

THE FREETHINKER.

REGISTERED FOR]

EDITED BY G. W. FOOTE.

[TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.

["COMIC BIBLE]" SKETCHES.—XV.



JOSHUA STOPPING THE SUN.

"So the sun stood still in the midst of heaven, and hasted not to go down about a whole day."—Joshua x., 13.

THE RETREAT.

THE Parliamentary notice of the *Freethinker* has had the effect of largely increasing its sale. There is no other result. The publisher is not arrested, nor is the editor preparing an elaborate defence. Freshfield has sunk back into obscurity, and Redmond dreams of the number of times he was plucked before Parnell gave him a seat in the House of Commons and enabled him to desert medicine for politics.

After much blaring of trumpets the enemy has retreated, leaving us in possession of the field. Our letter to Sir William Harcourt has elicited no response, and everybody appears inclined to leave us alone. Whether the cessation of hostilities is permanent or temporary we do not know, nor do we care. We shall do nothing either to court or to evade a struggle, but whatever happens it will not find us unprepared.

Our policy remains unaltered. We are accused of blasphemy, and we shall continue to justify the charge. Blasphemy is no very heinous offence. The Christian ridicules every religion but his own, and we only go a step farther and ridicule his religion too. Orthodoxy, said Bishop Warburton, is my doxy, and heterodoxy is another man's doxy. That one sentence sums up the whole affair. Christian and Heathen are alike to us. Each sect worships its own doxy and hates all others. We object to theological kept-mistresses of every kind.

Our thanks are due to the many friends who sent us letters of sympathy and promises of support during what looked like "a crisis." It is perfectly clear that the Free-thought party will resist to the uttermost any interference with the liberty of the press. Several of our readers have taken advantage of the opportunity to promote the circulation of the *Freethinker* by distributing copies right and left. This is one of the most effective methods of publicity. The majority of those who once see the *Freethinker* are anxious to see it again. Our circulation already far exceeds any ever reached by a Freethought journal within twelve months of its birth. It never recedes, but always advances; not with a sudden rush, but steadily week by week. This is the very best sign that we are supplying a real and wide-felt want. Not only within the Freethought party, but outside it, the value of this journal is recognised. A well-known liberal Unitarian writes: "I am very pleased to see the character of the *Freethinker* so well kept up: I think the time had quite come for a publication of the kind." And we might quote from scores of letters to the same effect.

Timid Freethinkers deprecated our policy when we began, but we disregarded their expostulations. It is now evident that we have the approval of the vast majority. Timidity and compromise never succeeded yet, and never will. Let us be thorough. Why should we hesitate? The enemy of mankind, the real Devil, twin-headed priestcraft and superstition, is implacable, and we must be so too. We will not agree to a truce; we will not sign a treaty which guarantees it peaceful possession of a reserved territory. It must be slain outright, and its serried ranks be broken and routed. Let us strike, strike hard, and strike home.

G. W. FOOTE.

DONE AT LAST.

THE Tories and the Bigots have been "done" at last. "We will not see the Oath profaned," they said, and Mr. Bradlaugh has "profaned" it in their presence. Before a full House he has made and signed and tendered his Oath of Allegiance, and taken his seat. The move was executed with characteristic audacity, and practically all was over before the horrified members recovered their breath. Whatever happens, this "profanation" cannot be undone; and to the Freethinker there is some comfort in that. Mr. Bradlaugh has succeeded in emphasising the farcical position to which the House has brought itself. "In jostling with Mr. Bradlaugh," says the *Times*, "the House gets the worst of it. Then why jostle? From the first any sensible man could see that the action of the Tories and Bigots would succeed, not against Mr. Bradlaugh, but in lowering the dignity of the House of Commons. We suggest that the best thing now to be done is to admit Mr. Bradlaugh quietly to his seat, and then let the judges decide whether he has legally taken the oath or not. Of course his enemies are averse to this, for they shrewdly suspect that Mr. E. Clarke was right in saying that no court in the country would entertain their application. But they have acted with such wanton absurdity that they must expect to eat little of the leek at last. The law is undoubtedly on Mr. Bradlaugh's side, and in the end the law must triumph over all opposition. When the case is finally settled we further suggest that a day of humiliation should be appointed, and that all the Tories, led by Churchill, Newdegate, and Northcote, should parade the streets in white robes of repentance, singing "We are such a party of fools." And the true Liberals might follow, singing after them "You are, you are, you are such a party of fools!"

G. W. FOOTE.



THE ATHEISTIC PULPIT.—SERMON XXIII.
GREAT AND PRECIOUS PROMISES.

“He shall guide you into all the truth” (John xvi., 13).

So far we have found no truth, but only lies and confusion in the history of the churches. We will, however, proceed with our investigation, and do our best to find whatever truth the Christians may possess. I intend to do them justice.

(27) The *Armenians*, or Christians of Armenia, hold that Jesus had in him only one nature. That is enough for any man, one would think.

(28) The *Arminians*, or followers of James Arminius, a Dutchman, born 1560, are the opponents of Calvin and his party. The chief distinction between the two parties is this:—Calvinists hold that their god fore-ordained whatsoever comes to pass, and decided from all eternity how many men, women, and children he would damn for his own glory. This only makes their God the most unmitigated humbug ever known. The Arminians say he *fore-knew*, but did not fore-ordain; that he wills all men to be saved, and even murdered his only begotten son to save them all; and yet he will damn an immense number. This only exhibits their deity as an unqualified fool. The only value of the two parties lies in the fact that between them they expose Christianity to ridicule and contempt.

(29) The *Arnoldists* were of two classes:—1st, Followers of Arnold of Brescia, who openly preached that popes and ecclesiastics ought to be poorer than they were. It is said he tried to rouse the people against the Pope and clergy, and endeavored to restore the ancient government of Rome. For this the clergy merely excommunicated, crucified, and burnt him—only trifles for such a crime. That happened in the twelfth century. 2nd, The other Arnoldists are followers of Arnold of Villeneuve, a physician of the fourteenth century. He was skilled in chemistry, natural philosophy, and literature; therefore the monks said he was a magician. He had so low an opinion of them that he thought they would all be damned. The inquisitors burnt this poor Arnold too, but not till he was dead.

(30) The *Artemonites*, of the second century, held that Jesus was a man, and that a certain divine energy united itself with him when he was born. No doubt they were right. When were Christians wrong? Their Spirit guides them into all truth, you see.

(31) The *Artotyrites*, of the second century, were so damnable a set of scoundrels that they actually ate BREAD AND CHEESE at the Lord's supper!! They have had 1,700 years to repent of their crime amidst the fierce flames of hell. Serves them right.

(32) The *Ascogrites*, or *Ascites*, or Bottle-worshippers, took bottles of wine to church, where they danced round them, and then got jolly with the contents. Hurrah! That's the way to be filled with the spirit.

(33) The *Assassins* were a very ancient sect. The oldest we know of or remember, were the followers of Moses, whose deity commanded him to murder even infants. Joshua, Samuel, and Elijah were worthy followers of Moses; and Jesus and Peter would have followed his teachings, had they been able. The history of the church is the history of the most bloodthirsty portion of mankind. But the sect usually called *Assassins* existed in the times of the Crusades. Their leader, the “Old Man of the Mountain,” dwelt on Mount Lebanon, and sent his murderous missionaries to all parts. These were so well-trained, that at his command they killed themselves as readily as other Christians went to martyrdom. The spirit of God dwelt in this old villain, as it did in Moses, Joshua, and Co.; and his followers all went with him to Paradise. They are first-rate company for Moses, Joshua, Samuel, David, Elijah, the worst of the Popes, John Calvin, etc.

(34) The *Athanasians* are the followers of Athanasius, the antagonist of Arius, and the falsely-reputed author of the Athanasian creed. This wide-spread sect profess to believe (what is clearly impossible to believe) all the rubbish about the Trinity in Unity, and that the Son is just as old as his Father. They damn, as is right and proper, all who don't believe as they profess to do. But now the “damnatory clauses” of this creed have themselves been damned by people who want to pass for Christians! So perish all the creeds! Amen.

(35) The *Athocians*, of the third century, maintained, with Solomon, the mortality of the soul.

(36) *Ardæus* (fourth century) was excommunicated in Syria for openly censuring the scandalous lives of the clergy, and banished into Scythia, where he formed a society and became its bishop. He was an arrant heretic!—why, he explained scripture literally, that is, dared to suppose the Holy Ghost meant what he said; and he kept Easter at the time the Jews kept their passover! Of course he is damned.

(37) The *Bacularians*, or *Staffites*, were a sect of Anabaptists in the sixteenth century, who refused to carry any weapon except a staff, or to defend their religion by force of arms. They meekly submitted to injuries. One would like to see a Christian of that sort in the flesh.

(38) The *Barallots* were heretics of Bologna, who had all things in common, wives and children included, as no doubt Jesus intended. Read Matt. xix., 29, for there he promises 100 wives, fathers, mothers, children, etc., for all given up for his sake, and the promise cannot be fulfilled any other way.

(39) *Barlaam*, a Neapolitan monk, of the sixteenth century, was called a heretic for holding that the light which surrounded Jesus on Mount Tabor was not an emanation of the divine essence. His greatest crime was to employ common-sense in interpreting Scripture—a process the Scriptures can no more endure than old skin bottles can stand the “working” of new wine. By the way, if Jesus can shine in the style the New Testament declares, what a pity he does not return to earth and light up a town, or at least a public building, say St. Paul's! Gas and Electric Light Companies would probably restrain him by Act of Parliament, or extinguish him some way.

(40) The *Basilidians*, of the early part of second century, believed in one supreme God, who produced seven *aions*, two of whom, named Power and Wisdom, were the parents of angels of the highest order. These angels formed each a heaven for himself, to the number of 365. Paul knew of only three heavens; they had the above number. The *aions* fell into sin; and one of them became the God of the Jews and inspired the Old Testament. Basilides has hit the mark, surely; for if any God inspired that book, it must have been a fallen one or a devil. They did not believe in the atonement because it would be unjust to punish the innocent; and hence they held that Jesus suffered only in appearance, and that Simon the Cyrenian died in his stead. The resurrection of the body they denied—and with the best of reasons, too. Basilides and his sect were just as likely to be right as any of their opponents. But their religion was very little better than the other portions of Christianity. Some say they were not Christians. It would be as hard to prove them otherwise as to prove that the Archbishop of Canterbury is a Christian.

So far, Christianity shows no truth, but plenty of falsehood.

(To be continued.)

J. SYMES.

GOD, NOT MAN, THE SINNER.

THE doctrine that man is a miserable sinner against God—who, again, is the dispenser of eternal damnation to un-sanctified sinners—is the ground whereon is based the whole fabric of Christian worship. All the paraphernalia of Christian piety, all the prayers, devotions and sacrifices, all the genuflexions, bowings and scrapings of pious toadyism towards God, spring from the vain and selfish but fallacious hope of appeasing the insensate wrath of an angry Deity, who is perpetually being stimulated to frantic exhibitions of divine rage and cruelty at beholding the sinfulness of poor human nature. The benighted hangers-on to God, trembling for fear of the grisly demon of Deity created by their own foolish fears and idle imaginations, and groaning beneath an intolerable weight of real or fancied guilt, feel the strongest personal inducements to their unctuous sycophantism towards God. On the one hand, they are anxious to save their precious souls from the doom of fiery hell and diabolical damnation, which awaits all unrepentent sinners and naughty Atheists; on the other hand, they are allured to piety by the sublime hope of spending eternal life in the blessed company of God, of Abraham, of David, and other pious rascals. When a doctrine at once so selfish and degrading as this is preached, it is not surprising that many ignorant and superstitious people, especially people of that numerous class who love vice but not virtue for its own sake, should rush into the arms of Jesus, after a life spent

in riotous debauchery or religious indifference; and by mumbling a few stupid words of repentance, become washed in the blood of the lamb, and worthy candidates for eternal happiness.

The doctrine of the sinfulness of human nature, which is thus the pillar of the Christian religion, rests for its basis on the theory of man's responsibility to God. Unhappily for Christianity, though fortunately for humanity, this theory is the rock on which the Christian religion, in common with all systems of theological superstition, must necessarily break. It requires very little common-sense or philosophy to perceive that man owes no responsibility to God, and that God can only by an act of supreme impertinence demand any duty or service of man. That man cannot sin against God plainly follows from the fact that man as God's creature can only act in accordance with the instincts and disposition given him by his creator. Man's nature, on the Christian theory, being made not by him but for him, the responsibility for the moral outcome of that nature rests not with him, but with God. Inasmuch as man is sinful and continually prone to err, God, as the *one* source of *all* things, must logically be accounted, not only the prime author of sin, but also as either instigating or as permitting every evil thing in man. Whatever alternative we adopt, the consequence is equally disgraceful to God and calamitous to man. First, God makes man with a nature prone to err; secondly, he permits man to be beguiled into error by that cruel deceiver, the Devil; thirdly, he vitiates with the taint of sin the moral nature of all mankind as punishment for the trifling disobedience of Adam; and, fourthly, has the cool audacity, after being accessory before and after the birth of sin in man, to punish the hapless progeny of Adam for what Adam could not, and what God would not, prevent. Let the Deity acknowledge his past criminal behavior, his treachery and callousness towards man; and instead of punishing man for sin, let him in shame hide from the face of humanity his diminished head, or stand humbly on the stool of repentance and, with tears of sorrow in his eyes, beg man's pardon for having been a naughty wicked God, promising to be a good God in the future, and never to do bad things of the sort again.

Every candid mind must perceive, from the above considerations, that the infamy attaching to human sin belongs, logically, not to man, but to God; and that man in this, as in all his dealings with God, is more sinned against than sinning. Nay, more—to show the heinous criminality of God—it plainly follows that God's character is freighted with a cargo of sin outweighing all the sins that ever blackened the lives of all the sin-laden wretches since the time of Adam, inasmuch as the sins they bore were not of their own growth and cultivation, but simply their inheritance of the eternally accumulating excrescences of divine guilt and corruption—in short, a sort of moral leprosy with which God empoisoned the springs of human nature in order to render man almost as wicked as himself.

Man, therefore, cannot sin against a sinful God. He can only sin against his fellow man, or against the animals that come within the scope of his activity. God is beyond the sphere of human action, and therefore unaffected thereby. Sin against God thus becomes an impossibility. As well say that man can sin against the man in the moon as against the Deity. Reason and common-sense alike declare that man's duty is not towards God, but towards man. The gods are outside the sphere of man's social activities, and to prate of duty in respect to social nonentities is preposterous folly. Man owes more duties to his dog than to his imaginary God—nay, the dog, by his faithful services, justly claims man's grateful consideration, whereas do-nothing useless gods are more a bane than a blessing to man.

The recognition of the fact of man's uselessness and irresponsibility towards God gives the death-blow to all the religious observances so ostentatiously paraded before the eyes of Deity. It thence ensues that all the money, time and energy so lavishly devoted to the service of God, with the three-fold object of propitiating an angry Deity, of gaining admission to an imaginary heaven, and escaping the flames of a fictitious hell, represent so many precious opportunities of usefulness whereof humanity has been defrauded. These prostituted efforts are the more deplorable, from the fact that God is neither needful nor worthy of the services of man. For if, as is alleged, the Deity is infinitely happy, why seek by the vain flattery of prayer and adoration to increase that happiness? Whilst if, on the other hand, as we contend, the revealed character of Deity is stained

with the infamy of a thousand crimes against man, how can humanity, without being dead to shame and every sense of wrong, cast, as it were, its most precious pearls before swine, in sacrificing so many noble efforts and aspirations to the service of an idol so grim and ghastly?

WILLIAM HEAFORD.

EPIGRAMS.

What the Bigots said.

WHEN Bradlaugh swore, the bigots all did swear,
Who hoped the case was laid upon the shelf.
"His saying 'help me, God' can't be sincere,
For to his seat he comes and helps himself."

On the Liberals who deserted Northampton.

WHEN recreant Liberals cheat the nation,
And help the bigots gain the day,
How can they cloak their reputation,
How hope to hide their guilt away?
The only dodge to foil detection,
And mask their shame from every eye,
To keep their seats at next election,
And gull the voters, is to lie.

On the Member for N. Warwickshire.

THAT ignorance will make devout,
There is a general notion;
So plainly none can ever doubt
Of Newdegate's devotion.

Newdegate again.

'Tis said his mind is narrow, but, O Lord,
His speeches surely show his mind's abroad.

A Deist's Retort.

THAT I'm an Atheist you screech,
Since in your church I do not kneel;
True! I deny the God you preach
When I affirm the God I feel.

LA O N.

ACID DROPS.

WE hear that when Mr. Bradlaugh pulled out his pocket Testament and took the oath prescribed by law, all the Conservative members who were unprovided with cotton-wool, thrust their thumbs into their ears lest they should hear the profanation. Mr. Newdegate, who always carries cotton-wool, stuffed an extra handful into each of his big ears. Samuel Morley rent his nether garments and shrieked "blasphemy!" Randy Pandey's moustache stood on end so fiercely that a week's caressing won't bring back its curl, and Baron de Worms howled like one of the beasts of the Apocalypse.

APPROPRIATE hymnal motto for the divinely-inspired "Lord Clinton"—"I'll Fearneaux *fraud* with thee at hand to bless."

IN *China's Millions* for the current month, Mr. H. G. Parrott, of Ping-yang Fu, Sbusi Province, tells of an anxious enquirer who came to him after hearing of the Christian religion from Roman Catholic converts, and observed, "They said I was to repent of sin, entreat heaven and earth for forgiveness, and afterwards *I should myself become a god.*" Mr. Parrott repudiated this notion of Christianity, although Jesus said that his disciples should become one with the Father, even as he and his Father were one. The missionary hadn't anything to offer the Chinaman half so good as his own mistaken notion of Christianity.

A BETTER story than this is told by Sir J. Emerson Tennent, in his work on Ceylon. A missionary asked a Buddhist priest if he worshipped the gods. "Not I," said the follower of Gautama, "*the gods worship me.*"

OUR information about Enoch, having been taken wholly from the book of Genesis, was somewhat scanty until we were enlightened by reading Mr. D. L. Moody's sermon on "The First Translated Saint." All we knew of Methuselah's father was that his days were as many years as there are days in the year, and that he walked with God and was not, for God took him. Why the nebulous old patriarch promenaded with the Deity, or where God took him, we had never ascertained.

MR. MOODY has not entirely enlightened us, but he has contributed some new and interesting particulars. It seems Enoch "was unpopular amongst men." We don't wonder at that; the world wasn't very populous, and walkers with God are usually fellows who like being despised. Enoch was translated. Not so much as the Bible, which has had the honor of being rendered into several languages which have no existence. But doubly

translated, any way. In the first place, Mr. Moody tells us "Enoch was caught up and carried away from such a pestilential atmosphere." Something, we suppose, like Gannymede was carried away by Jupiter's eagle. But a little further on Mr. Moody says: "I can see him with one glad exultant leap clear the barrier of death, and with one bound place his feet on the crystal pavement of heaven," something in the style of the spring-board acrobat. Parties who want to see how it was really done should refer back to our Bible Illustration, No. 5.

Mr. MOODY says that the Lord is so anxious to save souls that he takes the Devil's castaways. Judging by the specimens of saved sinners whom we have met, and such accounts of their lives as we have read, we think it doubtful if the Lord ever gets anything else.

THE Salvationists have been having a grand council of war and review of troops at Bristol. A friend who attended one of their meetings tells us he was assured that "if I only believed I might be saved, even if I had broken the whole DIALOGUE." This is as good as the utterance of a "lassie" at the Salvationist headquarters, the other day. She declared that she had been "a hot 'un," but praise God she was freezing many degrees below Zion until Jesus pulled her up, and then, bless his name, she was saved.

DR. PARKER says in the *Christian Chronicle* (late *Fountain*): "We thank Mr. Varley for having set before our representatives these appalling extracts" (from the *Freethinker*). It isn't often we agree with Dr. P., but when we do our unanimity is wonderful. We have gone to some expense to show our appreciation to Mr. Varley's congregation, and we are ready to do ditto to Dr. Parker's.

ELDER J. R. STERRAT, of Salt Lake City, observed that a purified mind like that of the saints of old, Abraham and Isaac, and Jacob and David, is essential to a religious belief in a plurality of wives. Elder Sterrat is a much married Mormon, and resents legislative interference with the divine institution of polygamy.

WILLIAM SINDRUM, a murderer lying at the Tombs Prison, New York, has sent a letter to the papers accompanied by a sketch of a man hanging on a gallows, and underneath the inscription "Nearer, my God, to thee." Christians should never wonder at an ignominious death being considered the passport to glory. It is the foundation of their own faith.

If you want to turn a man into a Christian you must put him into a funk. Bishop Fraser knows this, and is always on the lookout for a good bugbear. He thought he had a capital one in the supposed recurrence of a comet in fifteen years, whose absorption in the sun would burn everything up. The Bishop cited Mr. Proctor as a scientific authority for this speedy fulfilment of long-delayed prophecy. Mr. Proctor, however, in the last number of his excellent journal *Knowledge*, says, "There is not the slightest reason to fear that the comet of 1843 and 1880, presuming they are the same, will do any harm to the solar system when they are finally absorbed." So we shall have to wait for the second coming of Jesus until the sweet by-and-bye.

LORD SHAFTESBURY is in favor of creating a few Jewish peers. We think the Jews might wait until they get to heaven. In the New Jerusalem they are to occupy every post of honor, and they will eat for ever of the fruit of the tree of life, while all the other nations drink a weak decoction of the leaves.

FOR sale! for sale! Forty yards of gold flooring in Heaven. For reasons that need not be mentioned the seller wishes to purchase a villa elsewhere, and he is desirous to dispose of his celestial inheritance. No reasonable offer refused. Guaranteed *bona fide*. Seller is one of the real elect, and will, if required, show the Lord's private mark. Apply to Malcontent, 19, Lucifer Street, Gehenna Square, any time after dark.

THE Rev. W. W. Howard, of Wellington, writes in the *Christian* that "a follower of Mr. Bradlaugh" was converted by Dicky Weaver during his recent visit. We don't believe a word of it. Perhaps one of our readers in the neighborhood will make inquiries and report.

THE Rev. Griffith John, referring to the Roman Catholic Missions in China, complains that although they have been established for three hundred years, the Bible has never been translated by the priests into Chinese. That only shows how much wiser they are than the Protestants. Directly the Bible is translated, the Chinese see what it is like, and they treat it with scorn as a collection of old-wives' fables. The worst thing missionaries can do is to translate the Jew book. Colenso began it for the Kaffirs, and instead of his converting them, they converted him.

MR. JOHN also urged that if the Chinese were taught physical science their "god of thunder," and similar superstitions, would be knocked on the head. Quite so. And physical science will knock on the head the Christian's god, to whom our parsons pray for rain and fine weather. Where's the difference? Nowhere,

except in this, that the Christian humbug goes all over the world trying to convert other humbugs that stay at home.

DR. Mc'CANN recommends a study of "the nature and philosophy of miracles." The nature of them is delusion, and the philosophy of them is swindling. No truth ever required a miracle to support it, and no lie ever flourished long without one.

MOODY says that Christians "don't want book-knowledge to enable them to meet sceptics." Oh dear no! When the good Christian hears the naughty sceptic state that Moses and Darwin don't square, he must answer with a pretty, sweet, pious story about an infidel who fell down and broke his leg, and then was nursed by a kind Christian lady, and at last recovered and renounced Darwin and all his works, and now journeys heavenwards, singing "Holy Moses." That's the style. You'll soon convert sceptics in that way.

A CHRISTIAN contemporary warns all applicants for tracts to read them carefully before giving them away, as "it is found that infidels send tracts to the persons whose names are inserted here." Fancy the horror of a pious distributor who found that instead of handing a stranger a copy of "The Foundations of Heaven," he had given him a copy of "Hell Exploded."

REQUESTS for prayer are published in the *Christian*. One is "that a twenty years' invalid may be restored to health." That's pretty tough. Another is "for a clever young physician who is inclined to scepticism." That's the toughest of all.

ANOTHER pious scoundrel. Charles Frost, has just been sentenced to three months' hard labor for theft. Mrs. Marshall of Ernest Place, Bethnal Green, agreed to board and lodge him for a pound a week. Morning and night he fell on his knees in the kitchen and prayed for his landlady and her husband, but he never paid any cash, and finally he disappeared with an umbrella. We allow that the rascal has met with his deserts, but we must observe that Mrs. Marshall is hardly a consistent Christian. According to the Sermon on the Mount, when Charles Frost levanted with her umbrella, she should have informed him that her parasol was to be had on the same terms.

ED. BENNET, a well-known religious character in South Shields, has been sent to Durham jail for one month for having deserted his wife and three children. The relieving officer stated that the case was one of cruel and heartless neglect. On the 13th of January last the prisoner left home, promising to send his wife 15s. per week during his absence. He went to Thornley Colliery, taking with him a young woman named Elizabeth Wilson, who had occupied a prominent official position in the Salvation Army, and had latterly been engaged as a town missionary. This young woman had lodged at prisoner's house eleven months. Mrs. Bennet, seeing the condition of her fair lodger, requested her to leave. Subsequently the elopement with Bennet was arranged, and upon the prisoner's wife following them up, he refused to give anything for her maintenance. If this were the case of a sceptic, what comments would not the Christian papers make upon the deplorable effects of the pernicious principles of Freethought!

At the Holmfirth Petty Sessions, Joseph Simpson, clerk in holy orders, at present curate of St. Mary's, Holmfirth, was summoned for assaulting George Battye, aged eight years. Mr. D. F. E. Sykes appeared to prosecute, and characterised Mr. Simpson's conduct as a disgrace to the cloth he wore. It appears the child tried to turn back the clergyman's cat, which was following him to church, whereupon the reverend gentleman boxed his ears, blacked both his eyes, and struck him violently on the mouth. Upon being remonstrated with, he said, "I am vicar of this village, and it is my right to chastise the children of this parish when they misbehave." He afterwards wished the parents to apologise for the boy, who, he alleged, had mocked his family. He was fined 10s. and costs. If the prosecutor's statement is correct—and the magistrate evidently thought so—the reverend defendant got off very easily; but, on the other hand, how easily did little George Battye get off. Had he lived in the time of Elisha, two she-bears might have been down on him, and he would have had no remedy.

WE insert the following anonymous effusion as a specimen of the remonstrances addressed to us by aggrieved Christians. If they would give their names and addresses we might hand their letters over to the Commissioners of Lunacy:—

"Sir on thursday evening there was a meeting at the morley hall hackney which I attended & has it was on church work Mr Samuel Morley was in the chair & at the close which was with prayer a young man at the Back of me shouted out take a track which I at once did but to my surprise I found it was headed Butcher Varley tricks & I see that he had a Bundle of them which he was giving away I went up and spoke to him But he would not stop at the same passing the insulting remark that we were all Bigots that followed pious Sam which I thought was very unbecoming I should have locked him up if I had been able, most of my Friends were surprised that he was allowed to give them away hoping it will occur again I remain a lover of the Lord Jesus Bradlaugh will gain no ground in hackney."

SPECIAL NOTICE.

MR. FOOTE lectures three times to-day (Sunday, February 26th) in the Camden Hall, Camden Street, Liverpool. Morning, at 11, "Great Christ is Dead;" Afternoon, at 3, "Jehovah, Son, and Company;" Evening, at 7, "Hell Fire and Salvation by Faith."

MR. FOOTE'S ENGAGEMENTS.

March 5th, Claremont Hall, London; 12th, Edinburgh; 14th, and 15th, Dundee; 19th, Glasgow; 21st Walworth; 22nd, New Commonwealth Club, London; 26th, Nottingham.

April 2nd, Birmingham; 19th, Hackney Workmen's Club.

May 14th, Plymouth.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ALL business communications to be addressed to Mr. W. J. RAMSEY, 28, Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.

LITERARY communications to the Editor, Mr. G. W. FOOTE, No. 9, South Crescent, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

B. BOSTOCK.—We are much obliged for your trouble.

J. GUY.—Thanks for cutting.

R. SIMPSON.—John Toland was author of the work "Christianity not Mysterious," published anonymously. "Christianity as Old as the Creation" was by Matthew Tindal.

SAML. RICHARDSON asks if we happen to know the young peer patron of eighteen livings who is not noted for dissipation. Our acquaintance, though wide, is somewhat select. We do not enter the nobility upon our list of friends.

P. GORDON sends us the following parody on Vance's popular song:—

How do you like Heaven?
The Father and the Son?
How do you like the Holy Ghost,
The mystic three in one?
Do you play a golden harp?
Have you acquired the touch?
How did you get that halo on?
And does it fit you much?
How do you like Hades?
How do you like Hell?
How d'you like the brimstone?
And can you stand the smell?
How d'you like the Devil,
With his light and gentle touch?
Has he pricked you with his pitchfork yet?
And did it hurt you much?

H. ELLIS.—Büchner's "Mind in Animals," translated by Mrs. Besant, and published at 28, Stonecutter Street, would furnish you with what you require. By all means send the sketches if you think them up to the mark.

C. A. CLARKE.—Scarcely suitable. We are overwhelmed with copy.

OUR correspondents must not expect private answers by post even when they enclose a stamped envelope. Replies will be given in this column in all cases.

T. WILLIAMS.—You cannot expect chairmen to be as good speakers as the lecturers. Thanks.

SUBSCRIBER.—We cannot inform you where the pamphlet is now procurable.

J. WILKS.—We are pleased to hear that "the *Freethinker* is still gaining ground in Bradford." Mr. Foote will try to pay Bradford another visit shortly.

J. TURNER.—Received. See "Acid Drops."

A. WEBB.—We cannot give the name of the Atheistic M.P. The law of libel is too severe. We are glad to hear that the *Freethinker* is so well appreciated in Plymouth.

W. R. WASLEY.—You have simply to state in writing to the master of the Board School that you wish your child withdrawn from religious instruction. If you find any difficulty in getting your wish obeyed, communicate with Mr. Bradlaugh, who is still an M.P., and he will apply to the Education Council for redress.

H. SANDERSON.—Thanks. We are glad to hear that the *Freethinker* is well received in Jarrow.

F. H. START.—1. "Tennysonianism," published by Pickering, 196, Piccadilly, will give you all the information you want. See, too, *Cornhill*, January and July, 1880, and *Fortnightly Review*, February, 1881. 2. Mrs. Broderip's "Memorials of Tom Hood" were published by Moxon. 3. Rossetti's edition is a critical one; Buxton Forman gives the original text.

A. CROSSWAITE.—We hope to keep up your "weekly treat." Mr. Foote will visit your town some day.

MR. BRADLAUGH'S EXPULSION.

AFTER going to press the news arrived that Mr. Bradlaugh had been expelled the House for complying with a form it imposes on its members. We are nevertheless glad he did so, and that he asserted his membership by voting. The bigots may speak of "outrage," "insult," and "profanation;" but the country knows that the true issue is—shall a majority of the House override the choice of a constituency? Let Northampton be true to the great cause in her hands, and the House that has thus disgraced itself will yet have to expunge its resolution of expulsion.

SUGAR PLUMS.

MESSRS. HURST and Blackett announce a new novel, by the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, with the euphonious title of "Gehenna." We will back Ingersoll's plain "Hell" against any revised version of this kind.

PROFESSOR FELIX ADLER, president of the New York Society of Ethical Culture, has been lecturing in Chicago on "The Decadence of Religious Dogmas." This sound is going forth even unto the ends of the earth.

THE Christadelphians of Cheltenham have taken a new departure. They call themselves Humanitarians, and advertise as under: That the initial chapters of Matthew and Luke are spurious, and the Miraculous Conception a lie, is proved by the historical fact that Herod the Great was dead five years before Jesus was born. PROOF.—Josephus testifies that Augustus Cæsar reigned 57, and Herod 37 years, or, in other words, that Augustus lived 20 years longer than Herod. Luke testifies in the 3rd chapter (which properly is the first) of his Gospel, that Jesus was 30 years old in the fifteenth year of Tiberius, the successor of Augustus Cæsar. He must, therefore, have been born 15 years before Augustus died, or five years after the death of Herod! This fact invalidates the whole story.

D. I. P. writing to the *Spectator*, tells the story of a friend who was taking a walk with a clergyman who said, "I'm tired, I was called up in the middle of the night to baptise a dying child." "Were you in time?" "Just in time. Another half a minute, and I should have been too late." "And if you had been, what then?" "Why, the poor little thing would have been lost." "Eternally?" "Well, yes, according to our belief." "May I ask what sort of boots you wear?" "Elastic-sided, always." "Then suppose you wore laced, and had taken two minutes to put them on, the child would have been dead and damned eternally."

THE *Church Reformer* points out that sixty City churches, with livings of an aggregate of £41,814, and parochial charities of £116,960 per annum, are devoted to a population of less than 4,000 churchgoers. St. Alphage, London Wall, has a living worth £926 a year, parochial charities worth £1,016 a year, and an average congregation of eleven.

WE are glad to notice the progress made by the Manchester Branch of the National Secular Society. The hard-working Committee deserve and require the support of all Freethinkers in the district. A fund of £100 for general purposes is now being raised, with which it is intended to carry on a still more active propaganda of Freethought in the city, through the agency of free lectures and gratuitous distribution of literature. The sum of £50 has already been paid in, and at one of Mr. Foote's lectures last Sunday a gentleman promised £10 directly the other ninety was made up.

ACTIVITY means success, as the Manchester friends have discovered. Other places should lay to heart the same lesson. A frank-spoken American said that "he didn't care a curse for a cause that couldn't make a row." He was about right. Our advice to Freethinkers everywhere is—"make a row." Give the enemy no peace, let the neighborhood see that you are alive, and create a whirlpool of agitation into which people will be drawn despite themselves.

WHAT is the difference between religion and superstition? Hobbes tells us. Religion is a superstition in fashion, and superstition is a religion out of fashion.

HERE is a fine admission of Christian failure abroad. A writer on Missions in the *Christian World* says that "The smallest acquaintance with the great mission fields of the world, such as India and China, will show that the work has only just begun; that the ancient religions of the people are still intact; that the upper and learned classes, especially, have scarcely been touched; and that, for years to come, the feeble streams of Christian influence that are slowly finding their way through those vast lands, will have to be fed continuously and bountifully from the fountain head of spiritual life at home."

THE only Missionary Society that ever really succeeded, so far as we know, was got up many years ago in America. The enterprising Secretary, who was also Treasurer, toiled very hard to obtain funds, and eventually bolted with eighty thousand dollars. From a safe retreat in the West Indies he wrote to his committee, informing them that as the money was raised for converting the heathen, and as he was himself the greatest heathen he knew, he meant to devote the cash for the rest of his life to his own conversion. He succeeded in his pious enterprise, died in the full odor of sanctity, and went off to the kingdom of heaven. That is the only successful mission we ever heard of.

CARDINAL MANNING deplors that the Christian world has become faithless, and that religion is being rapidly banished

from every department of public life. How tastes differ! We consider this glad tidings of great joy.

THE Rev. S. Baring-Gould, in his "Golden Gate," part I., p. 177, states that "The Sacred Scriptures, without note or comment, in the hands of all, are not a sufficient guide to truth; the Bible thus used is not useless only, but *dangerous to morality and truth.*"

MR. FOOTE'S audiences at Manchester last Sunday were the largest he has ever had. In the evening the hall was densely crowded. The Parliamentary advertisement of the *Freethinker* no doubt contributed to this success.

MR. WILKS, of 129 Manchester Road, Bradford, has published Ingersoll's "Whence and Whither," a funeral oration over the grave of a child, as a four-paged Tract, at two shillings a hundred.

REFERRING to the sack of Pisco and the massacre of its inhabitants, the *Daily News* says that "the whole affair reads like a chapter of the Book of Judges." Won't Samuel Morley's hair stand on end when he reads this!

DR. DAVIDSON ON THE NEW TESTAMENT.

(Concluded from p. 62.)

WITH regard to the Gospel ascribed to John, Dr. Davidson carefully examines all the alleged evidence of its early date, with the result of showing that it entirely breaks down. He notes that in Eusebius's extract from Papias, that early father, who is called a hearer and disciple of John, makes no mention of John's Gospel, though he does of those of Matthew and Mark. Even in the time of Justin Martyr (A.C. 147—150) the doctrine of the Logos is found in a form distinct from that of John, and, as Dr. Davidson says:

"Had the fourth gospel existed, and been regarded as the work of an apostle by Justin, it would have been a welcome production. He would have used, in support of his views respecting the Logos, a document which expresses these views definitely and decidedly" (p. 343., vol. ii.).

Remarkable as are the miracles of the fourth gospel, including, as they do, the turning of water into wine for guests well-drunk, the opening of the eyes of one born blind by spitting on them, and the raising of Lazarus from the dead after he was stinking, Justin apparently knew nothing of these little manœuvres. At least he never mentions them. Moreover he says that Christ's sayings were short and concise, implying unacquaintance with the long-winded discourses which characterise John's gospel. Stress is laid by orthodox theologians upon the alleged fact that our present gospels were received by the great body of Christians in the last quarter of the second century, and it is thence inferred they must have been in existence long before. But it is notorious that the great body of Christians were uncritical and dependent on a few teachers, such as Justin, Irenæus, and Tertullian, who were not themselves by any means discerning. Dr. Davidson says:—

"The fourth gospel was, from its very nature, welcomed and accepted by zealous Catholics as an antidote to heretical gnosticism as well as a theological biography fitted to attract Gentile thought. We submit that twenty or twenty-five years were sufficient in the circumstances of the time to account for its ready reception by the advocates of tradition in their haste to make up a canon. That the four and *none others* were then adopted, there is no evidence to show any more than that their acceptance was *universal*. The contrary is true" (p. 391, vol. i.).

Matthew Arnold's ingenious hypothesis that the writer of the fourth gospel worked up a lot of valuable materials which he got from John, is very improbable, since "John was a Jewish Christian of the type conspicuous in the Revelation," the type, viz., of ignorant, narrow, and revengeful fanaticism, and of sensuous fancy totally distinct from the spiritual and philosophical teachings of the fourth gopeller. Dr. Davidson fixes its date as about A.C. 150. We thus see that according to this most competent clerical critic the earliest of the gospels was not written until seventy years after the death of the hero of their story and the last not until 120 years after, surely sufficient time for the growth of legends among that superstitious people in that superstitious age.

The unhistorical character of the *Acts of the Apostles* and its evident purpose of seeking to reconcile the Pauline school with the followers of the rest of the apostles has become one of the common-places of critical scholarship. Dr. Davidson says very mildly:—

"This portrait of the apostle, so unlike that given in his own epistles, suggests the idea that the Acts were not written by an eye-witness and companion, but by a later hand, who had a special motive for the representation he gives; for it is impossible to believe that the regular prominence of certain features and the concealment of others were accidental" (p. 90, vol. ii.)

He dismisses the whole narratives respecting the favor-shown by Gamaliel to the apostles and the death of Ananias and Saphira as unhistorical, considers the description of the primitive believers at Jerusalem as ideal, and says that the extravagance of the miraculous element introduced may readily lead a reader to reject it.

Of the epistles ascribed to Paul, Dr. Davidson allows the Romans (save the sixteenth chapter), the two Corinthians, the Galatians, Philippians, the first of Thessalonians, and Philemon to be genuine, but rejects Ephesians, Colossians, second Thessalonians, first and second Timothy, and Titus.

The epistle to the Hebrews every scholar has long since given up as certainly not Paul's. Dr. Davidson favors the guess of Luther that it was written by Apollos. It is certainly an early document, and it is noteworthy that none of the early documents have much reference to the alleged supernatural facts of the gospel stories.

James, which Luther called "a downright strawy epistle," was attributed by the early fathers to "the Lord's brother." Dr. Davidson more plausibly refers it to a post-Pauline Ebionite, who wrote in his name about A.D. 69 or 70.

The first epistle of Peter was written by a Roman Christian in the name of Peter about A.C. 113. The second epistle of Peter is by a distinct writer and much later. It belongs to the atmosphere of the early Catholic Church towards the close of the second century. Of the first epistle of John, the doctor says: "The author of the Apocalypse could not have been the letter writer. The same conclusion follows from the fact that the apostle did not compose the fourth gospel. Of the celebrated Trinitarian verses, part of the fifth chapter, he says: "At the present day it is universally admitted that they are spurious" (p. 247, Vol. ii.). If passages, teaching an important doctrine, are certainly spurious, what means all the nonsense we hear about the integrity of the Holy Scriptures?"

The second and third epistles he considers written by John the elder at Ephesus soon after A.C. 130; not necessarily the same person as the author of the first.

Jude is not to be identified with the apostle Judas, surnamed Lebbeus or Thaddeus. It is to be dated about A.C. 140. Jude quotes the spurious book of Enoch, as indeed do many of the fathers after him.

The Revelation is the one book which modern criticism has tended to give an earlier date and an apostolical character. Traditional theologians, who apparently went on the principle of making the last in point of order the latest in point of time, used to place it from 95 to 97 A.C. Modern criticism—founding on its reference to the existing temple, and to the five kings who had fallen—places it with considerable certainty at the end of A.C. 68 or the beginning of 69. Its fervid fanaticism and raging rant of dragons, harlots, murder, blood, smoke, fire, brimstone, and vials of wrath all chime in with the character of John a son of Zebedee, surnamed a Boanerges or Son of Thunder. Most of John's horrid nightmare of the new Jerusalem was, doubtless, written during the day-dread of the impending fall of the old Jerusalem. It is in this cracked-brained Jew, who expected the immediate re-appearance of his Messiah to save only Jews, and who jumbled up symbols from Ezekiel, "Daniel," Zechariah, the Ascension of Moses, the fourth book of Esdras, and the book of Enoch, with scorpion-like locusts and lion-headed horses, and embellished them with the imagination of an Oriental jeweller's apprentice, that we get the one genuine writing of a man who knew the Incarnate God when he walked upon earth. J. M. WHEELER.

W. H. SMITH'S BOOKSTALLS.

A CURIOUS illustration of the way in which the same idea crops up simultaneously in more than one mind is furnished by the fact that whilst in a recent issue of the *Freethinker* I referred to the censorship undoubtedly exercised in connexion with the bookstalls at railway stations, in the *Referee* of two Sundays ago the same topic is discussed. "Great wits jump," it has been written, and I am naturally pleased to find myself jumping with so great a wit as "Dagonet."

The discovery of oxygen was made almost at the same hour by Priestley, in Birmingham, and by Lavoisier, in Paris. Messrs. Pictet and Cailletet, working wholly independently one of the other in different parts of France, made the recalcitrant gases hydrogen and oxygen into liquids at almost identical times. And now the most successful of the young school of dramatists is touching upon the same point as that to which I had made reference.

Seriously, it is good to see that there seems to be a possibility of some change in this matter. The *Referee* states that a meeting was held at Waterloo Station, at which the question as to the monopoly by one firm of the bookstalls at the railway stations was discussed. We English people jog along in such a queer, unreasoning, happy-go-lucky way that the most familiar facts to us ought in many cases to be the most astounding.

How many of us have thought clearly of the full significance of the following facts? (1) That the chief railway stations in the United Kingdom are supplied with literature solely by one man. (2) That numberless places in this kingdom are wholly dependent on their railway stations, and therefore on this one man for their supply of literature. (3) That this one man is a prominent politician.

In any case, I think, the monopoly would be an evil. Prices are kept at their highest. I am not one of those who want to buy the *Daily News* for 3d., or obtain the *Saturday Review* for 4d. But everyone knows that books can be bought at a very considerable discount. 2d. or 3d. in 1s. are taken off the price of books by the majority of booksellers. But nothing of the kind is done by Mr. W. H. Smith of the railway bookstalls. There is no reason why he should act thus, as he has no competitor. Hence, when we have to buy a novel, as we start from Paddington or Euston, the full price has to be given.

But the real evil, I submit, is this. The literary supply of a large part of this country is under the control of a leading member of one of the two great political parties. I do not think Mr. W. H. Smith will ever stop the supply of Liberal papers to the provinces. His business would suffer too severely. But there can be no manner of doubt that the more extreme Radical papers lie under his interdict, and that thus practically a limitation to free-trade in newspapers is made. If one reflects a single moment the position is scandalous. The reading supply of the country is largely under the control of one man, and that man, from his position, is the very person most likely to burke free-speaking, and to prevent those who write for the people reaching those for whom they write.

Those papers whose chief object is to raise the people, to teach them how to live more purely, to think more accurately, are stigmatised by politicians of the W. H. Smith type as immoral and indecent. I don't think we have as yet thoroughly grasped the whole meaning of this. But I am sure it is full time that we did. And I for one, am therefore glad that the matter has been taken up. It will be of distinct value to the community at large when this monopoly, which in its consequences I do not hesitate to call disgraceful, ceases, and men can obtain on their railway journeys all sorts and conditions of literature, without their having to first filter through the exceedingly narrow meshes of a Conservative M.P.'s political and religious strainer.

EDWARD B. AVELING, D.S.C.

FREETHOUGHT GLEANINGS.

THE EARLY CONVERSION OF BARBARIANS TO CHRISTIANITY.—The different motives which influenced the reason or the passion of the barbarian converts cannot easily be ascertained. They were often capricious and accidental; a dream, an omen, the report of a miracle, the example of some priest or hero, the charms of a believing wife, and, above all, the fortunate event of a prayer or vow which, in a moment of danger, they had addressed to the God of the Christians.—*Gibbon*, "Decline and Fall," chap. xxxvii.

THE HYPOTHESIS OF CREATION.—He who can believe that St. Goar, of Trèves, transformed a sunbeam into a hat-peg, or that men were once changed into werewolves by putting on an enchanted girdle, or that Joshua and Cardinal Ximenes constrained the earth to pause in its rotation, will probably find no difficulty in accepting such a hypothesis to account for the origin of men and oxen. To persons in such a stage of culture it is no obstacle to any hypothesis that it involves an assumption as to divine interposition which is incapable of scientific investigation and uninterpretable in terms of human experience. It can hardly be

denied, however, that any hypothesis which involves such an assumption is at once excluded from the pale of science, and relegated to the regions of mythology, where it may continue to satisfy those to whom mythologic interpretations of natural phenomena still seem admissible, but can hardly be deemed of much account by the scientific inquirer.—*Prof. John Fiske*, "Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy," part ii., chap. ix., pp. 441-2, vol. 1.

THE NEW TESTAMENT CANON.—The first Christians relied on the Old Testament as their chief religious book. To them it was of divine origin and authority. The New Testament writings came into gradual use, by the side of the older Jewish documents, according to the times in which they appeared and the names of their reputed authors. The Epistles of Paul were the earliest written; after which came the Apocalypse, the Epistle to the Hebrews, and other documents, all in the first century. After the first gospel had undergone a process of translation, re-writing, and interpolation, from the Aramaic basis, the *discourses*, of which Papias of Hierapolis speaks, until the traces of another original than the Greek are all but effaced; it appeared in its present form early in the second century. Soon after, that of Luke was composed, whose prevailing Pauline tendency was not allowed to suppress various features of a Jewish Essene type. The second gospel, which bears evidences of its derivation from the other synoptists, was followed by the fourth. The last document was the so-called Epistle of Peter.—*Dr. Samuel Davidson*, "The Canon of the Bible," chap. vi., pp. 108-9, 3rd edition, 1880.

PROFANE JOKES.

ANOTHER correspondent vouches for an anecdote which illustrates the vigor of Calvinism. A border-land Presbyterian, on the point of death, made his wife read the Bible to him, upon her remarking, at a strange verse, that it was curious that God's word was so hard to understand, the dying man shouted out, in a fury, "Damn the woman, does she not believe the Bible?"

AN Aberdonian gave sixpence towards having a prayer offered for fine weather. None came. When he next went to kirk, and the plate came round, he took out sixpence, saying, "I'll hae my saxpence back again, I'm na goin' to be swindled."

"WHEN you peruse the Scriptures," said a dignitary of the Church to Harry Philips, the auctioneer of Bond Street, "whose virtue do you most admire?" "Why," said H. P., "that is a puzzling question, but at the present moment I can recollect nothing superior to Lot's."

"AH!" said Mrs. Ramsbotham, shaking her head over the "good old times,"—"you may write 'Kaickerbocker' over them, for their glory is departed."

FURTHER BIBLIANA. Who was Eli? Eli was a priest of the Lord, without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days nor end of life; his sons were sons of Belial, and he cured Naaman's leprosy by being fed by a raven forty days and nights in a wilderness, from which he was taken to heaven in a chariot of fire, whence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead, world without end. Amen.

A NEW REVELATION.

LISTEN, ye infidels, to the mighty and mysterious ways of the Lord, and how he proves by revelation the truth of his Holy Book!

A sincere and pious friend of mine, whose home is on the mighty deep, but whose heart is with the Lord, has just told me that one day while sailing in the Pacific Ocean they saw a huge fish hovering near the ship. It was decided to harpoon it, which was done after some trouble. The fish was then secured, and my friend with knife and axe cut into the belly thereof, where—Oh joy, joy, joy! Sing unto the Lord for his greatness—he discovered the pocket-book of Jonah, the Lord's chosen messenger to Nineveh. There, too, on the side of the monster's belly were his initials, J. B. A., Jonah Ben Amittai, rudely cut. Under this were the words, "Off to Nineveh, per express whale," which he must have carved after his repentance and prayer. In addition there was the stump of a tooth-brush, with which doubtless the prophet tickled the monster's belly, and, with the help of the Lord, made him to vomit.

And now, poor infidel, what hast thou to say to this fresh revelation of God's holy truth? Wilt thou continue obstinate, and be damned? Down on thy marrow-bones and pray for forgiveness, lest ye be cast into the lake of fiery brimstone and treacle, where the smoke of thy torment shall ascend for ever and ever. Hallelujah! Hallelujah! unto him be all the glory!

J. E.

P.S.—Portions of the whale's blubber may be had on application. Many kind Christian friends having suggested that the tooth-brush should be raffled for, tickets can be had for the moderate sum of ten shillings each.

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