

THE FREETHINKER.

EDITED BY G. W. FOOTE.

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"COMIC BIBLE" SKETCHES.—XXXIV.



THE LOAVES AND FISHES.

"And they say unto him, We have here but five loaves and two fishes. . . . And they that had eaten were about five thousand men, beside women and children."—Matt. xiv., 17—21.

THE SECRET OF PRIESTCRAFT.

The trade of the priest is as widespread as that of the butcher or baker, and perhaps more so, for in many parts of the world where civilisation has not brought division of labor, and every family kills and cooks for itself, there is still found a gentleman who takes charge of the theological department, and supplies the laymen with all they require in that line. From the African rain-doctor to the Pope of Rome or the Archbishop of Canterbury is a far cry, and yet they are both of the same profession. Their business is to look after men's souls, to propitiate the gods, and to discern with spiritual vision what lies on the other side of knowledge and common-sense.

Throughout Christendom priestcraft is carried to its highest development. In Catholic countries there is the ubiquitous black militia of Rome, celibate, cunning and unscrupulous, sworn to resist Liberalism and progress, and sacrifice all human interests on the altar of the Church, and to keep the world for ever chained to the dogmas which were current when the Papacy was instituted long centuries ago in the darkness of ignorance and superstition. In Protestant countries we have similar hosts of black dragoons quartered on every parish, who, as Carlyle said, demand and receive plentiful rations for horse and man. England is perhaps the richest pasture ground in the world for these warriors of faith. Their number and wages are not generally comprehended, for the popular mind has little power of

imagination, and cannot realise the meaning of numbers which run into myriads and millions. But some idea of this enormous parasitic growth is formed by the dullest when they see crowds of white-choked gentry pouring into Exeter Hall in May and blackening all its approaches. Our State Church, which is richer than all the ecclesiastical bodies of Europe put together, has over thirteen thousand livings; employs over twenty-five thousand bishops, canons, deans, rectors, vicars and curates; and spends over ten millions a year. The Dissenting bodies spend nearly as much, and employ quite as many. Then there are all kinds of Societies for converting Heathen and Jews, disseminating Bibles and Tracts, and cultivating the remote provinces of religion. The total cost of these operations cannot be less than twenty-five millions a year, and the forces of every kind maintained to carry them on cannot fall short of sixty thousand. Here is a vast army of blackcoats, whose main business is to fight the Devil. Their enemy is imaginary, their use is imaginary, but there is nothing imaginary about their cost. That is a hard inevitable fact, as we are beginning to find and feel.

Priests strike a very profitable bargain with the people. They say, "You make us comfortable here, and we will make you happy hereafter; you find us snug residences down below, and we will provide you with mansions in the sky; you do your best for us in this world and we will do our best for you in the world to come; in short, you look after our bodies and we will look after your souls." They take the bird in the hand, and leave us the bird in the bush, which is not worth much, especially when you cannot see the bush. A very one-sided contract indeed! Knavery on one side and dupery on the other! For what priest is there who really, vitally believes in those grand felicities beyond the grave? Are they not all anxious to remain as long as possible in this vale of tears? Do they not keep out of heaven as long as they can? Do they not exhaust the doctor's skill before they resign themselves to God? Do they not make the best of this miserable world and cling to it as a limpet clings to its rock? Do they not prefer a mansion, a villa, or even a cottage on earth, to acres of golden flooring in the New Jerusalem? They know they do, and what is more to the purpose, we know it too.

If, as we hold, this huge black-coated Army is absolutely useless, its cost must be reckoned as double what it consumes; every soldier in it is unproductive and lives at the expense of others, whereas if his labor were productive he would not only keep himself, but contribute to the general wealth. This costly army should be disbanded and sent back to honest industry. Our red-coated army is quite enough to maintain, and we hope that also will be disbanded in time, when nations settle their disputes like individuals, without guns and swords, and heroism will be devoted to saving instead of slaying; when the brave fireman who risks his life for others is accounted nobler than the hero of a hundred fights, and he who saves one child to its mother as more honorable than the victor who strews the earth with corpses.

But the redcoats are chiefly *men*, while the blackcoats are shorn of virility. Sidney Smith, who knew them well, said there were three sexes—men, women and clergymen. The Catholic priest renounces his manhood, but the Protestant priest makes a compromise. He marries, gives hostages to Mrs. Grundy, avoids his own sex, and by consorting with the ladies succeeds in becoming nearly epicene a man to women, but a woman to men.

The only public sign of virility they evince is their bigotry, although even that is seldom massive and masculine, but almost always vehement and feminine. They

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stand up for God, ostensibly on religious grounds, but really on grounds of trade. As Dryden sang:

For priests of all religions are the same.
Of whatso'er descent their godhead be,
Stock, stone, or other homely pedigree,
In his defence his servants are as bold,
As if he had been born of beaten gold.

For 'tis their duty, all the learned think,
To espouse his cause by whom they eat and drink."

Absalom and Achitophel

They curse and persecute for the love of God and their own profit. Like the silversmiths of Diana, they know the craft by which they have their living, although they do not affect the plain confession of worthy Demetrius. Persecution is never the work of laymen, but always the work of priests; bigotry may exasperate it when once begun, but it always commences in self-interest. Socrates, Jesus Christ, Hypatia, Bruno, Galileo, Voltaire, and Thomas Paine, were all persecuted by the priests, without whose interference they would never have been molested. It is to the priest's advantage to represent everybody as a scoundrel deserving of death, who poaches on their preserves, questions their dogmas, derides their authority, or introduces a little light to dispel that ignorance which is ever the mother of devotion. For, as Farquhar wrote, in his witty "Discourse upon Comedy:" "The Divine stands wrapt up in his cloud of mysteries, and the amused Laity must pay Tithes and Veneration to be kept in obscurity, grounding their hopes of future knowledge on a competent stock of present ignorance."

But my space is exhausted, and I must defer the rest of my remarks on Priestcraft till next week.

G. W. FOOTE.

GUITEAU IN GLORY.

THE assassin of President Garfield, who after almost a year's delay has at length paid the forfeit of his crime, is an instance of how far Biblical doctrine may be used to countenance the most atrocious deeds. According to the belief of this wretch, and, indeed, according to the commonly-accepted creed of Christendom, he is now with God in glory. Eternal salvation belongs to those who truly believe, and if ever there was a thorough-going believer it was Guiteau. In his eyes human law was nothing compared to a Divine command, and to the last he persisted that his deed of blood had been inspired by God. Every one sees that in his case such an assertion has an element of insanity, though most will agree that his insanity was of a kind best treated by a dance on nothing. But everyone does not see that a like insanity is involved in all pretences of knowing the will of God, and a like disturbing element imparted to conduct by founding morality upon a supernatural will, which must always be identified by men with the dictates of their own desires. In our eyes, the Salvationist who declares that the Holy Ghost has descended upon him, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, who has just issued a form of prayer for fine harvest weather, are either gross humbugs, or they show symptoms of the same religious madness which afflicted Guiteau. Supernaturalism is insanity. But it is an insanity which must not exonerate from the penalties of breaking human law.

The record of the last days of this criminal is an instructive one. He spent much of his time poring over the fulsomely-beslavered volume which had been an incitement to his crime. There he had read how the voice of the Lord had commanded Abraham to offer up Isaac, how the same voice had ordered Samuel to hew Agag in pieces, and how when the spirit of the Lord descended upon his servants they usually went forth to smite and to slay. He was truly a fitting worshipper of the Gore-God of the Bible, and from the precious volume he found encouragement in his crime as easily as better men find encouragement to good conduct.

His spiritual adviser, the Rev. Mr. Hicks, whom he seems to have converted, read to him on the last day from the tenth chapter of Matthew. We can imagine how the wretch would understand the passages in this chapter, telling the disciples not to go to the Gentiles; that it should be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah than for those who rejected them, and that Jesus had not come to send peace, but a sword. The prayer which he read on the scaffold breathes the same spirit. "Father," said he, "I am only too happy to go to thee. The world does not yet appreciate

my mission, but thou knowest it. . . . The diabolical spirit of this nation, its government, and its newspapers towards me, will justify thee in cursing them, and I know thy divine law of retribution is inexorable. I, therefore, predict that this nation will go down in blood, and my murderers, from Executive to hangman, will go to hell." Let anyone ask themselves what has been the true inspiration of such a prayer, and we are much mistaken if the answer does not give a severe reflexion on the doctrines of Christianity. Salvation by faith, the belief in a supernatural mission superior to all human law, an inspiration unbelievers in which would suffer—these were the characteristics of Guiteau's mind, and they are the characteristics of Christianity when untempered by secular influences. Religious Dogma engrafted on Self-Conceit, with Murder as its product—that is the account of Guiteau.

And now, as he wished it recorded on a monument, "his soul is in glory." There, with Joshua, Samson, Samuel, and all the rest of God's murderers, he can sing praises "to him which smote great kings, for his mercy endureth for ever" (Psalm cxxxvi., 17); or, with David, howl imprecations upon his enemy, "Let his children be fatherless and his wife a widow" (Psalm cix., 9). Guiteau, in the glorious company of the Jewish saints, will be quite at home. Pagans and unbelievers, be their virtues what they may, will be cast into the burning brimstone lake where the smoke of their torment ascendeth for ever; but all the sins of a firm Christian believer like Guiteau are washed white as snow in the blood of the Lamb, and, like so many other pious scoundrels, he can die with the name of the Lord on his lips, in the sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection to his eternal heavenly home. Who would not rather be damned than seek salvation from the originator of such a scheme as this?

J. M. WHEELER.

UNITED WE STAND.

SAID prelate Tait to Salvationist Booth,
"My boy, we are birds of a feather;
I'll do what I can that our bark may sail smooth,
For I see signs of coming foul weather.

That Darwin has played the old deuce with our trade,
And I ken just as clear as a sibyl,
That the Church and its bishops soon will be made
A jest of, as well as the Bible!

Now, do not be bashful, but let us be pals,
Although I rank next to the 'regal'—
Here's a fiver to purchase a few fal-de-rals,
To sport when you spout at the 'Eagle.'

"Hallelujah!" cried Booth; "glory, glory, old pal!
I swear by the bones of Dame Siegel
That you and my crew, myself and old gal,
Shall be borne up to bliss by my 'Eagle!'"

Envoi.

But the Queen would not follow the Archbishop's lead;
She thought that it scarcely was regal
To give any coin to a General in need,
To be spent on a show at the "Eagle."

W. D.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CHILDREN'S PARTY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE FREETHINKER."

DEAR SIR,—It has been suggested that we should provide a day's outing for the children of poorer members of the free-thought party in London, and as we think the idea a good one, we shall be glad to take upon ourselves the responsibility of carrying it through. Of course to do it effectually will entail some expense, so if our friends who sympathise will send us their donations we shall be pleased to receive them; the more we get the more we shall be able to give a jolly day to. The following were given at once: Mrs. Besant, 10s. 6d.; the Misses Bradlaugh, 10s. 6d.; F. M. W., 2s. 6d. Full particulars will be given as soon as possible.—Yours truly,
W. J. RAMSEY,
Hon. Sec., Central London Branch N. S. S

THE Rev. Mark Warburton has put out a little book with the title, "The Three R.'s a Failure for lack of the Fourth." The fourth R, guesses the reader, is Religion. Not a bit of it. It means the Rod; and the publication is intended to advocate the practice of whipping. The holy author quotes Solomon's advocacy of the rod, but he forgets to mention that Solomon's children did not turn out particularly bright examples of the salutary effects of the practice.

ACID DROPS.

HERE is another specimen of a Wesleyan Hymn, taken from the Hymns on the Trinity, by Charles Wesley, p. 268, vol. vii., of the "Poetical Works of John and Charles Wesley, collected and arranged by G. Osborn, D.D. London: Wesleyan Methodist Conference Office, 1870."

"Be it so, Thou glorious God,
Three in One and One in Three,
Able to abase the proud,
Come with all thy majesty.
Men who Arian blasphemies
Dare the scripture doctrine name,
Let their dire delusion cease,
Sink to hell from whence it came."

A CORRESPONDENT who signs himself "Bully Samson," is anxious to know "whether Mr. Foote's Bible Romance entitled *God in a Box*, has anything to do with *The Prize Fight in a Chapel*; if so, he hopes Jehovah's fighting weight is correctly stated. But if the word 'box' only means an ordinary chest, he is extremely pleased to hear that *God in a Box* is coming out."

WE visited a Salvation Army meeting in the hope of being converted, but thank the Lord he wasn't ready for us. The ball (there was plenty of dancing) was set rolling by the singing of that beautiful hymn, "O the Lamb, the bleedin' Lamb," which was rendered in heavenly style. Some of the damsels, when they sing, open their mouths as though a dentist was going to get inside to extract a tooth. A red-headed youngster declared that Jesus had "washed him whiter than snow." We couldn't believe hymn. Then a rough-looking would-be angel of the male sex got up and declared that he had been everything that was bad, but now "thank Almighty God, he had been washed, dried, mangled and ironed in the bloody Jesus."

THE Radicals are beginning to be disheartened at Mr. Bradlaugh's continued exclusion from his seat; but we advise them to hold out a little while longer. Some say if he takes it, it will be through the untiring energy of his loyal colleague. Though we doubt not that he is being ably assisted by *Labouchere*, we think that *sheer labor* on Mr. Bradlaugh's part is not wanting.

AT the Derby County Sessions the decision of the magistrates making an affiliation order against Edward Martin, a Methodist preacher, was confirmed. It appeared from the evidence that this preaching blackguard, who is over sixty years of age, seduced his niece, a girl under sixteen. He is minister of the Primitive Methodist congregation at Sibley, Leicestershire.

CANON FARRAR, who was one of the Church dignitaries concerned in inviting the Yankee revivalists to evangelise the Metropolis, gave rather a "slogging" into the Salvationists in his discourse at Westminster Abbey last Sunday afternoon. He doesn't go in for quenching the Holy Spirit, but he decidedly objects to its manifesting itself in shouts and jumping. He also objects to the sham titles, the military accoutrements, and the testimonies of the converted. Above all, he objects to the display of vanity in the place of worship. This we thought rather a joke, for although we have seen some curious displays among the Salvationists, we have never witnessed more ridiculous vanity than that displayed in the affected, lackadaisical tones and manner of the clerk in holy orders who chants the services in Westminster Abbey.

THE wily Canon, of course, coated his pill for the Salvationists in a deal of gospel sugar. He had every respect for their sincerity, only they were fanatics. The Church would offer the hand of brotherhood, only they must conform to its methods. Doubtless the Salvationists did much good, only history showed that these fanatical sects usually did more evil than good, and he feared their methods would bring religion into contempt.

"So sweetly and gently he kicked them down stairs,
You'd have thought he was handing them up."

IT was rather too bad of the sleek, Broad-Church Canon though, to stigmatise the Grecian theatre as a plague-spot of the metropolis. Both actors and audience in the theatre purchased by the Salvationists would compare favorably with those at the Westminster Aquarium, which is within a stone's throw of the Canon's own church, and is much frequented by "the cloth."

THE *Christian Commonwealth* has a slog at the Army for its "senseless mimicries of army titles, tactics, and borrowings, that have culminated in a military burlesque under the assumed guidance of the Prince of Peace." It complains that a considerable number of useful missions in the metropolis are suffering from want of funds because they do not go in for congress halls and claptrap sensationism. Already, it continues, vile and hateful parodies of most sacred names and subjects are being heard in the streets. And if this burlesque of Christianity be continued, what else can be expected than that the most ribald blasphemies will be heard from the ungodly and profane against all sacred themes and subjects?

The *Christian World* thinks it time to protest against the Salvation Army "pandering to the lowest tastes of the most degraded classes;" and Lord Shaftesbury might well say that "the excesses of the Army were producing great irreverence of thought, of expression, and of action, turning religion into a play, and making it grotesque." Can the *C. W.* tell us what else can be done with a religion men have ceased to believe in than to turn it into a play? The churches set the example long before the Salvationists came on the field.

IN the course of his sermon on "Bigots and Bigotry," the Rev. Dr. J. P. Newman said he was prepared to recognise Christianity in every branch of the Christian Church. He alluded to Catholicism as "the bulwark of the essential principles of the gospel, and a wall of brass against the assaults of infidels." He said he would not destroy Rome if he had the power. "Wall of brass," indeed! Brass is a good word.—*Man*.

AT Hinderwell parish church, a few days ago, the Rev. H. M. Simms astonished a wedding party by telling the ladies that they were a very low lot. By way of practising a little muscular Christianity, he turned one of them out of the church. The secret of his tantrum seems to be trade jealousy. Several of the ladies are in the habit of attending a rival gospel-shop.

THERE is a preacher in Battersea Park who is familiarly (some say too familiarly) known as Bob. Last Sunday evening he boasted that he had just converted an infidel, and that many others were on the road. "And why?" said he—"Because I 'ave 'ere (holding up his Bible) a sword huff which no infidel 'as yet taken the hedge."

THE Rev. J. K. Campbell, of Stirling, has published a discourse on "The Press," in which he charges it with being a circulator of lies. No doubt pious Campbell wishes to keep the monopoly of that business for the pulpit. In the course of his maudering he is very severe on Voltaire and Hume, although it is difficult to see what they have to do with the press. He has also a fling at "Tom Payne," by which he probably means Thomas Paine. These pulpit cattle are peculiarly irreverent in their treatment of great Freethinkers. How they would shriek against us if we spoke of Jack the Baptist, Apostle Pete, Josh the son of carpenter Joe, and so forth! But we intend to leave that sort of thing to Campbell and his fraternity.

WE hear that an attempt will be made to boycott the *Freethinker* in Dublin, for the love of Ireland, and the greater profit of the Land League, whose chief organ is afraid of competition. Let them do their worst, or rather their best, for the more they talk the better we are known, and the more they oppose us the more we flourish.

THE *Leicester Free Press* devotes a long descriptive article to the Secular hall in that town. The reporter allows that the place was "filled with just that class of working men who are very rarely found in our churches and chapels." But he quizzes the Secular service, and predicts ultimate failure for the movement. Prophecy is easy work. Time tries all and judges all. Meanwhile let us all go on with our work.

THE reporter states that in the discussion which followed Mr. Bunton's address on "What a Secular service should be" the paid lecturers came in for some hard knocks, the chairman expressing his opinion that they are as prone to mental stagnation as the parsons themselves. Hardly so, Mr. Gimson. Secular lecturers have to face the fullest criticism, while the parson affects infallibility and allows no discussion. How easy it is to talk about mental stagnation! And yet how difficult it is to stagnate when, like most Freethought lecturers, you have to read all the best new books, keep yourself posted up in the latest movements of theology and philosophy, and write articles and deliver lectures every week to a by no means lenient public. A man may stagnate in an endowed pulpit, but we defy him to stagnate on a Freethought platform and keep on it for twelve months. Is there not a little jealousy of professional lecturers? No unskilled person would think of making a coat or pair of boots, but almost every man who is not dumb fancies he could talk as well as any other man if he only had a mind, when he perhaps not only has not the mind, but never had it, and never will. Every special work requires a special gift, and training always tells against the lack of it. In almost every art the poorest professional is better than the best amateur. Our local lecturers do an excellent work, and they deserve the highest praise for their earnest devotion to the cause; but neither at Leicester nor elsewhere can our movement be permanently successful without professional aid. You may organise existing Freethinkers, and your work is a grand one; but a young cause depends on its recruits for continued life, and without them it must gradually die.

THE *Christian World* says of the Salvation Army placard at Leeds, that "a more atrocious document has never appeared." After the usual proclamation of War! War! etc., and an invitation to everybody to "join in the fight against old Nick," the plan of attack is thus described:—Monday, Salvation Charge. Tuesday, *Great Exhibition of Hallelujah Lassies*. Wednesday

Fire and Brimstone. Friday, Baptism of Fire. Saturday, *All over the Shop Meetings*.—Sunday, 7 a.m., Knee Drill; 11 a.m., Descent of the Holy Ghost; 2.30 p.m., Tremendous Free and Easy; 6.30 p.m., Great Charge on the Devil; 9 p.m., Hallelujah Galop.

THE Queen, in reply to a begging letter from Mrs. Booth, has expressed, through her secretary, her satisfaction at learning that the Salvationists have won many thousands to the ways of temperance, virtue and religion, but declined to contribute to the fund for purchasing the Grecian Theatre. This characteristic letter provoked unbounded demonstrations of loyalty from the Army on their Field Day at the Alexandra Palace. The mere fact of the Queen having directed a reply to be sent to the wife of the "General" was enough, even though the letter was little better than a polite snub.

A CONSIDERABLE correspondence has been raised in the *Western Daily Press*, by a letter from Dr. Doudney, Vicar of St. Luke's, Totterdown, complaining of having witnessed haymaking on a Sunday. This worthy antediluvian connects the crime of preventing hay from being spoilt by working on the first day of the week with the murders in Ireland, the massacre of Europeans at Alexandria, and the influx of Jesuits from the Continent. The case, he feels, is so desperate that nothing will put the irascible Almighty into a good humor again till we have set apart "a day for humiliation and prayer that a peace might be restored to our borders, and the chastening hand of the Almighty removed, so plainly indicated by the strange and unaccountable maladies which have of late years befallen our cattle, our sheep, our pigs, and our poultry."

It seems that the Rev. N. V. Broder, of St. Joseph's Mission, Brighton, who advertises a cure for moral dyspepsia for twelve stamps, wants them to build a church for himself. He has, he says, already been promised £600, and he wants £400 more. "Are there not," he asks, "800 solid Christians who can give their ten shillings each, and be glad of the opportunity of doing a little good in their time? or 8,000 good souls who would just as soon give a shilling a day in charity as not give it? If they are, then let them, *one and all* (this is important), send in their respective donations to the Rev. N. V. B." Impudent beggars, these priests. They understand the art of advertising as well as the vendors of quack medicines.

LAST week we reported the striking by lightning of the steeple of Ormskirk Church, and an ensuing panic. The following Sunday, Christ Church, Tiverside, Yorkshire, was visited in the same way. The tower was struck by lightning and the spouting demolished. The electric fluid suddenly filled the building, and the gas, which had been lit in the chancel owing to the darkness, was extinguished by a gust of wind. A panic ensued, and many of the congregation rushed out. Upon examination it was found that no one had sustained serious injuries, and then the vicar, Mr. Fowler, held a special Thanksgiving service. Query,—Was the special thanksgiving for the panic, or because the special providence that interposes in church affairs, was in a playful mood, and only had a game at Bo-peep?

"THANK God that you've escaped," said a parson to a friend who had just passed under the nose of a rapidly-driven horse at a crowded crossing. "I don't see what there is to be thankful for in being nearly run over," was the reply.

AT the Sheffield Police-court, on Monday, a member of the Salvation Army was summoned for assaulting a milk-seller, who took advantage of a gap in the procession to attempt to cross the road. The stipendiary held that it was the duty of those in charge of the processions of the Salvation Army to have gaps in them, so that the ordinary traffic might not be interfered with, and he inflicted a fine of 10s. and costs. This is only right. If as the Salvationist mania spreads, magistrates will not protect the ordinary rights of citizens, peaceable passengers will be afraid to take to the streets lest they meet a detachment of the soldiery filled with the Holy Spirit.

AT the Auction Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, on Monday, Mr. Cheffins put up for sale the Debden estate, including "a highly-valuable advowson or perpetual right of presentation to the rectory of Debden, comprising a rectory-house, with extensive grounds and garden, farm, homestead, and about fifty acres of glebe land, of the gross annual value of £1,100." A number of clergymen, members of the Society for the Abolition of Purchase in the Church of England, attended and interrupted the proceedings. They were frequently threatened with ejection. The Rev. E. G. O'Donoughe, secretary of the Curates' Alliance, made himself conspicuous by badgering the auctioneer. Another clergyman offered a shilling for the lot. The Rev. G. Hennessy said, "It is an awful thing to sell souls in this way;" and upon £94,000 being bid for the property, the Rev. G. Barr asked, "How many souls do you give for that money?" These proceedings are not very dignified on the part of the "cloth," but they may help to break up one of the many iniquities of the State Church.

"TATLER" says, in *Bell's Life*, that he recently visited a Salvation meeting. One brother made very friendly advances on learning who he was. "Brother," said he, "if you 'appen to be writin' about this 'ere, I know you won't forget Jerry Bagstock, the converted 'pug.'" Jerry had a good eye to business, and understood the value of an advertisement.

THE rowdy M.P., who passes under the assumed name of O'Donnell, being perhaps ashamed of his own, has been suspended—not by the neck, but from the attendance in the House of Commons—for a fortnight. In the *Observer* of last Sunday he denied that he had been guilty of obstruction, and alleged that he had only been active in opposition to the Government in foreign matters and in the Bradlaugh case. The Bradlaugh case. We thank this bastard Irishman for the word. When Mr. Bradlaugh was going to the House on August the 3rd, this eye-glassed patriot passed in front of all the hostile crowds—with a lady on each arm—to show his courage. After Mr. Bradlaugh was thrust out, in a state of exhaustion, the same noble patriot brought one of his brace of dames to see the brave show, keeping the woman carefully between himself and Mr. Bradlaugh—to show his courage again. Now he insults the chairman in the House—to show his courage once more. He knows he will neither get his skin scratched nor lose a halfpenny, and that suspension is only a punishment to a gentleman. Brave "O'Donnell!" He deserves a leather medal, with an eye-glass on one side and a barmaid on the other.

DICKY WEAVER is boasting of having converted an infidel. We wonder how he did it. Was it by the regularity of his weekly payments, or how?

SPURGEON asks, "Are there not gifts of collection as well as gifts of preaching?" Of course there are. General Booth is an example. He can't preach, but he is a beggar to collect. He can work the hat round four times in an hour. We don't believe Spurgeon's Tabernacle can produce a collection agent one half as good. But then Spurgeon is a little hampered by being an honest man.

THEY don't find collections take so well out west. One afternoon there was a dreadful row in a mining village, and revolvers and bowie knives were plied like steam. The sheriff was quite powerless to restore order. But suddenly the local preacher mounted a barrel, took off his hat, and shouted, "Brethren, there will now be a collection." In less than a minute sheriff and preacher had it all to themselves.

EXETER HALL is the birthplace of innumerable lies. At a recent meeting there, presided over by Earl Beauchamp, a Mr. Charles Richards said that the Church had much to learn from the Salvation Army. The General Booters had, for instance, by the aid of Churchmen as well as Dissenters, opened the Circus in Northampton; and surely, said the pious but inaccurate Richards, "it is better that these 2000 people should be listening to a Salvation Army preacher than be listening to an infidel lecturer." At these words the meeting broke into loud cheers. They did not know that infidel lecturers are seldom if ever heard in Northampton. Mr. Bradlaugh himself wisely refrains from preaching irreligion in the town which he represents politically; unlike the Christians, who mix up their religion with everything as a kind of *sauce*.

THE Chicago Christians have asked Moody and Sankey to return home, as their city is far more godless than any part of Scotland. But how about the cash over there? Revivalists must keep on the move, and when the funds run low they, like Milton's shepherd, go off to "fresh fields and pastures new"—not to eat grass, but to find fresh sheep that want fleecing.

MOODY, dear Moody, come home to us now,
Our converts are all on the run;
You promised, dear Moody, that you would come home
As soon as that Scotch job was done.
Our fire has gone out, our churches are cold,
The old women won't come to tea,
And some of the faithful are sick unto death,
While others go out on the spree.
Come home, come home, come home,
Please Moody, dear Moody, come home!

THE *Church Times* is down on General Booth for selling Salvation bonnets at prices ranging from five shillings to half-a-guinea, when they are barely worth two shillings. The latest branch of business opened by the enterprising General is in Salvation watches. Why not Hallelujah umbrellas and Glory boots?

WE have seen a report of the annual conference of the Medical Prayer Union, and the whole thing looks like a joke. Fancy doctors praying for a blessing on their medicines! We suspect, if they pray for anything, it is for lots of patients, especially wheezy old ladies and gouty old gentlemen. If the medical profession got infected with the prayer madness, we should soon see them trying to cure bad eyes, after the style of Doctor Jesus, with spittle and clay pills.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

MR. FOOTE lectures twice to-day (Sunday, July 9th) in London: Morning, at 11.30, Midland Arches; evening, at 7.30, Claremont Hall, Penton Street, Pentonville; subject, "Christianity Played Out."

MR. FOOTE'S ENGAGEMENTS.

July 16th, morning, Midland Arches; evening, Claremont Hall. 22nd, 23rd and 24th Huddersfield; 30th, Liverpool.

August 6th, Burnley; 13th Rochdale; 20th, West Hartlepool; 21st to 25th, Durham District; 27th, Stockton-on-Tees.

September 3rd, Claremont Hall, London; 10th, Hall of Science, London; 17th, Hall of Science, London.

October 1st, Claremont Hall, London; 15th, Halifax; 22nd, Manchester.

November 19th, Hall of Science, London; 26th, Claremont Hall, London.

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.

JOHN E. M. ROBINSON.—The statement that the verses quoted by us from the Wesleyan Hymns, in "Acid Drops," p. 204, were never among the collection is false. They are to be found in Part iv., § 9, of "A Collection of Hymns for the use of the people called Methodists, by the Rev. John Wesley, M.A.," published by John Haddon and Co., 3, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, 1874. Both verses are in the same hymn, No. 443, p. 416, beginning "Sun of unclouded Righteousness." We have also another copy, dated 1831, lying before us, and they are doubtless to be found in any uncastrated edition.

J. HORNE.—The Epistles of Paul which are generally allowed to be genuine, are those to the Romans, Corinthians, Galatians, Phillipians, 1 Thessalonians, and Philemon.

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS.—Anti-Idolator, Well-wisher, J. Melling, C. T. Ward, C. K. Laporte.

J. G. HEDGES.—Our experience of these tales makes us discard them at a venture; but you had better write Mr. Bradlaugh on the subject.

TUTOR.—Thanks for your interesting letter. We are pleased to know that the *Freethinker* has so many warm friends. We trust that the open-air committee will see whether something cannot be done to counteract the Christian rangers in Battersea Park.

E. O'NEILL.—We do not know of any Freethought Society in Dublin. You had better write to Mr. R. Forder, Secretary of the National Secular Society, 35, Alderney Road, London, E., who will give you all the information at his command.

A. CARVER.—Thanks for the cuttings. Tracts sent as desired. We are happy to say that the orders already received fully justify the issue, and show that we are supplying a general need. Unfortunately, we are obliged to raise the price by post to eightpence a hundred, owing to the extra quality and weight of the paper. As the cost of the Tracts cannot be covered by the sale, and we can only be recuperated by the advertisement of the *Freethinker*, we trust that our readers will send in their orders at once, and clear off the whole of our first edition of two hundred thousand. The wide circulation of these Tracts is propagandist work in which everybody can engage.

J. O. N.—See "Acid Drops." The reverend gentleman shall be supplied with a copy.

J. S. O. B.—Scarcely suitable. Read Oscar Schmidt's "Descent and Darwinism" (International Scientific Series), and the works therein referred to.

RECEIVED WITH THANKS.—C. B. B.

YOUNG FREETHINKER.—Mr. Foote's "God in a Box," price one penny, will supply the information you desire.

H. MARKALL.—The old verses are a little too coarse now. Other times, other manners.

W. MONK.—The eulogistic passage on Jesus Christ is from the third Essay in Mill's posthumous volume, which Miss Helen Taylor, his executrix and editress, allows was never prepared for publication by the author. Yet the Christians always quote from this Essay, despite the frequency with which it is contradicted by the two Essays that were prepared for publication. The Christians could make nothing of Mill living, but they are making the most of him now he is dead. That is their usual plan.

As we go to press we learn that the Duke of Argyll's Parliamentary Oaths Act has been defeated on its second reading in the Lords by 138 votes to 62. We shall deal with the debate on it next week.

SUGAR PLUMS.

PROFESSOR SEELEY, in his new book on "Natural Religion," says: "We see religion suffering veritably the catastrophe of Poland, which found so fatal an enjoyment in quarrelling, and quarrelled so long, that a day came at last when there was no Poland any more, and then the quarrelling ceased."

ARE our Hindu friends in Madras strong enough to support two Freethought weekly papers? We notice that Mr. P. M. Mudaliar is going to issue the *Philosophical Inquirer* entirely in English, while Mr. P. M. Naicker brings out a new Anglo-Tamil journal entitled the *Thinker*.

THE *Salford Weekly Chronicle*, for June 24th, devotes upwards of a column to a report of Mr. Symes's lecture upon his reasons for leaving the Wesleyan pulpit.

THE Scriptural pictures in the French Salon this year are very few, and a distinguished artist who had formerly contributed many, was asked the reason. He found it is the fact that the practice of sacred art no longer pays. There are plenty of opportunities of cultivating the highest forms of art to be taken from the true histories of all nations without for ever falling back upon the threadbare subjects of Jewish mythology.

THE loss of a libel suit has not lessened the liveliness of the *Brightonian*. "The Wandering Heathen" contributes an account of the Sunday afternoon lectures on the Level, where in the opinion of the "W. H.," the infidels have by far the best of it. He compares their common-sense utterances with the weak platitudes of the representatives of Christianity, and gives a specimen story told by one of these about a wicked infidel who had been indulging in a volley of big D's—as all infidels are supposed to do—when a nine-months-old infant quoted to him the third commandment. This striking natural phenomenon made him swear a fearful oath never to swear again, and he went and sold all he had, and bought a commission in the Salvation Army!

THE Congregational churches of the United States fell off in membership last year 2,635 as compared with 1880. The total membership of this branch of the Christian Church is 381,697, two-thirds of which are women, and nearly the other third is reported as "absent," which means that they were Congregationalists once, but are not at present. In view of these facts, the *New York Sun* feels constrained to break the news to the world, which it does as follows:—"The Congregational Church is manifestly dying out. It has no definite faith in these days. The most talented men among its younger ministry are unmistakably tinged with infidelity. From very many pulpits doctrines which the preachers reject in their hearts are coldly taught. And these doctrines are the ones which form the very foundation of orthodoxy—inspiration, future rewards and punishments, the atonement, the fall of man, and redemption. Not believing themselves, how can the preachers make believers?"

OUR readers will find in another column a letter from Mr. Ramsey respecting the proposed free trip into the country for the children of poor Freethinkers. The newspapers are full of begging letters from parsons for a similar object. We don't need to appeal to the outside public. Every Freethinker who has a trifle to spare will send it gladly, and the sooner the better, for the poor little ones should have a long day out of the smoke, with the sky above their heads and the grass beneath their feet. If you are doubtful whether to send sixpence or a sovereign, take our advice and send the sovereign. It won't make half as much difference to you as it will to them.

A CORRESPONDENT hopes that all readers of the *Freethinker* will do their best to advertise it among people they meet. As an encouragement to them he writes:—"I must confess myself surprised to find how easy it is to get fresh purchasers. In my profession, as teacher in a Board School, I am not able to do so much openly as I could wish. I began in a small way, intending to add at least a dozen to your circulation. That was soon accomplished, even by quiet, unostentatious effort, and so I went further a-field. Imagine my surprise last Friday, on meeting one of my converts, to see his travelling-bag full of *Freethinkers*. Said he—Old friend, I was so much struck with your earnestness that I now buy two dozen *Freethinkers* every week, and sell them whenever I've a chance, and don't they go easily! Though I get no profit I have my joke, for I order them through a bookseller who's a rigid Wesleyan. Before long my circulation shall be a hundred." Our correspondent adds that he also knows a bookseller who dares not expose the *Freethinker*, and so his customer asks every week for his Bible.

WE are glad to learn that, according to Mr. S. A. Blackwood, the London Missions are suffering from a deficit of £3,000. Why don't they try what praying will do? The Lord who turned water into wine, and manufactured meals for thousands out of a lunch-basket, could easily double their income. When a pious darkey from down South called at the White House at Washington with a woeful story of his wants, the President handed him a five-dollar bill, saying, "It's very small, brother Nicodemus, but pray over it, brother Nicodemus, and it will grow." The trustees of the London Missions should take their inadequate income and pray over it till it grows.

THE Rev. P. W. Darnton, of Wigan, says that the raisers of funds have pressed everything into the service of the Church except ballet dancing, and they'll manage that before long.

THE Manchester Freethinkers are pushing on with vigor. Despite the melting heat, large audiences greeted Mr. Foote last Sunday. The library is now open, after being well catalogued by a painstaking member, and the secretary is going to open the sale of Freethought literature at the Society's premises during the week. Fresh members are constantly received, eight new ones being enrolled last Sunday, which is an excellent answer to the gentleman who complained of ridicule as likely to frighten people instead of making converts.

THE SINFULNESS OF GOD.

THE sinfulness of God reveals itself in characters of blood on almost every page of the Bible. No crime was too great, no abomination too foul, for the good and gracious God of the Jews and Christians to commit. We are not flattering him when we avow that, in comparison with the misdeeds of Jehovah, all the tyrants of earth were the merest tyroes in the art and mystery of cruelty and crime. God never fully imparted to rival despots the great secret. Hence, the worst monsters that ever scourged mankind could only imitate from a respectful distance the fiendish depravity of God, beside whom the Devil himself is a model of meekness. In the Bible, which is ironically called "Holy," the Lord steps forth, and unblushingly confesses to the whole world that he is the most miserable sinner that ever deserved eternal damnation, and so dead is he to every feeling of shame or remorse at his unparalleled transgressions, that he actually glories in what he has done. And pious Christians, to-day, with moral vision blinded by superstition, and minds warped by prejudice, affect to join in these indecent exultations on the part of their God! As a result of the moral obliquity which faith ever induces, they feign to regard the dark deeds of atrocity wrought by the hand of God as bright jewels of unfading lustre, serving to enhance the beauty of the diadem of Deity! Thus it is that the immorality of God demoralises the moral nature of man, by imbuing him with an unhallowed sympathy with the crimes of Deity. Theology in this manner ever distorts the moral sense of mankind by condoning offences on the part of God, which, if laid to the charge of any other wrong-doer, would arouse the indignation of every honest man.

It is in vain that the Jesuitical feat is attempted by certain special pleaders of extenuating or palliating the atrocious wickedness of God. The average Christian instinctively recoils, in spite of the promptings of his religious feelings, from the quixotic undertaking, for the voice of humanity will ever strive to assert itself, notwithstanding the gag put upon it by theology and her priestly satellites. Some few pious desperadoes there are, indeed, who muster up sufficient audacity to undertake the foolhardy task. But their enterprising devotion invariably ends in defeat and disgrace, both to themselves and to their diabolical Deity. One of their weapons of defence is the musty argument that God, as the creator of man, has the right to do exactly what he likes with his own. It is in this manner that Paul takes up the cudgels in vindication of the misdeeds of God. He querulously exclaims: "Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, Why hast thou made me thus? Hath not the potter power over the clay of the same lump to make one vessel unto honor and another unto dishonor?" (Rom. ix., 20, 21). It is on this cold-blooded and outrageous principle, which seeks to rob mankind of every right or claim to justice at the hands of his "creator" (?), that a mock justification of the ways of God with man is concocted. Now, if men were pots and pans, devoid (like God) of all sense and feeling, and therefore incapable of pain or pleasure, the Pauline argument might have some relevancy, but seeing that man is a highly organised being, with exquisite sensibility, and susceptible of a variety of emotions, pleasant and unpleasant, happy and unhappy, it is sheer absurdity—we might even say barefaced, base-hearted indifference to human suffering—to contend that God is justified in dealing with his creatures in total disregard of justice and morality, and without reference to the happiness and well-being of man. In creating man, God imposed upon himself a heavy burden of responsibility. Whatever man's duties may be towards God, it is beyond question that God's duty towards man was, not to usher him into a career of crime and misery, but to provide him with an ample round of pleasures and delights at the banquet of life, and to do his level almighty best to keep the Devil from doing mischief, and to remove from man's path every obstacle, humanly unconquerable, to the pursuit of true happiness.

God's failure to do this was a crime; his cruel punishment inflicted on fallen Adam's race was another crime, and the barbarous infliction of hell-fire the most colossal crime of all. We might enumerate other abominations derived from the same prolific source, but it will be quite sufficient to cull a few selections from the black list—e.g., the wholesale murder perpetrated at the Flood, the barbarities inflicted on the Egyptians, the unspeakable horrors visited upon the Canaanites, the numerous deadly plagues and pestilencies showered upon the Jews, the multifarious infamies to which Moses, the prophets, and the chosen people generally, were incited or encouraged by God, etc., etc., *ad nauseam et ad infinitum*. No justification is possible of crimes so enormous as these. As well might some infuriated Papist plead to-day in extenuation of the butchery of the Albigenses, the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, or the burning of heretics. Murder is murder by whomsoever it is committed, whether the culprit be a man like Lefroy, or a God like Jehovah. And, indeed, every Christian who is not either a fool or a fiend, must undoubtedly feel an inward repugnance at the abominations of the Lord. For, he who is strange to this feeling outrages the rights of humanity by putting forth the impudent pretension that man is a mere sport and toy in the hands of a tyrannical and irresponsible God. To justify the enormities of Jehovah is virtually to sap the foundation of all morality. If crime may be committed by God with impunity and without any stigma or dishonor attaching thereto, then the door is flung open to man to imitate the laudable deeds of the Lord. Why blame man for walking in the footsteps of his Maker? Surely no example can be safer to follow than that which God sets before us!

It will thus be seen that goodness and godliness are in deadly antagonism, and that no man can consistently serve two masters, like God and Morality, whose claims on his service are so conflicting. He must either love the one or hate the other, or hold to the one and despise the other. Man cannot serve God and Morality. A choice must be made. God and morality are two, distinct and irreconcilable. A moral God was never invented—gods are always a hideous compound of folly and fiendishness. The Christian God is no exception to this rule. Behold him, ye his devotees!—a grisly monster, besmeared with the blood of God, man and beast, all sacrificed to him by his priestly servitors to sate his appetite for vindictiveness. Worship him ye may, but love him ye cannot! As well adore a Caligula or a Torquemada, as the god of Christianity. Rise, then, to your dignity as men, arouse your minds from the intellectual slumber and moral lethargy in which superstition long has lulled you, oh ye Christians; and look no longer, with eyes obscured by faith and distorted by superstition, on the God held up to your servile adoration, but fearlessly gaze upon him with the pure vision of reason and common-sense. Then shall the true character of your God appear as the most execrable creation of the priestly imagination, unapproachable as an example of cruelty and crime.

WM. HEAFORD.

REVOLTING HYPOCRISY.

"UNITED IRELAND," the organ of Messrs. Parnell, Biggar, McCarthy, Captain "Moonlight," and a considerable section of the Irish priesthood, has suddenly discovered that "the Freethinker, with its vile jibes at the Almighty, and its lessons as to the most apt method of earning damnation, is not the only nor the worst pestilential growth of the press allowed to fatten under the ægis of the Government." In language that touches considerably the risibility of the Freethinker, we are emphatically informed that "the morals and mental health of Ireland are assailed from England in the most dangerous and insidious fashion every week." Viewed in the light of the events of the past few years in Ireland, and the fact that *United Ireland* is publishing in conjunction with itself a weekly journal of tales and stories, which, on more than one occasion, has been puffed editorially, this latter statement—mercenary as its object undoubtedly is—can be described by no more suitable phrase than revolting hypocrisy. I have no interest whatsoever in the penny weekly publications of fiction printed in London, but when I find the organ of the Land League decrying these in the most virulent terms in order to increase the sale of a print published at its own office, and at the same time striking by a sort of side-wind at the *Freethinker*, which has caused some excitement in priestly circles in Dublin, I consider it due to the public to expose such financial intolerance. As I once before said in the *Freethinker*, *United Ireland* could find better occupation in devoting some attention to Irish morals than in flinging clerical jibes at this journal. Were it not mentally sickening, it would be

amusing to read time after time the utterances of that notoriety-loving personage, Archbishop Croke, in reference to the innocent and religious people and the pious peasantry of Ireland. Innocent, pious, religious! They might be all three, or, more strictly speaking, from a Secular standpoint, they might be the first, did not the priests teach that gold can pave the way through purgatory to their heaven—the expected final resting-place of those innocent, pious and religious ruffians who have brutally murdered amongst their victims innocent men and women, who have seized young girls in daylight when none was at hand to protect them, and insulted them and terrified them, and, with a barbarity worthy of the darkest ages, cropped their hair off. When such events occur in the midst of a pious, innocent and religious people, when murders take place almost daily, when ladies are shot and wounded within the sound of the chapel bell still ringing in their ears, when village publicans can, with impunity, tell “moonlighters” to ring out their voices through the muzzles of minie rifles—is it not, I ask, hypocrisy of the most revolting type for *United Ireland* to state that “the morals and mental health of Ireland are assailed from England in the most dangerous and insidious fashion every week?” It is not surprising, however, that a state of affairs should exist that ought to

“Turn the coward’s heart to steel,
The sluggard’s blood to flame,”

for have not Archbishop Croke and the clergy of Cashel and Emly taught that the protection of dumb and defenceless animals is a higher virtue than the protection of human life?

ANTI-PRIEST.

FREETHOUGHT GLEANINGS.

THE CHRISTIAN GOD.—The incoherence of the Christian scheme is surpassed by its moral depravity. What are the motives attributed to the Creator for ordaining evil? He ordained it, as the theologians tell us, for his own glorification! His object was to manifest his majesty in justice and in mercy; his means was to create man; he created him miserable in order to show his mercy, he created him sinful in order to show his justice! Thus the incentive to creation was *vanity*, the inconceivably puerile desire in the Creator to dazzle the eyes of his own puppets! It was for this that he ordained eternal misery; it was thus that amongst men he gives life to those who in their mother’s womb are destined to inevitable damnation, in order to glorify his name by their ruin! It has been said that man creates God in his own image; the saying is a slander upon human nature. Man has never been as bad as God; and the lowest savage would be revolted by the deeds which we attribute reverentially to the Almighty.—*Westminster Review*, April, 1876, pp. 462, 463.

MIRACLES.—Roman Catholics fancy that Bible miracles and the miracles of their Church form a class by themselves; Protestants fancy that Bible miracles, alone, form a class by themselves. This was eminently the posture of mind of the late Archbishop Whately:—to hold that all other miracles would turn out to be impostures, or capable of a natural explanation, but that Bible miracles would stand sifting by a London special jury or by a committee of scientific men. No acuteness can save such notions as our knowledge widens, from being seen to be mere extravagances, and the Protestant notion is doomed to an earlier ruin than the Catholic. For the Catholic notion admits miracles—so far as Christianity, at least, is concerned—in the mass; the Protestant notion invites to a criticism before which it must before long itself perish.—*Matthew Arnold*, “Literature and Dogma,” chap. v., sec. 3, p. 134; 1876.

SURVIVALS IN LANGUAGE OF EARLIER BELIEFS.—Among all the relics of barbaric religion which surround us, few are more striking than the phrases which still recognise as a deity the living sky, as “Heaven forgive me!” “The vengeance of Heaven will overtake him.”—*Dr. E. B. Tylor*, “Anthropology,” p. 359; 1881.

SCEPTICISM.—Every advance in science, every improvement in the command of the mechanical forces of nature, every step in political or social freedom, has risen in the first instance from an act of scepticism, from an uncertainty whether the formulas, or the opinions, or the government, or the received practical theories were absolutely perfect; or whether beyond the circle of received truths there might not lie something broader, deeper, truer, and thus better deserving the acceptance of mankind.—*J. A. Froude*, “Short Studies on Great Subjects,” vol. i., p. 243.

PROFANE JOKES.

DEACON WILSON lately took occasion to administer a reproof to old Joe for swearing. Joe listened attentively to his words, seemed to appreciate his exhortation, and when he had concluded, replied as follows:—“The fact is, deacon, that I may swear a great deal, and you may pray a great deal, but neither of us mean anything by it.” The deacon alludes to Joe as an instance of total depravity.

A NORTH COUNTRY Parson, who used to take his gin and bitters between the heats, told his congregation that “he wash going to preach a(hic)-bountsh itsh being esbier for a rish man to go through the knee of an idol, than for a camel to enter (hic) kingum of Heaven.”

WHAT is the difference between the Salvation Army, and a meerscham pipe?—One is composed of the scum of the earth, and the other of the scum of the sea.

A COLORED gentleman, one Sunday, took his place among the communicants of a certain New York congregation, and emptying the goblet of wine at a draught, handed it back, saying: “Fill dat cup again, Boss. Dis nigger lub de Lord, and don’t care who knows it.”

WHY may we suppose that the angel Gabriel is an expert gambler? Because when the last card is played he will trumpet.

A CLEVER Yankee has invented a chair upon which one may sit in 276 different positions. It is intended for the use of little boys and girls in church.

REVIEWS.

Frauds and Follies of the Fathers. By J. M. WHEELER. Parts I. and II. London: Freethought Publishing Company.

SUCH a work was much needed, and Mr. Wheeler is well qualified to write it. When the six parts are completed we shall notice them altogether. Meanwhile we recommend our readers to buy them as they appear, and learn what a miserable set of fools and imposters were those ancient gentlemen, who are rightly called the Fathers of the Church, as they begat a very large quantity of its credentials. The two numbers before us deal with Clement, Barnabas, Ignatius and Polycarp, and are full of interest and information.

The Old Faith and the New and Health, Wealth, and Happiness. By ARTHUR B. MOSS. London: Watts & Co.

TWO more pamphlets from a gentleman who is at present taking a considerable share of the open-air work in London; well written, well printed, and published at the people’s price of one penny. Mr. Moss works hard and deserves encouragement.

MR. SYMES’S ENGAGEMENTS.

July 9, Nottingham; 15, Elland; 16, Sheepridge (Huddersfield); 17, Holmfirth; 23, Dundee; 30, West Hartlepool. August 6, Midland Railway Arches and Hall of Science; 13, Hall of Science; 20, Manchester; 27, Liverpool. September 24, Hall of Science, London. November 12, Halifax.—All applications to be sent to Mr. JOSEPH SYMES, 142, Hagley Road, Birmingham.

DR. E. B. AVELING’S ENGAGEMENTS.

July 9, Sheffield; 10, Ilkerton; 16, Aspatria; 17, Maryport. August 13 and 20, Hall of Science. September 3, Heckmondwike; 10, Liverpool; 17 and 24, Claremont Hall; 30 and 31, Manchester. October 8, Huddersfield; 22, Nottingham. November 5, (afternoon) St. George’s Hall (Sunday Lecture Society), (evening) Hall of Science, 12th Birmingham.—All applications to be sent to Dr. E. B. AVELING, Practical Science Laboratory, 13, Newman Street, Oxford Street, London, W.

MR ARTHUR B. MOSS’S ENGAGEMENTS.

July 9, Clerkenwell Green. 16, Manchester. 23, morning, Stratford; evening, Wandsworth. 30, morning, Mile End; afternoon, Victoria Park. August 6, Nottingham. 13, Clerkenwell. 26, and September 30, Mile End and Victoria Park.—All applications to be sent to Mr. A. B. Moss, 87, Catlin Street, London, S.E.

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NATIONAL SUNDAY LEAGUE.—On SUNDAY, JULY 16th, to LITTLEHAMPTON and ARUNDEL (the only excursion to Arundel this season), from London Bridge (only) at 9 a.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and East Croydon. There and Back, 4s.; Children, 2s. Returning from Littlehampton at 7.35, Arundel 7.55. Tickets should be secured before the morning. Tickets can be obtained of all Members of the Council of the League; of the usual Agents (see bills); of the SECRETARY, at the Office, 15, Bloomsbury Street, Oxford Street; and at the STATIONS on the Morning of the Excursion.

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