

THE FREETHINKER

EDITED BY G. W. FOOTE.

Sub-Editor—J. M. WHEELER

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COMIC BIBLE SKETCH.—No. 256.



THE SKELETON ARMY.

The hand of the Lord was upon me, and carried me out in the spirit of the Lord, and set me down in the midst of the valley which was full of bones. . . . He said unto me, Prophecy upon these bones, and say unto them, O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord. . . . And as I prophesied, there was a noise, and behold a shaking, and the bones came together, bone to his bone. . . . and the breath came into them, and they lived, and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army.—EZEKIEL XXXVII., 1—10.

NOT FOR TEMPLE.

THE Bishop of London has been the innocent cause of an American sensation. His lordship was reported to have resigned his bishopric in a violent fit of honesty, and dedicated the rest of his life to the cause of the poor. Such a miracle, if true, was calculated to stir the public mind to its very depths. But it was not true. Bishop Temple still retains his fat living, and has never had a thought of resigning such a jolly post with its good society and dignified ease. Bishop Hinds once resigned the see of Norwich because he was too honest to teach what he disbelieved, but such an occurrence is like the flowering of the fabled aloe, it happens only once in several generations. Rarer still is the resignation of a church dignitary because he abhors luxury while the poor are starving. There may have been such a case; we are not prepared to deny its possibility; but we do not remember one, and we feel certain none has occurred in *our* time.

The Temple *canard* was started in this way. Mr. Herbert Burrows, a well-known Socialist (and, we may add,

a member of the Committee of the Association for the Repeal of the Blasphemy Laws), wrote an imaginary sermon in a London journal, purporting to be a Christmas deliverance by the Bishop of London from the pulpit of Westminster Abbey. Englishmen, of course, know Bishops too well to be imposed upon by such a satire, however grave and well sustained. But Mr. Powderly, chief of the order of the Knights of Labor in America, took the squib *au sérieux* and reprinted it in his organ—with some sensational headings.

“THE CHURCH IS ARRAIGNED.

For Unfaithfulness to Labor's Holy Cause.

The Bishop of London's Remarkable Sermon.

Abandons His Bishopric, Palace, Seat in the House of Lords, and a Salary of 50,000 dollars.

He Proposes Henceforth to Devote His Life to the Cause of Suffering Humanity.”

Mr. Powderly, who is we believe a Catholic, at least in theory, ascribed the Bishop's conversion to the power of

the "true doctrines of Him who died for us all"; though, as the matter stands, it is highly probable the Bishop of London would let Jesus Christ "die for us all" again before he would be such an infernal idiot as to leave £10,000 a year, except on sheer compulsion.

Bishop Temple may well laugh at such childish credulity. His guineas will henceforth jingle with fresh music. "Good heavens!" he may say to himself, as he hears the pleasant chink of his coin, "Good heavens! Did those fellows think me such an ass as to abandon this sweet music and regale my ears with the cursings of those working men, the shrill scolding of their wives, and the caterwauling of their 'kids'? Not for Temple. What symptoms of lunacy have I exhibited that I should be thought capable of such ineffable stupidity? Have I said a single word in the pulpit against the sublime doctrine that so long as the Church flourishes 'Whatever is is right'? Have I breathed a whisper against the upper ten thousand? Not I. I would as soon rail against my own ten thousand. Have I ever invited Lazarus to enter Dives's dining-room and sit at his mahogany, or loll with his wife and family in the drawing-room? Have I ever suggested that the toilers of London are not adequately paid for their labor? Have I ever insinuated that they may not enjoy as much happiness as is proper to a poor Christian if they only attended a place of worship and sent their children to Sunday-school? Have I not always flattered the throne, lauded the aristocracy, and kept on good terms with wealth and titles? Have I been profuse of my salary? Have I flung it recklessly among the mob? Have I not devoted it to cherishing my noble self, and maintaining my family? 'Sell all that thou hast, and give it to the poor,' was a counsel of perfection, and that is a quality I do not aim at. Whatever my sins I am not guilty of such arrogance. Oh no—I only aspire to walk *humbly* with my God."

Such reflections as these are not in the spirit of Jesus Christ, we admit, but after the lapse of more than eighteen centuries it is not to be expected that the Christian Church should display any of its primitive simplicity. The commonest culinary vegetable differs widely from its natural ancestors, and a bishop is a highly cultivated article which has taken nearly two thousand years to produce in its present perfection. According to the New Testament, a bishop must not be "greedy of filthy lucre." If the Sermon on the Mount was aught but a fanatic's rigmarole, they should aspire to the blessings of absolute poverty. Their dignity should imply a high degree of piety, and piety and poverty, according to the New Testament, are inseparable virtues. Church officials should be like its edifices. Curates, at the bottom, should have the most solid salaries, while the Bishops should taper away like the spire, and the Archbishop should be a vanishing point of fifty pounds a year. Instead of this, however, we have precisely the reverse. The most eminent men of God bulk largest with worldly wealth, and unless the needle's-eye passage is widened or abolished, which of them will ever enter the Kingdom of Heaven?

Bishops are, in fact, relics of the ancient system of imposture and privilege. They will not vanish voluntarily: the Democracy will have to demolish them. Meanwhile whoever credits such a story as the resignation of Bishop Temple, out of love for the poor, must be childlike and bland enough for a primitive believer, a person born two thousand years out of season. Bishops will relinquish their wealth and power when the Lords relinquish their lands and titles, when Royal Paupers decline their outdoor relief, when public pensioners omit to draw quarterly, when the stars dance minuets, and the sun rises in the west.

G. W. FOOTE.

S A T A N .

THE saying of Sir Isaac Newton after reading *Paradise Lost*, "It proves nothing," has often been quoted as an instance of the obtuseness of a great mind on matters outside of its own range. Yet in one sense the observation of the great astronomer can be defended. Milton sets out with a thesis. His declared "great argument" was to

assert eternal Providence,

And justify the ways of God to men.

This was the purpose of the poem. Unless it supports this purpose "it proves nothing." And it does not support it.

On the contrary, it rather justifies the ways of Satan, who, as it has been often remarked, is the real hero of the poem. For what is Satan's fault? He is simply the great rebel against despotic authority. God the Father, according to the argument of the poem, delegates, without cause shown or reason given, power to his Son. Satan rebels.

Now with human rebellion against despotism Milton warmly sympathised. Great as he is as a poet, his fame is no less as a patriot. Shelley hints that the great Republican purposely exposed the popular theology. We do not think this, but we do think that in the *Paradise Lost* we have the spectacle of a great man's imagination and art wrestling with his theology, and coming out of the conflict conquering though crippled. All his genius comes out in his character of Satan. Jehovah, Jesus, cherubim and seraphim—all fade in the glare of that supreme picture of eternal defiance and august despair. Milton's God is the only tangible God, an anthropomorphic one, but he is a pale pedant beside the fallen archangel. Raphael and the rest are but wooden messengers, winged dolls, while the denizens of Hell have each the stamp of individuality. Milton's greatness, as was well remarked by an able writer in the *Liberal*, is shown in what he supplies to the Christian legend rather than in what he accepts from it, in the wide sweep of his imagination rather than in the submissiveness of his faith. "His work reaches its highest life, attains to its supreme exaltation of vision and song, when he trusts most to his genius and is least subservient to the sacred record."

We need not enter into the reasons for this most instructive fact, but we may briefly notice that in the Bible none of the hideous atrocities which distinguish Jehovah are ever ascribed to Satan. He is indeed called "the father of lies" and "a liar from the beginning," but there is nothing to prove the charge. Taking his identity with the serpent of the Garden of Eden to be established by Rev. xx. 2, though there is nothing in the narrative in Genesis to support the Apocalyptic writer, it appears from that story that he told our first parents the simple truth. They ate of the tree, and did not die but lived to an extremely ripe old age. As they could never have had any knowledge, culture or civilisation of any kind if they had not, in disobedience to Jehovah, eaten of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, this first recorded temptation by Satan should entitle him to the gratitude of all posterity.

The first time Satan is mentioned by name is in 1 Chron. xxi. 1, where we are told that he tempted David to number Israel. It is true in the parallel passage 2 Sam. xxiv. 1 we are told that the Lord moved David on this occasion, which has induced some to think that the Lord and the devil are one and the same person. But whoever was the instigator we see nothing but evidence of sagacity in a king taking a census of his people, though we read that the Lord was so provoked by this act that he threatened David with three plagues, actually killed three score and ten thousand and would have destroyed Jerusalem but for David's repentance and intercession.

The next we hear of Satan is his appearing among the sons of God, and afterwards tormenting poor Job. But here again the whole blame was with Jehovah. He proposed to test the integrity of his servant Job, and actually put him and his into Satan's power, with only the stipulation that he should spare his life. There is a brief mention in Zechariah iii. of Satan standing at the right hand of the angel of the Lord to resist him, and that is all the Old Testament knows of Satan. Truly his record is light compared with that of his adversary, Jehovah.

The culminating crime of Satan was, of course, his temptation of Jesus Christ; and here, again, we see no signs of guilt. He did not tempt him to commit cruelty, murder, adultery, seduction, lying, theft, deception, or any other human crime, but only to demonstrate his divinity. And surely that is what Christ came to do. He had a magnificent opportunity of convincing and converting the Devil, and he let it slip for ever.

J. M. WHEELER.

THE *Wilmington Star* notes that the Rev. Edward Hopper, of New York, died suddenly while writing a poem on heaven. On this the *New Orleans Picayune* remarks:—"This should be a warning to people who write on tariffs, European politics, or any subject of which they know nothing. Mr. Hopper is possibly now qualified to describe heaven; but when he sat down to write his poem he was not."

ACID DROPS.

THE Canadian Jesuits having frequently induced dying Catholics to change their wills in favor of that artful and unscrupulous order, Bishop Lefleche has suspended them from religious ministrations in his diocese. He cannot allow rivalry in so all-important a matter.

At Chicago, during the exhibition of the panorama of "Jerusalem at the time of the Crucifixion," a neatly dressed young man dropped on his knees before the central figure of the painting and began to pray. His conduct attracted the attention of thirty or forty persons present. Suddenly he rose to his feet, and gazing at the roof, shouted: "Satan is trying to mount with the angels!" Then he drew a heavy revolver and began to shoot at an imaginary devil in the roof. The frightened spectators rushed from the building, and two officers hurried in. The maniac turned and faced the policemen. "God has sent me on the brink of the abyss," he shouted, "and unless I kill the first five policemen I see I will be hurled into hell!" He pointed his weapon at one of them, but the other struck it with his club, and the bullet struck the roof. Then the insane man was knocked down and taken to the armory in a patrol wagon. His name is J. H. McConnell, and it is religion that has deranged his mind.

GEORGE BIDWELL, who, with his brother and two other confederates, swindled the Bank of England out of nearly a million pounds by forged bills of exchange, has been writing his own history. He sprang from an exceedingly pious Puritan family, whom he describes as being "almost fanatically religious, looking upon the most innocent games as instruments of Satan." Who can tell how far this piety disgusted him with the ways of morality, and made him fly to dissipation and crime as the only release from the intolerable life that religion and morality were supposed to demand?

THE preacher and deacon of a colored church in Florida were recently whipped by their enraged congregation until they confessed a theft of two hundred dollars.

GOD in his benevolence has sent a plague of locusts to comfort Algeria. Sixty thousand laborers and ten thousand soldiers are powerless against the huge numbers of winged devastators, and it is feared that famine and pestilence may follow.

THE negroes of Augusta, Georgia, were greatly alarmed a few nights ago by the sight of a Chinese lantern tied to a kite that was poised in mid-air. They were moved to cries and tears, and thought it a celestial warning.

SUPERSTITION in America is not altogether confined to the blacks. Nearly three thousand people blocked a street in New York to see the spooks said to be frightening the children in a public school.

W. S. LILLY, the Romanist, asks, in the August number of the *Nineteenth Century*, What is left of Christianity? Not much, according to his own showing, is left at the hands of science and modern criticism; but he says that Christ is left—or if he isn't left he is yet to come. The Christ ideal of the nineteenth century is a very different and vaguer one from that of the first, or of the palmy days of Mr. Lilly's church. As to his second coming, he has been too long about it for practical men to give any heed. The good Lord Jesus has had his day.

ONE of the pillars of Seville Cathedral has given way. A portion of the roof fell in and destroyed the organ. The worshippers thank God that no one was injured.

PIOUS simpletons are plentiful. According to the *Daily News*, there was an eager partisan, during the progress of the Colenso controversy, who went to the British Museum and asked to see "a contemporary and well-authenticated plan of Noah's ark" to the end that he might refute the Bishop's practical arguments. This person was much disappointed at finding that our national collections are deficient in this respect.

THE pious, respectable Greenways, the Warwickshire bankers, have met with their deserts. One of them has five years' penal servitude, and the other twelve months' imprisonment with hard labor. This, however, will not compensate the people who have been ruined by the bankruptcy and frauds of these scoundrels.

A CONSERVATIVE "Country Parson" complains of the selfishness of fox-hunters. They destroy the crops and fences on his glebe lands, and as they don't help him with donations, "or in any way contribute to his larder," he concludes that fox-hunters had better migrate to some other country. The parsons had better migrate at the same time. They are not wanted, and they cost more and do much more mischief than the fox-hunters. This is a view of the matter which doesn't strike the parsons.

At the last Wicklow Assizes all the jurors sworn were Protestants. Yet there are four times as many Catholics in Wicklow

as there are Protestants. This is a curious indication of the methods by which a religious minority exercises its supremacy.

REUBEN MAY, the City missionary, does not respond to the appeal for a balance-sheet, made to him in *Truth*. Instead of this, he rails at "the Secularists in Old Street, whose sad negations do not impel them to any good work." Well, Reuben, they take a lot of children into the country this very month, but they don't cadge all over the kingdom for cash, in season and out of season; and they do render an account of the expenditure of what money they receive.

THE sky-pilot who, in the Blackstock Road, delivered himself of the following, during his discourse, must have got a little bit mixed. He said, between many pauses to give due effect to his words, "Yes, my friends,—I came to Jesus—as I was,—weary, and worn, and sad. I used to walk the Upper Street each Sunday night—a gay young man about town—but I found in him—(here he pointed to the planet Venus) a resting place—and he has made me glad."

At the weekly faith-healing meeting at Bethshan, a testimony was read from a Mrs. Little, who thanked God for delivering her from insanity. Her thanks are a little premature; but faith-healing lunatics resemble other lunatics in considering themselves sane. Mrs. Bird, another of these believers, says she "fled to the Lord," and asked him to take her cancer in hand, whereupon he helped her and she is quite well, although the doctors told her she had no chance of recovery unless she underwent an operation. If the Lord cures cancer in this fashion, at the word of a nobody, why didn't he cure the Emperor Frederick for the sake of the peace of a continent?

TALMAGE says: "Between everlasting heaven and everlasting hell you may decide as quickly as your watch can tick. There is the promise, 'Whosoever cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.' Throw yourself flat upon that promise, and you are saved." Such is Christian salvation. Talmage, however, immediately owns that this is not sufficient. Baptism is also necessary, as well as belief. Moreover he has to admit that he that believeth and is baptised is *not* saved from the "physical consequences" of sin. It is only from the imaginary consequences or from the reproaches of his conscience.

THESE consequences, however, are not imaginary in Talmage's eyes. He thus describes the sufferings of those who reject Christ:—"Oh the weariness of one who has been ten million years in anguish, and yet feels it is only just begun! Agony, with its face scarred with ages of suffering, lifting up both hands towards the fiery horizon, crying: 'The wrath to come! to come! to come!' After millions of ages, some soul says: 'Isn't it most gone? Isn't it nearly ended? I can't longer endure it. The harvest is passed, the summer is ended, and I am not saved. When will it end? And a finger of lightning will write on the sky: 'For ever!' And the thunder peal will echo among the crags of death, 'For ever!' Oh, those fire-bells of the eternal world will never stop ringing, because the conflagration will never be done."

HE says rightly enough that "if there is a heaven there is a hell." And the Bible hell, he proclaims, must be "unmitigated torture," for "There can be no other meaning to these chapters about the never-dying worm, and the endless fire; that must mean torture. There will be pain, infinite pain."

TALMAGE and millions of Christians besides are proud of a God who carries out this system of infinite torture. They think, or profess to think, that the world would go wrong without him. Husbands would desert their wives unless they believed in a God who tells them to desert their wives and children for the sake of the gospel. Men and women would rush into all manner of immorality and wickedness unless they believed in a God who will freely forgive them the punishment whenever they like to throw themselves flat upon his promise. The blackest sinner is safe immediately he turns to Christ. "I care not what his age may be," says Talmage, "if for eighty years he has been steeped in crime." God will forgive all sin as quickly as a watch can tick.

THE *Christian Herald* says that God designs every event to be the means of good to his children. When he plunges them into the lake of brimstone and keeps them there for ever, does he mean this for their good? But logic is the last thing that penetrates a Christian's head.

A CHRISTIAN convert says that "Atheism spells ruin." Christians do their best to make this a fact, but they need not boast of the result of their persecution and falsehood.

CROYDON spent £50,000 on waterworks. Then came the question, Who should open it? Strange to say, the choice was the Archbishop of Canterbury. Had it been treacleworks, soapworks, or fireworks, we could have understood it. But waterworks! Perhaps it was thought—and this is the only explanation we can excogitate—the Archbishop would imitate J. C. and turn some of the water into wine.

THE Rev. Hugh Birley, of Chester-le-Street, declines a public debate with Mr. Foote on the ground that he does not detect in Mr. Foote's writings "any signs of earnest humble inquiry after truth." Yet in the very same letter Mr. Birley says "I never could be convinced my faith is false."

MR. BIRLEY has more than made up his mind that Christianity is true. Mr. Foote has made up his mind that Christianity is false. Mr. Birley preaches Christianity and Mr. Foote attacks it. Yet Mr. Birley says he is a searcher for truth and Mr. Foote is not.

MR. FOOTE has suffered twelve months' imprisonment for his opinions. What has Mr. Birley ever suffered for his? On the strength of what sacrifice does he assume this arrogant attitude?

SELF, self, self! That is the burden of Mr. Birley's song. He entirely overlooks the public, and their interest in having both sides of a burning question expounded and defended. Let Mr. Birley be ever so much a saint, and Mr. Foote ever so much a sinner, why on earth should this prevent them having an amicable discussion on a public platform?

WE don't doubt Mr. Birley's veracity. Oh dear no. But the human mind is very complex, motives are various, volitions are complex; and we venture—we only venture, God forbid we should do more—to imagine that, if Mr. Birley's mind were as open as a hat, other reasons than those he assigns would be apparent for his reluctance to discuss with Mr. Foote.

DR. THAIN DAVIDSON laments that the language of public worship is only appropriate to a few. He says that the world sees this and abhors the sham. The words of devotion and ecstasy are unreal and untrue when repeated by the majority, and the effect is most prejudicial. The sense of truth is dulled, and the worship is hollow and mechanical. Dr. Davidson speaks truth, but the time is past for reviving Christian fervor on a large scale. Faith is undermined by fact, and the best intellects are fast transferring their allegiance from Christianity to humanity.

ACCORDING to the *Freeman's Journal* "the death of a priest under the prison system would cap Mr. Balfour's policy." Well now, we are no admirers of Mr. Balfour's policy, but very much the reverse; yet we should very much like to know why the death of a priest is any more scandalous than the death of a layman—say John Maudeville. Priests may as well suffer for their country as other men. Many of them have little else to do.

AFTER the most skilful doctors have saved the Emperor of Brazil's life, the Empress goes on a pilgrimage to Lourdes to thank God and God's mother for his recovery.

AFTER so many weeks of unseasonable gloom, there will be many sun-worshippers in "Christian England" on this bright summer morning. The belief that the sun is God is one of the pieces of "heathen doctrine" from which Christians have never wholly freed themselves. Afraid of confessing it openly, we cling to it metaphorically; and in many hymns and psalms we sing of the Deity under figures taken from the sun. We implore Him to "arise and shine." We entreat him not to "hide his face." We pray for the continuance of His beneficent "rays." And there is much truth in the figure. Sound and healthy belief is almost as difficult under a sunless sky as upon a disordered stomach.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

WE agree with all but the last clause of the last sentence, a "disordered stomach" being, in our opinion, the very best basis for a "sound and healthy belief." Pascal said that the natural state of a Christian was one of disease, and Tom Hood speaks of persons who "think they're pious when they're only bilious." We are ready to back the livers and stomachs of "infidels" against those of "true believers" any day in the week—Sunday included.

THE Rev. F. A. Smith, of Woodford, Northamptonshire, has been admonished by the coroner for stupid negligence, in not procuring proper medical aid for his child. Perhaps the man of God thought prayer sufficient, but the little one did not find it so.

FROM a secular standpoint the coroner and jury were quite right, but from a Christian standpoint they were quite wrong. According to the New Testament, which is flsted and kissed in court, the prayer of faith is the orthodox medicine for sickness. Jesus and James both prescribe it in the New Testament, and in the Old Testament we read that King Asa dreadfully annoyed the Lord by consulting the physicians in his sickness.

THE Holloway corps of the great Salvation Army are going in for Hallelujah Earthquakes. Couldn't they go in for a little Hallelujah Fine Weather?

CORONER CARTER, of Rotherhithe, had an eleven-year-old boy as a witness, and catechised him like a Sunday-school teacher.

The boy recognised a bound volume as the Bible, said he prayed to God, and that God punished people who died wickedly—whatever that means. "Where does God punish them?" asked the coroner. "In hell-fire," answered the boy. "Very well," said the coroner, and young hell-fire's evidence was taken.

WHAT holy simplicity! Coroner Carter seems to think that belief in hell-fire and veracity are twin brethren, though the Bible itself would inform him better. Saint Peter very much believed in hell-fire; yet he lied thrice in the bodily presence of his God, and on the third occasion he took his solemn affidavit that the lie was true.

"SWEAR not at all," said Jesus Christ; but Coroner Carter's stupidity is enough to make a saint swear.

"H. J. W." writes an alarming letter to the *Barnet Press*. He has actually seen a Secular party in Hadley Wood on a Sunday afternoon, singing and dancing, and (oh, horrid!) reading the *Freethinker*. These wretches had even the audacity to distribute infidel pamphlets among the strollers who were attracted to the spot. "Cannot," asks "H. J. W.," "some steps be taken to prevent a repetition of such disgraceful exhibitions?"

WELL, what does the irate gentleman propose? He has taken his own "step," and a poor little goose-step it is. Does he, in addition, want the police to arrest everybody found with a musical instrument on Sunday? If so, it would be hard on the Salvationists. Or does he want everybody "run in" who is found reading the *Freethinker*?

GOD was asked in the Chelmsford and district churches, on July 29, to send fine weather so that the harvest might be gathered in due season. Three days afterwards hundreds of acres of cultivated land were under water. Let us pray!

THE Bishop of Wakefield has been deploring the spread of infidelity and the growing secularisation of education. He sees well that unless his religion bends the mind in infancy it has no chance with maturity, and accordingly directs his chief attention to enforcing the necessity of religious education for the young. His lordship touched upon a very unfortunate matter for his creed when he mentioned that the statistics of our prisons prove that Sunday-school teaching is a very poor safeguard against crime. The Bishop takes it that this is because in Sunday schools they do not get enough religion. We suspect it is because they get too much.

SOME pious Presbyterians have been having a holy fair at the Hill of Beath. The celebration of the anniversary of the defeat of the Armada afforded a good opportunity for scriptural language in regard to the "scarlet woman." The Rev. Robert Thomson of Glasgow declared the Pope and the Devil were as "deep as hell," and at the bottom of all mischief. He hoped the meeting would pass a resolution to smash the images in St. Giles' Church Cathedral. The Scotch papers, for the most part, only laugh at Mr. Thomson and his godly colleague, the Rev. Jacob Primmer.

ACCORDING to the *Star*, "the sainted Dr. Barnardo is able to combine fanatical hostility to the drink traffic with ardent devotion to the Tory brewer who represents his constituency."

A CHINESE cabinet-maker in Brisbane has failed for £40,000. And yet they say that Chinese never assimilate themselves to Christian customs.

THE *Daily News* notices that the only snake found in Malta is either not venomous or only slightly venomous, and that the word "venomous," applied in the Bible to the snake that hung on Paul's hand at Malta, was not in the original Greek, but was inserted by the translators. Thus the assumed miracle of Paul's escape from death by snake-bite is reduced to a mere natural occurrence, and we have a good example of the way in which Christian miracles were manufactured. This snake is also said to be the only one that can hold on by its teeth, which confirms the idea that it was the identical kind of snake which bit St. Paul.

A CHRISTIAN who has been visiting Nazareth observes: "No words can tell how I would prize a life of the boyhood of Jesus." He says that a true boy life of the Savior "would lay hold of the boyhood of the world as no other book does, except the story of his manhood and death." Why did not God supply this book? Christ came to be an example to us, and yet thirty years of his boyhood and manhood were passed in obscurity, and with scarcely any record except the childish inventions of credulous miracle-mongers. Why did not Christ write an autobiography? Why did not God provide complete and verifiable historical chronicles and personal descriptions? He allows hundreds of volumes of biography and autobiography of relatively unimportant persons to be written, and leaves us in the densest ignorance concerning nearly the whole of Christ's life; only the sayings and actions of one year (according to John), or of three years (according to the synoptics), being thought worthy of even fragmentary record by unknown authors writing generations after the alleged events.

MR. FOOTE'S LECTURES.

Sunday, August 12, Albert Embankment, 12.30, "Salvation"; Hall of Science, Old Street, E.C., 7.30, "Ananias and Sapphira."

August 19, Battersea Park (morning); Camberwell (evening). 26, Camberwell.

Sept. 2, Liverpool; 9 and 16, Hall of Science, London; 23, Manchester; 30, Camberwell.

Oct. 7 and 14, Milton Hall; 28, Hall of Science.

Dec. 2 and 9, Hall of Science.

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.

J. C. GOODFELLOW.—We read your letter with interest, and we have the highest respect for your opinion. We hope you will like the new paper on the whole. It is impossible to please everybody in everything.

J. SAUNDERS.—The paragraph on William Hone in the *Soldiers' and Sailors' Almanack* is a silly invention. Hone was never an Atheist, and therefore he was never a converted Atheist. He did not write "a spurious gospel," though he did publish an edition of the Apocryphal Gospels, all translated by Bishop Wake and other Churchmen. Nor did he write the verses ascribed to him. His daughter contradicted the story in the *Christian World*. Still, we do not expect the fable will soon disappear. Pious frauds are grateful to the Christian palate; and, as Ingersoll says, nothing flourishes in this world like a good healthy religious lie.

AN OLD PRO.—Let us know if the Lord sends you a post-card. We never received an answer to our *Letters to Jesus Christ*.

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

A. DAWSON.—Mr. Foote debated for four nights at Newcastle with the Rev. A. J. Harrison, early in 1877. Mr. Bradlaugh has also debated with the same gentleman. Mr. Harrison is an able, courteous, and honest debater; one with whom it is a pleasure to cross swords. The Newcastle Branch has been too quiescent for some time, but it is now showing signs of renewed life. There is a fine field for Freethought propaganda in that populous district.

M. A. DAVIES.—Thanks for the cutting. *Crimes of Christianity* vol. ii., is in preparation. The work advances slowly because of the great labor and carefulness it necessitates. *Bible Romances* (new edition), will be published during the winter.

ST. ADE.—We are very much obliged. You have taken a great deal of trouble, and the matter shall be used in an early issue.

H. H.—Thanks. See "Acid Drops."

A. WHEELER, 20 Coburg Street, Clerkenwell, E.C., requests the lecturers engaged for the Finsbury Branch by the late Mr. Hiscock to communicate their dates and subjects, as Mr. Hiscock's memoranda cannot be found.

D. OAKLEY reports that a Christian friend of his had his eyes opened by Mr. Foote's open-air lecture at Pimlico Pier last Sunday morning, and has promised to join the local N. S. S. Branch.

FOREIGN FREETHINKER writes: "I have just finished reading the first issue of the *Radical Leader*, and I wish to congratulate you on the successful inauguration of its career. It is frank, manly, and outspoken, and contrasts favorably with the great majority of the London press. I hope you will continue in the same way, and win over to the Radical side a daily increasing number of men eager for reform."

D. PROVAN.—You are right. Even in Scotland they laugh as heartily at the profane witticisms of the *Freethinker* as at ordinary jokes. Thanks for cuttings and paper.

W. SHRIMPTON.—Such items are always welcome.

E. L. G. sends £5 for the London Secular Federation's School Board Election Fund.

C. A. D.—Our readers do us a real service by sending us cuttings on which we can comment.

T. BIRTLEY.—We told you the parsons would fight shy of a discussion.

R. E. H.—That Biblical Museum is worthy of the Christian creed. We shall try to pay it a visit.

INVICTA.—Thanks. See our comment.

PAPERS RECEIVED.—Ironclad Age—Sussex Evening Times—Menschentum—Freethought—Boston Investigator—Truthseeker—Liberator—Open Court—Glasgow Weekly Mail—La Lanterne—Echo—Fritzenkoren—New York Press—Newcastle Leader—Star.

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.

EDITORIAL

The *Radical Leader* was duly published last week, but, owing to the difficulty of getting newsagents to believe that a new paper really exists, we fear many of our friends did not manage to get supplied. Copies of No. 1 are still to be had if required.

Many persons bought in mistake the paper which "appropriated" the original title of this venture. Those who wish to obtain the RIGHT PAPER should be careful to order *The Radical Leader*, giving the title in full, and laying stress on *Radical*.

The paper is a large sheet, and is allowed to be a good penny-worth. Like the *Freethinker*, it is a speciality. Our friends will find it worth a trial. Those who like it might introduce it to their political acquaintances. We are advertising pretty fairly, but it requires the pocket of a millionaire to do it adequately.

SUGAR PLUMS.

MR. FOOTE had a fine audience at Pimlico Pier last Sunday morning, and a very hearty welcome. Several ladies were in the crowd, and two or three firemen from the neighboring station seemed to enjoy the lecture. In the evening, despite the holiday and the untimely rain, there was a very fair audience at the Hall of Science to hear the lecture on "A Blast from Rome."

THIS evening (August 12th) Mr. Foote lectures again at the London Hall of Science on "Ananias and Sapphira." The topic is suggestive and will be treated in the spirit it demands. Christians who wish to be initiated in the arts of priestcraft should attend, especially sky-pilots who want a new "wrinkle."

MR. C. E. FORD, of Brighton, keeps his Freethought before the public in the shape of well-timed letters to the local press. The last number of the *Sussex Evening Times* inserts a letter on Scepticism, in which he quotes with effect Origen's satire upon taking the first chapters of Genesis as literally true.

"How the whirligig of time brings in its revenges. It is not long since Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant were denounced as social outlaws. Now Mr. Bradlaugh is almost petted by the Tory party, and Mrs. Besant has received an apology and a testimonial from a bishop."—*Weekly Dispatch*.

"CHRISTIANITY is not in possession in South London." Mr. Buckland starts a paper in the *Contemporary Review* with these often quoted words from the *Record*, which have been endorsed by the Bishop of Rochester, whose duty it is to oversee the souls of the district. Mr. Buckland says that the parochial system is at fault. It makes people think more of the particular congregation than of the Church of England as a body, and is thus tending to disestablishment. There is a good deal more at fault than the parochial system, as Mr. Buckland will find if he takes the trouble to investigate.

Knowledge for August has the beginning of a series of important articles on "The Scientific Origin of Religious Doctrines," dealing at the outset with the once absorbing question of Immortal Life. The writer says:—"The preachers who proclaim their conviction that belief in a future life has been a solace to the hearts of those who have loved and lost—to the parent sorrowing for the child, or child for parent, to spouse widowed of spouse, friend left lonely in the world for friend—either say they know not what or proclaim what they must know to be untrue. The pulpit preacher of comfort in the thought of the everlasting life is ready enough no doubt, beside the funeral baked meats, to speak idle words of comfort to parent or child, to wife or husband, to brother or sister, of the dead who was so dear; but scarce are the words passed from his lips in which he tells the sorrowers that their dead have passed to a happier life, before he will proclaim to others his conviction that not eternal happiness but eternal misery must be the fate of most of us, who do not believe as he believes. It is these, however, who really believe who really suffer in the thought of all their belief implies; and were it not that, happily, their minds are not able to wholly grasp that thought, their whole lives, after even but one of those they loved had passed away under such conditions as would render happiness doubtful or inconceivable, would be lives of misery. Nay, it seems to me that they scarce could live—or, at least, live sane; that they must either die or go mad, if it were not for some vague thought that it cannot really be as nevertheless their faith is ever telling them it must be."

ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Liverpool, having been refused to the Sunday Society for afternoon concerts, the Rotunda Lecture Hall has been since secured for the purpose.

A RARE scene took place at the Liverpool City Council last week on the proposition that the use of the Rotunda Lecture Hall should be granted to the Sunday Society for the purpose of Sunday lectures. The bigots were there in full force, and denounced the scheme in vigorous terms. One speaker, Dr. Cross went so far as to say that "to desert the doctrines of the Almighty and to vote in favour of this society was to turn round and to slap the snout of the Almighty with the back of their hand." Mr. Rathbone indignantly quoted Dr. Cross as saying they were in their conduct giving the Almighty a "bloody nose." There was a loud outcry against this phrase, and Alderman Samuelson said: "The words used, sir, were 'a slap in the snout.'" Mr. Rathbone: "Very well, I will take the words 'a slap in the snout.'" The amendment was lost by fourteen to eighteen votes, and the use of the hall will therefore be granted to the Sunday Society, so the Almighty has got his "slap in the snout."

SUCH language is not elegant, but it is very natural when beer and Bible combine. For our part, we trust these little blasphemies will grow and multiply. They bring religion into contempt, and that is the very object we ourselves have in view. Thus, as Coleridge says, extremes meet.

A LETTER from a sailor to one of our correspondents instances how Freethought is spreading aboard ship. He says, asking for a further supply of tracts, "I believe if I had a shop like yours down our fore-castle, I could sell all out in a day at some place where we call. There were two very pious young swells came down the fore-castle at London. They began talking about how true the Bible must be, when I pulled out a tract (*Bible Blunders*) and read it to them. They were quite surprised to see it in print—two grisly bears travelling from America to the ark." We hope Jack will get a good supply of the tracts, and put them well about.

THE London Secular Federation met on Thursday, August 2nd, and dealt with the School Board Election business. It was resolved that a meeting of London Freethinkers should be called at the Hall of Science on Thursday, August 30th, and that all the leading Freethinkers should be invited to speak; also that a circular should be printed and sent round for distribution among the members of the London Branches.

THE Federation Council also decided to accept the invitation of the Metropolitan Radical Federation, which is calling a central meeting of all London organisations in favor of "free, secular and compulsory education." Something serious should come of this effort. We are very glad to see that the Radicals do not intend to be used by the Liberal wire-pullers, but rather to strike hard for their own principles.

Two gentlemen have already accepted an invitation to stand for the School Board on the Secular Federation ticket, and under its auspices, if funds can be raised to defray the election expenses; and it is hoped that one or two more candidates will be secured. In order to raise the sinews of war, the London Branches are making collections at their out-door meetings. But the sums thus obtained will, of course, be far from sufficient. Wealthier Freethinkers are therefore asked to contribute to the Fund, every penny of which will be devoted to the absolutely necessary expenses of the contest.

THE *Open Court* of Chicago for July 19 opens with a capital article on Agnosticism, from the ready pen of Moncure D. Conway. He says: "From the time of Paul, who, when argument fails, rebuffs the inquirers, as Jehovah did Job ('Who art thou?'), to the time of Robinson Crusoe, when Friday asks 'Why not God kill debbil?' Agnosticism has been the virtual refuge of theology." Agnosticism he likens to "an orthodox palm hurled by the Darwinian earthquake out of its habitat," and he suspects that "it is mere weariness of wing in facing the conventional tempest which has brought Freethinkers to seek rest on the floating palm." He knew an Atheist whose son was troubled at school for openly calling himself the same. "My child," said the father, "you must not call yourself an Atheist, but an Agnostic; then you will not be troubled."

MR. CONWAY asks "How many preachers who are sheltering their dogmas under Herbert Spencer's 'Unknowable' are aware that Herbert Spencer has declared that he has no reason to suppose this 'Unknowable' either intelligent, or good or moral." Mr. Conway's own opinion is that "the poorest piece of work Spencer ever did was to raise this phantom of defunct theology. No man knows better that all foul creatures can lurk and breed in its cavern of mystery." Mr. Conway has always been bold in speech and thought, but it is evident he has advanced since he left the atmosphere of South Place Chapel.

CAPTAIN BURTON says the curse of England is "the religiosity of the many and the hypocrisy of the few." Capital. The diagnosis is perfect.

GODLINESS IS GREAT GAIN.—When you combine godliness with a good Government appointment it is astounding how you can get people to give you unlimited credit. An official who for some years held the high office of Chief Inspector of Inland Revenue for Scotland, and who has lately retired, has created a great scandal among the "unco guid" in Edinburgh by throwing his affairs into liquidation. His salary was £1,000 a-year. His pension is £520. His liabilities are £8,291, of which £4,315 is "nominally" secured by insurance policies. He owes £1,123 on bills, £690 on borrowed money, £1,175 on loans from "banks and others," and household debts to the tune of £251. His house is mortgaged up to the eyes, and as a settlement the unctuous old gentleman—for he is reputed to be seventy years of age—blandly offers his creditors £250 a-year from his pension which is unattainable by law! Of course, the creditors are to blame for being "let in" and for giving a man with £1,000 a-year, finally dropping to a pension of £500, credit for £8,291, but the explanation is simple. He was the saintliest and oiliest of all the elders in the Free Kirk of Scotland. Doubtless, if the Civil Service could be turned outside in, we might find many other high officials in the same way, going through life in bondage to their creditors.—*Weekly Dispatch*.

CHRIST'S PRAYER FOR UNITY.

THE Bishop of Wakefield says that the divisions of Christendom must always be a sorrow to those who long for unity, and those who love Jesus will pray, as he did, that we may all be one.

Let us examine Christ's prayer, and see if it has been fulfilled. It is recorded by St. John, and runs thus:

"Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me, that they may be one, as we are. . . . Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word; that they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me. And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one: I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them, as thou hast loved me." (John xvii. 11, 20-23.)

Christians will endeavor to limit the application of this prayer to the apostles and their immediate disciples. But even if we accept this limitation, it is evident that Christ's requests were not granted.

Judas and the other apostles could hardly be regarded as "one" after the betrayal. Christians will say that Christ only prayed for those whom God had given him, and Judas was not one of these. Such excuses would prevent all opportunities of testing the success of Christ's prayer, for it excludes from the petition all who do not subsequently fulfil the petition. It is like praying that all who keep faithful should keep faithful, or that all who survive a battle should survive it, or that what will happen may happen. Prayer of this kind, of course, can never be falsified by the event. But an Atheist's anticipations or prophecies would be equally infallible and equally meaningless if similarly safeguarded against the possibility of failure. We will suppose that Christ was not a mere quack, and that his words had honest sense in them when he prayed for unity among the believers.

Great dissension arose concerning circumcision. Peter and Paul, the two great lights of the early Christian world, quarrelled bitterly, so that Paul withstood Peter to the face, and accused him and his companions of hypocrisy (Gal. ii., 11-14). Barnabas is also accused of yielding to their "dissimulation." Paul describes some of his opponents as "false brethren unawares brought in" (Gal. ii., 4). Rev. ii., 9, on the other hand, probably refers to Paul and his followers when it speaks of "the blasphemy of them which say they are Jews and are not, but are of the synagogue of Satan." The mild version of this quarrel given in Acts xv. shows the tendency of Christian records to soften down the unpleasant features of the early history of the Church. But the same chapter also tells us of another dissension between Paul and Barnabas. These two missionary apostles came up together to Jerusalem to take part in the "much disputing," but they fell out, "and the contention was so sharp between them that they departed asunder one from the other." This quarrel arose out of the fact that "John whose surname was Mark" had previously deserted Paul in the midst of one of his missionary journeys, and Barnabas wished to take him again, but Paul would not consent.

Peter warns the people of the false teachers among them who still would bring in "damnable heresies" (2 Peter ii., 1), inasmuch that "many" would follow their pernicious ways (2 Peter ii., 1, 2). John says "even now there are many Antichrists" (1 John ii., 18). The backslidings, vices, and dissensions of the early converts are often referred to by Peter and Paul in their epistles. Paul's rebuke of the Corinthians for vices which they gloried in (1 Cor. v., 1, 2; ii., 8), his exhortations that the "contentions" and "divisions" among them should cease (1 Cor. i., 10-12; xi., 18, 19), his reproof of the Galatians for deserting the grace of Christ for "another Gospel," and his bitter denunciations of all those who preached other gospels than his own as "accursed" (Gal. i., 6-9), show clearly that the Church was very far from attaining the unity for which Christ prayed. Paul says that there "must be" heresies (1 Cor. xi. 19), and he spoke of various apostacies (2 Tim. ii., 17, 18; 1 Tim. iv. 1-3). The reproof administered to the seven churches and the denunciation of the Nicolaitans and others in the Book of Revelations, are further evidences of the want of perfect unity prayed for by Christ. As Cruden observes, "From the very beginning

of the Christian Church there were very dangerous and pernicious heresies."

What are we to say, then, of the efficacy of prayer? Christ's own prayer was powerless. Christians were as discordant as other bodies of men. Their history is at least as full of quarrels and dissensions as any history of other religious or political or social movements. Christ prayed for unity and there was no more unity than the average, and perhaps much less, for most of the accounts that we have were written in the interests of Christianity, and the more unfavourable accounts by non-Christian observers have been suppressed. Christ, who is God, prayed to Jehovah, who is God. God prayed to God, and his prayer was a rank failure. God heard God's prayer and falsified his own promises and his own hopes. If God's prayer to himself is thus vain what is the value of human prayer?

What shall we say too of the dissensions and wars that rent Christianity asunder in the succeeding centuries? As this event is so disastrously unsatisfactory, Christians are forced to insist on the plea that Christ's prayer only applied to those whom God had given him, that is (they say) to the apostles, and to those who believed "through their word." This should include all those who believe or have believed on their written word in the New Testament, and if it suited Christian purposes, Christ's prayer would be so interpreted.

But Christ not only prayed for unity, he prophesied it. He announced that there should be one fold and one shepherd (John x., 16). When did this occur? Christians fulfil the prophecy by making it meaningless. They take one name (such as Christ, or Pope, or Apollon, or Paul, or Spurgeon, or "Queen Esther") and say that all who remain sufficiently faithful to the particular name favored are the one fold prophesied, while all dissentients are outside the fold and are not included in the prophecy. Some are so liberal as to include all professing Christians as one fold, however much they may quarrel and fight and slaughter each other. But if we regard language as having some legitimate meaning, Christ's prayer and prophecy, in this as on other matters, have proved egregious blunders. The nearest approach to unity has only been attained by relentless persecution of heretics. Was it this that Christ referred to? Did he mean that his Church would repress all difference of opinion with the thumbscrew and the burning faggot? Was this the glorious unity he prophesied and hoped and prayed for? W. P. BALL.

DEATH OF COURTLANDT PALMER. FUNERAL ORATION BY COL. INGERSOLL.

We regret to record the death of Courtlandt Palmer, treasurer to the American Secular Union and a large contributor to its funds. Mr. Palmer was born in New York, March 25, 1843. He was brought up in the Dutch Reformed Church, but as a youth became a Freethinker. He founded and was president of the New York Nineteenth Century Club, which has been the chief means of introducing Freethought among the upper circles of that city. During his illness he requested that no Christian ceremonies should attend his funeral. This injunction was not strictly complied with, for after Col. Ingersoll's oration the Rev. Dr. Heber Newton conducted brief religious services at the request of the widow.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll delivered a pathetic funeral oration. He was accompanied by his wife and daughter. The young lady was deeply affected, and her eyes were moist while her eloquent father spoke. Macgrano Coxo sang the "Evening Star" from Tannhauser as Col. Ingersoll entered. He took a position on the stairway opposite the parlor door and spoke from notes, slowly and in tender and melting but strong tones. This was his oration:—

"My Friends: A thinker of pure thoughts, a speaker of brave words, a doer of generous deeds has reached the silent haven that all the dead have reached, and where the voyage of every life must end; and we his friends who even now are hastening after him, are met to do the last kind acts that man may do for man—to toll his virtues, to lay with tenderness and tears his ashes in the secret place of rest and peace. Some one has said that in the open hands of death we find only what they gave away.

"Let us believe that pure thoughts, brave words and generous deeds can never die. Let us believe that they bear fruit and add forever to the well being of the human race; let us believe that a noble, self-denying life increases the moral wealth of man and gives assurance that the future will be grander than the past. In the assurance that the future will be grander than the past. In the monotony of subservience, in the multitude of blind followers, nothing is more inspiring than a free and independent man, one who demands reasons and demands freedom and gave what he demands, one who refused to be slave or master. Such a man was Courtlandt Palmer, to whom we pay the tribute of respect and love. He was an honest man.

"He gave the rights he claimed. This was the foundation on which he built. To think for himself, to give his thoughts to others—this was a privilege and right, a duty and a joy with him. He believed in self-preservation, in personal independence—that is to say, in manhood. He preserved the realm of mind from the invasion of brute

force, and protected the children of the brain from the Herod of authority. He investigated for himself the questions, the problems, and the mysteries of life. Majorities were nothing to him. No error could be old enough, popular, profitable, or plausible enough to bribe his judgment. He was a believer in intellectual hospitality, in the fair exchange of thought, in good mental manners, in the amenities of the soul, in the chivalry of discussion. He insisted that those who speak should hear; that those who questioned should answer; that each should strive not for a victory over others, but for the discovery of truth, and that that truth when found should be welcomed by every human soul. He knew that truth has no fear of investigation, that it has no fear of being misunderstood, that it loves the day. He knew that its enemies are ignorance, prejudice, egotism, bigotry, hypocrisy, fear and darkness, and that intelligence, candor, honesty, love and light are its eternal friends. He believed in the morality of the useful—that the virtues are the friends of man—the seeds of joy. He knew that consequences determine the quality of actions, and that whatsoever a man sows that shall he also reap. In the positive philosophy of August Comte he found the framework of his creed. In the conclusions of that great, sublime, and tender soul he found the rest, the serenity, and the certainty he sought. The clouds had fallen from his life. He saw that the old faiths were but phases in the growth of man—that out from the darkness, up from the depths, the human race through countless ages and in every land had struggled toward the ever growing light.

"He felt that the living are indebted to the noble dead, and that each should pay his debt, that he should pay it by pursuing to the extent of his power the good he has, by destroying the hurtful, by adding to the knowledge of the world, by giving better than he had received; and that each should be the bearer of a torch, a shodder of light for all that is, for all to be.

"This was the religion of duty perceived, of duty within the reach of man, within the circumference of the known—a religion without mystery, with experience for the foundation of belief—a religion understood by the head and approved by the heart—a religion that appealed to reason with a definite end in view—the civilization and development of the human race by legitimate, adequate and natural means—that is to say, by ascertaining the conditions of progress, and by teaching each to be noble enough to live for all.

"This is the gospel of man, this is the gospel of this world; this is the religion of humanity; this is a philosophy that contemplates not with scorn, but with pity, with admiration and with love, all that man has done, regarding, as it does, the past with all its faults and virtues, its sufferings, its cruelties and crimes, as the only road by which the perfect could be reached.

"He denied the supernatural, the phantoms and the ghosts that filled the twilight land of fear. There was but one religion for him, a religion of pure thought, noble words, self-denying deeds—the religion of hope and help. History was his prophet, reason his guide, duty his deity, happiness his end, intelligence the means. He knew that man must be the providence of man. He did not believe in religion and science, but in the religion of science. He lived and labored for his fellow man. He welcomed light. According to his light he lived. The world was his country, to do good his religion. There is no language to express a nobler creed than this, nothing grander, more comprehensive, nearer perfect. He was afraid to do wrong, and for that reason he was not afraid to die.

"He knew that the end was near. He knew that his work was done. He stood within the deepening twilight, knowing that for the last time the gold was fading from the west and that there could not fall within his eyes the trembling lustrous of another dawn. He knew that night had come, and yet his soul was filled with light, for in that night the memory of his generous deeds shone out like stars. What can we say? What words can solve the mystery of life, the mystery of death? What words can justly pay a tribute to the man who lived to his ideal, who spoke his honest thought, who was turned aside neither by envy, nor hatred, nor contumely, nor slander, nor scorn, nor fear? What words will do that life the justice that we know and feel?

"By the grave of man stands the angel of silence. A heart breaks, a man dies, a leaf falls in the distant forest, a babe is born, and the world sweeps on. No one can tell which is better, life with its gloams and shadows, its thrills and pangs, its ecstasy and tears, its wreaths and thorns, its crowns and glories and Golgothas, or death with its peace, its rest, its cool and placid brow, that hath in it no memory, no fear of grief or pain. Farewell, dear friend; the world is better for your life; the world is braver for your death. Farewell; we loved your living, and we love you now."

Dr. Newton then went on with his mummeries, the friends of Courtlandt Palmer leaving. The body was removed to the crematorium at Fresh Pond, where it was subject to the action of the fire for six hours. The ashes were then removed and deposited in the family plot in Greenwood Cemetery.

REVIEWS.

The Future of Morality, as Affected by the Decay of Prevalent Religious Beliefs. By M. S. Gilliland. London: Watts and Co., 17 Johnson's Court, Fleet Street.—Contains some good arguments and apt quotations to show that ethics does not depend upon religion.

Local Option. An Argument against Teetotal Tyranny. By J. Gunsberg. Liberty and Property Defence League, 4 Westminster Chambers, S.W. Price 2d.—Mr. Gunsberg is a thorough individualist, and cites statistics to show that the results of experiments in prohibition in America has not been favorable to morality.

Socialism Analyzed. By WORDSWORTH DONISTHORPE: Liberty and Property Defence League, 4 Westminster Chambers, S.W. (6d).—This critical examination of Mr. Joynes's "Socialist Catechism" is written with Mr. Donisthorpe's usual vigor and brilliancy. The fallacies of the "Catechism" are exposed in a series of comments which leaves little to be desired.

THE NEW WEEKLY.
THE
RADICAL LEADER

No. II. SATURDAY, AUGUST 11.

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