-chief of Christianity's opponents. The Camberwell Road speakers were generally far better educated than those of Cranbourn Tavern; there was very little bad grammar; they were also much better dressed; but they were much more frequently insolent, and there was, on the whole, with a few exceptions, an absence of that passionate social and moral aspiration which, however misguided it might often be, was so marked a feature of the decade of the forties."

What Mr. Ludlow calls "insolence" was probably no more than legitimate self-assertion. Freethinkers are no longer deferential to parsons, or even to Bishops, and if a Church dignitary seeks an interview with them he should not grumble at their plain speaking.

### ACID DROPS

JOHNSTON, of Ballikilbeg, the warm member for Belfast, tickled up the Church of England Temperance Society at its annual meeting in Exeter Hall. He asked the members what they thought of the common saying in Africa when a native takes to drink, "He has left Mahomet and gone to Jesus." He also wished to take their opinion of that letter from an African chief, which was read by Mr. McArthur in the House of Commons. "The matter is this," wrote the laconic African; "it is all Barassa, Barassa, Barassa (rum). It has ruined my country. Beg for me the great white priests, that they may beg the Christian's Queen to keep the rum away."

THAT "savage," as the Christians would call him, has a sound head and a good heart. His letter is a model of terseness and lucidity. What a relief it would be if some of our politicians would follow his example. Compared with this benighted heathen, most of them are wind-bags, and their explosions are sound and fury, signifying nothing.

MISSIONARIES take out Bibles, and the missionaries' supporters take out rum; so the poor heathen get a double headache through swigging the one, and trying to understand the other. The "great white priests" are great white nuisances, and if they had any sense of shame they would leave the poor foreign heathen alone for a bit and try to reform the rum-drinking and rum-selling heathen of their native lands.

How the ruffians of history have prated about God! No wonder Shelley said that "the name of God has fenced about all crime with holiness." It now appears that General Boulanger is "marked by the finger of God" to beat the Germans in a war of revenge. Talk about blasphemy! What could be greater blas-

phemy than the assertion that God is going to use Boulanger to drench Europe with blood?

The Sabbath Observance Committee in Glasgow Synod report that Sabbath cycling is the most flagrant form of desecration. One of the ministers said the report came a century too late; for his congregation came to church by tramcar, and he himself found it convenient to use cabs on the Sabbath. And minister and congregation alike profess full belief in the fourth commandment, which prohibits all kinds of work on the Sabbath.

A MONTGOMERY man, named Price, became religious and left his house and joined the Salvation Army. He was fervent in his piety and began to preach. Soon afterwards he was discovered preaching in the midst of a bramble bush. As he was entirely naked, his limbs were in a frightfully lacerated condition. He refused to come home, and finally was forcibly removed by several men to Bicton Asylum.

FAY, the Scripture reader, is sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment for forging a number of cheques.

It transpires that the Rev. D. Alexander, who committed suicide near Peckham, seduced a young member of his congregation and was the father of her illegitimate child. He was religious to the last. In deserting his wife and family by his suicide he prayed God to pardon all his sins.

THE Rev. Henry Peter Higginson Whyte-Melville, still declines to give up the £20,000 in securities belonging to his wife. Justice Stirling has ordered his arrest for contempt of court. But scoundrels of this kind are not always to be found when wanted.

At the Manchester assizes, G. G. Brierley, a Sunday-school superintendent, pleaded guilty to charges of forgery and embezzlement to the tune of £4,000. He was sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

THE Rev. H. Heber Evans acknowledges "the human elements and defects easily discernible in the Holy Scriptures." He holds that "we have this treasure in earthen vessels," but the inferiority of parts of the Bible shows that the foolish and ignorant writers of such inferior passages could never have written the superior parts without the aid of God. The same argument would prove that the Bible must be inspired by the Devil. Men who were capable of writing the superior portions could never have sunk so low as to write the inferior passages except through the immediate promptings of Satan. Wherefore the Bible is the Word of the Devil. Q.E.D.

THE same minister infers that sin is "the only true explanation of human death," and that "human death in the name of all creation, demands a Redeemer from both sin and death." In the name of the birds that man shoots for sport, of the fish he nets and hooks, of the animals he traps and kills and devours, of the oysters he masticates alive, of the periwinkles he boils alive, and of all the rest of the creation of which man is the greatest tyrant and scourge, "human death" demands a Redeemer! If "all creation" were studied, it is doubtful whether the human race ought not promptly to be exterminated from the face of the earth. Yet Christians appeal enthusiastically to all creation as if man was its greatest friend and pet. So great is the blinding power of self-love, and so complacently do inflictors of pain flatter themselves upon their good qualities and grand position.

THE Pope's circular against boycotting and the "plan of campaign" in Ireland, will probably meet with little favor from the Irish peasants. At Aldershot a meeting of Roman Catholics has condemned the Pope's action, and those present resolved to send all their Peter's pence in future to the Irish National League instead of the Pope.

THOSE who, like Mr. Stead, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, fancied that the Papacy would yet prove a "great spiritual power" on the side of democracy, must have been rudely undeceived by the Pope's recent allocution in favor of the Irish landlords. We say nothing of the political question, but for the Papacy to set its face against boycotting is rather rich. Holy Church, through its interdicts and excommunications, has used this engine of social tyranny more relentlessly than has been possible to members of the National League. To think for oneself, and to be in consequence excommunicated by the Church, meant, in the days of its power, nothing less than the refusal of the necessary intercourse of civilised life. Many a heretic has died under such ostracism, or fled and sought shelter with the Mohammedans.

CANON BARKER has been preaching at Northampton on "Freethought, Infidelity, and Christianity." Put in a nutshell, his view is this "I am a Freethinker, so is every other sound Christian. But you 'infidels' are not Freethinkers, otherwise you would believe as I do." How modest, and how convincing!

A SPANISH paper has been prosecuted for blasphemy and acquitted by the local tribunal. The Public Prosecutor appealed to the Supreme Court, which ruled against the paper, resting its decisions on the authority of Church Councils.

THE Rev. Richard Jones, rector of Llanfrothen, Merionethshire, has just shown the effect of religious supremacy in making ministers harsh and tyrannical. He tramples on human feelings which ought to be sacred, and on acts of Parliament which he as a paid servant of the State is bound to obey, and teach others to obey. He refused to allow a dissenting father to be buried beside his daughter in the parish churchyard, had the grave filled up again after it had been dug in readiness, and locked the churchyard gates. All attempts to bring the teacher of Christianity to a human state of feeling were vain. So a number of strong men burst the gates open and the burial took place in spite of him, a Methodist minister reading the service over the grave. The foolish tyrant belongs to an alien church imposed by force on an unwilling people, and this is how he expects to win their admiration and support for the true church, of which he is so worthy a representative.

THE Torquay Salvationists are determined to hold their musical processions on Sundays, in spite of the local board and the police. Six Salvationists were arrested and were ordered to pay fines under a clause in the local Act of Parliament prohibiting musical processions on Sundays. As the prisoners refused to pay the fines they were sent to prison as usual. The Salvation Army held a demonstration, and Miss Booth declared that the Army would never give in. And yet they preach a Bible which says, "Obey them that have the rule over you," and "Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man."

THE merry May Meetings are upon us once more, and the gay people of the Strand are reaping a rich harvest from the good people who flock in and out of Exeter Hall. Already the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society has had its meeting. The reported results are not very encouraging, although a good deal of money has been spent; but then they are able to tell how in Madras there are "many villages where scores and hundreds might be baptised if only there were pastors and teachers to nurture them." Of course money is wanted. The yearly expenditure of this society is reported as £6,000 in excess of its income, and it has an accumulated debt of £16,869. But the good news of damnation must be made known to the heathen.

MEANWHILE here is the *Evangelical Record* declaring that "There are few, if any, large towns of Great Britain as to part of which it might not be said, as of South London, that 'Christianity is not in possession.'"

THE Rev. Francis George Widdows, the converted monk, and the Rev. C. A. H. Burleigh were found guilty of systematic indecency of the grossest kind. Both were sentenced to penal servitude, Widdows for ten years, and Burleigh for life. These pious scoundrels were in the gospel line of business, and they debauched schoolboys under the cloak of religion; a crime to which history shows the beasts of clericalism are particularly prone. Christian journals will, of course, pass over this little affair in silence; but what a hubbub there would have been if the rogues had been Freethinkers!

THE Catholics in America, who number over six millions in the States alone, have long been anxious to have their own native saint, and it seems likely they will be gratified. Numerous miracles performed by the relics of the blessed Peter Claver, who died some fifteen years or so ago, have been sworn to and will, it is expected, entitle the blessed P. C. to canonisation. The miracles were mostly performed during the American civil war, which may account for their not having been noticed at the time.

THE Christian Evidence lecturers have been talking such wretched, unscientific stuff about Genesis in Regent's Park that they have become the laughing-stock of their own audiences. Last Sunday a vote was taken as to who was right, the C. E. S. lecturer or his critics, and three-fourths of the people held up their hands against the Bible champion. Taking a vote is not a very sensible proceeding, but the result must be an eye-opener to Mr. Engstrom and his supporters.

THE Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Carlisle, if they did not exactly call one another naughty names at the York Convocation, made it very apparent they entertain no high opinion of each other. Dean Purey Cust, too, complained that the Archbishop regarded him as "a door-mat," and altogether there was something very like a squabble at the meeting of these grave divines.

It seems that the Upper and Lower House are at loggerheads as to their peculiar privileges, the lower members finding themselves almost entirely debarred from even speaking their sentiments. Since this is all members of Convocation can do without the aid of a secular Parliament, it is rather hard on the other windbags that the bishops and other big pots claim the whole of the time to let off their superfluous gas. Any way, Convocation is very much like the Irishman's sedan chair without any bottom. Pat thought he could just as well do without it "but for the name of the thing."

THE Rev. H. B. Chapman, vicar of St. Luke's, Camberwell, has been taking advantage of the baiting of the Bishop of Rochester

by the South London lecturers, to advertise himself a little. He has made known to the papers that he lectures on "Christianity *versus* Secularism." It appears from the report that he is not astonished how many Atheists there are, but how few. He finds that his congregation contributes to the collection-boxes only an average of one farthing each, and he declares that the hypocrisy of professors is sufficient to account for the unbelievers.

MR. CHAPMAN makes it further evident how little competent he is to deal with the intellectual position of sceptics by saying, "Half of these sarcastic, cynical and petulant unbelievers are nothing more or less than backsliders, who have given up the ideal of their youth, determine to vent their spleen on those who preach what they know is true, but what they hate because they resist it." This is an easy way of meeting the objections of Secularists.

REV. MR. BRUSHINGHAM, of Chicago, is accused of seduction by Eva Parker, a poor young working girl.

DORA BEEKMAN, after having married and reared a numerous family, got it into her head that she was the spouse, not of Mr. Beekman, but of Jesus Christ. This strange notion she has been successfully preaching in Michigan, and the Beekmanites are now numbered among the five hundred and one religious sects of America.

THE new editor of the *New York Mail and Express* prints a passage from the Bible at the head of his editorial columns every day. A contemporary observes that "Mr. Shephard evidently knows what will be news in New York."

THE *Rock* relates that a few days ago the Czar went, without previously announcing his visit, to a religious house, where his Majesty was received but not recognised. When he asked that Divine service should be celebrated, a monk replied that it was impossible, as the priests were all asleep. But some people outside, who had seen the Czar enter the establishment, hastened to warn the monk who their visitor was. The monks accordingly proceeded to officiate in the church. Unfortunately, several of them gave unmistakeable signs of having refreshed themselves too copiously at luncheon, which so incensed the Czar that, on returning to the palace, he sent at once for the chief of the Holy Synod. The offending monks were then banished to distant monasteries. The story, however, is an improbable one, seeing the precautions that the Czar has to take against assassination by Nihilists. It is one of the little scandals which Christian sects like to tell of each other.

RELIGION was started as the topic of talk in a Glasgow restaurant. One stylishly-dressed young man offered to bet £5 that none of the company could name the Twelve Apostles. Reduced to shillings, the bet was accepted. All present had a try, but no one succeeded. Most of the Christian youths were as much at sea as a tub in the Channel. One got up to ten, but that was the highest. And this in Scotland, the land of Bibles and the kirk, where no sceptic is allowed to give witness in a court of justice, and where old men of eighty are set tramping barefoot on the stone floor of a prison for selling the *Freethinker*!

THE *Christian Commonwealth*, with all its pretences to progress, accepts the exploded belief in demonology. It says: "The recognition of these demons is a leading characteristic of the New Testament, and the intimate knowledge of Christ in reference to them was a proof of his omniscience. He had absolute power over the whole world of unseen spirits, and began to counteract their malign influence at the very beginning of his ministry." But why did he merely begin to counteract them? As he had absolute power, why did he not absolutely stop them and their little game once and for ever?

THE *C. C.* explains why John (xx., 17) tells Mary not to touch him because he has not yet ascended to his Father, and why in verse 27 he bids Thomas thrust his hand into the spear-wound in his side, although he was still in the predicament of not having yet ascended to his Papa in heaven. The words to Mary only meant Don't linger, and Mary's too enthusiastic forwardness needed checking, while Thomas, being a doubter, needed confirmation in his faith. But John undoubtedly invests the risen God with a special sanctity in one case which he forgets in the other. Christians take away the natural sense of the Scriptures words when they explain away this sanctity which was not to be profaned by touching.

THE *C. C.* also solves the riddle of the unpardonable sin. This sin "consists in rejecting the Holy Spirit and the Word of God." This unbelief, it seems, "is far worse than backsliding, which God is constantly healing, as every Christian has reason to know." Unbelief, though accompanied by integrity and intellect and goodness of heart, is "far worse" than wrong-doing to our fellows, because the latter will be healed by God; but the former is the unpardonable sin, for which there is no forgiveness either in this life or the next. Peace and Guitau will go to heaven, but for Darwin, and Huxley, and Garibaldi, and Renan there is nothing but eternal damnation. What a glorious religion is Christianity!

## MR. FOOTE'S LECTURES.

Sunday, May 6; Camberwell Green, 11.30, "Salvation"; Secular Hall, 61 New Church Road, 7.30 "After Death—What?"

MAY 13, Hall of Science, London; 20, N. S. S. Conference; 27, Hall of Science, London.

## 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.

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H. RICHARDSON.—Many thanks. We wish every Freethinker would write to his parliamentary representative *re* Mr. Courtney Keun's Bill.

MEMO.—A similar joke has appeared already.  
W. BURROWS.—You "contradict" the lesson from the parable of the Prodigal Son, that "we may sin as much as we please and God will welcome us back." You protest that God's readiness to forgive sin does not in any way license it. What is the difference between promising remission of punishment for an offence and licensing the offence? You quote Romans vi., 15, and say that you therefore prove by that verse that there is no advantage to be taken whatever." The Epistles of Paul are not part of the parable of the Prodigal Son and do not affect the "obvious and natural lesson" to be drawn from the teachings of Paul's Lord and Master. The Bible is full of conflicting teachings which will extricate you from any difficulty and land you in others instead. You deny that "the fatted calf was slain to celebrate the ready condonement of his shame." But if moral reform was the subject of rejoicing why is nothing said on the point? We are left in complete ignorance as to whether the Prodigal Son turned over a new leaf or not. We only know that he came home when he had no more money to spend in dissipation. When you say that "there is no premium upon sin whatever, neither is there any glory conferred upon a sinner," you conveniently blind yourself to the statements of the parable. The Prodigal Son *does* receive a "triumph denied to the steady, diligent worker," and your assertion that there is not a verse in the Bible to confirm such an idea is a very foolish assertion. The fatted calf, the ring, the robe, the feast, the dancing, the music, are all signs of the glory, or the heaven, conferred upon the sinner who is the hero of the parable. The worker in the parable receives no such reward. Your indignant protest that "God has just as much respect for the steady, diligent worker as he has for the prodigal—all are one in the sight of God," is rather naive. The slander that the elder son only served his father for his own selfish ends is an invention for which the parable is not responsible. Freethinkers do not argue that the father should punish the outcast, but only that he should treat *both* sons reasonably and with some proper regard to their merits.

H. C. JACQUES.—It must have been mislaid. We will hunt it up.  
GRESWORTH D. O'BRIDGMAN (probably a minister), Richmond, returns us a copy of the *Freethinker*, which he supposes we have sent him. He is mistaken. One of our readers must have done the deed. G. D. O'B. must be an Hibernian, for though he is insulted by receiving our paper he encloses us a tract.

JOHN HAMPDEN.—Sorry we cannot oblige. You need not spend a hundred guineas on a convincing essay to prove the world is round. A good elementary manual of astronomy and physics can be bought for a few shillings. Besides, as the writer would have to convince you before he got the hundred guineas, he would probably have to wait till the Day of Judgment.

G. L. MACKENZIE.—Shall appear.

A. HALL (Hanley).—Mr. Foote has received no reply from you, and fears there is a mistake in the address. Mr. Radford has written about the literature, but no account of the lecture is yet to hand.  
E. J. B.—(1) We cannot give you "the exact number of religious maniacs in England." (2) Queen Anne's Bounty is a subsidiary fund, created by Act of Parliament, for the sustentation of the Church. (3) Certainly the State Church enjoys the use of national property. All its privileges are created by law; and all its later endowments are subject to the conditions by which it exists.

YOUNG FREETHINKER.—Cuttings are always welcome.

T. J. KEATINGE.—We don't know how the serpent locomoted before the Fall. Some say on his back, some on his tail, and some say he

had legs. This is a favorite view of the old Rabbis. Josephus adds that the serpent used to speak like a human being.

GOWER STREET.—Thanks. The papers and pamphlets shall be given for distribution.

JAS. NEATE, 385 Bethnal Green Road, E., will be glad to receive back numbers of this journal for free distribution in Victoria Park. Over 500 *Freethinkers* and *National Reformers* have been distributed already, and there is still a cry for more.

CORRESPONDENCE should reach us not later than Tuesday if a reply is desired in the current issue. Otherwise the reply stands over till the following week.

PAPERS RECEIVED.—Church Reformer—Froidenker—Western Figaro—Freethought—South London Observer—Globe—New York World—Menschentum—Bristol Times—Neues Freireligioses Sonntags-Blatt—Thinker—Truthseeker—Boston Investigator—Liberty—Lucifer—Liberator.

## SUGAR PLUMS.

THE South Shields Branch is making ample preparations for the Whit-Sunday Conference, and "a good time," as the Americans say, is expected. There is talk even of chartering a steamer for a sea-trip on the Monday if a fair number of delegates can stay to participate in such a luxury. The Free Library Hall, we understand, is to be decorated a bit; and, instead of the usual mottoes, the names of great dead Freethinkers will be distributed on the walls.

WE trust there will be a very large gathering of delegates at this Conference, for the ensuing year ought to be marked by increased activity in the Freethought party, and the Conference is the place for comparing notes and seeing what should be done. Mr. Foote intends to move for a Committee to report on the whole subject of our party organisation, with a view to its extension and efficiency. No doubt the motion, and the speech he will have to make on it, will give rise to a good deal of discussion.

THE London Secular Federation has a big lecture programme for May. Several of the open-air stations are being occupied this month, and the summer campaign will be carried on vigorously. Sympathisers with this attempt to secularise the masses should give it some financial support. We venture to make an earnest appeal for prompt assistance. Those who cannot work for Freethought should at least subscribe. We are not all bound to do the same thing, but we are all bound to do something.

MR. FOOTE intends to give a lecture, if possible, at each of the open-air stations. We say *give* in the full sense of the word, for he takes no fee for these lectures, and pays his own travelling expenses. This morning (May 6) Mr. Foote opens the ball at Camberwell Green with a lecture on "Salvation." In the evening he lectures in the Secular Hall, New Church Road, on "After Death—What?"

UGLY rumors are afloat as to the police and our open-air meetings. It is said that a general attempt will be made to stop our out-door propaganda. Should this turn out to be true, Freethinkers will have to show fight. Without violence, rowdiness, or braggadocio, we must show that we are prepared to defend our rights. Unfortunately, however, it will be difficult to make a fight for some stations. At Camberwell Green, for instance, our meetings certainly block what is technically a thoroughfare, and not a very broad one either. Any magistrate would support the police in keeping the road clear. As a matter of fact, there is no actual obstruction, for there is no traffic; but the inhabitants of the neighboring houses are *said* to have complained, and that would satisfy the bewigged gentleman on the Bench. The outcry is, of course, purely fictitious; the police having got up the complaint themselves. For years these open-air lectures have been carried on, and no one has suffered. But for all that, if Warren's despotism will have it so, the station must—at any rate for the present—be relinquished, and our battles must be fought over more convenient spots, such as the Parks and broad open spaces.

BUT one principle must be maintained in every case. If the spot is unsuitable, all meetings should be prohibited. If any are allowed, Freethinkers will insist on equality with others.

MR. H. SNELLING, a member of the National Secular Society's Executive, is unfortunately spending an unpleasant holiday in an Irish gaol. Happily, however, he will not have to undergo the full sentence of six months, passed on him by a resident magistrate for daring to visit Ireland and make a speech. The sentence was reduced to two months on appeal.

WE have received a full report of the Freethought Congress held at Oran, in Algeria, on March 29, 30, and 31. It is published in journal form, somewhat larger than the *Freethinker*, with twelve pages of matter. The front is adorned with racy anti-clerical illustrations, printed in red; and there are two full pages of comic illustrations inside. The Congress appears to have been very enthusiastic and harmonious, but its deliberations are rather unpractical to an English taste. It seems like discussing what you will do with the bear's skin, instead of discussing how to kill the bear. We see that a Freethought Congress is to be

held at Paris in July 1889, the centenary of the French Revolution. Perhaps this will take a more practical turn.

THE June volume of the cheap Camelot series will be the autobiography of Lord Herbert, of Cherbury, who usually is reckoned the first of the English Deists. It is noteworthy that some of the most famous of autobiographies have been written by Freethinkers. The brief autobiographies of Hume and Gibbon, and the larger works of Rousseau and John Stuart Mill, cannot easily be paralleled by the productions of religious writers.

MESSRS. BELL AND SONS have published a complete literal translation of the dialogues of Lucian, the first satirist of Christianity. The Pantagruelist of Samosata, as Lucian has been called, was the most clear-sighted and freethinking man in the superstitious ages when Christianity was first spreading. He throws important light on his times, and is also notable for his influence on the French Freethinkers Rabelais, Desperiers and Voltaire. Some of Lucian's dialogues were translated by Charles Blount.

MR. PUTNAM, the President of the American Secular Union, is endeavoring to organise a strong branch at San Francisco.

A VISITOR at Colonel Ingersoll's New York home remarked upon the elegance of his surroundings. The colonel replied, "I wish I lived in the poorest house in New York." The guest asked what he meant by that. "I mean," said Ingersoll, "that I wish every man in New York had a better house than this."

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN has inscribed the following epitaph on Professor Clifford's tomb at Highgate—

I was not, and was conceived;  
I loved and did a little work;  
I am not and grieve not.

A LOCAL parson turned up at Mr. Foote's Chester-le-Street lecture, and offered a little opposition. His criticism was not very robust, but it was offered in the best temper. The reverend gentleman has an excellent reputation for kindness, and he confessed that he never preaches Hell.

MIDDLESBOROUGH, on Monday night, gave Mr. Foote a capital audience; and, could the lecturer have stopped, the discussion would still be going on. Seven or eight mounted the platform, and more were disappointed. They represented all varieties of religion. There was a Baptist, a Catholic, a Church of England man, a Unitarian, a Spiritualist, and one who went in for the Christianity of Christ. Mr. Foote replied to them all, and barely had time to catch the night train for London. It was a lively evening, and the Branch is delighted.

ONE old gentleman was "a caution." He was a perfect old fossil; one of the sort that flourished fifty years ago. His obsolete style kept the audience in roars of laughter, but their temper was somewhat tried when the old gentleman grew vicious and flung about the mud of slander. Coming to the subject of infidel death-beds, he cried, "How did Tom Paine die?" Then he gave a knowing look as though he had witnessed the event himself. Unfortunately it was the worst choice he could have made. The subject of the lecture was "After Death—What?" and Mr. Foote reminded the old gentleman that "Tom Paine" believed in a future life.

THE Tories are getting on. Mr. Algernon Borthwick, the Tory member for South Kensington, being asked by Mr. Harry Richardson whether he will vote for Mr. Courtney Kenny's Bill, replies "Certainly I shall support a Bill against 'religious prosecutions.'" The answer is discreetly worded, but still it will do.

THE Communal Council of Rome met last Monday evening to discuss the erection of the monument to Giordano Bruno in the Piazza del Campo dei Fiori. The public thronged the hall, and became uproarious when a Conservative, Signor Righetti, said that the erection of such a monument would "offend the religious feelings of the people." Some hundreds went to the residence of Signor Crispi, the Premier, who approved their Liberalism but advised them to be orderly and tolerant. He added significantly that the Communal elections were approaching, and should affirm the triumph of Liberal ideas.

AS sign of the interest now taken in Giordano Bruno we may mention that the German poet, Adolf Wilbrant, has written a drama upon that Freethought hero, which has been translated into Italian.

MR. L. K. WASHBURN has been on a successful lecturing tour in New England.

MR. JUSTICE STEPHEN, in his paper on Max Müller's "Science of Thought" in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*, says of the question of the origin of man:—"The whole subject appears to me to have lost all interest by the general discredit into which the Biblical account of the Creation has fallen. If

God did not create man what does it matter how man originated?" Equally pronounced is the verdict on faith which "supplies an excuse for the dishonesty of people who substitute feeling for reason, and who are arrogant enough to ascribe to those who differ from them a species of blindness."

#### CHRIST'S PARABLES.—VIII.

##### THE TEN VIRGINS (Matt. xxv., 1—13).

IN this parable the kingdom of heaven is likened unto ten virgins who waited with their lamps to welcome the bridegroom. Five of them took oil wherewith to replenish their lamps, but the other five neglected to do so. While the bridegroom tarried they all "slumbered and slept." When aroused at midnight to meet him, the five foolish virgins found that their lamps had gone out, and they had no oil to trim them with. They asked their more prudent companions for some of their oil, but these wise virgins refused, telling them to go to—to the shop and buy oil for themselves—which at that hour of the night would, of course be no easy matter. While they went in search of oil the bridegroom came, and the wise virgins went in with him to the marriage feast. The door was then shut, and the foolish virgins were sternly refused admission.

The meaning of this parable is simple and self-evident. Christ is the bridegroom—who has "tarried," by the bye, for nearly two thousand years and still shows no sign of appearing. The wedding feast is heaven. The wise virgins are the true Christians, and the foolish virgins are the people who have neglected the means of securing their own salvation.

The whole lesson of the parable is one of prudent selfishness. The wise virgins keep their lamps well trimmed in order that they shall receive a reward in the shape of admission to the feast. So intent are they on securing their own entrance to the rejoicings, that they refuse to give any of their oil to their less prudent companions. They prefer to spoil the reception, and to let their friends be excluded from the festivities after all their trouble and anticipation. The saints, it seems, do not pity or help their less fortunate or prudent fellows. They prefer to let them go to hell rather than imperil their own chances of heaven. There is no self-sacrifice about them so far as important and eternal benefits are concerned. They are only to be benevolent where earthly trivialities are concerned, and where the petty sacrifice is recouped a hundred-fold, or a million-fold, in an everlasting paradise of reward and glory. To him who taketh their cloak they give their coat also. Earthly vanities and comforts ruin the soul and drag it to perdition. Hence they may wisely be sacrificed, and the eternal welfare of the soul will thereby be secured. Covetousness is simply to be transferred to heavenly objects as being of greater value.

The low note of self-interest is one that is continually being played upon in Christ's parables. Not merely is it the groundwork of the stories, but it is usually the culmination of their highest lessons; and a poor and base culmination it is.

The continual appeal to self-interest in Esop's Fables is justly regarded as a serious moral blemish. Surely it ought also to be regarded as a grave failing in parables which profess to teach a far loftier morality. A perfect and omniscient Being ought to be able to do far better than a pagan slave, however wise and witty the latter might be.<sup>1</sup> Esop, moreover, builds his lessons on actual truths of real life. Christ relies on preposterous promises and monstrous threats. Esop builds low but sure on a rock, where Christ builds a fool's paradise and a fiend's hell on the shifting quicksands of proofless credulity. W. P. BALL.

MR. ROBERT BEAR, Park Street, Sydney, forwards us a verbatim report of a discussion between Mrs. Besant and Mr. Foote on the subject, *Is Socialism Sound?* Were we inclined to joke, we should reply, Socialism is mostly sound. However, in this pamphlet the reader may find the best that may be said both for and against Socialism. Two abler debaters it would be extremely difficult to find; and they are both in earnest. Mrs. Besant is an enthusiastic Socialist, Mr. Foote equally enthusiastic on the other side. If Socialism ever could be realised in actual life and over a wide area, Mrs. Besant would be one of the most likely persons to succeed in it. We are sorry to see so gifted and earnest a lady expending her talents and enthusiasm upon an impossibility.—*Liberator*.

<sup>1</sup> There was some similarity between Christ's fate and that of his pagan predecessor in story-telling. Esop was killed by the priests of Delphi for satirising sacred things, just as Christ was executed at the demand of the Jewish priests for blaspheming against their religion.

## A FUNNY OLD GOD.

GOD ALMIGHTY is the funniest old fellow in existence—that is supposing he does exist. He is as playful as a kitten though at times he is fiercer than a tiger. According to the Bible he is a most comical cuss, who indulges in various kinds of pranks merely to wile away his time, which no doubt is becoming rather monotonous.

This playful old God commenced his brilliant public career by undergoing six days' hard labor in making the world. Then he shook hands with himself and said it was very good, yet not long afterwards he destroyed everything by a universal flood, except Noah's family and two of every living creature, and these he took great pains to have closely packed together in an ark not nearly large enough for them, and with only one window to it, which on no account was to be opened for at least forty days. What a happy family, and what a healthy place to live in. But their troubles gave Jehovah much amusement, and he must have rubbed his hands with glee; yet the discomfiture of those outside the ark gave him still greater amusement, for they did not at all enjoy the fatal shower-bath their heavenly Father had kindly prepared for them. Men, women, and children never thought that God had only made them for his amusement.

When playful old God put Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden and told them not to eat of a certain tree, he knew perfectly well that they would eat of it, and thus he would be able to have a little amusement at their expense. The punishment was to be death for doing what he secretly intended—but he only meant eviction, yet that is almost the same. It was more fun for him to see them starve, or live in misery, than perish directly they swallowed the apple. God afterwards made coats of skin for this worthy couple so that they should feel uncomfortably warm, as we don't hear of them feeling at all cold when they were naked; even God himself had to walk about in the cool of the day. But only fancy the Almighty measuring Adam and his young wife with a tape, then cutting out the stuff and sitting on his board stitching away until the job was finished. He must have been a funny old fellow. Let us hope that the dummies of this tailor God are proud of him.

At the building of the Tower of Babel Jehovah again showed his playfulness. Of course he knew very well that the tower would never reach to his heavenly apartments if the workmen kept on till doomsday; so it must have been for his amusement that he came down from heaven by express to confound their language for their confounded impudence in attempting such a task. Jovial Jehovah must have split his sides with laughter at the confusion he created among the workmen, causing them to make the most ludicrous mistakes, such as sending up a scaffold pole when mortar was wanted, hoisting up a pail of water instead of bricks, and sending up a can of tea instead of tools, thus compelling the workmen to give up the job in despair, and adjourn to the nearest ale-house, where they somewhat miraculously made the landlord understand what they wanted; anyhow they all went home speechless and their wives couldn't understand them at all. But never mind, Jehovah had his little joke.

Mrs. Lot was a victim of God's playfulness. This poor old lady was taking a farewell look at her home, which God was burning, when she instantly turned into a pillar of salt. What a changeable woman she must have been and what a turn it must have given her husband. Doubtless Old Nick got some fun out of her as well as Jehovah, when he carted the pillar of salt off to hell, for very likely he amused himself by sawing pieces off and throwing them on his fire so as to make it burn blue. No doubt the pillar of salt is all used up by this time, so the poor old lady will be much better off than most people, who it is said will burn for ever. If she has not gone to hell yet her soul is probably still in the salt.

Abraham was also unlucky enough to be made aware of God's playfulness. The Bible says that when he was commanded to offer up as a sacrifice his only son Isaac, it was merely to try his faith. But God could foresee how Abraham would act, therefore such a command was only to provide him-elf with a little amusement by witnessing the agony of poor old Abraham, who must have dreaded the slaying and roasting of his only son to satisfy a carnivorous God. Yet, perhaps, some would say that Abraham, being an old Jew, was secretly glad to dispose of his son in this way, because, if the boy happened to die of measles or whooping cough, he would then have had to pay an undertaker's bill, whereas by obeying God he would save all that expense.

But Jehovah was really a funny old God. One night, we are told, he met Jacob all alone, and wrestled with him till break of day. No doubt it was a match arranged between them, and they wanted it on the quiet, not wishing the police to come and upset the little affair. It appears that the match lasted until Jacob's thigh was put out of joint. It is a thousand pities that a reporter was not present at the time, for a good descriptive account of the great wrestling match would make the sporting papers sell like wildfire, and people would be able to read them in church or chapel. Perhaps it is not too late to interview Jehovah and get full details for publication, as this Christian country seems eager for such news.

God was excessively funny when he showed his back parts to Moses. He said to the old gentleman, "I will put thee in a cliff of a rock and will cover thee with my hand, and thou shalt see my back parts, but my face shall not be seen." What a treat for holy Moses! He wanted to see God's glory, but anyone would

think he had seen quite enough. We wonder if Jehovah now exhibits himself in that fashion to the angels in heaven.

This funny old God started in business as a barber; for we read in Isaiah that he "shaved with a razor that was hired." Well, he might have laid out a shilling all at once and bought such a necessary article for his hair-dressing establishment, instead of having one out on hire. Perhaps he started this business because he didn't like to see angels with whiskers, and very likely he opened his shop on Sunday mornings for those angels who got inebriated overnight.

Poor old Job was a victim of his playfulness. God allowed Old Nick to play the devil with him, his family, and his possessions. The Bible pretends it was just to prove to his Satanic Majesty what a faithful servant he was. But would any Christian at the present care to undergo the same ordeal for the amusement of his Maker?

Jonah also experienced God's playfulness. He was sent by him as a missionary to Nineveh, but not caring much for the engagement he tried to shirk it. For upsetting God's plan he was compelled to take up his residence in a whale's belly for three days and nights, and was then without legal notice vomited up on to dry land, after which he had to go to Nineveh (as a sandwich man it is supposed) and inform the inhabitants that in forty days hence their city would be destroyed. The place was only saved from destruction through the people dressing themselves (as well as their horses, cows, pigs, cats and dogs) in sackcloth, and all marching about in ashes, much to the delight of Jehovah, who thoroughly enjoyed their ludicrous appearance.

No one can truly deny that God, according to the Bible, was extremely fond of amusing himself at other people's expense, and even if we are to judge him by his peculiar actions at the present day he is fully entitled to be called a funny old God.

SCOFFER.

## THE GREAT CRYPTOGRAM.

MR. IRENEUS DONALLY, of America, has for the last forty-three years been concentrating his prodigious intellect upon the elucidation of the authorship of the Bible. Early in youth he discovered that many verses and even chapters ended abruptly when really they ought to have "run on" to the next verse or chapter. He noticed, moreover, that sprinkled all over the sacred volume were a number of words in italics, which, although explained as not being in the original, were evidently placed there for a purpose. After twenty-two years of fervent prayer and earnest meditation, Mr. Irenæus Donally, by a flash of inspiration, turned to the epistles of Paul and discovered there the secret cypher which, by a process of abstruse arithmetical calculation, elucidates the whole business. His first clue was found in 1 Cor. ii. 7, where, connected by italics, are the words "mystery," "the hidden." Tracing backwards, he found in the preceding chapter the striking words "Now this I say" (1 Cor. i, 12), and throughout the epistles he discovered much reference to a mystery kept secret from before the foundations of the world.

Now what could *this* refer to. Undeterred by the apparently insoluble nature of the problem, the indefatigable Mr. Irenæus Donally went on. In the epistle to the Hebrews (chap. x., 7), he observed these words placed within brackets "(in the volume of the book it is written of me.)" What could these remarkable words mean? and why were they so strangely placed within brackets? The scent was getting keen. Calculating back to 2 Cor. i., 18, he discovered the extraordinary expression "our word *was*," and then the secret cypher taking him to chapter three, he found the still stranger phrases, "Ye are our epistle *written . . . written not with ink.*"

Mr. Irenæus Donally then noticed the curious fact that throughout the Bible the phrase "by-and-bye" was written "*by and by,*" and his cryptogram had brought him to the words *This book was written by.* But what was Mr. Donally's astonishment to find that the next words to which his calculation brought him were *the Devil?* Utterly confounded, he tried it again and again. Yes, there it was (Eph. vi., 11), "the wiles of the devil."

For a long time Mr. Irenæus Donally determined to keep his remarkable discovery to himself. Pondering over the matter, however, he found many facts to confirm the cryptogram. This would explain why so many things were said in the Bible derogatory to Almighty God. Finding God described as a jealous, wrathful savage, he is now able to say "an enemy hath done this." This further solves why actions in one place ascribed to Jehovah are in another place ascribed to Satan. Satan can not only transform himself into an angel of light, but his masterpiece of deception is passing off his own concoction as the word of God.

By the aid of his cypher, Mr. Irenæus Donally has unravelled many more mysteries equally astounding. These he refuses to make known at present. They will, he declares, be elucidated in his forthcoming *Great Cryptogram*, which he has come over from America to publish for the enlightenment of the English people.

LUCIANUS.

Sunday-School Teacher: "Who was Job?" Scholar: "A doctor, miss." Sunday-School Teacher (astonished): "A doctor? Where do you find that?" Scholar: "Why, miss, you've been reading to us about his patients."

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