

The Freethinker

Edited by G. W. FOOTE.]

[Sub-Editor, J. M. WHEELER.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.

MRS. BESANT AND THE FREETHOUGHT PARTY.

FROM the beginning of October the Sunday lectures at the London Hall of Science will be under the direct management of the National Secular Society. The scheme of the Committee being approved by the Executive, the Sunday morning lectures will be upon a great variety of topics, and the admission will be free; while the evening lectures, to which the present prices of admission are to be charged, will be of a Freethought character, illustrating and defending the Society's principles.

Neither the Committee nor the Executive is affected by the cant of those who would make a convenience of the National Secular Society. Our motto is, "We seek for truth," but this is not the primary object for which we are organised. We have found some truth, which is embodied in our programme, and to maintain and propagate it is our chief purpose. Certainly we shall welcome any fresh truth, but we do not pursue it without a clue, and we are not, therefore, at the mercy of the first person who condescends to put us in the right way.

Sunday evenings at the Hall of Science will consequently be devoted to the advocacy of Secularism. This decision is perfectly understood, and will be faithfully carried out. The platform will not be at the service of Christians, Buddhists, Brahmans, Mohammedans, Mormons, Muggletonians, or Theosophists. Every form of superstition will, politely but firmly, be kept at a distance.

Among the persons who were invited to lecture was Mrs. Besant. She was told that the Sunday morning lectures would be various, but with respect to the Sunday evening lectures she was told that the Committee desired them to be upon subjects on which the lecturer was in agreement with the principles and objects of the National Secular Society. Mrs. Besant replied that she could not submit to a censorship, and she accepted her exclusion from the platform. That is, she will have nothing to do with us except on her own terms; and if our terms do not agree with hers, she talks of her "exclusion" and poses as a martyr.

Either Mrs. Besant has ground in common with the National Secular Society, or she has not. If she has not, the sooner we say "good-bye" the better. If she has, she virtually tells us she will not co-operate with us on that ground. Where we differ she proposes to co-operate, and it must be there or nowhere.

The truth is (and I prefer to tell it) that Mrs. Besant's only remaining object in standing on a Secular platform is to preach Theosophy. Where this can be done without troubling the National Secular Society's Branches she gives them the cold shoulder. At Liverpool, for instance, she will not lecture for the Branch. And why? Simply because the Theosophists and Spiritualists find her a platform.

Now the Theosophy which Mrs. Besant has propounded more or less cautiously on Secular platforms

is a grotesque enough thing when you come upon it "naked and not ashamed." Let any Secularist read the July number of *Lucifer*, edited by Mrs. Besant, and then ask himself whether the Freethought party should hold any terms with such wretched stuff. For my part, I will not, and those who like to coquet with it need not regard me as their leader, or in any sense as their representative. I am fully sensible of Mrs. Besant's past services to Secularism. I would give much to have the old Mrs. Besant back with the old convictions. But this is impossible. Whatever may be her destination, she is lost to us. She is the eloquent advocate of a superstition which Charles Bradlaugh despised; a superstition which is far inferior to the best forms of Christianity, and in its cruder aspects is more than a match for the most imbecile forms of Catholicism; a superstition which can only do no harm because it is feeble, but which, if it became powerful, would develop into as dark a curse as any of its forerunners.

From this July number of *Lucifer* I shall extract a few follies, just by way of sample, to show what Theosophy runs into when free from the restraints of sober public opinion.

There is an American called Judge, whose name belies his character. This gentleman has been on a Theosophic mission with Mrs. Besant. At Liverpool, Bradford, and other places, they lectured together, Mr. Judge supplying the dull, pretentious metaphysics, and Mrs. Besant the rhetorical fireworks. Being a fervent adorer of the late Helena Blavatsky, Mr. Judge writes some reminiscences of that extinct oracle. He tells us that H. P. B., as he styles her, was often surrounded with "a never to be forgotten perfume," which she "often sent for many miles through the air as a message from H. P. B. or from those hidden persons who often aided in phenomena or in teachings." On one occasion, two days after H. P. B. had left a certain house, the inmates noticed this perfume, and in the language of Mr. Judge, "they began to hunt it out in the room." Coming at last to "a marble slab," they found a "spot in the stone" from which the perfume was "rushing out in volumes." "Such was the quantity of it," Mr. Judge says, "that they were compelled to open the windows, since the odor was overwhelming." Evidently a powerful smell!

Mr. Judge likewise informs us that he laid a rosebud on the dinner table, and during the meal it was magically developed by H. P. B. into "a rose nearly full grown." On another occasion, according to the Countess d'Adhémar, H. P. B. summoned some astral music, which finally "sank away into the unknown distance." "The whole house," in fact, "was full of these bell sounds at night. They were like signals going and coming to H. P. B.'s room downstairs."

Mrs. Besant herself told a *Pall Mall Gazette* interviewer that H. P. B. turned something on the floor into a cobra. She allows it may not have been an actual cobra; probably H. P. B. made the gentleman think it was one; but this was virtually the same thing from a Theosophic point of view.

In her latest pamphlet, *Theosophy and its Evidences*, Mrs. Besant gives a long list of wonderful feats performed by the "Brotherhood, consisting of men and women of various nations, who by patient study and purity of life have acquired exceptional, but wholly natural, powers and knowledge"—including "moving articles without contact," "rendering an object immovable," and "making an object appear and disappear at will."

One writer in *Lucifer* declares, in the most matter-of-fact fashion, that Helena Blavatsky ought to have died "humanly speaking" several years ago. The doctors gave her up, and she knew she was dying; but "the Master [Koot Hoomi?] came to her, showed her the work that must still be done, and gave her her choice—the bliss of dying or the cross of living."

Now this nonsense about "supernormal powers," which other systems call miraculous, is not an accident of Theosophy. It is essential. And recognising this, Freethinkers will see Mrs. Besant's new "philosophy" in its true light.

Supernormal powers—in other words, spiritual legerdemain—is the result of "purity of living" as well as Theosophical "study." From the very first I saw what this would lead to in the case of an honest enthusiast like Mrs. Besant. I am not surprised, therefore, to read her reasons for renouncing Malthusianism as well as Atheism. She declares that for fourteen years she has been working on a wrong basis. Henceforth she will teach "the restriction of the marital relation to the perpetuation of the race," and the limitation of offspring must be effected (if at all) by the same "restriction."

Only one step remains to be taken. Every Theosophist who enters upon "the path" must renounce sexuality. Madame Blavatsky taught this in the plainest language; Mrs. Besant also admits it; and she will doubtless teach publicly, before long, what she acknowledges in private. And the sooner she does so the better, for Reason has everything to gain when the advocates of superstition set themselves against the deepest of human instincts.

Before concluding, I wish to draw attention to a paragraph in *Lucifer*, which I will reproduce verbatim:—

SCENE.—*Outside Hall of Science*, ½ to 7 p.m.

Theosophist distributing Notices of Convention.

Enter poor woman—face eager yet hopeless.—"Be them papers about Annie Besant?—Give me one?" Abruptly—"Do you believe we've got a Spirit to live after we're dead?"

T.—"Most certainly I do. You *must* live, you can't help it, and you will have to come back and live on this earth again, as you have done many times before."

W.—"Lord, help us, I *hopes* not—I've a got the roomatticks bad enough now, praps I'd get the gout next time! Look at my poor hands—No! when I dies I goes clean out and done with it, leastways I 'opes so! Do you love Annie Besant? Ah! well, nobody *can't* love her more'n what I does, nor grieve more over her going off after *that there* (infinite scorn) Thee-o-sophy!" (Exit to left grumbling.)

After printing such rubbish as this in her magazine, after insinuating that the old attendants at the Hall of Science are vulgar and illiterate, I should imagine that Mrs. Besant can scarcely have any very sincere desire to continue her connection with the place. I know not what she will say in her last lecture there, when she is to review her past sixteen years' public life. Probably she will represent herself as the victim of secular bigotry. But I do not think she will successfully appeal to that tender sentiment felt towards her by many who treasure the memory of her old labors for Freethought, or who feel, as I do, that with all her late departures from the philosophy of life she once held in common with Charles Bradlaugh, she is still a brave and noble woman. She has honestly chosen a new path, and let her follow it as honestly. It is not the Secular path. We cannot walk with her, and she can only pretend to walk with us. All we can now do is to bid her a sorrowful "Farewell."

G. W. FOOTE.

CELIBACY.

IN an age when, for various reasons—mostly, I fancy, of a selfish character—many are disposed to avoid the responsibilities of marriage, it is not extraordinary to find a revival of a belief in celibacy, and to hear it extolled as a higher, holier, better state than that of marriage. On the one hand we have the High Church, now the dominant section of the Church of England, in this, as in other matters, leaning towards the example of the Church of Rome. On the other hand we have cranks like the disciples of Tolstoi and the Theosophists at one in declaring that marriage is at best a condescension to human weakness, and that the highest state is one in which man will cease to propagate his species.

The immense wealth of the Church being largely concentrated in the hands of a comparative few, while a large and increasing number of curates have barely enough to live upon, it is small wonder that the better-off favor the idea of celibate brotherhoods. This, as the Church of Rome found, is the method to ensure at once less care for accumulating riches and more concentrated devotion to the Church. The same party who advocate celibate brotherhoods, if not a celibate priesthood, also extol the practice of confession, heedless of the observed facts of their conjunction, though a comparison of the moral condition of Southern Europe with Protestant countries might furnish a significant warning.

Count Tolstoi, with nine children at the age of sixty, discovers that marriage is a fall from Christian perfection. Mrs. Besant, at the age of forty-four, finds that it impedes the path of spirituality. With young people the sufficient reply to these would be that of the girl who was warned by her mother to avoid balls and pleasure parties, as she had learnt by experience their folly and danger. "Well, mother," said the girl, "I want to learn by experience too." But I take more direct exception to their view. I say that celibacy has been tried historically. Its record has been written in Mr. Lea's *History of Sacerdotal Celibacy*, and it is a disgusting chronicle of a vain war against nature. The issue of perverted instincts is always misery and vice. When the founders of monastic orders, each new order meaning the corruption of older ones, had to make restrictions, not even permitting the visits of mother or sister, and excluding female animals, we may see there is some ground for the testimony of an ex-priest that "The boasted chastity of the priests has filled the Church with demons in place of angels."

The truth is that wherever there is a society of celibates, whether they are soldiers or priests, there is sure to be found a deal of immorality. The physiological and hygienic aspects of the question may be left to the doctors. But it is safe to say that if children of both sexes were as instructed in the structure and functions of their own bodies and the conditions of health, as they are in antiquated barbarisms, there would be less superstition about the sanctity of celibacy. Christianity, with its bachelor God, its conjunction of the world the flesh and the devil, and its disparagement of marriage (see Matt. xix., 12; Luke xx., 35; 1 Cor. vii., 1; Rev. xiv., 4),* has done much to pervert the teachings of nature, and our conceptions of the sexual relations still need humanising.

Even were it true that the mass of men and women could safely adopt celibacy, I urge that its adoption would mean the relinquishment of the most powerful motives to the improvement of this life. Grant that celibates may be moral, they have not that discipline of the affections which domesticity gives, and which

* The passage usually cited by Protestants as "Marriage is honorable in all" (Heb. xiii., 4) is a mistranslation. Alford renders it, "Let your marriage be held in honor in all things, and let your bed be undefiled."

is the mainspring of social conduct. The hard tempers and callous disposition of monks, nuns, and celibate priests are proverbial. It is doubtful if husbands and fathers could have been capable of the atrocities perpetrated by the priests of the Inquisition. Moreover, if they are, as they are apt to esteem themselves, the *elite* of the world, it is simply suicidal for the best to refrain from continuing their species and leaving this to be done by inferior specimens. For the best to leave the population of the world to others in order that they might themselves become saints or Mahatmas, would be to ensure the world's deterioration. But the truth is, the life of the celibate is usually that of self-indulgence, while the life of the married is necessarily one largely of self-denial.

Celibacy can only be carried out by setting it forth as an ideal to the young, and capturing them by vows which they are not in a position to understand, and thus perverting their natural instincts of love and domesticity into other channels. In other words, it can only be carried out through the institutions of the Roman Catholic Church. Whether Mrs. Besant eventually lands in that Church or not, this is the teaching of history. Celibacy demands the separation of the sexes, and their separation means the degradation of both. It means a different code of morals—on the one side the barren virtues of virginity and theosophic purity, only too apt to result in the nameless abominations of monkery; on the other, marriage, motherhood, fatherhood and domesticity. That the authoress of *Marriage: as it Was, as it Is, and as it Should Be*, should revert to the advocacy of celibacy, because the sexual instinct is a fruitful source of trouble and unhappiness, is almost as strange as if she proposed that men should cut off their feet because troubled with corns.

Despite our differences in regard to the character of the late Madame Blavatsky and the Theosophic movement, I hoped that Mrs. Besant might still be considered at least a Humanitarian; but it is hard to see how anyone with that title could seek to withhold from the poor the means of limiting their families, and thus lessening their poverty. To me it is a sign how far she has gone on the backward path to the old superstitions. But Mrs. Besant is mistaken if she fancies the suppression of her *Law of Population* will in the slightest degree affect the issue. There is now a demand for knowledge on these subjects, and the demand will be supplied, if not by her, by other, if not abler pens. It is the fate of renegades to find they cannot undo their own efforts in the cause of advancement.

J. M. WHEELER.

Parson (dining with the family): "How did you like the sermon this morning, Bobby?" Bobby: "I didn't pay much attention to it, sir." Parson (much amused): "Why not, Bobby?" Bobby: "I heard ma whisper to pa, 'Same thing over and over again,' so I didn't think it was worth while."

Ned and his twin brother, at the age of three years, were saying their catechism to mamma. His brother had answered correctly that the first man was Adam. When Ned was asked who was the first woman, he hesitated a minute and then replied, "Madam."

"One of the candidates for confirmation at a bishop's visitation, on being asked by the clergyman to whom she applied for her certificate of qualification what her godfathers and godmothers promised for her, said, with much *naïveté*, "I've a year'd that they promised to give me hafe a dozen silver spoons, but I've never had 'em, though."

ANOTHER MINISTER TO BE TRIED.—"I hear that yoh am dissatisfied wuf de new ministab," said one of the colored residents of a suburban town. "Well, I dunno but we is, Dah am a chu'ch committee 'ciding 'ob his case now." "What wuz de surkimstances?" "Profanity. De folks wuz talkin' 'bout buildin' er dam ercross de little ribber dat goes by de town. An' de minister come an' put his oar in." "What did he say?" "He said he didn' bleve de ribbah was wuf a dam, an' dat's de swear word dey is 'ciding on."

I DREAMT THAT I WAS GOD.

BY WILL N. HARBEN.

My dream was strange, vague, confused. I dreamt that I was God. But into my dream crept a haunting doubt that I was indeed the Creator, for I was filled with inexpressible, ever-growing wonder at all that I beheld.

"Surely I cannot be God," I said to myself, for he would wonder at all that I beheld! Then some voice seemed to whisper to me: "You are indeed God, but you are now asleep; by and bye you will awake and all will be plain."

In my clouded dream I wandered through all my mighty universe. Æons passed by. The worlds I had created were countless. They were all brightly shining and inhabited. And I thought that their brightness pleased me because it was part of myself.

"Why do they shine?" I asked. And again the voice whispered:

"Their brightness is the light of true wisdom. They were once dark because the people that lived in them believed that they knew their Maker; but now they are shining, for they have learned that they knew nought of God—in acknowledging that they know nothing of infinity they are coming nearer to a comprehension of it." And I said to myself:—

"I am asleep, but this is truth."

Then I thought I wandered through all the bright worlds I had created, seeking one that was dark through ignorance. At last I touched one in the gloom, almost beyond the light of other orbs. It was like a cold, revolving, palpable shadow, round like all the others, but smaller than most of them, and very dark. I asked myself what it was called, and the voice which had answered before whispered—

"It is called the earth. It has been in gloom for ages, depending for its principal light upon the sun and the moon."

I wondered and picked it up, feeling it revolve in my palm like an imprisoned insect in the hand of a mortal. And I asked myself why it was so dark and cold while all others were warmly alive with light, and the voice I had heard before, which seemed to come from my inner self, said—

"Its inhabitants believe that they know God; their ignorance and superstition have deprived them of the light of truth."

I held it close to my eye, and as I studied the black atom, I felt my spirit fill with dismay. I found hundreds of sects among its inhabitants who zealously urged that I, their God, was nought beyond what their narrow minds made me. They displayed many different books which they said was my holy law. And the possessors of one of the books fought with the owners of another, and believed that they were doing my will. They caused blood to flow, and tortured one another with fire. Some said I had once made myself as one of them, and had come into their midst, and had been slain by my enemies. They said also that I had created a hell of eternal torture, and that one over whom I had no control, but whom I had made, was the ruler over it. And they believed that there was a place of eternal bliss for those who would read and believe the books. And I saw millions of dark-souled mortals who were teaching what they themselves doubted, because they feared the darkness about them.

"Surely," I said to myself, "this cannot be true; I am dreaming," and I heard the voice whisper:—

"It is true; they are submerged in the blackness of irreverence and ignorance; but look closely, for there is even truth upon the earth."

And when I had held it so close to my eyes that the light of all other worlds was cut off, I saw on its service little particles of light like shining stones in a great desert. And I asked myself what they were, and I heard the answer:

"They are mortals who call themselves Agnostics; they worship infinity by believing it is far beyond their understanding, and their wisdom has given them unquenchable brightness. It will be long, but in time the whole earth will shine, for the fire of these gems is spreading. The darkness around them will retard it for awhile, but truth cannot be put down."

"I will go far away from them," I said, "that I may look back and behold all my universe at a glance."

And I thought that when I had gone far out into starless space, beyond all that I had created, and turned to look back, all the innumerable orbs of my creation were massed together and seemed one majestic revolving orb. I went still further away with my face turned to darkness, and when I looked

again my universe was no larger than a single star. Then I was filled with a strange fear. I knew not whence it came.

"Why am I afraid?" I asked, and I heard a voice which seemed to come from the star I had left. It said:

"Your sleep is deep; look about you for more light; no one can be perfect in himself alone."

I turned from my universe and looked long and steadily into the darkness about me. After awhile I beheld another shining star like my own. In strange fear I groped toward it. It grew larger and more brilliant as I approached, till I saw that it was a cluster of worlds and as numerous as those I had called my own.

While I stood in wonder, one who was fashioned like myself came out of its light and said:

"Who are you?"

And I answered, "I am God." And I wanted to be fully awake that I might know if I had spoken the truth.

"That cannot be," he said, "for I am God, and am the creator of all things."

"But you did not create me," I said.

He was silent, and I saw that he was troubled.

"No," said he presently; "I did not make you. I thought that I was God, but I may be wrong. Tell me what you have created—show me."

Then I dreamt that I led him through the gloom away from his worlds nearer to mine, and I said, pointing to them:

"That is my universe; it is as large as yours, and I know every world in it."

He did not speak for a long time, and I saw him turn longingly toward his universe, which was now almost invisible.

"Neither of us is God," he said; and I thought the blackness around us grew blacker and our stars brighter. While we stood there in silent fear, I thought many like us came saying:

"I am God! I am God!" And they pointed toward gleaming stars that we had not noticed before. And I thought, when they had been shown the creation of one another, that they were all silent and afraid.

After awhile someone among them cried out:

"No one of us is God. God is beyond us all!"

Then I thought we wandered on, a mighty awed and silent multitude, till we stood so far away from the stars we had claimed, that they seemed massed together into a single world. And searching space, now with opening eyes, we found that it was filled with orbs as great in magnitude as the one all of our combined worlds had formed.

"Who created it all?" I asked, and someone said:

"God!"

"Where is he?" I questioned.

"He is at the beginning of all things."

"And there never was a beginning," added another.

"He is at the end of all," said a voice.

And from the whole multitude came the words:

"And there never can be an end."

And as I saw them dissolving into the gloom, I cried out:

"What is God?"

And from the whole length and breadth of endless space came the echo:

"God!"

And I thought that I fell upon my face in the darkness, and began to sink back toward the earth. When I awoke I found that I had dropped to sleep over the sermon I was writing, in which I had promised to tell my congregation what I knew about God.—*Twentieth Century.*

In a certain village the minister was in the habit of calling at the school and putting the scholars through their facings. One day he was cross-questioning a boy, when he happened to ask him if there were any prophets nowadays. This was a poser for the youth, as well as for the whole class, and a dead silence reigned till a bright boy, the only son of a pushing tradesman, extended his hand eagerly towards the minister. "Well, my lad, are there any prophets now?" "Yes, sir—small profits and quick returns," was the triumphant response.

A story is going the rounds of a minister who, preaching an evening sermon to young ladies, touched gently on the matrimonial subject thus: "And furthermore, young ladies, my advice to you is to marry when you find the right man. Do not be an old maid because your mother may have been one." He apologised for "inadvertency" the next Sunday.

ACID DROPS.

Mr. Spurgeon wrote from his sick-bed recently: "The German critics are not to be trusted. This is my theology—Jesus Christ for me. I want nothing more. What else can I need? This is my only hope." The *Echo* calls this "a cheery and cheering testimony at such a crisis." But the preacher and the journalist seem to us ridiculous. What can Spurgeon's "testimony," even on a sick-bed, be worth as to the trustworthiness of German critics? It is not a question of personal testimony, but one of scientific criticism. Mrs. Partington testified with her broom, but she did not keep back the Atlantic. Those terrible "German critics" have revolutionised the very Churches, and Mr. Spurgeon, whose ignorance on this subject is only equalled by his dogmatism, is but a voice crying in the wilderness.

A man tired of his life recently hung himself in the belfry of St. Ethelburga's Church, Bishopgate. This was a desecration of the holy place, and it appears that the Bishop of London is going to perform a "Service of Reconciliation." The sacred edifice will thus be "purged," and the Holy Ghost will occupy the premises as it used to do before this unfortunate occurrence.

The late Archbishop Magee, to whom, when Bishop of Peterborough, Mr. Foote addressed his open letter entitled *The Impossible Creed*, made the frank confession that any State which tried to base itself on the teachings of the Sermon on the mount would go to ruin in a week. He argued, however, that Christians should *individually* obey their Master. But he does not appear to have attempted to do so himself. His will has just been proved, and the net value is £18,620 10s. 5d. If there be any truth in Jesus Christ's teaching, Archbishop Magee will never enter heaven with such a load.

The figures published by the Census Bureau, Washington, show that there are in the United States 6,250,000 communicants of the Roman Catholic Church over fifteen years of age. The *Tablet* says on this, that as there will be at least as many children under fifteen, it will be safe to count the total Catholic population of the Republic at 12,500,000. Moreover, it urges, there are a large number of Catholics who, while neglecting their religious duties as communicants, would yet rally round the Church in a crisis. An American Catholic journal says it would be safe to estimate the Catholic population of the States at between 15 and 20 millions. However this may be, it is certain that between the negroes and the Catholics, who are virtually subjects of another power, American statesmen have some stiff problems before them.

The Jesuits this year celebrate the fourth centenary of the birth of the founder of their order. Inigo de Loyola canonised by Pope Gregory XV. (Mar. 13, 1623) as Saint Ignatius Loyola is a striking example of the force of earnestness. First a page distinguished for his gallantries at the court of Ferdinand V., then a soldier, a wound which broke his leg at the siege of Pampeluna (1521), was the turning point in his career. On his bed of anguish he took to reading the lives of the saints, and resolved to emulate their example. With a few fellow fanatics he started one of the most powerful and unscrupulous organisations the world has ever seen, and attached the name of Jesus to a society that has become a byword of consecrated fraud.

The poor Pope still hankers after temporal power, and cries out like the voice of a pelican in the wilderness. The Italians know what the old rule was, and will never willingly return to it. Pecci himself only thinks his restoration possible after a European war breaking up the Triple Alliance, which is pledged to defend the *status quo*. The Pope's outlook is a poor one when he confessedly has to look to the French Republic and the head of the Greek Church to regain his old position.

A week or two ago we remarked that it paid well to be the Servant of the Servants of God. Pope Pecci, who rejoices in that humble title, had advanced £80,000 to prevent the stoppage of an old Catholic bank at Rome. It is now reported in the newspapers that a piano has been made for him in England, at the modest price of 500 guineas.

Dr. Abbott's caustic *Philomythus* roused up Dr. Sullivan to preach a sermon on miracles in the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington, which is now published as a pamphlet at the *Universe* office, the price being "only a penny"—and the money's worth it. Dr. Sullivan has nothing new to say, except in the shape of barefaced assertion; as, for instance, that Cardinal Newman "lived to see the collapse of the attack on the New Testament." Protestant divines have argued the question much better. Still, Dr. Sullivan has our sympathy on the point of difference between the Catholic and the Protestant views. New Testament miracles are in exactly the same category as Ecclesiastical miracles, and in the long run both will stand or fall together.

The Holy Coat of Trèves is to be exhibited in a glass case, which is to occupy a very elevated position. The pilgrims, therefore, will not get near enough to "walk by sight." But what does that matter? They "walk by faith."

Many Christian householders at Trèves are howling. The Christian landlords have given them notice to clear out, in order that the property-owners may reap the harvest of cash from the pilgrims who will want lodgings. Evidently the Holy Coat, which works so many "miracles," cannot perform the miracle of making Christians cease to worship mammon.

Father Vaughan, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Salford, has promised to place some of the filings from Peter's chains, when he was imprisoned at Rome, into St. Peter's Church at Blackburn. This announcement was greeted with cheers. Bishop Vaughan ought to know that there is no evidence that Peter was ever in Rome. But how would bishops get on if they discarded all tarradiddles.

A controversy has been going on in the *Echo* as to the relative merits of church bells and Salvation bands. How happy could we be with neither.

Why on earth should the cost of a telegram be incurred to inform the English public that Professor Felix Adler, the founder and president of the Ethical Society of New York, has delivered an address in justification of suicide? One London evening paper calls this "strange." But it is very far from strange, if strange means novel. The Greeks and Romans, as Gibbon observes, always held for themselves the choice of life and death. Roman soldiers frequently slew each other, in the extremity of battle, rather than surrender to the enemy; and the self-slaughter of Lucretia, after her outrage by Tarquin, was one of the treasured stories of the Roman people. Nor has this masculine spirit ever died out of the world under the emasculating influence of Christianity. Saint Augustine went to the length of saying that Lucretia acted impiously, but other casuists have held that a woman might kill herself to avoid dishonor. This is an extreme case, but it shows the difficulty of an absolute law against suicide. Professor Adler, like other writers before him, argues for the right of suicide in cases of chronic disease, and suggests the appointment of a committee of three judges and three physicians to decide when an invalid is warranted in terminating his misery. The subject, of course, is a gruesome one, but it should be discussed rationally; and while there is not the slightest likelihood of suicide becoming epidemic in consequence of the subject being ventilated, it is highly probable that a sane philosophy will dissipate the superstition of the sanctity of life in cases where death is clearly preferable.

Another church scandal from Melbourne is reported in *The Silver Age*. A married city missionary named Barber seduced one of his converts, who accuses him also of telling her lewd stories about other lady members of the congregation.

Church-going has such a humanitarian influence on Ellen Harman, that when her dog followed her to church she took and beat it on the head with a piece of flagstone, so that it was dreadfully swollen and bleeding. Joseph Littlefriend interfered, but she continued to beat it with the stone, and with difficulty he got the animal away from her. Ellen thought it was a good defence to say the dog was following her to church. She evidently cares little for its body or its soul. But then as the Sicilians say when they ill-treat their mules "Animals are not Christians," though some Christians are brutes. Ellen got off with a fine of twenty shillings.

The Rev. N. A. St. John Dearsly, vicar of Wilmington, is charged with seducing his housemaid, Jane Leverett, and asked to contribute towards the maintenance of her illegitimate child.

In an amusing breach of promise case at Leeds, between two members of a Christian mission, one of whom was converted and the other not, Mr. Justice Grantham told the jury there was perjury somewhere, and they would have to decide between the man who was not converted and the woman who was converted. Without leaving the box they found for the unconverted man.

An Episcopal minister testifies in the *Echo* that "the tendency of constant preaching is to harden the hearts and deaden the consciences of all who have to do with it."

Christianity breeds some special forms of humbug, but none is worse than the stuff that is talked and written about "calls." Here is the Rev. B. J. Snell, of Salford, who has been invited to succeed Dr. Stevenson and Baldwin Brown at the Brixton Independent Church. Mr. Snell, of course, accepts the offer. But he tells the Brixton congregation that he has delayed his acceptance in consequence of his desire to be "loyal" to the old congregation at Salford. God the Father and Jesus Christ, however—to say nothing of the Holy Ghost—impel him to go southwards. Of course he feels a little dejected at his good fortune. Most people, especially ministers, do feel that way when they get a leg up. Yet he "listens to the voice which whispers, 'Be not dismayed, for I am thy God, I will keep thee.'" Anyhow, if God doesn't keep Mr. Snell, the Brixton congregation will, so it is all right.

The Company Conscience is a sub-head of the City Conscience. The history of Samuel Allsopp and Sons (Limited) affords a capital illustration of its working. The company, as everybody knows, is in a very sorry state, and this last year no profit whatever has been earned for the shareholders. Meanwhile the partners in the original concern have first sold it at an extravagant price, and then, with a few exceptions, retired from it, taking their gains with them. And yet these gentlemen are, we do not doubt, persons of the utmost moral respectability and of the highest religious reputation. The old Decalogue is all very well for church, but it is Clough's "New Decalogue" which they write up in the City.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

The forty days fast of Jesus is beginning to be considered quite a common feat. It has been equalled by Dr. Tanner Jacques and Succì, and now Jacques means to beat the record by fasting for fifty days.

A correspondent of the *Star* points out that the current number of the *Methodist Times*, gives the name of the editor, Mr. Hugh Price Hughes, no fewer than fifty-two times. This in addition to a shoal of editorial "we's."

Much has been written as to whether the persecution of the Jews in Russia is owing to religious or to economic causes. The truth doubtless is that both causes have contributed to the anti-Semitic agitation there as elsewhere. It is evident that religious causes have some share, for Mr. Lanin (who is, we believe, himself a Russian) tells us in the *New Review* how the Russian journals gloat over the fact that during the first quarter of the present year 50,000 Jews were driven into the orthodox Church. Nice converts these will be. How they must rejoice in a faith which has saved them from exile and persecution.

Archdeacon Denison will not let *Lux Mundi* alone. He has been preaching against the book in Wells Cathedral. He laments that there is no living voice in the Church to suppress this rationalism, which he says is virtual Atheism, denying God's power to work miracles.

Orthodox circles in the United States are lamenting because Dr. Brooks, the leader of the Broad Church among the Episcopalians, has been appointed Bishop of Massachusetts. They are not half cute or they would see that this is the best way to stifle his heresy. The old receipt for turning a Radical into a Conservative is to make him a peer, and it works just as well among heretics in the church. It succeeded to a charm in the case of Dr. Temple, who as first Bishop of

Exeter, and then Bishop of London became a totally different person from the master of Rugby who contributed to *Essays and Reviews*.

The *Methodist Recorder* claims that it represents "primitive Christianity." Every little Bethel has the same tale. Mormons, Shakers, Banters and Quakers, all represent "primitive Christianity," which must have been, and indeed was, a very jumbled affair. Yet even the Primitive Methodists do not wash each other's feet, as enjoined by Jesus; nor have all things in common, as practised by the early Church; nor abstain from meats strangled and from blood, as enjoined by the apostles at the first Christian council. They do not even all believe that the world is coming to a speedy end, which was probably the earliest and most characteristic belief of primitive Christianity.

As a comment on the doctrine of Divine Providence, from Madras comes the report of unprecedented heat and insufficient rains for the crops. Several authenticated instances are already reported of deaths from starvation among villagers, who in some places are reduced to eating aloes. Cattle are dying in large numbers from want of food and water, although the forest reserves have been thrown open for grazing.

Tit Bits publishes an alleged decree by the Mayor of Casthanas in Brazil, dated 1820. Without wishing to cast a slur upon our contemporary, we must say that the decree is too good to be true. It appears (so it is said) that the district suffered from a protracted drought, and the mayor officially declared that if plenty of rain did not come within a week, no one should go to mass or say his prayers; if the drought lasted a week longer, the churches and chapels should be destroyed; and if it lasted three weeks, all the clergy, friars, monks, and nuns, should be beheaded. Of course the rains descended and the floods came in time to save the lives of these servants of God.

"A Disgusted Unitarian" has discovered that God the Father and God the Holy Ghost are kept in quite a subordinate position in the Church of England. He finds that not only do worshippers, in reciting the creed, bow at the name of Jesus but not at that of the Father, but that he has more than two-thirds of the hymns. The old one only gets the minor portion of the worship, and the poor Ghost is almost hedged out entirely.

Mr. Justice Hawkins should not display his profane levity from the bench. When Mr. Willis, who defends the Salvation Army in the Eastbourne prosecutions, hesitated to give a pledge that the "Army" band would not play while the matter was *sub judice*, his lordship observed, "Can't you leave those poor benighted heathens of Eastbourne to go on to their own destruction for a few months?" Whereat there was laughter in court, which was *not* suppressed!

Mr. Gladstone "spoke a few words" into a phonograph some months ago, and a smart speculator has been hawking them about at the antipodes. His tour in New Zealand has realised an absolute profit of £3,000. What a good bit of business it would have been if the phonograph had been invented in the days of Jesus, and one of his little sermons had been preserved for the ears of future ages! Fancy the crowded houses! Fancy the gate money! Fancy the advertisements;—"Jesus Christ at the Opera House. Phonograph reproduction of the Sermon on the Mount. The very words of the Savior, with the Galilean accent. Seats booked already for six months. Boxes ten guineas, stalls three guineas, pit one guinea, gallery ten-and-six—payable in weekly instalments." If General Booth had that phonograph he would turn in a million a year.

Methodism is said to be spreading in the army and navy. There is reported to be 20,000 Wesleyans in the two services. No less than £5,000 is paid to officiating ministers of this persuasion in the form of capitation grant. Meanwhile soldiers and sailors who happen to be Freethinkers are compelled to attend "divine service." That is how fair play and religious liberty are understood in those quarters.

We have recently been looking through Archbishop Trench's *Notes on the Miracles of Our Lord*. It is a book we read many years ago and had half forgotten. On the whole it is fairly free from the flatulence of ordinary Christian apolo-

getics; but it displays far less vigor and alertness of mind than the philological writings of the same author, whose volumes on the *Study of Words*, and *English Past and Present*, are delightful reading. The preliminary section of this book on the miracles are devoted to an examination of the objections to miracles advanced by various schools from Spinoza to Strauss. This is done with a very lofty assumption of superiority, as if the Archbishop were condescending when he noticed the arguments even of David Hume.

Under the head of the "Historico-Critical" school, Dr. Trench classes Woolston and Strauss. His remarks on the former are a curious mixture of civility and impertinence. He probably meant to be fair, but his failure shows how deep is the tendency of Christians to vilify their opponents. Woolston, an eighteenth-century Deist, wrote a series of Letters on Miracles, in which he contended that all which are recorded in the Bible should be read as allegorical. The success of these Letters was enormous. Voltaire, who was in England at the time, says that thirty thousand copies were sold, and large quantities were forwarded to America. No less than sixty answers were published within a few years, bishops as well as other divines joining in the fray. Few of these answers, however, were worth the paper they were printed on; indeed, Dr. Trench says, "one cannot help being painfully struck upon this and other occasions with the exceeding poverty and feebleness of the anti-deistical literature of England in that day of need."

Dr. Trench avenges his Church by calling Woolston names. Although he got the better of the divines who answered him, he was a "weak man," full of "spite and mortified vanity." One of his spirited pamphlets was "virulent." Nor was he courageous, says Dr. Trench, who denounces "the paltry shifts with which he sought to evade the consequences of his blasphemy." In other words, Woolston did not assist his Christian adversaries in sending him to gaol. It was no doubt a very great weakness on his part. He ought to have gone to prison without so much as an invitation. But the "weakness" he displayed is extremely common. Few men go to prison before they are sent.

Woolston's "poor evasions," Dr. Trench says, "failed to protect him from the pains and penalties of the law. He was fined twenty-five pounds for each of his Letters, sentenced to be imprisoned for a year, and was not to be released till he could find sureties for his good behavior. These he was not able to procure, and he died in prison in 1731." Dr. Trench relates this infamy without a sigh of regret. Judging from his tone, we should imagine he thought that Woolston had reason to congratulate himself that he was not burnt alive, or hung, drawn, and quartered.

By the way, Dr. Trench is wrong as to his facts. Woolston did not die in 1731, but on January 27, 1733. Nor was he detained in prison because he could not find sureties. He refused to give them. And when he was offered his release if he would promise not to write again in opposition to Christianity, he declined to purchase freedom at such a price. Brave old man! Yet he is stigmatised as a coward by a sleek successor of his murderers.

William Lazell, who confesses to the murder of the boy Baigent at Hurst, near Reading, was a strict attendant at the Hurst Baptist Chapel. He said, "I hope the poor boy is gone to heaven, for I gave him no time to think about it." Lazell is apparently uncertain as to his victim's salvation, but, when prepared by the chaplain, he will probably be quite certain as to his own.

An altercation culminating in a challenge to mortal combat "with anything from a kitchen poker to a diamond-hilted sword," took place at the meeting of the elders at the Leith Parish Church. Hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness seem to have been developed among the worthies.

A weather sharp out West says that science explains the longevity of the patriarchs. Long ago, before the planet Mercury was born, the earth was much nearer the sun than at present. Its speed was therefore much greater, and the orbit being smaller, the year must have been quite short—perhaps only a few weeks in length. That explains Adam, Enoch, Methuselah, and even the much longer lived ancient kings of India.

MR. FOOTE'S ENGAGEMENTS.

Sunday, August 16, Free Library Hall, Ocean-road, South Shields: at 11, "The Tree of Knowledge"; at 3, "Freethought in the Churches"; at 7, "The Way to Heaven."

August 23, Sunderland. 30, Liverpool.
September 6, Birmingham. 13, morning, Victoria Park; evening, Hall of Science. 20, morning, Clerkenwell-green; evening, Hall of Science. 27, Manchester
October 4, 11, 18, 25, Hall of Science.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. CHARLES WATTS' ENGAGEMENTS.—August 16, Failsforth; 23, Hall of Science; 25, Battersea; 30, Edinburgh. September 1, Paisley; 3, Hamilton; 6, Glasgow; 13 and 20, Birmingham; 27, Milton Hall. October 25, Hall of Science. November 1, Hall of Science.—All communications for Mr. Watts should be sent direct to him at 17 Johnson's-court, Fleet-street, London, E.C.

P. S.—No report of a debate is worth anything unless it is verbatim and revised by both disputants. The report in question complies with neither of these conditions. It was done by one party, and was disowned by the other as a travesty. We have no time nor inclination to bandy personalities with professional Christians.

W. BRYAN.—We have no details. Perhaps the editor of the *Truthseeker* could oblige. Address, 28 Lafayette-place, New York.

R. D. TURNER.—We acknowledge what we receive. Letters often miscarry. Christ's holy coat was the subject of a recent article in the *Freethinker*. Glad to hear our writings are appreciated.

W. HOLLAND.—Gipsy Smith's "converted Atheists" are doubtless as authentic as the general run of such articles. See our leading article.

J. R. WIDDUP.—The N. S. S. does not dictate to its Branches whom they are to allow on their platforms, although it would interfere peremptorily in the case of any person of bad character. In the case of Mrs. Besant—a lady of elevated personal honor—the President has expressed his view that her Theosophical lectures for any Branch should always be introduced by a statement from the chairman that the N. S. S. is in no way responsible for the views she propounds.

D. ELEY.—We don't at all mind other journalists borrowing a bit of "blasphemy" from our columns. We are glad to see it in good circulation.

W. WITCHERS.—You cannot help Christians making a fraudulent use of a passage in the *Freethinker*. Nor can they be prevented from slandering Colonel Ingersoll. The proper place for a pig is the sty, but if it gets into a drawing-room it will still act like a pig. We don't intend, however, to give the creatures a personal advertisement.

C. E. SMITH.—Thanks for the cutting. *The Shadow of the Sword* has been in circulation for some years. We did not send a copy recently to the *Stamford Guardian*, but we don't object to the editor's giving it a notice.

W. GRIFPIN.—Mr. Foote has debated with Mr. Harry Long at Glasgow. Your order is handed to Mr. Forder. In future please send to him direct.

QUIZ.—The ceremony before the registrar of marriage is brief and simple. You have to take two witnesses to hear you formally declare that you and the lady take each other as husband and wife.

C. NÆWIGER.—You are very welcome. It is our policy to encourage, as far as possible, all who are earnestly and intelligently working for Freethought.

T. HAYES.—Captain Adams is a very able man, and we hope he will be able to carry on the movement in Canada. Of course the loss of Mr. Watts will be a severe blow. If the English Freethinkers could send their Canadian brethren "a nice little cheque by way of compensation" they might do so, but it is difficult to raise the money required for home purposes.

S. STANDING.—Sorry to hear you were so ill-supported at St. Pancras. We shall be glad to hear why no chairman was present?

NORTHAMPTON.—It is difficult to estimate the revenues of the Church of England, which are nearly all derived from national property. The clergy have always resisted any drastic investigation. The estimate of experts varies from £5,000,000 to £9,000,000 a year.

JOSEPH HUGHES.—We have not the slightest doubt that Mr. Watts will achieve a brilliant success at Birmingham, and the more brilliant it is the more we shall be delighted. Send us a copy of your book when it is ready, and it shall be reviewed.

J. WATERFORD.—No doubt a Branch of the N. S. S. could be started at Wallham Green. The first thing to do is to get at least seven members there to join together for the purpose. Could you arrange to have the initial meeting at your residence? When the Branch is thus formed, the Executive will take steps to give it a fair start. Glad to hear you so appreciate Mr. Foote's efforts to organise and strengthen the party.

At present he is in robust health, though sometimes a little weary with overwork. How long he can keep up at this rate is a matter for speculation.

R. G. LEES.—The date is booked.

A. J. WILLIAMS.—You told the Finsbury Park audience you would send Mr. Foote a copy of the *Freethinker* in which Mr. Holyoake said that he (Mr. F.) was imprisoned for indecency. Instead of this you send an extract from a letter of Mr. Holyoake's dated May, 1883, in which the word "indecency" does not occur, nor any word resembling it. You had better, in future, try to bridle your unruly tongue, or restrain the exuberance of your imagination. You would also do well to purchase a dictionary, and study the meaning of words before using them.

J. P. SILKSTONE.—There can be no doubt that Mr. Foote had the sympathy of ninety-nine in every hundred of the large audience that heard his lecture on "The Follies of Theosophy." Of course it is a matter for deep regret that such a lecture should be necessary.

R. O. SMITH, hon. treasurer, London Secular Federation, acknowledges the following collections:—Finsbury Park, £1 10s.; Bethnal Green Branch, 6s. 3d.

W. STURMANS.—Read Mr. Foote's pamphlet, *A Virgin Mother*. You will find ample references in the footnotes to the work showing the resemblance between Christ and Horus.

R. WALLER.—We fancy your would-be converters will find you a tough subject. Thanks for the cuttings.

PAPERS RECEIVED.—Fritankaren—Liberty—Freethought—Ironclad Age—Menschenthum—Echo—Neues Freireligioses Sonntags-Blatt—Freidenker—The Liberator—Der Arme Teufel—Secular Thought—Boston Investigator—Western Figaro—La Vérité Philosophique—Progressive Thinker—Truthseeker—Flaming Sword—Loyal American—Better Way—Newcastle Daily Chronicle—Newcastle Daily Leader—Morpeth Herald—Barnet Press—Funny Cuts—The Moralist—Star—Chat—Watts' Literary Guide—Modern Church—Sunday School Chronicle—Reading Observer—Bristol Times and Mirror—Church Reformer—Federation Française de la Libre-Pensée Bulletin Mensuel—Two Worlds—Birmingham Weekly Mercury—Pruning Hook—Wigan Observer—South Wales Daily News—Open Court.

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.

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.

If 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.

SUGAR PLUMS.

Mr. Foote's lecture on "The Follies of Theosophy" drew a splendid audience at the London Hall of Science on Sunday evening. The discourse was punctuated with laughter and applause; and when, at the close, Mr. Foote declared that as Charles Bradlaugh's successor in the leadership of the Secular party, he would hold no terms with any form of superstition, the crowded meeting cheered most enthusiastically.

On Sunday morning, despite the rain, Mr. Foote lectured in Finsbury Park. Of course the audience was only a fraction of what it would have been in decent weather, but some five hundred people must have gathered in front of the Band Stand, the use of which had been granted by the County Council. It was very pleasant, in one sense, to see several ladies present, including Miss Vance and Mrs. Samson. The lecture was listened to with marked attention, and opposition was offered by Mr. Williams and Mr. Boyce. Some kind of disturbance had been expected, but the lecturer kept perfectly good-tempered, and his Christian opponents did ditto. They even laughed at one or two of the jocular points in his reply. Mr. Rowney presided at the meeting, and his appeal for funds brought in a collection of £1 10s.

Mr. Foote starts for the North of England on Friday. On Sunday, Aug. 16, he delivers three lectures at South Shields,

and on the following Sunday three lectures at Sunderland. He will do no lecturing on the intervening nights, but will divide the time between fresh air and his literary work, which has fallen into arrear in consequence of the absorbing demands of the N. S. S. presidency.

Mr. Charles Watts's lecturing engagements are inserted at the top of our "Correspondents" column. This is a distinction he is fairly entitled to by his standing in the party and his many years of service. Mr. Watts will join the National Secular Society, with which he hopes to work loyally, and at the next Conference he will doubtless be elected a Vice-President.

Mr. Charles Watts lectures at the London Hall of Science on Sunday, August 23. The chair will be taken by Mr. G. J. Holyoake, who will make a statement of his views as to the future of Freethought in England. The double attraction will doubtless bring a large audience.

The trust deed for the £1,000 in connexion with the Baskerville Hall (Birmingham) project has been drafted by Mr. Foote's solicitor, and after discussion by all the parties concerned it will be promptly executed. The Hall itself will be transferred to Mr. Watts by deed of gift. Mr. Daniel Baker—if we may judge from our correspondence—has earned the deep gratitude of Secularists by his generosity in making this provision for Freethought organisation and propaganda in the Midlands.

We stated that £400 would be required to carry out the scheme effectually, and £200 of it almost immediately. £100 at least must be raised at once. Mr. Watts like other Freethought advocates has had no opportunity of saving money, and the expense of bringing over his family, and settling his affairs in his absence, cannot well be met by less than £100.

We have already received the following subscriptions:—Marquis of Queensberry, £50; Samuel Laing, £10; Josiah Hughes, £1 1s.; T. Hayes, £1; R. O. Smith, £1; F. Goodwin, 2s. 6d.; Dr. R. Lewins, £2.

Mr. A. B. Moss, continuing his lecture tour, spoke at Belfast on Sunday. He had excellent audiences, and his lectures were followed by plenty of discussion. A large quantity of literature was disposed of, and Mr. Knox, the Secretary of the Ulster Branch, anticipates an increase of membership in consequence of Mr. Moss's visit.

The *Morpeth Herald* gives a two-column report of Mr. A. B. Moss's recent lectures at Blyth.

Mr. Sam Standing has been ably defending the local Secular party in the *Barnet Press*. The Christians are at their old game of slander, and flinging about ridiculous epithets like "lewd" and "indecent."

It is pleasant to find that the police have very promptly protected Mr. Sam Standing at Finchley, where the disgraceful tactics of a certain Christian "leader" have led to his being hooted and mobbed by charitable disciples of the meek and lowly Jesus.

Are there any Freethinkers at Crouch End who will assist Mr. Sam Standing? He wishes to give a couple of open-air lectures there before the season closes.

The annual picnic of the Manchester Branch takes place on Sunday, Aug. 30. Buses will leave the Secular Hall at 11. The tickets, including journey and tea, are 3s., or 1s. for children under ten. There should be a good muster.

The open-air propaganda at Leeds is flourishing. Mr. Fisher had a large and attentive audience on Sunday.

The Hull Branch—which, by the way, is an active and well-conducted one—will have an excursion on Sunday, Aug. 23. Waggonettes will leave the Branch's rooms, 8 Albion-street, at 9 a.m. prompt. The secretary will be glad to hear from Freethinkers who intend to join the party. Address—C. Naewiger, 5 Hull-place, Osborne-street.

The calumnious article on the Birmingham Secular Hall in the local *Weekly Mercury* has been replied to by several

writers. The evident bias of the writer made him miss his own mark.

A movement is extending through the French provinces for replacing the names of streets dedicated to saints with those of persons more evident for their services to humanity.

In *La Vérité Philosophique* (Paris) Emile Toulé draws attention to a translation of Mr. Foote's *A Virgin Mother* by M. C. Cilwa, which is to appear on August 19. M. Toulé pays the pamphlet some handsome compliments. We see it is advertised as "une brochure à sensation"—in the land of Voltaire!

Dr. Felix Oswald, in *Open Court*, calls the period of the ascendancy of Christianity the "millenium of madness."

The *Boston Guardian* is satirical about the recent Wesleyan Conference. Dr. Stephenson's address is spoken of, at least in its "eloquent flights," as "bathos."

Mr. G. J. Holyoake concludes his reminiscences in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*. We trust they will be reprinted, with additions, in volume form. Among his final words the following are of interest to Freethinkers. Mr. Holyoake says: "My experience is that it is less difficult to inspire persons with the passion for knowledge than to induce them to extend the advantage of it to others. Too many despise those in the condition from which they have escaped." These words have a moral for us. If all who were emancipated from superstition were to set to work to emancipate others, Freethought would soon be in the ascendant. The fields are white unto the harvest, but the laborers are few.

At the request of the National Sunday League, the Duke of Westminster permits his splendid picture gallery at Grosvenor House to be opened on the afternoons of Sunday, Aug. 16 and 23. Tickets to view can be obtained from H. Miles, 8 Theobald's-road.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll and family are spending the summer months at his beautiful summer place at Dobbs' Ferry, on the Hudson. The month of September they will spend in the White Mountains.

According to the *New York Herald*, the monument to Thomas Paine at New Rochelle, the place of his death, is on private land. The owner, Mr. See, is a religious man, and asserts his right to remove the monument, though he has no present intention of doing so. There is at New York an association styled the Thomas Paine Historical Society. It should surely see to this matter. The publication of Mr. Conway's *Life of Paine* should make a good opportunity for ensuring that his monument shall remain undisturbed.

An "Urgent Appeal to Freethinkers" is issued by the "Liberty of Bequest Committee," of which Mr. G. J. Holyoake is president, and Mr. H. L. Brækstad secretary. It is said that a considerable sum of money will be required, but operations will commence when £250 is guaranteed. A lady has headed the list with £25. Members of Parliament will be interviewed, and apparently addresses are to be delivered in certain towns for the purpose of enlightening the electors as to the injustice which Freethought Societies labor under while the law confiscates money bequeathed to them. The treasurer of the Fund is Mr. George Anderson, 35A Great George-street, Westminster, London, S.W.

We have all along said that the one great thing for this Committee to do is to find a member of Parliament who will take charge of a Bill. Very little can be done until such a member is found.

The first statutory meeting of the shareholders of the Bradlaugh Memorial Hall Company (Limited) will be held at the London Hall of Science on Tuesday, August 25, at 8 p.m. Every shareholder who possibly can should attend. Mr. Foote will be present and will have to submit important proposals to the meeting. Applications for shares can still be made, but no shareholder can vote who has not paid his allotment share-money. The directors will meet to allot shares before the general meeting. One shilling per share (£1) is payable on application and one shilling on allotment. Mr. R. Forder, 28 Stonecutter-street, is secretary *pro tem*.

SALVATION BY MACHINERY.

WHEN a boy falls his father picks him up. When Adam fell, God damned him, and left him in that condition for about four thousand years. Then he murdered his son Jesus. Adam and Jesus were brothers. Adam never had a mother, and Jesus never had a father. Adam made hell, and Christ made heaven, and God made both.

Christ showed us the way to heaven. But that was all. He gave us no facilities such as the modern world provides. We can now hear the gospel by telephone, without having to face the frost and snow on a wintry day. Having got the priest out of our presence, we may be able to secure seats in heaven without the assistance of black porters to see us off. Why should they go to their churches to deliver telephonic sermons? Why not do it at home? Or better still, why not form a Phonographic Sermon Company? and use the phonograph like a "try your weight" machine. Put a penny in the slot and have your sermon. You can stop it if you can't stand it.

We can go to heaven by electrocution, provided we are Americans and disobey the law against murder. Every man who commits murder writes his name in heaven. The greatest crime against human society gives the greatest certainty of heavenly reward. While you remain in obscurity doing your duty, you remain simply a candidate; it is only when you outrage humanity you are elected. The priests will rush you through for cash, but when the state takes you on you go for nothing.

The Americans opened up a new road lately. Steel wire is substituted for silk rope. Three American gentlemen and a burly Japanese went that way. They completed the journey in two hours at intervals of thirty minutes. But all that time was really taken in packing them off. The press informed us "that Slocum was in the act of praying when he died. He had just said the word 'my,' and started to say 'soul'; the sibilant sound of the 's' was made, but the word 'soul' was never uttered." The word was completed in heaven. Slocum's soul travelled swifter than sound. He was bounding against the throne of grace when the "l" sound was made. Such an abrupt entrance would necessitate a conversation like the following:—God: "Where did you come from?" Slocum: "I just left America." God: "How did you come?" Slocum: "By dynamic coil." God: "The Americans are a smart people. Take a seat, Slocum. You come fast."

A priest always attends on these occasions. Indeed, one was necessary on this occasion to waken Peter up, or Slocum would have had to go through a chink in the door. They like to see everybody else off, but they do not hurry up themselves; they take it delightfully easy. They disagree as to where heaven is, but they never go to see. They pelt each other with accusations, and see to men's souls for silver and gold. They plunder, they invest in the "Clergy Mutual Assurance Society." This is an exclusive concern; every member wears the spot; their garb is the fraternal mark. Civilisation has taught them amity; they are not so anxious to be at each other's throats. Science has cooled their creeds; theology is in consumption. Conferences are held and remedies applied, but the patient's life is only prolonged by medicine that can never give back its pristine vigor.

If we pour water on wine, the wine is weakened, and if we continue the wine will become too attenuated for discovery. We have poured science on dogma, and dogma is weakened, and if we continue it will vanish. Religion will be lost. Priests are now reduced to self-defence, and the report of the "Clergy Mutual Assurance Society" admits that the members do not take out policies as high as they formerly did, and that is attributed to the depreciation in the incomes of the clergy. Why do they want an exclusive assurance society? Because, as the report says, "clergymen are rather noted for longevity." They live to an average fifty years, while workers in stone and steel, coal and iron, die off at thirty. A hard worker is thin indeed at fifty, a hard idler is plump and in his prime.

Every priest is a good life and a long liver. Laymen do not wait so long for heavenly rewards. They are promoted to glory after a short term of probation. But priests prefer gold to glory. One bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. They stop here, and the "Clergy Mutual Assurance Society" invest their cash in first class securities. Are they doing business with the mansions in the sky? They represent the firm on earth. Where is the connection, and how

do they communicate? Or is it a bogus company? Are they fraudulent directors issuing lying prospectuses? Do they humbug the public and invest the plunder in gas stocks, dock bonds, and railway shares? Let them explain. Do they practice what they preach? Do they renounce the pomps and vanities of this wicked world? "The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head," said their Master. Are his servants content with holes or huts, or houses on the "upper ten" plan? Are their women useful or "white elephants," kept with soft hands and fair complexions to minister to the weakness of the flesh? Do they press into service all the nick-nacks of modern invention that make this life a luxury and cultivate the æsthetic tastes by feasting the senses? In Matt. vi., 19, 20, 21, we read, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal. But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal. For where your treasure is there will your heart be also."

Where are their hearts? I suggest they are dead on the first-class securities; for they know that life without riches would reduce them to rags. Christ is said to have been poor, and therefore despised; and they know they would be brought to the same condition as the gutter-merchants who line the pavement if they served God without securing gold.

STANLEY JONES.

MY TOUR NORTH.

FOR three years in succession I have been engaged by the North-Eastern Secular Federation during my summer holidays to deliver a series of lectures in the districts of Northumberland and Durham on Freethought and anti-theological subjects. This is old ground, which has often been ploughed before by able and energetic workers. Messrs. Charles Watts and Joseph Symes have, in years gone by, done splendid service in these fields, and more recently our President, Mr. Foote, has dug his spade deeply into the soil, and made it more easy for others to work. For years, too, in this neighborhood members of our great army have systematically endeavored to tear up the weeds of superstition and sow the good seeds of intelligence and Freethought, and there can be no reasonable doubt that the first fruits of our labor will be gathered in these districts. Meanwhile we proceed with our work, and I proceed with the story of my latest tour.

On Saturday, July 26, I left London, and, having reached Chester-le-Street early in the evening, was driven over to Old Pelton, where I delivered in the open-air the first lecture of the series, taking for my subject the much-debated question among Christians of "The Great Hereafter." There was a good audience, but one gentleman—a pitman—who was reputed to be a lunatic, and who was certainly suffering from great excitement, threatened to give me my "quietus," and declared that he had brought a loaded pistol for the purpose. I went on with the lecture, however, and a policeman shortly afterwards appearing on the scene, the lunatic was quietly removed. This was rather a bad beginning, but the subsequent lectures were all so favorably received that I was fully compensated for the little inconvenience I suffered at Old Pelton.

Sunday morning found me at Pelton Fell, where I addressed an audience of about five hundred pitmen on "Who Made the Devil?" and the only gentlemen who offered any criticism agreed with me that Ignorance is the only devil we have seriously to deal with. In the afternoon I addressed another large crowd of Northumbrian pitmen—intelligent, smart men all—on "What must we do to be Saved?" on the hillside of Waldrige Fell. The scene was picturesque in the extreme, and had there been a photographer present I should certainly have liked an instantaneous picture of the group. My evening's lecture was delivered in the main road of Chester-le-Street. A vacant space in front of a large public-house was the chosen spot. Mr. Birtley, one of the most active workers of the Federation, had taken the precaution of obtaining the permission of the inspector of police before deciding upon the position of the van from which I was to address the audience; but notwithstanding this, the proprietress of the tavern came out and informed me that she disapproved of my opinions, and could not consent to my delivering a lecture upon her "private property." During the delivery of the lecture, which dealt with "Ancient Saints and Modern Sinners," and which was listened to by a crowd of well-dressed folk that stretched right across the road, the

police were sent for, and when they arrived, instead of calling upon me to desist, the inspector told them to keep a pathway for vehicles, and the lecture and discussion were continued without the slightest interruption.

On Monday I journeyed through some delightful country scenery to a small place in the county of Durham called Hetton-le-Hole, where I addressed a large audience in the Market-place on "What must we do to be Saved?" The Rev. Mr. Dingle, rector of the parish, offered some slight opposition, but when I challenged him to a set debate, he replied that he would not do anything so foolish, but declared that he would answer any doubts or difficulties of his parishioners if they would only favor him by coming to his house for a quiet evening's talk. He objected to the ridicule I poured upon the alleged miracles of Jesus, and said, amidst laughter, that these miracles were very solemn affairs which ought to be treated with due seriousness.

On Tuesday evening I put in an appearance at Spennymoor. A nice hall had been engaged, but as the evening was fine and the audience none too large, we adjourned to a public space near the railway, and I held forth on "What Does the Bible Teach?" In a short time a very large audience gathered round, and I spoke for three-quarters of an hour, when a lanky member of the Salvation Army—who gave himself a very bad character, and who said, among other things, that he had been to jail for his misconduct—caused a disturbance by his persistent interruptions. He wished to know, amid the tumult, if a bad book had ever made a good man. My reply was that the Koran was not a very good book, though it had produced some excellent men. Whereupon my opponent jumped about so furiously, exclaiming "Christ me, hallelujah!" that I left him to amuse the audience for the remainder of the evening. I understand, however, that the crowd stayed and discussed my lecture until almost the hour of midnight, and expressed disgust at the Salvationist for creating a disturbance.

Wednesday found me in the market-place at Crook, where in years gone by Mrs. Harriett Law, Mr. Symes and others did splendid service. My subject again was "What must we do to be Saved?" Notwithstanding several sharp showers of rain a large crowd gathered round the platform. The Rev. Graham Barton, a Wesleyan minister in the district, among others offered opposition. Having two vacant nights at my disposal I challenged the rev. gentleman to debate, and the challenge was at once accepted. On the following day arrangements were made for the debate, but at the last moment the only hall suitable for the purpose was refused. The debate therefore, for the present, is off.

On Thursday evening I lectured in Newcastle, and discussed with another parson, who was without exception the most stupid I have ever met. On Friday and Saturday I finished my first tour by a couple of lectures at Blyth. Mr. Martin Weatherburn did me the honor of presiding at one of them—indeed, I was singularly fortunate in the selection of chairmen at all my meetings. Very large gatherings favored me with their presence at Blyth, and the lectures, I am assured, produced a marked impression. Two reporters took copious notes, and the local papers gave brief reports of all my meetings.

On the whole, therefore, I have to report that my tour was a great success. I believe the cause of intellectual freedom is making rapid progress in the North. On Sunday, Aug. 2, I attended the Federation Annual Picnic, held this year at South Shields. The weather was rather unfavorable, but the friends managed to enjoy themselves very well.

I cannot close this report without heartily thanking the ladies and gentlemen whose hospitality I enjoyed during my visit, and through whose generous kindness I was enabled to enjoy a very pleasant holiday. ARTHUR B. MOSS.

OBITUARY.

I regret to have to record the death of Effield Eliza Winning, eight years old, a daughter of Mr. Edward Winning, a member of the Wood Green Branch. The Secretary of the N. S. S. read the Secular Burial Service at the grave.—STANLEY JONES.

On Monday, August 10, Mr. Morris, an old and esteemed member of the Camberwell Branch, was buried at Nunhead Cemetery. In the absence of Mr. Haslam, who had promised to attend, a few words were said by the undersigned in kindly remembrance of one who was from its earliest conception honorably connected with the Branch. He died, as he had lived, a consistent Secularist, and devoted to the cause of humanity.—R. G. LEES.

LONDON SECULAR FEDERATION.

COUNCIL MEETING held at Hall of Science on Thursday, Aug. 6, the President, Mr. G. W. Foote, in the chair. Present: Messrs. G. Standing (Vice-president), R. O. Smith (treasurer), Brown, Collins, Conley, Enderby, Heath, Hooper, Lupton, Maeers, Rowden, Rowney, Turner and Williams. The minutes of previous meeting were read and confirmed, and the secretary reported that the excursion had realised a very acceptable profit. Mr. Foote stated that the Secular Education tract would be ready for delivery to the Branches almost immediately, and invited applications for parcels to be sent to the secretary. Applications for grants in aid of open-air work were referred to Committee. The question of an excursion for children was brought forward, but it was thought the season was too far advanced for the matter to be satisfactorily arranged this year. The President reported that a Freethinkers' Social Party would take place on the first Thursday evening in October, and that the Hall of Science Committee had decided to offer the use of the Hall to the Federation on the following four Thursday evenings, for a series of Free Lectures. On the motion of Mr. Enderby, it was decided to accept the offer. A question arose as to choice of lecturers for the Federation, and some names were submitted to be added to the list of those already chosen. After some business matters had been dealt with, the question of the affiliation of the Branches now forming the North Middlesex Secular Federation was considered. The matter was discussed, and it was agreed that the President reply to the parties concerned. Several gentlemen volunteered their services as collectors at the Free Lectures, and it was decided that on account of the Social Party, the October meeting of the Council be called for 7 o'clock. The Council then adjourned till September 1.—EDMUND POWNCEBY, secretary.

BRADLAUGH MEMORIAL FUND.

D. Dick, £1; R. Wilson, 2s.; W. W. Cabell, £1 1s.; H. A. Jones, 2s. 6d.; J. Watt, 6d.; J. C., 15s. Per J. Brown, collected by T. Bertram (card 124): A Friend, 2s. 6d.; J. Watson, 1s.; John Watson, 1s.; T. Wilkinson, 1s.; J. Sawyer, 1s.; W. Spence, 1s.; R. Jackson, 1s.; R. Ewen, 1s.; G. Campbell, 1s.; T. McGraw, 1s.; T. Bertram, 1s.; R. Cook, 1s.; G. Hill, 1s.; M. Beautyman, 1s.; A. Seath, 1s.; J. Summersfield, 1s.; D. Bow, 1s. 6d.; Master Moss, 6d. Per G. Crookson (card 166): G. Crookson, 5s.; J. Parker, 1s.; Rev. W. Surtees, 5s.; W. West, 2s. 3d.; Mrs. Crookson, 1s.; A. Crookson, 2s.; F. Crookson, 1s. Per S. G. Middleton (card 60): S. Middleton, 2s. 6d.; G. Bowerman, 2s. 6d.; F. Ford, 2s. 6d.; J. Ashford, 1s.; C. Cramp, 6d.; Beveridge, 6d.; T. Polvomery, 1s.; H. Dawson, 1s.—R. FORDER, Secretary.

FUND FOR THE LIQUIDATION OF MR. BRADLAUGH'S LIABILITIES.

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Land and Water relates the following amusing anecdote: The late Duke of Rutland, when walking one fine morning in his grounds, came across a gamekeeper's little girl. "Well, little one," he asked, "and what do you call yourself?" "For what we are going to receive may the Lord make us truly thankful," replied the little one with apparent irrelevance. It seemed that the child's mother's instructions had been, "If you meet the duke, be quite sure to say 'your grace.'"

Husband: "Many people at church this afternoon, dear?"
Wife: "Yes, a large number?" H.: "Good sermon?" W.: "Delightful." H.: "What was the text?" W.: "It was—it was—well, really, I've forgotten." H.: "Humph! Was Mrs. Jones there?" W.: "She was." H.: "What had she on?" W.: "Well, she had on a Redfern fall wrap of very dark Pompeian red cloth, with narrow insertions of black velvet in the sides of the skirt. A small yoke trimming of the velvet covered the upper part of the chest, and was outlined with a marked tinsel braid. A narrow braiding girdled the waist, and the cuffs were ornamented in the same way. It had a cape attachment plaited on the shoulders and attached to other plaits at the waist line, giving a dolman appearance to the back." H.: "That'll do. I don't wonder that you forgot the text."

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 Secular Hall (back of Battersea Park Station): Monday, at 8, social gathering. Wednesday, at 7.30, dramatic class. Thursday, at 8, discussion class. Members are requested to pay up subs., as the Branch is in need of funds.
 Camberwell—61 New Church Road, S.E.: 7.30, Mrs. A. Besant, "The Christian Myth."
 Hall of Science, 142 Old Street, E.C.: 7.30, Mr. Touzeau Parris, "A Few Facts about the Bible to be Remembered."
 West Ham—Secular Hall, 121 Broadway, Plaistow: 7.30, Mrs. Thornton Smith will lecture. Thursday, at 8, open debate.
 West London—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road (close to Latimer Road Station): Friday, at 8.30, a discussion.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

Battersea Park Gates: 11.15, Mr. A. B. Moss, "Three Great Reformers—Voltaire, Paine, and Bradlaugh"; 7, Mr. C. Cohen, "The Design Argument."
 Bethnal Green (opposite St. John's Church): 11.15, Mr. C. Johnson will lecture.
 Camberwell—Station Road: 11.30, Mr. J. B. Coppock, F.C.S., "Animals and Plants."
 Clerkenwell Green: 11.30, Mr. C. J. Hunt, "The Christian Creed."
 Edmonton (corner of Angel Road): 7, Mr. J. Marshall, "Christ and Christianity."
 Finsbury Park (near the band-stand): 11.30, Mr. G. Standring, "What are Christian 'Evidences'?" 3.30, Mr. W. Norrish, "Freethought Martyrs."
 Hammersmith Bridge (Middlesex side): 6.30, Mr. W. Norrish will lecture.
 Hyde Park (near Marble Arch): 11.30, Mr. Neil Corbett, "God, Man, and the Devil." Wednesday, at 7.30, Mr. Neil Corbett, "The Ten Plagues."
 Kilburn—Salisbury Road (close to Queen's Park Station): 6.30, Mr. F. Haslam, "English Freethinkers of the Eighteenth Century."
 Kingsland Green: 11.30, Mr. P. H. Snelling, "A Plea for Unbelief."
 Lambeth (corner of Belvedere Road, opposite St. Thomas's Hospital), Westminster Bridge: 6.30, Mr. C. J. Hunt, "Philosophy of Secularism."
 Leyton (open space near Vicarage Road, High Road): 11.30, a lecture.
 Midland Arches (corner of Battle Bridge Road): 11.30, Mr. J. Fagan, "Recantation."
 Mile End Waste: 11.30, Mr. F. Haslam, "Has the Bible been on the Side of Liberty?"
 New Southgate—Betstyle Bridge: 11.30, Mr. Sam Standring, "Bible Authority for Meanness."
 North Finchley—Mr. Schofield's plot, Coleridge Road: 7, Mr. Sam Standring, "Bible Beauties."
 Old Pimlico Pier: 11.30, Mr. E. Calvert, "Bible Wonders."
 Plaistow Green (near the Station): 11.30, Mr. C. Cohen, "What we have Gained by Christianity?"
 Regent's Park (near Gloucester Gate): 3.30, Mr. E. Calvert, "Religion and Secularism Contrasted."
 Stratford—Matthew's Park Estate, Ham Park Road: 3.30, Mr. C. Cohen, "Christianity and Women."
 Tottenham (corner of West Green Road): 3.30, Mr. F. J. Boorman, "Creation and Evolution."
 Victoria Park (near the fountain): 11.30, Mr. J. Vining, "The Evolution of Religion"; 3.15, a lecture.
 Wood Green—Jolly Butcher's Hill: 11.30, Mr. F. J. Boorman, "Creation and Evolution."

COUNTRY.

Hetton-le-Hole—Committee Room, Miner's Hall: 6, important business meeting.
 Liverpool—Camden Hall, Camden Street: 7, Mr. Stocker, "The Parson and the Sabbath."
 Luton—Rudd's Rooms, 57 Bute Street: Mr. Stanley Jones, 2.30, "God and Man"; 6.30, "The Soul Idea and Immortality."
 Manchester N. S. S., Secular Hall, Rusholme Road, Oxford Road, All Saints': Mr. W. Heaford, 11, "Bible Miracles—are they Facts or Fiction?"; 6.30, "Heaven and Hell."
 Portsmouth—Wellington Hall, Wellington Street, Southsea: 7, a meeting.
 Sheffield Branch N. S. S., members and friends visit Mr. John Furniss, of Moorhay Farm, Old Brampton, Derbyshire; meet at 1.15, near the Monolith; conveyances start at 1.30 prompt. The Secretary will be at the hall on Saturday from 7 till 8, to receive names of those going.
 South Shields—Free Library Hall, Ocean Road: Mr. G. W. Foote, 11, "The Tree of Knowledge"; 3, "Freethought in the Churches"; 7, "The Way to Heaven."
 Spennymoor—Victoria Hall, Dundas Street: 10.30, Mr. T. Phillips, a reading.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

Huddersfield—Market Cross: Saturday, Aug. 15, at 7.30, Mr. W. Heaford, "Heaven and Hell: what must it be to be there?"
 Manchester (corner of Denmark Road): 3, Mr. W. Heaford, "Christianity Tried and Found Wanting."
 Newcastle—Quayside (near big crane): 11, Mr. A. T. Dipper, "Jesus Not an Exemplary Teacher."

LECTURERS' ENGAGEMENTS.

STANLEY JONES, 28 Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.—Aug. 16, Luton; 25, Leyton; 30, Halstead. Sept. 6, Rochdale; 13, Manchester; 20, Liverpool.

ARTHUR B. MOSS, 44 Credon Road, Rotherhithe, London, S.E.—Aug. 16, morning, Battersea; 23, morning, Westminster; 30, morning, Woolwich. Sept. 6, morning, Clerkenwell; 13, morning, Bethnal Green; afternoon, Victoria Park; 20, morning, Westminster.

C. J. HUNT, 48 Fordingley Road, St. Peter's Park, London, W.—Aug. 16, morning, Clerkenwell; evening, Lambeth; 23, morning, Hyde Park; evening, Hammersmith; 30, morning, Camberwell; evening, Lambeth.

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