

THE FREETHINKER.

EDITED BY G. W. FOOTE.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

"COMIC BIBLE" SKETCHES.—XXX.



A MISS AND A HIT.

"And the angel of the Lord called unto him out of heaven, and said, Abraham, Abraham; and he said, Here am I. . . . And he said, Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou anything unto him."—Genesis xxii., 11, 12.

CONVERTING INFIDELS IN GLASGOW.

It is a common practice at revival meetings, and especially at those worked by Moody and Sankey, to introduce a number of "cheering cases." These are generally made as various as possible, to show that the gospel net is able to catch all sorts of fish. A drunken old woman, known to have been before the bench twice a week for half a century, has at length found the Holy Spirit, which she likes better than whiskey. A wicked soldier, turned out of the army not long ago, has repented of his sins, and enlisted under the banner of the Lord Jesus. A fine lad, on the road to the gallows, has been arrested in his evil course; and although he found salvation only three days ago, he already looks as good and pious as any three-years' member of the Young Men's Christian Association. Then comes a converted publican, a rescued chimney-sweep, a recovered unfortunate, and a few more such cases. But the list is never complete without a converted infidel, and they always manage to find one. They keep a private stock of that article somewhere, and produce a specimen whenever it is wanted.

When Mr. Moody was in Edinburgh he told the Rev. R. Leitch, of Newcastle, of such a case. He had converted an infidel who was president of the Secular Society there. Mr. Moody may have thought so, but in that case he was the victim of imposture. No president of the Society had ever become a Christian, and on inquiry it turned out that the man referred to had never paid any subscription and was never enrolled as a member.

[No. 45.]

Now the revivalists have shifted to Glasgow, and several infidels are said to have been converted at the Circus. We propose to examine two of these cases, the only ones of which details have been given.

The *Christian Herald* of April 26th contains the following paragraph:—

"Rev. Mr. McKinnon said: 'On Friday evening I spoke to a group of women at the Circus. While doing so a lad arrested my attention. He was about seventeen years of age, and did not seem to be at all interested or in the least concerned. A friend dropped the hint that he was an Atheist. I was startled that so young a person should be an Atheist, and especially when he, with extraordinary pertness, plied me with some of the stock questions and objections of the coarsest infidelity. I pleaded with him to consider his future state, in view of a certain hereafter, and said, "Now look here! if you come to discover at death that there is a God, and heaven, and a hell, how will it be with you? Christians will at least lose nothing; they will be as well off as you if there is no hereafter." What I said made an impression on him. He told me that his master, and his master's family, were all Atheists, and that his master had indoctrinated him in these awful views. I asked him, "Does your mother know you are an Atheist?" "No, sir." I said, "My dear friend, close with Christ to-night, and go to your master to-morrow, and tell him you have decided for Jesus, and if he will not come with you, leave him. Cast yourself upon God, and he will provide for you." Well, last night there was more joy in the Circus over the conversion of that boy than over all the rest in that gathering. He left his master on Saturday, and he is now, to-day, entering the office of, I think, the Clyde Shipping Company.'"

This "converted young Atheist," who was never an Atheist at all, soon came to grief. On Wednesday, May 3rd, the Rev. Mr. McKinnon's *protégé* was sent to prison by Sheriff Balfour for sixty days for stealing a coat.

But that is not all. Mr. McKinnon, who recommends Christians to boycott Freethinkers, by inducing young Allan Paul to leave his master, indirectly caused another robbery; for Mr. Reid had just allowed him to get a suit of clothes from his tailor, the price of which was to be repaid in weekly instalments. Mr. Reid was therefore grossly cheated. Mr. McKinnon should be a little more careful. It is all very well to say that the Lord will provide for the Christian who levants with other people's goods; but we should like to know what the Lord is going to do for the plundered Atheist.

Allan Paul never was an Atheist. His master never spoke to him on the subject of religion. And, indeed, he must have been remarkably susceptible to the Atheistic disease if he contracted it from his master, for he was in Mr. Reid's employ only about *eight days*.

Mr. Reid is a painter in Glasgow, and Allan Paul was on trial for a short time before being bound apprentice. He was idle and slovenly, and came to work late every morning. He was also known to the police, and a detective called to warn Mr. Reid against him only two or three days after he entered the workshop; with what reason the sequel has shown.

When Allan Paul suddenly left his master, Mrs. Reid, with his mother's sanction, went to his lodgings; and his landlady, in searching the pockets of an overcoat he had left, discovered the following letter to Mr. Sankey, which flatly contradicts many parts of Mr. McKinnon's story:—

"Dear Sir,—Perhaps you will pardon the liberty I am taking in writing to you, but I have longed to become a Christian (a true soldier for Christ). I was brought to Christ on Monday last (13th March), and brought under a conviction of my sins. I have been the burden of a broken-hearted mother (and who is a Christian), but now I am the joy of her remaining life. She has prayed earnestly to God that I might be brought to Christ, and God has answered her prayer. I became so affected at the power with which *you* sang those hymns, 'He'll take me as I am,' &c. Thanks be to God in bringing your presence in our midst to praise God for his mercies, and helping the people of this



country; and may God help you wherever you may be. I rejoice in God now because I have found peace and happiness, and have given up my evil ways. Mr. Sankey, would you kindly dedicate the following verses to me, and add music yourself to it, as I am going to Jamaica on the 27th of April, and it will remember me of you, Mr. Sankey, and of the meetings which were held by you in Newsome's Circus, East Ingram Street, Glasgow—and you will greatly oblige your most humble servant, Allan Birrell Paul. With many prayers that we may meet in the land where sin and sorrow never enter, your anxious friend, ALLAN BIRRELL PAUL."

This letter was evidently intended for Mr. Sankey, and may be a copy of one that was sent him. There is not a word about Allan Paul's being an Atheist or in any way a Freethinker. He speaks of his "evil ways" and of his being a trouble to his mother, but he does not allude to Mr. Reid or the "awful views" that so alarmed Mr. McKinnon.

Another document found in Allan Paul's lodging shows how well he had profited by his conversion. He evidently believed that godliness is great gain. With this view, he had drawn up a subscription sheet for "an aged Christian widow," who was no less a person than his own noble self. The generous youth headed the list himself with ten shillings, and he had already secured another subscriber for the modest sum of sixpence. No doubt the police arrested this pious enterprise before it could obtain the success it deserved.

On the whole, we consider this as fine a case of lying, fraud and imposture, as we have ever seen; and if the revivalists cannot bag any better game, we decidedly think their sport costs more time and money than it is worth. There are plenty of "infidels" in America, and Moody and Sankey should bring them all into the fold before trying their luck here. Reformation begins at home. While these Yankees are "revivaling" in Great Britain, Freethought lecturers are making "infidels" by the thousand out in the States. Let Moody and Sankey go back, and see what they can do with Colonel Ingersoll. After an hour or two's debate with him, they will begin to understand that converting infidels is a tough job after all.

The second case was reported in the *Christian Herald* of May 27th:—

"Rev. Mr. Howie (Govan) said at the prayer meeting at Glasgow on May 10: "We have many cheering cases. Let me mention one. It relates to a man who last night found Christ in his own home. He had been a notorious infidel, sitting up till four or five o'clock in the morning reading infidel books. He was a member of the infidel association and occasionally spoke at the meetings. A member of my congregation met with him and occasionally spoke a few kindly words to him. He got interested, and one Wednesday night he started to come to our meeting, but did not find the place. Strange to say, on the Saturday afternoon following, he was in the railway collision that occurred at Govan, and he was so severely injured that he lay on a sick bed for nine weeks. During this time he got anxious about his soul. Last night one of my elders spoke to him for about an hour, and at the end of that time he got light. The elder asked me to go and see him. I did so between 10 and 11 o'clock. The man was full of joy, he had quite different thoughts about God and his fellow-men. He had opened his heart to receive the Lord Jesus."

Now there is only one Freethought Society in Glasgow, its premises being in Ingram Street, and this notorious infidel is utterly unknown to its members. One of them, Mr. Wallace, was once a Sunday-school teacher in Mr. Howie's former church, and a deacon of the church after Mr. Howie left it. He has twice written politely for some further information, but Mr. Howie has vouchsafed no answer. He remains obstinately silent, thinking no doubt that in such a case discretion is by far the better part of valor.

Converting Freethinkers in Glasgow is evidently as hopeless a business as it is elsewhere. A few successes are boasted, but they will not bear examination. On the other hand, Freethought is making converts year after year. Go to any Secular Hall, and you will find scores of men and women who were brought up as Christians, but who found it false and injurious, and discarded it for the gospel of Humanity, which aims to benefit all mankind, and welcomes all truth that science or philosophy may reveal. Their number is growing day by day. They are at one with those great modern ideas, and that movement of progress, which are slowly overwhelming the creed of blood and fire. They work ungrudgingly for their principles, amidst odium, obloquy, and slander; while a swarm of revivalists, from America and elsewhere, make religion a grand source of profit, manipulate the various sects, and trade upon the ignorance, the credulity, and the sensationalism of the mob. They say they love God, and we see

they love cash. They save sinners and sovereigns at the same time. They all begin poor and end rich, preaching the Gospel which is without money and without price.

G. W. FOOTE.

A MAN OF MEN.

By the death of Garibaldi, not Italy alone, but the liberty-loving people of every clime under the sun, have lost one of the bravest and most valiant champions that have ever lived. His name was a veritable watchword, not only in the hearts of his countrymen, but among all who feel that the cause of humanity is ever one and the same the wide world over. In freeing Italy from her vile despotism, he struck a blow at the enemy everywhere, and wherever there was a people oppressed, in Garibaldi was to be found a chivalrous crusader of liberty.

It would be difficult to cull from out of all the annals of the past the record of a life more thrilling in its romance or more calculated to evoke enthusiasm by its signal devotion to noble ideas. His story is on a level with that of the noblest heroes of antiquity. It was a life brimful of adventure. By turns, and even at the same time, a sailor, teacher, conspirator, cattle drover, candle maker, master mariner, guerrilla leader, general, dictator, captive, senator, and simple farmer, his career presents a singular combination of vicissitude and unity. For he was everywhere the apostle, advocate, soldier, and servant of freedom. Shipwrecked, hunted, wounded and in prisons oft, he could tell many a tale of hair-breadth escapes and moving accidents by flood and field. But he was no mere adventurer. His labors, perils and sufferings were always for a cause, and that cause the cause of the peoples. Mazzini, to whom he owed this direction of his native enthusiasm, long since wrote of him: "There is around the name of Garibaldi a halo which nothing can extinguish; a whole life devoted to one object—his country; a name consecrated by deeds of honor, first abroad, then at home; valor and constancy more than admirable; simplicity of life and manner which recall the men of antiquity; all the most mournful trials and losses manfully endured; glory and poverty! Every particular relating to such a man is precious."

This is not the place to recapitulate the story of his wonderful career. Much of it he has written with his own hand, and the narrative of his deeds has become part of the history of his countrymen. All Europe is at present vying to do honor to its great modern hero. A discordant note is heard in one quarter only. It comes from the Clerical party—for Garibaldi was a Freethinker. He recognised that freedom of institutions must be based on the freedom of ideas. He saw in the priesthood and its dogmas the main obstacle to the emancipation, education, and elevation of the people. Among our "Freethought Gleanings" will be found an extract from his "Rule of the Monk," a story written as the solace of heavy hours at Varignano, where Victor Emanuel, who owed the two Sicilies to Garibaldi's sword, was repaying the giver with a shameful imprisonment. In this story Garibaldi has recited, under a thin veil of incognito, matters of which he had himself been cognisant in the city of the priest. And in the character of a recluse on an almost deserted island, he therein palpably portrays his own opinions. He says: "The head of the principal family on this island is, like other men, one who has experienced prosperity and misfortune. Like other men, he has his faults, but he has enjoyed the honor of serving the cause of the people. Cosmopolitan, he loves all countries more or less, but Italy and Rome he loves to adoration. He hates the priesthood as a lying institution. Though not suffering them as priests, he pities and yearns towards them as men; for priests he regards as the assassins of the soul, and in that light esteems them more culpable than those who slay the body."

By his will directing that his remains should be cremated without religious ceremony, Garibaldi shows that he retained his opinions to the end of his long career. One of his last letters was to Leo Taxil, the editor of the Anti-Clerical Library.

Garibaldi had the defects of his qualities. His faults were those of a generous, impetuous nature. He was great enough to bear them and far more. Gold is of more value than silver even though it may have some slight alloy of copper, a fact the worshippers of mediocrities sometimes

overlook. Garibaldi had for his aims the very noblest, and he carried them out with a golden heart. To us he stands for more than an individual man. He was a personification of reawakened Europe, "loving the Republic but hating the priesthood."

JOSEPH MAZZINI WHEELER.

ACID DROPS.

In a recent ecclesiastical cause, Lord Coleridge asked Dr. Phillimore what a nobleman's chaplain was. "A nobleman's chaplain, my lord," replied the ready Q.C., "is a spiritual luxury." This answer will compare favorably with the well-known definition of an archdeacon as a person who performs archidiaconal functions. Ministerial functions in general are spiritual luxuries, which the world in sound health can well afford to dispense with.

As a specimen of advertisements of the sale of livings, which may be found in all the Church papers, we clip the following from the *Church Times* of June 2nd. "ADVOWSON for SALE. West of England, country parish, net upwards of £500 (nearly all from tithes), besides excellent house. Prospect of immediate possession. In favor of a High Churchman, the patron will accept a moderate price. Apply to Messrs. Stark & Co., 23, Bedford Street, Strand."

FREETHINKERS who are anxious for the speedy disestablishment and disendowment of the Church must bear in mind the magnitude of the task, and the necessity of any movement for that purpose being so strong that it shall be carried out in a thorough-going manner. Mr. Gladstone has stated that it would require ninety millions of money, simply to satisfy the vested interests of those who hold as their private property advowsons which they thus shamelessly put up for sale. When the end comes it must mean the Church property for the people, not the taxing of the nation for those parasites who have already too long sucked its life blood.

DR. AUSLANE, preaching at the Approach Road Congregational Chapel, Victoria Park, said, "I would as soon believe the eclipses of the sun or moon could be chased away by a blast of trumpets, as that Secular education would remove man's enmity towards God." Believing or pretending to believe that the walls of Jericho fell down by a blast of trumpets, the doctor should find little difficulty in crediting their power upon the luminaries which stayed in their course for Joshua to slay his enemies.

GOLDWIN SMITH's letters on the Irish question have made him quite a hero with the Tories, who forget his old quarrel with Dizzy. They represent him as capable of almost anything. According to the *Glasgow Daily News*, he has just demolished Herbert Spencer's system of ethics in a magazine article. Samson is very small potatoes after Goldwin Smith.

MOODY has been well buttering the Scotch. In one of his latest addresses on temperance, in the canny city of Glasgow, he said that he was not going to censure or condemn them; oh dear no! God forbid! He loved Scotland, and if it were not for the curse of strong drink there would not be three millions of people like them, and they could carry the Gospel to every part of the world. O ye gods! Fancy the gruesome Scotch piety spread over the world, and all nations that on earth do dwell exchanging Scotch whiskey for the Scotch Sunday! Angels and ministers of grace defend us! No, no, Mr. Moody; Scotch whiskey may be awful stuff, but we prefer any quantity of it to a Scotch Sunday.

MOODY went on to say that hundreds of men in Glasgow have not been sober on a Sabbath for a year. O Forbes Mackenzie, Forbes Mackenzie O!

We have just learnt what was the first song. It was sung by Adam and Eve after their expulsion from Eden, and was entitled "Over the garden wall."

The religious contemporary we alluded to last week continues its portraits of the Booth family. Mr. Herbert Booth was converted at seven, preached at fourteen, and looks a fool at twenty. He is depicted with a concertina. By playing it in the street he might pick up a few coppers. We should say that he would find it hard to earn his salt at anything else. This ambitious nincompoop actually joined the expedition for converting the French. What they thought of him is not recorded, but may be easily imagined.

A CHRISTIAN journal denounces the Indians of Alaska for killing witches. This is no small cheek, considering that the Christians have only recently forsaken that form of sport. What is the use of blaming these poor ignorant Indians, when God Almighty says, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live"?

A PRAYING party in Limehouse, managed to loosen the tongue of an old lady who had been paralysed for three years. A hepecked husband in the vicinity, is now praying hard for the Lord to tie up his wife's tongue. He supposes one miracle to be as easy as another, but up to the present he seems mistaken.

THE American *Interior* says, "There is not a poet in occupancy of a chair in any theological seminary in the world." Perhaps not, but there are some tremendous poets in the Church. Dr. Wordsworth, of St. Andrews, for instance, has composed a splendid hymn, from which we select one matchless verse:—

"Thou art a *holy ladder*,
Whence angels go and come;
Each Sunday makes me *gladder*
Nearer to heaven my home."

We defy Browning, Tennyson or Swinburne to beat that.

WOULD not Dr. Wordsworth do better to sing in this style? It's as good reason as the other, and much better grammar and rhyme:—

I am a windy bladder,
Can preach and write a pome;
Each Sunday makes me madder,
Nearer my Bedlam home.

THE Bishop of Peterborough has been preaching on Cant. There are many worse authorities on the subject.

A JEW in Paterson, New Jersey, is under indictment for blasphemy, for speaking scandalously of Jesus Christ. They manage things differently over here. When a Jew blasphemes this side the Atlantic, the Conversion Society take him in hand, and after an expenditure of three or four thousand pounds, they sometimes succeed in making a Christian of him, although close observers say that he still shows a marked aversion to pork.

The *Christian Herald* tries to explain effectual prayer. It sums up all in a few words. You must have a trustful spirit. But trust in the Lord evidently will not keep your bowels open, for under the article in question we notice an advertisement of aperient pills. Will the two quacks kindly discuss the subject and acquaint us with their conclusion?

Blackwood for June contains a review of the St. Giles lectures on "The Faiths of the World." It says "It is more than curious for instance, to find Confucius, several centuries B.C., enumerating the golden rule of not doing to others what we should wish them not to do to us; and Buddhism about the same time urging the precept, 'Let a man overcome evil by good, let him overcome anger by love.'" Truly it is more than curious, if it was necessary for God to be born of a Jewish virgin in order to reveal to the Jews moral truths that had long been anticipated by the Chinese and Hindus.

THERE is not one single moral precept of Christianity which cannot be found taught by Pagans who lived before Jesus. Of this assertion we are ready to supply proof to any inquirer.

FRANCIS PEEK has a washy paper on Science and Revelation, in this month's *Contemporary Review*. It is largely composed of a thin hash up of Goldwin Smith's attack upon Herbert Spencer, and would hardly obtain insertion in any review of which Mr. Peek had not part proprietorship. He makes an admission however which is worth quoting. He says, "in studying with any closeness the account of the origin of the universe, as it is given in what believers accept as a revelation from God, we are at once conscious that besides being to a large extent narrated in poetry, parable, and metaphor, it is confessedly imperfect from a scientific point of view." That a revelation from Deity ought to be perfect from a scientific point of view is one of those wicked suggestions which can only arise in an unsanctified mind.

ON a recent Sunday, the Bishop of Liverpool went to preach at the evening service in a large church in the diocese. The second lesson appointed for the day happened to be the chapter in Timothy in which the duties of a Bishop are defined, and in which he is directed to be "the husband of one wife." As Dr. Ryle happens to be the husband of a third wife, the obsequious incumbent thought that he might feel disconcerted, so, in the plenitude of his servility, he ordered the curate not to read the proper lesson, but to choose another chapter.

THIS interpretation of Paul's words is quite a common one among Churchmen. The *Church Review*, in announcing the appointment of Rowland Wilberforce to the new bishopric of Newcastle, points out that he has been twice married, "a bad thing in a bishop, as St. Paul was bold enough to say."

A MR. H. W. DICKINSON, having received some Freethought tracts, relieves his feelings by writing to the *Poole and Bournemouth Herald*, asking "that steps should immediately be taken to uproot this Upas Tree, as its existence is a disgrace to our town, and I do hope that some plan may be devised by the clergy and laity to enlighten these benighted young men—that they may not perish in their infatuated ignorance—of the truths of the

Bible, which I trust our community, with few conceptions (*sic*), deeply venerate." With few conceptions, as Mr. Dickinson has it, the pious have such firm faith in the truth of their principles that they desire to see all opposition removed by the strong arm of the law.

THIS, as we pointed out in a former issue, is the case with the Rev. Robt. H. Giles, the Ritualist vicar of St. Matthew's, Burnley. He again writes to the editor of the *Express and Advertiser*, calling on the "citizens" of Burnley to put the law of the land in force. He encloses some letters which he has received from Freethinkers. These the editor, in violation of ordinary etiquette, prints without punctuation, and inserts an obvious slip of the pen (the repetition of the word "pity") exactly as it stands. One letter has a pithy suggestion that if Freethinkers are prosecuted, whoever is made defendant, the God of the Bible should be made plaintiff, and evidence given of his thorough bad character. The letters have riled "An Anxious Layman," who expresses his anxiety to see the law put into operation, to pursue and make an example of the offenders. "The Secularists in this town have too long been let alone," says this anxious one, who, like the Rev. R. Giles, would doubtless do his little best to punish all who differ from him, if he only dared.

THE *Burnley Gazette* says: "Some people may ask, why begin with a few poor Secularists in Burnley, why not go into the stronghold of Agnosticism in London, why not summon the editors of the *Fortnightly* and *Contemporary*, why not 'run in' Matthew Arnold or Algernon Chas. Swinburne?" The answer is easy. These adherents of a powerful Church are cowards. They fall back on "1st Eliz., cap. 2; 1st Edw. IV., cap. 1;" etc.; because they have no arguments. They shall, however, be taught that not the humblest Freethinker in the land can be prosecuted with impunity.

TALMAGE will not go to hear Emily Soldene sing in Brooklyn. As usual, he gives no reasons, but knowing ones surmise that he is envious of the size of her mouth. Barring Emily, Talmage has hitherto stood first champion in that department. His mouth is a wide expanse, and it ought to be taken up by the Society for the Preservation of Open Spaces.

MR. JOHN ROGERS, of 2, Albert Square, Brook's Bar, Manchester, issues a circular complaining of cruel treatment received at the hands of the Rev. Wm. Stayer, secretary of the Religious Education Defence Society, and indicating that the committee and general proceedings of that society are of a *boycott* nature, only got up for certain individuals to profit at the expense of subscribers.

MRS. GENERAL BOOTH declares that if the wealthy people of the land do not meet the masses with the Gospel, an awful day of retribution will come when they will have to meet them with the sword, after the fashion illustrated in French history. This is intimidating the aristocrats and plutocrats with a vengeance! No wonder the money flows in to the Army, that the dreaded day may be averted. George, Duke of Cambridge, certainly ought to be at the head of Mrs. Booth's Army, as well as of H.M.'s forces.

THE missionary practice of purchasing or hiring Christian probationers in China is so general, that the report of the Methodist Missionary Society alludes to it with considerable *naïveté*: "What will you pay me," asks an ingenuous Chinese woman, "to become a Christian?" The Missionary comment is, "We are prayerfully seeking a solution of this old and vexing problem."

ROMAN CATHOLIC missionaries, it seems, have been trying to proselyse the Christians of Krishnagar District, India, who are attached to the Church Missionary Society. When asked by these Christians why they did not go to the perishing heathen, the priests replied: "We do not go to the heathen, for we think they may possibly be saved by the light of reason; but we are sure that you, as Protestants, must perish, and so we come to you."

THIS is the true philosophy of the plan of salvation. Those who have never heard of the Gospel may stand a chance of being beaten with few stripes. Those who hear of it have only an additional chance of damnation, by either rejecting it or misconceiving it, and not coming up to its requirements.

A SIGN of the efficacy of early church training is given in a statement by Mr. Waddy, that at a midnight meeting of fallen women, recently, they sang "Rock of ages" all through by themselves, without book and without precentor. The *Christian Chronicle*, which mentions this fact, also asserts that "Our music-halls in London alone contain each week as many ex-Sunday-schoolers as do all places of worship of every sect."

LAST week, in a flourishing town down west, a respectable man, his wife, and child, were literally starving. The man had obtained a situation up the country, but could not go to it, as he was perfectly destitute. A small subscription was raised to give him and his family food and send them away. The only person asked to

contribute 1s., who refused, was a WEALTHY local preacher. Surely the Gospel has an ennobling and charity-diffusing influence on all true believers. Bah!

A NAVY, named Dennis Otto, having been found dead near Whitby, after illness brought on by excessive drinking, the sapient jury brought in a verdict of "Died by the visitation of God." We have often heard that God is a spirit, but have not hitherto so closely identified him with alcohol.

WARD BEECHER expresses his belief that "inspiration is still going on." It would be interesting to learn if he considers himself a subject of inspiration, and at what time and under what circumstances the fit comes on. Perhaps the inquiry should be referred to Mr. Tilton.

THE New-Testament miracles are being discounted terribly in this materialistic century. Dr. Tanner does his forty-days' fast dodge, and is outdone by Hindu fakirs who lie in trance for six months. Miraculous draughts of fishes are reported from many coasts in the dull season. Mons. Soulé advertises that he walks on water. Will no one repeat the miracle of the loaves and fishes? That would come very convenient for the large crowd of unemployed in these hard times.

"It is truly delightful to contemplate what a nice, gushing, rose-colored God is the one patronised by Mr. Moody. There is not one particle of the old jealous, revengeful, vacillating, grilled bone-loving deity of the early school. Moody's God, on the contrary, is chuckful of love, all the time spoiling to do you good, and to make you as unlike what he has made you as possible. There is but one ecclesiastical rule laid down, and that is, 'Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the donkey who makes a respectable living as an evangelist.' Mr. Moody's discourses are so artistic and æsthetic that we went instantly to examine a lot of holy pictures, so as to be enabled to arrive at a correct idea of the form and appearance of his God. We found him to be a good-looking Jewish young fellow, apparently of the male sex, with his head slightly on one side and his hair parted in the middle, like our saintly old clerical bell-wether."—*Sans Francisco News-Letter*.

G A R I B A L D I.

FOREMOST of Freedom's sons, farewell.
How grand thy life!
How calm thy death!
Thy love for glad Italia, she will tell:
The long and bloody strife,
She owns with 'bated breath!
Great foe of priests and kings,
And all who would tread down
And darken human thought,
Thy praise forever rings,
And none but despots frown
On what thy arm hath wrought.
Thy name shall live when empires are forgot;
Thy shield forever bright, untarnished by a blot!
W. D.

O B I T U A R Y.

MANY of our readers will regret to hear that Mr. James Thomson ("B. V.") died on Saturday evening, June 3rd, through the rupture of a blood vessel. Mr. Thomson was in his forty-eighth year, having been born on November 23rd, 1834. His parents were Scotch, and his birthplace, we believe, was Port Glasgow. He was trained for a schoolmaster in the army, and it was while occupying that post that he became acquainted with Mr. Bradlaugh. He left the service very early, and after some years of commercial life, he devoted himself to literature, in which he was eminently qualified to excel. His first serious poetry, written at the age of twenty-two, showed not only a remarkable power of imagination, but an extraordinary command of diction and metre. Many of his later poems, most of which have been collected in two volumes, were originally published in the *National Reformer*, the *Secularist*, and the *Liberal*. Only one important production appeared in a magazine, namely, "Sunday up the River," which first saw the light in *Fraser* while edited by Mr. Froude. Several of his poems have never been published, but as they exist in manuscript it is to be hoped that they will yet be given to the world. Mr. Thomson had far more than one man's share of unhappiness in his life, and his chronic melancholia affected nearly all his work. But his genius was of the highest order, and he was one of the few real poets of his generation. He may, indeed, be called the poet of Pessimism, to which, in "The City of Dreadful Night," he gave the finest and firmest expression; yet some productions of his lighter muse show a rare sympathy with the joyous aspects of common life. He undoubtedly possessed "the vision and the faculty divine," and his poetical reputation, already established in the minds of the most competent judges, will be more generally recognised by posterity. Mr. Thomson was a confirmed Atheist, and his remains have been interred in the same grave with those of Austin Holyoake, at Highgate Cemetery.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

MR. FOOTE lectures twice to-day (Sunday, June 11th) in London: Morning at 11.15, Midland Arches, on "Bible Blunders;" evening at 7.30, Claremont Hall, Penton Street, Pentonville, on "God in a Box."

MR. FOOTE'S ENGAGEMENTS.

June 18th, morning Clerkenwell Green, evening Claremont Hall; 25th, morning, Gibraltar Walk, afternoon, Victoria Park, London.

July 2nd, Manchester; 9th and 16th, Claremont Hall, London; 23rd Huddersfield; 30th, Liverpool.

August 6th, Burnley; 13th Rochdale; 20th, West Hartlepool; 27th, Stockton-on-Tees.

September 10th and 17th, Hall of Science, London.

October 15th, Halifax.

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.

CATO.—Thanks. See "Acid Drops."

R. PILBROOK.—We will not venture any opinion as to the ultimate fate of the paper to which you refer.

A. JAMIESON.—Thanks. We were much amused with your naive expression that you long for Friday to come more than you did when you went courting.

ENNIS, Ireland.—See p. 172.

JOHN THOMAS.—Read Draper's "History of the Conflict of Religion and Science," published in the International Scientific Series.

R. CLERK.—Thanks. We are always glad of cuttings from the colonial press.

F. RAYNER.—Thomas Paine's bones were in the possession of Mr. Cobbett, jun., after William Cobbett's death. They passed from his hands to those of a gentleman in Manchester, and we understand that they were buried there. Perhaps one of our Manchester friends will make further inquiries.

J. H. BROWNE.—Many thanks; we are always pleased to hear from you.

A FREETHINKER.—You are right. If Paine or Voltaire had been the worst of characters, it would not affect the value of their arguments. It is the old plan—no case, abuse plaintiff's attorney.

P. HAMILTON.—Yes; we have heard that Saint Moody formerly attended to the soles of the people. But that counts no chalks against him. Some secular lecturers have done ditto.

W. BURTON.—We are much obliged to you for the paper.

J. T.—Lord Shaftesbury probably derived his story of the boy atheist from some source as authentic as the book of Joshua.

J. HARRIS.—These renewed attempts at persecution have only to be met in a manly spirit, and they will greatly serve the Freethought cause, instead of damaging it.

BOTH SIDES.—Thanks. Will appear in due course.

O. E. STREDWICK.—We are much obliged to you for the cuttings. The testimony of your rector as to the advance of infidelity is confirmed in all quarters.

R. W.—Scarcely suitable.

SECRETARY Open-Air Propaganda.—Your notices, being addressed to Mr. Foote, were received too late for insertion.

THOS. KNOWLES.—Always welcome.

A. CARVER.—Earl Mount-Edgcumbe shall receive our attention next week.

A. B., Huddersfield.—Dr. Stock is hardly worth noticing.

T. R. HANLEY.—We have no recollection of any such statement by Earl Beaconsfield; but we fancy something like it was said by Benjamin Disraeli in his salad days.

J. W. HOLT.—Mr. Foote was in Scotland when your letter came, and therefore could not wire you an answer.

A. M.—Thanks for the letter of the Secretary of the Christian Evidence Society. It is indeed a weak effusion. If the Rev. T. T. Waterman cannot do better than that, we should say that the Secretaryship of the C. E. S. is the last resource of incapacity. There are many good books on Astronomy, by Norman Lockyer, Proctor, and others.

T. THURLOW.—We have not room for the letter, but you will see that we have dealt with the matter at length. You deserve the warmest thanks of the party for your pluck, and we tender you our share now.

C. B. B.—Thanks.

THE Glasgow Secular Society has had our article on "Infidel Conversions" reprinted as a four-paged tract for general distribution.

W. CAMERON.—The "royal clemency" of the Prince of Wales is not very remarkable. The remarkable thing is the flunkey rigor of the magistrates who sent the man to prison with hard labor for getting too near the royal carriage. His Royal Highness is not a bad sort of a fellow. For a prince, he is, as the saying goes, about as good as they make 'em. His wife is every inch a lady. As to the other matter, we think Mrs. Besant's appeal to the Dundee Freethinkers, after her lecture in a hall of which she paid the rent, was no breach of etiquette; and we cannot understand the wisdom or the fairness of a public protest in the Dundee papers by the officers of the local society. Anyhow, it is not our business, and Mrs. Besant is quite capable of defending herself.

SUGAR PLUMS.

THE *Bombay Theosophist* for May compares Christianity with Buddhism, and declares, p. 210: "Esoteric Buddhism is a stern uncompromising system of reason and logic; Christianity a scheme of thought which throws reason and logic altogether overboard and rests its claims entirely on sentimentality. It is a religion, in fact, for women, and not for men."

THE publication of the "Life and Letters of Charles Darwin" is being undertaken by his son, Mr. Francis Darwin, who has already shown himself possessed of literary as well as scientific ability.

AT one of the Congregational May meetings, Professor Cave, of Hackney College, after referring to the storm raised by "Essays and Reviews," and Colenso's "Pentateuch," added—"but those books were mild compared with books that are read now-a-days by all of us from our circulating libraries."

THE Rev. Edward White deplored that "the favourite popular journals are seldom written by men who earnestly believe in Christ; rather by those who are glad of any opportunity of representing science and religion as opposing forces."

THE *Indian Witness*, an official organ of the missionary business out east, has lately dropped a few tears over the sad state of Cincinnati. It says that whole sections of that American city are "given over to infidelity and utter godlessness, and a political party boldly aims at the obliteration of everything distinctively Christian in the law of the land and in the usage of the people." It then asks whether the revival will reach that part of the city. We guess not.

SCENE, a library in a Scotch city; Personæ, the librarian and a popular preacher. They converse on the wail of the Presbytery over the thin attendance at kirk. Popular preacher: Well, Mr. —, to tell ye the truth, I wonder that any mon o' education comes to kirk at all. Librarian: Indeed, Mr. —; but how do you reconcile that wi' your position? Popular preacher: Oh, it's my shop, ye ken, my shop.

OUR readers will be glad to meet the following passage from a recent letter by a Mr. H. Gore, who was for sometime engaged at the gasworks, Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil:—"Among the population who claim to be educated, every form of religion is repudiated, and Atheism in its grossest aspect is taught in every school, from the university to the meanest communal seminary. There is scarcely a newspaper published that does not contain articles subversive of all religious beliefs. In nearly every educational establishment connected with the State the course of study relating to philosophy and physical science is invariably based on the doctrines of Positivism and Materialism. I have heard boys of thirteen or fourteen years publicly examined on subjects where the 'existence of a God and a future state' was emphatically denied, and this in the presence of examiners appointed by the Imperial Government!"

THE party in favor of using organs in the church service proved to be largely in the majority at the Free Church Assembly. The "kist o' whistles" is making its way even in the Highlands, despite the old-fashioned elders and deacons, who prefer to hear psalms, hymns, and paraphrases "entuned through the nose right sweetly," as old Chaucer says.

A VALUABLE work on the "Science of Ethics," by Leslie Stephen, author of "Freethinking and Plain-speaking," "The History of Thought in the Eighteenth Century," &c., has just been published by Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE *Hulme Gazette and Advertiser* for May, 27th, remarks: "We have a system prevails amongst us called Christianity, which cannot point to any one period of its influence, in all the long roll of centuries, that it has ever attempted to rule justly." The accusation is a heavy one, but it is least likely to be controverted by diligent students of history.

THE Rev. W. B. Wright, from Japan, speaking at the missionary breakfast of the Religious Tract Society, stated sorrowfully that in that country the towns are full of infidels, and such works as "Mill on Atheism," (sic) Spencer's works, and Paine's "Age of Reason," are being translated and widely circulated.

AN influential deputation have waited upon the Paris municipality to ask that the name of the Boulevard St. Michael be changed to that of the Boulevard Garibaldi.

COLONEL INGERSOLL has been invited to deliver the annual oration on Decoration Day upon the soldiers who fell during the American war.

THE Dundee Secular Society, having been forced to remove from their hall in the Overgate, have taken the Upper Hall, Lindsay Street, which was successfully opened by Mr. Macdonald

last Sunday. The Salvationists, who occupy the Lower Hall, are greatly annoyed by the stamping overhead; and the Secularists are greatly annoyed by the singing and howling below. The lady lieutenant has been informed that when the noisy game of hell-let-loose is stopped in the pit, the upper circle will make less noise.

At a wild Salvation meeting in Sedgley, one of the spectators cried out "madness!" Whereupon the captain admitted the soft impeachment, and said with great gusto, "Yes, and thank God he has prepared a lunatic asylum for us in heaven." We are glad to hear this, for we have often wondered whether the pious idiots and lunatics are allowed to go at large in heaven as they are on earth. As some evil chance may take us to heaven, we find the news consoling.

THE ATHEISTIC PULPIT.—SERMON XXXIII.

"There was a man in the land of Uz, whose name was Job; and that man was perfect and upright, and one that feared God and eschewed evil."—Job i., 1.

THE Book of Job is one of the very noblest scraps of ancient literature that we possess, and its value is not likely to diminish with the flow of time. It is a pity, perhaps, that it ever got into the Bible; it is altogether too good for its company; its literary merit is far above anything else in the collection. I well remember the first time I ever read it. Though the Bible was a familiar enough book in my father's house, I do not think I can have read it much in childhood. But an uncle of my mother's, an old bachelor, who lived with a maiden sister (of both of whom I remember nothing but good, by the way), was a local preacher, and a man who had read much in his day. He had a good library, chiefly religious no doubt, but including editions of the best English poets, and a variety of books besides. Well, one Sunday, when I was six or seven, as a very special privilege, I was invited to dinner at my grand-uncle's; and after dinner I felt deeply interested in the largest Bible I had ever seen. This big book I was allowed to open and read to my heart's content. I lighted upon the book of Job, and it proved the most interesting story I had yet met with; though, of course, the speeches were not so good as the narrative portions. I wish somebody who has time and talent would compile a nice book of ancient literature for children; much of Job might very well suit such a purpose. However, my business just now is to preach.

Job was perfect and upright. Well, then, we need no better proof that the story is a fiction. Perfect men and women don't live as you and I do; they don't eat and drink; nobody ever saw one of them, except with the eye of faith. They live only in poetry and romance. But we shall not find Job too good as we review his character. He was better than some who figure in the book, and out of it—his God, for example, who is, as usual, the very worst character in the play. Job "feared" this God, as it appears he had good reason for doing; for, when Job thought he was acting like a friend and a true one, this fearful God was plotting the poor man's ruin, setting the devil on him, and even worse. I know not why the writer wrote the work, but it is possible he was an Atheist, and did it to ridicule the God idea. If he intended anything else, he has woefully failed.

Job's family was a goodish sized one—seven sons and three daughters; but he had plenty to feed them on. His stock consisted of 7,000 sheep, 3,000 camels, 1,000 draught-oxen, and 500 she-asses. Besides all these, there was a large family of slaves. His sons spent most of their time, it seems, in feasting and jollificating, the sisters taking part with them. Job did little else except (ver. 5) to "sanctify" his children, and offer sacrifices for them, thus hoping that he might atone for any sins they might commit and any cursings of God they might indulge in over their wine. This shows that Job was far from perfect; had he been so he would have brought up his sons to some useful trade, and his daughters ditto. Then neither his God nor his Devil could have killed them in the manner described.

Now there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them. (ver. 6).

"D'ye mind that day, when in the bizz
Wi' reekit duds an' reestit gizz,
Ye did present your smoutie phiz
Mang better folk,
An' sklent on the man of Uz
Your spitefu' joke."

The sons of God (*Beni Elohim*), or sons of the Gods, are mentioned in Genesis vi. The Book of Enoch (an inspired production, written like all the rest of inspiration, one knows not when, where, by whom, or with what object), gives the fullest account of them I have seen. It runs thus:—"It happened after the sons of men had multiplied in those days, that daughters were born to them elegant and beautiful. And when the angels, the sons of heaven, beheld them, they became enamored of them, saying to each other: Come, let us select for ourselves wives from the progeny of men, and let us beget children. Then their leader Sannyaza said to them: I fear that you may perhaps be indisposed to the performance of this enterprise, and that I alone shall suffer for so grievous a crime. But they answered him and said: We all swear and bind ourselves by mutual execration, that we will not change our intention, but execute our projected undertaking. Then they swore altogether, and bound themselves by mutual execrations. Their whole number was two hundred, who descended upon *Ædis*, which is the top of Mount *Æmon*. . . . These are the names of their chiefs: Sannyaza, who was their leader, Urakabameel, Akibeel, Zamiel, Rameul, Danel, Azkeel, Sarakuyal, Asael, *Æmers*, Batraal, Anane, Zavabe, Samsaveel, Ertael, Zurel, Yornyael, Azarzyal." The dire results of this flirtation are partly recorded in Genesis; much will not be known till the last day—then time will be too short to learn it in. The last-named gentleman, by-the-by, Azarzyal, was the rival of Jehovah, and the God to whom the scapegoat was sacrificed in the wilderness.

I am sorry I cannot further enlighten my readers respecting the sons of God: who were their fathers, their mothers, brothers and sisters, and other family relations, including grandfathers and grandmothers, I cannot say. But they met together, my blessed text affirmeth, to present themselves before the Lord. Now this is singular. The Lord is Jehovah, or Jahveh, or Yahveh, an Israelitish deity. Job was no Israelite, nor was the book probably written by a Jew. Therefore I regard this name as an interpolation by some Jew after the work came into his hands, for, as Dr. Davidson says, the Jews were accustomed to alter their Bible when it suited them. However, be it Jehovah or any other god, it is all the same to us, "for there is no respecter of gods with the Atheist."

Who Satan was, or is, by the way, is not easy to tell. He, like the gods and their wayward sons, has "gone the way of all the earth," and has been "gathered to his fathers" so long that anyone of his relics, from a lock of his hair to a toe-nail, would at present be priceless. The old-fashioned play-writers could not proceed without introducing the supernatural. Earthly affairs could not be conducted without being worked by invisible and unearthly machinery; but they never tell us who or what their gods or devils are. The reader must not be too extravagant in his demands therefor. I cannot make bricks without material; I cannot write biographies of gods and devils without knowing something about them. The Hebrew word Satan (if Hebrew it is) signifies an "adversary." In ancient days the Jews, poor fellows, had no Devil, or Satan, and their God had to do all his dirty work himself; but after the Babylonian captivity they had one, as Dr. Fürst confesses (and as nobody can deny): "The view of an intermediate agent of evil between God and man arose at the time when the Zoroastrian doctrine became known among the Hebrews" ("Hebrew and Chaldee Lexicon.") But more of this in my next and subsequent sermons; at present my space is exhausted.

J. SYMES.

THE TUNBRIDGE WELLS BIGOTS.

THE blatant beast of bigotry is still ramping about Tunbridge Wells. Mr. Seymour informs us that the Secular Society have been ousted from their hall, in a manner which betrays a very careful study of the life of Jacob. Their landlord, who is only the leaseholder, being a little behind with his rent, the owner, at the instigation of Canon Hoare's pretended Church of England Working Men's Society, at once procured a judgment, for the purpose, to use the Sheriff's own words, of "putting a stop to the Secularists." The unfortunate leaseholder has not only lost his auction-room under the Secular Hall, but the lease of the property altogether; and the costs have been run up heavily, and men put into possession of his house to recover all damages, in order to ruin him, as it is loudly boasted, for upholding his right to let the premises to Secularists.

Last Sunday night a meeting was held on the Common, and partially addressed by Mr. Thurlow, who deserves great praise

for his pluck. The Church party organised a mob to howl the Freethinkers down. Mr. Thurlow was not allowed to criticise the popular religion, nor would the pious mob even allow him to answer an abusive Christian who was given a fair hearing. Not satisfied with howling like mad dogs every time the lecturer essayed to speak, they proceeded to worse measures, which might have terminated fatally but for the tact of the little band of Freethinkers. Incited by some of the clergy and a few leading tradesmen of the town, they endeavored to throw the lecturer off the rock he was standing on; until, overwhelmed by numbers, the brave little band linked arms around Mr. Thurlow, and retreated.

"A Visitor," writing to the *Tunbridge Wells Advertiser*, says the scene was disgraceful beyond description, and expresses a hope that "the fair fame of Tunbridge Wells will never again be sullied by a repetition" of such proceedings. He also very justly inquires whether Christianity is "likely to be advanced by the brickbat and stone-throwing argument," and whether it "stands upon a foundation so rotten that the slightest breath of argument will topple it down."

Canon Hoare is undoubtedly at the bottom of all this persecution. With the true instinct of a priest, he sees that Secularism threatens the power and privilege of his order; and knowing that argument only damages his own cause, he stirs up the latent bigotry of the faithful to do what his intellect is incapable of achieving. He opposes brains with brute force; and we have no doubt, from our knowledge of his character, that if the law permitted, he would inflict such atrocities upon Freethinkers as would throw into the shade the worst horrors of the Jew-hunt in Russia.

Having shut the Secularists' mouths, as far as he can, he gets up a series of lectures to show the folly of their principles. The first lecture is delivered by himself, and carefully avoids the subject. The next is delivered by the most foul-mouthed of the Christian Evidence Society's lecturers, with whose name we decline to sully our pages. The subject is "Secularism compared with Christianity," and in order to excite a prurient curiosity, and thus draw an audience he could not otherwise obtain, it is announced that "only men will be admitted." With a pride that apes humility, it is also stated that the lecture will be delivered "if God permit." They do well to entertain a doubt, for any decent God would stop the man's mouth, or at least disown him as an advocate before he vented his filth.

Let the bigots do their worst. We defy them, as we despise them. They show us that the old persecuting spirit of Christianity is far from extinct, and that the policy of the *Freethinker* is by no means effete. We point out the cloven hoof, which fine professions may disguise but cannot conceal; and we are not surprised at the monster's wild antics on being detected. For the Christian Evidence Society we have nothing but measureless contempt. It comes to our halls and pretends charity, and outside them, without having the courage to do so publicly, it privately abets and assists every attempt to deprive us of free speech, or to rob us of the rights of citizenship. Whether it struts or crawls, boasts or whines, we are indifferent. Its income diminishes, its influence wanes year by year, and its wailings show that ours is the winning side. We have beaten it everywhere else, and we shall beat it at Tunbridge Wells.

G. W. FOOTE.

THE PARSON'S DEITY.

MONEY, oh money, thy praises I'll sing,
Thou art my Savior, my God and my King;
'Tis for thee that I preach, and for thee that I pray,
And make a collection twice each Sabbath day.
I have candles and all sorts of dresses to buy,
For I wish you to know that my church is called "High,"
I don't mean in structure of steeple, or wall,
But so high that the Lord cannot reach it at all.
I've poor in my parish who need some relief,
I preach to their poverty, pray for their grief,
I send my box round to them morning and night,
And hope they'll remember the poor widow's mite.
I gather my knowledge from wisdom's great tree,
And the whole of my Trinity's £. s. and d.,
Pounds, shillings, and pence are all that I crave,
From my first step on earth to the brink of the grave.
And when I'm laid low, and my body at rest,
Place a box on my grave, 'tis my last request;
That friends may all see who come for reflection,
I can't rest in peace without a collection.
I'll have carriages and horses, and servants and all,
I'm not going to foot it, like Peter and Paul;
Neither, like John, live on locust and honey,
So out with your purses, and down with your money.
Money's my creed, I'll not pray without it,
My heaven is closed against all those who doubt it;
For this is the essence of parson's religion.
Come regular to church and be plucked like a pigeon.

Fools sometimes ask what I do with this money;—
They might just as well ask what bees do with honey;—
I answer them all with a wink and a nod,
I keep three-thirds for myself and give praises to God.

In cold silent earth I may soon be laid low,
To sleep with the blest that went long ago;
I shall slumber in peace till the great resurrection,
Then shall be first on my legs to make a collection.

FREETHOUGHT GLEANINGS.

IN ROME.—Absolution could be easily obtained from the priest for any ruffianism, when committed for the benefit of Mother Church.—*General Garibaldi*, "The Rule of the Monk," p. 8, vol. i.

THE PRIESTS.—These worthy teachers, when preaching to the Roman women about the glory of heaven, impress upon them that they, and they only, have power to give free entrance into eternal bliss. To liberate these misguided beings from superstition, and rescue them from the deceit of the so-called "reverend fathers," is the question of life or death to Italy; this, in fact, is the only way in which to work out the deliverance of our country. Many will tell you there are good priests. But a priest, to become really good, must discard the livery which he wears. For is it not the uniform of the promoters of brigandage over the half of Italy? Has it not marched as a pioneer garb before every sinister foreigner that ever visited our country?—*General Garibaldi*, "The Rule of the Monk," p. 37, vol. i.

REVELATION OR ASPIRATION?—Surely many of the utterances which have been accepted as descriptions ought to be interpreted as aspirations, or as having their roots in aspiration, instead of objective knowledge. Does the song of the herald angels, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men," express the exaltation and the yearning of a human soul? or does it describe an optical and acoustical fact—a visible host and an audible song? If the former, the exaltation and the yearning are man's imperishable possession—a ferment long confined to individuals, but which may by and bye become the leaven of the race. If the latter, then belief in the entire transaction is wrecked by non-fulfilment. Look to the East at the present moment as a comment on the promise of peace on earth and good-will towards men. That promise is a dream dissolved by the experience of eighteen centuries. But though the mechanical theory of a vocal heavenly multitude proves untenable, the immortal song and the feelings it expresses are still ours, to be incorporated, let us hope, in purer and less shadowy forms, in the poetry, philosophy, and practice of the future.—*Prof. Tyndall*, *Lecture on Science*, Birmingham, Oct. 1877.

UTILITY OF PARSONS.—It has always been a subject, not of wonder but of grief—for I have been compelled to believe it—that there is hardly any effort so great, effort in any direction, with so little result as the effort that is made by the ministers and teachers of religion.—*John Bright*, on Education, Birmingham, Oct. 1879.

SCIENCE AND CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY.—As to Science, she has never sought to ally herself to civil power. She has never attempted to throw odium or inflict social ruin on any human being. She has never subjected anyone to mental torment, physical torture, least of all to death, for the purpose of upholding or promoting her ideas. She presents herself unstained by cruelties and crimes. But in the Vatican—we have only to recall the Inquisition—the hands that are now raised in appeals to the most merciful are crimsoned,—they have been steeped in blood.—*Professor John William Draper*, "History of the Conflict between Religion and Science," preface p. xi., 1875.

PROFANE JOKES.

QUINN was once asked what he thought of the cathedral at Lichfield, from which place he had just returned. "Why, faith!" replied he, "as to the cathedral, it is venerable enough; but I once went into the choir while they were chanting, and I thought there ought to have been an amendment in the service. Instead of, 'Have mercy upon us, miserable sinners,' they ought to have sung 'Have mercy upon us, miserable singers.'"

TWO Americans at the Alhambra, the other night, admiring the Review Scene in "Babil and Bijou," one remarked to the other, "This licks Solomon in all his glory into fits," when his companion replied, "What a memory you must have, to be sure!"

IN the service for the Churching of Women, a curate, afraid of offending his patroness, who was a person of quality, altered the word "woman" to "lady," and accordingly said, "O Lord, save this lady, Thy servant." The clerk, not to be outdone in servility, made answer, "Who putteth her ladyship's trust in Thee?"

NEW ADAPTATION OF THE BIBLE.—A free negro was brought before a magistrate and convicted of pilfering. The magistrate

begins to remonstrate, "Do you know how to read?" "Yes, massa, little." "Well, don't you ever make use of the Bible?" "Yes, massa; I 'trap my razor on it sometimes."

A BLACK, not one hundred miles from St. Andrew's, being examined in the Church Catechism by the minister, was asked, "What are you made of, Jack?" He said, "Of mud, massa." On being told he should say "of dust," he replied, "No, massa, it no do—no stick together."

ELDER WATSON, who was expressing to his minister the high opinion he had of his personal virtues, wound up his eulogy by saying: "An' I a'ways, and specially, liket your sterling independence, sir. I ha'e a'ways said, sir, that ye neither fear God nor man."

ELDER WATSON: "Now, when our Savior had risen, to whom did he appear first?" Old Grundy Slade: "To the women." E. W.: "And why to the women first, do you think?" O. G. S.: "Because he thought in this way his resurrection would soonest get known."

MR. SYMES'S ENGAGEMENTS.

June 11, Baskerville Hall, Birmingham; 18, Manchester; 25, Claremont Hall, London. July 2, Heckmondwike; 16, Huddersfield; 30, West Hartlepool. September 24th, Hall of Science, London.—All applications to be sent to Mr. JOSEPH SYMES, 142, Hagley Road, Birmingham.

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