

THE FREETHINKER

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

Vol. IX.—No. 6.]

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1889.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



ST. PAUL ON THE WOMAN QUESTION.
(See 1 Timothy ii., 11, 12.)

THAT HUXLEY!

"WHAT a man you are!" wrote Darwin to Huxley many years ago, when he was fighting so splendidly for the new biology. Darwin's mind was mighty but slow. First it had to be crammed with facts, and then it turned them over and distilled their principles, as quietly and leisurely as a cow chews the cud. Huxley's mind was, so to speak, the complement of Darwin's. Besides being a skilled anatomist and a first-rate biologist, he was exceedingly well read in philosophy, poetry, and history, and his polemical vigor carried all before it. Darwin moved with the slowness, and the irresistible power, of an avalanche, while Huxley had the spring and dash of a Bengal tiger.

Years have rolled by since those old fighting days. Darwin is dead, and his name is inscribed with Newton's and Galileo's. But Huxley is still alive, and as full of energy as ever. Age, instead of minishing his strength, only lends a cunning to his fencing wrist, a genial devilry to his eyes, and a fine ironical smile to his mouth. He transfixes his opponents as surely as of old, but he does it with an easier grace.

Huxley's latest display of skill and dexterity is one of his very best. His article on "Agnosticism" in the *Nineteenth Century* is in every sense a masterpiece, combining logic and wit in a fashion that would delight Pascal himself, if that great spirit strove amid the turmoil of to-day. The first part is devoted to the Rev. Dr. Wace, who discoursed on Agnosticism before the Church Congress. Dr.

Wace had the—well, let us say the Christianity—to declare that "it is, and it ought to be an unpleasant thing for a man to have to say plainly that he does not believe in Jesus Christ." He also demanded that the Agnostic should bear his real name, which is Infidel. Well, says Huxley, I don't care a straw what other people call me, and if Dr. Wace wishes to call me something "unpleasant" he might call me a *miscreant*, which means the same thing as *Infidel*, and is still more offensive. But, after all, every man is an "infidel" to the creed of everyone from whom he happens to differ. Once, says the Professor, I visited the Hazar Mosque, the great university of Mahommedanism, at Cairo; a swarm of angry students gathered around me and I suspect they were calling me "dog of an infidel"; a term which I dare say they would also have applied to Dr. Wace, even if they had known that he was the head of an orthodox Christian seminary. As a matter of fact too, says Huxley, "if I had at my side all those who since the Christian era have been called infidels by other folks, I could not desire better company. If these are my ancestors, I prefer with the old Frank, to be with them wherever they are."

What *is* belief in Jesus Christ, is the pointed question to which Huxley then addresses himself. He takes the crucial case of the Gadarene swine, and the devils who were too much for the poor porkers. Jesus is represented as saying "Come forth, thou unclean spirit, out of the man." Now, if Jesus said this, he believed in demoniacal possession; that is, he was frail enough to share the common superstition

of his age, and his authority as to the "unseen world" is rudely shaken. If, on the other hand, Jesus did *not* utter those words, the "blow falls upon the authority of the synoptic gospels," and if they are wrong in reporting the words of Jesus on this occasion, how do we know that they are right on any other occasion? Nor is this a trifling matter in its practical bearings. History shows that "the belief in the reality of possession and of witchcraft, justly based, alike by Catholics and Protestants, upon this and innumerable other passages in both the Old and the New Testaments, gave rise, through the special influence of Christian ecclesiastics, to the most horrible persecutions and judicial murders of thousands upon thousands of innocent men, women, and children."

Huxley ventures to doubt whether any Protestant theologian, with a reputation to lose, will "say that he believes the Gardarene story." What right, then, have such pickers and choosers to pride themselves on their immaculate orthodoxy, and to make things "unpleasant" for all who carry out their own method to its logical issue?

The foxy plea that Jesus accommodated himself to human ignorance, Huxley dismisses as dishonorable to Jesus himself, who, on this theory, must have foreseen the frightful consequences of his action. To say that the Bible was not meant to teach science is of no avail when it obviously *contradicts* science. For the rest, the Professor puts these posers in a striking footnote:

"Does anyone really mean to say that there is any internal or external criterion by which the reader of a biblical statement, in which scientific matter is contained, is enabled to judge whether it is to be taken *au sérieux* or not? Is the account of the Deluge, accepted as true in the New Testament, less precise and specific than that of the call of Abraham, also accepted as true therein? By what mark does the story of the feeding with manna in the wilderness, which involves some very curious scientific problems, show that it is meant merely for edification, while the story of the inscription of the Law on stone by the hand of Jahveh is literally true? If the story of the Fall is not the true record of an historical occurrence, what becomes of Pauline theology? Yet the story of the Fall as directly conflicts with probability and is as devoid of trustworthy evidence as that of the Creation or that of the Deluge, with which it forms an harmoniously legendary series."

Whether we have the words of Jesus or not, depends upon the authority of the gospels. There is no proof that these existed until long after the alleged events they record, and "there is no visible escape" from the conclusion that not only the second half of the last chapter of Mark, and the famous Trinitarian passage in John, are interpolations, but also the no less famous story of the woman taken in adultery. Now, says Huxley, if after the approximative settlement of the New Testament canon, and even later than the fourth and fifth centuries "literary fabricators had the skill and the audacity to make such additions and interpolations as these, what may they have done when no one thought of a canon?" Then the early Christian critics, such as Papias and Irenæus, were very uncritical, and the marvel is that our New Testament is not more replete with objectionable matter. "The apocryphal gospels," says Huxley, "certainly deserve to be apocryphal; but one may suspect that a little more critical discrimination would have enlarged the Apocrypha not inconsiderably."

We have ourselves pointed out that, in the farcical story of the Gadarene swine, Jesus made very free with the breeders' stock, and Huxley calls it "a wanton destruction of other people's property." He hints, in passing, that Dr. Wace should tackle this side of the question. He would also like to know how he is to get at "the real Jesus." "Is he," Huxley asks, "the kindly peaceful Christ depicted in the Catacombs? Or is he the stern judge who frowns above the altar of SS. Cosmas and Damianus? Or can he be rightly represented in the bleeding ascetic, broken down by physical pain, of too many mediæval pictures? Are we to accept the Jesus of the second, or the Jesus of the fourth gospel, as the true Jesus?" When such questions are answered honestly, without calling names, Huxley will gladly listen. Meanwhile he means to maintain his agnostic attitude, and let the little dogs of the pulpit dogmatise at their own sweet will.

G. W. FOOTE.

(To be concluded).

THE CROSS seems to have been an almost universal symbol long before the alleged time of Christ. According to Mr. Sayce, that form of cross known as the *svastica* was used by the ancient Hittites in their ornamentation.

ACID DROPS.

It is extremely amusing to watch Spurgeon's attempts to imitate the style of Paul's epistles. His letters to his congregation from salubrious Mentone are quite in the apostolic vein. Like all humble servants of the Lord, Spurgeon quite prides himself on his infirmities. "The last few months," he says, "have been crowded with more trials than it would be worth while to mention." Trials, forsooth! This is the language of the pride that apes humility. What does Spurgeon know of the real trials of life; of hard work, long hours, destitution, the loss of loved ones whose lives could have been saved with a five pound note, and misfortune which makes bread bitter and life a curse? His "trials" are the gout, which is amenable to sensible treatment, and a fall down stairs, which might have been avoidable by carefulness. Surely it is little less than sickening to see *such* trials paraded in all the papers for the sympathy of the world, to say nothing of a good advertisement.

SPURGEON sings of "tender mercy and restoring love" in a strain of consummate humbug. Where is the "restoring love" of God when you take off your gout for an expensive holiday at a fashionable watering-place? Why does not the oracle of the Tabernacle stay at home, go through the round of his duties, and try the Lord's "restoring love" without resorting to those hygienic agencies which heal Atheists as well as Christians?

"I BOLDLY ask the prayers" of my people, says Spurgeon, and "I beg this specially of choice friends, to whose intercession I already owe so much." Evidently there is a pious ring round Spurgeon whose prayers are listened to by the Lord with special attention; yet the Bible says he is no respecter of persons.

HERE is another of Spurgeon's gems—"Not a line of his revelation has proved erroneous." Well now, that *is* rich. We invite Mr. Spurgeon, and especially his "choice friends," to read our *Bible Handbook*, where they will find a large stock of the Lord's broken promises, as well as contradictions and absurdities.

£5,000 was collected at Wesleyan dinner-tables on Christmas Day for the Foreign Mission Fund. All this for the salvation of heathen souls, that science cannot indicate nor philosophy discover. Meanwhile hundreds of thousands of poor Englishmen's bodies know "the woes of want," and thousands of poor women "the walk that costs a meal."

THE *War Cry* of Jan. 26, reports "Glorious Salvation Fair" Sensation Trophies, "Capture of an Atheist Lecturer of Twenty-five years standing." Thomas McKie "Major" who is responsible for the report says, "An Atheist, who I hear had been a lecturer for twenty-five years, went home convicted, found salvation, and joined Haggerston Corps as a soldier." We have enquired, but learnt nothing of this convert. Does any reader know anything of it or is it as we suspect a pious what-shall-we-call-it?

WHY, by the way, does "Major" McKie say "I hear"? Could he not inquire and make sure if the convert had been a lecturer for twenty-five years. Is he so scrupulous that he only says "I hear," in case of a possible contradiction, or are atheist lecturers of twenty-five years standing so frequently converted by the Salvation Army that it really need not trouble to give any particulars of name and date? Altogether we suspect it is a good deal like the *War Cry* myth concerning our sub-editor.

THAT redoubtable liar Talmage has some yarns reported in the *Christian Herald*. He says "the men who went to business on the Lord's Day, or opened their counting-houses, have without a single exception come to failure." A lot of the most extravagantly improbable anecdotes are given in proof that "Sabbath made ropes will break, and Sabbath made coats will rip, and Sabbath made shoes will leak, and Sabbath made muskets will miss fire, and Sabbath occupations will be blighted."

THE Rev. M. Baxter, author of *Louis Napoleon, the Destined Monarch of the World*, now says, April 2, 1889 is a notable prophetic date because it is "the exact termination of Daniel's great period of 2,345 years." Look out then for April 2. We suspect that Baxter has made a slight mistake of twenty-four hours in his calculation. April 1st is the great day for the fulfilment of Bible prophecies.

SMOKING concerts being so popular, the sky-pilots are going in for smoking sermons. Dr. Parker has begun, and he is to be followed by the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes. We thought this gentleman would not neglect such an excellent wrinkle in the noble art of self-advertisement.

THE Rev. Hugh Price Hughes often tries to be funny, but not always with success. At Prince's Hall the other day he made an announcement, and then said, "Now, I don't want you to smile incredulously, as Sarah did once in her history." Directly the words were out of his mouth he saw he had made a mistake,

for several ladies were hanging their heads. They felt ashamed at this reference to poor old Sarah and her wonderful baby.

THE Rev. Duffy Gordon has been again remanded without bail on a charge of having obtained £50 by false pretences. Several lodging-house keepers gave evidence as to his having used different names and left them in debt.

THE exposure of the great Electric Sugar frauds in New York has resulted in the break-down of a grand scheme for the colonisation of Palestine by the Jews. Mr. R. Roberts, editor of the *Christadelphian* and the originator of this scheme, has been an enthusiastic investor in Electric Sugar shares. He has relied on electric sugar for "every form of prosperity for the work of God upon earth." "The Jewish colonisation of the Holy Land (he adds) was to be helped as no Gentile, and no Jew after the flesh either, feels moved to help it." The two schemes of obtaining sugar by electricity and of getting the Jews back to the chosen land are about equally suited to the credulous.

DURING a gale at noon on Tuesday a chimney coping fell on the children as they were leaving Holy Trinity Church schools, Bolton, two girls being much injured.

It must be the Devil who "rides the whirlwind and directs the storm." The recent gale has tumbled over quite a number of steeples, and at Derby crashed in the roof of the S. A. Barracks on the howling army, many of whom were seriously hurt, one girl being killed and several not being expected to recover. A stove was overturned and set fire to the place, which is a complete wreck. The *Star* heads its report "Blood and Fire."

DURING divine service at a church in Newhaven, United States, a well-known member of the congregation, Mrs. Graves, gave a terrible shriek and fell down dead. Immediately the worshippers rose to their feet, and the panic would have resulted in a serious loss of life if it had not been promptly checked. As it was, the service came to an abrupt termination. How these Christians do funk at the thought of death! Even in church, in the very presence of God, and with Jesus and the Holy Ghost at hand to give them a lift into glory, death fills them with terror, although they are always declaring that it is the infidel who is afraid to die.

TARDY RETRIBUTION.

A Christian sailor beat a Jew,
And while he pummeled him he cried,
"I'll pound your body black and blue,
For our dear Lord you crucified!"
But when the Jew recovered breath,
Said he: "My friend, do you not know
That Jesus Christ was put to death
Some eighteen hundred years ago?"

The Christian dealt another blow,
And answered with a wrathful shriek,
"I care not how long 'twas ago,
I only heard of it last week!"
In this fine mirror is displayed
The Christian charity of ages,
For such a picture is displayed
Too oft on history's bloody pages.

—Rev. Minot J. Savage in the "*Hebrew Standard*."

THE Rev. Waldo Messaros was tried in 1886 for indecent assault on a female of his congregation at Philadelphia, and he had to run. Nevertheless he is still thought good enough to preach the gospel, and has been installed as pastor to a congregation in New York.

BARON HIRSCH, a wealthy and benevolent Jew who wishes to see an amalgamation between Jews and Christians, offers an immense sum to the governments of Russia and Austria for the founding of schools for Jews and Christians alike. Orthodox Jews look askance at this proposal. When Jews and Christians reach a common belief, that belief is usually found to consist in a common rejection of Judaism and Christianity.

THE Rev. Mr. Lockwood, of Fairfield, New Jersey, in a fit of dementia set fire to his house, and attempted to burn his family. He was fortunately restrained.

CHRISTIAN charity is a wonderful thing. We frequently receive letters from persecuted Freethinkers asking for our advice. Sometimes there is a domestic bother; father, mother, wife, brothers or sisters, making it hot for the rogue who has dared to think for himself.

Ralph thou hast done a fearful deed
In falling away from thy father's creed.

Sometimes the "loving" disciples of Jesus are trying to snatch the bread out of the Freethinker's mouth. They even descend—if they do descend, after all—to the meanness of writing to his employer, disclosing his "infidel" opinions, and hinting that such a person should be closely watched. Still, there is little use in crying out. Christians were always persecutors. Once

they used to burn us, then they imprisoned us, and now they boycott us. For of such is the Kingdom of heaven.

MR. CAINE, M.P., advises the Christian missionaries in India to take over some English carpenters and joiners to teach the natives how to do good wood-work. Not a bad idea. J. C. was a carpenter, and the missionaries might teach his trade.

THERE seems to be a great deal of superstition in what theatrical people call "*the profession*." Mr. Grossmith, for instance, says that he substituted a pheasant's feather for a peacock's in his stage hat because there was a general remonstrance at rehearsal, peacock's feathers being regarded in "*the profession*" as particularly unlucky.

OVER in America, too, the stage seems to radiate superstition. The New York Playgoers Club, for instance, has just black-balled Colonel Ingersoll, who desired to be a member. The American correspondent of the *Sunday Times*, in wiring this information, says that Ingersoll, who is "the best platform orator" in the States, would, "as a man, a citizen, and a gentleman, have done credit and honor to the Club.

WE suppose Talmage will find that "infidelity" caused the Crown Prince of Austria to commit suicide, although the young man was orthodox and pious, and made a pilgrimage to "the Holy Land."

THE Rev. Frederick Baldey, vicar of St. Simon's, Southsea, has about reached the age of three score and ten, and has not long been a widower. Yet he inserts in his parish magazine a request for the prayers of the faithful upon his approaching marriage. Those who offer up one petition for him should offer two for the bride.

JOHN ALEXANDER SMITH, who has various aliases and who has been a prominent gospel and temperance missionary in Liverpool, has bolted to America. He pretended to be very wealthy and benevolent, and after courting the rich women of various congregations, married a widow at Dumfries, from whom he obtained £50 before leaving for fresh pastures.

SMITH, Americans may be concerned to know, is a tall, powerful looking man of sixty, who carries about with him testimonials, perhaps forged, from a good number of well known ecclesiastics and ministers. It appears that he leaves a wife and three children in London, and one in Liverpool in addition to the bride at Dumfries, and he was also on the point of marrying a well-to-do widow lady in one of the southern counties. Altogether John Alexander Smith appears to be a worthy disciple of the old Bible prophets.

THE Birmingham *Daily Post* waxes facetious over "the Freethinking ladies" on the London School Board, who "grow eloquent in their defence of the proprieties before all things," and are opposed to children being allowed to play in pantomimes. Surely there is much exaggeration in this. Mrs. Besant is the lady aimed at, but her position is misrepresented, and it has nothing to do with her Freethought.

A BOSTON paper tells of a funny blunder which was made by Bishop Eastburn at a crowded church wedding in that city. Some spectators at the back of the church stood upon the benches in order to get a better view of the ceremony. The Bishop saw them, and pausing in the service, said in his most solemn tones: "Remember the sacred character of this house; let all who are present sit upon the floor and put their feet upon the seats."

"WHAT may be the cause," said an Irish curate to his parish clerk, "that keeps Rory O'Kegan from confession, an' from the church service, Peter Murphy?" "A sad matter it is, your honor; it's himself that's got into a very bad way, onyhow." "Och, Peter," said the curate, "is it Deism?" "Worse, ye may depend," said the worthy clerk. "Sowl o' me, I trust it's not Atheism, or the like o' that, Peter!" exclaimed the pastor. "Worse." "An' what in the name o' nature can it be?" cried the astonished minister. "By the powers, an' it's rheumatism," replied Peter Murphy, "an' so it is."

ARCHDEACON FARRAR wailed in Westminster Abbey last Sunday over the non-success of his creed. He asked if it had achieved a thousandth part of what it might have achieved in the nineteen centuries of its history. Well now, it all depends on how you take it. Christianity has done all the good it could do, and that is just nothing at all; unless you reckon as a good man the thief who robs you of all but just enough to go on and make another pile by the time of his next visit. On the other hand, Christianity has also done all the harm it could do. As Professor Clifford said, it wrecked one civilisation, and very nearly wrecked another. Were it not for Science, we should still be living under the bestial stupidity and cruelty of the Dark Ages.

DR. FARRAR groans over the fact that in Christian nations millions of men are under arms, while their cities are full of vice

and squalor, tens of thousands are unemployed, thieves and prostitutes exist by the hundred thousand, drunkards and paupers are uncountable, and over-population threatens the safety of society. So says the Archdeacon, and in saying it he shows that Christianity is what Whitman calls "a suck and a sell."

MR. TURNER-TURNER in his recent book on *Hunting and Trapping in America*, devotes a chapter to the missionaries. He has no high opinion of the Indian as God made him, but he says, "I found the Indian, whose path the missionary had never crossed, a far more honest, and less deceitful being than he, who by such contact, had added the cunning of the white to the dirt and filth of the Indian." He also writes, "How and by what means a certain class of men are selected as fitting subjects to establish God's words, surpasses comprehension." Mr. Turner then proceeds to classify missionaries into three categories. The first may be described as over zealous intermeddlers, who do more harm than good. The second are harmless nonentities, who are missionaries for the sake of the pay, and effect neither good nor harm. The third consists of "Scoundrels prepared for any villany, whose main object is to fill their pockets as quickly and peaceably as possible, at the same time gratifying their ruling passions to the fullest extent under religion's extensive covering." Mr. Turner-Turner's experience is by no means exceptional.

EMANUEL advertises in the *Standard* that the report of his death and burial is premature. At first we thought this referred to our ancient friend J. C., but it turns out to be a goldsmith at Portsea.

THEY are having a General Mission in Newcastle, perhaps to atone for the city's being represented in Parliament by a Freethinker. A special printed prayer has been issued for the occasion, so that the Lord may not be distracted by a lot of people praying for this, that, and the other. The Lord will know what the Newcastle Christians want. What they do want, though they don't know it, is a modicum of common sense.

A PIOUS speaker in a meeting not long since, enlarging upon the rascality of the Devil, got off the following pithy words: "I tell you that the Devil is an old liar, for when I was about getting religion he tried to dissuade me from it, and told me if I did get religion I could not go into gay company, and lie or steal, or any such thing, but I have found him out to be a great liar!"

ADA EMMA GRANT, aged 17, who is stated to have been "religiously reared," committed suicide by jumping from a nursery window, fracturing her arm and thigh, and dying from the injuries sustained. The only reason she assigned for her act was that "she was a wicked girl, and had been a wicked girl all her life." Her uncle declared there was no truth in this description of herself. Doubtless the poor girl's delusion and death were due to that religious training which persuaded her she was a miserable sinner, worthy only of damnation at the hands of her Maker.

THE Bishop of Bedford, with a comfortable salary of several thousands a year, writes in the last number of the *East London Church Chronicle*, "Let us learn thrift from an old lady who lives in Whitechapel," and then he extols the careful way in which the old lady lays out a shilling a week.

THE clergy continue to talk of a grand combined attempt to "bring the whole city of New York to a confession of Jesus Christ." Another scheme for raising the almighty dollar, of course.

A PARISH church was recently being beautified by the insertion of a memorial stained-glass window. The old beadle, who was a confirmed grumbler, looked for some time at the operations of the glaziers while inserting the window. The minister, seeing John thus intently gazing, turned to him and said: "Well, John, what is your opinion of our new window?" "Weel, sir," was the reply, "in my opinion they might ha' been contented wi' the glass as God made it."

A READER of the religious press need never subscribe for the comics. One of the funniest things we have read for a while is a letter from the Secretary of the "Society of the Treasury of God" in the *Church Times*. It addresses itself to the question of the cause of the distress of poor curates, some of whom are said to be "on the point of starvation," and declares that the root of the evil is that "the clergy have neglected to give their people 'the whole counsel of God'; they have not told them about the privilege and the great reward promised in Malachi to those who pay tithes and offerings, and thus a great means of grace has been lost to their people, and the means of support, ordained by God, has been taken from themselves and their families." The cream of the joke follows when the writer declares that laymen may object with just indignation to being deprived of the knowledge of the great and blessed privilege that they ought to pay tithes. Of course, as a matter of faith the clergy insisted on the laity having this "great and blessed privilege" as long as ever they possibly could.

THE negro, according to the *New York Nation*, stands in the way of a plan of union proposed between the Northern and the Southern Presbyterian Assemblies. In the North, where they have few or no negroes, they insist that Christian brotherhood demands that he shall be admitted on a footing of perfect equality in church membership and church government. In the South, where they have them, the Assembly absolutely refuses this, and says moreover that if it was a practical question in the North, the Northern Assembly would decide it in the same manner. The truth is (the *Nation* remarks) that the way the negro question, like the pew question, is settled in church organisations depends very much on how seriously people take their Christianity. If they take it only with such seriousness as will not interfere with their comfort, they will keep both the negro and the ill-flavored white man out of the church. If they accept it absolutely, without qualification or conditions, just as they profess it in prayer and preaching, neither the negro nor the ill-flavored white man will give any trouble. But Christianity is only adhered to where it gives no discomfort.

THE following appears in the *Star*:-

WANTED, immediately, two reliable Shorthands; must be saved; if not a Salvationist, willing to become one; good wages.—Apply, Ernest A. Bremner, care of General Booth, 101 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

Booth knows well enough that however accomplished the reporters may be, they will not do for him unless they are "properly saved."

THE *Rock* says that "no sooner do the clerical party get into real power than they become intolerant, and thus the way is prepared for scepticism. The great bulk of the laity will not submit to the yoke of clerical bigotry, and their rebellion against it drives them off into infidelity." One would hardly expect a Church of England paper to speak against clericals in this fashion.

A CLERGYMAN in Scotland desired his hearers never to call one another liars, but when anyone said the thing that was not true they ought to whistle. One Sunday he preached a sermon on the parable of the loaves and fishes, and, being at a loss how to explain it, he said the loaves were not like those nowadays—they were as big as some of the hills in Scotland! He had scarcely pronounced the words when he heard a loud whistle. "Wha is that," says he, "ca's me a liar?" "It is I, Willy M'Donald, the baker." "Well, Willy, what objection ha ye to what I have told you?" "None, Mass John; only I want to know what sort of ovens they had to bake those loaves in."

MR. J. T. ALLEN writes to the *Christian World* giving the following specimens of hymns in a Sunday-school prize received by a daughter:

There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains;
Where sinners must with devils dwell
In darkness, fire, and chains.

Again:—

What if his dreadful anger burn,
While I refuse his offered Grace,
And all his Love to Fury turn,
And strike me dead upon the place?

Yet again:—

Then let me always watch my lips,
Lest I be struck to Death and Hell;
Since God a book of reckoning keeps
For every lie that children tell.

Mr. Allen is not satisfied with this good old doctrine. He objects to his children having brimstone mixed with their treacle.

SAM JONES told his audience the other night: "When you get up from a progressive euchre table, whether you win or lose, you are as much of a blackleg gambler in the sight of God as any faro or poker player in Chicago." "This," says the *Chicago Times*, "is on a level with the doctrine of the dregs, that the man who drinks a glass of hard cider is as wicked as the one who goes to bed drunk every night. The doctrine of degrees in crime is unknown to all of them. The lovers of progressive euchre need not tremble, however. It is not likely that on the last day they will find the Rev. Sam Jones occupying the judgment seat and consigning people to hell or heaven after his peculiar notions. It is even possible he may be among the goats."

THE Rev. C. Voysey has been lecturing at the Theistic Church on *Robert Elsmere*, and he seems to take Mrs. Ward's representations of the Secular press as perfectly just. He says: "I confess that I myself could have gone a long way with Robert Elsmere in rescuing Christ from the infamous treatment which his character and aims had received at the hands of the Secular press." Of course, Mr. Voysey does not specify in what the infamous treatment consists. One who differs so widely from the orthodox Christian world should be careful before applying such terms to those whose view of Christ may be as honest and well-founded as his own.

MR. FOOTE'S LECTURES.

Sunday, February 10, Hall of Science, 142 Old Street, London, E.C.; at 11.15, "Shelley as a Radical"; at 7, "Why I am an Atheist."

February 17, Manchester; 21, Hackney Workmen's Club; 24, Plymouth.

March 3, Milton Hall; 10, Newcastle; 11, Middlesboro'; 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.

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. MCGILASHAN.—We have as much respect for Scotchmen as for any other branch of the human family. The verse you complain of was only a *jeu d'esprit*, and what you regard as the most peccant line is only an echo of Robert Burns.

A. D. (Woolwich).—Glad to hear the distribution of *Freethinkers* in your district has been so productive of good.

H. IRVING.—English banks charge 6d. for cashing Scotch notes. We therefore credit you with 19s. 6d. for the Swedish Prisoners' Fund.

J. STRACHMAN.—Please send future orders to Mr. Forder as above. Sending to us direct causes delay and inconvenience.

INCOG.—Pleased to see you are circulating Freethought literature so widely. Go on, and may the cause prosper.

B. BRIGGS.—Cuttings are always welcome.

QUIXOTE.—We are much obliged for your batch of cuttings.

T. WRATISLAW, 16 Church Street, Rugby, will be glad to receive any Freethought literature for distribution. This correspondent's other suggestion shall be considered.

A. B. MOSS.—No doubt more pictures like the Bruno Statue would be "acceptable," but they are very expensive, being done by the finest process. We could bear the cost, however, if a fair number of our readers would take extra copies. At any rate, those who do not like the Comic Sketches might circulate copies of the paper when it contains a different illustration.

J. C.—(1) Not having any fund at our disposal for supplying cheap literature at a loss, we are obliged to publish everything with a view to being recouped for our investment. Some of our more popular publications are very cheap, but others, which can only have a limited sale, must bear a higher price. The *Biographical Dictionary of Freethinkers* is, however, certainly not dearer than any similar original work issued by any other publisher. It will probably take years to sell the small edition we print, and when it is sold we doubt whether the profit will suffice to pay the author a hodman's wages for all the hours he has devoted to the work during many years. (2) As your case seemed a pressing one, we have answered your other query by post.

EX-RITUALIST.—We have mislaid your address. Will you favor us with it again?

DOUBTFUL.—Professor Bain says of John Stuart Mill that "in everything characteristic of the creed of Christendom he was a thorough-going negationist. He admitted neither its truth nor its utility." See further in Mr. Foote's *Infidel Death-Beds and What was Christ?*

RONY.—Always glad to receive any bits of news we can turn into a paragraph.

J. A.—If you want our candid opinion, the verse has no particular merit. Our advice is, stick to prose.

B. C. HARMOND.—The earliest existing manuscripts of the New Testament only date from the fifth century. Of course, the stories were earlier, but a comparison of the gospel legends shows how they developed. As to the gospels not being denied by the Jews, the clergyman should be pointed to the statement of Dean Alford in his "Prolegomena to the New Testament," that the gospels were in the early ages a *secret* possession of the Christian Church. We know from St. Augustine that the Manicheans did deny them, and accuse the orthodox Christians of altering them to suit their own purposes. The statement in 2 Peter i., 16, that "we have not followed cunningly devised fables" or "sophistical myths," indicates a charge brought against them. Justin, in his dialogue with Trypho, makes that Jew say "you invent a Christ of your own." All the fathers assert that Matthew wrote in Hebrew, but the best authorities agree that our Matthew is an original Greek document.

T. LONGLEY.—Certainly Paul does say that Jesus appeared, after his resurrection, to 500—not *persons*, as you write—but *brethren* at once; and the statement is a beautiful illustration of Bible harmony; for if you turn to Acts i., 15, you will find that, after the Ascension, there were only 120 all told. We are not quite so green as to accept the *Acts of Pilate*, or any other Christian forgery, as evidence of a miracle. For the rest, you forget that we don't admit that the gospels are contemporary documents. They were written long after the alleged life and death of Jesus, and are consequently nothing but tradition—that is, hearsay—put into a literary form by unknown scribes at unknown places. You are evidently unacquainted with modern criticism on this subject. You might read Greg's *Creed of Christendom* for a start.

INVIOTA.—Your cuttings are always welcome.

LUCIAN.—C. Jones, 19 Oxford Street, Roath, Cardiff, will either supply you with the *Freethinker* or tell you where to obtain it. He will also give you all information as to the Cardiff Branch.

A. PERRY.—We will try to give some more such sketches, but the expense is heavy for a class paper, appealing to a limited public, and sold at a low price. You may be right in your view of Mr. Chapman. We shall see.

J. C. (Portsmouth).—Miss Weston amuses herself, and imposes on the sailors, but her nonsense about "infidelity" does no harm to our cause. The figures she gives are not accompanied by the statement that the 1887-8 balance sheet of the N.S.S. was incomplete, several Branches having failed to send in their statements in time for the Conference.

R. S. SEAGO.—Pleased to hear that Mr. Hyatt's recitations helped to clear off the deficit on your charitable efforts at Camberwell.

J. L. SPEIRS.—Thanks. See paragraph in "Sugar Plums."

C. DOEG.—Cuttings received with thanks.

A. C.G.—You will find a record of the Bishops' votes in that invaluable publication, the *Financial Reform Almanack*. We are delighted to hear that Freethought is spreading among medical students. You should get some of the literature issued by the Society for repealing the law against marriage with a deceased wife's sister.

A. LOVETT.—Such a proposal had better be made in sober prose.

INCOG.—The "needle's eye gate" in Jerusalem is a fiam, a mere modern invention to get over an awkward text.

PAPERS RECEIVED.—Freidenker—War Cry—Ironclad Age—Fair Play—Neues Freireligioses Sontags-Blatt—Boston Investigator—Liverpool Daily Post—Women's Suffrage Journal—Bulletin des Sommaires—Liberty—Western Figaro—Edinburgh Evening News—Newcastle Evening Chronicle—Sunday Chronicle—Freethought—Congregational Magazine—Truthseeker—Helmet.

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.

PERSONAL.

HAVING paid back a considerable portion of the capital advanced to us in 1886, and having to pay back more very shortly, we shall be happy to hear from any friends who are willing to help us in sustaining and developing our Freethought publishing business. Five per cent. yearly interest is payable on all sums, large or small, and the legal vouchers for the same make them recallable by six months' notice sent in registered letter.

SUGAR PLUMS.

MR. FOOTE lectures again at the London Hall of Science to-day (Feb. 10), in the morning on "Shelley as a Radical," and in the evening "Why I am an Atheist."

MR. R. FORDER, Secretary of the N. S. S., acknowledges the receipt of the following subscriptions to the Swedish Prisoners' Fund:—Mrs. McMilian, 6d.; Mr. Rolley, 2s.; C. Jones, 1s.; O. Dawson, 5s.; "Nemo," 10s.; A. King, 2s. 6d.; R. H. Side, 5s.; T. Bullock, 2s. 6d.; Stalybridge Branch N. S. S., 2s. 6d.; W. Fulton, 1s.; F. Hopper, 1s.; N. B. Billany, 1s.; H. Andrews, 6d.; Seven Members of Camberwell Branch, 5s. 6d.

WE have received the following sums direct:—H. Irving, 19s. 6d.; C. D. S., 5s.; T. Handley, 6d.

THE last indictment against Mr. Lennstrand for blasphemy at Malmo is adjourned until March 8. Many respectable witnesses are prepared to deny that his lectures are blasphemous, and the witnesses against him appear only to be informers. But of course the question whether his utterances are "blasphemous" according to the Swedish law will be decided by the judge, and it is only too likely Mr. Lennstrand may have to endure another imprisonment.

MR. SYMES appears to be having a severe struggle in Melbourne. Prosecuted for speaking on the public wharf, he set up a tent, and is now threatened with prosecution for that. Joseph Symes, however, is not the man to bend before persecution, and we trust soon to record that he is triumphant over his enemies.

MR. MOSS's case will, we hope, soon come up again before the London School Board. He has written a letter to the chairman of the Bye Laws Committee, protesting against the interdict laid upon him, and requesting that it may be raised. Mrs. Besant, who is a member of this committee, has promised to support Mr. Moss's claim, and do all that is possible to procure him justice.

MR. A. B. MOSS has had a finger in two or three dramatic pies. His last effort is a play called "Lured to London," written in collaboration with Mr. J. Patmore. It will be produced at Crewe on Valentine's Day, and we dare say the Freethinkers in that locality will like a taste of Mr. Moss's quality behind the footlights.

PART II. of Mr. Wheeler's *Biographical Dictionary of Freethinkers* will be published next week. Subsequent parts will be issued on the first of each month. We may here remark that the type is new, the printing excellent, and the paper heavy and expensive. The volume will therefore be a handsome one, fit for the best library.

MANY persons having desired to have well-printed copies of the Bruno Statue block for framing, we have taken steps to have some carefully pulled on fine large paper. We hope to have them on sale next week at threepence each.

THE idea of our illustration this week is taken from Watson Heston, of the New York *Truthseeker*, a gentleman who has good notions but draws somewhat crudely.

THE current number of the *Westminster Review* contains a paper on "St. Paul and the Woman Movement," to which we shall probably direct our readers' further attention. The writer says emphatically that "Christianity is opposed to the elevation of the woman, to a condition not of petty rivalry with the man, but of honorable and companionable association with him," and that "the apostle of the Gentiles is mainly responsible for the slowness with which worthier ideals of womanhood make way among us."

THE *Edinburgh Review*, in an article on François Rabelais, in which it denies that he is an immoral writer, says that he was indifferent to the dogmas whether of Protestants or of Catholics. He might have added that he satirised them both, together with the Bible legends.

THE *Women's Penny Paper* for Feb. 2 gives a portrait of Mrs. Ernestine Rose from an early engraving, and an account of an interview with that staunch Freethinker, who is now seventy-nine years of age. It says: "Although very infirm in body, Mrs. Rose's face bears the stamp of noble and vigorous intellect. Her features have strength and dignity, and her large dark eyes seem to have lost little of their fire."

MR. JOHN M. ROBERTSON took the difficult but important subject of "Mithraism" for a lecture at South Place Chapel last Sunday. He pointed out how ancient and widespread was the now forgotten religion of Mithra and how much of it was really embodied in Christianity. Among Mithraic elements in Christianity he pointed to the Eucharist, the scenic representation of burial in a rock and resurrection, the slaying of a lamb, the characterisation of Christ as "the divine fish," the meeting by night in caves, and the special worship on the day of the Sun, together with the festivals of Christmas and Easter. We understand that Mr. Robertson's valuable lecture will be printed with the others of the course on the "Faiths of the World."

THE Rev. Alex. Martin, who is minister at the Free Church, Morningside, Edinburgh, has been lecturing to the University students on "The Authority of the Bible." This clerical Balaam, who under the patronage of Prof. Calderwood was called in to curse the foes of Christianity, now blesses them altogether. He said he did not agree with the view that the Bible was of divine authorship from beginning to end. It was the work of "sinful men wrestling with the great realities of life." It seemed to him that "all human ingenuity could not clear the Bible of mistakes in point of science, history and morals." Yet Mr. Martin has subscribed to the Westminster Confession of Faith. The *Edinburgh Evening News* is very sarcastic on Mr. Martin for his admissions. No amount of theological juggling will get over the fact that to deny the Fall is to deny the Christian scheme of redemption.

THE Children's Party at the London Hall of Science took place on January 30, and was a great success. Hundreds of little ones stowed away cake, apples, oranges, milk, lemonade and other things in the customary manner of youthful indiscretion. They danced, sang, ran races, patronised Mr. Sunderland's electric battery, and finally went home with toys from the Christmas tree, leaving the floor of the hall to be dealt with at leisure by the cleaners. The galleries were crowded with adults. Mr. Cookney acknowledges the following additional subscriptions:—Wollnam and Son, 5s. and box of sweets; Cooper (Norwich), two boxes of sweets; Borrow, 1s.; Able, 9d.; Courtney, 1s.; Per Mrs. Cookney: G. W. Foote, 5s.; Seymour, 1s.; Draper, 1s.; Per R. Forder: R. H. Side, 2s. 6d.; Per J. Robertson: Hypatia Bradlaugh Bonner, 5s.

DURING a revival in Texas some years ago a negro was reputed to have had visions about heaven and hell. His boss called him up and interrogated him as to what he saw in both places, and first as to what the white men and darkies were doing in heaven. "Lord! boss, the white men was all a-tilting back in their chairs, with their heels on the banisters, a-smoking cigars, and the niggers was down on their knees a-shining up their golden slippers!" Then as to what was going on in the other place. "Ef you believe me, boss, every single white man had a nigger in his hands a-holding up between him and the flames!"

JAMES THOMSON.*

HOLDING the opinion that James Thomson is the greatest genius who has worked with our Freethought party in England, we hail with satisfaction the appearance of a volume giving something like a full account of the man and his work. It may be regretted that Mr. Salt did not enjoy personal acquaintance with Thomson, but he has done what is possible to loving and patient industry. He has had the valuable assistance of Mr. Bertram Dobell, one of Thomson's best friends in his later years, and also expresses his acknowledgment to Mr. Bradlaugh, Mrs. Bradlaugh Bonner, Mr. Foote, Mr. W. M. Rossetti, Mr. George Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. Wright, Mr. William Sharp, and others well acquainted with the gifted poet. Mr. Salt has closely studied the writings of his author, and brings critical culture as well as sympathetic insight to bear upon his task. Doubtless, Thomson would have recognised him as among the few

"Who understand the speech, and feel a stir
Of fellowship,"

yet who would not vainly seek by fancy portraiture to give an undue position to the man, which would have been abhorrent to himself. Mr. Salt lets Thomson speak for himself in some characteristic letters, as in those to Mr. Rossetti, the Misses Bradlaugh, and to his sister-in-law, which, with the brief extracts from his diary, will to lovers of Thomson be the most important part of his work.

James Thomson was born at Port Glasgow, Nov. 23, 1834. Educated at the Caledonian Orphan Asylum he became a schoolmaster in the army. Here he met Mr. Bradlaugh, with whom a close friendship ensued. Unlikeness rather than likeness was probably the source of the attraction. It is not easy to say what influence two such diverse and independent minds had upon each other. Mr. Salt agrees with Mr. Dobell that Thomson found his way to Freethought independently.† It was in the *National Reformer* that Thomson's genius was fully displayed. Here he wrote those brilliant *Essays and Phantasies* which unite the tragic humor of Heine with the satire of Swift and literary finish of De Quincey. Here he made those fine translations from a kindred genius, Leopardi, and here appeared the sombre and sonorous verses "To Our Ladies of Death"; the light and melodious "Sunday at Hampstead," the powerful "Vane's Story," the brilliant and imaginative *Weddah* and *Om-el Bonain*, and the now famous "City of Dreadful Night," which sets him apart on a lonely height as the poet of pessimism.

Mr. Salt says, truly, "that while Thomson thoroughly identified himself with the party of Freethought, he never degenerated into the mere partisan. In his bitterest jests at conventional piety, there is still a tenderness for all unselfish devotion to the welfare of mankind and a reverence for all genuine religious feeling." In the extracts given in illustration of his religious opinions, the undeniable facts of his Atheism and antagonism to orthodox Christianity are softened down too much for our liking.

Mr. Salt rightly explains the signature "B. V." as standing for "Bysshe Vanolis," adopted from regard for those kindred spirits, Shelley and Novalis, but he does not mention that the only time when the full name appeared in print was in the *Investigator* (Feb., 1858), when it was appended to satirical verses on "Mr. Save His Soul Alive O! dedicated without permission to the Rev. Ebenezer Grimes and the Rev. Habbakuk Sinfulman, of Little Bethel.‡ This was before the *Investigator* was edited by Mr. Bradlaugh, who by the way could tell Mr. Salt the author of what a Christian would call "a coarse and blasphemous" satire on "The Story of Nebuchadnezzar; freely translated from the Coptic of Cornelius Coppernose; by Hyrdocephalus Higgs" in the *Investigator* (May 1, 1859). Of the collection entitled *Satires and Profanities* Mr. Salt rightly says "they are the work of a man who, sincerely believing certain theological doctrines to be false and mischievous, did not hesitate to ridicule and burlesque

* *The Life of James Thomson (B. V.)*, with a selection from his letters and a study of his writings, by H. S. Salt. London, Reeves and Turner, 196 Strand, and Bertram Dobell, Charing Cross Road, 1889.

† Loth as I am to add to Mr. Bradlaugh's labors, I must express a hope that he will find time to dictate some account of his own eventful career, especially of the earlier and lesser-known part.

‡ He makes, indeed, the error of saying that "his first published piece" was "The Fadeless Bower," which appeared in Tait's *Edinburgh Magazine* in July, 1858. Mr. Dobell in his *Memoir* more carefully says "his first published poem."

them in order as far as possible to weaken their authority." Sad, with a sadness too deep for tears, was James Thomson's career. Yet the fact remains that such outlet for his genius as he had was found in the organs of the Freethought party. The volumes of the *National Reformer*, the *Secularist* and the *Liberal* contain his choicest work.

As to the disease which shortened his life, George Meredith says the right word, "he inherited the tendency to the thing which slew him." Few can read the life of Thomson without wishing, with Meredith, that there were some means of providing "to young authors who have put forth flowers of promise, as Thomson did when he was yet to be rescued." The only provision found for Thomson was the reading-room of the British Museum, where, like many a solitary student, he often rid himself of misery in commune with the mighty dead.

Thomson was exceedingly well read. His taste was of the choicest. In English Browning and Meredith were his favorites. Well do I remember one pleasant day we spent together. We walked out to the Welsh Harp, Hendon, lunched, rowed on the lake, lolled on the grass chatting, smoking, etc. His talk was mostly of life and nature, the rich looking country, scenes abroad, the children we passed, and the constant play of instinct. My talk was mostly of books. Of Buddhism, upon which I had just been writing, I found that he knew more than he could have learnt from Schopenhauer. Of Spencer he said "the press men for some time to come will dilute him as they have been diluting Mill." He had no faith in philosophical systems yet he believed in evolution, or perhaps it would be less misleading to say, in constant flux and reflux.

We are reluctant to cease writing about one whose memory is dear. But Mr. Salt's book will remain a cherished possession; and we must conclude our notice by heartily thanking him for the care with which he has performed his work, which we trust will be appreciated by an ever widening circle of readers of James Thomson.

J. M. WHEELER.

MAX O'RELL ON COLONEL INGERSOLL.

(From "Jonathan and his Continent.")

ONE day asked one of the cleverest ladies of New York whether she had met Colonel Ingersoll.

"No," she answered, "I never met him, and do not wish to make his acquaintance."

"May I ask why?" I said.

She replied: "Simply because I am told that it is impossible to know him without admiring and loving him."

"Well?"

"Well, I don't want to admire or love him." . . .

I had the honor of making his acquaintance, and, like all those who have approached and known him, I soon admired him.

He is one of the greatest figures of his great country. In a book on contemporary America one must needs speak of this celebrated advocate. He is a personality apart. He has little in common with the rest of his countrymen but the title of colonel.

Once more I say it: in this book of jottings I do not sit in judgment, I merely describe impressions. It is not necessary to indorse a man's theories in order to enjoy his society, and this is especially true in the case of Colonel Ingersoll, who is many-sided in his powers, and who charms theologians and Agnostics alike when the subject of religion is not to the fore.

Col. Robert Ingersoll is a man of about sixty, six feet high and strongly built, a colossus physically and intellectually. The eyes sparkle with wit and beam with the enjoyment of life; the mouth is humorous and smiling; the head large and well planted on broad shoulders; the face shaven, the brain bristling with humanitarian thoughts; a man with the heart of a lion to fight the battles of life, but the heart of a woman in the presence of human suffering. . . .

Antichrist if you will—that is, if you can imagine such a personage endowed with every moral and intellectual faculty.

In his presence men feel themselves small, and women put their hands over their eyes, being careful to keep the fingers well apart. A decidedly dangerous Antichrist, this.

Mr. Ingersoll is not only America's greatest living orator, he is a great writer and a great thinker; an infusion, as it were, of Johnson, Voltaire and Milton. He possesses the logic of the first, the *persiflage* of the second, and some of the sublimity of the third. His arguments are constructed like propositions of Euclid; his style is vigorous, as clear as it is graceful, as poetic as it is humorous, and his verve is inexhaustible. . . .

Son of a Protestant minister, Robert Ingersoll early showed special aptitude for the discussion of theological questions. By the age of sixteen he had thoroughly studied the Old Testament, and would reason upon it like a doctor of divinity. The father in vain drew Robert's attention to the beauties of the Bible; the

son could see little in it but absurdities and inconsistencies. The old minister was heard to say: "It grieves me to hear my Robbie talk so, but I declare he is too much for me; I cannot answer him."

Who can answer Ingersoll? is a question often asked. Apparently not the ministers of the hundreds of different Protestant sects that flourish in America; not Mr. Gladstone, student of the Bible and profound reasoner though he be.

For more than a year the president of the Nineteenth Century Club of New York was trying to get a Protestant minister to break a lance with this redoubtable Agnostic in public, but without avail. No one felt equal to the task.

That which makes this man so formidable is not so much his eloquence, his quick repartee, his sarcasm, his pathos, his humor; it is above all the life he leads, the example he sets of all the domestic virtues. One must have the privilege of knowing him intimately, of penetrating into that sanctuary of conjugal happiness, his home, before one can form an idea of the respect he must inspire even in those who abhor his doctrines. His home is the home of the purest joys; it holds four hearts that beat as one.

Mr. Ingersoll lives in one of the handsome houses on Fifth avenue. His family consists of his wife and two lovely daughters. Athens and Venice, as an American whom I met at Colonel Ingersoll's used to call them. Indeed, one reminds you of the beautiful creations of Titian. The other seems like a mythological vision, a nymph from the banks of Erymanthus. As you look at her, while she speaks to you with her eyes modestly lowered, almost seeming to apologise for being so lovely, you involuntarily think of "La Jeune Captive," of André Chéaier, that last of the Greek poets, as Edmund About called him.

Authors, artists, journalists, members of the thinking world of New York, may be met at the colonel's charming Sunday evenings. About eleven at night, when all but the intimate friends of the family have left, these latter draw around their host and entice him to talk upon one of his favorite subjects, poetry, music, or maybe the "Mistakes of Moses," while they listen with avidity. He knows his Shakespeare as thoroughly as the Bible, only he speaks of him with far more respect and admiration. He adores Wagner, whom he sets even above Beethoven. I mention this to prove once more that we have all our little faults, and that Colonel Ingersoll, in common with his fellow-mortals, is not perfect. Between midnight and one in the morning the last visitors reluctantly depart. On the way home you think of all the witty things that have been said, the arrows of satire that have been shot at hypocrisy and humbug, the ennobling humanitarian opinions that have been advanced; and though you may not feel converted or diverted or perverted to Ingersollism, you are sure to leave that house feeling fuller of good will toward all men, and saying to yourself: "What a delightful evening I have passed!"

I was present one evening at a meeting of the Nineteenth Century Club to hear a discussion on "The Poetry of the Future." Colonel Ingersoll was to have taken part in it; but, being retained professionally at Washington, he was obliged to excuse himself at the eleventh hour. The president immediately telegraphed to a well-known minister, asking him to take the colonel's place.

"I distinctly decline to take Colonel Ingersoll's place in this world or the next," exclaimed the recipient of the telegram, as soon as he had read it. The reverend gentleman nevertheless took part in the evening's debate, and when he repeated his repartee to the audience, was greeted with hearty laughter and applause.

Now, the lot of Colonel Ingersoll in this world is very enviable, for his profession brings him in a magnificent income. As to refusing his place in the next, what an absurdity!

When Robert Ingersoll presents himself at the gates of paradise, and St. Peter sees that good, open face, radiant with happiness, the doors will be thrown wide to let him pass, and the saint will say:

"Come, Robert, come in. Thy happy face pleases me. We have just let in a cargo of long-faced folk—Presbyterians, I'll be bound—and it does one good to look at thee. Thou hast done thy utmost to stifle the hydra-headed monster Superstition, and to destroy the infamies which are in circulation on the subject of the Lord. Come in, friend; thou hast loved, thou hast been beloved, thou hast preached concord, mercy, peace, love and happiness; come, take thy place amongst the benefactors of the human race."

PROFANE JOKES.

Old Lady: "I'm sorry to hear a little boy use such shocking language. Do you know what becomes of little boys who swear?" Urchin: "Yes'm; dey gets to be hoss-car drivers."

"I hope, Johnnie," said the Sunday-school teacher to her new scholar, "that your father and mother are good Christians?" "Well, ma is," replied Johnnie, "an' pa used to be, but I guess he is a little out of practice now."

Tommy, aged six, was saying his usual evening prayer at his mother's knee, and having got as far as "If I should die before I wake," hesitated. "Well, what next?" asked his mother. "Why, mamma, I suppose the next thing would be a funeral!"

NOW READY.

NOW READY.

A
BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY of FREETHINKERS
OF ALL AGES AND NATIONS.

BY J. M. WHEELER.
PART I. IN PAPER COVERS, SIXPENCE.
TO BE FOLLOWED BY A FRESH PART EVERY MONTH.

JUST REPRINTED.

THE CLERGY AND COMMON SENSE.

By COL. R. G. INGERSOLL.
THIRTY-TWO PAGES. TWOPENCE.

NEW PAMPHLET.

REPAIRING THE IDOLS.

By COL. INGERSOLL.
SIXTEEN PAGES. ONE PENNY.

Only a few copies left.

SATIRES AND PROFANITIES

By JAMES THOMSON (B.V.)

A BRILLIANT BOOK.

Cloth, Half-a-crown.

BIBLE HEROES

By G. W. FOOTE.

FIRST SERIES—(1) Mr. Adam, (2) Captain Noah, (3) Father Abraham, (4) Juggling Jacob, (5) Master Joseph, (6) Joseph's Brethren, (7) Holy Moses, I., (8) Holy Moses, II., (9) Parson Aaron, (10) General Joshua, (11) Jephthah & Co., (12) Professor Samson.

One Penny Each.

Bound in Elegant Wrapper, One Shilling.

SECOND SERIES—(13) Prophet Samuel, (14) King Saul, (15) Saint David, I., (16) Saint David, II., (17) Sultan Solomon, (18) Poor Job, (19) Hairy Elijah, (20) Bald Elisha.

"Wittily written."—*Truthseeker* (New York).

THE

BIBLE HANDBOOK

For Freethinkers and Inquiring Christians,

EDITED BY G. W. FOOTE AND W. P. BALL.

Part I.—BIBLE CONTRADICTIONS.

Part II.—BIBLE ABSURDITIES.

Part III.—BIBLE ATROCITIES.

Part IV.—BIBLE IMMORALITIES, INDECENCIES, OBSCENITIES, BROKEN PROMISES, AND UNFULFILLED PROPHECIES.

This work is simply invaluable to Freethinkers. The Bible is thoroughly analysed, and its objectionable features are given in its own language. The Word of God speaks for itself and tells its own tale. Every Rationalist should keep this volume always by him.

164 pp. In paper covers, 1s. 4d. Superior edition, in cloth 2s. 164 pp.

W. J. RENDELL,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,

25 GT. BATH ST., CLERKENWELL
LONDON, E.C.

Drugs and Chemicals, Surgical Appliances,
Patent Medicines, etc.

Particulars of a Malthusian discovery sent on receipt
of stamped directed envelope.
Orders by Post promptly executed.

YOUNG MAN, 23, single, seeks employment in any
capacity. No objection to Sunday work. Ab-
stainer. Seven years' character.—F. Roberts, 33
Lansdowne Street, King's Lynn.

PORTRAIT OF MR. J. BRUMAGE

The Secularist Member of the Portsmouth
School Board, appears, together with a
Biographical sketch, in the *Radical*
for February, now ready,
price 1d. Also

**AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF FREE-
THOUGHT IN ENGLAND.**

By G. STANDING.

R. Forder, 28 Stonecutter Street, E.C.

Now Ready, Price 2d., in Handsome Wrapper.

MEN v. MACHINERY

Suggestive Facts and Figures urging
NATIONAL CONTROL OF NATIONAL
PRICES AND PRODUCTS.

By THOMAS SHORE.

With Preface by H. Holiday Sparking.
33 Newington Green Road; and R. Forder, 28 Stone-
cutter Street, E.C.

Printed and Published by G. W. Foote, at 28 Stone
cutter Street, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.