

The Freethinker

Edited by G. W. FOOTE.]

[Sub-Editor, J. M. WHEELER.

Vol. X.—No. 52.]

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1890.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE SON OF A GHOST.

“Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary.”—*Apostles' Creed.*

WERE a revival preacher to go about in this age, pretending to be the Messiah, he would in all probability end his days in a lunatic asylum. It is very unlikely that his followers would multiply after his death into a powerful sect, that a vast literature would accumulate around his memory, or that his devotees would gradually repudiate his human parentage and assert his entrance into the world by a supernatural process of generation. Many changes have taken place since the beginning of the Christian era. Superstition still exists, but is less gross and active; it is like a retired tradesman, living upon his old capital, and unwilling or unable to add to his store. Sporadic miracles still occur in the most benighted parts of Catholic countries, but to the majority of Catholics, and nearly the whole of Protestants, a miracle is a thing of the past. The order of nature was once broken, but is now invariable. Faith turns its face to antiquity, and reads its charter in the dubious records of ignorant and credulous ages. It believes, by an effort of imagination, the wonders of ancient times, although reason would laugh them to scorn if related of yesterday. Distance lends enchantment to the view. The far-off is dim, and appeals to the sense of wonder. Lies become credible when they are hoary, and venerable when they are imposed on the minds of successive generations.

No man in his senses would believe that a child was born last week, or last year, without a father; but many men, who in other respects are rational, believe that such a prodigy once existed, and are perfectly ready to regard those who are sceptical on this point as heretics and blasphemers, deserving of punishment in this world and everlasting torture in the next. At this time of the year they are accustomed to think of Jesus Christ, the Virgin Mary, and the Holy Ghost. They hear sermons on the Nativity. They stimulate a faith which was possibly waning. They do not, indeed, examine the evidences of their belief; that is a duty they never contemplated; no, they simply hear the old story reiterated, and go away convinced that what is told with such confidence must be true. For the moment they have no doubt about it. Christ was born of the Virgin Mary, and his real father was the Holy Ghost.

Now the Holy Ghost is only a ghost, and that such a shadowy personage should beget a lusty boy is enough to stagger the stoutest credulity. “If God had not said it,” wrote old Donne, “I would never have believed it.” Well, if God *did* say it, we have something to go upon. Jesus Christ himself, in the whole of the gospels, never so much as alludes to his supernatural birth. Nor was it suspected by his countrymen, who regarded him as an ordinary carpenter with several brothers and sisters; or even by the apostles, if we are to rely upon the Acts. Joseph and Mary give us no testimony. Everything is

related in the third person by the writers. And who were *they*. Not a man on the face of the earth is able to answer this question. God only knows (at least no one else does) where, when, and by whom the four gospels were written. This much is certain, and admitted by every scholar, that the gospels as we have them did not come from the pens of Christ's apostles. Earlier documents may have existed, and probably did, but what they were like is altogether unknown. Judging from St. Paul's epistles, they could hardly have contained a tithe of the miraculous stuff which the Church preserved as the Life of Christ.

Orthodox Christians are fond of declaring that the miraculous birth of Christ was predicted by the prophet Isaiah.

“Behold a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel. Butter and honey shall he eat, that he may know to refuse the evil, and choose the good. For before the child shall know to refuse the evil, and choose the good, the land that thou abhorrest shall be forsaken of both her kings” (vii., 14-16).

Now this is a fraudulent translation. According to a Christian divine like Canon Driver, the word *almah* “is not the term ordinarily employed in Hebrew for *virgin*, and cannot be shown to be exclusively applicable to one who was unmarried” (*Isaiah: his Life and Times*, p. 41). *Almah* simply means a young woman, and that such a person should conceive and bear a child is too common to be miraculous.

Anyone who will read the context in Isaiah must see that the prophet was referring to the immediate future. He simply meant that the land of king Ahaz should be in peace before a then unborn child could come to years of understanding. Isaiah, indeed, fulfilled *his* part of the prophecy, though God did not fulfil the rest; for he “went in unto the prophetess, and she conceived, and bare a son.” After this the pretended prophecy of the Immaculate Conception may take its place with the thousand other tricks of a designing priesthood.

If superstitionists were less muddle-headed, they would see the fallacy of this argument from prophecy. Suppose Isaiah did prophesy that a *virgin* should bring forth a child, how does that prove that Jesus Christ was born of a virgin? The prophecy does not prove the event; it is the event which proves the prophecy; and the event, or rather the allegation of it, has to be proved by the proper evidence. It is a pretty argument in a circle to make the prophecy prove the event, and then the event prove the prophecy. When this principle is carried out in commercial life, the gentlemen who use it are designated the Long Firm.

Now what is the real evidence that Jesus Christ was born without a father? We are not asserting that it was easy (or difficult) to find his father; we merely say that the presumption is in favor of any baby having two human parents.

Mark and John are out of court, having no testimony to give. Matthew and Luke relate the miraculous conception and birth of Christ. But they contradict each other, as well as history, on several

important points; and in any case they do not pretend to be giving first-hand testimony; indeed, Luke plainly avows, in his preamble, that he is only putting into a literary form the things that had been handed down; and if Matthew had been honest he would have made exactly the same confession.

From the very nature of the case, all who first promulgated this story of Jesus Christ's father being a ghost, if they did not invent it themselves, must have taken it on trust from Jesus, or Joseph, or Mary. The three wise men (Magi) who came from the East (a very extensive region) to worship little Jesus after he was born, were no authorities on the subject; and even if they were, they were not interviewed, and their evidence was never taken down. They came from the East, and went back to the East, and for all we know they are still in the East. But that is all the information we have about them.

Jesus himself never breathed a word of his miraculous birth; or if he did, the evangelists failed to record it. Of course it may be urged that he told his disciples in private, and hence the account Matthew; but how, on this theory, can we account for the silence of John?

Witness number one being dismissed, let us address ourselves to number two. According to Matthew, Joseph was astonished, and grieved to find his *fiancée* in the family way, and was going to break the engagement. Supposing this to be true, it proves that Joseph was *not* the baby's father, but it does not prove who *was* the baby's father. True, it is said, but Joseph was afterwards satisfied. But *how* was he satisfied? An angel appeared to him in a dream, and told him that the baby was the offspring of the Holy Ghost. Well, if the angel had appeared to him while he was wide awake, and given him this information, it might have been worth considering; but as the angel only appeared and spoke *in a dream*, the whole story, even if Joseph told it, is nothing *but* a dream; and what man in his senses would build upon such a shadowy basis the tremendous edifice of the Incarnation?

A man finds his sweetheart somewhat prematurely in an interesting condition. He knows he is not the cause of the phenomenon. He is puzzled and grieved. He resolves to leave her to the other gentleman. But he goes to bed and dreams that his sweetheart's condition is miraculous. He wakes up satisfied and marries her. All this is very interesting, and proves him to be a man of easy good-nature. But it proves nothing else. There is not an atom of evidence in it that would be received in any court of law; and if a husband nowadays were to go about telling such a story, civil people would shrug their shoulders, and other people would laugh at him as a silly wittol.

So much for witness number two. And now for witness number three. Mary knew, if anyone did, all about the matter. Apparently she did not tell Joseph; she let him find it out in a dream. Let us suppose, then, that she told *some one*, who told *some one else*, and so on *ad infinitum*. What reason is there for believing she told the truth? Surely her bare word on such a matter is scarcely sufficient. Her situation was embarrassing; she had every reason to lie or prevaricate; her evidence, in short, was that of a deeply interested witness. No young lady would be believed to-day in such circumstances, and the laws of evidence were just the same two thousand years ago.

So far we have failed to discover a scrap of satisfactory testimony. But our task is not ended. Let us examine the story which, if Mary said anything, she must have told.

An angel appeared to her. Such visitors usually call at night, and it was probably in her bedroom. Now in what shape did the angel appear? Several writers say in the form of a young man. Well, if some one, to all appearance a young man, came to

Mary surreptitiously, his being an angel was a matter of inference, while the baby who came to light nine months afterward was a very solid fact.

Luke informs us, without telling us who informed *him*, that the angel Gabriel said to Mary, "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee." Now these "overshadowings" are familiar to the students of ancient history and mythology. Sometimes a priest induced a pretty woman to spend the night in a temple, on the pretence that the God was in love with her, and Mary may have been the victim of a similar imposition. But in other cases, the deity took a physical form; witness the multitudinous amours of the gods of the ancient pantheon. Will the orthodox Christian, then, be good enough to say whether the incarnation of the Holy Ghost was a preliminary to the incarnation of Jesus Christ? It passes all comprehension how a ghost, while remaining a ghost, could become a physical father; and if the phenomenon is possible, it behoves us to be on our guard against haunted bedrooms.

For our part we acquit Mary. The story of her "misfortune" is a posthumous libel. We believe, as, according to the Gospels, the Jews believed, that Jesus Christ (if he ever existed) was born in lawful wedlock. Long after her death the dogma of his divinity was established; the farcical story of his being the son of a ghost was devised to support it; and as *avatars* or incarnations of deity in the form of men were universally credited, both the story and the dogma gained a ready acceptance, and ministered to the success of the Christian faith. Nevertheless the pious impostors overreached themselves. They did not allow for the scepticism of a later age. They failed to foresee the time when men would be sensible enough to say that the divinity of Jesus Christ does not stand on two legs. He dispensed with a *father* in coming into the world, but thousands of children have (ostensibly) done the same thing, and no one calls it a miracle. What he should have done was to dispense with a *mother*. That would have been simple and satisfactory. What is more, it would not have given rise to endless obscenities on the part of Christian writers in explaining Mary's virginity, nor would it have insulted the motherhood of the whole human race. Dispensing with maternity would then have been a necessity of the case, whereas the birth of Jesus Christ from a virgin, in order to secure his purity, is an outrage on the mothers of mankind, who press the fruit of human love to their devoted bosoms.

G. W. FOOTE.

OLD CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

As Christmas comes round, bringing delight, let us hope, to at least the younger portion of the community, some few may be curious to know the origin and meaning of our annual customs. Fashion is the most fluctuating, but custom is the most conservative of things. Students of comparative religion, that is, comparative mythology, are beginning to see that ritual is more enduring than legend, and that ancient customs gave rise to the stories rather than the stories to the customs. The Passover, for instance, did not arise from God having determined to kill all the first-born of Egypt and pass over the Jews who sprinkled their doorposts with blood; but this legend was told because the old sacrifice of lambs at the spring season was called Passover, whether from the passing over of the sun or from the substitution, as a sacrifice, of first-born lambs instead of first-born children, or from whatever reason. So Christmas was not instituted to celebrate the birth of Jesus in Palestine at a time when shepherds could not watch their flocks by night; but Christ was said to have been born at this time of the year because this was the old Pagan season for celebrating the rebirth of the sun.

There is little apparent connection between Jesus Christ and kissing under the mistletoe, or between indulging in goose and plum-pudding and partaking of the sacrament. The Puritans may be excused for denouncing Christmas as a Pagan custom opposed to the Christian conception of life, and more worthy of the worship of Bacchus than of Jesus. But Christmas endures as a Christian festival despite the Puritans, just because it goes back to the elements which Christianity has in common with paganism; because indeed, the religion that made its way under the name of Christianity was but a modified paganism.

To illustrate this fully is impossible in our limited space. One or two points may suffice. The custom of decorating houses with evergreens, evident symbols of life continued through the dead of winter, prevailed long anterior to Christianity. The Christian Father Tertullian, early in the third century affirmed it be "rank idolatry" to deck their doors "with garlands or flowers on festival days according to the custom of the heathen." Polydore-Virgil says, "the decorating of temples with hangings of flowers, boughs, and garlands, was adopted from the pagan nations, who decked their houses and temples in a similar manner." The Christmas tree, derived from our Scandinavian forefathers, with its fruit of good things for the little ones, is another sign of faith in returning spring and harvest. The mistletoe—I have recently given my opinion (*Freethinker*, Nov. 2)—was regarded by the Druids as the seed which carried over vegetable life from the old year to the new. Hence, to kiss and pluck a seed was a sign of union and fertility.

Mr. Foote points out that Christmas occurs at the period of the Roman Saturnalia. The Emperor Julian says in his fourth oration, "When the last month, which is sacred to Saturn, is nearly out, just before the beginning of the new year, we celebrate the most magnificent sports dedicated to *Sol Invictus*." The Saturnalia was a period of universal license and merrymaking. Temporary freedom was given to slaves. Everyone feasted, and presents were interchanged by friends. In the now extinct Lord of Misrule and schoolboys "barring out" may be traced a remnant of the Saturnalia.

But where does Jesus Christ come in? Just here. The infant Christ is as much a symbol of the returning year as the holly or the Christmas tree. The birthday of Christ is the birthday of the new year. Just as they now sing carols to the new-born king, so, in ancient times, they sang carols to the vegetation itself, of which Shakespeare's "Heigh-ho the holly" is a remnant. In the North they carry round the Christmas tree, so the southern Catholics carry round the infant Christ with his mother. In English villages this used to be the custom. In Yorkshire, girls carried a wax-doll in a box surrounded with evergreen and fruits. Whoever gave them money took a leaf which, carefully preserved, brought luck. This was good tidings of great joy, so that there was a proverb, "As unhappy as the man who has seen no advent images." So bakers would bake Yule doughs or little images, with currants for eyes, which were presented to their customers. And this brings us to the great sacrament or feast, the central feature of Christmas, the dinner.

Man early learnt that a good feast was a capital thing to tide over the wintry weather. In early religions we find feasting was as much a part of the religion as fasting—indeed more so, for the gods could also partake of the sacrifice and thus enter into the true communion of food with their worshippers. The word "holyday" had a real meaning. It was consecrated to the deities.

Formerly in England the Christmas dinner was opened with a boar's head, a sacred Scandinavian dish. The boar, with the lemon in his mouth, probably represented the spirit of vegetation. Mr. J. G. Frazer says:

"In Sweden and Denmark at Yule (Christmas) it is the custom to bake a loaf in the form of a boar-pig. This is called the Yule Boar. The corn of the last sheaf is often used to make it. All through Yule the Yule Boar stands on the table. Often it is kept till the sowing time in spring, when part of it is mixed with the seed-corn and part given to the ploughmen and plough-horses or plough-oxen to eat in expectation of a good harvest."

The plum-pudding, like the earlier Christmas pie, is a compound of all good things originally taken sacramentally—that is, it was supposed to contain the spirit of the past year's products, partaking which would ensure prosperity for the ensuing year. Hence the saying, as many pieces of pudding or mince-pie are partaken, so many happy months. As the communion was originally taken by all the clan, to this may be traced the family re-unions at the present day.

Christmas, then, symbolising the re-birth of the sun, the entrance of a new year, the return of light and vegetation, is one of the old-world customs the new world will not willingly let die. Each fresh generation will delight in cheering the depth of winter with festivity, in twining the holly and kissing under the pearl-eyed mistletoe. Let, then, the older ones join the youngsters in celebrating the old pagan festival in its true spirit of sociality, hope and delight.

J. M. WHEELER.

THE ORTHODOX RELIGION.

THE orthodox religion consists in profession of certain beliefs and in the performance of certain ceremonies. It is not necessarily connected with right or wrong doing, or with truth or justice as between the believer and his fellow creature. Incidentally, and to win the favor of moral and just people, the clergy approve, and some of them teach, right living as well as right believing. But right living is not an essential feature of the orthodox religion. A man may deal unfairly with his neighbor; he may be a hypocrite; he may be deceitful and revengeful; he may cheat in weight and measure; he may lie and steal and be an adulterer, and yet stand high in the church. The voices of these crimes religion can drown by heavy groans and loud amens. Religion imperatively demands the outward show and the openly-expressed belief. If good works for man are added religion approves, but it does not insist upon these as essential accompaniments. The worst men we have in every walk of life have their outward garments labeled with the essential demands of religion.

But religion being a business in which the clergy are the operators and the chief beneficiaries, they are shrewd enough to see that their trade should be respectable; so if a professing Christian cannot conceal his cheats, his deceptions, his seductions and other crimes against society, the clergy sometimes call him to account. This is done through fear of the moral element of society, and not because these crimes are inconsistent with a truly religious life, because on every hand we find the brightest church ornaments, including clergymen, notoriously guilty of them. So long as immorality is so muffled in religious wraps that its deformity is not visible to the casual observer, religion is content to march through the streets hand-in-hand with it.

Morality, right doing and right living, keeping house and excluding religious sentiment and ceremony, true religion abhors and shuns. Hence individual infidels and families, noted for correct morals, pure lives and high character, are ostracised, envied and slandered by religion. Religion will lovingly herd and graze with immorality and vice so long as belief is the herdsman and worshipful ceremony guards the outposts. But it disdains association with that conscientious and blameless morality which attempts to do business without loudmouthed belief and worshipful ceremony.

Religion and morality are rival families, living on opposite sides of the street. Their tastes and pursuits are so different and uncongenial that there can be no warm neighborly attachment between them. Religion regards morality, as it does the theatre, as a rival attraction; hence its envy and jealousy and denunciation of anything good that goes forth without its own brand upon it.

ON THE ADVANTAGES OF GOING TO HELL.

As it is commonly assumed—as a joke by most people, but as a grim reality by many earnest Christians—that all Secularists and Freethinkers are on the road to the regions whose brief and emphatic name is now somewhat too strong and vulgar for polite circles, we may as well look the grim joke or the terrorizing insult in the face. Christians are pleased to dilate upon the disadvantages of the destination they so kindly assign us. Surely it ought not to be rank blasphemy on our part if we glance at the other aspect of the question, and take note of the advantages which may mitigate or counterbalance the alleged inconveniences of the future home provided for us by the charitable imaginations of fervent believers.

In the first place there will obviously be no idiots, lunatics, or imbeciles in hell. As these unfortunate beings cannot be held morally responsible for their actions or belief, theologians admit that God cannot punish them below, and will have to take them to heaven instead, where they will form an enormous proportion of the population—for only “few” of the sane among the Christian minority of mankind are expected to be saved, while *all* the lunatics of all races and of all periods of history will be collected in the glorious mansions above. The pious belief prevalent in so many countries that the insane are special favorites of the Deity is evidently a correct one, and Christians ought not to despise it.

Credulous people, fanatics, saints, and simpletons generally, will find their way to heaven by the faith which is easy to them but difficult to philosophers and men of intellect. Hell, on the other hand, will be enriched with an extra proportion of the “wise and prudent” from whom God has hidden his message of salvation, and it will be freed from the “babes and sucklings” who so readily absorb the gospel milk provided for them. Who would not rather enjoy the precious and inspiring companionship of Darwin and Socrates and Marcus Aurelius and Garibaldi and Spinoza and thousands of other eminent unbelievers in Christianity, rather than take part in the antics of General Booth or the follies and fanaticisms of the Christian Fathers? The idea of pleasant intellectual intercourse among great and good unbelievers whose want of Christian faith condemned them to remain for ever in hell, is no mere “Infidel” assumption.

Few believers have been more ardent or more orthodox than Dante. Yet, even amidst the darkness of the Roman Catholicism of the Middle Ages, the stern poet softened the rigors of hell for great “Infidels” like the magnanimous Saladin and all the noble heathens of antiquity. He depicts them as conversing as they walk in dignified leisure beside the clear streams and over the emerald fields surrounding a beautiful castle that forms their home. Even Gladstone might feel tempted to pay a visit to these delightful lower regions for the sake of the glorious company of the Homer whom he so much admires, and whom otherwise he will never meet. That going to hell or being in hell is not necessarily disgraceful or painful might also be argued from the alleged fact that Jesus once went to hell, and that God being everywhere, must always be in hell as well as in heaven.

Christians may urge that criminals are sent to hell and that their presence will render the place unen-

urable. If Dante's idea is correct—and the ideas of the great genius, who was popularly supposed to have actually been to hell, are at least as likely to be correct as those of the more commonplace Christians of to-day—the criminal part of the population of hell is carefully shut up in gulfs or circles appropriated to the punishment of each particular offence. Even if this is not done, and the Secularist has to mingle with vicious and dishonest companions, he will not be worse off than he would be in heaven. He may be even better off; for the worst murderers commonly accept Christ's unfailing assurance of salvation at the eleventh hour, and inflict their presence on the saints above rather than on the Secularists beneath. Many of the heroes of the Bible and of Christianity have been men of blood. Moses massacred the Midianites and distributed the young maidens among his warriors. Joshua massacred the Canaanites. David tortured his prisoners and took Uriah's wife and life in the most treacherous manner. Secularists will be relieved from the presence of such individuals, and from the company and conversation of fanatics, who, like Jephthah or Abraham, sacrificed, or were ready to sacrifice, their own children as burnt offerings. They will also be safe from the savagery of inquisitors and persecutors, and from the tedium and inanity of religious observances.

W. P. BALL.

(To be concluded.)

AT THE LAST.

When my life work is done, and I lie down to die,
And the death-shadows creep like the slow rising tide;
When the unseen bourne is o'erwhelmingly nigh,
Then I want no Bible nor creed for my guide.

I want no ignorant priest to come near,
With his hypocrite sighs, and his bigoted airs,
To frighten my heart with visions of fear,
And torture my ears with meaningless prayers.

Who would speak of a God and his vengeance dire,
As he gazes unmoved from his home in the skies,
And a demon who dwells in a red lake of fire,
And the fabulous reptile that never dies?

There is trouble enough in this world for us all,
Without dreaming of one a hundredfold worse;
'Twere better to preach no future at all,
Than prate of a God and his infinite curse.

“God's word” has driven fond mothers insane;
Of friendship and love it has severed the ties;
Of genius and worth it has maddened the brain,
With its blood-curdling tales and its mythical lies.

It tells of a place, where, in darkness and chains,
Eternally suffer the good and the true;
And it threatens to punish with hell and its pains
The many, and “save” the credulous few.

“The light of the gospel.”—Its *darkness* has shed
Whole oceans of blood and rivers of tears;
Its wars, its follies, and its crimes dark and dread,
Have blighted the earth for hundreds of years.

“Glad tidings of joy.”—Ah! a joy indeed!
When it threatens to burn in perpetual flame,
The honest who dare to ignore a creed,
And all who refuse to “call on his name.”

A curse and a blight the Bible has been,
And will be as long as its pages are read;
Then away with a book so vile and obscene,
And give me the true light of Reason instead.

When my final adieu to this old earth is given,
And my loved ones I bid a dying farewell,
If I cherish no hope of a blissful heaven,
I'll harbor no fear of an endless hell.

TALITHA C. SYLVIA.

ACID DROPS.

Macdonald, the brutal Bolton murderer, who killed a young lady in the most shocking manner for the simple reason that he did or didn't like her—it is not clear which—is still writing pious letters from Kirkdale Gaol. In one of these missives, dated Dec. 15, he exclaims "Thank God for his mercies to us all," but he forgets to say whether among the "all" he includes the poor murdered school-mistress. God's mercies to her—or, at any rate, Macdonald's mercies—were such as the recipient would gladly have declined, with or without thanks.

"I hope everybody will forgive me, as I forgive them," says this graduate for glory. How much he has to forgive other people is an open calculation. We suspect it doesn't amount to much. On the other hand there is a lot to be forgiven *him*; and perhaps for that very reason he is satisfied to cry "quits." But where does the morality come in? The religion, of course, is obvious.

Macdonald says he is "taking great interest in reading the lives of the early martyrs." Yes, the martyr of the nineteenth century looks back to the martyrs of the first, second, and third, and hails them as brethren.

That American gentleman who was hung last week for pushing his wife into the Niagara Falls, spent his last hours in singing hymns. He was very pious but not very truthful. The nearest approach he made to a confession was denying his guilt with a little less vehemence.

The Rev. C. W. Bond apologises to Mr. Bradlaugh for using the story mentioned in our issue of a fortnight ago, and promises never to repeat it. He says he heard it from 14 to 18 years ago. He might have inquired into its truth in the meantime.

Canon Lloyd, lecturing on Christian Evidences at Blackburn made a little mistake. He made out that Bentham, Mill, Comte and others borrowed their morality from Christianity. So far from this being the case, the three mentioned took exception to Christian rules of conduct, Bentham especially denouncing them as immoral.

The *Sydney Bulletin*, speaking of Christian missions, says: "Everywhere the result has been much the same. Even among the more peaceful and intelligent tribes of the South Sea Islands the triumphs of the faith have merely produced a state of things in which rival congregations grasp each other by the hair on minute points of theology, and prospect for each other with texts and axes and boiling water and Confessions of Faith, until all is chaos and general disaster."

The *Bulletin* concludes that the European teacher's theology is a misfit, and the attempt to crowd the unhappy "native" into a creed which is too light for him is merely hurrying him on the road to extermination.

The good Canon reads evening prayers to his household every night, as every good man should (*Vanity Fair* says). One morning his new housemaid—she was a country girl, and had only begun service in the house the day before—gave notice, tearfully. No reason was assigned; but nothing could persuade her to stay in the Canon's house where, she said, she had been so grossly insulted. No one could understand the girl; but after much persuasion she explained: I was at prayers last night. I 'eard master say . . . 'O God, who 'atest nothing but th' 'ousemaid.'"

An amusing defence was set up at the County Court, Newcastle, by a man who some years ago on the way to chapel, told another pietist that he was hard up. The friend came to his house at night knocking him up, saying the Lord had sent him. "Here is £2—pay it back when you can, or if you don't the Lord will." Afterwards he paid back 13s., and eventually the plaintiff sued him for the balance. The defendant was unable to prove his loan had been repaid by the Lord, and the Judge refusing to recognise the Lord in the matter treated it as an ordinary loan, which must be repaid.

The gentleman who complained that he had not where to lay his head would probably be surprised if he could

come back to earth and see the style the Church he founded puts on, and the amount of money it squanders on useless ornamentation. Possibly he might conclude he died too soon.

The Two Worlds in its double Christmas number gives Mark Twain's humorous sketch, "Amongst the Spirits." To an ordinary reader this is a skit satirising the credulity of the spiritists, but the editor explains that "Mark Twain" is "a confirmed spiritualist," and that "in the early days of the investigation many scenes similar to the one herein described transpired, and very jolly spirits hesitated not to take part in them and to assure the sitters life in the hereafter had its jokes and its merriment just as surely as on the mortal plane."

We have reason to believe Mr. Samuel Langhorne Clemens is an Agnostic, and in the sketch reprinted by *The Two Worlds*, he declares himself not a spiritualist but an unbeliever. The proceeding reminds us of the common spiritist assertion that exposures by conjurors are really effected through the aid of spirits.

According to the *Indianapolis News*, Nov. 26, "a commission declared Sophia Barnhold insane to-day. The woman is violent on account of religious excitement. One of her hallucinations is that she is Jesus Christ. A few nights ago she escaped from her window on to a roof, and was barely prevented from leaping to the ground. She was removed to the asylum this afternoon."

Price Hughes has been holding forth at Blackburn on Sin. Now that is a large and varied subject. We wish the preacher would particularise. If he took that branch of sin which is called lying, we believe he would be competent to treat it exhaustively. At any rate, he would be able to speak from experience.

No man in Blackburn, said Price Hughes, was obliged to sin; if any man in Blackburn said he was, he was a liar, and he knew it! If the reverend liar—we mean the reverend gentleman—believes this he should settle accounts with St. Paul. In any case, this loose-tongued Methodist should decide what he means by "obliged." Five minutes' real thought, if he is capable of it, will show him that "obliged" may mean several different things. At present he makes a hopeless hodge-podge of external compulsion and internal motive.

In a certain sense it is gratifying to learn that Price Hughes believes in moral responsibility. But we wish he could believe it a little more effectually. When he stands before the Judgment Throne he will have to make a clean breast as to that Atheist shoemaker. No doubt something like this will happen.

God Almighty. Name, please?

Price Hughes. Don't know.

G. A. Address, please?

P. H. Don't know.

G. A. Real occupation?

P. H. Don't know.

G. A. Sister's name, please?

P. H. Don't know.

G. A. To hell, then, and find out.

Another good Christian gone wrong. Thomas Henderson, a leading light of the Methodist Church, Newark, and whose name was familiar as a household word for piety in that town, has been arrested and committed to trial without bail, for criminal assaults upon his domestic servant under the age of fifteen.

Kleptomania is the disease from which the Rev. W. L. Leeman, of St. Mary's, Willesden, is said to suffer. The reverend gentleman is accused of having stolen nineteen books and four pipes from the Army and Navy Stores. The articles were found in his bag. One of the books was *In Darkest England*. Clearly a case of "kleptomania."

The Rev. E. Smythies, rector of Hathern, was summoned under the Burials Act for refusing to permit a Nonconformist funeral procession to pass into the churchyard. The man of God locked the gates and refused to open until a certificate was handed over to which he was not entitled

until after the funeral. The prosecutors were content with an apology.

The Messiah craze among the Indians has extended to the Aztecs of Mexico and the negroes of the Southern States. The medicine men and priests are always at the bottom of these crazes.

Ebenezer Congregational Church, Chatham, has been completely destroyed by fire. God does not seem to look particularly well after his property.

Prison Missionary—"You are not in a very creditable place now, my poor man."

Convict—"No, I'm a sad example of the results of early training."

P.M.—"Were you trained to a life of crime?"

Convict—"No. I was brought up in the most fearfully strict religious manner conceivable."

In the case of *Hampson v. Guy* and others, in which Mrs. Hampson's will, leaving property to the extent of £11,600 to a convent, is disputed, it appears the testatrix lived next to the convent, and they got her and her property inside through a hole in the wall. All for the glory of God.

Talmage ridicules the idea that he could be evolved from an ape in a million years. Well the process has been mighty slow. The change is extremely slight for so long a period.

James Russell Lowell, as he was about sailing for Europe, told an interviewer, "I don't like reporters. I believe that if a man should die a reporter would try to interview him and find out where he was going." "Scarcely, Mr. Lowell," says an Oregon paper. "In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the discerning reporter would know where he was going without asking."

An interesting piece of gossip is retailed at some of the literary clubs about Mr. Charles Dudley Warner and Mark Twain. Mr. Warner called upon his neighbour and asked him to join him in a walk. On the humorist's demanding what just cause or reason his friend could bring forward to justify such an untimely proposition, Mr. Warner at once advanced Scriptural authority in support of his request by quoting from Matthew v., 41;—"And whoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain." And Twain went.

An inquirer wants to know where the stuff is to come from for the resurrection. He says that "given 1,000 generations of men, and taking the average at 1,500,000,000, then you have to resurrect 1,500,000,000,000 human bodies; and you must not touch one particle of flesh-and-bone stuff belonging to other animals; you must resurrect each human being with just that stuff he possessed at death, or the resurrection is only a sham." He doubts if this is mathematically possible. But of course the resurrection is a miracle, and consequently is a subject for faith, not for calculation.

The sermon had been about the patience of Job, and when it was over a stranger who had listened quite attentively approached the clergyman and said: "Say, who was that chap that had them boils?" "His name was Job." "Where does he live?" "He has been dead for centuries." "Great Cæsar!" "Don't you admire him for his patience?" "No. I can't admire any man who will put up with a whole herd of boils when by sending to me he could get a box of my Egyptian Boil Remover, only 25 cents a box, warranted to cure—" "Let us engage in prayer."

God Almighty Stead no sooner hears that Joachim Pecci is ill than he settles in his *Review of Reviews* who will be the next Pope. A visit to the Vatican where he was not received by the present Pope constitutes sufficient authority for God Almighty Stead to determine his successor.

Max O'Rell, in his latest lecturing tour, has been telling how in a prayer preceding his discourse to an Ohio gathering, the Lord was asked to allow the audience to understand his jokes. The tale was told in Scotland, where it was delicate of M. Blouet to apply it to Ohio, for it sounds amazingly like a Scotch story.

The pious young Emperor of Germany fairly let the cat out of the bag in his speech at the final sitting of the Educational Conference at Berlin. He said he should make it his most sacred duty to see that the Christian spirit be cultivated and religious feeling increased in the schools, and thus fit the youth for the requirements of the State. That's the secret. Stultify the mind with nonsense about another world to make it content with this. Inculcate reverence for an irresponsible ruler in the skies to increase submission to earthly tyrants. "Fear God and honor the king" is a sacred text for despots.

An American writer has discovered that where angels are mentioned in the Bible it is a mistranslation. It should be rendered "balloons." This new rendering will hardly fit in the passage which speaks of angels' food.

When the Christian Evidence Society stationed Mr. George Wise at Liverpool—chiefly by the aid of pious Sam. Smith, M.P.—it appeared to think that the local Secular party would soon be exterminated; not reflecting that this would be bad business for Mr. Wise, and for the Christian Evidence Society too. Well now, the Liverpool Branch is stronger than ever. But was has become of Mr. Wise? We see he is advertised to lecture to "Men Only," which is the last refuge of a failing Christian speaker.

By the way, while Mr. Wise is lecturing to men only, he might tell his hearers some of the blue stories of the Bible. There is a perfect mine of blue, ay and of purple, in the Grand Old Book.

Jesus told his disciples that not a sparrow fell to the ground without the cognisance of God. They fall all the same and die in large numbers this weather. In America six children have perished in a snowstorm while returning from school, and over a hundred families are snowed in and described as in a dangerous situation.

Mr. Spurgeon is an enviable man. While London is a perfect purgatory of frost and fog, and men are swearing, and women are shivering, and babies are snivelling, and eyes are red and noses are blue—the Oracle of the Tabernacle is cultivating his own little section of the Lord's vineyard at Mentone. From that pleasant situation he writes encouraging letters to his sorely-tried brethren, like the Irish rebel-captain, who

Fled full soon on the first of June
But bade the rest keep fighting.

"The tidings of the extreme severity of the weather in London," he says, "not only makes me pity the poor and the asthmatic, but all of you." How considerate! How generous! Spurgeon is off to the land of sweet air and sunshine, and sends his blessing to the fogged and frosted ladies and gentlemen who pay him to stay there. Verily godliness is great gain, and hath the promise of the life that now is, as well as of the life that is to come.

Spurgeon pities the poor and asthmatic, but how much pity is shown by his God? This paragraph is written on Monday morning about twelve o'clock. Gas is burning in the office, which is full of dirty fog. Outside you can only see about twenty feet around you. And the cold is intense and searching. Three weeks of this would persuade the greatest optimist that life is *not* worth living. Mr. Spurgeon believes that the Lord sends the weather, and we beg to ask him, in the words of Tennyson's Northern Farmer, "What be God Almighty about?"

The fact is, we want Home Rule for this planet. The imperial government of the universe is clearly incapable of looking after our local affairs. It is all very well to keep the fixed stars and planets in their places. But that is not everything. Earth's inhabitants have their special business and pleasures, and the weather should be handed over to a decent committee. At present we have a perfect chaos. One part of the world is too dry and another too wet. Here the people are scorching, and there they have chilblains and bronchitis. Really, is too bad. Jehovah and his two partners, his cabinet and executive, will have to give in. We are slaves to stand it; at any rate, we are fools to be always petitioning a government that won't listen to our grievances, or budge an inch to redress them.

MR. FOOTE'S ENGAGEMENTS.

Sunday, Dec. 28, Hall of Science, Old Street, London, E.C.; at 7, "The Star of Christ in the Night of Faith."

January 4, Milton Hall; 11, Hall of Science; 18, Huddersfield; 25, Hall of Science.

February 1, Hull; 8, Leeds; 15, South Shields; 22, Newcastle.

March 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, Hall of Science.

April 12, Camberwell.

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.

C. K. LAPORTE.—Such matters lie outside our province.

A. BAKER.—Mr. Foote will try to give Wigan a date, and will write as soon as possible.

R. W.—Already dealt with.

G. C. WALLIS.—Glad to hear you are so pleased with *Letters to Jesus Christ, The Creation Story, and the Refutation of Deism*. Your fresh order is handed to Mr. Forder. Please send direct to him in future.

J. BURRELL.—Sorry to hear the Westminster parcel of Freethought literature was lost, but hope, with you, it will do good to whoever found it. "Little Jesus" should be a Christmas treat to a Christian.

FORDER TESTIMONIAL FUND.—We have received the following: W. Trevilion, 10s.; G. M., 1s.; W. Griffiths, 10s.; Three Swindon Friends, 7s. 6d.; C. Bowman, (per G. Standing), 2s. 6d.

W. S. SKINNER.—Glad to hear that our old Cartoon on Booth at the end of Self Denial Week is attracting attention.

C. DOEG.—Send us news of the Hall Company for our new year's number.

J. F. HENLEY.—It was good of Mr. Hunt to take Mr. Forder's place at such short notice. This is not fit weather for Mr. Forder to lecture in. At this time of the year he should be reserving instead of expending his strength.

C. E. SMITH.—Budget of Jokes received with thanks.

W. M. KNOX.—The date was engaged by Leeds. Mr. Foote will try to visit Belfast. Would April do?

P. H. ECHLIN.—Thanks for the cutting. We see that Mrs. Pearcey is not to be respited. Her expectation of going to "a better and purer world," without the expression of a single regret for her infamous crime, is one of the richest bits of Christian humbug we have ever noticed.

PAPERS RECEIVED.—Fritankaren—Liberty—Freethought—Open Court—Menschentum—Lucifer—Neues Freireligioses Sonntags-Blatt—Freidenker—The Liberator—Der Arme Teufel—Secular Thought—Boston Investigator—Western Figaro—Lancashire Evening Post—La Vérité Philosophique—Le Matin—Echo—Two Worlds—Newark Advertiser—Progressive Thinker—Flaming Sword—Loyal American—Isle of Wight Express.

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

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.

SUGAR PLUMS.

Sunday evening was wretched in London. A thaw set in—only to be frozen up more bitterly during the night—and the streets were turned into perfect sloughs. Mr. Foote scarcely expected to find a dozen people at the Hall of Science in such weather, and was agreeably surprised to meet so many. Of course, it is but a moderate audience absolutely, but relatively it was magnificent.

By the way, Mr. Foote's title, "The Son of a Ghost," was too much for Saturday night's *Star*; but the *Star* newsboys were calling out in the streets, "Result of the Great Prize

Fight," and it was difficult to understand our contemporary's rules of discrimination.

This evening (Dec. 28) Mr. Foote lectures at the London Hall of Science on "The Star of Christ in the Night of Faith." His metropolitan friends will probably find this lecture interesting.

Not only was the recent London Freethinkers' Ball a great social success, but a profit of £4 11s. 9d. was realised. This has been handed over to the Benevolent Fund.

The Montreal Pioneer Freethought Club, under the leadership of Captain R. C. Adams, has had a fight with the orthodox forces, and remains in possession of the field. The Club, after giving two Freethought lectures at the Rifle Armory's Association Hall, secured a lease of the premises for a series of Sunday evening lectures. Presently the Rifle Association got up a bazaar, and the bigots refused to assist because the hall had been leased to Freethinkers. The colonel then sought to cancel the lease, but his lawyer told him this could not be done without the consent of the Freethought Club, whereupon 400 dols. were offered the club to resign their lease. The Freethought Club refused to either be frightened out or bought out; and Captain Adams sent a letter to the Montreal papers, in which he says: "To those who object to our use of the hall, we wish to say that its platform is open to any reputable minister or layman who desires to discuss the momentous questions of the day. Instead of sending anonymous letters and seeking to cancel business engagements, let these people have the courage to oppose us openly and endeavor to prove to us that our opinions are false.—ROBERT C. ADAMS." We hope the incident will lead to the Montreal Club getting a hall of their own.

E. Chauvière, a municipal councillor of Paris, ridicules, in *La Vérité Philosophique*, the attempt of Theosophists to found spiritualism upon hypnotism. He says epileptics, hysterics, and somnambulists are now the apostles of religious resurrection.

An Asylum for Male and Female Invalid Freethinkers has been instituted at Philadelphia.

There is to be a census in Germany, and *Menschentum* counsels its readers to write under the column "Religion" the word Freidenker. The subject has given rise to some discussion.

A list of Dr. Ludwig Büchner's volumes given in *Menschentum* extends to twenty-three separate works from the celebrated *Force and Matter*, first published in 1855, to his latest work, *The Golden Age*, dated for 1891.

We gather from the *Neues Freireligioses Sonntags Blatt* that there are now five indictments pending against Dr. Voelkel for his Freethought lectures, two in Berlin, and one each in Halle, Muhlhausen and Bernberg. No doubt our brave colleague in the Good Old Cause will come out of these trials as triumphantly as ever.

De Dageraad of Amsterdam gives its readers a very extensive account of the martyr Servetus from the pen of J. van der Ende.

Der Lichtfreund of Vienna commences a new volume on January 1st. During the past year it has had really valuable continued articles on "The Transformation of Paganism into Christianity," and on "The Reformation of the Nineteenth Century." We wish it prosperity in the new year.

The prospectus of the Liberal (Freethought) Association of Texas, recently founded at Waco, has been sent to us. Ex-Rev. J. D. Shaw is president, and J. L. Jackson secretary. We trust the Association will have success in the biggest of the United States.

The Liberation Society, Sergeant's Inn, Fleet Street, have followed up the announcement of their intention to give prizes for essays on the Disestablishment question by issuing the conditions of the competition, and supplying list of works which may be advantageously consulted by intending writers.

Mr. Foote is to debate the Legal Eight Hours question with Mr. G. B. Shaw at the Hall of Science, London, on Wednesday and Thursday, January 14 and 15. Mr. Shaw is the most brilliant swordsman of the Fabian Society, and his fellow-members expect him to make mincemeat of Mr. Foote. On the other hand, Mr. Foote has a good many friends, and if the saying be true that a man's friends taste a spice of pleasure in his misfortunes, most of them will turn up to be "in at the death." These are two excellent reasons for expecting large audiences.

Seriously, this question is a burning one, and Messrs. Foote and Shaw mean to do justice, if possible, to their respective sides. Both disputants are Atheists and advanced reformers, desiring the material, mental and moral elevation of the working classes. Further, there is not an atom of personal hostility between them. The question, therefore, will be discussed simply on its merits; and such a debate should be instructive.

Those who want to be present at the London Secular Federation's annual dinner should obtain tickets immediately. It is calculated that the big hall of the Bridge House Hotel will be taxed to the uttermost for sitting room.

The *Daily News* of Dec. 19 publishes extracts from a notable article in a Turkish newspaper on "Christianity and Islam." It describes Christian civilisation as summed up in the phrase, "Clear out, for I want to come there." It contrasts the rapid rise of Mohammedanism with the slow progress of Christianity, and compares their attitude to science. "What was the reward given by Christianity to the man who proved that the world moves? What investigator was ever approved by the Church? Are the writings of the Church to supply the needs of civil and military science and art and industry? To this very day 'profane' writings are not licensed by the Church. In this day can any man who has learning and scientific knowledge remain sincerely a Christian? No science or art is directly or indirectly praised in the New Testament writings. But there is none which is not approved and encouraged directly and indirectly by any number of texts in the Koran or by the traditional sayings of the Prophet. The greatest men of Europe—the Voltaires, the Darwins, the Buchners, the Flammarions, the Victor Hugos—are insulted by the anathemas of the Christianity of to-day as infidels, while Islam recognises them as believers in God who only need faith in his Prophet."

The Turkish newspaper is a little out in the last statement; but its further contention that wherever Christianity goes it exterminates the aboriginal inhabitants, whereas wherever Mohammedanism goes it saves them, is largely borne out by facts.

The South Shields Branch has its Annual Tea and Concert on New Year's Day. This gathering takes place at the Seamen and Firemen's Union Hall, Coronation Street. Tea on the tables at 5 o'clock. Tickets, one shilling.

The Liverpool and Bootle Secular Tontine Society commence a new year next Sunday (Dec. 28). Just before the close of the last financial year the President (Mr. George Mitchell) met his death by falling down the hold of a ship on which he was working, and the £10 paid to his family will in some measure mitigate the privation caused by his death. Notwithstanding this, the sum of 16s. was paid over to each member.

The reprint of Mr. Foote's articles on General Booth's book will not be ready till Saturday (Dec. 27). With the considerable additions Mr. Foote has made, the matter will extend to thirty-two pages. The price is fixed at twopence, the lowest possible figure; and as a large sale will be necessary to cover the outlay, it is to be hoped that Freethinkers who can afford it will take copies for circulation among their Christian acquaintances. It is a case of striking while the iron is hot.

Some delay occurred in printing, but Mr. Foote's *Virgin Mother* is now on sale. As a seasonable piece of reading it would be hard to beat. We wish the Christians would read it through two or three times. There would be fewer Christians by next Christmas. |

THE LORD'S SECOND COMING.

(From the "Liberator.")

[BY CABLELECTROGRAPH.]

Hallelujah Street, Heaven, October 26th, 1890.

DEAR SYMES,—No doubt you and the Christians are wondering why I haven't returned the second time according to promise.

The fact is, the Ghost and I see such queer carryings on down below on the earth, that really we don't consider the people worth bothering about. They are endowed with reason to work out their own ends on earth, but owing mainly to promiscuous breeding amongst humanity, things have got into such a mess that it will be the Devil's own trouble to set them right.

What do you think of people who gammon to be ruled by us and guided by us, and then ignore us in everything, except when they are in danger of their miserable lives? Then they are ready enough to turn to us, but we haven't any patience with such people, and never, well hardly ever, grant their requests. They talk about immorality if they see a naked statue, or a picture of somebody undressed. Surely if we, the three in one, are satisfied with nakedness, people who profess to be inferior to us, and infinitely less in intellect, ought to be. We see we couldn't do any good by coming and arguing with them, because these things are plain enough to see without our being on earth, so we have concluded to stay where we are.

There is the locust question, too—we are ignored in that; in fact, the people make their own laws, and do everything without us; so we have decided to give them the go-by.

The Ghost and I often have talks over these matters. It makes little difference to us how the people get along—that is their look-out. They are so busy scheming and plotting how to get the best of one another, that little real thought is given to us even by the greatest of humbugs—those Christians. Why, therefore, should we care for them? It was either Mammon or us, and the people have decided for Mammon. So let it be.

I may mention that Luther is keeping a pub at the sign of "The Pearly Oates." Best brands of wines and spirits always on hand. (If you want this paid for as an advertisement, I will drop in next time I am down your way and give you a cheque.) Luther would like to see any of his co-religionists that come this way, and can accommodate them at a moderate tariff. He has unfortunately taken to drink lately, and is much *luther* in his conduct than he was. We are great chums, and when he runs short of sacramental wine, I get a barrel of water, and, hey presto! make wine of it in no time. (This isn't a miracle—the French can make wine without a particle of grape-juice being in it.) I get plenty of free nips from Luther on this account. Of course, you will keep this part private; it don't do to be too open while those temperance fellows are about. They will be pestering me with their tracts and statistics.

All the rest of the reformers are well, but they are always hatching some new scheme or other to improve heaven. Sometimes I feel inclined to sell out and let them run the concern themselves, but there's no place like home, you know (when the rent is free), and besides, the comic papers would be guying us if we cleared out of the old heavenly mansion and had to seek a haven among strangers.

Billy Shakespeare is running a Punch and Judy show, and Thomas Paine is editing a religious weekly. Satan is in the ice-cream business. He ran short of sulphur for his bonfire; and John Wesley and old Wycliffe, together with Dr. Watts, petitioned us to clap on a high protective duty on imported sulphur, which practically ruined Satan, and he sold out to Voltaire for a song, who now keeps the fire alight for burning poetical compositions sent him by the inhabitants of the planet Mars, with which we have telephonic communication.

We are excluding all residents of the earth from this place now, as those that are here cause such an infernal din with their harp playing and singing, that we have to put corks in our ears to get peace. They have formed a syndicate to smelt up the golden streets into shekels, and actually want to introduce Christianity here. God help us, Mr. Symes, if this comes about!

We are still experimenting with other worlds and forms of life, and have a large assortment of new and second-hand planets in all stages of development on hand and to arrive. Thomas Paine, in his *Age of Reason*, said it would take me all my time to go about getting crucified in every world that

is inhabited. I don't intend to try; the earthly experience was quite enough for me. I got a sickener of crucifixion then. (Please spell it *cruci-fiction*, for that's just what it was, only the Christians are too blind to see it.)

Kindly drop a note to Baxter, of the *Christian Herald*, and tell him to stop his contemptible rubbish about the Bible prophecies, or I will turn him into a pillar of rock-salt, and rain fire and brimstone on his printing office. Tell him I ran the gospel chariot without feathering my nest—in fact, lost by it, and if he will do the same I will believe in his sincerity and won't trouble him. Baxter doesn't know any more than the man in the moon when I shall come. I never communicate with him, and he is practically receiving money under false pretences by pretending to prophesy my second advent. His dupes should take warning by this.

Excuse bad writing as I am not in good form. The landlord of the "Harp and Crown" here, advertised in the *Heavenly Times* and *Celestial Mercury*, that he had such good whisky on tap that there wasn't a headache in a barrel of it. I "sampled" a barrel—and got such a headache that Herr Von Ah Sin, the Chinese doctor of Luciferville (one of the outlying suburbs) dosed me with extract of dried alligator for six weeks without success. Professor Delirium, the noted head of the inebriate retreat here, said I had an attack of the "horrors," and prescribed accordingly; but nature eventually completed a cure. I was so bad, however, that I spoiled all the furniture in the throne-room, and pelted gold crowns at passers-by in the street. The place was in a devil of a mess, "when the wine's in the wit is out," you know, and I finished up the debauch by sitting on Gabriel's trumpet and ruining it completely. I am 19½ stone weight, and the trumpet was only a frail concern.

By-the-bye, old Gabriel is short-winded now, and unfit for trumpet practice. If he blew a blast you could only hear it for about a hundred yards; so you are not likely to see or hear him in the heavens. He was always puzzled to know how an old man like him could be expected to waken up the earth by one blast of his horn, and he says it is the biggest conundrum he ever struck. We had a talk over it, and agreed to give it up. Besides, he said it would never do for him to show himself now, even if he had armor on like Ned Kelly, as some Freethinkers would be sure to make a target of him with artillery, just to satisfy their inquiring minds as to whether chain-shot would penetrate a ghost or not. He says he has no fancy for that kind of welcome, neither have I.

In conclusion, Mr. S., I wish you would speak to your *Liberator* boys about playing pitch-and-toss when delivering the papers. My *Liberator* has been late for two or three weeks, and when I put on my white robe and went out to see about it, what should I find but the young monkeys playing "heads I win, tails you lose!" They swore that Pope Leo (who has a corner grocery here) taught them the game.

We have had several snow-falls here lately. The snow is black up in this quarter of the universe—it would seem strange to you, no doubt, but we are quite used to it.

Mary has had another son, still-born. We think either Louis 14th or St. Mark was the pater, but it is difficult to prove the paternity in these matters.—Yours infinitely,

J. CHRIST.

P.S.—Please tell the Christians that they may as well drop sending letters to the celestial post-office, as we make a point of never answering them, even when they are prepaid, as anyone but a fool could see. As to verbal prayers, we don't feel inclined to make asses of ourselves by answering all kinds of contradictory and absurd petitions. Besides, we should want ears as big as the Sun to catch all that is addressed to us from the earth, and of course the loudest shout man can give only penetrates a short distance into the atmosphere. Rest assured, Mr. Symes, we find ourselves fully employed in other ways, or you would soon hear of us unmistakably. You will be doing a kindness to the Christians in pointing this out to them. There is the earth—it is large enough for those that like it; those who don't like it can lump it. Them's our principles, Mr. Symes. Vale—J. C.

Parson Bluff—"Remember you must give an account of all your actions and deeds when you go to the other world." Jimmy Fastboy—"I'm glad you mentioned it. I am studying a new system of improving the memory. I guess I'll drop it now."

Had Adam let the Apple be,
Had Eve kept clear her skirts,
To-day we would not know the bliss
Of wearing flannel shirts.

I F.

If I were a God, in a realm of light,
Set up on a big white throne,
I wouldn't look down, with a frown that would blight,
Or assume a chilling tone.
I'd be cheery and gay,
In a volatile way;
I'd address my creatures all,
And my subjects true,
I would welcome, too,
Whenever I gave them a call.
Away I'd fling my chastening rod
If I were a God.

If I were a God, every hateful law
I'd abolish right away;
No one should sigh; I'd close death's door,
And work should be turned to play.
The sick should be well,
I'd send icebergs to Hell,
And the poor should all be rich;
I'd abolish pain
From my domain,
And sorrow I'd hang for a witch;
But the Devil should die of his own accord,
If I were God.

If I were a God, the people should all
Have loads and loads of fun,
With lives as gay as a fancy ball;
And I'd look out for every one.
No tuckers and bibs
For his celestial nibs,
If you please, when I am he,
In harmless folly,
And melancholy
My children might drown and be free.
And you bet your life, care'd be under the sod,
If I were God. —*Boston Investigator*

LONG YEARS AGO.

The Theosophical Thursday is becoming quite an institution. There was a good attendance at Regent's Park Hall to hear Mr. Sinnett lecture on the "Earth and its Races." The Theosophical theory is that we have all passed through the different stages of the animal kingdom, and the human being has been evolved therefrom in a manner analogous to the materialisation of an ethereal body on the "Astral" plane. The lecturer then told us about the Atlanteans—the fourth race proper—people who dwelt on the earth a million or so odd years ago, and finally disappeared something like 15,000 years back, the main body having gone about 100,000 years previously. The Atlanteans represented in its maximum degree the localisation of the spirit in matter—they developed in the highest degree the material intellectuality, and embodied physical beauty in its advanced maturity. They were altogether a clever lot of people, overcoming gravitation and elements with as much comfort as we can eat a Christmas pudding. The Atlanteans were delivered, according to Theosophical theory, at the bottom of the cycle of evolution, and were without that impulse to spirituality, which is so characteristic of our race. In taking a general view of the seven races, Mr. Sinnett came to figures about the age of the world, and dealt with millions of years—"ages in cosmic development" he called them—with airy lightness. We—the people of the present time—are the fifth race, and as yet in our infancy. Before we really make a start in the upward spiritual progress a few more 100,000 years have to pass, when the "Karmic consequences" will find its next demonstration happening in the sixth race. But it is to be something like 10,000,000,000 years hence before we even get into the middle of the fifth round, so there is not much need to worry. When we are ultimately reincarnated in the seventh race of this world period, Mr. Sinnett says we shall all be so transcendantly beautiful and glorified that we shall not recognise ourselves. Coming to the age of the world, the *Star* man, who is good at figures and a believer in Geikie's assertion that the ice age occurred only some 20,000,000 years ago, has calculated that up to date the age of the world may roughly be estimated at 750,000,000,000,000,000 years or so. Mrs. Annie Besant, in conclusion, said this was the last lecture of the present year, and offered some Theosophical Christmas cards at 3d. apiece.—*The Star*.

ONE OF BIERCE'S STORIES.

I heard a rather interesting anecdote the other day. Late one night some years ago a prominent Jewish physician, now of this city, was aroused from sleep and beseeched by a wretchedly-clad Irishman to accompany him on a professional visit to his family. There was evidently no fee in it, but the benevolent physician cheerfully complied, and was piloted to the most miserable part of the city, where, in an environment of indescribable squalor, he found his patient, the wife of the man who had summoned him. The poor woman was suffering from a terrible contagious disease, and was about to give birth to her first child. Beside the pile of rags upon which she lay was a priest of the Roman Catholic Church bravely administering the consolations of religion. What a spectacle for instruction of the cynic! In that palace of indigence and stronghold of terror, where one might almost feel the presence of anguish and almost hear the footfalls of Death, Man's love of Man had entered to medicine alike the body and the soul. About that couch of misery was no room for race hatreds and the warfare of creeds. The Angel of Mercy stood there invisible, and in the divine compassion of his eyes immemorial animosities melted like barriers of ice. The Jewish physician and the Catholic priest, no longer lightning calculators of their long accounts, were false to the traditions of their fathers and forgot to abhor one another. But that is not what I was going to relate.

When the poor woman had become a mother, when the physician had prescribed and the priest had prayed, and both were about to withdraw, the priest approached the physician, took his hand, lifted his hand reverently toward heaven for a moment, then, lowering them, said: "My son, I thank you in the name of the Father." "And I, sorr," said the patient's husband, with a sidelong glance at the new babe, "in the name o' the rest o' the family."—*Ambrose Bierce, in the San Francisco "Examiner."*

FORDER TESTIMONIAL FUND.

AFTER serving for fifteen years as Secretary to the National Secular Society, Mr. Robert Forder is resigning the post. His best days have been spent in the party's service, and his health is now precarious. In these circumstances, it has been deemed an act of justice to present him with a testimonial in recognition of his invaluable work as a lecturer and organiser, and to assist him in the Freethought publishing business, to which he will devote the remainder of his life. The Testimonial has the hearty support of Mr. Bradlaugh, who held the Presidency during the period of Mr. Forder's service.

F. France, 5s.; Mrs. H. M., 1s.; G. Wright, 1s.; S. R. Battershell, 1s.; W. T. Leekey, 1s.; F. Baxter, 2s.; J. W. B., 6d.; Mr. and Mrs. Barralett, 4s.; E. S. Power, 10s.; Daniel Baker, 10s.; Wood Green Branch N. S. S., 5s. 6d.; G. Brittain, 2s.; C. Klein, 1s.; Thos. Holstead, 5s.; James Nayler, 5s.; Mrs. Annie C. Hampson, 5s.; James Hampson, 5s.; Mr. Atkinson, 1s.; W. Collins, 1s.; G. Smith, 2s. 6d.; W. W. Hebb, 1s.; W. Hilton, 1s.; E. G. Marfleet, 1s.; T. Hanley, 2s. Per Battersea Branch N. S. S.: Walter Josslyn, 1s.; Joseph Read, 1s.; James Collins, 6d.; Mr. Piggen, 1s.; J. Martin, 1s.; J. Portainer, 1s.; Mr. Annis, 1s.; Mr. Livermore, 6d.; A. Friend, 3d.; H. T. Dew, 4d.; A. J. Livermore, 6d.; C. M. Collins, 6d.; H. M. Collins, 6d.; H. Dew, 1s.; C. W. Rendell, 1s. Saladin, 21s.; Darlington Branch N. S. S., 10s.; T. W. Marshall, 1s.; R. Storey, 1s.; Geo. King, 6d.; R. Wilson, 6d.; J. B., 6d.; John Mossman, 6d.; A. W. Hildreth, 6d. Per R. Chapman: S. M. Peacock, 5s.; J. Sanderson, 2s. 6d.; J. T. Horsman, 1s.; A. C., 3d.; R. C., 3d.

W. H. Reynolds (*Treasurer*), *New Cross, S. E.*

PROFANE JOKES.

Sunday-school Teacher—"Is your father a Christian?" New Pupil—"No, ma'am; he's an ice dealer."

Tolstoi says marriage is a sin. Let this idea generally obtain and we expect to see a tremendous boom in the matrimonial market.

Aunt Theo—"Tommy, I am surprised you forgot your Bible so quickly! Now, when the rain descended and smote the earth for forty days, what was it called? Tommy (promptly)—"Mud!"

Sowers—"I think religion is all policy, anyway." Crowley—"I don't see how you can look at it in that light." Sowers—"Why, it's nothing but insurance against fire, is it?"

LET us see what the Church, within a few years, has been compelled substantially to abandon—that is to say, what it is now almost ashamed to defend. First, the astronomy of the sacred scriptures; second, the geology; third, the account given of the origin of man; fourth, the doctrine of original sin, the fall of the human race; fifth, the mathematical contradiction known as the trinity; sixth, the atonement—because it was only on the ground that man is accountable for the sin of another, that he could be justified by reason of the righteousness of another; seventh, that the miraculous is either the misunderstood or the impossible; eighth, that the Bible is not inspired in its morality, for the reason that slavery is not moral, that polygamy is not good, that wars of extermination are not merciful, and that nothing can be more immoral than to punish the innocent on account of the sins of the guilty; and, ninth, the divinity of Christ.—*Ingersoll.*

MAN will never attain his full powers as a moral being until he has ceased to believe in a personal God and in the immortality of the soul.—*Reade.*

INSPIRED OR INSANE?—The modern dervish, no doubt, presents the closest parallel which still exists to the Hebrew prophet of old. The poet, the madman, the enthusiast, receive, as of yore, the reverent homage of a simple folk; and false prophets were not less commonly found among the Jews (as they themselves admitted) than are charlatans and impostors among the fanatics who have attained in the Syria of to-day to a reputation for sanctity.—*Rabbi Jeshua, p. 9.*

WE are convinced that it is contrary to all moral ideas to teach that the guilty may be pardoned, because the innocent have suffered.—*Robt. C. Adams.*

NATIONAL SECULAR SOCIETY.

President, G. W. FOOTE.

PRINCIPLES AND OBJECTS.

SECULARISM teaches that conduct should be based on reason and knowledge. It knows nothing of divine guidance or interference; it excludes supernatural hopes and fears; it regards happiness as man's proper aim, and utility as his moral guide.

Secularism affirms that Progress is only possible through Liberty, which is at once a right and a duty; and therefore seeks to remove every barrier to the fullest equal freedom of thought, action and speech.

Secularism declares that theology is condemned by reason as superstitious and by experience as mischievous, and assails it as the historic enemy of progress.

Secularism accordingly seeks to dispel superstition; to spread education; to disestablish religion; to rationalise morality; to promote peace; to dignify labor; to extend material well-being; and to realise the self-government of the people.

MEMBERSHIP.

Any person is eligible as a member on signing the following declaration:—

"I desire to join the National Secular Society, and I pledge myself, if admitted as a member, to co-operate in promoting its objects."

Name

Address

Occupation

Active or Passive

Dated this.....day of.....18

This Declaration should be transmitted to the Secretary, with a subscription; and, on admission of the member, a certificate will be issued by the Executive.

The minimum subscription for individual members is one shilling per year; all beyond that amount is optional, every member being left to fix his subscription according to his means and interest in the cause.

Members are classed as *active* or *passive*. *Passive* members are those who cannot allow their names to be published. *Active* members are those who do not object to the publication of their names, and are ready to co-operate openly in the Society's work.

Fill up the above form and forward it, with subscription (as much, or as little, as you think just to yourself and the cause), to Mr. R. Forder, sec., 28 Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.

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.

Ball's Pond Secular Hall, 36 Newington Green Road, N., 7, Mr. S. Soddy, "Evolution v. Special Creation."

Battersea Secular Hall (back of Battersea Park Station); 3, quarterly meeting; 5.30, tea (tickets 6d. each); 7.30, select concert, Monday, at 7.30, dancing class (3d. per lesson); 8.30, social gathering. Thursday, at 8, singing and dramatic classes.

Bethnal Green Branch N. S. S.—"The Monarch" Coffee House, 166 Bethnal Green Road, E., 7, a lecture.

Camberwell—61 New Church Road, S.E., 7, dramatic recital; 7.30, Mr. A. B. Moss, "Plays and Players." Friday, at 7.45, Science Classes (Hygiene and Chemistry).

Finsbury—Loyal United Friends' Hall, Banner Street, St. Luke's, 11.30, Mr. J. Rowney, "Jesus."

Hall of Science, 142 Old Street, E.C., 11.15, Mr. Herbert Burrows; 7, Mr. G. W. Foote, "The Star of Christ in the Night of Faith."

Milton Hall, Kentish Town Road, N.W., 7, Orchestral Band; 7.30, Mr. Robert Forder, "Is Christmas a Christian Festival?" Monday, at 8.30, social meeting. Tuesday, at 8, singing and dramatic class (practice).

West Ham—Secular Hall, 121 Broadway, Plaistow, Mr. C. Cohen, 11, "Agnosticism"; 7, "Origin of Species."

Westminster—Liberal and Radical Club, Chapter Street, 7, Mr. V. Roger, "The Eight Hours Day Dream."

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

Battersea Park Gates 11.15, Mr. W. Heaford, "The Bible: what it is and what it is not."

Tottenham—Corner of West Green Road, 3.15, debate between Messrs. L. Keen and Lockyer on "Can we Follow Jesus?"

COUNTRY.

Crook—Club Room, Commercial Hotel, Commercial Street, 6.30, a paper by Mr. Dent.

Liverpool Branch N. S. S., Camden Hall, Camden Street.—11, Tontine Society; 3, discussion class, Mr. Ellis, "Morality the Outcome of Experience"; 7, Mr. E. Stanley Jones, "The Struggles of Science."

Newcastle-on-Tyne—4 Hall's Court, Newgate Street, 3, monthly financial meeting of members, important business.

Portsmouth—Wellington Hall, Wellington Street, Southsea, 2, social gathering of members and friends; 7, entertainment.

LECTURERS' ENGAGEMENTS.

ARTHUR B. MOSS, 44 Credon Road, Rotherhithe, London, S.E.—Dec. 28, Camberwell. Jan. 5 (1891), Annual Dinner; 18, Rushden. Feb. 8, Camberwell; 22, Camberwell.

STANLEY JONES, 3 Leta Street, City Road, Liverpool.—Jan. 18 (1891), Liverpool.

TOLEMAN-GARNER, 8 Heyworth Road, Stratford, London, E.—Jan. 4 (1891), West Ham.

HOW TO HELP US.

- (1) Get your newsagent to exhibit the *Freethinker* in the window.
- (2) Get your newsagent to take a few copies of the *Freethinker* and try to sell them, guaranteeing to take the copies that remain unsold.
- (3) Take an extra copy (or more), and circulate it among your acquaintances.
- (4) Display, or get displayed, one of our contents-sheets, which are of a convenient size for the purpose. Mr. Forder will send them on application.
- (5) Leave a copy of the *Freethinker* now and then in the train, the car, or the omnibus.
- (6) Distribute some of our cheap tracts in your walks abroad, at public meetings, or among the audiences around street-corner preachers.

A

BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF FREETHINKERS

OF ALL AGES AND NATIONS. By J. M. WHEELER.

Price 7/6 Handsomely bound in cloth. Price 7/6

Price 1d. Price 1d.

A LIE IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

THE REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES'S CONVERTED ATHEIST

By G. W. FOOTE.

Should be circulated by Freethinkers who desire to see this pious fraud exposed as widely as possible.

PROGRESSIVE PUBLISHING CO.'S LIST.

G. W. FOOTE.

	s.	d.
PRISONER FOR BLASPHEMY. Cloth	2	6
A Full History of his Three Trials and Twelve Months' Imprisonment. Copies in paper covers, soil d, 6d.		
IS SOCIALISM SOUND?	1	0
Four Nights' Public Debate with Annie Besant.		
Superior edition, in cloth	2	0
CHRISTIANITY AND SECULARISM	1	0
Four Nights' Public Debate with the Rev. Dr. James McCann. In paper covers.		
Superior edition in cloth	1	6
INFIDEL DEATH-BEDS	0	8
Second edition, enlarged.		
Superior edition, in cloth	1	3
DEFENCE OF FREE SPEECH	0	4
Three Hours' Address to the Jury before Lord Coleridge With a Special Preface and many Footnotes.		
LETTERS TO JESUS CHRIST	0	4
PHILOSOPHY OF SECULARISM	0	3
THE BIBLE GOD	0	2
THE FOLLY OF PRAYER	0	2
THE IMPOSSIBLE CREED	0	2
An Op n Letter to the Bishop of Peterborough on the Sermon on the Mount.		
CHRISTIANITY AND PROGRESS	0	2
A Reply to Mr Gladstone.		
THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD	0	2
A moral and statistical Essay on War.		
ROYAL PAUPERS	0	2
Showing what Royalty does for the People, and what the People do for Royalty.		
MRS. BESANT'S THEOSOPHY	0	2
A Candid Criticism.		
THEOSOPHY AND SECULARISM..	0	2
A Rejoinder to Mrs. Besant.		
THE NEW CAGLIOSTRO	0	2
An Op-n Letter to Madame Blavatsky.		
WHAT WAS CHRIST?	0	2
A Reply to J. S. Mill.		
THE DYING ATHEIST. A Story	0	1
WAS JESUS INSANE?	0	1
A searching inquiry into the mental condition of the Prophet of Nazareth.		

G. W. FOOTE and W. P. BALL.

BIBLE HANDBOOK FOR FREETHINKERS AND INQUIRING CHRISTIANS	1	4
Superior edition, in cloth	2	0
Sold also in separate parts as follows—		
Bible Contradictions	0	4
The Contradictions are printed in parallel columns.		
2. Bible Absurdities	0	4
All the chief Absurdities from Genesis to Revelation, conveniently and strikingly arranged, with appropriate headlines, giving the point of each absurdity in a sentence.		
3. Bible Atrocities	0	4
Containing all the godly wickedness from Genesis to Revelation. Each infamy has a separate headline for easy reference		
4. Bible Immoralities, Indecencies, Obscenities, Broken Promises, and Unfulfilled Prophecies	0	4

G. W. FOOTE and J. M. WHEELER.

CRIMES OF CHRISTIANITY. Vol. I. Cloth	2	6
Hundred of exact References to Standard Authorities. No pains spared to make it a complete, trustworthy, final, unanswerable indictment of Christianity.		
THE JEWISH LIFE OF CHRIST	0	6
With voluminous footnotes. An extraordinary work.		
Superior edition, in cloth	1	0

COLONEL R. G. INGERSOLL.

MISTAKES OF MOSES	1	0
Superior edition, in cloth	1	6
Only Complete Edition published in England		
DEFENCE OF FREETHOUGHT	0	6
Five Hours' Speech at the Trial of C. B. Reynolds for Blasphemy.		
REPLY TO GLADSTONE	0	4
With a Biography by J. M. Wheeler.		
ROME OR REASON? Reply to Cardinal Manning	0	4
FAITH AND FACT. Reply to Rev. Dr. Field	0	2
GOD AND MAN. Second Reply to Dr. Field	0	2
THE LIMITS OF TOLERATION	0	2
A Discussion with Hon. F. D. Courdert and Gov. S. L. Woodford.		
ART AND MORALITY	0	2
DO I BLASPHEME?	0	2
THE CLERGY AND COMMON SENSE	0	2
THE GREAT MISTAKE	0	1
LIVE TOPICS	0	1
MYTH AND MIRACLE	0	1
REAL BLASPHEMY	0	1
SOCIAL SALVATION	0	2
THE DYING CREED	0	2
THE HOUSEHOLD OF FAITH	0	2

NOW READY.
CENTENARY EDITION
OF
THE RIGHTS OF MAN.
BY
THOMAS PAINE.

WITH A
POLITICAL BIOGRAPHY
By J. M. WHEELER.

Paper Covers, ONE SHILLING.

Bound in Cloth, TWO SHILLINGS.

NOW READY.

Wreath the Living Brows.

AN ORATION ON WALT WHITMAN

BY
COL. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

PRICE THREEPENCE.

PRICE THREEPENCE.

Price Sixpence.]

Twenty-second Year of Publication.

[Price Sixpence.

**THE NATIONAL SECULAR SOCIETY'S ALMANACK
FOR 1891.**

EDITED BY G. W. FOOTE AND J. M. WHEELER.

CONTENTS:

Stamps and Telegrams, etc. The Cabinet
Calendar
Story of the Year, by G. W. Foote
Once More, by Charles Bradlaugh
Hints to Young Secular Advocates, by J. M.
Wheeler
Twenty Years of Freethought, by R. Forster
Panthéism and Religion, by J. M. Robertson

The Conversion of the Rev. Thomas
Trumpet, by Geo. Standring
The Trade in Superstition, by A. B. Moss
Through Cloud to Sunshine, by S. Standring
The Trinity, by W. P. Ball
Charles Robert Newman, by J. M. Wheeler
No Faith with Heretics, by G. W. Foote
The Right to Affirm, by Chas. Bradlaugh

Principles and Objects of National Secular
Society
List of Officers and Members of the Council
List of Branches and Full Particulars
Freethought Lecturers
Secular Burial
Foreign Freethought Societies
American and Australian Societies, etc, etc

R. FORDER, 28 Stonecutter Street, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

MEDICAL ESSAYS. VOL. I.

By Dr. T. R. ALLINSON.

4 SPANISH PLACE, MANCHESTER SQUARE, LONDON, W.
Of the Author, for Postal Order for 1s. 2d.

It contains Articles on: Management of Infancy;
Health; Longevity; The Teeth; Brown Bread; Bread
Making; Food; Vegetarianism; Tobacco; The Drink
Question; Fruit; Fresh Air; Exercise; Bathing;
Light; Holidays; &c. Also the cause and cure of
Disease; Constipation; Biliousness; Eczema; Black-
heads and Pimples; Nervousness; Coughs and Colds;
Chest Complaints; Deafness; Thread Worms; Long
Worms; Tape Worms; The Itch, &c.

MEDICAL ESSAYS. VOL. II.

Of the Author, for Postal Order for 1s. 2d.

Containing Articles on: The Healing Power of
Nature; Clothing; Electricity in Disease; Apparent
Health; Vegetarian Experiments; The Pig as Human
Food; Popular Fallacies about Flesh; The Hot Tea
Delusion; Salt; Saline Starvation; Tea Drinking;
The Hair and its Management; Sleep and Sleepless-
ness; Want of Energy, &c.; Health Hints for Workers,
for Shop Assistants, and for Servants; Advice for the
Thin; for the Stout; and on the Proper Treatment of
Simple Fever, Measles, Scarlet Fever, Whooping
Cough, Ringworm, Hypochondria, Bloodlessness, Di-
arrhea, Ulcerated Legs, Tumours, &c.

MEDICAL ESSAYS. VOL. III.

Post free from the Author for postal order for 1s. 2d.

It contains Articles on Health and Wealth; No
More Death; Youth; The Necessity for Pure Air,
and How to Get It; The Management of Young
Children; Hunger and Appetite; Effects of Fast-
ing; Perfect Foods; Green Foods; Suppers; Un-
suspected Domestic Poisons; Thirst; Perspiration;
Sea Bathing, &c. HOW—to Eat Properly; to Eat
Well; to Judge Wholemeal Bread; to Breathe
Properly; to Grow Tall; to Keep Warm; I Live; to
Live 100 Years; to Improve the Memory, and to
become Beautiful and Attractive. On the Cause and
Cure of the following Diseases: Stomach Troubles,
Flatulence, Sleepiness, Varicose Veins, Boils and
Carbuncles, Sebaceous Tumors or Wens, Hay
Fever, Winter Cough, Chilblains, and on the Dis-
eases Produced by taking Mercury.

No House is Complete without these Works.
When ordering the Essays, be sure and state which
Volume you require.

HYGIENIC MEDICINE;

OR, THE ONLY RATIONAL WAY OF TREATING
DISEASE.

Everybody likes it who reads it.

Of the Author, for Postal Order for 1s. 1d.

RHEUMATISM: ITS CAUSE AND CURE

Post free seven stamps.

PAMPHLETS FOR YOUNG MEN.

Post free 13 stamps.

W. J. Rendell's
"WIFE'S FRIEND."

Recommended in "Law of Population,"
p. 32, and "Wife's Handbook," p. 51.
Made solely by J. PULLEN, 15 Chadwell
Street, Clerkenwell, and supplied per post,
2s. dozen. For particulars send stamped
envelope. Higginson's Syringe with ver-
tical and reverse currents, 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d.,
and 5s. 6d. Dr. Palfrey's Powder, 1s. 2d.
All prices post free.

LONDON, (the People's Dentist, 535 Strand (oppo-
site Somerset House).—TEETH on VULCANITE
3s. 6d. each, upper or lower set, £1. Best quality, 4s.
each, upper or lower, £2, completed in four hours
when required, repairing or alterations in two hours
if you pay more than the above they are fancy
charges. Teeth on platinum, 7s. 6d. each; on 18c
gold 15s.; stopping, 2s. 6d. extraction, 1s. painless
by gas 5s.

WIFE'S HANDBOOK
AND
LAW OF POPULATION
7½d. each post free as letter.
W. J. RENDELL,
15 CHADWELL STREET, E.C.

THE
FAMILY LIMIT

1s. 6d. per doz post free.

For further Particulars send stamped directed
envelope to

A. FOSS, 35 Upper Park Street,

130TH THOUSAND.

Fifteenth and New Edition of the

Wife's Handbook.

By H. A. ALDUIR, M.R.C.P.E., I.S.A.
Price Sixpence, by post Sevenpence.An edition of the above in French, now
ready price 10d., by post 11d.

R. FORDER, 28 Stonecutter St., London, E.C.

POPULATION LIMITATION.—Practical instruc-
tions. Allbutt, Besant, Owen, Knowlton; 7d.
each; lists 1d.; all post free. Фишер, Koburg, Leeds.

NEW EDITION OF
LECTURES AND ESSAYS
By ARTHUR B. MOSS. ONE SHILLING.
Just out, with Biographical Sketch.

ALSO
BIBLE AND EVOLUTION
By SAME AUTHOR.
Handsomely Bound, 2s. 6d.
Progressive Publishing Co. Watts & Co., 17 Johnson's
Court.

NOW READY.

A VIRGIN MOTHER.

BRING No. XIII. or "BIBLE ROMANCES."

By G. W. FOOTE.

All about the Incarnation, the Immaculate Conception, the paternal Ghost,
Mercury Gabriel, the baby God, and Mary's perpetual virginity in spite of a
long family.

Appropriate to the Christmas Season.

Price Twopence.

Printed and Published by G. W. Foote, at 28 Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.