

# The Free Thinker

Edited by G. W. FOOTE.]

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## IS THE BIBLE INSPIRED?

(A Review of "*Lux Mundi*.")

(CONCLUDED.)

MR. GORE has a purpose in his theory of God's gradual methods and of the special inspiration of every race. His object is to explain the defects and deficiencies of the Hebrew writers. "The Old Testament," he admits, "presented a most unspiritual appearance. Its material sacrifices, its low standard of morals, its worldliness, were constantly being objected to by the Gnostic and Manichæan sects." *Its low standard of morals!* That is what the Free-thinker has always been urging. He was damned for his pains, but he persisted nevertheless, and here at last is the Principal of Pusey House admitting the by no means soft impeachment. But Mr. Gore wriggles away from the legitimate consequences of his admission. Instead of confessing that the Hebrew scriptures were the natural product of the Hebrew mind, he gravely argues that their very brutality is a proof of their inspiration. "It is the essence of the Old Testament," he says, "to be imperfect." God was leading up to the New Testament, and if the Old Testament had been perfect how could the New Testament have been an improvement upon it? *Voilà.*

This is very pretty, no doubt, but it will not convert the Sceptic, who is quite prepared to deny the perfection of the New Testament, and to defend the denial in debate, if Mr. Gore or his colleagues are ready to cross swords with him.

Mr. Gore's theory of inspiration is marvellously elastic. Apparently inspiration lies in "the special point of view." The object of the Hebrew writers, who made any number of mistakes, was a religious one. They tried, in the language of Milton, to justify the ways of God to men; and as their eyes, so to speak, were fixed in the right direction, that very fact was their inspiration, though they imagined three-fourths of what they saw. Such a theory simply means that every religious man is inspired. But as the religious men flatly contradict each other, we must judge for ourselves after all, and the "inspiration" is practically useless. What is the use of telling us a man is inspired if we have to pick out his truth from his lies?

The Creation Story is not true, but it is inspired. All the pre-Abrahamic stories are mythical, but their inspiration is "conspicuous." The Song of Solomon is a drama; "Christ speaketh unto his bride, the Church," is all nonsense. Job is also dramatic, so are Jonah and Daniel. Still they are all inspired. Nor does Mr. Gore spare the orthodox view of the Pentateuch. He declares that the Jews, just like other nations, attributed to "first founders what is really the remoter result of their institutions." And applying this rule of criticism to the Mosaic Law, he comes to the following conclusion.

"Now historical criticism assures us that this process has been largely at work in the Pentateuch. By an analysis, for

instance, the force of which is very great, it distinguishes distinct stages in the growth of the law of worship: at least an early stage, such as is represented in 'the Book of the Covenant,' a second stage in the Book of Deuteronomy, a last stage in 'the Priestly Code.' What we may suppose to have happened is that Moses himself established a certain germ of ceremonial enactment in connection with the ark and its sacred tent, and with 'the ten words'; and that this developed always as 'the law of Moses,' the result being constantly attributed, probably unconsciously and certainly not from any intention to deceive, to the original founder."

This sort of thing has gone on in every country. Sir Henry Maine gives a curious instance of how the Hindu priests still "discover" novelties in the ancient sacred laws, in order to give necessary or convenient changes the sanction of antiquity. No one can doubt that the Jewish priests acted in the same way. The Law of Moses was made up like the Laws of Manu. But where does the "inspiration" come in? Is it not an outrage on common sense to say that the Jewish priests ascribed their own concoctions to Moses "unconsciously"? Surely they must have had miraculous powers of unconsciousness to do this century after century. Unconscious is the wrong word. It was not unconscious, but unconscionable.

Mr. Gore may rely on it that this jugglery will not deceive ordinary people who take broad views of things. Let them be convinced, as they will be, that the Mosaic Law, while pretending to be delivered by Moses, who received it from God, was concocted by the priests very largely for their own interest; let them be convinced of this, and they will regard the Mosaic Law as one of the biggest impostures ever palmed off on a credulous world.

Even with respect to the New Testament the editor of *Lux Mundi* has a word to say to his orthodox brethren. He reminds "the Bible, and nothing but the Bible" people that "Protestantism of an un-ecclesiastical sort has built upon the Epistle to the Hebrews as much as upon any book of the New Testament." Yet "this book is of unknown authorship," and "if 'Pauline' it is pretty certainly not St. Paul's." The book is a part of the New Testament canon, and it is there by "the judgment of the Church." Precisely so. The evangelicals are resting on a floor of sand. The inspiration of the Bible cannot be maintained without the inspiration of the Church. Mr. Gore presses this home upon the Low Churchmen. But this is the Catholic theory, and, after embracing it, it is hard to see why Mr. Gore does not go over to Rome.

Let us now turn to the Gospels, and see how Mr. Gore applies his theory of inspiration to them. This is what he tells us.

"The Church sees in the Apostles men specially and deliberately qualified to interpret Christ to the world. It understands by their inspiration an endowment which enables men of all ages to take their teaching as representing, and not misrepresenting, his teaching and himself. In St. John's Gospel, for example, we have an account of our Lord which has obviously passed through the medium of a most remarkable personality. We have the outcome of the *meditation*, as well as the *recollection*, of the Apostle."

The italics are ours, and if words have any meaning

Mr. Gore confesses that the writer of the Fourth Gospel put his own thoughts into the mouth of Jesus. That is, either deliberately, or in a prolonged fit of absence of mind, he forged discourses in the name of the Son of God!

What a pretty confession! Church scholars, however, are obliged to make it; otherwise they cannot explain away the discord of the Four Gospels. Dr. Bruce, as well as Mr. Gore, allows that "the Evangelists may in some instances have modified the form of our Lord's words, for good and worthy reasons." As though finite creatures could have any good reason for altering the words of infinite wisdom!

St. John gives us his "meditations" as well as his "recollections." Just in the same way the Books of Chronicles are a "priestly version" of the history in Samuel and Kings. But this is not deception. Oh dear no! It is "idealisation." Surely good phrases ever were commendable. "Idealisation" is an excellent euphemism for forgery. The greatest master of "idealisation" in our time was the late Mr. Pigott. The Parnell letters were the result of his "meditation," only he fathered his "meditation" upon Mr. Parnell, as St. John fathered his upon Jesus Christ.

Apparently Jesus was "idealising" in the same way himself when he spoke of Jonah being three days and nights in the whale's belly. He knew the story was a piece of dramatic fancy, but he used it all the same as a type of his own resurrection. Similarly, when he said "Remember Lot's wife," he only meant "Remember the story of Lot's wife."

"Once more, our Lord uses the time before the Flood to illustrate the carelessness of men before his own coming. He is using the Flood here as a typical judgment. . . . In referring to the Flood he certainly suggests that he is treating it as typical, for he introduces circumstances—'eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage'—which have no counterpart in the original narrative."

Really, Mr. Gore, this is *too* thin. Saying that the people before the Flood ate and drank, married and were given in marriage, is only saying that they lived. And if the "typical judgment" never happened, was not Jesus shouting "Wolf!" very absurdly? As a matter of fact, his cry of "Wolf!" in regard to his own coming was as hollow as his cry of "Wolf!" in regard to the Flood. The Flood never happened and Jesus never came again. But perhaps that was "typical" too.

Mr. Gore's theory of inspiration is simply a device to evade the results of scientific criticism. Telling us that God and men wrote the Bible between them, and that we must trust to the Church—that is, a body of men who preach for a living, as others make boots and shoes—to pick out which from which, is to treat us like a multitude of hereditary fools. And telling us that fraudulent history is "idealisation" is to presume on the lack of conscience which centuries of clerical teaching have produced. After all, we, the people, are not quite such fools and rogues as the clergy imagine. It is as well to remind Mr. Gore and his like that the time has gone by for the Church—that collection of hirelings—to usurp the laymen's right to think for themselves; and that while "idealisation" is a pretty euphemism for fraud, it will no more save the Bible from a verdict and sentence in the court of Reason than a plea of "kleptomania" would save a regular burglar from penal servitude. Just as the old judge told the super-subtle counsel that he "quite understood kleptomania, and was sent there to cure it," so the human judgment will tell Church counsel like Mr. Gore that "idealisation" and "forgery" are *aliases* for the same thing, and that the plea for the inspiration of such an admitted fraud must be dismissed with costs. Yes, *costs*. Reason will get costs out of the Church, by using its property for better purposes.

G. W. FOOTE.

## ANOTHER FORGERY.

In my tract on New Testament Forgeries, I have only cited passages which from their omission from various manuscripts and versions, are allowed to be spurious by numerous critics. There is, however, another passage of the utmost importance which I have long been convinced is either an interpolation or a proof that the story ascribed to Matthew only dates from the end of the second century. I allude to the verses about Peter, so often quoted by Roman Catholics, and upon which the claims of their church are largely built.

It must have struck any critical reader as curious that Jesus Christ should deliver to Peter the keys of heaven, and then in almost the same breath say to him "Get thee behind me Satan: thou art an offence unto me, for thou savorest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men." But how few readers of the Bible are critical. Protestants usually have pointed to the second passage as qualifying the first without perceiving that the two are utterly incompatible. If Jesus had no better choice of a foundation for his church than an apostle of this character; one too who denied him as soon as he fell into tribulation, his church must have been built on a sandy foundation indeed.

To show that the story is an interpolation, all that is necessary is to compare the accounts as given in the three first Gospels: Mark viii., 27-30; Luke ix., 18-21; and Matt. xvi., 13-20. It will then be seen that while the other verses are so closely the same that they are obviously derived from a common source, whether it be manuscript or oral traditions, the verses 17, 18, and 19 of Matthew xv. are distinct additions. These verses run—

And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou Simon-jona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father, which is in heaven.

And I say also unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose shall be loosed in heaven.

Both the preceding and subsequent verses being substantially alike in Matthew, Mark and Luke, these are manifestly an addition to the first-named. This saying of Christ to Peter—if it had ever been uttered—was altogether too important to be omitted by the other Evangelists. That Mark, who is said to have derived his instruction from Peter, says nothing of it is in itself sufficient to disprove the genuineness of the passage. It was evidently concocted in the interests of Peter's supposed successors, the Bishops of Rome.

It is evident from numerous passages that Paul never acknowledged Peter's claims. Had he known that Christ built his Church upon that rock, how dare he withstand Peter to the face and declare him to be blamed? How could he boast himself to be "not a whit behind the very chiefest apostles"? The supremacy of Peter is a fiction incompatible with the claims of Paul.

The word *ecclesia*, moreover, which is translated "Church," was not in use till the latter portion of the second century. It is true it occurs also in Matt. xviii., 17, "if he neglect to hear the Church, let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican," but this is only an argument that the second passage is also spurious, for the very idea of Jesus talking of the Church implies an anachronism.

Now it was towards the end of the second century that a violent dispute arose between Christians as to the celebration of Easter, for there was already a dispute as to the date of the resurrection. The Roman Church endeavored to control the question and make it the occasion for the establishment of its

own power as supreme. The Asiatic Churches rebelled against these pretensions. The publication of the Gospel thus improved formed an instrument of overcoming them and consolidating the power of Peter's successors. It has indeed always been a famous weapon in the hands of Rome.

It may be said my argument does not so much prove this passage to be a forgery as that Matthew, as we now have it, was compiled after the Roman Church began to be established. And this I believe to be the case. At the same time it is clear that the compiler had earlier documents to draw from. The comparison of parallel passages with Mark and Luke is sufficient to show this. It is also evident from the testimony of Papias, in the middle of the second century that certain sayings of the Lord had been previously ascribed to Matthew, and this must have evidently been a smaller and different work to that which now goes under this name.

J. M. WHEELER.

### INGERSOLL AGAINST VIVISECTION.

Vivisection is the inquisition—the hell—of science. All the cruelty which the human—or rather the inhuman—heart is capable of inflicting, is in this one word. Below this there is no depth. This word lies like a coiled serpent at the bottom of the abyss.

We can excuse, in part, the crimes of passion. We take into consideration the fact that man is liable to be caught by the whirlwind, and that from a brain on fire the soul rushes to a crime. But what excuse can ingenuity form for a man who deliberately—with an unaccelerated pulse—with the calmness of Calvin at the murder of Servetus—seeks, with curious and cunning knives, in the living quivering flesh of a dog, for all the throbbing nerves of pain? The wretches who commit these infamous crimes pretend that they are working for the good of man; that they are actuated by philanthropy; and that their pity for the sufferings of the human race drives out all pity for the animals they torture to death. But those who are incapable of pitying animals are, as a matter of fact, incapable of pitying men. A physician who would cut a living rabbit in pieces—laying bare the nerves, denuding them with knives, pulling them out with forceps—would not hesitate to try experiments with men and women for the gratification of his curiosity.

To settle some theory, he would trifle with the life of any patient in his power. By the same reasoning he will justify the vivisection of animals and patients. He will say that it is better that a few animals should suffer than that one human being should die; and that it is far better that one patient should die, if through the sacrifice of that one, several may be saved.

Brain without heart is far more dangerous than heart without brain.

Have these scientific assassins discovered anything of value? They may have settled some disputes as to the action of some organ, but have they added to the useful knowledge of the race?

It is not necessary for a man to be a specialist in order to have and express his opinion as to the right or wrong of vivisection. It is not necessary to be a scientist or a naturalist to detest cruelty and to love mercy. Above all the discoveries of the tinkers, above all the inventions of the ingenious, above all the victories won on fields of intellectual conflict, rise human sympathy and a sense of justice.

I know that good for the human race can never be accomplished by torture. I also know that all that has been ascertained by vivisection could have been done by the dissection of the dead, or at least animals completely and perfectly under the merciful influence of ether. I know that all the torture has been useless. All the agony inflicted has simply

hardened the hearts of the criminals, without enlightening their minds.

It may be that the human race might be physically improved if all the sickly and deformed babes were killed, and if all the paupers, liars, drunkards, thieves, villains, and vivisectionists were murdered. All this might, in a few ages, result in the production of a generation of physically perfect men and women; but what would such beings be worth,—men and women healthy and heartless, muscular and cruel—that is to say, intelligent wild beasts?

Never can I be the friend of one who vivisects his fellow-creatures. I do not wish to touch his hand.

When the angel of pity is driven from the heart; when the fountain of tears is dry,—the soul becomes a serpent crawling in the dust of a desert.

### A DIALOGUE.

#### BELIEVER.

This man of reason, whom you deem so great,  
Who put out Hell and bars up Heaven's fair gate,  
Who flings all creeds terrestrial to one maw,  
Huge as the Aztec battle-god's, called Law,—  
Who makes the universe, to suit his wish,  
As eyeless as a subterranean fish—  
Last night this valiant doubter, in his pride,  
Shrieked for Jehovah's pardon ere he died.

#### INFIDEL.

With ease the partisan may falsely view  
Delirium's rant; yet if indeed 'twere true  
That some wild fear did seize him at the last,  
What matters? Hardest oaks are bowed by blast.  
The warrior minds of men drink strength for strife  
Not from death's opiate, but the elixir, life.  
His life being great, who cares if near its close  
He drudged what imbecilities death chose?

EDGAR FAWCETT.

### THE RECORD OF THE PAPACY.

The *Neue Frei Presse*, of Vienna, thus summarizes the history of the popes: "Since St. Peter (supposing that he ever was in Rome), there have been 297 popes of whom 24 were anti-popes and one female pope. Nineteen popes quitted Rome, and 35 reigned abroad. Eight papal reigns did not exceed each a month's duration, 40 extended over one year, 22 over two years, 54 over five years, 51 over 15 years, 18 over 20 years, and only nine exceeded that duration. Of the 297 popes, 31 were declared usurpers and heretics, and of the remaining 266 legitimate occupants of the Holy See, 64 met with violent deaths, 18 having been poisoned and four strangled. Independently of the Avignon popes, 26 were deposed, expelled from Rome, and banished; 28 others were only maintained in power by foreign aid."

### THREE PROFANE JOKES.

*Babyhood*, for July, has the following:—

Willie, a little red-head of four and a half, is insatiably curious about heaven, but is sadly lacking in reverence. I caught him at the window gazing up with a rapt expression, and asked him what he was thinking about. "Isn't the sky softer than the floor?" Not feeling inclined for a long explanation, I answered "Yes." "Then, when God sits on his floor why doesn't he fall through?"

When he was three years old we moved to a place with fruit trees in the garden. There was also a dilapidated step-ladder on the premises, which was surreptitiously burned by the cook. One morning Willie discovered a tree full of pears, the first he had ever seen growing; so, full of excitement, he ran to his father to ask who hung them in the tree. He was told that God had done it. Looking at his father with eyes full of doubt he replied: "How God git up dere when the yadder burned up?"

His little cousin Maggie, about five years old, was one day scratching her father's head, when she ran to her mother with a bit of dandruff between her fingers, exclaiming: "Oh mamma, see what I have found in papa's head!" "What is it, dear?" "I fink its a little sand, left over when God made papa."

## ACID DROPS.

General Booth is making a big thing of the Salvation Army. It has (or Booth has—it is the same thing) an annual income of £791,000 and employs 9,050 officers. Every year, however, it grows more respectable, and by-and-bye we dare say a rival organisation will start up to cater for the dull-witted multitude of superstitionists who must have plenty of vulgar excitement. Wesleyanism provided it for them when the Church was too respectable, and when Wesleyanism grew respectable a lower Methodism arose. Then Methodism got wealth and became respectable, and the Salvation Army leapt into the vacancy with its Happy Elizas and Converted Janes. Presently, as the Army waxes in respectability, something else will pander to the instincts of the pious mob.

By the way, why doesn't Booth try Africa? He won't bag the millions of India, but he ought to score a big success among the negroes. Drums and tambourines would convert them wholesale. But the worst of it is, they have little cash to put in the collection-box, and they would hardly be paying customers even for Salvation soap.

Stanley showed very questionable taste in getting married at Westminster Abbey, and making an exhibition of himself and his bride to a swell crowd. But this is a noisy, advertising age, and African explorers must make hay while the sun shines, before another "lion" attracts public attention. As for the swell crowd itself, according to all reports it was simply bent on sight-seeing. The Abbey was turned into a big show, and the clergy played the rôle of performers to Society (with a capital S). Religion, in fact, is just an adjunct to the classes, ministering to their vanity and greed.

Mrs. Williams, of Fairhaven, Vermont, having lost her husband, murdered her two children in order that they might "join their father in heaven." Then she cut her own throat after setting fire to the house. Such is the "consoling power of religion"!

"The day of salvation is at hand," cried Esther Bromley, as she careered along Old Barn Road, Manchester, with a poker in her hand, smashing the doors. She is now in a lunatic asylum. Her complaint is religious mania.

Thomas Berrisford, provision dealer, Leek, has been fined £5 and costs for indecently assaulting Alice Kirkham, a girl of twelve years and five months. According to the girl's mother, Berrisford is a very religious man.

William Salmon—not an Atheist, Mr. Talmage—was found lying on the bank of Battersea Park lake, with his throat cut, quite insensible, and his clothes drenched, showing that he had been in the water and had crawled out. In his pocket was a piece of paper, on which he had written his pious sentiments in cockney rhyme.

We shall sleep, but not for ever;  
There will be a glorious dawn;  
We shall meet to part, oh, never;  
On the resurrection morn!

The poet, however, did not do the deed of *felo de se* thoroughly. He is doing well in Wandsworth Infirmary, and will have to wait for the resurrection morn.

The *Loyal American*—a paper devoted to fighting ecclesiasticism in the United States—mentions the case of a Romish priest named Hennesy, in Ohio, who blacked the eyes of one woman and then went to the house of another and knocked her senseless. He was arrested and released on a hundred dollars' bail. "This drunken brute," our contemporary remarks, "claims to have the power to change a bit of dough into the real flesh and spirit of Christ by saying a few words in Latin."

The design argument has been beautifully illustrated in Wales. Mrs. Arabella Price, the wife of a workman at Pengaruddu, gave birth to four children. They are all living, but the poor mother is dead. Fancy the ruler of the universe sending four children at one fell swoop into a working man's house, and killing the mother at the same time—probably in order that they might be brought up

carefully. For an act of Providence it is very curious, and we feel with Cowper that "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform."

A correspondent of the *Christian World* sends the following verse as a specimen of how the Christian doctrines of peace are taught to little children:—

Come form a line, my soldier band,  
In double column take your stand;  
Then round the playground gaily go,  
A reg'ment marching to and fro.  
Now, forward, march along with me,  
And if base traitors we should see,  
We'll point our muskets at their head,  
Then take true aim and shoot them dead.

The *Christian World* says "Tolstoi's latest lunacy is to denounce marriage as unchristian." His "lunacy," as those who read Mr. Foote's recent article "A Religion for Eunuchs" will be aware, consists in his inculcation of the example and teaching of Christ.

The Detroit clergymen must be very nice, according to Swift's definition that a nice man is a man with nasty ideas. They have issued a protest to the directors of the Detroit Art Museum complaining that the nude statues corrupt the morals of youth, and demanding that they should be draped. The directors have complied. Now, we presume, the Appollo Belvidere will be supplied with a pair of trousers, and the Venus de Medici with a skirt and corset.

A writer on the hackneyed subject of "The Holy Land" in *Blackwood* protests against the presence there, "in the midst of scenes so sacred to Christendom, of the unspeakable Turk." It has been a sore point with Christians for nearly eight hundred years that their sacred places were in the hands of the infidel, and many have been the attempts to wrest them back. But providence has hitherto been mainly on the side of the unspeakable Turk, who keeps the peace between the contentious sects of Christians.

Dr. Farrar, writing on the Oberammergau Passion Play, says the representation has been purged from dubious elements, the Devil, for example, no longer appearing on the stage. If the Devil has become dubious to the Bavarian peasants there is a possibility that some day all the other characters of the sacred drama may become as dubious as they are to us.

A sensational story, with the title *A Dead Man's Diary*, has recently been issued. The writer tells how he died, and, without waiting for the Judgment Day, went straight to Hell for two days, which is fully as long as Jesus Christ can have been there—from Friday to Sunday morning. Hell, it seems, is as Shelley says, "much like London." The inhabitants quote Carlyle, Dickens, Rossetti, the *Contemporary Review* and Mr. Andrew Lang. Mr. Wheeler's *Letters from Hell* are a great deal more trustworthy.

Things do progress even in Scotland. Ten years ago they turned Dr. Robertson Smith out of the Free Kirk, not for any doctrinal heresy, but for such critical suggestions as that David did not write all the Psalms. Now Profs. Bruce and Dods find encouragement in denying inspiration and other fundamental doctrines of Presbyterian Christianity.

The Bishop of Amycla, which we presume is what the Holy Catholic Church calls "in infidel parts," has been preaching at the Catholic Chapel, Homerton. According to the report of the *Christian World*, he appears to be a jokist of the first order of Christian merit. His episcopal wit rises to the height of suggesting that the "h" should be dropped in speaking of Modern Thinkers.

Two poker chips in the left trousers pocket of a St. Paul man saved his life the other night by flattening out a bullet from a burglar's revolver. As poker chips are lighter and less bulky than the traditional life-saving Testament they may perhaps supersede that useful volume. And probably more men can be found in the great West with poker chips in their pockets than with Bibles.—*Truthseeker* (N. Y.)

A keeper of a fortune-telling automatic machine has been summoned for contravening the law. These provisions are survivals of the statutes of Henry VIII. and James I.,

which in accordance with Exodus xxii., 18. made punishable by death all witchcraft and sorcery. What a descent from the divine law—"Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live"—to the prosecution of an automatic machine.

A correspondence on the difference between Sunday and week-day music has been going on in the *Christian World*. It transpires that not only classical music, sonatas, symphonies and the like, is constantly used for organ voluntaries and adapted to hymns and anthems, but operatic and even dance music is slightly rearranged and labelled "sacred." The supposed difference between sacred and secular music breaks down upon investigation.

Another new sect has appeared in the somewhat heretical neighborhood of Holloway. It claims the humble and unpretentious title of "The Church of God," and needs only a small room for the accommodation of the elect.

Some people laugh at the old Scotch woman who thought the number of the elect very few, indeed doubted if it included more than herself and her husband, and who upon further interrogation confessed she was na sae sure o' Sandy. Really the old woman was very logical. The requirements of the Christian scheme are so stringent, and the attitude of the potter upstairs, who makes one vessel to honor and another to dishonor, so problematical, that while vanity induces each believer to class himself among the saved, there can be no such assurance that the nearest and dearest will not be damned.

Dr. Woodlock, Roman Catholic bi-shop of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise, has the genuine Christian spirit. In a confirmation address he said he "would rather see a father and mother offer their child to be burnt than hear that they had been in the habit of sending their children to Protestant schools." Again we say the Catholics are logical. If immortal souls are in danger of everlasting burning by attending Protestant schools, what Christian can esteem their bodies as of any worth in comparison? So thought the Church and the Inquisition, "quite persuaded all the apostles would have done as they did." Protestants who are shocked at the bishop's inhumanity fail to see that their own greater tolerance is the outcome of indifference.

The administration of the sacraments was some sixty years since very loosely conducted, it we may accept a current anecdote. Soon after a rev. gentleman's appointment to a country parish in 1829 he was called on to baptise an infant. When about to take the child into his arms he was astonished to find no water in the font, and on asking for it the clerk remarked in a wronged tone, "Why, lor, sir! the wold meenister d'n't never want na'n'a water; he did do zo"—licking his hand.

*Paul Nugent, Materialist*, is advertised as a rejoinder to *Robert Ellesmere*, who isn't a Materialist. Paul, it seems, gets convinced of the immortality of the soul by "the irresponsibility of the ante-frontal lobes of the brain to electrical stimulation." Once converted, he swallows the Bible gospels and the Church altogether, including its "legitimate orders" and "valid sacraments." Altogether *Paul Nugent, Materialist*, is rather a caution.

The United States Government is rigorously rooting out the divine institution of polygamy. A settlement of Mormons at Denver has been raided, and Bishop McArthur arrested and charged with occupying a house with three of his wives. Abraham, Jacob and Solomon would have had a hot time if they lived now, when men's ways are so different from God's ways.

At the Synod of the Diocese of Adelaide the Bishop adopted the modern tactics in dealing with the biblical criticism. "The central object of our faith," said he, "is our Lord and Savior, not the Bible." These gentry should be reminded that they only know of their Lord and Savior through the Bible, and that their L and S. is reported to have said that Moses wrote of him, that Daniel prophesied, and to have endorsed the legends of Lot's wife and Jonah in the whale's belly.

The clergy are quite ready to fling the Bible overboard, or anything else, if they can only retain their livings.

Here is the Bishop of Manchester, for instance, speaking at the High School for Girls at Preston, and telling a lot of ladies that it is "an unchristian view" that women should be "kept in subjection." Why this very "unchristian view" is plainly taught in the New Testament, and every time the Bishop marries a couple he makes the bride promise to *obey* the bridegroom, according to the Church Marriage Service. Yet, in the face of these facts—gross as a mountain, open, palpable—this high-salaried hypocrite has the incredible impudence to assert that the subjection of women is "unchristian."

The *School Guardian*, a Church school organ, denounces the godless system of education in France. It admits that the moral teaching of the French Code is "admirable." But what is morality without religion? Mere rubbish. In other words, the parsons are crying "There is nothing like leather."

"Missions in India" is the title of a sensible article in the *Northern Daily Telegraph*. Our contemporary admits that the difficulty of Christianising India is increasing. "The uninstructed masses in India," it says, "still cling to their ancient superstitions; but the educated, and especially those who have come most under the influence of western civilisation, are losing all religious faith."

According to the London *Echo* it is all up with Atheism. Sir Henry Thomson, whom it regards as our greatest scientist, is a Theist. Well, Darwin was not; and to the gaze of posterity we guess Darwin will loom a good deal bigger than Thomson.

After all, however, it is silly to decide great questions in this way. Sir Henry Thomson does not do the thinking for the whole population of Great Britain. Some of us, at any rate, prefer to think for ourselves; and our convictions are not to be shaken by the mere sound of a great man's name when he happens to differ from us. Surely the *Echo* is aware that contradictory views in politics, as well as religion, have had the support of equally eminent men. The argument is suicidal, for the names balance each other.

According to the *Speaker*, Cardinal Newman's "great dread is Atheism, a foe of whom he never speaks save with bated breath." Yes, Rome and Atheism look each other in the face, across the intervening sects that mingle reason and faith in varying proportions.

Professor Stuart has succeeded Mr. T. P. O'Connor in the editorial chair of the *Star*. We wonder if this will make a difference in the attitude of the paper on religious questions. Mr. O'Connor goes out with a plum of £15,000. Democracy pays, though Freethought does not. Those who go to the root of the matter must expect more kicks than halfpence.

The Bishop of Salford (Catholic) chuckles over the fact that "the statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary has been put up, with honor, over the principal side entrance to Westminster Abbey, and she has been recently enthroned under the great dome of St. Paul's." He evidently hopes the High Church party will gradually bring the people over to Rome. But we fancy he is mistaken. The faith-at-any-price people may go over, but Englishmen as a body never had any love for Rome, and we do not think they ever will. Cardinal Manning is playing a very astute game, and a very unscrupulous one too, yet there is a limit to his power of bamboozling. Too many Englishmen know from history what Rome was, and they see in the Cardinal's red hat the sign of "the bloody faith."

There is no sound more aggravating to the manager of a theatre than the cracking of nuts. Poor old Harry Rutley, of the Theatre Royal, Portsmouth, was especially down upon the offender in this respect. Upon one occasion, with the crook of his umbrella, he hauled an offender out of the front row of the pit, with the remark: "You dodgasted squirrel! D'you think you're in church?"

The Archbishop of Canterbury is much concerned about the Assyrian Christians, who, it seems, are being beset by two bands of missionaries, the Roman Catholics and the American Presbyterians. The Primate is anxious that the

Church of England shall have a finger in the pie, and properly sending out a third band of missionaries to more properly Christianise these Asiatic Christians.

A good deal of interest is also being taken in the Armenian Christians on account of their alleged persecution by the Turks, although there can be little doubt that if they could change places the Turks would suffer quite as much as the Armenian Christians now do. These Christians have the misfortune to be heretics all through a fault in their language. They have but one word to express *nature* and *person*. Hence when the Council of Chalcedon decreed that Christ consisted of two natures, they thought he had two persons, which would, of course, make the blessed Trinity into a blessed Quarternity. It takes some trouble to explain to them the subtleties of the true doctrine of Christ, but well-paid missionaries hope to be able to achieve the task.

According to the *New York Nation*, Mr. Mansfield, the presiding elder of the New England Methodist Conference, is "trying to get the ministers of his denomination to join him in stealing a book on Egypt, belonging to an English publisher, on the excuse that it contains much matter of moment to religious people." Another pious American publisher has appropriated in this fashion the well-known "Oxford Bible," with its 56,000 references, maps, glossary, and illustrative articles that have cost the English publishers a vast sum of money. This firm advertises for Sunday-school teachers to push the sale. "Fancy," says the *Nation*, "the diffusion of religious ideas through the medium of stolen Bibles peddled through the country by religious teachers."

Bishop Browne, of Winchester, having reached the age of eighty, has decided to retire on his moderate pension of £2,000 a year.

Blessed be ye poor! Woe unto you rich! So said Jesus Christ. But Talmage isn't afraid. His income is about £12,000 a year, and his house is one of the most luxuriously furnished in New York. But we guess it isn't big enough to give Jesus Christ a bed if he knocked at the door one night in a carpenter's suit.

The Rev. John Tuckwell, of Westbourne Grove Chapel, issues a four-page monthly. In the July number a whole page is devoted to "Heine's Death Bed." One anecdote is garbled. A friend called on Heine as he lay paralysed on his mattress-grave, and the following conversation took place.

*Heine*: If I could only walk out on crutches, do you know where I would go?

*Friend*: No.

*Heine*: Straight to the church.

*Friend*: You jest.

*Heine*: No, no; straight to church.

But the story does not end there, Mr. Tuckwell. Heine maliciously added, "Where else should a man on crutches go?" meaning, of course, that church is a place for cripples—mental cripples, you understand.

The *Christian World*, noticing the presence of the Rev. Newman Hall and the Moderator of the Church of Scotland at the banquet of the bishops at the Mansion House, complains that "of other Nonconformists there was no trace." The Nonconformists evidently do not lament the guzzling, but lament that they cannot share therein.

At a meeting at Lambeth Palace, the Archbishop of Canterbury spoke of Lord Salisbury as "our own great leader." The Church has usually pretended not to be of any party, while as a matter of fact its influence has always been strenuously exerted on the side of the Tories. The party of progress should note this utterance. The more clearly it is seen that the party of privilege are united, the more certain it is they will sink as they have swam together.

Sir Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia* is to be followed by *The Light of the World*. The title is a joke. Buddhists outnumber Christians, but as Sir Edwin is a Christian himself he calls Buddha the Light of *Asia*, and Christ, who was also an Asiatic, the Light of the *World*. A Buddhist would reverse the order, and could plead a majority in his favor.

Sir Edwin Arnold's poem is of course a New Life of Christ in verse. This age is fertile in such products. Lives of Christ are getting dreadfully common. Yet all we know of Christ is in the four Gospels, and much of that isn't true.

Three years ago the Church Congress got Mr. H. H. Champion to open a discussion on Socialism. Since then Mr. Champion has come to grief. This year Mr. Ben Tillett is to be the great attraction. Mr. Tillett should be careful. He may come to grief too.

The Rev. F. G. Riley, of Braintree, has been preaching against Socialism, and has severely rebuked the blasphemous reformers who actually "deny God in the streets." Parson Riley bids the poor remember that their best, and indeed their only, friend is the Church which preaches the blessed Gospel of Christ. Well, we are glad to hear it, and we hope Parson Riley will practise his Master's teaching. When he has sold all he has and given it to the poor, we shall believe in his sincerity. Until then we shall regard him as a professional hypocrite who cants for a living.

On Sunday afternoon there was a set discussion in Regent's Park between Mr. C. J. Hunt and the Rev. Z. B. Woffendale. The subject for debate was "The Teachings of Christ." Mr. Woffendale spent his time in talking about the existence of God, an entirely different subject; but on being called to order by the chairman, Mr. Rowney, he refused to be ruled by that gentleman; and being backed up, as a matter of course, by his own party, he went on defying both the chairman and the ordinary rules of debate. It seems utterly impossible to get a Christian minister to defend Christianity.

The *South London Leader* devotes a turgid article to the Atheism and Atheists of the Camberwell Secular Hall. The article is something in the style of Missionary Morden. It is dull enough to be his composition.

The Universal Peace Congress was *not* opened with prayer. Dr. Grammer, a clergyman from Baltimore, proposed that every day's proceedings should open with prayer. His resolution was seconded by a Mr. Robert Scott, who said that if the Conference ignored God, he, as a delegate, would ignore the Conference. Great Scott! It was an awful threat. But the Conference plucked up courage, and resolved that those who wanted prayer might assemble a little earlier than the rest. We dare say, however, that this was far from satisfying the prayerites. They want their own pious way, and if they do not get it Peace may go hang.

The Rev. R. Finch, of Pangbourne, thinks the fat grass of the churchyard is too good to waste. He therefore puts in his sheep to feed, and as they devour the flowers upon the graves, the parishioners have been obliged to fence them with wire. But the rector will not tolerate this. He has ordered the removal of the wires, and prohibited the laying of flowers upon the graves without his special permission. Good old Church of England!

#### OBITUARY.

Mr. James Thompson, for whom an appeal was a few weeks ago made, died on the 11th inst., at his residence, Lowhill, Liverpool, after a long and very painful illness. He was 64 years of age, and to the last maintained the Freethought opinions he held for over a quarter of a century.—C. D.

Died July 5th, aged 61 years, Mr. Thomas Lake, Bradford, and was interred at the Undercliffe Cemetery, on the 8th—Mr. James White reading Austin Holyoak's burial service. Mr. Lake imbibed Freethought views in early life, and was one of the most intelligent sceptics in the town of Bradford. He was a member of the Yorkshire Secular Federation. In the language of Spinoza, "His wisdom was a meditation not of death, but of life."—W. KAY.

The Christian story, as the Gospels narrate it, is a big bubble. You approach it critically and it bursts. Dogmatic Christology built upon it a paper balloon kept afloat by gas. All so-called lives of Christ, or biographies of Jesus are works of fiction, erected by imagination on the shifting foundation of meagre and unreliable records.—*Itabbi J. M. Wise, "The Martyrdom of Jesus of Nazareth, p. 123.*

## MR. FOOTE'S ENGAGEMENTS.

July 27, Hall of Science.  
 August 3, Camberwell; 10, Hall of Science; 17, Hall of Science; 24, Portsmouth; 31, Birmingham.  
 September 7, Milton Hall; 14, Milton Hall; 28, Hull.  
 October 5, 12, 19, 26, Hall of Science, London.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LITERARY communications to be addressed to the Editor, 14 Clerkenwell Green, London, E.C. All business communications to Mr. R. Forder, 28 Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.

THE *Freethinker* will be forwarded, direct from the office, post free to any part of Europe, America, Canada and Egypt, at the following rates, prepaid:—One Year, 6s. 6d.; Half Year, 3s. 3d.; Three Months, 1s. 7½d. Australia, China and Africa:—One Year, 8s. 8d.; Half Year, 4s. 4d.; Three Months, 2s. 2d. India:—One Year, 10s. 10d.; Half Year, 5s. 5d.; Three Months, 2s. 8½d.

SCALE OF ADVERTISEMENTS.—Thirty words, 1s. 6d.; every succeeding ten words, 6d. *Displayed Advertisements*:—One inch, 3s.; Half Column, 15s.; Column, £1 10s. Special terms for repetitions.

It being contrary to Post-office regulations to announce on the wrapper when the subscription is due, subscribers will in future receive the number when their subscription expires in a colored wrapper.

F. A.—Joseph Barker *did* find Jesus again. He was like Joseph's coat, of many colors; everything by turns and nothing long.

JOHN SANDERSON.—Your letter reached us late, having been posted to Stonecutter Street, instead of Clerkenwell Green. We are very glad to hear that your brother Henry has taken a turn for the better, and shall be still more glad to hear of his recovery. Men of his stamp are precious to the world.

E. WILLIAMS.—Shall appear.

W. M. WALLACE.—Nonsense. There is all the difference in the world between hygiene and faith and oil.

W. J. LEWIS.—Dryden's Dramatic Works are not easy to obtain. The old Jacob Tonson edition is sometimes to be met with at a second-hand bookseller's. It is in six volumes, and fetches from 15s. to £1. The plays are included in Sir Walter Scott's edition of Dryden, but that is a very expensive one. Vizetelly promises an unexpurgated selection of Dryden's plays—five or six of the best—in the "Mermaid Series." Ben Jonson, complete is published by Chatto and Windus, in three vols. at 15s. This is Gifford's edition, re-edited by Cunningham. Glad to hear you enjoy the *Freethinker*.

S. STANDRING.—We never could understand why the Chatham friends left the N. S. S. They would certainly do well to rejoin it. After all, they derive benefit from the N. S. S. Isolation does not necessarily mean independence.

W. G. RENN says the Finsbury Branch will start two brakes to-day (July 20) for Epping Forest from Clerkenwell Green at 9.30. Tickets (2s. 6d.) can be had up to Saturday night at Mr. Renn's, 23 Nelson Street, St. Luke's.

E. ANDERSON.—We are quite aware of the fact. Human sacrifice is almost universal among savages at the funeral of chiefs, and the practice lingers on in semi-civilised states.

P. H. ECHLIN.—Glad to hear you are so pleased with the portrait. Thanks for your efforts to promote our circulation. We believe the *Freethinker* is sold in Brighton, but we have not the address of any newsagent.

R. SHAW.—The statement is absolutely false. Mr. Wise did not go to Camden Hall during Mr. Foote's last visit to Liverpool. He appeared at the Concert Hall in the evening, and opposed Mr. Foote in two speeches of ten and five minutes.

RAMS.—See reply to W. H. Taylor.

T. W. TURNER.—Your letter arrived too late for last week's *Freethinker*.

S. SODDY.—We are obliged.

J. TRAVIS.—Better let it drop.

J. E.—Scarcely food for a paragraph.

T. BOX.—Mr. Foote will lecture three times at Birmingham—morning and evening at Baskerville Hall, afternoon in the Town Hall.

A. K.—We are not surprised at the *Bournemouth Guardian* cutting the name of this paper out of your letter. Still, the conspiracy of silence is like the tactics of the ostrich; it gets played out eventually. That tablet of the Crucifixion, bearing Pilate's sentence, is a bare-faced fraud. Ask Dr. Farrar or any other scholarly Christian.

R. E. HOLDING.—See "Acid Drops."

The *Freethinker* and all Secular literature can be obtained from Mr. Dickenson, 28 Stanley Street, Queen's Road, Battersea, or at the Shed of Truth on meeting nights, and Park Gate Sunday mornings. All profits go to the Branch.

T. SEARLE.—If you mean Ingersoll's oration on Thomas Paine, we do not think it is published separately in England. Thanks for your trying to circulate this journal.

H. JONES.—What will you put in its place? is a silly question if the thing be false, and if it be true the question is need-

less. Truth is better than falsehood any day. No doubt a Christian feels empty when he loses his superstition, but the study of Truth and the service of Humanity will soon fill the void.

CHARLES C. CATTELL, 29 Snow Hill, Birmingham, offers 200 copies of his *Thoughts for Thinking* at half price—one copy on receipt of nine stamps, to any reader of this paper.

T. C. M.—Macaulay does say that "A prostitute, seated on a chair of state in the chancel of Notre Dame, received the adoration of thousands" as the Goddess of Reason. But Macaulay was not infallible, and he was prone to sacrificing to effect. The lady who personated the Goddess of Reason was an actress; there is no other reason that we know of for calling her a prostitute. Carlyle falls into no such blunder. He represents her as a respectable woman.

W. H. TAYLOR.—You would do well to tackle the Bible thoroughly first. Read Greg's *Creed of Christendom*, Giles's *Hebrew and Christian Record*, and *Supernatural Religion*. When you have mastered these we will recommend others. If you read Darwin and Haeckel, you should also read Spencer's *Sociology*, Tylor's *Primitive Culture*, and Lubbock's *Origin of Civilisation*.

W. SHIPLEY.—Send us the addresses of the two lads who post our contents-sheets at Chester-le-Street, and we will forward them a photograph each.

R. H.—Varley is pretty well played out. We have no room for him now. When a flea gets in your bed, you deal with it, but if it hops at large in the world you don't crusade against it.

PAPERS RECEIVED.—Neues Freireligioses Sonntags Blatt—Der Arme Teufel—Western Figaro—Liberator—Truthseeker—Ironclad Age—Bulletin des Sommaires—Menschentum—Progressive Thinker—Lucifer—Freidenker—Freethought—Fritankaren—Cosmopolitan—Boston Investigator—Echo—Loyal American—Secular Thought—Open Court—Star—Evening Standard—Northern Daily Telegraph—The Coming Man—Twentieth Century—Freethinkers' Magazine—School Guardian—The People's Press—Manchester Guardian—Leek Times—Stockholms-Tidnigen—Manchester Evening News—Reading Observer.

FRIENDS who send us newspapers would enhance the favor by marking the passages to which they wish our attention directed.

CORRESPONDENCE should reach us not later than Tuesday if a reply is desired in the current issue. Otherwise the reply stands over till the following week.

## THE FREETHOUGHT FUND.

A Fund is being raised to enable the National Secular Society to extend its work and organisation. Members and friends are invited to give a yearly donation. A list will be kept, and the annual subscribers will be periodically applied to for their promised contributions. It is earnestly hoped that *all* will give according to their means. The wealthy should subscribe their pounds, but as much value is attached to poorer men's shillings. If every reader of the *Freethinker* were to join the National Secular Society, and subscribe *something* above the minimum of one shilling, the Society would be able to carry on the propaganda of Freethought with tenfold vigor and success.

Already acknowledged £74 0s. 7d.

## Tenth List.

P. H. Echlin, £1 1s.; High Jinks, 5s.

## SUGAR PLUMS.

The *Freethinker* ran out of print again last week. We have no doubt that the distribution of our new issue of Tracts is serving as a good advertisement of the paper. We hope our friends will continue to distribute them widely. It is a very useful as well as cheap form of propaganda.

For the middle of July the Hall of Science audience on Sunday evening was a remarkably good one. Mr. Foote's lecture on "Professor Huxley on Noah's Flood" was much appreciated.

We hope the weather will be fine to-day, though wishing is not a factor in meteorology. The London Secular Federation's excursion will be made to Epping Forest. The Branches run their own contingents, but a special one for unattached

members of the N. S. S., or other members who are too far removed from any Branch starting point, will proceed from the Hall of Science at half-past nine in the morning. Mr. Foote hopes to join this party. The price of the tickets is half-a-crown.

A common tea will be provided at the "King's Oak," and it is hoped that *all* the excursionists will put in an appearance. After the tea there will be a few brief speeches, and the brakes will then drive homewards. No special provision is made for diners, but the landlord will provide some accommodation at a venture.

Mr. Charles Watts, formerly of London, and now of Toronto, is on a visit to England. He lectures at the London Hall of Science to-night (July 20), and there should be a good audience. Many years have passed since the break between Mr. Watts and his colleagues on the N. S. S. During the latter half of the period Mr. Watts has done brave service for Freethought in America. He has lectured and debated indefatigably, he has been largely instrumental in establishing the Canadian Secular Union, and he is conducting a journal called *Secular Thought* very creditably under what appear to be grave difficulties. Considering these facts, it seems only just that Mr. Watts should be welcomed as a trusted representative of Canadian Freethought. Those who disapproved Mr. Watts' course in 1877—and we know they were many—should remember that thirteen years have elapsed since then, and reflect that after all he is fighting for the same cause as they are.

Mr. Bradlaugh's debate with Mr. Hyndman on the Legal Eight Hours question takes place at St. James's Hall on Wednesday, July 23. Those who wish for a reserved seat should apply to Mr. Forder at Stonecutter Street. There is sure to be a crush.

Viktor Lennstrand's new trial took place on Tuesday, July 8, at Stockholm. The same day we received a brief telegram from Captain Thomson—"Lennstrand the fifth time freed by jury." This is indeed good news, not only for Lennstrand's own sake, but also for the sake of the cause. *Swedish juries will not convict.* A conviction can only be obtained in the King's Court, where public sentiment is not represented by juries, and where venal or bigoted judges are only too anxious to please the Crown. During the whole of Lennstrand's persecution the King of Sweden—with, it is said, his wife—has played an ignominious part. He makes a great pretence of "culture," but he seems ready enough to suppress advanced ideas. After all, however, kings, courts and legions are powerless against the march of thought.

We do not know the London correspondent of the *New York Truthseeker*, or even his name. He signs himself "J. D." In the latest number to hand he refers to the N. S. S., and says it is "evidently gaining in strength and numbers." "The active management of Mr. Foote," he adds, "has borne good fruit so far, and there is no reason why the Society should not go on and prosper, and make itself a power in the land."

Two important works are just issued from our office. One is a reprint of the first two chapters, with their voluminous notes, from Jeremy Bentham's "Introduction to the Principles of Morals and Legislation." It deals with the ethics of Utility, and we have called it *Utilitarianism*. The other reprint is a larger one—*The Church of England Catechism Examined*. This is a remorseless attack on the Church Catechism, showing how it tends to corrupt morality and turn children into fools or rogues. Bentham's friend, Sir Samuel Romilly, predicted a prosecution, but it never came. Perhaps the authorities feared to fly at such high game. Some passages would still be regarded as blasphemous by an ordinary jury. So much for the work itself. By way of Preface a brief biography of Bentham is supplied by Mr. Wheeler, who has unearthed in the British Museum some striking proofs of Bentham's utter scepticism.

In reply to several inquirers we beg to state once more that the new edition of Mr. Foote's *Bible Romances* is *new* in the fullest sense of the word. Number I., for instance, has been entirely rewritten and very much amplified; indeed the eight pages of the old edition have been extended to sixteen. The type used is the same as that of Bible Heroes, so as to

make the two works uniform. Two fresh numbers will be ready on August 1—*Eve and the Apple* and *Cain and Abel*. These will be eight pages each, price one penny. The only other double number will be *Noah's Flood*.

The last four of our Tracts (Nos. 17 to 20) are now ready, and orders can be executed for any quantity, singly or assorted. Before long we shall issue others, our object being to provide for every variety of taste.

A cabman called at our publishing office last Saturday. "Here you are," he said, holding out a shilling, "Professor — has just given me this over my fare; I'll take six *Freethinkers* and a hundred Tracts to distribute to-morrow."

Mr. Forder has just sent out ten pounds' worth of our publications to Kimberley (South Africa), where a member of the N. S. S. has opened an agency for the sale of Freethought literature.

Mr. Gott, a member of the N. S. S. at Bradford, has set an excellent example that might be imitated by other friends. He has purchased from Mr. Forder, at trade price, two pounds' worth of our publications, and has handed them over to a local bookseller, to whom he gives all the profit. Encore.

Manlio Garibaldi, the youngest son of the Italian hero, is betrothed to the daughter of the distinguished Freethinking anthropologist and senator, Paolo Mantegazza.

A precedent for dealing with Church property has arisen in the United States, where Senator Edmunds has secured the passage of his bill devoting the property of the Mormon Church to education in Utah. If this, as is probable, is ratified by Congress and not vetoed by the President, it will not only strip the Church, but use its money for purposes it opposes.

How the whirligig of Time brings its revenges! Nearly a century ago Shelley was expelled from Oxford. Now the great Shelley Concordance, compiled by Mr. F. S. Ellis, is being printed at the University Press. It will be issued on the hundredth anniversary of the poet's birth, August 4, 1892.

The West Ham Branch held its quarterly meeting last Sunday morning. The Committee's report showed a continued advance. Eight new members have been made during the quarter, bringing the total on the books to one hundred and three. One pound ten shillings has been paid off the debt owing to the treasurer, and the balance-sheet shows an invested capital of over £20. The president, treasurer, secretary and many of the committee were re-elected. We are contributing two brakes to the Federation excursion, and a number of our members will reach King's Oak by train.—E. ANDERSON, Hon. Sec.

The half-yearly general meeting of the Portsmouth Branch of the N. S. S., was held on Thursday July 10th. The balance-sheet showing a favorable balance was read and adopted. The following new officers were elected:—President, Mr. G. J. Hore; Treasurer, Mr. Stapely; Secretary, Mr. Jannaway. The former is also M.C., and his address is 41 Mayo Street, Buckland. The Secretary's address is 16 St. Paul's Road, Southsea. The members present desired to thank the delegates at the Conference for conferring an honor upon the Branch, by electing Mr. Brumage "the father of the Branch," as a vice-president. The idea of a Southern Federation was brought forward. The greatest difficulty in carrying out this idea, which has been so successful in London and the North, is that the Southern Branches are so few and far between. The nearest branch—Southampton—being 21 miles distant. After a very lengthy discussion, it was decided to appoint a committee to consider the matter.—W. JANNAWAY, Sec.

Men will be more moral when they learn that morality does not rest for its authority upon arbitrary edicts thundered from the skies, but that its foundation is the experience of mankind as to what is best for man.—Robert C. Adams.

Design or the adaptation of means to an end, supposes a limited power. Why do we adapt means to ends? Because by them only can the ends be attained. In other words, we are restricted to the employment of these means, otherwise we cannot have the end.—Jeremy Bentham.

HYMN TO SATAN.

FRANK SEWALL'S interesting article on the Italian poet, Carducci, in the current number of *Harper's Magazine*, contains a spirited translation of the "Hymn to Satan" which excited such a rage in clerical and conservative circles. We reproduce the poem in this English dress for our readers. Satan must be taken to personify the principles opposed to Christian faith and asceticism—the belief in reason and human happiness.

To thee my verses,  
Unbridled and daring,  
Shall mount, O Satan,  
King of the banquet.

Away with thy sprinkling,  
O Priest, and thy droning,  
For never shall Satan,  
O Priest, stand behind thee.

See how the rust is  
Gnawing the mystical  
Sword of St. Michael;  
And how the faithful

Wind-plucked archangel  
Falls into emptiness!  
Frozen the thunder in  
Hand of Jehovah.

Like to pale meteors, or  
Planets exhausted,  
Out of the firmament  
Rain down the angels.

Here in the matter  
Which never sleeps,  
King of phenomena,  
King of all forms,

Thou, Satan, livest!  
Thine is the empire  
Felt in the dark eyes'  
Tremulous flashing,

Whether their languishing  
Glances resist, or,  
Glittering and tearful, they  
Call and invite.

How shine the clusters  
With happy blood,  
So that the furious  
Joy may not perish!

So that the languishing  
Love be restored,  
And sorrow be banished  
And love be increased!

Thy breath, O Satan,  
My verses inspires  
When from my bosom  
The gods I defy

Of Kings pontifical,  
Of Kings inhuman:  
Thine is the lightning that  
Sets minds to shaking.

For thee Arimane,  
Adonis, Astarte;  
For thee lived the marbles,  
The pictures, the parchments,

When the fair Venus  
Anaidomene  
Blessed the Ionian  
Heavens serene.

For thee were roaring the  
Forests of Lebanon,  
Of the fair Cyprian  
Lover reborn;

For thee rose the chorus,  
For thee raved the dances,  
For thee the pure shining  
Loves of the virgins,

Under the sweet-odored  
Palms of Idume,  
Where break in white foam  
The Cyprian waves.

What if the barbarous  
Nazarene fury,  
Fed by the base rites  
Of secret feasting,

Lights sacred torches  
To burn down the temples,  
Scattering abroad  
The scrolls hieroglyphic?

In thee find refuge  
The humble-roofed plebs,  
Who have not forgotten  
The gods of their household.

Thence comes the power,  
Fervid and loving, that,  
Filling the quick-throbbing  
Bosom of woman,

Turns to the succor  
Of nature enfeebled,  
A sorceress pallid,  
With endless care laden.

Thou to the trance-holden  
Eye of the alchemist,  
Thou to the view of the  
Bigoted mago,

Showest the lightning-flash  
Of the new time  
Shining behind the dark  
Bars of the cloister.

Seeking to fly from thee  
Here in the world-life  
Hides him the gloomy monk  
In Theban deserts.

O soul that wanderest  
Far from the straight way,  
Satan is merciful.  
See Héloïsa.

In vain you wear yourself  
Thin in rough gown; I  
Still murmur the verses  
Of Maro and Flaccus

Amid the Davidic  
Psalming and wailing;  
And—Delphic figures  
Close to thy side—

Rosy, amid the dark  
Cowls of the friars,  
Enters Licorida,  
Enters Glicera.

Then other images  
Of days more fair  
Come to dwell with thee  
In thy secret cell.

Lo! from the pages of  
Livy, the Tribunes  
All ardent, the Consuls,  
The crowds tumultuous,

Awake; and the fantastic  
Pride of Italian  
Drives thee, O monk,  
Up to the Capitol;

And you, whom the flaming  
Pyre never melted,  
Conjuring voices,  
Wiclif and Huss,

Send to the broad breeze  
The cry of the watchman:  
"The age renews itself;  
Full is the time!"

Already tremble  
The mitres and crowns.  
Forth from the cloister  
Moves the rebellion.

Under his stole, see,  
Fighting and preaching,  
Brother Girolamo  
Savonarola.

Off goes the tunic  
Of Martin Luther;  
Off go the fetters  
That bound human thought.

It flashes and lightens,  
Girdled with flame.  
Matter, exalt thyself!  
Satan has won!

A fair and terrible  
Monster unchained  
Courses the oceans,  
Courses the earth;

Flashing and smoking,  
Like the volcanoes, he

Climbs over mountains,  
Ravages plains,

Skims the abysses;  
Then he is lost  
In unknown caverns  
And ways profound.

Till lo! unconquered,  
From shore to shore,  
Like to the whirlwind,  
He sends forth his cry.

Like to the whirlwind  
Spreading its wings . . .  
He passes, O people,  
Satan the great!

Hail to thee, Satan!  
Hail, the Rebellion!  
Hail, of the reason the  
Great Vindicator!

Sacred to thee shall rise  
Incense and vows!  
Thou hast the god  
Of the priests disenthroned!

MR. BRADLAUGH NEARLY CAUGHT.

Some of Mr. Bradlaugh's shoemaking constituents at Northampton were immensely chagrined a few days ago when it leaked out that the Freethought idol had been coquetting with the Church, and that he had actually contributed handsomely—for a man in his position—to a Church of England organisation. It came about in this way. The "National" band of Rushden, a thriving little town in Mr. Channing's division, wrote to the junior member for Northampton asking him for a subscription to their funds. Rushden, with its 6,000 inhabitants, boasts of three bands, one of which has just won the champion prize for the county. Locally, the "National" band is known as the "Church Band," because of its close connection with the parish church. Mr. Bradlaugh, whose aspirations are "National," and not "Churchly," wrote, in response to the application, that he held six shares in the Rushden Hotel and Coffee Tavern Company, which he was disposed to give them when the preliminary arrangements for their transfer could be made.

Of course, it soon became known that Bradlaugh, the "un-Christian member for Northampton," had actually promised aid to a Church of England band. The other Rushden bands (there are two) were dismayed, and his most ardent supporters began to wonder whether "Bishop Bradlaugh" was an impossibility after all. A friend—evidently not of the Church Band, but of Mr. Bradlaugh—wrote to the hon. gentleman a few particulars about the Rushden bands, and delicately hinted that at last Mr. Bradlaugh had either made a mistake or had been caught napping. Mr. Bradlaugh very quickly replied:—"You are quite accurate in your letter. I imagined that the band was the Temperance Band, and did not dream that the Church party had the impudence to apply to me. I therefore send you the transfer of my shares in blank, to be filled up either to yourself or to any one you may appoint for the Temperance Band."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

LONDON SECULAR FEDERATION.

FINAL ARRANGEMENTS RE EXCURSION.

BRAKES leave Hall of Science at 9.30. Tickets will be on sale at the Hall from 8 to 10 on Friday evening, after which none will be sold.

The various contingents will meet at the "Greyhound," Lea Bridge Road, at 10.30, and proceed to "King's Oak" Hotel, High Beech.

Tea will be served in the large saloon at five o'clock sharp. Charge, ninepence per head, to members of our party only.

Friends desiring to travel by train may book to Loughton from Fenchurch Street, by trains leaving at 9.58; or from Liverpool Street at 9.53 and 10.40 a.m. May also book to Chingford by trains leaving Liverpool Street at 9.12, 9.40, 10.10, 10.32 and at intervals of about half an hour. Conveyances may always be had from Chingford Station to the "King's Oak" Hotel. EDMD. POWNCEBY, Secretary.

## A CHINESE CHRIST.

Sir A. Lyall, in his interesting account of official Polytheism in China, tells how the Chinese government, while dispassionately patronising numerous beliefs on the sole condition of retaining supreme authority over all of them, vigorously puts down modern claims to supernaturalism. The following is from the *Pekin Gazette*:—"A memorial from the governor of Kneichow reports the capture in that province of the chief of a seditious gang, and his execution. He was by trade a carpenter, who picked up in a ruined temple a mutilated book of incantations, and set up as a healer of diseases by the recitation of charms. He placed in his room a bowl of pure water, before which he engaged in worship, morning and evening, and further took to himself twelve disciples, who used to join in daily worship. Having imbued these disciples, with a number of theories and told them false stories which they took to be true, he ordered each to take to themselves twelve other disciples, that these might again augment their numbers, and raise a large following. Eventually it was decided to organise a rising, but before the movement could be well matured it came to the notice of the authorities."

The unfortunate carpenter was executed, leaving it doubtful whether the story of the intended rising was not invented as an excuse for getting rid of an enthusiast. History does not entirely repeat itself, or we may imagine enthusiastic followers giving out a story of the carpenter's resurrection and under general expectation of the end of the world, extending their influence until officially recognised by the Empire. For the Chinese government thoroughly endorse the definition of Hobbes that "Feare of power invisible feigned by the mind or imagined from tales publicly allowed, is Religion; not allowed, Superstition."

## ANOTHER REASON!

At a Sunday School the clergyman attempted to illustrate his point by using the figure of water supply to a dwelling. "For instance," quoth he, "I want to introduce water into my house. I turn it on. The pipes and faucets and every convenience are in good order, but I get no water. Can any of you tell me why I do not get any water?" He expected the children to say that it was because he had not made a connection with the main in the street. The boys looked perplexed. They could not see why the water should refuse to run in his premises after such faultless plumbing. "Can no one tell me what I have neglected?" reiterated the good man, looking over the flock of wondering faces bowed down by the weight of the problem. "I know," squeaked a little five-year-old: "you don't pay up!"

## A LONG-WINDED PSALM.

A country minister, on entering the pulpit one Sunday morning remembered that he had left his sermon on his study table. He gave out the 119th Psalm, and went away for the purpose of getting it. Being an inveterate smoker, he could not resist the temptation of having a few whiffs of the pipe which was lying at hand, and under its soothing influence he fell sound asleep. He was awakened some time after by the beadle bursting into the room and shaking him roughly by the arm, exclaiming at the same time, "Come awa', sir, come awa'; they've warsled on to the 170th verse, and they're a squakin' like mice."

## PROFANE JOKES.

"Mamma, can I wear my silk dress in heaven?" "No child; dresses will not be worn there." "Well, ma, how will the Lord know I belonged to the best society?"

One of the North American Christianised Indians had a great partiality for the Blessed Sacrament, and took every opportunity of partaking. Being spoken to on the subject he said, "Yes, I love my Jesus, but"—with a leer—"rum is better."

Mother: "John, you went to church as usual to-day?" Son: "Yes, mother." Mother: "What was the text?" Son: "Well, er—you see I didn't get there in time to hear the text." Mother: "What was the gist of the sermon?" Son: "I can't tell. You see, mother, I came out just before he got to the gist."

Oldboy: "I am heartily glad to find you so much better." Dumley: "Yes, I have been a very sick man, but I am all right now, thanks to Dr. Pilsbury." Oldboy: "You should rather say 'thanks to Providence,' for it was Providence that wrought your cure." Dumley: "Well you just wait and see who sends in the bill."

## SUNDAY MEETINGS.

[Notices of Lectures, etc., must reach us by first post on Tuesday, and be marked "Lecture Notice," if not sent on post-card.]

## LONDON.

Battersea Branch N. S. S.—At 8 a.m., brakes start from Park Gates for High Beech; tickets 2s. 6d. Social evening every Monday at 8. Thursday, at 8 sharp, committee meeting. Friday, at 8, discussion.

Camberwell—61 New Church Road, S.E., 7.30, Mr. F. Millar, "Religion and Morality."

Hall of Science, 142 Old Street, E.C., 7.30, Mr. Charles Watts, "Unbelief: a Plea for Mental Liberty."

Hammersmith—Hammersmith Club (in the hall), 1 The Grove, Broadway, Thursday, at 8, Mrs. Thoruton Smith, "The Gospel of Freethought."

## OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

Battersea Park Gates. 11.15, Mr. Heaford, "Truth, Justice, and Liberty, in Relation to Christianity."

Bethnal Green—Opposite St. John's Church, 11.15, Mr. G. Standing will lecture.

Camberwell—Station Road, 11.30, Mr. F. Millar, "Man."

Clerkenwell Green, 11.30, Mr. C. J. Hunt, "The Teachings of Christ."

Hammersmith Bridge, 7, Mr. C. J. Hunt, "Christianity and Secularism."

Hyde Park, near Marble Arch, 11.15, Mr. J. Rowney, "An Hour with Moses" Wednesday, at 8, Mr. G. Standing, "God and Immortality" Monday, at 7.30, debate between the Rev. Mr. Brennan and Mr. Small, "The Rewards and Punishments of the Bible."

Midland Arches, St. Pancras Road, N.W., 11.30, Mr. P. H. Snelling, "Romans xii., 1, 2."

Mill End Waste, 11.30, Mr. A. T. Dipper, "The Plain Truth about the Bible."

Regent's Park near Gloucester Gate, 3.30, Mr. J. Rowney, "An Hour with Jesus."

Victoria Park, near the fountain, 3.15, a lecture.

Westminster—Old Pimlico Pier, Annual Excursion, to High Beech, brakes start from pier at 9.

Woolwich—Beresford Square (opposite the Arsenal gates), 7, Mr. F. Haslam, "Miracles of the Old Testament: are they True?"

## COUNTRY.

Chester-le-Street—Business meeting at Mr. Gray's, Old Pilton, at 6.30, to make arrangements for annual pic-nic to Durham on August 3.

Hanley—Secular Hall, 51 John Street, 7, an important business meeting which all members are requested to attend.

Liverpool Branch N. S. S., Camden Hall, Camden Street—11.30, meeting of members and supporters to consider new hall scheme; 7, Mr. Harry Smith, "An Enemy hath done this."

Manchester N. S. S., Rusholme Road, Oxford Road, All Saints—6.30, Mr. Ernest Evans will lecture.

Nottingham—Secular Hall, Beck Street, 7.30, a meeting to arrange for annual outing.

Portsmouth—Wellington Hall, Southsea, 7, a meeting.

Rochdale—Secular Hall, Milkstone Road, 6.30, a lecture.

Sheffield Hall of Science, Rockingham Street.—Mr. E. Stanley Jones, 3, "Origin of Species"; 7, "Evolution and Creation"; tea at 5 o'clock.

South Shields—Captain Duncan's Navigation Schools, King Street, 7, usual weekly meeting.

## OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

Leeds—Vicar's Croft, 3, Mr. J. Grange, "Does Man Survive Death?" On Hunslet Moor, at 7, Mr. H. W. Riley, "Secularism more Progressive than Christianity."

Manchester—(corner of Denmark Road and Oxford Road, 3, Mr. Ernest Evans will lecture.

## LECTURERS' ENGAGEMENTS.

ARTHUR B. MOSS, 44 Credon Road, London, S.E.—July 20 (afternoon), Victoria Park; 27, North-East Secular Federation tour. August 24 (morning), Clerkenwell, (afternoon), Regent's Park, (evening), Camberwell; 27, Hyde Park; 31 (morning) Pimlico, (evening), Woolwich. Sept. 7 (morning), Pimlico; 14 (morning), Bethnal Green, (afternoon), Victoria Park; 21 (morning), Midland Arches; 28 (morning), Clerkenwell, (evening), Woolwich.

H. SMITH, 3 Breck Place, Breck Road, Everton Road, Liverpool.—July 20, Liverpool.

E. STANLEY JONES, 3 Leta Street, City Road, Walton, Liverpool.—July 20, Sheffield. August 3, Liverpool.

T. THURLOW, 7 Dickson's Villas, Rutland Road, East Ham.—Aug. 10 (morning), Camberwell; 24 (morning), Plaistow. Sept. 14 (morning), Camberwell, 21 (morning out-door, and evening in the hall), Plaistow.

TOLEMAN GARNER, 8 Heyworth Road, Stratford, London, E.—August 17 (morning), Plaistow Green. Sept. 7, Chatham; 21 (evening), Woolwich. Oct. 5, Woolwich.

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