

THE FREETHINKER

EDITED BY G. W. FOOTE.
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[PRICE ONE PENNY.

How the whirligig of Time brings about its revenges! Two hundred and eighty-nine years ago a poor scholar and ex-monk was burnt to death and ashes at Rome. The populace enjoyed the sport, the priests and cardinals congratulated themselves on the absence of another heretic from this world, the Pope heard the news with equanimity in the Vatican, and the next day who gave a thought to the few handfuls of human ashes which were swept away with the blackened relics of the stake? Who suspected that the wretched heretic was the greater than any of his murderers? Who dreamed that he was immortalised? Who imagined that his memory would rise through the clouds of detraction and become a fixed star in the firmament of fame?

Giordano Bruno was born at Nola, near Naples, in 1548. At the age of fifteen he became a novice in a Dominican monastery. Three years later his scepticism attracted notice. He was unsound on the doctrine of the Trinity, and he detested the monks, whom he afterwards referred to as "personages very ready to give away places in the kingdom of heaven, but incapable of earning an inch of ground for themselves." No wonder he was twice threatened with a prosecution for heresy. One hundred and thirty counts being drawn up against him, he fled from Naples in 1575, carrying with him nothing but a good stock of learning and a fine intellect, and an invincible heart.

Casting off his religious garments, and letting his hair grow to hide the tonsure, Bruno went to Noli, Rome and Genoa. In 1579 he was at Geneva. He was frightfully poor, and some Italians gave him a citizen's dress, minus the trunk hose, which he made for himself out of his old raiment. For a short time he found work in a printing house as a corrector of proofs, but the fierce spirit of John Calvin haunted the city, and Bruno, after being arrested and admonished, was glad to leave it. He then went to Toulouse, the city in which Vanini was burnt in 1619, remaining there for more than a year, and lecturing on philosophy at the University. He was at Paris in 1581. The King appointed him lecturer extraordinary at the Sorbonne, and relieved him from attending Mass. But the orthodox pundits were scandalised at his heresy. He was therefore obliged to quit Paris in great haste. From 1583 to 1585 he lived in London with the French Ambassador. This was the one peaceful oasis in his stormy life. His evenings were spent with Sir Philip Sidney, Fulke Greville, Dyer, Hervey, and other choice spirits. Before leaving England he held a public disputation with the doctors at Oxford. Travelling through Germany, he was sometimes entertained and sometimes repelled. He was excommunicated by Boethius, and the burgomaster of Frankfort ordered him to "earn his bread elsewhere."

Bruno was at length lured to Venice by one of its nobles. Zuane Mocenigo is a name of eternal infamy. This wretched creature betrayed Bruno to the Inquisition. On May 29, 1592,

GIORDANO BRUNO.



From the statue by GAUDENZO FERRARI.

the philosopher stood before the dread Tribunal. Charged with many heresies, he pleaded that philosophy and theology were distinct studies, each with its own rules and prerogatives, and that what a man said as a philosopher was no prejudice to his orthodoxy as a theologian. But this was too subtle for his judges. They delivered him over, as a special favor, to the Holy Office of Rome. Before this, however, Ferigo Contarini, a procurator, was ordered to make a report on Bruno's case. "His errors in heresy," he said, "are very grave, though for the rest he possesses a most excellent rare mind, with exquisite learning and wisdom."

Every trace of information fails us from the beginning of 1593 to the beginning of 1599. All we know is that Bruno spent those six weary years in prison, deprived of all society, and probably of all companionship of books; and torture was systematically practised in the prisons of the Inquisition. Even the venerable and illustrious Galileo did not escape this "discipline."

Bruno's name is first on a list of twenty prisoners for trial, made on Monday, April 5, 1599. He was more than once brought before the Tribunal, but he was stiff-necked throughout. No "persuasion," which probably meant torture, could induce him to abjure his heresies. A last effort to subdue him was made on December 21, but with unbroken spirit he answered "that he ought not to recant, and he will not recant; that he had nothing to

recant, nor any reason to recant, nor knew what he should recant."

On February 8, 1599, Bruno was condemned and sentenced as an obstinate heretic, being forced on his knees to hear the tedious document. He was deprived of all his property "personal and real," which was an excellent joke, as he had nothing but the threadbare suit he stood in. For the rest, he was to be punished "without the shedding of blood," the infamous formula for burning alive. Bruno heard his frightful sentence without trembling. Long imprisonment and suffering had weakened his body, but his lofty spirit never flamed more gloriously than in that supreme moment. Rising and facing his judges, he said "with a menacing aspect," rather like the victor than the vanquished, "It may be you fear more to deliver judgment upon me than I fear judgment."

During the week still given him for recantation he had need of all his philosophy. In the midst of his wanderings he had more than once contemplated the possibility of martyrdom, and assured himself that if it came he would meet it bravely. The event proved that his fancy had not outstripped his strength. Those seven days spent in confronting the pale spectre with eyes of flame, who approached nearer every moment, tried him but did not find him wanting. The solitary cell, the ferocious sentence, and the world's hostility, acted as a tonic on his heroic soul; and when he emerged from confinement to drink the last bitter cup of anguish to the dregs, he was filled with more than fortitude. He said that he died a martyr and willingly.

The day of his martyrdom was February 17, 1600. It was the Jubilee year, and Rome was thronged with pilgrims. Spectators were not wanting to see the heretic "butchered to make a Roman holiday." Christianity had abolished the gladiatorial shows, but here was a choicer morsel for the lust of cruelty. Bruno met his fate without a murmur. He refused to listen to the priests, or to receive their consolations. When a crucifix was held up to him, the renegade Scioppius says he rejected it "with a terrible menacing countenance."

What courage! What heroism! What transcendent virility of soul! This martyr looked upon a sea of hostile faces. He was alone against the world. His seven years' Gethsemane was unmitigated by the company of even sleeping disciples, and his Calvary was unrelieved by the sympathetic faces of weeping women. He died in solitary and awful grandeur. He does not invite our compassion; his attitude is too noble, his aspect too lofty. He commands our adoration, and suggests thoughts too deep for tears.

Three centuries have nearly rolled by, and Bruno is hailed as the poet, prophet, and martyr of the scientific movement, of which Copernicus, Kepler, and Galileo were the mathematicians. Professor Tyndall, in his famous Belfast Address, pays a splendid tribute to the philosopher who combined the ideas of Lucretius with those of Copernicus, and "reached the sublime generalisation that the fixed stars are suns." Bruno was not satisfied, however, with the bald enunciations of science. He attacked the pedantry and bigotry of the schools, the ignorance of the clergy and the dogmas of the Church. He was unsparing in his use of ridicule. He saw that superstition was a curse to the people, though profitable to the priests. According to Mocenigo's accusation, he declared that "not to do to others that which we desire them not to do us to suffices for good living."

Bruno's reputation has grown with time. Coleridge was one of the first to see his real greatness. He quoted a magnificent Latin passage in *The Friend*, and in *Omniana* he defended him against the aspersions of Addison. Schwegler, Hegel, Bunsen, Hallam and Cousin have added their tributes of praise. Bartholdss and Berti have written his life, and Swinburne, in two noble sonnets, has bracketed him with Shelley and Lucretius. Some years ago the Roman students suggested a monument to his memory. A committee was formed, comprising half the leading thinkers in Europe; money was raised, and Ferrari, the Italian sculptor, undertook to produce the memorial. It is now finished, and we present our readers with an engraving of it. A site has been granted by the Municipality of Rome, after a fierce discussion and a hotly contested election, which resulted in the defeat of the clerical party. The site is on the Campo dei Fiori, where Bruno was burnt. May his statue stand there for ages, long after the Church itself has perished, a symbol of that priceless heroism, without which principle is barren, and genius is only the splendor of corruption.

G. W. FOOTE.

PROGRESS AND THE GOSPEL.

THE most extravagant eulogies have been made upon the sublimity and purity of Christian morals, and the ennobling and civilising influence they have exercised over a large portion of mankind. We are convinced this civilising and humanising influence has been vastly exaggerated, nay that it is a popular platitude which when analysed has very little meaning. Other religions, such as Confucianism, Buddhism, and Mohammedanism, have had no lack of sublime moral precepts. Indeed there is not a single moral inculcation in the Gospel, which we will not undertake to parallel from the writings of Pagans who lived before the time assigned to Jesus. Yet we are constantly told how sunk in degradation are the heathen who know not Christ. The truth is the value of moral precepts, as such, is very small. If it is true that

Men are the sport of circumstances, when
The circumstances seem the sport of men,

it is no less true that Christianity takes credit for a moral advance which is in reality opposed to the very essence of the religion itself; and which has been attained by going in the very teeth of the most striking precepts of the gospel.

The present superiority of Europe and America, though often overrated, cannot be justly attributed to Christian teaching but to far different causes, chief among which are the superior energy and activity of the people. An illustration will make this clear. Christianity has flourished in Abyssinia since the days of Constantine, yet the Christians there are lazy, barbarous and immoral, to a degree. They have never had the brisk competition which has to some extent weeded out the most worthless members of other races. They have had for fifteen hundred years the Bible and the beautiful gospel precepts, and their country is over-

run with lazy monks and superstitious seekers of another world.*

In Europe they have had the gospel, but they have disregarded it. Instead of looking on poverty as a blessing, and selling all to give to the poor, we accumulate as much as possible for the benefit of our successors. In place of regarding the injunction "Resist not evil," we are active in opposing evil in every form. The men who are most admired nowadays are not, as in the palmy days of Christianity, the saints who spend lives in contemplation, but those who work to advance the world's progress.

Great progress and high morality was attained in the Pagan civilisation before the birth of Christianity. The lowest depths were reached during the Dark Ages, when Christianity was most strongly believed. And now progress is accelerated as the influence of religion declines.

Those who do the work of the world everywhere are practical Atheists. They may give the assent of their lips to religion, but the action of their lives show that they disregard it. They have not the courage to say that the Christian doctrines are false, yet they resolutely shut their eyes to them. Even those who profess to be, and think they are, working for Christ have often manifestly other springs for their conduct, and it would be safer to say they are moved by Humanity than by Christianity. Outward profession in religion is but a poor guide to inward belief. All Christians profess to believe in the efficacy of prayer. They do, at stated intervals, go through forms of supplication, and they are bound to believe that what they shall ask believing in Christ's name, they shall receive. But is this really their belief? Do nations trust in God for protection, or in gunpowder and ironclads? Do Christians, when ill, follow the counsel of St. James and send for the elders of the Church to pray over them or do they, like wicked King Asa, have resort not to God, but to the physicians? We keep in our prayer-books form of prayer for rain, but even the ministers are beginning to find out they might as well supplicate God to avert an eclipse as to alter the weather.

Christendom, if we may be excused the paradox, has long ceased to be Christian. The Secular spirit of the age is too strong, and everywhere we find either Rationalism thinly veiled under Christian phraseology or frantic attempts to reconcile Christianity with reason, attempts which usually result in a nondescript compound, which is neither the one thing nor the other.

J. M. WHEELER.

ANECDOTE OF DAVID HUME.

THE Rev. Dr. Carlyle, in his "Autobiography," tells the following story of Hume with whom he was personally and intimately acquainted, and whom he declares to have been "of a social and benevolent temper, and truly the best natured man in the world."

"When Mr. Robert Adam, the celebrated architect, and his brother, lived in Edinburgh with their mother (an aunt of Dr. Robertson's and a very respectable woman), she said to her son, 'I shall be glad to see any of your companions to dinner, but I hope you will never bring the old Atheist Hume here to disturb my peace.' But Robert soon fell on a method to reconcile her to him, for he introduced him under another name, or concealed it from her.

"When the company parted, she said to her son, 'I must confess that you bring very agreeable companions about you, but the large, jolly man who sat next to me is the most agreeable of them all.' 'This was the very Atheist,' said he, 'mother, that you were so much afraid of.' 'Well,' says she, 'you may bring him here as much as you please, for he is the most innocent, agreeable, facetious man I ever met with.'

"This was truly the case with him; for though he had much earning and fine taste and was professedly a sceptic, he had the greatest simplicity of mind and manners with the utmost facility and benevolence of temper of any man I ever saw. His conversation was truly irresistible.

THE Rev. W. B. Ground has begun a series of lectures on "The Christian Aspect of Evolution." Such statements as that *Robert Elsemere* "was a book of one continuous insult to the Christian faith," do not look very promising, but the report ends with the observation that he thought they should find they had a strong, comprehensive, and unanswerable argument against the contention of the Agnostics *next week*.

"ACTIONS are ours, the results are God's." Such is the motto on a medal presented by the Royal Society for the Protection of Life from Fire to William Cowin, a Liverpool police officer. This is rather rough on the constable. If the results are God's, let him perform the actions. However, it is satisfactory to know that William Cowin, and not God Almighty, has the solid "result" of a three-guinea award.

* See *Freethinker*, Feb. 19 and 26, 1883.

ACID DROPS.

"This morning," wrote Spurgeon to his congregation, "I feel as if within sight of harbor." Some readers may imagine that Spurgeon is "going home." But, bless you, he doesn't mean that. His "harbor" is getting well again. The farther such gentlemen are from heaven the better they like it.

THE *Star* generally makes a *faux pas* when it touches theology. For instance, it tells us that the "Scottish Spurgeon," the Rev. J. McNeill, is "a true-blue Presbyterian, but above and before this he is a man—a believer in the brotherhood of man, imbued with the enthusiasm of humanity." Now the *Star* ought to know that a true-blue Presbyterian cannot place anything above and before his creed; and his creed is that of John Calvin, according to which the vast majority of us are predestined to eternal damnation by our common father. Perhaps the *Star* will inform us what service a creed like this can be to "the brotherhood of man."

LAST Sunday night the "Scottish Spurgeon" preached at the English Spurgeon's tabernacle, and an evening paper gives a few gems of his chastened eloquence. "My hope," he said, "is that there is a great, big, thumping sinner in this assemblage to-night. I am sick and tired of your ordinary sinners." Of course this was nothing but pulpit bounce. The preacher knew very well that his congregation were all pious, goody-goody folk. Some of them, doubtless, were sneaking little sinners, who understood how to divide fourpence into two halves, one of which (their own) was twopence-halfpenny. But as for "big" sinners, we don't suppose there was a man or a woman in the place with a spirit big enough for a big sin. If the "Scottish Spurgeon" really wants to save "big sinners," he should accept the chaplaincy of a convict prison instead of preaching blood-and-thunder sermons to smug little Pharisees.

FRIGHTENED by the election of Mrs. Besant, those good Conservatives, Sir Richard Temple and Mr. Blundell Maple, intend bringing a Bill before Parliament doing away with the cumulative vote at the London School Board elections. We hope Parliament will pause before taking away this one safeguard of the rights of minorities.

JOHN STEVENSON, the Glasgow imitator of the Whitechapel murderer, is sentenced to seven years' penal servitude, though several clergymen gave him an excellent character. We presume he had obtained a reputation for piety. If so, it is clear that a man may have piety enough to satisfy several clergymen, yet be capable of the most bestial villainy. This truth was obvious enough to reflecting minds before, but it is difficult to understand why the clergy who stood sponsors for John Stevenson should go out of their way to impress it upon the mind of the general public.

WHAT a hallabaloo the godly would have raised if the Glasgow Ripper, instead of receiving testimonials from several clergymen, had found his best friends among Freethinkers! The churches would have rung with denunciations of "infidelity," the country would have been deluged with tracts, and whenever a Freethought speaker preached the gospel of Secularism the Christians would have exclaimed, "How about John Stevenson?"

ALL this, however, is a compliment to Freethought. If an enormity were committed by a Freethinker, everybody would talk because the thing is so uncommon; but nobody expresses any surprise when a pious man turns out a scoundrel.

THE Jews have long borne uncomplainingly the responsibility for the Crucifixion of Christ, and some rather appear to enjoy it. Judging by their treatment of their Rabbi, the Hebrews of Omaha resent the offices of anyone who would take that responsibility from their shouldless. Rabbi Alexander undertook to prove that the whole story of the crucifixion was a myth, and that Jeshu the Mamzer never met his death as described in the New Testament. Certain members of the congregation were so enraged with their Rabbi that they advanced upon him with violent intent, and he had to seek refuge through the back door. Possibly these Jews did not wish to be defrauded of their share in the beautiful Christian scheme of salvation, but more probably they feared that the revival of their old legend might lead to a renewal of Christian persecution. Those who wish to see the Hebrew account of J. C. should buy or borrow our edition of the Sepher Toldoth Jeshu entitled, *The Jewish Life of Christ*.

THE children educated by the Leamington School Board have to listen to prayers, but this does not satisfy the Rev. W. C. Furneaux, the vicar. He wishes them to be "all kneeling." No doubt the physical position corresponds exactly to the mental attitude he desires. We are glad to see his proposition was rejected by six votes to three.

WHY does not the Lord look after his own houses? Early on Monday morning the Baptist chapel in Clarendon Road, Camberwell, was burnt down. The divine negligence in this case is inexcusable, as the deity had been in the establishment all the

day. May be the Lord was vexed by half-hearted prayers or a prosy sermon; or he wished to remind the public that he is "a consuming fire."

ILLUSTRATIONS of the goodness of God are continually brought before the eyes of the true believer. Four lads bathing at Sydney have been devoured by sharks. One, a boy of eleven, was bitten right in two. How providentially the all-merciful looks after the wants of his creatures!

BISHOP RYLE laments the spread of Romanism in England, and asserts that nothing will cure it except "an increase of Bible reading among the upper classes of the laity." An increase of Bible reading is pretty sure to result in an increase of scepticism.

THE Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament are always calling upon the prayers of the faithful for something peculiar. Their latest circular entreats a special prayer for the cessation of evening Communion in Wakefield Cathedral. As if God Almighty had not something better to do than to regulate the communicants of Wakefield.

WE must beg pardon of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament. We see upon further investigation that the matter most nearly concerns the Almighty. If the communicants swallow their blessed Savior in the evening he may get so amalgamated with their dinners that he himself "cannot tell t'other from which." Wherefore the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament go in for taking the Communion in the morning, fasting, so that the blessed Savior must have time to work internally before he is mixed with breakfast.

A CORRESPONDENCE has been going on in the *Times* on the subject of the corporal punishment of boys and girls. Miss Yonge is strongly in favor of applying the birch to the youth of her own sex, and the *Church Times* supports her saying "the flesh must be tamed while it was young." We thought this Solomonic doctrine was pretty well played out. Old Sol was full of exhortations against sparing the rod, but his own children did not turn out a conspicuous example of the benefits of his treatment.

"POVERTY-SMACKEN Parishes in Liverpool" is the heading to a report in the *Liverpool Courier*. But it ought to have been "Poverty-stricken Parsons," for the report was of a meeting of the clerical Augmentation Fund. Archdeacon Lefroy was quite pathetic over the woes of two clergymen who had but £90 and £110 a year respectively. What awful misery! How the heart shudders at such appalling destitution! Yet we dare say £110 is more than Jesus Christ spent in all his lifetime.

THE Bishop of Liverpool was as entertaining as the Archdeacon. "It was a great misfortune," he said, "that the livings were so small, because there was no inducement for a man to stay if he got an offer to go to a better living. During the nine years he had been bishop he had seen man after man leave the diocese for this reason."

No inducement! O all ye pious fools and dupes of priestcraft, listen to this! Let it sink into your hearts. The cure of souls, labor in the Lord's vineyard, saving people from hell and piloting them to heaven—all this is nothing. The only inducement (we have a bishop's word for it) is the salary. Surely the Liverpudlians, on reading Bishop Kyle's confession, must have felt disgusted with this religion of greed.

BISHOP RYLE groaned over his past troubles. He had a living in Suffolk once. It was nominally worth £1,000 a year, but after paying all charges he only realised £700. Only! Think of it. What poverty! But, alas for the depravity of human nature, how many of us envy even such wretchedness.

Two or three thousand a year more induced the poor Suffolk vicar to go to Liverpool, where he officiates and is salaried as a bishop. His lordship now looks upon that £700 a year as a shipwrecked sailor regards the spar on which he has floated to the shore.

FORTY-SIX persons in Jarrow signed a requisition drawing attention to the alarming Sabbath desecration in that town. The Town Council, however, decided that the petitioners, who are supposed to be mostly Scotch, were not representative, and determined to shelve the question indefinitely.

TALMAGE protests against the Bible being softened down to meet the objections of sceptics. The Rationalists, he declares, have got enough oil from Jonah's whale to lighten ten thousand souls to perdition. In that case, God Almighty must have been very mischievous to make it. Talmage sticks at nothing but declares that God can do anything, and he could take Jonah through the whale's throat, although the throat would not have been half large enough ordinarily to let him pass, and could have kept him alive in the whale five years without any air, if he had chosen to.

TALMAGE further says: "The moment you begin to explain away the miraculous and supernatural you surrender the Bible. Take the supernatural out of the Bible, and you make it a collection of lies and imposition in preference to which I choose *Æsop's Fables*. They are what they pretend to be—fables. But if after all that the Bible declares Jesus is not God, and Lazarus was not raised from the dead, and the water was not turned into wine, and the Red Sea was not divided, and in answer to prayer Hezekiah's boil did not get well, then the Bible is the worst delusion ever perpetrated in God's universe." Talmage is quite right. Either these stories are true or false, and the Christians who gloss them over tacitly admit that the latter theory is the right one.

To prove that God does hear prayer, says Talmage, I call into the witness-box Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Ezekiel, Jeremiah, Micah, John, Paul, Peter, and King Hezekiah. This is the trouble. Talmage may call his loudest but he cannot bring these witnesses into the box. All he has is certain documents, written long after their time, alleging that their prayers were answered. Only a very stupid God and very stupid men would think we ought to be satisfied with such evidence as that.

THE other night a lady of the listener's acquaintance happened to be visiting in a household where it is safe to say *Robert Elsmere* has not been read, because the family are of the extreme sect of orthodoxy. There was a little girl, and after dinner this little girl found her way to the visitor's lap, where she sat, big-eyed and wistful. The visitor asked: "Would you like to have me tell you a story?" "Oh, no," said the child with a little shudder, "'cause God would 'trike you dead if you told a 'tory!" This anecdote is absolutely true, and yet we send missionaries to Japan and the South Sea islands.—*Truthseeker*.

COLONEL T. CADELL, who has an intimate acquaintance with the natives of the Andaman Islands, in the Bay of Bengal, says that utter failure has attended on all efforts to instil into the Andamanese the doctrines of Christianity. The truths of Christianity, he declares, produce no impression on their hearts, and the tenets of religion appear to be quite beyond their comprehension. They have no form of worship or religious rites, and on a death occurring the practice is usually to leave the body for a time, after which the bones are cleaned and worn as ornaments.

HAVING returned from India, Sir Edward Watkin confides his impressions to a *Pall Mall Gazette* interviewer. Among other things, he said this of a celebrated Hindu god: "You think old Juggernaut, with his car, is a thing of the past. Well, he doesn't come out into the highways and crush his victims *coram populo*, but no less than £40,000 a year is spent on the support of 20,000 priests, attendants and hangers-on of his temple." Shocking, Sir Edward! But, as you are so plain-spoken, what about our English Juggernaut, Jehovah, who has in his time killed more people than any other Oriental deity? What about the cost of his priests, attendants and hangers-on? Would that 20,000 of them only cost us £40,000 a year! They cost us at least fifty times that amount, and still they cry for more.

A SPECIAL correspondent of the *Western Mail*, a newspaper published daily in Cardiff, who is carefully and thoroughly investigating the effect of the Welsh Sunday Closing Act upon the cause of temperance in Wales, gives much evidence proving that the Act, far from reducing the amount of drunkenness, is really an aider and abettor of that evil, and Lord Aberdare, writing to the same journal, reluctantly admits the truth of these investigations.

WHAT a fine old shuffler is Dr. Parker! On Monday he had another palaver with working men. His subject was "Mistakes About Christianity." Most of his address was mere "business," consisting of abuse of that opposition shop, the Church of England. "I venture to say," said the momentarily modest Parker, "that the Catechism of the Anglican Church contains superstition enough to ruin the cause of Christianity." Indeed! Then what about the Bible? Does not the blessed book beat the Catechism hollow, with its witches and wizards, devils and angels, fabulous animals, and grotesque miracles that would be *outré* even in an Oriental romance? If superstition will sink Christianity, there is enough in the Bible to send it to the bottom, deeper than plummet's sound.

AFTER Parker's little sermon he was heckled by the working men. One of them asked how the preacher reconciled the life of Christ, who was often hard up for lodgings, with the conduct of a certain clergyman who got £10,000 a year from two parishes. Parker parried this awkward question. He had nothing to do, he said, with the mistakes of professing Christians. Perhaps not. But Christ has, and if his priests are avaricious, what is the use of their spouting the gospel to working men?

ONE workman told Parker this story: "I was a member of the Baptist Church. My mother, who was not a believer, died. I went to Mr. Spurgeon and Mr. Moody for comfort. I was told that he that believeth not shall be damned. That was all the comfort I got. Then I elected that if my mother were damned eternally I would be damned also." This outburst of human

emotion was lustily cheered, and all Parker could say was that we must trust to the "all inclusive" love of God.

"ALL inclusive"! Jacob have I loved, and Esau have I hated, said Jehovah himself; and we prefer his confession to Parker's whitewashing. Then again, where is the "all inclusiveness" of Jesus's saying that he only came to the lost sheep of the House of Israel? Where is the "all inclusiveness" of Paul's "hold no fellowship with unbelievers"? Where is the "all inclusiveness" of the Lord's saying to the Luddiceans "I will spue thee out of my mouth"?

ASKED if he approved of warfare, Dr. Parker replied that "all the Churches of Christ are unquestionably dead against war." Dr. Parker, then, has never heard of the consecration of regimental colors. He does not know that old shot-torn standards are frequently laid up in churches. He has never heard of prayers for victory. He has never read Robert Hall's great sermon on the war against Napoleon. He forgets the text, "I came not to send peace, but a sword," and the other text, "He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one."

"DEAD against war." Well, Dr. Parker, here is a true story. It was told by Mr. Cremer at St. James's Hall when Bradlaugh the Atheist got up a demonstration against the war in Egypt. The Workmen's Peace Society tried to organise a protest against the slaughter of the poor Egyptians. Invitations were sent to all the Nonconformist ministers in London. Only five condescended to answer, and not a single one attended the meeting. So much for "dead against war."

ANOTHER workman pointed out that the first Christians had all things in common, and asked why there was nothing of the kind now. That was a poser. Parker doesn't want to share goods with the working men. But he is a dexterous shuffler, so put on a bold face—some would say a brazen face—and said that to have all things in common was to have "a common honesty and common interests." The man who could say that with the second, fourth, and fifth of Acts staring him in the face, has cheek enough for anything. If this is the sort of gospel Parker preaches, working men had better give him a wide berth, unless they wish to be as demoralised as the preacher.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Daily News* has been calling attention to what he considers a misprint in the Authorised Version of Zech. xi, 17, where we read of the "idol shepherd." As the Revised Version substitutes "worthless" he thinks it should be "idle." The correspondent is mistaken. The Jews got to identify idolatry with worthlessness. Their opposition did not end here, but they spoke of the gods of other nations in the most opprobrious terms as in Deut. xxix., 17, when the margin reads for "idols" "dungy gods."

THE *Glasgow Weekly Herald*, in an article on the Watt celebration, remarks that James Watt by his invention of the steam engine exercised "more beneficent influence upon humanity than was possible to all the Gods of Olympus." It might have added the words "or of Mount Zion," but this would have been blasphemy.

THE Rev. W. D. Ground, vicar of Alabam, delivering the second of his course of lectures on "The Christian Aspect of Evolution," forgot to give the demonstration of the truth of Christianity which he promised. He sought to reconcile Christianity with evolution on the ground that "natural selection and the survival of the fittest resolved themselves into the Criminal Law of the Universe." All those who have got stamped out in the struggle for existence, including, of course, Jesus Christ, were criminal. Mr. Ground makes the common mistake of identifying the fittest with the best. If he had got into the fangs of a tiger he might possibly alter his opinion. But no doubt his lines have fallen in more pleasant places or he would not so glibly speak of pain as a blessing—a blessing we suspect he, like most of the rest of his fellows, is glad enough to dispense with.

THE Rev. J. Robertson says "the Church is dying of dignity." The members of his own church think he would be better for a touch of the same complaint.

THE good people of St. Peter's, Montrose, have been having a row over the kist o' whistles. Last Sunday no sooner was the opening voluntary commenced than the Rev. Mr. Connolly shouted "Stop that organ." The order was complied with, and the service proceeded. At the close a lively skirmish resulted in the handle of the organ being taken possession of by a lady, and the organist proceeded with his departing voluntary. Mr. Connolly again ordered it to be stopped, and shouted to one of his supporters to "Take the handle." This was not easy of accomplishment, however, as the lady kept possession, and supplied wind to the instrument until overwhelmed by numbers.

THE Rev. Andrew Wood, of Los Angeles, is defendant in a divorce suit, his wife charging adultery and cruelty.

MR. FOOTE'S LECTURES.

Sunday, February 3, Hall of Science, 142 Old St. E.C. : at 11.15, "Boulanger and the French Republic"; at 7, "Paul the Apostle."

February 10, London Hall of Science; 17, Manchester; 21, Hackney Workmen's Club; 24, Plymouth.

March 3, Milton Hall; 10, Newcastle; 17, Claremont Hall; 24, Camberwell.

April 14, Hall of Science; 21, Hall of Science; 28, Camberwell.

May 11, Milton Hall; 19, Milton Hall; 26, Camberwell.

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. Australia, China, and Africa:—One Year, 8s. 8d.; Half Year, 4s. 4d.; Three Months 2s. 2d. India:—One Year, 10s. 10d.; Half Year, 5s. 5d.; Three Months, 2s. 8½d.

J. E. ROOSE.—Our recollection differs from yours, but, unfortunately, we cannot find the passage at this moment. It is in one of Ingersoll's lectures. Unless our memory deceives us, he speaks of Calvin and Luther, not of Calvin and Knox. We shall be glad, however, to find we are mistaken. If you light upon the passage you might inform us.

T. LONGLEY.—We can neither answer conundrums nor carry on a discussion in this column. Still less can we undertake to reconcile Matthew and the writer of the Acts, or follow you in confusing the resurrection, which Paul does "witness," with the ascension, which he does not, at least in 1 Corinthians xv.

W. T. sends us a letter which speaks volumes for that Christian charity which "suffereth much" and "is not easily provoked." He heard Mr. Foote's lecture at Camberwell on Sunday, and says he never enjoyed a lecture so much in his life. But in future he will have to go "farther afield" to hear a Freethought discourse. His chief customer (a sky-pilot), having heard of W. T.'s going to a Secular hall, threatens to withdraw his custom; and as the landlord is a crony of the parson, W. T. fears he will get notice to quit. We sympathise with our correspondent, and hope he will not suffer from these bigots.

H. A. ROGERS.—Thanks for the cutting and your interesting letter. INCOG.—Satirical verse is more in our line.

A. LOVETT.—You evidently want to be a Christian. What is the use of always asking why Freethought doesn't do this or that? What have you attempted to do? You do not appear to see the wisdom of doing one thing at a time. We have enough to do, and occasionally enough to suffer, in advocating Freethought. Drinking and gambling, which you wish to see suppressed, will never be abolished by preaching. The only remedy we know of for all evils—personal and social—is thinking; and we do our best to set people thinking. You say you are tired of logic, and certainly logic seems tired of you, or you would not conclude that there must be something wrong in Freethought because a Freethinker can play at cards or billiards or go to a dance. Such things need not be associated with gambling or drunkenness. On the other hand, do you not know that Christians gamble and get drunk? Do you suppose that Freethinkers drink all the liquor, keep all the prostitutes, run all the horses and dogs at races, or make all the books in the betting rings? You look with one eye, and that is rather dim-sighted.

F. MARGETSON.—The piece of verse opens well, but falls off afterwards, and closes without point.

J. HEMINGWAY.—What subscriptions do you refer to as not having been acknowledged in the *Freethinker*?

R. FRENCH.—The most complete Freethought account of the man after God's own heart, in a moderate compass, is "Saint David" in Mr. Foote's *Bible Heroes*.

C. HOYLE.—We cannot undertake to answer questions through the post. The surprise of your Christian friends is natural. They understand their own sectional creeds as little as they read the Bible. A moment's reflection would show them that all the sects differ as to the road to salvation. What else can they differ about? Does it not therefore follow that whoever takes one road must, in the opinion of all the other sects, have taken the wrong road? Surely they do not mean that they are all travelling the same road, and quarrelling with each other all the way. As a matter of fact, every sect insists upon some special points of doctrine; and, if they are not essential, why are they insisted on? The Baptists, for instance, go in for adult baptism. This is not for the body, but for the soul. Others go in for infant baptism. If it is all the same to the soul, whether the body is sprinkled or dipped, in infancy or at maturity, these wrangling sects must be the worst asses that ever kicked and brayed?

W. J. MARSH.—Canon Taylor's paper on "The Great Missionary Failure" appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* for last October. Mr. Wheeler's papers on the same appeared in the *Freethinker* for Oct. 14 and 21, 1888.

J. S. TINSLEY.—We take your remarks in good part, and are not at all offended, though we cannot agree with all your criticisms. If you are a Theist, there will necessarily be differences in our views and policy. There is something in your suggestions, and we will give them attention.

CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST.—We do not believe in the resurrection of Jesus Christ. We give our reason in a sentence—There is no proof of it. If you prove it we will believe it. The sermon of Cardinal Newman's we referred to is quoted at considerable length in Alger's *Critical History of the Doctrine of a Future Life*, pp. 519—20. The title of the sermon is "Neglect of Divine Calls and Warnings." We read it also in Newman's own volume, but the book is not now in our possession. We are quite aware that

discreet Catholics will not assert that all Protestants must be damned, at least in a Protestant country. But that was the doctrine of the Church in the plenitude of its power, and still is so in countries like Spain. Invincible ignorance is the only excuse for a heretic. But when the Church is powerful enough it conveniently regards the heretic's ignorance as not invincible, and roasts him alive for the glory and honor of God. We are not to be caught by the chaff of Catholic theologians like the one you mention. However, we are not offended at your plain speaking. You have a right to your opinion, and a right to express it.

XENO.—Admiral Maxse's strictures on Comtism appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* last week. Mr. Foote is now engaged in completing *Bible Heroes*, and the remaining numbers will be published shortly.

W. PARKER.—Without letting friendship blind our judgment, we can earnestly recommend the *Biographical Dictionary of Freethinkers*. It is a work that has long been wanted, and we believe Mr. Wheeler is the only man in our party who could perform it. It has cost him incredible pains and labor.

PAPERS RECEIVED.—Liberator—Australian Radical—Lentschenthum—Bulletin des Sommaires—Middlesborough Evening Chronicle—Western Firaro—Truthseeker—Boston Investigator—Folkets Rost—Jarrow Express—Shields Daily Gazette—Christian Globe—Glasgow Weekly Mail—Freethought—Bournemouth Guardian—Golden Cords

SUGAR PLUMS.

MR. FOOTE will depart from the bill at the London Hall of Science this morning (Feb. 3). Instead of lecturing on Byron he will take for his subject "Boulanger and the French Republic." Mr. Foote's evening lecture will be on "Paul the Apostle." He has never delivered it before.

THERE was a fine audience at the Camberwell Secular Hall on Sunday evening, when Mr. Foote lectured on "Our Father which art in Heaven." Scores of people stood patiently at the back, though the lecture lasted for an hour and a half.

WE are delighted with the progress the Camberwell Branch is making. The latest step is the decoration of the hall. The nine pillars are adorned with large busts of eminent men, from Socrates to Robert Burns. The next step should be the starting of a choir. Mr. Thomas, Mr. Seago, Mr. Ruse and the rest of the workers deserve the highest credit for their successful efforts.

THE *Liberator* records the anniversary of Mr. Symes' advent to the Secularist Platform, he having delivered his first open Freethought lecture in the Nelson Street Hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne, December 17, 1876. Twelve eventful years have intervened, it says, years of sweetest pleasure, bitterest sorrow, broken friendships, birth of new ones, desperate fightings, bitter calumny and kindness not to be surpassed. Life is not all pain; and our editor thinks the successes of the last twelve years far outweigh the failures and pain. Another twelve years, should he live, will make an old man of him. "Work while the day is, for the night cometh."

WE are pleased to hear that Mr. W. W. Collins, who was prosecuted at Sydney, New South Wales, for selling Mrs. Besant's *Law of Population*, has, in his appeal to the Supreme Court, succeeded in reversing the judgment against him. It will be remembered that Mr. R. Bear was prosecuted in the first instance, upon which Mr. Collins took the matter up to test the right of free publication. The Supreme Court of New South Wales, now decides that to advocate the limitation of population does not give ground for a charge of obscenity. We congratulate Mr. Collins and those who have helped him in the struggle. The issue is another proof that courage is the best policy.

ALFRED W. BENN, writing in the *Academy*, calls the history of Joseph "a disjointed fairy tale." Good. But why is it so "blasphemous" when a writer like Mr. Foote proves the statement up to the hilt in *Bible Heroes*?

THE British and Foreign Bible Society is apparently going down hill. Its receipts for the first nine months of 1888—89 have been about £30,000 less than in the corresponding period of the previous year. Even Christians are becoming more sensible. There is hope for the world yet.

MRS. MATTIE KREKEL, wife of the late Judge Krekel of Kansas has taken to the Freethought lecturing field. We wish the lady all success.

ARCHDEACON MACKAY SMITH says, in *Harper's Magazine*: "The Sunday newspaper has arisen within a generation, one of the greatest dangers to the churches which have ever threatened them. Every Sunday morning it takes the multitude of our towns up into a mountain, and displaying the treasures of the world, gathered with incredible pain, from every land, during the preceding week, says 'All these will I give thee, if thou wilt forsake the house of God to-day.' Pastors know the result only too well."

MR. FORDER begs to acknowledge the following subscriptions to the Swedish Prisoners' Fund:—W. Schweizer, 1s.: Mr.

Temple, 1s.; W. C., 5s.; C. S., 1s.; J. Haigh, 1s.; G. Barber, 2s. 6d.; J. Barber, 2s. 6d.; D. Pearse, 1s.; J. Pearse, 1s.; F. Roos, 6d.; J. Robinson, 1s.; J. Roos, 1s.; F. Evershed, 1s.; S. P. Newcombe, 5s.; A. J. Marriot, 2s. 6d.; F. Smallman, £1; J. Burbidge, 1s.; G. C., 2s. 6d.; J. H. Fleming, 1s.; F. Marge-son, 1s.; J. Robertson, 3s.; H. M. Ridgeway, 3s.; A. Downing, 1s.; J. Forman, 1s.; G. Simpson, 2s. 6d.; G. Martin, 6d.; S. Thompson, 1s.; F. Stonehouse, 6d.; C. Naewiger, 1s.; O. Haseldine, 1s.; C. Round, 1s.; Miss Vance, 1s.; A. Watts, 1s.; E. B., 6d.

WE have received the following subscriptions for the Swedish Prisoners' Fund:—White Choker, 2s. 2d.; W. J. Birch, £1.; J. Hemingway, 5s.

MR. L. K. WASHBURN, the distinguished Boston orator, has done the Freethought cause in America a distinct service by compiling a book of over two hundred and fifty secular hymns which have been published with musical accompaniments.

THE *Independent Pulpit* of Texas opens the year well. An article on "The Bible against Itself," gives some of the most striking of the Holy Ghost's self-contradictions. An article by Mr. Wheeler on "The Origin of Christianity" is extracted from our columns.

MAINLY through the exertions of Mr. S. P. Putnam, ex-president of the American Secular Union, the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art and Natural History is now open on Sundays from 12 to 6 o'clock.

THOSE who know how pious a Catholic Mr. Burnand is will be surprised at his insertion of the following "profane joke" which appeared in last week's *Punch*. A SURFEIT.—Mother: "You won't go to heaven if you're such a naughty boy, Michael!" "Ob, well, one can't expect to go everywhere. I went to the circus yesterday, and to the pantomime the day before." The wide diffusion and enjoyment of jokes at religious doctrines is one of the signs of the times.

MR. COOKNEY sends the following additional list of subscriptions to the Hall of Science Annual Children's Party:—Perkins, 1s.; C. S., 1s.; T. L., 6d.; H. L., 6d.; K. B., 3d.; E. W. A., 6d.; D. G. Morrison (Edinburgh), 1s.; W. Curtis, 6d.; G. B., 1s.; W. Davey, 2s. 6d.; Per J. Sunderland, 1s.; W. White, 6d.; Jones, 6d.; A. Ring, 1s.; Freeman, 6d.; Reeves, 2s.; Whitehead, 6d.; Per J. T. Heale, 1s.; Friend, 1s.; Goodhall, 1s.; Coe, 1s. 6d.; Jacobs, 6d.; Per Mrs. Forder: Robt., alias George, 1s.; Bertha Woodhouse, 2s. 6d.; G. Spiller, 2s.; C. Hunten, 1s.; May, 6d.; W. C. (Stratham), 5s.; Temple, 1s.; Per Mrs. Green: Hill, 1s.; Price, 6d.; Page, 6d.; Lugton, 6d.; Richardson, 6d.; Hurley, 6d.; Per Mrs. Sunderland: Mr. Sunderland, 1s.; F. Williams, 6d.; Barber, 6d.; Mrs. Wilson, 3d.; T. Peters, jun., 3d.; Darter, 3d.; Mr. Groves, 6d.; Mrs. Groves, 6d.; Per Mrs. Stevens: H. Daran, 2s.; Ellis, 6d.; Binks, 1s.; J. T. Smith, 6d.; W. H. Zweebel, 1s.; Mrs. A. Parker, 1s.; Griffiths, 6d.; Gresswell, 6d.; Ellis, 3d.; W. Lloyd, 5s.; Peters, 3d.; D., 6d.; Stewardson, 6d.; Clarke, 3d.; W. G. Smith, 6d.; Garmasway, 6d.; Carlyle, 3d.; Bootle, 2d.; Mrs. A., 3d.; Crougham, 1s.; H. Kills, 6d.; Baker, 3d.; Per Mrs. Harraford: Bradley, 6d.; Jim, 3d.; Woottey, 6d.; Harrison, 6d.; J. Sweet, 6d.; Buck, 6d.; Buck, jun., 4d.; T. J. Boxer, 6d.; J. Smith, 6d.; Seymour, 3d.; Johnson, 6d.; Gibbs, 1s.; Calender, 2d.; Per F. Hill: Mrs. Fry, 2s. 6d.; Graff, 2d.; Miss Hill, 1s.; Children's Friend, 1s. 6d.; Do, 1s.; White, 3d.; Whitehead, 3d.; Per Mrs. Burton, Hare and Hounds, from a few admirers of Mrs. Besant, 4s.; Per Fagan: J. Chick, 1s.

COLONEL INGERSOLL ON WOMEN AND WOMEN'S WORK.

(Concluded from page 23.)

Are the fathers and brothers blameless, who allow young girls to make coats and cloaks and vests in an atmosphere poisoned by the ignorant and lowbred?

The same causes now brutalising girls brutalise the fathers and their brothers, and the same causes brutalise the ignorant and low-lived that poison the air in which these girls are made to work. It is hard to pick out one man and say that he is to blame, or one woman and say the fault is hers. We must go back of all this. In my opinion, society raises its own failures, its own criminals, its own wretches of every sort and kind. Great pains are taken to raise these crops. The seeds, it may be, were sown thousands of years ago, but they were sown, and the present is the necessary child of all the past. If the future is to differ from the present, the seeds must now be sown. It is not simply a question of charity, nor a question of good nature, nor a question of what we call justice—it is a question of intelligence. In the first place, I suppose that it is the duty of every human being to support himself—first, that he may not become a burden upon others, and second, that he may help others. I think all people should be taught never, under any circumstances, if by any possibility they can avoid it, to become a burden. Everyone should be taught the nobility of labor, the heroism and splendor of honest effort. As long as it is considered disgraceful to labor, or aristocratic not to labor, the world will be filled with idleness and crime, and with every possible moral deformity.

Has the public school system anything to do with the army of pupils who after six years of study willingly accept the injustice and hardship imposed by capital.

The great trouble with the public school is that many things are taught that are of no immediate use. I believe in manual training schools. I believe in the kindergarten system. Every person ought to be taught how to do something—ought to be taught the use of their hands. They should endeavor to put in palpable form the ideas that they gain. Such an education gives them confidence in themselves, a confidence in the future—gives them a spirit and feeling of independence that they do not now have. Men go through college studying for many years, and when graduated have not the slightest conception of how to make a living in any department of human effort. Thousands of them are to-day doing manual labor, and doing it very poorly, whereas, if they had been taught the use of tools, the use of their hands, they would derive a certain pleasure from their work. It is splendid to do anything well. One can be just as poetic working with iron and wood as working with words and colors.

What ought to be done, or what is to be the end?

The fact that the *World* is turning the attention of people in this direction is full of hope for the future. The great thing is for the people to know the facts. There are thousands and millions of splendid and sympathetic people who would willingly help, if they only knew; but they go through the world in such a way that they know but little of it. They go to their place of business on the elevated cars; they stay in their offices for a few hours; they go home; they spend the evening there or at a club; they come in contact with the well-to-do, with the successful, with the satisfied, and they know nothing of the thousands and millions on every side. They have not the least idea how the world lives, how it works, how it suffers. They read, of course, now and then, some paragraph in which the misfortune of some wretch is set forth, but the wretch is a kind of steel engraving, an unreal shadow, a something utterly unlike themselves. The real facts should be brought home, the sympathies of men awakened, and awakened to such a degree that they will go and see how these people live, see how they work, see how they suffer.

Does exposure do any good?

I hope that the *World* will keep on. I hope that it will expose every horror that it can, connected with the robbery of poor and helpless girls, and I hope that it will publish the names of all the robbers it can find and the wretches who oppress the poor and who live upon the misfortunes of women. The crosses of this world are mostly borne by wives, by mothers, and by daughters. Their brows are pierced by thorns. They shed the bitterest tears. They live and suffer and die for others. It is almost enough to make one insane to think of what woman, in the years of savagery and civilisation, has suffered. Think of the anxiety and agony of motherhood. Maternity is the most pathetic fact in the universe. Think how helpless girls are. Think of the thorns in the paths they walk—of the trials, the temptations, the want, the misfortunes, the dangers, and the anxieties that fill their days and nights. Every true man will sympathise with woman, and will do all in his power to lighten her burdens and to increase the sunshine of her life.

Is there any remedy?

I have always wondered that the great corporations have made no provisions for their old and worn-out employees. It seems to me that the Pennsylvania road, the New York Central, and many others—not only these railway companies, but great manufacturing corporations—ought to provide for their workmen. Many of them are worn out, unable longer to work, and they are thrown aside like old clothes. They find their way to the poorhouses or they die in tenements by the roadside. This seems almost infinitely heartless. Men of great wealth engaged in manufacturing, instead of giving 500,000 dollars for a library or 1,000,000 dollars for a college, ought to put this money aside, invest it in bonds of the government, and the interest ought to be used in taking care of the old, of the helpless, of those who meet with accidents in their work. Under our laws, if an employee is caught in a wheel or in a band and his arm or leg is torn off he is left to the charity of the community, whereas the profits of the business ought to support him in his old age. If employees had this feeling—that they were not simply working for that day, not simply working while they have health and strength, but laying aside a little sunshine for the winter of age—if they only felt that they by their labor were creating a fireside in front of which their age and helplessness could sit, the feeling between employed and employers would be a thousand times better. On the great railways very few people know the number of the injured, of those who lose their hands or feet, of those who contract diseases riding on the tops of freight trains in snow and sleet and storm; and yet, when these men become old and helpless through accident, they are left to shift for themselves. The company is immortal, but the employees become helpless. Now, it seems to me that a certain per cent should be laid aside, so that every brakeman and conductor could feel that he was providing for himself, as well as for his fellow-workmen, so that when the dark days came there would be a little light.

The men of wealth, the men who control these great corporations—these great mills—give millions away in ostentatious charity. They send missionaries to foreign lands. They endow schools and universities and allow the men who earned the surplus to die in want. I believe in no charity that is founded on robbery. I have no admiration for generous highwaymen or extravagant pirates. At the foundation of charity should be justice. Let these men whom others have made wealthy give something to the workmen—something to those who created their fortunes. This would be one step in the right direction. Do not let it be regarded as charity—let it be regarded as justice.

"Mamma," said little Mabel, who had just come home from church, "what made that man in the corner say 'Amen' so often while the preacher was talking?" "I know," said Willie confidently. "Well, Willie," said his mother, "why is it?" "It's a way he has of calling time on the preacher."

CORRESPONDENCE.

AN INJURED BISHOP.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "FREETHINKER."

SIR,—As my name figures somewhat prominently in your article under the above heading in your issue of Jan. 20, may I ask you to allow me a word of comment and explanation?

I thought at the time the meeting referred to took place, that the strange spectacle of a Bishop of the English Church presiding over a meeting composed largely of Secularists—for the avowed purpose of meeting their objections and, if possible, of inducing some of them to return to the "fold"—did not attract so much attention as it should have done. It was really a marvellous sign of the times. Many more beside myself felt inclined to exclaim "how are the mighty fallen."

I cannot compliment the Bishop now, as I have done previously, on his good taste, or indeed upon his good sense. He has revived a memory which he might well have allowed to fall into oblivion. He reiterates the story of "a small but noisy band of Secularists," which is simply not true. The sympathy evoked by the remarks of the Secularist speakers was a proof that the so-called "small and noisy band" was really a majority of the meeting. If the Bishop refers to the four Secularists who addressed the meeting, he knows they were present by invitation, which makes his remark in still worse taste.

As one of the four, I think your article credits me with a character for mildness which I scarcely think I am entitled to, especially when it is a question of the Church and its claims that is under discussion. At the same time, those who know that I am sure, be very reluctant to believe that I should be capable of personal rudeness and insolent incivility to any opponent. Dr. Thorold says he does "not see why a bishop should not be called upon to suffer hardship as well as the humblest curate." I fancy the only hardship he was called upon to endure on that occasion was the discovery that Secularists are not prepared, as the "humblest curates" sometimes are, to cry peace when there is no peace.

The Secularists were asked to say why they did not come to church, and they gave their reasons plainly, without reflecting very much upon the extraordinary fact that a bishop was "in the chair." This was "the head and front of their offending," and I would like to remind the bishop that if he felt as angry as he appears to have done, it would have been more consistent to say so at the time. That he had grounds for being annoyed I admit, but it should have been with those who drew him into the "grotesque" position which he occupied. So far, however, from making any complaint at the time, he expressed himself in his closing remarks as being well satisfied with the result of the meeting. He did not appear to be so, it is true; which was perhaps due, as he now tells us, to the fact that he "had not filled the novel position with entire success," a confession which disarms all criticism. I think, however, that as he did restrain himself so far as not to make any complaint, and indeed to express satisfaction, he would have exercised a wise discretion had he allowed it to remain so, for if what he says now is correct, what he said then must have been the reverse. Among the things which he said then, was that Secularists were greatly mistaken if they thought the clergy did not like science. They "loved it," and he mentioned many who "made it their study." One of them was at that moment behind him, he told us.

It was during these closing remarks that the Bishop gave us a piece of information which created some little surprise, and which may become a matter of historical interest some day. While he was enumerating the names of the many eminent men of literature and science whom he knew as friends of the Church, a Secularist present asked "How about Matthew Arnold?" The query appeared to afford the Bishop great satisfaction, for he replied "Matthew Arnold? Yes, my friend, Matthew Arnold was a friend of the Church. I am happy to say we were on terms of the most intimate friendship for years, and I assure you Matthew Arnold was a sincere Christian, and a friend of the Church. I may tell you, Matthew Arnold was a regular communicant at the Lord's table once a month for years." (Of course, I was not surprised to hear a clergyman claim Matthew Arnold as a Christian; he himself professed to be one—of a kind; but I do confess to some astonishment at hearing that the author of *Literature and Dogma*, whose "abominable illustration" caused such a sensation when it was published, had found the "Lord's table" so pleasant a place. What he was trying to "verify" there I cannot conjecture. I presume it "made for righteousness" in some way.

J. H. ELLIS.

HERE is a list of six poor disciples of Jesus belonging to the clerical profession, who died in 1888. The figures after their names represent the filthy lucre they were unable to take with them.

Rev. Walter Sneyd, Keele Hall, Staffordshire	...	£235,000
Rev. R. T. Colley, Ansford Rectory, Somerset	...	107,000
Rev. Robert Andrews, Middleton, Essex	...	94,000
Rev. C. H. Fox Chawner, Bletchingley Rectory, Surrey	...	56,000
Rev. Geo. E. Prescott, rector of Diagwell, Herts	...	55,000
Rev. Sir Geo. Horton, Cotton Hall, Derby	...	50,000

PARADISE LOST.
(SATAN'S VERSION.)

Jah was a swearing and swaggering Jew,
Bobbish and spry, up in the sky;
I was the cock of a rollicking crew,
Flighty and flippant and fly.
Jah was a devil, a regular 'rip'
Swigging and swilling hot-flannel, egg-flip,
Whiskey and brandy and things I will skip—
A flirting and flashy old boy.

Jah was a masher and mashed all the maids,
(Many and fair, up in the air)
He didn't like jolly young blarneying blades
His private diversions to share.
So he published a 'Bull' with discomfiting "horns,"
Proclaiming that angels who "trod on his corns"
Should straightway be sent where the day never dawns
On Brimstone and Blazes to fare.

But we jeered at old Jah as he sat on his throne,
(Nine-carat gold up in the fold);
We pulled down his posters and put up our own,
Daring and doughty and bold.
We stated that Jah was a roistering rough,
A cursing, cantankerous, murderous muff;
And we called upon those who had courage enough
To cast him where nothing is cold.

We walloped the elders and battered the boasts,
Blacking their eyes, up in the skies;
But Jahveh arose from his revels and feasts
In wrath which he couldn't disguise.
He picked up his sceptre and larruped a gong
Till Michael came running to see what was wrong,
And the angels stopped short in their sycophant song
With horror and holy surprise.

Then Gabriel, Michael, and similar loons
Assembled in crowds up in the clouds,
Howling mad songs (to appropriate tunes)
Of slaughter and coffins and shrouds.
They had sabres and cleavers and bucklers, of course,
While Jahveh rode first on a muscular horse,
And loudly harangued this remarkable force,
Which met (as I've mentioned) in crowds.

Then came a long series of tumults and frays,
Tussles and fights, up on the heights;
We fought for a twelve-month and several days,
And kept it up mornings and nights.
Jah finally whipped, so we bolted away
And swooped down on hell without further delay.
(It's a snug sort of diggings—there's nothing to pry
For attendance or fuel or lights.)

We kicked out the angels whom Jahveh had sent,
(Artful old Jew! up in the Blue)
With praiseworthy prudence, but evil intent,
Your servant to frizzle and stew.
We soon settled down in this suitable spot,
Though we found it at first rather stuffy and hot.
Jehovah may growl, but he's troubled us not
Since first to the furnace we flew.

Here there is rest for the sorrowful dead,
Accursed of the Lord, slain by his sword,
Souls of the spotless, who bowed not the head
To worship a god they abhorred.
Then join not the holy celestial choirs
Of murderers, criminals, parsons and squires,
Eternally twanging auriferous lyres;
We offer apartments and board;
All friends will be welcome to do as they please,
To frolic for ever, or rest at their ease,
Our patrons say constantly "Ain't it the cheese!"
Their lot they have never deplored.

EX-RITUALIST.

PROFANE JOKES.

"Mamma, is God deaf?" "Why, no! What makes you think so?" "Oh, I have prayed every night that he would make grand-mamma well right off, and she's not well yet."

The new Episcopalian rector gazes mildly at the small boy in Sunday-school, and says: "My dear little fellow, have you read the Thirty-nine Articles?" "No," rejoins the small boy, "but I've read 'The Forty Thieves.'"

Revivalist: "My son, when that great day comes, where shall we find you, with the sheep or the goats?" Small Boy: "Jiggered if I know. Ma, she says I'm her 'little lamb,' and pa calls me 'the kid,' so I guess I'll have to give it up."

"Where did you get all those buttons?" asked a lady of a little boy who had a thousand or more on a string. "Why," was the reply, "don't you know pa is a minister?" "Yes," returned the lady, "but what has that got to do with it?" "Everything," said the boy; "because he has the sorting of the collection basket."

A clergyman was questioning his Sunday-school about the story of Eutychus, the young man who, while listening to the preaching of the Apostle Paul, fell asleep, and falling down, was taken up dead. "What," he said, "do we learn from this solemn event?" "Please, sir," replied a little girl promptly, "parsons should learn not to preach too long sermons."

☛ NOW READY. ☛

☛ NOW READY. ☛

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