

THE FREETHINKER.

REGISTERED FOR]

EDITED BY G. W. FOOTE.

[TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

VOL. II.—No. 17.]

APRIL 23, 1882.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

"COMIC BIBLE" SKETCHES.—XXIII.



A CARNIVOROUS GOD.

"Cain brought of the fruit of the ground an offering unto the Lord; and Abel, he also brought of the firstlings of his flock, and of the fat thereof. And the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering: But unto Cain and to his offering he had not respect."—Genesis iv., 3—5.

SALVATIONISM.

THERE is no new thing under the sun, said the wise king. Many a surprising novelty is only an old thing in a new dress. And this is especially true in respect to religion. Ever since the feast of Pentecost, when the Apostles all jabbered like madmen, Christianity has been marked by periodical fits of insanity. It would occupy two much space to enumerate these outbursts, which have occurred in every part of Christendom, but we may mention a few that have happened in our own country. During the Commonwealth, some of the numerous sects went to the most ludicrous extremes; preaching rousing sermons, praying through the nose, assuming Biblical names, and prophesying the immediate reign of the saints. There was a reaction against the excesses of Puritanism after the death of Cromwell, and until the time of Whitfield and Wesley religion continued to be a sober and respectable influence, chiefly useful to the sovereign and the magistrate. But these two powerful preachers rekindled the fire of religious enthusiasm in the hearts of the common people, and Methodism was founded among those whom the Church had scarcely touched. Not many years ago the Hallelujah Band spread itself far and wide, and then went out like a straw fire. And now we have Salvationism, doing just the same kind of work, and employing just the same kind of means. Will this new movement die away like so many others? It is difficult to say. Salvationism may be only a flash in the pan; but, on the other hand, it may provide the only sort of Christianity possible in an age of science and freethought. The educated

classes and the intelligent artisans will more and more desert the Christian creed, and there will probably be left nothing but the dregs and the scum, for whom Salvationism is exactly suited. Christianity began among the poor, ignorant, and depraved; and it will very likely end its existence among the very same classes.

In all these movements we see a striking illustration of what the biologists call the law of Atavism. There is a constant tendency to return to the primitive type. We can form some idea of what early Christianity was by reading the Acts of the Apostles. The true believers went about preaching in season and out of season; they cried and prayed with a loud voice; they caused tumult in the streets, and gave plenty of trouble to the civil authorities. All this is true of Salvationism to-day; and we have no doubt that the early Church, under the guidance of Peter, was just a counterpart of the Salvation Army under "General" Booth—to the Jews, or men of the world, a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks, or educated thinkers, a folly.

Early Christians were "full of the Holy Ghost," that is of wild enthusiasm. Scoffers said they were drunk, and they acted like madmen. Leap across seventeen centuries, and we shall find Methodists acting in the same way. Wesley states in his Journal (1739) of his hearers at Wapping, that "some were torn with a kind of convulsive motion in every part of their bodies, and that so violently that often four or five persons could not hold one of them." And Lecky tells us, in his "History of the Eighteenth Century," that "religious madness, which, from the nature of its hallucinations, is usually the most miserable of all the forms of insanity, was in this, as in many later revivals, of no unfrequent occurrence." Now Salvationism produces the very same effects. It drives many people mad; and it is a common thing for men and women at its meetings to shout, dance, jump, and finally fall on the floor in a pious ecstasy. While they are in this condition, the Holy Ghost is entering them and the Devil is being driven out. Poor creatures! They take us back in thought to the days of demoniacal possession, and the strange old world that saw the devil-plagued swine of Gadara drowned in the sea.

The free and easy mingling of the sexes at these pious assemblies, is another noticeable feature. Love-feasts were a flagrant scandal in the early Church, and women who returned from them virtuous must have been miracles of chastity. Methodism was not quite so bad, but it tolerated some very strange pranks. The Rev. Richard Polwhele, in his "Anecdotes of Methodism" (a very rare book), says that "At St. Agnes, the Society stay up the whole night, when girls of twelve and fourteen years of age, run about the streets, calling out that they are possessed." He goes on to relate that at Probus "the preacher at a late hour of the night, after all but the higher classes left the room, would order the candles to be put out, and the saints fall down and kneel on their naked knees; when he would go round and thrust his hand under every knee to feel if it were bare." Salvationism does not at present go to this length, but it has still time enough to imitate all the pranks of its predecessor. There was an All-Night meeting in White-chapel a few months ago, which threatened to develop into a thorough-going love-feast. The light was rather dim, voices grew low, cheeks were perilously near, and hands met caressingly. Of course it was nothing but the love of God that moved them yet it looked like something else; and the uninitiated spectator of "the mystery of godliness" found it easy to understand how American camp-meetings tend to increase the population, and why a Magistrate in the South-west of England observed that one result of revivals in his district was a number of fatherless weans.

In one respect, Salvationism excels all previous revivals. It is unparalleled in its vulgarity. The imbecile coarseness



of its language makes one ashamed of human nature. Had it existed in Swift's time, he might have added a fresh clause to his terrible indictment of mankind. Its metaphors are borrowed from the slaughter-house, its songs are frequently coarser than those of the lowest music-hall, and the general style of its preaching is worthy of a congregation of drunken pugilists. The very names assumed by its officers are enough to turn one's stomach. Christianity has fallen low indeed when its champions boast such titles as the "Hallelujah Fishmonger," the "Blood-washed Miner," the "Devil Dodger," the "Devil Walloper," and "Gipsy Sal."

The constitution of the Salvation Army is a pure despotism. General Booth commands it absolutely. There is a Council of War, consisting of his own family. All the funds flow into his exchequer, and he spends them as he likes. No questions are allowed, no accounts are rendered, and everything is under his unqualified control. The "General" may be a perfectly honest man, but we are quite sure that none but pious lunatics would trust him with such irresponsible power.

We understand that the officials are all paid, and some of them very well. They lead a very pleasant life, full of agreeable excitement; they wear uniform, and are dubbed captain, major, or some other title. Add to all this, that they suppose themselves (when honest) to be particular favorites of God; and it will be easy to understand how so many of them prefer a career of singing and praying to earning an honest living by hard work. The Hallelujah lads and lasses could not, for the most part, get decent wages in any other occupation. All they require for this work is a good stomach and good lungs; and if they can only boast of having been the greatest drunkard in the district, the worst thief, or the most brutal character, they are on the high road to fortune, and may count on living in clover for the rest of their sojourn in this vale of tears.

G. W. FOOTE.

MORE SIGNS AND WONDERS.

If faith is good, the more of it the better, probably. Where is the merit in believing just a few miracles? The proper way to show your respect for god, gods, and goddesses is to try to swallow as many wonders as you can. Don't be too particular. What if the signs do or did occur amongst alien sects? Show yourself liberal. If you, as a Christian, do not believe the miracles of other religions, how can you hope to convert the world? Set the heathens a good example; tell them frankly you believe all stories of miracles, no matter where they are found; and then turn to them with your most bewitching smile and add, "As I believe all your miracles, my dearly-beloved friends, be so good as to show a similar respect for mine." I give you, Mr. Christian, this advice, because I feel an interest in your welfare. No thanks, pray; I'd do as much for god or devil if he came my way.

Signs and wonders were very plentiful in the early churches—where and when they were but little needed. What a god-send they would prove now! I can't imagine why the holy ghost does not work a few. Could he not, for example, turn this wicked paper into a powerful Christian advocate, by confounding our language, or by performing a Pentecostal miracle, by which all its readers should read only divine truth, whatever we might write or print? That would be an awful sell for us. My wicked sermons then would read orthodox and scriptural, spite of all profanity put into them.

In the early churches it was customary to send the consecrated bread of the sacrament to the sick; and the communicants often took it home with them and locked it up in boxes as a divine treasure. This precious bread wrought miracles and acted as a charm or amulet, securing its fortunate possessor from every sort of danger. St. Ambrose relates how a Christian named Satyrus, who had not yet been initiated into the perfect mysteries of his religion and so had never taken the sacrament himself, was on board ship in a storm. Satyrus entreated some of those who had been initiated to lend him the consecrated bread. He wrapped it carefully in his handkerchief, tied it round his neck, and then flung himself into the sea. A child's caul could not have floated him better, nor a bunch of bladders. He was the first to get to land!

I wish Christians had preserved the art of consecrating

bread; how many lives might be annually saved around the British coasts alone! All the parsons in the world cannot consecrate like that now. Like some other arts of the ancients, this is entirely gone. Poor Christians! what have they left? The mummy of their religion only; the life disappeared long ago. And even the mummy is coming to bits, for it was never properly embalmed.

The sign of the cross, too, was formerly as powerful as consecrated bread. It used to throw gates open; destroy poisonous drugs; dissolve the force of hemlock; and cure the bites of venomous beasts, Chrysostom says. But *Ichabod* is written on the cross too. Its only power now is spiritual—that is, it has only the ghost of power—except for raising money.

Holy oil also wrought wonders in the days of faith. St. Austin, good and holy man, affirms that of his own knowledge a young woman was freed from the Devil, and a dead young man restored to life, by the application of this oil. I should like to know the secret of its manufacture; I'd get a patent for it, and very soon oust all other nostrums! I cannot, by the way, understand how the Christians allowed themselves to be so persecuted and slaughtered with all the marvellous means of miraculous preservation at hand! Mr. Newdegate would soon have Mr. Bradlaugh's money, and his seat too, for one of his own creed, if he only had a thousandth part of the faith of his religious ancestors.

Bishops in those days were worse than wild beasts; they are all lambs (or what animals it is they resemble?) to-day. The Devil was a slave of the ancient bishops; he pokes fun, I am told, at modern ones. When St. Ambrose was once delivering an offender to the Devil, he had not even finished the words of consignment, when the Devil began to tear the poor wretch amazingly! This class of wild beasts is long since extinct, unfortunately for the churches.

Here is another nice item of miracle-working. Tertullian says: "An example happened, as the Lord is witness, of a woman who went to the theatre, and came back with the Devil in her; whereupon, when the unclean spirit was urged and threatened in the office of exorcising (that is, casting out) for having dared to attack one of the faithful: '*I have done nothing,*' replied he, '*but what is very fair, for I found her on my own ground.*'" The churches and chapels are theatres to-day, and the Devil gets into none of those who attend them. The Devil gave up going to churches and chapels the very same day the Holy Ghost attended last. They shook hands and parted for ever.

St. Hilarion had the scent of a blood-hound and more. "He was so full of the power of the Holy Spirit," says St. Jerome, "as to be able to discover, *from the smell of the bodies and the clothes of men, or of anything else which they had but touched*, to what particular demon, or to what vice, they were severally subject." The Christians, now-a-days, would soon destroy a man with a scent like that, to prevent exposures, if the Holy Ghost were to raise up such another. What hypocrite would be safe in presence of so gifted a nose?

One of the best methods known in the early churches of curing sickness, or even raising the dead, was to lay the patient or the corpse on the bones of a martyr—the older and more mouldy the better I believe,—and the corpse would rise as if electrified! Pity those holy bones have been lost! The Catholics have plenty of them remaining, though, but they have lost their virtue—nay, nay! Christians have lost their faith!

Gregory Thaumaturgus—*i.e.*, Gregory, the wonderful juggler—was on a journey, and perforce spent a night in a heathen temple, where devils used to appear openly. The saint put them all to flight by the name of Jesus (a name devils always detested after he drowned some of them along with the pigs), and he purified the place by the sign of the cross. The next morning when the priest came to get oracular responses from his devils as usual, they accosted him with rueful faces and drooping tails, and told him how the saint had kicked them out of house and home, and refused to let them in again. The priest ran away after Gregory and threatened him, but he paid no heed. Then he tried coaxing, and at length, the saint yielding, wrote on a slip of paper, *Gregory to Satan, Enter!* The priest returned to the temple, laid this upon the altar, and the devils were in their old places again in a twinkling.

It just strikes me that had I never read the Bible the above story would prove too much for my faith.

There were two good pious monks who wasted their

bodies to preserve their souls, and threw away the earth for "a castle in the air." One was named Anthony, the other Paul. For sixty years a raven brought Paul half a loaf daily for his rations, and a whole loaf when Anthony visited him. We are not told whether the bird baked, borrowed, or stole the bread; but no matter. When Paul died two lions came and dug his grave for him, and assisted Anthony in the burial. They departed with Anthony's benediction upon them; and no doubt those two pious beasts have long been in the menagerie of the New Jerusalem, along with the ravens that fed Elijah, the donkey of Balaam, those which Jesus rode two at once, the pigeon known as the Holy Ghost, the good apocalyptic beasts, Ezekiel's wheel-animals, and the Jackdaw of Rheims. There they await the arrival of other precious curiosities of the churches, such as, a bishop or two in *pontificalibus*, a few Salvation Army Captains, and Mr. Newdegate with the new purse he bought to hold the £500. Amen. J. SYMES.

THE ALLEGED RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

THE Religious Tract Society has just commenced the publication of a series of "Present Day Tracts," which bid fair to develop into a determined attack upon the principles of Unbelief. The second of these tracts is by the Rev. Prebendary Row, and purports to be a complete historic demonstration of the reality of Christ's resurrection from the dead. As Mr. Row is known to be an able and courteous opponent of unbelievers, and as he seems to think his argument simply unanswerable, we have thought it might be as well to teach him that even a prebend of St. Paul's is by no means infallible when dealing with the objections of opponents of Christianity.

Coming to the tract itself, the first thing noticeable is that the argument is the same as was urged by the reverend gentleman in a previously published lecture. Indeed, we were rather disgusted to find, after paying our money, that the tract is little better than an improved reprint of that lecture as issued by the Christian Evidence Society, of which we already possessed a copy.

The whole argument of the tract is presumably based upon four of Paul's epistles, viz., those of the Romans, the Galatians, and the two written to the Corinthians, which are allowed to be genuine by "all" learned unbelievers. These epistles he places (without the slightest proof), at about 28 years after Christ's crucifixion, and then endeavors, by various reasonings, to work back to the very time when that event took place. But the fact is his argument is by no means confined to these four epistles. Directly he comes to the critical point of his argument he is compelled to subpoena the four Gospels, thus showing that his adherence to the basis of his argument is by no means so close as it should be. His argument is really drawn from the four Gospels, the Acts, the conversion of Paul, four of his epistles, and the alleged inability of unbelief to account for the existence of the Christian churches, except on the assumption that Christ really did rise again. We propose to examine briefly the evidential value of the most important of these arguments, and will take the last first.

Supposing it to be the fact that unbelievers have a difficulty in explaining the origin of the resurrection story, Mr. Row must not assume that it is therefore true. The two things have no connexion. Considering the event is placed some 1800 years ago, it is only natural that difficulties would exist. But beyond this is the great fact that the denial of the truth of the assertion of a miraculous event does not imply an obligation to give some other explanation. Such a demand is absurd. When Mr. Row reads a story in Tacitus that Vespasian caused a blind man to see, he does not pass a lifetime in endeavouring either to refute or support its truth. He simply disbelieves it. So do we with the story of the resurrection of Christ. We do not try to explain its origin. We know fraud and lying are common elements in this world, but we do not know that men rise again from the dead. Mr. Row evidently forgets throughout his pamphlet that he is trying to prove an event which (outside the Bible) never occurred before, and has never occurred since. We must always remember, too, that the story is confronted, *in limine*, with the gravest difficulties. We mention two of them here, viz., the intrinsic improbability of the story itself, and the still more awkward confession that the truth of the story was *denied as soon as it was asserted*. It was denied, too, in the very place in which it is alleged to have

occurred. And what is, perhaps, most significant, it was denied by 99 per cent. of the particular people who had the amplest opportunity and desire to test its truth. Anything more fatal it would be impossible to conceive.

The so-called evidence furnished by the belief of the churches, and on which their very existence is said to have depended, is useless as proof of the reality of the resurrection. The utmost that Mr. Row's argument proves is that the churches referred to *believed* the story. But mere belief is not, and must not be confounded with, *proof*. It is on record that the early Christians held some very erroneous tenets, but the proof of such a fact by no means proves their truth. So, too, with the resurrection. Even allowing that it has been satisfactorily demonstrated that the churches did believe in the resurrection of Christ, it does not logically follow that this belief originated in a reality. Taking Mr. Row's own unproved date for the epistles to which he refers, there is still left a gap of some thirty years between the alleged event and the proof for the churches belief in it. But, more than this, the churches in Rome, Corinth and Galatia were hundreds of miles from Judea. What could they know about the resurrection except by hearsay? And what is the value of hearsay evidence *thirty* years after the event? Who will dare to assert that even *one* member in any of these churches had any personal knowledge either of Christ or of his alleged resurrection? In dealing with the evidence derived from the churches of Galatia and Corinth, Mr. Row is guilty of a little sharp practice. He conceals the important fact that both these churches were founded by Paul himself, and that all they knew of Christ's resurrection was derived by hearsay from him. Is it right, then, to attempt to support Paul's evidence by that of churches who simply received, believed, and repeated what he preached to them? This is certainly an ingenious mode of procedure unworthy a scholar like Mr. Row. The evidential value of the belief of the churches of Corinth and Galatia is therefore resolved into a mere parrot-like repetition of Paul's evidence, and must stand or fall by it. As to that of Rome, all that need be observed is that the fact of people believing in Rome that Christ rose again in Judea gives no criteria for establishing the truth of the story. The two places are hundreds of miles apart. J. E. GARNER.

(To be continued.)

ACID DROPS.

THAT body of crack-brained fanatics, the Anglo-Israelites, are at present being used by a few Conservative politicians. We have been favored with a copy of one of their circulars which was sent under cover to an M.P. This precious document sets forth the appalling sinfulness of a nation in which an Atheist can be chosen as a member of Parliament, not only once, but twice and thrice. It further draws attention to the alarming fact that it was just as the poll closed at Northampton, on March 2nd, that "great Jehovah" allowed Maclean to fire at our dearly beloved Sovereign. According to this little theory, poor Maclean will be punished for Bradlaugh's blasphemy and Northampton's crime. We begin to understand vicarious salvation. God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform.

LORD SALISBURY is appearing in a new character. Like Sir Stafford Northcote, he has begun to be pious. In one of his Liverpool speeches, he observed that all ordinary political disputes sink into insignificance beside "the great and solemn issue on which the nation and the world is entering—whether we as nations shall bow before a supernatural authority or not." Lord Salisbury, like Beaconsfield, is on the side of the angels. He thinks himself the greatest man in England; and if he puts his hand to the throne of the Almighty, it's sure to be safe.

THIS very Lord Salisbury, however, has a clause inserted in some of his London leases, forbidding the premises to be sublet to any Jew. Now the Jews bow before a supernatural authority quite as much as Lord Salisbury; nay, his very God is obtained from the people he flouts so grossly. How does he reconcile his leases with his speech?

THE Liverpool *Daily Post* gave an amusing sketch of the proceedings at the great Conservative demonstration in Hengler's Cirque, Liverpool. Before the great nobs came on the platform, a young man sang the poetical effusion of a local Fair Trader, who is also a determined enemy of Mr. Bradlaugh. Here is a sample:

To coincide with one
That denies the living God,

To me seems rather h'odd.

The pious emotion of the audience at these brilliant lines was simply indescribable.

A HOWLING Salvationist said last Sunday in the Oxford Street show, that "Bradlaugh and infidelity won't never make no effect on Christianity." Not on your sort of Christianity, O imbecile friend! Only the doctor could do you much good. Perhaps a blue pill and a grammar-book might assist the poor man a little.

IN the Malton police court, a counsel lately described the Salvation Army as "a centre of blasphemy, a den of infamy, and a sink of iniquity for the refuse of the town."

"CENSOR" writes in the *Glasgow Mail*, complaining that the "great evangelist," Mr. Moody, never remembered the city churches in his prayer or Bible meetings, and that a stranger hearing Mr. Moody pray would come to the conclusion that the only evangelistic effort in the city was being made by the few acting with him, the "stated ministers" never being mentioned in prayer. "Censor" should remember the old adage about giving "honor to whom honor is due." It is the brave fellows who storm the heights and plant the colors that people look at, not on the lolling camp-keepers who lie under canvas and eat the bread of idleness, and then boast they belong to the same regiment. Why should Mr. Moody for a moment waste his breath on such small fry as the clergy? Isn't he doing all the work? Educated, gentlemanly ministers couldn't for a moment think about such drudgery-work as "converting" people—work only suitable for the ecclesiastical navy. No, no, let Mr. Moody and his awakeners go in for the ground-breaking business, and our university men, with the alphabet after their names, will do the polishing up. Between them they should be able to muster a perfect army of saints, certified to be chokeful of the "love of God," and ready at any moment to burn up heretics, turn bank directors, and swindle widows and orphans with the one hand, and build churches with the other, and other little jobs indicative of the "Holy Spirit's work," in the same city. "Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the word," if it can.

OVERHEARD the following conversation a few days back:—*Witty Christian*, who likes to chaff a quiet Freethinker: I say, your friend Bradlaugh is up a tree now, with £500 to pay. *Quiet Freethinker*: It's not the same tree that your Savior went up to pay for your sins, is it?

M.A. (OXON), the only English spiritualist whose writings on Spiritualism we have found to at all repay perusal, confesses, in last week's *Light*, that "Spiritualists have an unquestionable tendency to espouse what a scoffing world calls crazes." Dr. Anna Kingsford might be cited as a brilliant example.

DR. ANNA KINGSFORD has a new reason for Vegetarianism being "the perfect way in diet." She believes in reincarnation, and that in sober fact a man may swallow the mortal remains of his grandfather should he take a herring with his morning coffee.

THIS question of reincarnation is much disturbing the Spiritualist mind at present. One cries out that if it be true, and we may have to reanimate the bodies of other animals, it will add a new terror to death. We should think few fates could be worse than coming back here like the banjo-playing, hair-pulling visitors at the mejum's séances. We would choose to be a white elephant rather.

PLAY-ACTOR Parker's paper, the *Christian Chronicle*, has an amusing sermon on the text, "Am not I thine ass?" It says: "The Bible reveals to us Balaam's character not by his conversation with the king, but by the talk which he once held with his ass." We take it, it also reveals God's character as reflected in his chosen instrument of speech. The sermon frankly declares that "God told him to go, and yet God's anger was kindled against him because he went." 'Tis a lucky thing his ways are not our ways. Verily, we coincide with the preacher in saying that the moral of the whole story is that "these things are hidden from the wise and prudent and revealed unto babes"—and asses.

MR. G. M. TURPIN, of the Bible Defence Association—if the B. D. A. is not indeed defunct—has been recently "challenging the infidels" to answer him after a lecture occupying above one hour and a half in delivery. If he would offer fair time, instead of using so exhaustive and exhausting a treatment of his subject, he could doubtless be accommodated.

FROM all quarters we receive accounts of the revival of fanaticism accompanying the doings of the Salvation Army. The *Beverley Weekly Recorder* give an account of the method followed by one of the Army bearing the name of "Praying Billy," who pops into any house he comes to and has a short prayer:—"Last Sunday evening he took a horse whip with him to the Temperance Hall, to whip the Devil out of the congregation. After this he went into a house and told the inmates that if they were not saved the Devil would have them. They very properly gave him a gentle kick out, when he ran to his comrades and said, 'If I go where the Devil lives there is always a row.'"

THE Rev. E. J. A. Fitzroy, of St. Jude's Church, Liverpool has got into hot water with his parishioners. There was a great row at the annual vestry meeting, charges of dishonesty and

deliberate falsehood being freely bandied between the minister and his churchwardens.

AGNOSTICISM is a word which is bothering a good many people just now. The *Christian World* asks, "What is an Agnostic?" and then, after a learned disquisition, shows its utter ignorance by saying, "These Agnostics say there is no living God." The dogmatic attitude implied either in this proposition, or its reverse, is the direct antithesis of Agnosticism.

DR. SEXTON has a short and easy method of dealing with the subject. He says: "This word 'agnostic' came from two Greek words, and meant 'don't know.' Why did they not use a plain English word and call it 'Ignoramus'?" Might we point out to the funny doctor that a sycophant is not necessarily an eater of figs. The Agnostic confesses he "don't know" matters upon which all mankind are alike ignorant with himself. The ignoramus is one deficient in common culture, and it is usually the ignoramus who pretends to knowledge on extraordinary subjects.

WE knew a man who drew up a diagram describing the phenomena to be found on the other side of the moon. He is now pursuing his astronomical investigations in a lunatic asylum. We knew another who gave up scientific lecturing, having discovered the phenomena to be found on the other side of the grave. He has now Rev. before his name, a dozen letters of the alphabet after it, and lectures on the folly of Agnosticism with considerable acceptance.

MR. COHEN, not only a Jew but a Levite, was summoned on a coroner's jury last Monday in the Tower of London. Mr. Cohen protested that it was a sin for him to look on a dead body on that day, and that if he were made to do it, the sin, a very heavy one, would rest on the coroner. This brave official undertook to run the risk, and the poor Levite was selected as foreman of the jury. No special judgment has been heard of yet, but Jehovah has a long memory.

THERE are tickets of admission to Maclean's trial, and the sheriff's gallery is reserved for "ladies." The *Standard* says that "The taste for witnessing a poor wretch in jeopardy of his life is as strong in Christian England at the present time as it was in Italy when Christians were 'butchered to make a Roman holiday.'" What a confession, after eighteen hundred years of the only true religion!

THE Mormons have just sent out two hundred missionaries to "the heathen." They are not at all disheartened, but feel sure that the polygamous old God of the Bible will come to their rescue. Our opinion is that he'll stand no chance against the American government.

"THOROUGH!"

(MR. BRADLAUGH'S MOTTO.)

THOROUGH in thy earnestness, thorough in the right,
Thorough in thy love for all that's honest, pure and bright;
What though pious zealots, in their hatred, curse thy name?
Thine the fairer lustre, and their own the darker shame.
What though lordly bigots spit on thee their venom'd spleen?
'Tis not in the highest heavens the brightest stars are seen;
Thorough in thy earnestness, thorough in the right;
Thorough in thy struggle, though unequal is the fight.

Thorough wheresoever wolf-intolerance shows its face;
Thorough in thy battles for the freedom of the race;
Potent foe of ignorance, injustice, vice and crime,
May thy noble work be known and thrive in every clime.
What though I may suffer in defence of thy good name?
Let me but be honest, and whoever will may blame.
Thorough in the troubles thou hast known since early youth;
Thorough in thy strivings for morality and truth.

Thorough in thy utterance, thorough with the pen;
Thorough when denouncing cruel arts of scheming men;
Ever first to grapple with the old obnoxious laws;
First to draw the gnawing fangs from tyranny's red jaws;
First to fight for justice for the friendless and the weak;
First when rude disorder reigns the voice of peace to speak;
Thorough art thou, Bradlaugh, in the children of thy mind;
Thorough in thy yearnings for the good of all mankind.

Shall I, though insulted, scorned, refuse to speak for thee?
Thou hast borne the burden and the heat of strife for me.
All the love and reverence of a life can ne'er repay
Half the debt I owe thee for thy blows in freedom's fray.
When shall come the golden noon of freedom's eveless time,
I shall unremembered lie, a drifted child of rhyme.
Yet while I may live to work for justice, truth and thee,
Thorough! as thy watchword, Bradlaugh, thorough mine shall be!

JOHN ROWELL WALLER.

OLD Slade, who kept a few chickens, casually remarks that it's wonderful how his hens never layed except on a Sunday, when his hired girl was at church.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

MR. FOOTE lectures three times to-day (Sunday, April 23rd) in the Camden Hall, Camden Street, Liverpool. Morning, at 11, "Bradlaugh and Liberty;" afternoon, at 3, "Christianity Played Out;" evening, at 7, "God in a Box." On Tuesday, the 25th, at the Tower Hamlets Radical Club, on "Bradlaugh and Liberty."

MR. FOOTE'S ENGAGEMENTS.

April 30th, Hall of Science, London.
 May 7th, Portsmouth; 10th, St. James's Hall Demonstration; 14th, Plymouth; 21st, Leigh; 28th, N. S. S. Conference.
 June 4th, Glasgow; 11th, morning Midland Arches, evening Claremont Hall, London; 18th, morning Clerkenwell Green, evening Claremont Hall.
 August 6, Burnley.

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.
- CITIZEN.—The living of St. Botolph, Billingsgate, is worth £1,650; that of St. Mary-at-Axe, £2,400 yearly. Both given to friends by the Bishop of London.
- E. SMITH.—Thanks. See "Acid Drops."
- AFFLECK.—We are much obliged for your enclosures. Our non-acknowledgment should have been taken as a sign that we intended insertion.
- A FRIEND.—We take your thoughtful criticism in good part, but retain our opinion.
- R. PORTER sends us a learned paper on the subject of the Heathen origin of Easter, for which we regret we cannot find space. J. P. gives evidence that Eostre is the Phenician Astarte, the queen of heaven, whose cakes or buns are referred to in Jer. vii., 18.
- E. P.—Thanks. You will find the matter is being treated by another writer.
- D. GOODMAN.—Thanks for cuttings from the *Cornishman*.
- M. B. Clifton, calls the attention of Bristol Freethinkers to the very suggestive and thoroughly secular lectures delivered by Mr. Hargreaves in that city.
- J. SILMAN.—If the evidence for immortality were as satisfactory as Spiritualists pretend, scepticism would be an impossibility.
- J. A. B.—(1) Your interpretation of the verse Ex. xii., 40, makes it contradict Gen. xv., 16, where it says in the fourth generation they shall come hither again. To make up the number of the Jews you count eight generations giving six children each, all of whom live and beget in turn. But Moses, Aaron, Mishael, Elzaphar and Koran were only in the third generation from Levi. Josephus says (Antiq. ii., xv., 2): "They left Egypt 430 years after our forefather Abraham came into Canaan, but 215 years only after Jacob removed into Egypt." If you will read Colenso on the point, we think you will be satisfied that this interpretation is the correct one.
- (2) Cobbett's paper was the *Weekly Register*.
- W. WOODHILL.—We are not prepared to say that the filthy doctrines mentioned in the "Confessional Unmasked" are taught in Maynooth College. The Protestant League may give you some information. Thanks for cuttings.
- ROBT. JACQUES.—We thank you for your attention.
- R. A. O.—We are preparing a number of "Freethinker Tracts" for general circulation. They will be smartly written for Christian readers, well printed, and published at a low price. We expect to see a hundred thousand of them distributed within six months.
- R. W.—Your letter is a great deal too long. It is also too scant of facts. A few telling statements are worth miles of rhetoric in such a case. A description of "Captain" Beaty appeared in the *Freethinker* several weeks ago.
- H. WRIGHT.—We are pleased to learn that the *Freethinker* circulates so well in your district among Christians. Your dialogue is amusing, but scarcely up to the mark.
- BEN WARD.—Thanks for the cutting.
- J. THOMPSON.—See "Gospel Contradictions" advertised on our last page. It is just the thing you want.
- INQUIRER.—We have not forgotten our promised article on "Was Carlyle a Christian?" We prefer to wait now until we have gone through Mr. Froude's two new volumes. They contain many references to Carlyle's opinions on Christianity.
- L. CHARLTON.—Our circulation increases every week, and we hope soon to outdistance every record in the history of our movement. We are printing a fresh circular. It will be ready in a few days.
- G. W. BUCKLE.—Thanks for weekly paper.
- NEMESIS.—Our publisher informs us that the *Freethinkers* were sent as ordered.

SUGAR PLUMS.

THE National Demonstration in Trafalgar Square, and the mass meeting in St. James's Hall, on Wednesday, May 10th, promise to be a grand success. The object is "to protest against the illegal and high-handed conduct of the House of Commons in

excluding from his seat Northampton's thrice-elected representative." The speaking in Trafalgar Square will begin at six o'clock, and in St. James's Hall at eight. Delegates will attend from all parts of the country, and several influential Liberals are expected to support resolutions. We hardly need ask our London readers to be "very much there." We earnestly hope that the last Trafalgar Square demonstration, magnificent and imposing as it was, will be far exceeded by the one which will assemble on May 10th, to protest against the violation of the political rights of every elector of the kingdom.

WE have seen a prospectus of the Rev. Dr. McCann's new paper, the *Champion of Faith*. Its object is to "counteract the pernicious teachings of infidels and Atheists," and will be published weekly. There is plenty of room for such a journal, and we are especially interested in its success, for we are confident that the more Christianity is defended the weaker it appears. If the new venture is conducted in a gentlemanly manner we shall notice its contents, and treat it as an honorable antagonist. But if it simply imitates the policy of so many Christian Evidence journals that have lived and died before it, and occupies itself in defaming Freethinkers instead of attacking Freethought, we shall leave it severely alone. Dr. McCann may select either of these courses. The one may lead to success; the other will certainly lead to failure.

By the way, Dr. McCann might try to discipline the Christian Evidence guerrillas, who do their cause so much harm out of doors. They are a motley crew, and they fight unskillfully with boomerangs, which injure nobody but themselves.

WE are privately informed, with what degree of truth we cannot say, that the first object of the "Champion of Faith" will be to crush the *Freethinker*. That will be a tough job. All our readers will have to be converted before the *Freethinker* goes down, and when does Dr. McCann think he will succeed in doing that? We give him till Judgment Day or the Greek Kalends.

WE have pleasure in calling attention to the "Lectures for the People" delivered on Tuesday evenings in the St. Michael's Boys' School, Leonard Street, Shoreditch, under the auspices of the Guild of St. Matthew. The admission is free, and the fullest discussion is invited. Next Tuesday the Rev. H. C. Shuttleworth, Minor Canon of St. Paul's, lectures on "Some Reasons why I am not a Secularist." One of the leading spirits of the Guild is the Rev. Stewart D. Headlam, whose honesty and courage have made him acquainted with persecution. He and his colleagues are, in our opinion, on the wrong track, but they have a principle and they make some sacrifices for it; and that's a good deal as the world goes now.

M. PAUL BERT, the renowned Atheistic scientist, has been elected a member of the French Academy of Sciences. M. Bert's election was unsuccessfully opposed.

THE German theologian, Keim, in the fifth volume of his "Jesus of Nazara," the English translation of which has recently been published by Messrs. Williams and Norgate, says of the resurrection of Lazarus "not a doubt can remain of the spuriousness of the whole story."

CINCINNATUS, in the *Glasgow Christian Leader*, whiningly contrasts the excursions and concerts which now take place on the Fast-day, in that godly city, with the fact that in 1643 a woman, for being absent from the kirk on the Fast-day, was ordered to pay £5 fine, and to appear in the kirk and be publicly rebuked. Ma conscience, sican a pouch the Glasco bailies wud hae, cud they tak five pun each frae a wha dinna gang to kirk the nou.

MR. FROUDE, in his recently published biography of Thomas Carlyle, says (vol. ii., p. 2): "We have seen him confessing to Irving that he did not believe, as his friend did, in the Christian religion, and that it was vain to hope that he ever would so believe." We propose shortly both to review Mr. Froude's volumes, and to enter thoroughly into the question of Carlyle's religious belief.

THE *Catholic Times* laments that in Pagan days there could scarcely have been less sign of Christianity than was seen in London last Good Friday. Our private opinion is that there was a great deal more sign of it before ever it came into the world.

ONE of the boldest editorials which we have ever read in a newspaper occurs in the *Hulme Gazette and Advertiser* for April 15th, commenting on the Bishop of Manchester's Easter sermon. It says: "The bishops, the judges, and magistrates of Christian Europe acted on the guidance of the priest's book, and destroyed tens of thousands for being witches. Where are they now, my good Lord Bishop? They are where the resurrection fraud shall be. Every folly has been foisted upon an ignorant but unwilling people by the priests of Christianity. The New Testament is one of the most glaring frauds of the world. The revelations of the exile of Patmos should never have seen outside a lunatic asylum. The priests of the present time are unscrupulous as far

as they can go: they traduce the dead Secularists, and vilify and scandalise the living ones, and yet they uphold the most abominable frauds as truths, and quote a book in support of their lies which is itself without witnesses, and which contradicts itself all through." Had but a tithe of our literary men the courage of their convictions, and the opportunity of speaking out like the editor of the *Hulme Gazette*, the game of the Christian priests would be speedily played out.

T. B. WAKEMAN, a well-known contributor to the *New York Truthseeker*, writes urging that Liberals should have a chronology of their own. He suggests dating from the year 1600 of the Christian era, as that year commemorates the death of Bruno, and the birth of the new astronomy and of the idea of Humanity.

THE *Philosophic Inquirer* does us the honor of reproducing some of our remarks anent that arch-humbug, Joe Cook. Having heard his lectures and watched his conduct in India, it, however, goes beyond us, and declares that "The Christian Church has never had a more dishonorable, cowardly, and despicable champion than the Rev. Joseph Cook, of America." We suspect that our gallant Madras contemporary has not had an extended acquaintance with Christian champions. Joe is, however, a fairly satisfactory specimen.

THE *Birmingham Daily Mail* has opened its columns to the Bradlaugh Penalty Fund, and has made a good start with subscriptions.

THE *Bishop Auckland Times* is permitting a controversy on the wide and somewhat unprofitable subject "What is God?" Mr. John Bainbridge has very successfully combatted the position of the Rev. W. W. Howard, who, by declaring that God is an indivisible entity, present wherever space is, has laid himself open to Mr. Bainbridge's retort that if he places an air-tight stopper in a bottle, he will have corked up some portion of Mr. Howard's indivisible deity.

WITHIN the past year there has been a large crop of Free-thought journals successfully started in the United States. In addition to those old favorites, the *Free Religious Index*, the *Boston Investigator*, the *New York Truthseeker*, and *Truth*, the *Milwaukee Friedenker*, etc., there are now *The Agnostic*, published at Dallas, Texas, *Liberty*, the *Kansas Liberal*, *This World*, by Chainey, of Boston, *Iconoclast*, of Noblesville, Indiana, the *Cycle*, of Sanborn, Iowa, and *Man*, the organ of the National Liberal League. No wonder that the cry there, as well as here, is that increasing scepticism is decreasing church attendance.

THE WORK OF EACH MAN.

IN great political struggles, such as that now to the fore in regard to the rights of constituencies in general and of Northampton in particular, and in the lasting fight waged by Freethinkers against supernaturalism and all its train of evils, I do not think some of us lay sufficient stress on the importance of individual work. We are so used to attending meetings and noting the good work done there, that we are apt to forget that only a small fraction of the necessary labor can be wrought in public gatherings. By far the greater part must be done by men and women in private.

I am afraid, as to those same meetings, that not a few attend them as mere intellectual treats. It is a great delight to hear Mr. Bradlaugh, or Mrs. Besant, or the Editor of this paper, talk for an hour on some subject congenial alike to speaker and to audience. But the latter, in some cases at least, after an hour's hearty enjoyment return to their homes to do nothing. We put off our political or secular garment, as the Christian, after listening to Canon Liddon or Monsignor Capel, puts off his religious one.

In the first place, each of us can do good by means of protest. The formalities and phraseology of the Christian religion meet us at every turn. I think it is our duty, when they are forced upon us, to protest quietly and firmly. If one is staying with friends who have family prayers, I imagine even the courtesy due to your host does not forbid your steadily absenting yourself from a proceeding that is to you a mockery. Personally, I never hear any one use the phrase "Our Savior" without repudiating, as far as I am concerned, the possessive pronoun. It is my belief that it is our duty, at all times and places, to check the use of terms—when addressed to us—that shock us and give us pain. Journeying to Bournemouth after my late illness, a man came into my carriage at Bishopstoke, and rode with me as far as Southampton West. He noticed I was ill, and as he was inquisitive and I communicative, I told him of my attack of typhoid fever. "Ah!" he said, "these things are not under our control."

"I beg your pardon," I said, "but I think they are.

Had I been more careful of myself, and measured my strength better, I should not have been ill. And if they are not under our own control, under whose are they?"

"I mean God's," he explained.

"What is God?" I asked.

"God our Father," he stammered.

"I have no father of that name," I said; "I am an Atheist." Here the conversation ceased.

He was a weak creature, and looked frightened. With a stronger man probably the opportunity would have been given of the clearing up some of the common fallacies regarding our creed.

Oddly enough, as I write these lines, travelling south, a clergyman is at the other end of the carriage writing a sermon. Extremes certainly meet at times. I don't think he'll address me, but if he does I shall do my best in the way of hand-to-hand individual warfare.

Work is to be done by talking to people. One must not be obtrusive, and it is to be remembered that politics rather than religion are best dealt with on this wise. Every one of us knows half a dozen people, with whom he is sufficiently familiar to speak freely, who are dead to politics. They have never thought of such matters. It is quite possible, without in any way playing the part of intruder to arouse these men, to awaken in them a sense of their responsibility as citizens, and in not a few cases to convert a dull, sodden being into a keen political worker. At the present moment this is especially the duty of every Radical in respect to the Northampton wrong. Hundreds of men are at this hour living in England who know nothing of the actual facts of the "Bradlaugh difficulty," or only know the falsehoods told by Conservatives, even of the standing (though in this case the reverse position seems more appropriate) of Sir Richard Cross. Once let these hundreds of men know the real truth, and that hatred of injustice, that lies dim but reachable in the minds of most men, will be roused, and the thousands of men who feels that Northampton's cause is theirs will be multiplied many fold. And this is to be brought about by individual effort.

Once more, a great work can be done by giving away or lending books, pamphlets, newspapers. Many a man will read who'll not buy. I know one Freethinker who makes a point of sending every week copies of Secularist journals and on occasion larger literature to his Christian friends. Thus he does his work.

And in this way or some other, or in all ways, each of us must do his part. Ah! how many all over this land are even now quietly working thus! Brave, true hearts, whose names are not written, are never to be written, in history, what history you are making! There are no men I admire more than these unobtrusive toilers, laboring in many a town, and often solitary in lonely villages, and slowly winning now one, now another over to the good cause. To all of us their humble, unostentatious, useful lives speak this word, "Go thou and do likewise."

EDWARD B. AVELING, D.Sc.

"THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST."

THE Christians do not appear weary of fiddling on the above string. How much more tinkering foolery and madly prophetic humbug is to be published, it would, I suppose, be hard to say. A *Beast* they *must* and *will* have.

Some years ago I waded through a good-sized volume, written by the Rev. M. Baxter, now editor of the *Christian Herald*, setting forth Napoleon as the Antichrist.

This book, which must have been the result of very considerable labor, proved most fully to the Christian mind that poor old Nap. (may he rest in peace!) was to figure as the being who was to do all the dreadful things ascribed to that amiable creature known in Revelation as the *Beast*.

It was all cut and dried beautifully. Everything exactly stated as to what he would do, the kingdoms he would reign over, etc., etc. The ingenious process was wonderful, it fitted together as a child's puzzle-map, and nothing was left to the true Christian but to believe with fear and trembling.

Napoleon has passed away; the Prince Imperial has followed him to the tomb. What, then, becomes of the clever book by the Rev. B. Better write "Ichabod" across it, and cram it into the bookshelf with similar rubbish, there to remain till the dust of ages has covered from view the fanatical nonsense which doubtless cost lots of cash and printer's ink.

However, as Napoleon is no more, and has, by death, been done out of his Antichristship, we must, of course, have *someone* to assume the position. This want has now been supplied.

A few days ago a friend sent to me a large bundle of various papers, chiefly *Graphics*, but upon looking them over I discovered a copy of that highly interesting and intellectual publication that parades in the literature of the country under the title of *England*. I am therein informed that a Scotch student has discovered that the number of the beast (666), is to be found in the name "Gladstone." It is then shown how, by taking the numerical value of the letters, according to the *Greek* alphabet, the number is arrived at.

Then follows this impudent passage:—

"There can be no mistake that the unhappy Premier's name is the number of the beast. By referring to a Greek grammar anyone may satisfy himself of the entire accuracy of the above figures."

Indeed! By referring to the Rev. Baxter's book one would meet with a similar result respecting Napoleon.

If Mr. Gladstone read it, how he must have trembled while so doing! I have not yet heard whether that esteemed gentleman has repented in sackcloth and ashes.

But why, most learned Caledonian, dost fly to the *Greek* to construct thy pretty puzzle? Is it specially stipulated in *Holy Writ* that that tongue shall provide for your awful 666? As it is an English name, take the letters that alone have any numerical value in our language—try the Roman numerals, and then report what you make of it.

Again, why pick out the Premier? Are there no others in the country bearing the name "Gladstone?" If so, they all possess the number of the beast; consequently, we shall be well up for Antichrists.

Antichrists have been held up to view before, but so far none of them have turned up trumps. For years past, fixing various dates, has the end of the world been solemnly preached; but our mighty orb continues its revolutions, despite the teachings of the so-called word of God, the ravings of Christian idiots, and the absurd and ignorant utterances of dabblers in prophetic theology.

Go to, thou canny Scot, finish what thou hast so ably begun. Preach to us still further, tell us all that your Antichrist is going to perform; give us dates so that we may know when to expect these awful terrors—and tell us, pray tell us, thou Northern luminary, when we may expect the "unhappy Premier" to lead us forth to that great battle of Armageddon, and if we may expect to see there the undying Elijah, rushing to and fro with despatches in his fiery cab; and our old and redoubtable friend Balaam, the son of Beor, mounted on his speech-gifted, thistle-eating steed, prepared to lead the grand charge. We should like to know these things. Do thou, in the spirit of all truth, enlighten our ignorance.

CYRUS.

HETERODOX NUTS FOR ORTHODOX TEEPH.

No. II.—THE CREATION.

Was "the heaven and the earth" created out of something or of nothing?

If something, what was that something which was before "in the beginning?"

Is creation from nothing conceivable? Why should an inconceivable proposition be supposed to be a true one?

Was ever the earth "without form?" Did it rotate around the sun before there was any sun?

How was there light before the luminous bodies were called into existence?

Has God eyes, that he saw the light that it was good?

Was it in Hebrew that he named the light Day, and the darkness Night? Why, then, were both evening and morning called Day?

If evening and morning mean a thousand years, as Talmage suggests, did the Flood last 40,000 years?

What were the waters above the firmament, and how were they divided from the waters under the firmament?

How could the earth bring forth herbs and fruits before there was any sun?

Could the writer who made the creation of the sun and stars the work of one day, to serve as lamps, while this planet and its adjuncts took up the rest of a week's work, have had any conception of the relative size of the sun to the earth?

Could the author who puts in "he made the stars also,"

as though he had nearly forgotten the stars, have been aware that many of them far surpass our sun in magnitude, and that it is but one out of myriads of star-suns?

Why when we are told even of the making of darkness, which is not an entity, could we not be informed concerning the earth's atmosphere—electricity, and the motions of the planets?

Were great whales and fowls upon the earth before creeping things and reptiles?

Is not the saying "Let us make man in our own image, a remnant of early polytheism?"

How can there be an image of the omnipresent spirit?

If man was the last thing created, whence came tapeworms and other human parasites?

Does any man or woman outside a church or lunatic asylum really believe that a first woman was made by abstracting a rib from man's side?

J. M. W.

FREETHOUGHT GLEANINGS.

CARLYLE.—In revelation, technically so called, revelation confirmed by historical miracles, he was unable to believe—he felt himself forbidden to believe—by the light that was in him. In other ages men had seen miracles where there were none, and had related them in perfect good faith in their eagerness to realise the divine presence in the world. They did not know enough of nature to be on their guard against alleged suspensions of its unvarying order. To Carlyle the universe was itself a miracle, and all its phenomena were equally in themselves incomprehensible. But the special miraculous occurrences of sacred history were not credible to him. "It is as certain as mathematics," he said to me, late in his own life, "that no such thing ever has been, or can be." He had learnt that effects succeeded causes uniformly and inexorably, without intermission or interruption, and that tales of wonder were as little the true accounts of real occurrences as the theory of epicycles was a correct explanation of the movement of the planets.—*James Anthony Froude, M.A., "Thomas Carlyle,"* vol. ii. pp. 3, 4, 1882.

AS MAN, SO GOD.—Show me the God a man worships, and I will tell you what kind of man he is. Every man makes his own God, every one worships his own God; and if you are a civilised man you will have a civilised God.—*Col. R. G. Ingersoll, "Ghosts,"* p. 4.

WHY TRUCKLE TO SUPERSTITION?—I don't understand why one is expected to be polite and reticent about the distinction between the Hebrew piety and Roman universalism attributed to Jesus and Paul, and the ecclesiastical system, which is only powerful over men's lives in Spain, the middle and south of Italy, and Greece—countries where the population consists chiefly of habitual thieves and liars, who are willing opportunely to become assassins for a small sum. I suppose it frightens people to be told that historical Christianity as a social system invariably makes men wicked when it has full swing. Then I think the sooner they are well frightened the better.—*Prof. W. K. Clifford, Letter to F. Pollock, "Lectures and Essays,"* vol. i., p. 59, 1879.

SUPERSTITION does an immense harm by enfeebling rational ways of thinking; it does a little good by accidentally endorsing rational conclusions in one or two matters.—*John Morley* on "Compromise," p. 54.

PROFANE JOKES.

A CHILD being asked what were the three great feasts of the Jews, promptly and not unnaturally replied, "Breakfast, dinner, and supper."

BELIEVERS who honor their fathers and mothers have the Lord's promise that their days shall be long in the land. They are not sufficiently numerous to make the life assurance companies think it worth their while to offer them special rates.

THE Psalmist never saw the seed of the righteous begging bread. In our days they sometimes request pennies for keeping the street crossings in order.

OLD Watson, in his anxiety to improve the story of the prodigal son, expatiated at length on the peculiar sacrifice made in the selection of the fatted calf, which was no common calf, but one which had evidently been a household pet for years, and years, and years.

THERE was quite a row at a recent meeting in a Richmond, U.S., chapel vestry, between uncle Mose Travis and Deacon Gabe Henning. "You is the biggest black rascal in Austin," said Deacon Henning. "You is a heap bigger one," returned

Mose, placing his hand on the ivory handle of his stick. "Bred-deren," interposed Parson Bryan, "you talks as if dar was nobody else present 'ceptin' vers-fs."

MR. SYMES'S ENGAGEMENTS.

April 23, Burnley; 30, Baskerville Hall, Birmingham. May 7, morning, Mile End Waste; afternoon, Victoria Park; evening, Hall of Science, London; 10, Demonstration Trafalgar Square and St. James's Hall; 20 and 22, Middlesboro'; 21, Stockton-on-Tees; 28, N. S. S. Conference. June 4, Liverpool; 25, Claremont Hall.—All applications to be sent to Mr. JOSEPH SYMES, 142, Hagley Road, Birmingham.

SCALE OF CHARGES FOR ADVERTISEMENTS
IN THE "FREETHINKER."

First Thirty Words	£0 1 0
Every Additional Ten, or Part of Ten Words	0 0 4
Quarter Column	0 8 0
Half a Column... ..	0 13 0
Column	1 0 0
Page	1 15 0

Mr. Foote's Pamphlets.

Secularism the True Philosophy of Life. An Exposition and a Defence	4d.
Atheism and Morality	2d.
The Futility of Prayer	2d.
Death's Test: or Christian Lies about Dying Infidels.	2d.
Atheism and Suicide	1d.
The God Christians Swear By	2d.
Was Jesus Insane?	1d.

BIBLE ROMANCES.

I.—THE CREATION STORY	1d.
II.—NOAH'S FLOOD	1d.
III.—EVE AND THE APPLE	1d.
IV.—THE BIBLE DEVIL	1d.
V.—THE TEN PLAGUES	1d.
VI.—JONAH AND THE WHALE	1d.
VII.—THE WANDERING JEWS	1d.
VIII.—THE TOWER OF BABEL	1d.
IX.—BALAAM'S ASS	1d.
X.—GOD'S THIEVES IN CANAAN	1d.
XI.—CAIN AND ABEL	1d.
XII.—LOT'S WIFE	1d.

BIBLE ROMANCES—FIRST SERIES—Containing the above Twelve Numbers, bound in handsome wrapper, 1s.

SECOND SERIES:

XIII.—DANIEL AND THE LIONS	1d.
XIV.—THE JEW JUDGES	1d.

London: FREETHOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY, 28, Stonecutter St., E.C.

NOW READY.

Paper Wrapper; Price Threepence.

HUME'S ESSAY on MIRACLES

Reprinted from the best editions,

With an Introduction, commenting upon the views of Campbell, Paley, Mill, Greg, Mozley, Tyndall, Huxley, etc.,

By JOSEPH MAZZINI WHEELER.

Price One Penny.

GOSPEL CONTRADICTIONS,

Arranged in the form of a Catechism, giving chapter and verse for each.

By T. L. STRANGE, late Judge in the High Court of Madras.

FREETHOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY, 28, Stonecutter St., London, E.C.

THWAITES' LIVER PILLS

Are acknowledged to be the best Family Medicine in the World by the many thousands that are using them in preference to all others. It is almost impossible to enumerate in an advertisement what they are good for; it would take up too much of your time to read it, and after you had read it you might say it was only advertising puff; but I ask ONE TRIAL of the LIVER PILLS; if not better than any you have tried before, I cannot expect a continuance of your custom. I recommend them for Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness, Biliousness, Costiveness, Nervousness, Palpitation of the Heart, Piles, etc., all of which are, in many cases, caused by the Liver being inactive, or what we call a sluggish Liver. Try some of the LIVER PILLS as soon as you can, as they are pure Herb Pills, and may be used at any time by anyone without any change of diet or danger of taking cold. Prepared only by GEORGE THWAITES, 2, Church Row, Stockton-on-Tees. Sold at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box, or by post for 15 or 36 Penny Stamps. A Price List of Herbs free.

COLONEL ROBERT G. INGERSOLL'S
ORATION ON
THE GHOSTS.
The most brilliant and famous of all Ingersoll's noted Orations.

Printed in Large, Clear Type, and Bound in neat Colored Wrapper
PRICE FOURPENCE.

London: FREETHOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY, 28, Stonecutter St., E.C.

J. WORSTER,
WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANT,
"DUKE OF ORMOND,"
PRINCES STREET, WESTMINSTER.
The "National Reformer," "Freethinker," and other Freethought Journals at the Bar.

RE-ISSUE IN CHEAP FORM.

THE TRUE SOURCE OF CHRISTIANITY.
"A Voice from the Ganges."

By AN INDIAN OFFICER.

Originally published at 5s., this work is now republished verbatim, in paper covers, 1s.; cloth gilt, 1s. 6d.

London: FREETHOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY, 28, Stonecutter St., E.C.

In Two Volumes, neatly bound in cloth, 8s.; or in Forty-Six Numbers, 2d. each.

THE DEVIL'S PULPIT;
BEING
ASTRONOMICO-THEOLOGICAL DISCOURSES.

By the Rev. ROBERT TAYLOR, B.A., of St. John's College, Cambridge,
Author of the "Diegesis," "Syntagma," &c.

(Reprinted verbatim from Richard Carlile's original edition.)

London: FREETHOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY, 28, Stonecutter St., E.C.

Text:—"The fool hath said in his heart there is no God."

INGERSOLL'S REPLY TO TALMAGE.

Just published. "Smart," "Interesting," "Bright," "Clever," etc. (Opinions of readers). Price 2d.; post free, 2½d.; or six copies free for One Shilling. Cheaper in quantities for distribution. Send stamps, &c., to W. H. MORRISH, Bookseller, 18, Narrow Wine Street, Bristol.

SPECIAL REMAINDERS.

Health Lectures for the People.—Causes Reducing the Effects of Sanitary Reform—Clothing—Good Nursing, and its Necessity in the Treatment of Disease—The Loss of Wealth by Loss of Health—How a Tenant may Make his Cottage Healthy and Comfortable—Defective Drainage as a Cause of Disease—The House Water, its work of purification—Personal and Household Arrangements in Relation to Health—Health and Recreation in Childhood—Consumption—Sick Nursing among the Poor. The whole of these by eminent authorities. The twelve, post free, 1s.

Science Lectures for the People.—The Functions of the Brain—The Birds of the Globe—Insectivorous Plants—The Modern History of Gunpowder—Edison and some of his Inventions—The Sun—On Certain of the Phenomena connected with Solution and Crystallisation—Mental Evolution—The Aborigines of Tasmania—Suspected Relations between the Sun and Planets—Palestine in its Physical Aspects—The Relation of Structure to Function in Animal Organisms. The whole of these by the best living scientists. The twelve, post free, 1s.

Our Hereditary Legislators.—Six Letters on the House of Lords, by "Verax," reprinted from the "Manchester Weekly Times." 32 pp. Post free, 1½d.

The Irish Land Act: will England demand it?—Illustrated by Tales of My Tenants. By an Anglo-Irish Tenant Farmer. 175 pp. 6d. P. 2½d.

Free Sale of Tenant Right, with fair but strict terms by mutual agreement between Landlord and Tenant.—A practical settlement of the Land Question in Ireland. By J. G. V. Porter, Esq. Paper covers, 84 pp. Post Free, 4d.

London: FREETHOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY, 28, Stonecutter St., E.C.

TEETH, 2s. 6d. each, on vulcanite; upper or lower set, £1. Best quality, on vulcanite, 4s. a tooth; upper or lower set, £2. No extras. Completed in four hours when required. Best teeth on platinum, 7s. 6d. each; on 18-carat gold, 15s. Painless extraction daily, with gas, 6s.; without gas, 1s; stopping, 2s. 6d.—Mr. STANTON, R.D., 128, Strand, London. Hours nine to eight.

Printed and Published by W. J. RAMSEY, 28, Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.