

The Freethinker

Edited by G. W. FOOTE.]

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

CHRIST IN CHICAGO.

THE recent labor war in Chicago has drawn everyone's attention to that great mushroom city. Many persons declare it will some day be the metropolis of the United States, and the very heart of all the trade of that vast country. In any case it embodies the most striking characteristics of Yankee civilisation. It is full of commercial energy, or what is called "go," and the poorest man in it dreams of being a millionaire. It is also a simmering vat of all the nationalities of Europe. Chicago is trying to assimilate these diverse elements, and in the effort she is likely to suffer a good deal of indigestion.

There is another thing to be said about Chicago. It is a Christian city. Five hundred churches minister to the spiritual requirements of its inhabitants. Church property in Chicago is valued at thirteen million dollars, which, as Shylock says, is a good round sum. The strongest of the Churches there is naturally the one which owes allegiance to Rome. "Chicago," said Archbishop Hennessey, "is the most Catholic city of America in proportion to its population." Mr. W. T. Stead, who has studied the city, informs us that the Catholics have the Mayor, the Chief of Police, the Chief of the Fire Department, the Postmaster, the City Attorney, and other leading officials, besides forty-eight of the sixty-eight Aldermen. Ninety per cent. of the police force, eighty per cent. of the members of the fire department, and sixty-seven per cent. of the school teachers are Catholics—although eighty per cent. of the pupils are Protestants. "These figures," as Mr. Stead says, "are sufficient to show what an enormous interest the Church has in the administration of the city."

It will hardly astonish a Freethinker to learn that Chicago, with all this Christianity to the square yard, is a devilish sort of a city. Mr. Stead draws a frightful picture of its political and social corruption. The city is really ruled by millionaires, and the Churches all seem to be their retainers. At the same time the wealthy people of Chicago escape the municipal burdens with ridiculous ease, and let them fall on the shoulders of the common army of rate-payers. Brothels and saloons abound, and the police levy blackmail on bawds and drink-sellers. The rights of the working classes are mostly nominal. The law, the police, and the newspapers are against them, and of course the Churches are in the same conspiracy. What the working classes get from the men of God is "some sympathy" but "little support." Mr. Stead was cautioned against saying anything about religion in addressing the Trades and Labor Assembly. "The Unionists," Mr. Stead says, "don't attend church, while their employers do, and the ministers naturally and inevitably tune their music to their audience."

Christianity is a failure in most places, and it seems particularly so in Chicago. We do not say it *creates* the evils of that great city; we only say it does not *prevent* them. Mr. Stead appears to think that Christ has never been in Porkopolis. At any rate the title of his book is *If Christ came to Chicago!*—which implies that he has not yet put in an appearance. Meanwhile the Chicago people can hear Mr. Stead, who, to use his own language, receives "tips" from heaven, and is on remarkably familiar terms with the slow-coming Savior. There is, indeed, an element of patronage in Mr. Stead's friendship for the Son of God. "I felt so sorry for Christ!" he says, after a dark description of the misery and degradation of Chicago. "Was it for

this," Mr. Stead asks, "that he came on earth?" Ay, that is the question. Was it for *this*? Mr. Stead thinks "No," but he sees that this has happened. And the question arises, "What is the world really the better for Christ?" To this question Mr. Stead has no reply. All he can say is that poor Christ has been foiled by the "cussedness" of human nature or of things in general. His *real* passion is not the agony on the cross, which was less than that of many other martyrs, but the knowledge that the world is still going to the Devil. "What must He have felt," Mr. Stead asks, "who has heard the dropping of their tears in heaven these nineteen hundred years?"

This is a pathetic way of putting it, but the case is not without jocularity. This frustrated, impotent, weeping and wailing Christ, who has done nothing but bemoan his own failure "these nineteen hundred years," is, in Mr. Stead's opinion, no less a person than God Almighty! The joke is enough to tickle an elephant. Mr. Stead, however, is not cut out to see jokes. He is one of those earnest, enthusiastic men (though not without a keen eye for the main chance) who are capable of entertaining any number of contradictions and absurdities. Accordingly, after all his pity for poor Christ, we find him declaring, on the very next page, that "The creative work is going on to-day as much as at any previous time in the history of the world, for we stand in the very workshop in which the Eternal is from day to day fashioning the world in which we live"—including Chicago; which, if it be true, only proves that Mr. Stead's efforts and tears are both somewhat impertinent.

When a man believes in a quack medicine, it is astonishing how he will defy experience. If the patient gets worse, it is a sign that he wants a stronger dose of the remedy. In the same way, after all this failure of Christ, Mr. Stead's suggestion is "more Christ." He is under the impression that even those who regard Christ as a myth still look upon him as "at least an accepted standard of ideal character, shining out luminous as the sun against the dark and gloomy background of human society as it is." But the statement is as false in substance as it is faulty in composition. Freethinkers very rarely regard Christ in that way. They believe in principles, rather than in standards of ideal character; and they cannot, in any case, accept a myth as a standard, without falling into the ranks of illogical sentimentalists.

Mr. Stead will not recommend Christ to Freethinkers by speaking of him as "the Divine tramp," or as "the outcast that supped and made merry with wine-bibbers." It may be quite true, but it does not constitute a "standard of ideal character." Nor is it any use telling Freethinkers that even if they "doubt whether He ever really lived" it is their imperative duty to realise in their own persons "that supreme embodiment of Love." Such teaching is based upon confusion; it involves a radical misconception of the whole problem of secular progress. The world has had this "Love" dinned into its ears too much. The word is "too often profaned," as Shelley said. What we really want is a little more justice and common sense. "Love" is not a substitute for these things; it must come after them, as a crown and an illumination.

Chicago and all other places are to have the "New Redemption" when they accept the words of Christ—"A new commandment I give unto you, that you love one another." But this was not "new," and love cannot be commanded. When it is asked by Mr. Stead—"Are you willing to help?" we reply "Yes, but not on the lines of

your philosophy, which seems to us an idle sentimentalism. We are sick and tired of this chatter about Christ. Let us work together on a rational basis, and we shall find that the sentiment of humanity does not depend on belief in the Nazarene."

Count Tolstoi and his disciple Mr. Stead are on a false track. History proves to us that religion *will* become priestcraft, and that Christ *will* be the figurehead of ecclesiasticisms. Nothing could be more absurd than this constant invitation to the world to accept the Christianity of Christ. There never was such a thing, and there never will be. When the Christian *system* breaks up, the teachings (real or supposed) of Jesus Christ take their place in the general history of ethics. And in that case it is ridiculous on the face of it to expect a message from Nazareth for the salvation of Chicago. The modern world will have to solve its own problems, and it will do so all the more quickly and surely if it casts aside the childish fancies of its inherited superstition.

G. W. FOOTE.

THE NEWEST RELIGION.

(Concluded from page 459.)

THE death of the Báb by no means implied the extinction of his faith. Rather did it sting his followers to the highest pitch of exasperation and enthusiasm. In August, 1852, the Shah was attacked while out riding, by three Bábis, and but narrowly escaped with his life. The result was a merciless persecution, which, in the ferocity with which it was carried out, and the unflinching determination with which it was met, is comparable to the persecution of the Anabaptists. M. Renan, indeed, in the last chapter of *Les Apôtres*, compares it to that of early Christianity, and justly cites the Bábis in support of his contention that the readiness to endure martyrdom for conscience sake is not confined to any age or sect. Regarding the stories of early Christian martyrs as mainly legendary, I naturally look for a somewhat more modern parallel.

Among the prisoners was the beautiful poetess, Kurratu 'l-Ayn (Consolation of the Eyes). Life was promised her on the simple condition of responding in the negative to the question, Was she a Bâbi? Mahmood Khan himself told her this as good news. She responded: "I have better news. To-morrow I shall die, publicly witnessing for God and the Báb, and you will preside at my execution." And it was even so.

Mr. Browne says, with truth: "Had the Bâbi religion no other claim to greatness, this were sufficient—that it produced a heroine like Kurratu 'l-Ayn, the poetess of the faith, whose heroic fortitude, under the most cruel tortures, excited the admiration and wonder of Dr. Polak, who witnessed her death."

Seyd Huseyn, the disciple who, like Peter, denied his master, like him claimed and received the honor of martyrdom. One other case must be mentioned, that of Suleyman Khan, the Joseph of Arimathea of the movement, who procured and buried the body of the Báb. Mr. Browne says: "Often have I heard Persians, who did not themselves belong to the proscribed sect, tell, with admiration, how Suleyman Khan, his body pierced with well-nigh a score of wounds, in each of which was inserted a lighted candle, went to the place of execution, singing, with exultation:—

In one hand the wine cup, in the other the tresses of the Friend,
Such a dance do I desire in the midst of the market-place.

In Teheran the entire visible remnant of the Bábis were slaughtered to the last woman and child. They went, singing to their deaths, "Truly we belong to God; we came from God, and are returning to Him." All rejected life on the condition of abjuration. It is related that to one father a soldier said: "Yield, or I will cut the throat of your two sons on your breast." The father sat on the ground with outstretched arms, while a bright-eyed lad of fourteen sprang to him, exclaiming: "Father, I am eldest; let me die first."

A certain rough, noted for his wild and disorderly life, went to see the execution of the Bábis, perhaps to scoff

at them. But when he saw with what calmness and steadfastness they met torture and death his feelings underwent so great a revulsion that he rushed forward, crying: "Kill me too! I also am a Bâbi!" And thus he continued to cry till he, too, was made a partaker in the doom he had come only to gaze upon.

From that dreadful time the history of Bábism largely ran underground. Those who could, removed from Persia, many going to Bagdad. Those who remained concealed their opinions; but a constant propaganda was kept up by emissaries. To this day it is difficult to discover who are Bábis and who not; but their numbers are considerable, and Mr. Browne, to whom, as a Christian, they were more ready to reveal themselves, gives his testimony that they are much superior to the mass of the inhabitants.

According to the Bábis, in each manifestation news has been given of the following one. Thus, Moses was told a prophet would arise like unto him; but when Issa came they could not discern the likeness. So Issa clearly said, "One shall come after me whose name is Ahmad."* Yet when Muhammad came they would not acknowledge him. So Muhammad promised the Iman Mahdi; but when he came as the Báb the Moslems did not recognise him, though his book surpasses the Koran in wisdom and eloquence. The Báb laid stress on the doctrine that his teaching was not final, but believers must continually expect the coming of Him whom God shall manifest, who will confirm what he pleases of the Beyan, and alter what he pleases. No other evidence of inspiration was to be demanded of the coming one but his ability to write forty thousand religious verses in twenty-four hours. Naturally, under their persecution, the Bábis were continually awaiting the appearance of "He whom God shall manifest."

Prominent among those who withdrew from the persecution in Persia into the dominions of the Sultan were two half-brothers, Mirza Yahya, known as the Subh-i-Ezel (the Dawn of Eternity), and Mirza Huseyn-Ali, entitled Behá-Ullah (the Splendor of God). The former had been designated by the Báb as his successor; but the latter proved the more forceful character, and, at length, about 1867, resolved to satisfy in his own person the craving of the Bábis for the speedy appearance of the promised manifestation. The former had a few adherents who were sent to Cyprus by the Sultan, while Behá was located at Acre, in Syria, whence he issued his divine words and mandates to his followers. Behá wrote much in his lifetime. Indeed, he appears to have been as fond of sending out Encyclical letters as his holiness, the Pope. He addressed communications to the Sovereigns of Asia and Europe, and to the President of the United States, in which he solemnly appeals, as with divine authority, for the cessation of wars, for international good feeling, for the recognition of justice and religious liberty, equality and fraternity of all mankind, with, of course, acknowledgment of his own claims as a divinely-appointed messenger of the new gospel. In one of these productions addressed to the Emperor Napoleon, in 1869, he solemnly admonishes him: "Because of what thou hast done affairs shall be changed in thy kingdom, and empire shall depart from thine hands as a punishment for thine actions." This prophecy, of course, is cited in proof of the Behá's supernatural claim.

The Bábis are very fond of discussion, and able to hold their own. Mr. Browne says (*Journal Royal Asiatic Society*, 1889, p. 500): "They frequently have a very considerable knowledge of the Gospels, which they will quote, and from which they will try to prove that their religion is true, and that the promised coming of Christ was fulfilled in the Báb or Behá." In his *Year Amongst the Persians*, p. 216, Mr. Browne relates how a Bâbi said to him: "Has it not struck you how similar were the life and death of our Founder (whom, indeed, we believe to have been Christ himself returned to earth) to those of the founder of your faith? Both were wise, even in their childhood, beyond the comprehension of those around them; both were pure and blameless in their lives, and both at last were put to death by a fanatical priesthood and a government alarmed at the love and devotion which they inspired amongst their disciples." In another discussion the Bâbi said: "If Christ raised the dead, you were not a witness of it; if Muhammad

* The Koran Surah, lxi. 6., cites Issa as saying this. Ahmad is of the same root as Muhammad, signifying like it "the Praised." It is possible that the old reading of John xvi. 7, was *περικλυτος*, which in Arabic would be Ahmad.

cleft the moon asunder, I was not there to see. No one can really believe a religion merely because miracles are ascribed to its founder, for are they not ascribed to the founder of every religion by its votaries? But when a man arises amongst a people, untaught and unsupported, yet speaking a word which causes empires to change, hierarchies to fall, and thousands to die willingly in obedience to it—that is a proof, absolute and positive, that the word spoken is from God. This is the proof to which we point in support of our religion" (*ibid.*, p. 305).

Since Behá's death, May 16, 1892, he has been succeeded by one of his sons, entitled Ghusin-i-Azam (The Most Mighty Branch), who follows his father's methods of propaganda by missives. Bábism is quiet now, but it is not dead. It is one of the forces breaking up the old stagnation in Asiatic affairs, and preparing the way for the influx of new ideas.

J. M. WHEELER.

CHRISTIAN BROTHERHOOD.

It has frequently been our painful duty to point out the utter hollowness of the pretensions made on behalf of what is termed the "Christian Brotherhood of Man." The orthodox cant of the pulpit that we are all brothers, and that God "hath made of one blood all nations of men," may pass current amongst credulous congregations, and such hypocritical preaching may satisfy the easy-believing dupes of orthodoxy; but the claim that Christians regard all their fellow-men as brothers is not supported by the conduct of Christians themselves. Christ's idea of the brotherhood of man meant that those only were to be admitted into his fold who believed in him. Hence he exclaimed: "He that denieth me before men shall be denied before the angels of God." Again: "He that believeth not, shall be damned." At the "last judgment" the "nations" are, we are told in the New Testament, to be separated "one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats." Christ is to set one group "on his right hand," and these are to go "into life eternal"; and the other group are to be placed "on the left," and these are to "go away into everlasting punishment." This indicates a most objectionable view, to say the least of it, of the brotherhood of man. The fact is, the spirit of "caste" is as marked to-day in many of the churches as it is amongst the deluded worshippers in India. The only equality that is really observed in certain orthodox circles is a uniform prostration of reason at the shrine of an ancient fiction. Dr. Dick was quite right when he wrote in his *Philosophy of Religions* that "among Christians belonging to the same religious society we behold a display of bitter envyings, contentious dispositions, and malignant passions . . . alienation of affection, friendly intercourse interrupted, an attitude of hostility assumed, and even the rules of common civility violated." Not only are independent thinkers, whose thoughts are not in harmony with the Christian faith, excluded from the orthodox brotherhood, but even believers themselves are sacrificed, and their co-operation ignored through the jealousy and exclusive notions of their co-religionists.

The truth of these remarks has been forcibly corroborated by two cases of Christian bigotry, which are reported by the Birmingham papers as having recently occurred in that city. The first case is that of a negro preacher who has given the pious folk of Birmingham great offence. This was not Lord Salisbury's famous "black man," but another one, a preacher who for some years past has been engaged in preaching "Christ and him crucified" in the Midland metropolis. His offence appears to have been, not that he was converted to Christianity, and was therefore an example of the power of missionary enterprise, but that he set up as an independent minister of the gospel, and was known as the Rev. Peter Stanford. The *Birmingham Weekly Mercury* states that, of the five hundred holy men in that city, the number who even looked at their colored brother in the ministry "might have been counted on the fingers of one hand." But then this negro dared to ask "to be received as if his skin were white," and to this "the brothers in Christ" objected. They refused to admit him to their "fraternal" meetings, or to accept him as a member of their "Union." In fact, they treated him as a religious "black-leg" in their trade. "Mr.

Stanford was a competitor; he set up his tent without admission to the clerical trade union. And then, to use the clerical term, he was a 'Nigger!' The product of missionary enterprise was all right as an Exhibit, as a Jubilee Singer, as a converted Bones or a Banjo plucked from the Burning, but as an Equal! Pah, the thing was intolerable."

The Baptist Union refused to recognise this "child of God" in any way. The report in the *Mercury* says: "If a Baptist pastor sees his dark brother coming, he bolts down a side street. If he runs against him by accident, he looks vacant, and passes with his nose in the air." Well might the religious reporter exclaim: "Everlasting shame to the arch-humbugs and arch-hypocrites who, by their conduct, have driven him from amongst us. How can we characterise the unspeakable hollowness of these men's professions? how estimate the deadly blow they deal to religion? how avert the merited mockery of habitual scoffers? how mitigate the disgust of earnest-minded friends? If Mr. Stanford would have pattered a few commonplaces at tea and missionary meetings, giving color to the scene and to the assertion that missionaries are good for something, the white pastors standing by with an air of proud proprietorship, then, perhaps, he would have been welcomed. But to start a show of his own! To visit the 'Fraternals' as if he were *really* a man and a brother! To claim admission to the Baptist Union! A person from Greenland's icy mountains or India's coral strand! Horrible, most horrible! The poor Indian whose untutored mind sees God in clouds and hears him in the wind is something lovable—in missionary sermons. Query, why is the heathen in the rough so much better than the converted article?" Our answer is, because the rough article pays; for when once it is "converted" it no longer furnishes material for the missionary to work upon. When the poor "nigger" became a member of the "Christian Brotherhood" he was treated by the followers of Christ as an alien, and he has been driven from England by that Christian intolerance which has so often marred the true brotherhood of man. The Bard of Avon said, "All's well that ends well," which, probably the rejected "brother" will think is quite true. For, although he accepted Christ as his master, he has been banished from the fold, and some influential citizens have sent the "dark" rival in the ministry to America on "an important mission," where, no doubt, he will "unfold a tale" of the Christian "charity" that exists in pious England. The reporter of this act of bigotry has the following parting shot at the holy men of Warwickshire: "So the local pastors, being partly rid of him (the despised brother in the Lord), may return to the composition of their missionary sermons. 'Woe unto them, hypocrites!'"

The second case of Christian intolerance which illustrates the sham of the pious boast of Christian Brotherhood is that, not of a real "nigger," but of one who sometimes indulged in "burnt cork," and who claimed to be "a man and a brother in Christ." The facts as given in the *Birmingham Daily Mail* are these:—Police-Sergeant Bennett was a prominent worker and preacher in the Christian Association connected with the force; but he was also a member of the Birmingham Police Christy Minstrel troupe, a band of singers and comedians who blacked their faces and gave entertainments which were always enjoyed at the police concerts. They also gave performances to the poor in the workhouse, and to the afflicted in the lunatic asylum and often at the Board schools. It appears never to have occurred to Mr. Bennett that there was any incongruity in his two professions. On Sunday he would sing "Lo, he comes with clouds descending," and on Monday he would warble "The Future Mrs. Awkins." This went on for many years without any interruption, until one day a zealous missionary reported to the lady patron of the Christian institution that Sergeant Bennett was not so enthusiastic in the cause of the Lord as he had been in earlier years. What was the cause of this falling off? The conclusion arrived at was that this apathy in Christian work was in consequence of his connection with the minstrel troupe. The lady was shocked that a Christian brother should have anything to do with burnt cork, bones, or conundrums. She, therefore, wrote a letter to Mr. Bennett, pointing out the "awful position" he was in being a Christian and at the same time a comic singer. He was called upon to give up his Christian work or his concert engagements. He selected to keep to the minstrels, for, said he, "after what has happened, I have decided to

have nothing to do with such a narrow-minded, bigoted set of people as the Christians have proved themselves to be."

To us it seems strange that it should require such bitter experience to show anyone what the true spirit of Christianity really is. Orthodoxy, by its very nature, is intolerant to persons of common sense who are acquainted with the ways of the world. Its devotees would not only have "no fellowship with unbelievers," but they would make this glorious world of ours the abode of gloom and wretchedness. We would remind those "miserable sinners" in the Church who would rob us of the joys of mirth, that any religion that requires its adherents to sacrifice the sunshine of life is incompatible with the highest needs of existence. We are not living in a condition that is necessarily "a vale of tears," but we are surrounded with the potentialities of hope, joy, and the realisation of dignified and healthful pleasure. If others prefer to weep in "sackcloth and ashes," that is their business; but our desire is to foster those agencies that shall gladden the heart and enrich the mind. Therefore to all we say:—

Catch the sunshine! catch it gladly!
 Messenger in hope's employ,
 Sent through clouds, through storms and billows,
 Bringing you a cup of joy.
 Don't be sighing; don't be weeping;
 Life, you know, is but a span;
 There's no time to sigh nor sorrow,
 Catch the sunshine when you can.

CHARLES WATTS.

GOETHE'S RHAPSODY ON NATURE.

(About the year 1780.)

TRANSLATED BY ΞΡΣ.

NATURE! We are by her surrounded and encompassed—unable to step out of her, and unable to enter deeper into her. Unsolicited and unwarned, she receives us into the circuit of her dance, and hurries along with us, till we are exhausted and drop out of her arms.

She creates ever new forms; what now is was never before; what was comes not again—all is new, and yet always the old.

We live in her midst, and are strangers to her. She speaks with us incessantly, and betrays not her mystery to us. We affect her constantly, and yet have no power over her.

She seems to have contrived everything for individuality, but cares nothing for individuals. She builds ever, and destroys ever, and her workshop is inaccessible.

She lives in children alone; and the mother, where is she? She is the only artist: from the simplest subject to the greatest contrasts; without apparent effort to the greatest perfection, to the precisest exactness—always covered with something gentle. Every one of her works has a being of its own, every one of her phenomena has the most isolated idea, and yet they all make one.

She acts a play on the stage; whether she sees it herself we know not, and yet she plays it for us who stand in the corner.

There is an eternal living, becoming and moving in her, and yet she proceeds not farther. She transforms herself forever, and there is no moment of standing still in her. Of remaining in a spot she does not think, and she attaches her curse upon standing still. She is firm, her step is measured, her exceptions rare, her laws unalterable.

She has thought, and is constantly meditating; not as a man, but as nature. She has an all-embracing mind of her own, and no one can penetrate it.

Men are all in her, and she is in all. With all she carries on a friendly game, and rejoices the more they win from her. She plays it with many so secretly that she plays it to the end ere they know it.

The most unnatural is also nature; *even the stupidest Philistinism hath something of her genius.* Who sees her not everywhere sees her nowhere aright.

She loves herself, and elings ever, with eyes and hearts without number, to herself. She has divided herself in pieces in order to enjoy herself. Ever she lets new enjoyers grow, insatiable to impart herself.

She delights in illusion. Whoever destroys this in himself and others, him she punishes as the strictest tyrant.

Whoever trustfully follows her, him she presses like a child to her heart.

Her children are without number. To no one is she altogether niggardly, but she has favorites on whom she squanders much, and to whom she sacrifices much. To greatness she has pledged her protection.

She flings forth her creatures out of nothing, and tells them not whence they come, nor whither they are going. Let them only run; *she* knows the way.

She has few springs, but those are never worn out, always active, always manifold.

Her play is ever new, because she ever creates new spectators. Life is her finest invention, and death is her artifice to get more life.

She veils man in darkness, and spurs him continually to the light. She makes him dependent on the earth, dull and heavy, and keeps rousing him afresh.

She gives want, because she loves motion. The wonder is that she accomplishes all this motion with so little. Every want is a benefit; quickly satisfied, quickly growing again. If she gives one more, it is a new source of pleasure; but she soon comes into equilibrium.

She sets out every moment for the longest race, and is every moment at the goal.

She is vanity itself, but not for us, to whom she has made herself of the greatest weight.

She lets every child tinker upon her, every fool pass judgment upon her; thousands stumble over her and see nothing; and she has her joy in all, and she finds in all her account.

Man obeys her laws, even when he strives against them; he works *with* her even when he would work *against* her.

She makes of all she gives a blessing, for she first makes it indispensable. She lags, that we may long for her; she hastens, that we may not grow weary of her.

She has no speech nor language; but she creates tongues and hearts through which she feels and speaks.

Her crown is love. Only through it can one come near her. She creates gaps between all beings, and is always ready to engulf all. She has isolated all, to draw all together. By a few draughts from the cup of love she makes up for a life full of trouble. She is all. She rewards herself and punishes herself, delights and torments herself. She is rude and gentle, lovely and terrible, powerless and almighty.

All is always *now* in her. Past and future knows she not. The present is her eternity.

She is kindly. I praise her with all her works. She is wise and quiet. One can tear no explanation from her, extort from her no gift, which she gives not of her own free will. She is cunning, but for a good end, and it is best not to observe her cunning.

She is whole, and yet ever uncompleted. As she plies it, she can always ply it.

To every one she appears in a form of her own. She hides herself in a thousand names and terms, and is always the same.

She has placed me here, she will lead me away. I trust myself to her. She may manage it with me. She will not hate her work. It is not I who spake of her. No; both the true as well as the false, she has spoken it all. All the guilt is hers, all the merit hers.—*Open Court.*

[Goethe wrote himself of his rhapsody, nearly half a century afterwards: "There is an obvious inclination to a sort of Pantheism, to the conception of an unfathomable, unconditional, humorously self-contradictory Being underlying the phenomena of Nature, and it may pass as a jest with a bitter truth in it."—J. M. W.]

Obituary.

A GREAT French poet and member of the Academy has passed away in the person of Charles Marie Leconte de Lisle. His poems, which unite profound thought with luxuriance of language, are, like those of Browning, rather for the few than the many. But he was the antithesis of Browning in his thought, being a pessimistic Atheist. *Kain* is one of the most pronounced of his poems. He was for several years librarian to the Senate, and in 1886 was elected to the seat of Victor Hugo at the Academy. In his address upon his elevation he annoyed both Jews and Christians by speaking of Moses as "the chief of a horde of ferocious nomads." He was planning, before his health began to break down, an historical poem to be called "Les États du Diable." It was to be an onslaught on Catholicism and a proclamation of the poet's aggressive Atheism.

FREAKS OF THE SAINTS.

ONLY those who, like the unfortunate writer, have waded through the refuse rubbish heaps of blood, mire, and putrefaction known as ecclesiastical history, and turned over, in the hopes of discovering the lost secret of Christianity, the records of folly and fanaticism in the lives of the saints, can fully realise the mingled atrocities and absurdities which go to make up Christian history. Christianity always seems to me like the brigand of the story, who, after accumulating wealth by the most nefarious means, sets up as a millionaire prince, posing as a philanthropist, and imposing on those who knew not his past history. The records of Christian sectarian strife, of the crusades and other wars of religion, of the persecution of Jews, witches, science, the torture of the Inquisition, and other items of past Christian history, are so abominable and appalling that no sensitive mind can even read its red record without trembling and tears. Fortunately with the long tragedy there is mixed some elements of comedy and even of broad farce. As it is probably better to smile at Christian folly than to frown at its fanaticism and fraud, we may look back on these with some amusement, even though the knowledge of the sombre background forces sobriety into our mirth.

The student of the humors of Christianity might find a wide field in the commicalities of its sectarian disputes; the quarrel between the Homoousians and the Homoiousians, whether the Son was the same or similar to the Father; whether he is co-eternal as regarding his sonship; whether he has one or two natures; and the great split between the Greek and Latin churches on the momentous question, whether the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father or from Father and Son combined. Gibbon, the great master of the lofty sneer, has touched on many of these points, but in the records of synods and councils there is an extensive field of humor which even Gibbon did not completely explore, or at any rate did not expose.

What a field of mirth might be found in the questions solemnly discussed by learned bishops and divines, such as whether Christ was not an hermaphrodite; the method by which Mary was impregnated; whether Christ resumed the portion of his person which he lost by circumcision when he resurrected; and many similar delicate subjects, in which celibate priests and monks have ever delighted. Then the philosophical questions of the schoolmen in regard to quiddities, essences, remission, intention, proportion and degree, nominalism and realism, the nature of God and angels.

Whether angels, in moving from place to place,
Pass through the intermediate space;
Whether God himself is the author of evil,
Or whether that is the work of the devil.
When and wherefore Lucifer fell,
And whether he now is chained in hell.

One learned synod, over which Pope Boniface IV. presided, resolved the question as to whether monks, being dead to the world, could perform episcopal functions. It was demonstrated that they could, because monks were angels, which was proved by the following "sillygism": "All animals with six wings are angels. Monks have six wings, the cowl standing for two, and the four extremities for four more—*ergo*, monks are angels."—Q.E.D.

But the most amusing records of Christian insanity are to be found in the stories told of the Christian saints. The forthcoming writer of the *Comic History of Christianity* will here discover matter enough, not only as Fabian says, for a May morning, but to occupy many volumes. Some of the Gospel miracles, as, for instance, turning water into wine and devils into pigs, are comical enough, but they are beaten by the miracles of the saints. Here are a few instances:—

St. Paul, of Thebes, outdid Elijah, who is now said to have been fed by Arabians instead of by a raven. We are told by St. Jerome he was fed daily for sixty years by a crow. When St. Anthony, he who the devil tickled at night and tempted in the shape of a nude female, visited St. Paul, the obliging crow always brought a double allowance. Probably it was like manna, the angels' food baked in heaven after the prescription for *Kosher* baking supplied to Ezekiel.

When St. Catherine of Siena visited the tomb of St. Agnes of Monte Pulciano, and the living saint sought to

kiss the feet of the dead one, the latter lifted up her leg through an excess of humility, so that St. Catherine might not bend too low to perform the osculation.

St. Bonaventura, not being able to take any food in the ordinary way, by reason of a violent disorder in his internal regions, had the pyx placed outside, and the holy wafer thereupon penetrated into his bowels. Who that believes that Christ fed five thousand on a few loaves and fishes, should doubt it?

St. Clare, of Montefalco, had meditated so constantly upon her Savior's passion, that all the instruments—cross, hammer, nails, scourge, and crown of thorns, were found engraved upon her heart after death. These stigmatics are quite common, and the effect of mind on matter is further shown in an image of Christ at Naples, which an impious wretch stabbed. So sensitive and sensible was the statue, that it put its hand to the wound, and it has stayed there ever since.

St. Barbara's father was a heathen; and when he discovered that she had become a Christian, he drew his sword to kill her. She prayed to God, and a large stone opened itself and received her body into the cavity, and carried her to a mountain full of caves. She was discovered by a shepherd, who, for his insolence in approaching the virgin, was turned into a marble stone, and his herd into locusts. This is, perhaps, as true as that Lot's wife was changed into a pillar of salt.

The Devil was always tempting the saints and getting the worst of it. He once impertinently intruded his person into the chamber of St. Juliana, at an unseemly hour. It was a dangerous thing to do. To intrude into female saints' chambers at unseemly hours is ever perilous. He found it so. She engaged Beelzebub in a pitched battle, and fought tooth and nail, throwing him down on the floor and trampling him with her feet, till he was glad to escape with his tail between his legs, howling all the way back to hell. St. Juliana ought to be the patroness of the prize ring.

The devils, unable to obtain any triumph over the chastity of Marie Angeliqne, resolved, with refined malignity, to insult her modesty by standing her on her head in the presence of credible witnesses. They did so, but an immediate and truly extraordinary miracle was wrought simultaneously. The law of gravitation was suspended with regard to her clothes. They remained stiff and immovable around her virgin limbs, as the marble drapery of a statue. The blood may have been drawn into her face by her peculiar attitude, but there was not the slightest occasion for a blush.

The usual method of meeting the assaults of the Devil was by self-flagellation. One saint, when he saw a female, rolled himself in snow. Another went naked among briars. St. Macarius, having one day killed a gnat, by way of atonement went into the marshes, and there for six months exposed himself to all winged and creeping insects, till every part of his flesh was swollen and ulcerated. This legend is one which shows that Christian monkery was brought westwards by the monks of Buddhism. In the full odor of sanctified filth, St. Macarius once returned to his monastery humiliated by the sense of his own inferiority, exclaiming: "I am not yet a monk, but I have seen monks." He had fallen in with two of these wretches stark naked. This saint was accustomed to carry about with him eighty pounds of iron. His disciple, St. Eusebius, outdid him, carrying one hundred and fifty pounds of iron, and living for three years in a dried-up well. Some, however, objected to nakedness, and also to soap and water. The latest addition to the Romish calendar, St. Labre, never washed himself for forty years. St. Athanasius boasts of St. Anthony's holy horror of water, with which he never contaminated his feet, save in the direst necessity. St. Euphraxia joined a convent of one hundred and thirty nuns who never washed their feet, and who shuddered at the mention of a bath. St. Ammon had never seen himself naked. On one occasion, coming to a river, he was too squeamish to undress. He prayed to be spared this indignity, and an angel transported him to the other side. No wonder Jortin remarks of a miraculous monk, whose corpse was said, like that of St. Philip Neri, to emit a heavenly perfume, that it was not surprising that he should smell like a civet-cat when dead, who had smelt like a pole-cat when living.*

* See *Crimes of Christianity*, p. 58, which gives references.

But the subject of the freaks of the saints is too extensive to be comprised in a single article. These specimens must suffice for the present.

LUCIANUS.

ACID DROPS.

MESSRS. DIGGLE AND RILEY, of the London School Board, are once more censured and denounced in the *Methodist Times*. These gentlemen belong to the Church, and are naturally opposed to the Nonconformist ticket—which, in the eyes of a zealous Nonconformist, is little short of blasphemy. Mr. Diggle, in his letter to the *Times*, declares that the real issue at the November elections will be “whether religious subjects should continue to be taught in the schools or discarded altogether.” According to the *Methody* paper, this is a groundless and wicked assertion. There is no sign, however, that Mr. Diggle will give an order for sackcloth and ashes.

Mr. Diggle’s “shocking words” in a certain sense “contain an awful truth.” The *Methody* paper predicts that, “if he and the infatuated men and women who are associated with him succeed in once more capturing the London School Board, there will be such a revulsion in the public mind that next time a powerful party will demand the exclusion of the Bible, and the adoption of a purely secular system.” Precisely so. And it is for this very reason that we hope the Nonconformists will be beaten—they and their “Compromise.”

The *Methodist Times* says that Mr. Diggle is “doing his utmost to excite the working men of London into a condition of such uncontrollable indignation that when they sweep the Diggleites out of the London School Board they will sweep out the Bible with them.” Freethinkers then will hope to see Mr. Diggle persevere. We have said all along that the squabbling amongst Christians helps on the cause of Secular Education.

The Lord’s Day Observance Society’s committee, in its report to the Conference, notes a “formidable danger” in the existence and increase of “secularising Sunday Societies—societies which have been called into existence of late years with the avowed purpose of breaking down the landmarks of the Christian Sabbath.” As our readers know, the Lord’s Day Observance fanatics are trying to put down these Sunday Societies by the strong hand of the law, which Christianity has always relied upon to promote its own interests. But suppose the sceptics and indifferents get the upper hand; would they be justified in treating the Christians in the same way? Of course not. But if they did, it is hard to see what right the Christians would have to grumble.

We are inclined to pity Mr. Swinburne. His latest volume of poetry is eulogised in the *Methodist Times*. This is the most unkindest cut of all.

Punctuation is of some theological importance, as in the Nicene creed. Some prayer-books print it, “Being of one substance with the Father; by whom all things were made”; others, “with the Father. By whom all things were made”; while the Arians read, “with the Father by whom all things were made.” Despite the declaration of Col. i. 16, some Christians are a little hazy as to whether the universe was made by the Father or by his co-eternal son. An aged pious German said, “I always thought de world was made by the old one, but it seems it vas one of de poys.” The only thing that seems certain is that the solid universe was not manufactured by the Ghost.

It appears that in old Akkadian inscriptions the vine is spoken of as “the tree of life.” This induces Uncle Benjamin to put a teetotal interpretation upon the myth in Genesis. It was by getting drunk that Adam and Eve were to become like “one of us.” In the old Vedic religion it was held that drinking the intoxicating Soma brought union with the gods. In a Vedic hymn the worshippers say:—

We’ve quaffed the Soma bright,
And are immortal grown;
We’ve entered into light,
And all the gods have known.

Married curates have been complaining in the *Guardian* that they have little chance of a situation compared with the unmarried. Married vicars always advertise for an unmarried curate. It proves so attractive to all the girls and match-making mammas in the parish, and the church finds its chief support in these. A curate married is a curate marred. He has little chance of preferment, unless he marries a bishop’s daughter, niece, aunt, or sister.

Jesus is said to have laid it down that the tree must be known by its fruit, and that a good tree cannot bring forth corrupt fruit. Judged by this test, Christianity would fail. Christians are always protesting we must not judge by the lives of Christians or by the history of Christianity, for they know that, if we look back on the craft of priests, the contending hatreds, persecutions, and religious wars which Christianity has brought forth, we need only regard this fruit to be assured of the character of the tree.

There seems little likelihood of pious Jabez Balfour being brought over to England—and justice. He will probably take his Bible to his brewery, and spend the rest of his days in thanking Providence for its kind protection.

Mr. Stead says his occult paper *Borderland* pays. No doubt. There are plenty of fools in England, and Mr. Stead knows it. *Borderland* is a good title. Its devotees hover between sanity and insanity—a species of harmless half-lunatics.

Borderland casts the horoscope of the Duke of York’s baby. He is to be troubled with stomach-ache, but to grow up wise and good. The *Christian World* wonders how Mr. Stead can countenance such nonsense. We don’t.

Under the heading “An Orgie in a Railway Carriage,” the following appeared in the *Westminster Gazette*:—“Early the other morning there arrived at a Manchester hotel a party of four men who had travelled by the Irish mail from Holyhead. In the course of a quarrel one of them, a racing man, violently assaulted one of the party, a Dublin civil engineer. In defending himself at the police-court prisoner declared that they had lots of drink together on the boat, and started the railway journey fortified with bottles of whisky and gin. In the carriage was a priest going to a religious conference in London. They prevented him changing carriages, and made him come on to Manchester. He was not offended, and enlivened their journey by singing modern music-hall songs. They were all drunk together, and the hotel was pandemonium. His defence did not avail Thomson, who was sentenced to a month’s imprisonment. When arrested he was sharing the priest’s bed.”

The *St. Louis Post Dispatch* gives some account of the Voodoo worship, which is yet practised by the negroes of the Southern States. It is a kind of devil worship, with the sacrifice of a white rabbit. The devotees form in a circle, and sway in union. They are also said to dance round a kettle, stark naked. This sorcery was brought from Africa to America, and still subsists, though in an underground fashion, among nominally Christian negroes.

Piron, a French traveller, stated that he saw a Voodoo orgie in Cuba, in the house of a lady whom he would never have suspected of connection with such a sect. A naked white girl acted as a Voodoo priestess, wrought up to frenzy by dances and incantations that followed the sacrifice of a white and a black hen. She at length fell in an epileptic fit.

The net value of the late Bishop of Bath and Wells’s “personalty” is £12,680. It is a trifle compared with the usual episcopal estates, but it may suffice to sink the “personalty” of the right reverend father-in-God into everlasting perdition.

The publication of extracts from the works of William Law, certainly the ablest of the eighteenth-century divines, recalls the story of his quarrel with Wesley. Both were powerful in prayer, both prayed for divine guidance, and each thought the other wrong. Whitfield, also, was powerful in prayer; he, too, had the assurance of divine grace. The Ghost told him that Wesley was wrong in his Arminianism, while the same ghost told Wesley that Whitfield was wrong in his Calvinism, and Law in his mysticism.

Wonderful is the care of Christianity for its rotten potatoes, and its disregard for sound ones. The Rev. Father Hollings, and some other members of Cowley St. John, have organised a union to pray for criminals under sentence of death, and have circulated an appeal asking others to join with them. Those sending in their names will receive, from time to time, postcards with the names of the condemned and dates of execution, and are under no other obligations than to remember each person named at least once in the Holy Eucharist, and to pray for his conversion daily. The victims to hell, and their murderers to glory, is the Christian program; for is there not more rejoicing in heaven over one saved sinner than over ninety-nine just persons.

The Church Patronage Bill, which Sir Michael Hicks Beach described as being more important than the Eight Hour’s Bill for Miners, might have passed the House of

Commons if the promoters would have accepted the amendment of Mr. Carvell Williams abolishing the sale of all private patronage. But rather than assent to a perfectly logical and reasonable proposal for stopping a form of traffic which nobody defends, Sir Francis Powell and his associates prefer the continuance of scandals which they have themselves denounced as disgraceful to the Church.

Dr. Fitch has been advocating that ladies shall be the principals of women's colleges, instead of, as is usual, clergyman. He says: "In one or two of the smaller diocesan colleges the salary of the clerical principal, who takes only a small share in the secular teaching, is seen to amount to a sum exceeding the united stipends of the whole staff of governesses to whose hands the entire responsibility for the professional preparation of the students is entrusted." But the clergy were ever cormorants.

It appears that Church of England clergyman contribute 12 per 10,000 to the ranks of the insane; Nonconformist ministers 79; and miners only 41.

The Catholics, having dedicated England to St. Peter, are going to erect a magnificent cathedral at Westminster for the Archbishop. They have secured a site near the Abbey and the design is entrusted to Mr. Bentley, the architect, who is much pestered by a controversy as to whether he shall reproduce a Roman basilica or outdo the Abbey in Gothic architecture. The Brompton Oratory has cost £100,000, and the Catholics hope to raise as much for the new cathedral.

According to the *Hospital*, national characteristics show themselves in expenditure on religion and charity. Thus the Englishman gives £1 3s. to his Church and £1 2s. to charity. The Scotchman gives £1 15s. to religion, but reduces his charity to 10s. 6d. Sceptical France gives 13s. to the Church, but to charity 17s. While the prudent German endows his Church to the extent of 5s. and leaves charity to the Government.

Chester Cathedral has been turned into a large concert hall for the benefit of those who can afford to pay a good price to attend the triennial Musical Festival. It is a question whether even the bishop and chapter have any right to have national buildings open on conditions which exclude the mass of the people.

The widow of Mr. Charles Wyndham Kerr wished to have the urn containing the remains of her husband, who was cremated, placed in the wall of his parish church of St. Savior's, Pimlico. She had to bring an action on the question, and eventually she was allowed to inter the urn under the floor of the church.

The *Chicago Dispatch* devotes a deal of space to a convent scandal in Porkopolis. Sister Veronica of the Servite Sisters of St. Mary, Chicago, alleges gross immorality between the Mother Superior and a Professor Macdonald, music teacher to the convent school.

A dispute has taken place between the vicar of St. Mary's, Birmingham, and his curate, on the momentous question whether the Savior is to be imbibed in the shape of fermented or unfermented wine. The curate is a staunch teetotaler, and besides giving only squeezed grape-juice himself, is said to have dissuaded some of the congregation from partaking of the stronger Communion supplied by his superior. The bishop has had a private interview with the parties, and the curate is leaving.

Comte—not Auguste, but another—was a French conjuror and ventriloquist, who reproduced in our own time the story of Balaam. Travelling along the road near Nevers, he observed a man who was beating his ass. Throwing his voice in the direction of the poor brute's head, Comte upbraided the fellow for his cruelty. The peasant Balaam stared at his donkey for a moment in fear and trembling, and then incontinently took to his heels.

The lady he married had decidedly too much religion for Mr. James Gandar, proprietor of the King William IV., in Vauxhall-bridge-road. The lady, after the marriage, which was never consummated, said that she was the Lord's property, and it was sacrilege to touch her. Gandar at first told his wife she was a goose, but she continued in her religious scruples and alleged a revelation from Jacob telling her to sell matches and give the proceeds to the church. Gandar had to enter an action for nullity of marriage, and obtained a decree nisi.

Archdeacon Farrar has been lamenting the absence of genuine Christianity. This worthy disciple of his master has something like £3,000 a year. He says his only hope of a revival is the appearance of a new prophet like Savonarola, Luther, or Wesley, or a saint like St. Paul and St. Francis.

Possibly, if the prophet and saint arose, he would make it his first business to rebuke Farrar for his pluralities, and perhaps he might repudiate Christianity altogether.

Has the editor of the *Protestant Standard* fallen a victim to the wiles of the Jesuits? It would almost seem so. The issue of that lively oracle of Orangeism for July 20 contains some alleged poetry, headed "The Glorious Twelfth," by "True Blue." It appears to have escaped the editor's notice that the "poem" is an acrostic, and that the initial letters read: "The editor is a — fool." Nor is this all. Following the heading is what purports to be a Latin quotation from Virgil, but is really very vulgar English with the division of the words misplaced. However, the editor may console himself with the reflection that, for once, the *Protestant Standard* had a ready sale, and copies were only obtainable with great difficulty.

The Rev. R. T. Connell, minister of the Primitive Methodist gospel-shop in Solent-road, West Hampstead, has been fined £3 5s. for obstructing the road and disturbing the inhabitants by open-air services, after being requested to desist. The man of God declared he would not pay the fine.

"Many Beautiful and Expensive Churches erected by well-known Millionaires. Money Expended with Lavish Hands. More than 3,000,000 dollars devoted to the construction of Memorial Houses of Worship. More are to be Built." Such is a heading in the *New York Herald* for Sunday, July 8. It illustrates our contention that religion is the best friend of wealth and privilege.

There is to be a Pullman Memorial Church at Albion, N.Y. Mr. Pullman cuts down his workmen's wages, and insolently refuses arbitration at the risk of social war. Yet he finds money for churches of "me and my God."

Perhaps the greatest joke of all is the Jay Gould Memorial Church. This dusty specimen of a Christian was a liberal subscriber to gospel-shops during his lifetime, but they were all forgotten in his will. Not a single cent did he leave to anyone outside his family. But his children are spending 200,000 dollars on a gospel-shop to commemorate his virtues and piety. All that is wanted to complete the job is another 200,000 dollars' endowment to provide a good salary for the clerical flunkey who will occupy the pulpit and preach about "Poor Jesus."

Gambling, as an aid to religion, is common among Catholics and even at church and chapel bazaars; but at Ballinrobe, Ireland, they have been enabled to give a pugilistic performance on behalf of a new chapel. As the pugilist was James Corbett and the chapel was for his uncle, the Rev. James Corbett, there was a large attendance of excursionists from all parts, and the fighting hero was *fatal* and made as much of as if he had been Jesus Christ in person.

Mr. John Hawke is the secretary of the new National Anti-Gambling League. Can it be true, as a sporting paper asserts, that he is a speculator on the Stock Exchange? Mr. Hawke should explain for the benefit of the clergy who patronise his efforts.

The epidemic at Hong Kong has been followed by a plague of caterpillars, who threatened to eat up everything and undo the work of the Forest department. Upwards of twenty-five tons of insects have been gathered and destroyed. What the Lord and Giver of life thinks of their wholesale destruction is unknown.

"A curious collection" is reported to have been made by a gentleman who has kept all the "foreign matter" in the collection-bags of a certain London church. Buttons, broken brass cuff-links, wire, string, nails, and card counters, were some of the contributions to the Lord. But the most remarkable was a heart-shaped lozenge, with the words "keep cool, ducky." Was this meant for the minister?

Sunday trading is an abominable crime, especially when carried on by the poor. Henry Knight, of Adelaide-street, Luton, has had to be taught this truth by the magistrates, who fined him half-a-crown for selling nuts to boys. The wretched Sabbath-breaker had the impudence to plead that he had suffered a long illness through rescuing a child from drowning, and had been for some time dependent on his wife, so that he was naturally anxious to earn an honest penny when he could. But why the deuce did he do such a foolish thing? Why didn't he let the child drown? If he thought more of himself, and less of others, he might sit upon the bench himself some day and assert the majesty of the law against men who sell nuts on Sunday. Henry Knight should reflect that he lives in a Christian country. If he did he would not ask why the *War Cry* is sold in the streets on the Lord's Day. It is a wonder the magistrates did not fine him another half-crown for asking such a ridiculous question.

In the old days the prophet was the rain-maker, and the clouds were supposed to be dependent on prayer. To this day the Prayer-book keeps up the old superstition, but science is taking other methods, and we read that the new process of rain-making was recently brought before the Académie des Sciences, Paris, by M. Baudoin. His theory is that electricity maintains the water in clouds in a state of small drops, and that, if the electricity be discharged, the water will come down. Certainly this agrees with the observation that heavy rain usually follows lightning-flashes. M. Baudoin has tested his principle by discharging several clouds by a kite, after the manner of Franklin, and with success. He proposes to utilise the balloon instead of the kite in his further trials.

Forty thousand deaths from plague in Canton, and the missionaries refusing to help the afflicted of God, and two hundred deaths from the earthquakes at Constantinople, have been added to our heavenly father's bills of mortality.

The cholera is again reported as spreading through the valley of the Tigris and the Euphrates. It has been brought this year, as on preceding cholera years, by religious pilgrims who take no thought for this world but are intent on joys beyond. They are flocking to the "holy cities" about Bassorah, bringing all the way for burial the remains of persons who have died in India.

According to the author of *More about Gordon*, the pious hero was about as much Moslem and Buddhist as Christian. A letter is given in which he expresses his belief in re-incarnation. "You ask me what are my ideas of a future life. I think this life is only one of a series of lives that our incarnated parts have lived. I have little doubt of our having pre-existed, and, also, that in the time of our pre-existence we were actively employed; and so, therefore, I believe in our active employ in a future life, and like the thought. We shall, I think, be far more perfect in a future life, and, indeed, go on towards perfection, but never can attain it." Doubtless, Gordon "accumulated merit" by his philanthropy, but we suppose his fighting propensities came from bad Karma gathered in previous lives.

The Rev. John Vallery brought an action against Miss Maria Wright, for eighteenpence damage for placing flowers on a grave contrary to his prohibition. We are pleased to record that the man of God was non-suited, with costs.

A priest, professing Anarchist opinions, has been discovered in France, at Auxerre. The case of President Carnot's assassin was being discussed at a café in that town, and everybody was denouncing the villain in no very measured terms, with the exception of the Curé Moreau, of Molesmes, who was present. On being challenged to say what he thought on the subject, Moreau said: "Santo Caserio's blow with the dagger was a fine one." The words were reported to the police, and the offending priest was invited to explain them to the Procureur of the Republic. So far from denying that he had used the language attributed to him, Moreau gloried in it. No proceedings will be taken against him. The Procureur was content to let him go with a caution, but he will be subject to police surveillance.—*Daily News*, July 16.

The benefits of religion are seen even in such a matter as the Bill amending the Irish Land Act. The Catholics will not withdraw their opposition unless the statutes of the Christian Brothers engaged in education be liberally recognised. If that course were taken, the recognised Orange party would become equally implacable. Between the two fires the Bill seems doomed to destruction.

Under the New York Sunday law it is a misdemeanor to keep a store open on Sunday for the sale of goods. The police enforce the law. The saloon keepers, however, subsidise the police, who do not interfere with them, and the result is that about the only thing to be bought in New York city on Sunday is liquor. This state of affairs is paralysing both to citizens and to those who would essay to make a comment on the subject of Sunday legislation.—*Truthseeker*.

Father Ignatius declares, in *St. Paul's*, it is high time something was done to prevent the grievous torture that is inflicted every Sunday upon so large a number of our church-going population. Why, he asks, should people, who are utterly unable to preach, be compelled to try to do so Sunday after Sunday for the whole course of their natural lives? They are a misery to themselves and a torture to their fellow creatures, and they cause many persons to dread the Sabbath and the House of God. Why, he asks, should a man, who can't preach, be allowed in the pulpit any more than a man who knows nothing of watch-making be allowed in a watch-maker's shop? In his opinion, one of the reasons why our preachers are worse than useless in the pulpit is, that they don't believe a word of what they are

saying. We expect the fervid Father has about hit the mark here.

The Prophet Baxter still profits by repeating his millennial nonsense. He has not yet executed a deed of gift, handing over to the poor all that he may be possessed of on April 11, 1901, the day of the final destruction.

Lady Dorothy Nevill, in her account of the Walpole family, tells how her father, Lord Orford, was invited to become president of the Norwich Bible Society. He replied, expressing his surprise and annoyance: "I have long been addicted to the gaming table. I have lately taken to the turf. I fear I frequently blaspheme. But I have never distributed religious tracts. All this was known to you and your society, notwithstanding which you think me a fit person to be your president. God forgive your hypocrisy. I would rather live in the land of sinners than with such saints." A word in season, and not a bad sort of tract for those to whom it was addressed. We do not remember any case of a parson refusing a living because the patron was a gambler or even a defaulter like the late Marquis of Aylesbury, who was patron of fourteen livings.

One clergyman, the Rev. F. T. Wethered, vicar of Hurley, Berks, raised his protest against the Royal Christening in the *Church Times*. He writes: "How on earth are we to expect our country folk to bring their children to church for baptism if the bishops, without rhyme or reason, consent to christen royalty in drawing-rooms? It is simply dreadful." The *Scottish Guardian*, commenting on the celebration of a Church marriage in a Glasgow hotel, says: "If the solemn sacrament of baptism can be performed, in the case of a healthy child with healthy parents, in the drawing-room of a private house, and by the most prominent ecclesiastic in the kingdom, why should the performance of a lesser service in somewhat similar circumstances be wrong? or, rather, if both are equally wrong, why squander abuse on the humbler offender, while Churchmen keep polite silence in the other case?"

Pope Pius IX. laid it down that it was a theological error that man had any duty to animals, and refused to give his official sanction to the establishment of a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. When Italian drivers are remonstrated with on their revolting cruelty, they simply shrug their shoulders and say, "What matters it? they are not baptised." Frightful raws in donkeys and horses go unnoticed, and are fed on by flies; deep holes are plugged with tow, and lame animals are made to work with heavy loads as though nothing was the matter with them. We are bad enough in Christian England, but the lands cursed by Papacy are far worse. "They have no souls," is the excuse for maltreatment which would disgust any Hindu, Buddhist, or Moslem.

A writer in the *Progressive Thinker*, noticing Mr. Stead's book, *If Christ Came to Chicago*, says that other cities are as bad: "Trinity Church, New York, and its holdings, valued at many millions, would afford a rich mine of corruption in high places. The rents of this rich Church corporation, derived largely from saloons, gambling dens and brothels, would keep Mr. Stead's facile pen busy for many moons. But the book would be suppressed, if the whole truth were told."

Two years ago a Protestant rector in Ireland, the Rev. Samuel Cotton, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for ill-treating children in Carogh, county Kildare. He has just been sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment for a similar offence.

Dr. Jayne, Bishop of Chester, and the Rev. Mr. Waugh, secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, once said the worst ill-users of children were Secularists. It was "a lie, an odious, damned lie," and we told them so at the time. A number of very bad cases have been dealt with by the Society since, and in the very worst cases the culprits have been conspicuously religious.

At Polyani, in the province of Kazan, Middle Volga, there are a number of half-mad sects. A woman belonging to one of these ascended the tower of a church after service with her two children, one a girl of seven, the other a baby boy. After flinging her daughter on the iron roof of the church, from which she rolled off dead, the wretched woman threw her baby over the parapet, and it fell on its head at the people's feet. She was secured as she was preparing to follow the children—a very questionable mercy.

The great Salt Lake City tabernacle, which holds 25,000 people, is so perfect in its acoustic properties that a person standing at one end can hear a pin dropped into a hat at the other. The minister can measure the collection with his eyes shut.

SPECIAL.

Letters for the Editor of the "Freethinker" should be addressed to 28 Stonecutter-street, London, E.C.

Mr. Foote's Engagements.

Sunday, July 29, Hall of Science, 142 Old-street, London, E.C. : 7.30, "Christian Socialism: an Arrangement in Green." (Admission free; reserved seats, 3d. and 6d.)

August, London Hall of Science every Sunday evening.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. CHARLES WATTS'S ENGAGEMENTS.—All communications for Mr. Watts should be sent to him (if a reply is required, a stamped and addressed envelope must be enclosed) at 81 Effra-road, Brixton, London, S.W.

LECTURE NOTICES must reach 28 Stonecutter-street by first post Tuesday, or they will not be inserted.

LOUIS LEVINE (Charleston).—Many thanks for report, mentioned in "Sugar Plums." Your American items are always welcome.

JAMES WILSON.—Thanks for the correction. We presume Cardinal Walsh should have been Cardinal Logue.

F. WEEKS.—Your letter is not an advance. The case is precisely where it was. We have absolutely no ill feeling in the matter. Our paragraph was a public comment on a public statement.

WODEN.—Immature but promising. We think you will do far better if you practise a good deal, without thought of publication until you satisfy yourself and some judicious friend.

J. THACKRAY.—Thanks. See paragraph.

L. D. HEWITT.—(1) We are obliged for the information about C. F. Dowsett. Such a person's opinions are of no importance. (2) Sorry to hear the Christian Evidence people do their worst to annoy and disturb the Secularists at Wimbledon. If you persevere, they may in time grow ashamed of such tactics. (3) We have never made an unfair quotation from John Morley. Every quotation must begin and end somewhere. It is absurd to talk about the "context" in such a case. Is it meant that Mr. Morley contradicts himself?

E. D. H. DALY.—Thanks for cuttings.

E. S.—We do not trust to Missionary Reports. The testimony of other witnesses is necessary. The subject is one to be treated at length. We cannot do any justice to it in this column.

J. MUNTON.—Thanks, but both items have already appeared in the *Freethinker*.

W. F. SMITH.—Your order has been handed to Mr. Forder, to whom all such business communications should be sent direct.

W. RUDD.—See paragraph.

J. BARTRAM.—We note what you say.

J. RICHARDS.—Your report is most encouraging. Mr. Foote will try to pay Ryhope another visit when he is in the neighborhood. You can summon any person who tears down your bills.

J. R. C.—Perhaps the writer of the article on "Rationalism and Social Progress" will supply the exact reference to the *Daily Chronicle*. The statistics were furnished by the Bishop of Dover.

M. H. HILTON.—Cuttings are always welcome.

C. DOEG.—Mr. Foote will offer you a date shortly.

X. Y. Z.—Duly received.

T. H. CLARKE.—(1) Mr. Bradlaugh never said in one of his lectures that he believed in a supreme being, though not in the God of the Bible. It is a pity that Christians do not consult Mr. Bradlaugh's published writings, instead of trusting to "the hare-brained chatter of irresponsible frivolity" about his lectures. (2) You can join the N.S.S. any Sunday night at the Hall of Science, or by applying to Miss Vance at 28 Stonecutter-street.

X. Y. Z. (Liverpool).—Mr. G. B. Shaw's *Impossibility of Anarchism* would probably be useful. It is a pamphlet issued by the Fabian Society. Sir T. Farrer reviewed Mr. Kidd's book in the *June Contemporary*; there is also a criticism of its leading ideas in Professor Drummond's *Ascent of Man*. We shall deal with the book in the *Freethinker* as soon as we find time. The trial you refer to may take place in November.

A. CHARTERS.—Why do you ask us to correct the lying nonsense about Charles Bradlaugh which you heard from the lips of a Christian lecturer at Walthamstow? Do you not know that defamation of Freethought leaders is the systematic policy of such wretches? The story of Mr. Bradlaugh's sending his daughters to a "High Church" is too silly, we should have thought, even for a Christian out-door meeting. A friend of ours once heard a Christian lecturer at Stoke Newington declare that Mr. Foote was a drunkard, and that he went to a beanfeast and fell out of the trap. Our friend was highly indignant, but we could not help laughing at the "beanfeast" part of the story. It had such an air of verisimilitude.

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

ORDERS for literature should be sent to Mr. R. Forder, 28 Stonecutter-street, E.C.

PAPERS RECEIVED.—Der Lichtfreund—Boston Investigator—Der Arno Teufel—Freidenker—Two Worlds—Liberator—Western Figaro—Ironclad Age—Truthseeker—La Verité—Dageraad—Progressive Thinker—Freedom—Für Unsere Jugend—Crusader—Church Union Gazette—Augusta Chronicle—Westminster Gazette—Southend Standard—Scottish Guardian—Light—Islo of Man Times—Clarion—Straits Times—Acton Gazette—Obar Telegraph—Secular Thought—Weekly Dispatch.

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

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

The *Freethinker* will be forwarded, direct from the publishing office, post free, at the following rates, prepaid:—One Year, 10s. 6d.; Half Year, 5s. 3d.; Three Months, 2s. 8d.

SCALE OF ADVERTISEMENTS.—Thirty words, 1s. 6d.; every succeeding ten words, 6d. *Displayed Advertisements*:—(Narrow Column) one inch, 3s.; half column, 15s.; column, £1 10s. Broad Column—one inch, 4s. 6d.; half column, £1 2s. 6d.; column, £2 5s. Special terms for repetitions.

SUGAR PLUMS.

MR. FOOTE'S lecture at the London Hall of Science on Sunday evening on "Bible Beauties for Board School Children," was thoroughly enjoyed and heartily applauded by an excellent audience. Mr. Foote occupies the same platform again this evening (July 29), his subject being "Christian Socialism: an Arrangement in Green."

Our London readers will remember the Secular Federation's excursion to Margate and Ramsgate on Sunday, August 19, for which fine weather has been specially ordered. Tickets can be obtained at the Hall of Science, at 28 Stonecutter-street, or of any London Branch secretary. We hope they will be bought up largely, and that the excursion will be a first-rate success. Mr. Foote will join the party and preside at the common tea at Margate.

The *Augusta Chronicle*, of Georgia (July 8), has an article on Colonel Ingersoll by I. D. Marshall. He is described as "an inch more than six feet tall, and weighs ten more than two hundred pounds. He will be sixty-one next August and his hair is snowy."

Glorious weather favored the outing of the Manchester and Liverpool Branches on Sunday last. The Manchester contingent spent the early part of the day at New Brighton, and later on joined the Liverpool friends at Bidston Hill. Having fortified themselves with a substantial tea, under the shadow of the observatory, the party were photographed by a member of the Manchester Branch; and a ramble round the picturesque natural park (which has just been preserved from the speculating builder) filled up the interval till the time arrived for returning home.

The North Eastern Secular Federation takes its annual picnic to-day (July 29) at Holywell Dene. Newcastle friends will leave the Blyth and Tyne Railway station by the 10.10 train for Monkseaton, and join the other Branches at the Dene, where refreshments can be obtained. It is hoped that there will be a good muster of Tyneside Secularists on this occasion.

Mr. C. Cohen has just concluded his course of lectures at Ryhope, where he has given great satisfaction. A change seems to have come over the Christians since Mr. Foote's visit. Mr. Cohen has not been troubled with any rowdiness. His efforts have been supported by friends from Sunderland, Shields, Silksworth, Sealham, and Murton.

M. Camille Saint-Saëns, the composer, is, apparently, like Beethoven and Berlioz, a Freethinker. He has published a little book *Problèmes et Mystères*, in which he urges a manly resignation to the impossibility of attaining the absolute. He says: "Let us profit by the legacy of our predecessors; let us work in order that those who follow us may be happier than we are, if possible. Then life will be good; and when the time comes we shall sleep with the contentment of a task well done and time well employed. Nature does not refuse joys to the poorest of us—the joy of discovering new truths, the æsthetic joys of art, the contemplation of griefs assuaged and the effort to suppress them as much as possible, these will make life happy. It is to be feared that all the rest is a chimera."

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, the editor of *To-Day*, is down upon the *Christian Commonwealth*, which he accuses of insinuating "a dirty lie" about himself. We did not employ the same adjective, but we did employ the same substantive to describe the deliberate and systematic falsification of facts

by the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes. It is only necessary to look at the newspapers, even the religious ones, to see the hypocrisy of all the "indignation" that was expended on our "bad manners." Not that we are finding fault with Mr. Jerome. "Lie" still exists in the English dictionary, and is a very proper word on certain occasions.

Mr. Jerome is, perhaps, not troubled with too much orthodoxy. In his answers to correspondents he refers to the case of a Deal newsagent who begged a customer to relieve him from supplying *To-Day*, and some other journals. "As a Christian," wrote this fossil vendor of cheap literature, "and as one who desires to be a true follower of the Lord, the Lord Jesus Christ, I feel I cannot consistently continue to supply any one of them." Upon which Mr. Jerome remarks: "It must be very difficult for a newsagent to be a conscientious Christian."

Miss Elizabeth Robins collected the sum of £19 Os. 4d. for the hospitals, in Finsbury-park, on Hospital Sunday.

Mr. W. J. Battershell, of Orange Ridge, Manitoba, gives, in the *Weekly Dispatch*, a contrast of the state of a Manitoba farmer with and without a wife. He wants some young lady to correspond, "Secularist preferred." Mr. Battershell shows his taste in his preference; but, alas, Secularist young ladies are wanted at home. There is a larger demand for freethinking sweethearts than the fair ones suspect.

Mr. S. S. Green, of the Worcester Public Library, is "confident that the cause of good morals has been largely promoted by having the reading-room open on Sunday." The Librarian of Buffalo says: "The results have more than vindicated the wisdom of those who advocated the measure"; while Miss Coe, of the New York Free Circulating Library, affirms that, "the result of the Sunday work seems to answer every objection which can be made to Sunday opening."

From Koptos, thirty miles north of Thebes, Mr. Flinders Petrie has discovered some more Egyptian antiquities, including a temple of the 12th dynasty; before Abraham went to Egypt. The old divinity of the place seems to have been named Min, and there is a representation of "Useratesen I dancing before Min" like old King David dancing before the ark of Jahveh.

We have received, per favor of Mr. Louis Levine of Charleston, "The Official Report of the Proceedings of the First American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies," held at Chicago on May 22, 23, 24, and 25 of this year (Chicago: Bloch & Newman, 175 Dearborn-street). This Congress sought to unite various shades of heterodoxy. It was presided over by Dr. Hiram Thomas of the People's Church, Chicago, and was attended by Broad Church Independents, Unitarians, Universalists, Ethical Culturists, Spiritists, a Japanese, a Hindu, and several Jewish Rabbis. It would be hard to find a common basis for these; even the narrow ledge of a vague Theism is barely sufficient, and the proceedings remind us of the Abortive Conference of Liberal Thinkers, held June 13 and 14, 1878, at South-place Chapel, London.

The Chicago Congress was characterised by great apparent unity. The Rev. W. D. Simonds from an Independent standpoint; Dr. Hirsch from a Jewish; Mr. W. M. Salter for the Ethical Culturists; the Rev. M. J. Savage for the Unitarians; Mr. Alcott for Universalists; Mrs. E. B. Dietrick for the Advanced Women; Dr. Carus for Monists; Mr. B. F. Underwood for unorganised Liberals; all agreed as to the desirability for uniting the heterodox and heterogeneous forces of free religionists. But will they find a common bond, save that of opposition to orthodoxy? We venture to think if they do it must be by completely discarding theology for humanity, and that is our own basis of Secularism. We cannot but wish well to any movement that tends in this direction.

The American Congress, unlike the English one, has done something. It has adopted two weekly organs, *Unity* and *Reform Advocate*, and a monthly, *The Non-Sectarian*. It has established a corporation of which the secretary is Mr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, the pastor of a Church of Humanity in Chicago, already mentioned in our columns. Mr. Jones, we understand, discards the term Christian as too exclusive for the views of his church.

The Japanese and Hindu who spoke, showed they were mainly united in antagonism to the exclusive claims of orthodoxy. The latter, Mr. V. R. Ghandi, said the Christian religion, as preached in India, was not the religion of humanity, but a religion of blood, whose salvation is in blood, whose hope of purity is in innocent blood. Such a religion would do better by talking less of Hindu superstition.

The *Progressive Thinker* of Chicago, July 7, has an article on Professor Edwin Johnson, partly taken from Mr. Wheeler's account in the *Freethinker*. It calls him a "Critical thinker who has presented a valuable book to the world."

Secular Thought, of Toronto, has now reached its sixteenth volume. We congratulate Mr. Ellis on the ability with which he sustains the paper, and trust he will find increased support in the coming years. The subscription price is two dollars per year, and the contents are well worth it.

THE FOOTE TESTIMONIAL FUND.

A SUBSCRIBER writes that he hopes the result of the effort being now made will be sufficient to purchase Mr. Foote an annuity and thus save him from the business worry consequent on having to lead a fighting party like ours. Mr. Isaac Jackson, in sending a remittance from Delhi of 20s., heartily wishes he could send more, although that sum represents just two pounds owing to the high rate of exchange in India. He sends cheering news of the success of the Secular club there. Mr. Geo. Whitehead, of the City-road, in sending two guineas, expresses his admiration of Mr. Foote's writings, and his remembrance of many pleasant Sunday evenings spent in listening to him at the Hall of Science.

Friends having cards out are requested to return them as soon as possible, so that the fund may be closed.

[Tenth List.]

One who drove to Holloway to see Mr. Foote released, £2; H. M. (Manchester), £1 1s.; Two Old Shellbacks, 10s.; G. O. Gooday, 10s.; K. A. G., 5s.; G. Brooks, 5s.; Mrs. Newbrand, 2s. 6d.; W. Muller, 2s. 6d.; J. Ward, 2s.; W. Barrow, 2s.; L. A., 1s.; J. Stiff, 1s.; R. Curson, 6d.; J. Loverseed, 6d.; J. Gibson, 6d.; F. Thomas, 6d.; A. Hope, 6d.

GEO. ANDERSON, *Treasurer*, 35a Great George-street, S.W.
R. FORDER, *Sub-Treasurer*, 28 Stonecutter-street, E.C.
GEO. WARD, *Secretary*, 91 Mildmay-park, N.

TWO REVELATIONS.

If one endeavors to demonstrate to the unsophisticated hearer of Freethought lectures in the open air the absolute conflict between modern science and the plain teachings of the Bible, one is sometimes met by the clever but unscrupulous controversialist, who still prefers to call himself a *Christian*, though he doubts most of the fundamental teachings of the Church, by the declaration that many eminent men of science still affirm that the Bible account of creation is in perfect accord with the teachings of modern science; and he proceeds to give a long list of names of scientific men who, he says, subscribe to the Christian faith. It should be observed, however, that, eminent as a man may be in the world of science, it does not follow that his opinion of the harmony of the alleged conclusions of modern science with the statements of the Bible is correct; nor does it follow that, because other scientific men think that the results of modern science are in conflict with the Bible, therefore their opinion—whether they be in the majority or in the minority—should at once be taken for granted. In fact, the whole subject has to be decided by reference to the facts.

The province of the scientific man is to tell us what are the facts of science; and, if we possess reason and are capable of weighing evidence, we should be in a position to judge for ourselves how far they are in harmony or otherwise with the teachings of the Bible. Let us look for a moment at the statements of the Bible, and test them by the ascertained facts of modern science.

The Creation.—The obvious meaning of the first verse of the Bible is that in the beginning God created the universe out of nothing. Indeed, Christians for ages have held this to be the plain meaning of this verse. Yet nothing can be clearer than this: that such an idea is utterly opposed to the first principles of all science, which teach that creation, in the sense of origination of substance, is utterly inconceivable. Substance cannot be conceived either as beginning to be or ceasing to be. What we call *matter* and *force* are eternal. They can neither be diminished nor increased in quantity; they are indestructible, and therefore imperishable. The Bible, however, represents

that God created the universe, the heavens, this earth, and all that therein is, in six days; and that all this occurred about six thousand years ago. If anybody doubts that the Bible teaches this, he has only to calculate the time from the alleged birth of Adam, down to the birth of Noah, and then from Noah down to the alleged birth of Christ, and he will find that it makes just about 4,004 years; add to this 1,894, and he will get as total a few years short of six thousand.

Now, this is obviously opposed to the teaching of modern science. As Bishop Colenso said twenty years ago, in dealing with this point (*Examination of Pentateuch*, p. 318): "Geology shows that the earth was not brought into its present form in six days, but by continual changes through a long succession of ages, during which enormous periods innumerable varieties of animal and vegetable life have abounded upon it, from a time beyond all power of calculation."

Genesis further represents that the order of the creation was: (1) Plants; (2) Fish and fowl; (3) Cattle and reptiles; (4) Man. On the other hand, geology shows that this was not the order in which animal and vegetable life appeared upon the earth, and that, as a matter of fact, plants and animals of various kinds appeared together at the same time upon the earth, and were not successively created, as the Bible declares. Geology, moreover, makes known to us that the general order in which one form of life developed from another, and appeared upon the earth, was as follows:—(1) Crustacea; (2) Fishes; (3) Reptiles and birds; (4) Mammals generally; (5) Man. In fact, we have millions and billions of fossil shells in the Cambrian period long before the existence of fishes; then the great Devonian period; Saurian period; long afterwards come archaic animals of the mammoth family; then those still nearer approaching the types of animals belonging to the history of man; and finally man himself. Then, again, take the question of man's origin, and try from all the evidence at hand to determine how long man has been upon the earth. Undoubtedly the Bible makes it quite clear that the writers thought that man had not existed upon the earth longer than six thousand years. And this view was maintained by most learned divines, and by some men of science, up till very recent times. Even so eminent a man of science as Cuvier, the greatest authority of his day, pronounced emphatically in favor of the theory of six thousand years as the age of man upon the earth.

A study of palæontology, as well as that of the sister science, geology, will soon convince us of the error of this conclusion. The discoveries of an eminent French physician, residing at Abbeville, named Monsieur Boucher de Perthes, in the year 1841, threw a bright light on the subject.

"Abbeville," says Samuel Laing, in giving an account of these discoveries in his admirable work entitled *Modern Science and Modern Thought* (page 107), "afforded this eminent French antiquarian a capital collecting-ground for the indulgence of his tastes, as the sluggish Somme flows through a series of peat mosses, which are extensively worked for fuel, and afford many remains of the Gallo-Roman and pre-Roman or Celtic period. Higher up, on the slopes of the low hills which bound the wide valley, are numerous beds of gravel, sand, and brick-earth, which are also extensively worked for road and building materials. In these pits remains of the mammoth, rhinoceros, and other extinct animals are frequently found, and the workmen had noticed occasionally certain curiously-shaped flints, to which they gave the name of *langues du chat*, or cats' tongues. Some of these were taken to Monsieur Boucher de Perthes as curiosities for his museum, and he at once recognised them as showing marks of human workmanship." Thousands of specimens of stone, and other implements worked by man, may now be found in our museums.

"It is a remarkable fact," says Mr. Laing in describing these implements, "that they are all nearly of the same type, and found under similar circumstances—that is to say, in the gravels, sands, brick-earths, and fine silt or loess deposited by rivers which have either ceased to run, or which ran at levels higher than their present ones, and were only beginning to excavate their present valleys. Also, they are always found in association with remains of what is known as the quaternary as distinguished from the recent fauna, and which is characterised by the mammoth, the thick-nosed rhinoceros, and other well-known types. The general character of these implements is very rude, implying a social condition as low as that of the

Australian savages of the present day" (*ibid*, page iii.). This view is also corroborated by the eminent German scientist, Carl Vogt, who says: "There is no longer any doubt that man existed in Europe—probably the latest peopled part of the world—at a time when the great Southern animals—the elephant, mammoth, rhinoceros, the hippopotamus—were found there. Even when no human remains or tools have been found, the acute researches of Steen Strap have found traces of man by distinguishing the bones which have been gnawed by animals from those which show signs of having been split by man for the sake of the marrow, or otherwise handled by him" (*Anthropological Review*, page 219). This view, again, is supported by additional facts by Sir Charles Lyell in his *Antiquity of Man*, page 204. In my work, *The Bible and Evolution*, I have given a list of discoveries of scientific men bearing out these facts, from the discoveries of J. F. Esper, in Bavaria, in 1774, down to the discoveries in Kent Cavern in 1847, and the finding of the Neanderthal skull in 1857, of the latter of which Professor Huxley wrote that it was "the most brutal of all human skulls, resembling those of the apes."

The story of the Flood is also opposed to the well-ascertained facts of science. Bishop Colenso knocked the bottom out of this Biblical romance when he demonstrated that there was not sufficient water in the world to cover the mountains of Ararat—that all the water in all the rivers, seas, and oceans would be utterly inadequate for the purpose of covering mountains whose summit was over 17,000 feet above the level of the sea. Nor can the story of the building of the Tower of Babel be said to harmonise with the facts of science. If it was the intention of the builders to reach heaven by means of their Tower—and the Bible God was sorely afraid they would accomplish their purpose—these people must have been extremely ignorant, otherwise they would have known that, before they get up very far, the air becomes so rarefied that they would not be able to breathe; moreover, if they had used up all the material of the earth, and rolled it out as thin as possible, it would not have extended as far as our sun, and they would have found no heavenly home in that direction. In confusing the tongues of the builders so that each man spoke a new language for the first time, the Bible God would have rendered it not only impossible for each man to communicate with the other, but impossible for each man to understand himself. Obviously, all this is opposed to the facts of science, whether it agrees or disagrees with the opinions of some scientific men or not.

If, then, we turn our attention from the narrow and puerile view of the Bible to the large and comprehensive view of science, we shall find that the universe is, in reality, the one great open book—a revelation to man up to the measure of his capability of reading and understanding it. The diligent student of Nature day by day grasps some new fact, and, speculating upon its value, opens up new mines of thought for future exploration. Never for a moment silent, this universe, in its ceaseless changes, is ever ready to deliver its message to whomsoever is willing to receive it. And these revelations are never finished; they are a perpetual panorama, new pictures being unfolded day by day; and they are so clear that they can be understood by the simplest as well as the wisest among mankind.

ARTHUR B. MOSS.

Tobe's Reply.

O TOBE was a ducky who could pick the banjo fine,
And he could cut the pigeon wing and give your boots a
shine;
He waited on the students of the univ-var-si-tee,
And at any kind of devilment was quick as he could be.

Not only versed in devilment, but also repartee,
For the laugh was on the student of the univ-var-si-tee
Who passed him on the stoop amid a crowd of boys one day,
And out of fun accosted him, "O hello, Tobe, I say—
What are you going to do when Satan gets you by and by?"
"Wait on the students, massa," he promptly made reply.

—*Atlanta Constitution*.

BELLE R. HARRISON.

Timothy—"Say, ma, did our baby come from heaven?"
Ma—"Av coorse he did." Timothy—"Well, he was a durn
fool to leave heaven for a place like this, and then run the
risk of never gittin' back again."

JESUS AND MARY.

THE next specimen of the gospels brought up to date, which I have the honor of submitting to the godly, is one peculiarly adapted for the edification of the elect. It tells of the anointing of Jesus, the ceremony which transformed him into Christ the anointed. The story, as given in the twelfth chapter of the Gospel according to John, is thus rendered in the vernacular version:—

“Six days before the Paschal feast Jesus came to Bethany, where Lazarus resided, whom he had recently resuscitated from a trance. So they celebrated the occasion with an entertainment. Miss Martha waited at table, Lazarus sitting down with the rest of the company. While they were feasting, Miss Mary entered with a pound of very precious and costly spikenard ointment, anointed the feet of Jesus therewith, and then wiped them with her hair, while the whole house was filled with the perfume. One of his followers, Judas Iscariot, the son of Simon [Peter], who afterwards betrayed him, enquired whether it would not be better if the ointment, instead of being thus lavished, was sold for ten pounds and given to the poor? But Jesus said: ‘Let the young lady alone. She is perfuming me now so as to remove the odor of my corpse when I am dead. The poor ye have always with you, but I shall shortly be taking my departure.’”

UNCLE BENJAMIN.

GOD'S IN HIS HEAVEN.

FROM the wreck the tornado has left in its trail
The moans of the mangled ones rise in a wail.
While their life-blood, slow ebbing, embrues the green sod,
Their lips move in prayer to an unheeding God.
And God's in his heaven, where'er that may be.

In the teeth of the tempest—rude Boreas' blast,
See! the mariner clings to the wind-shaken mast,
And the waves sweep the deck and the doomed vessel strains,
While he prays to his God, but no succor obtains—
And God's in his heaven, where'er that may be.

By the crib, where the loved one is fighting with death,
The fond mother sits; and with fear, bated breath,
She prays for the life of her little one there;
But unanswered, unheeded, is her prayer—
And God's in his heaven, where'er that may be.

In the grey gloom of twilight, and noon of the day,
In the darkness of midnight, Disease holds its sway.
In the slums of the city grim Poverty dwells,
And the homes where it lingers are veriest hells—
And God's in his heaven, where'er that may be.

Every day has a record besmeared as with slime;
'Tis a record of folly, of vice, and of crime,
Of the foulest of wrongs, of oppression and pain,
And the morrow will leave such a record again—
Yet God's in his heaven, where'er that may be.

THE GABERLUNZIE.

Selling the Spiritist.

An old gentleman, apparently from the country, one day entered the room of a medium and expressed a desire for a “spirit communication.” He was told to take a seat at the table and to write the names of his deceased relatives. The medium, like many others, incorrectly pronounced the term “deceased” the same as “diseased,” sounding the *s* like *z*. The old gentleman carefully adjusted his “spees” and did what was required of him. A name and relationship having been selected from those written, the investigator was desired to examine and state if they referred to one party.

“I declare they do,” said he. “But I say, mister, what has them papers to do with a spirit communication?”

“You will see directly,” replied the medium.

Whereupon the latter spasmodically wrote a “communication,” which read somewhat as follows:—

“My dear Husband,—I am very glad to be able to address you through this channel. Keep on investigating, and you will soon be convinced of the fact of spirit intercourse. I am happy in my spirit home, patiently awaiting the time when you will join me here, etc.—Your loving wife, BETSY.”

“Good gracious! but my old woman can't be dead,” said the investigator, “for I left her at home!”

“Not dead!” exclaimed the medium. “Did I not tell you to write the names of ‘deceased’ relatives?”

“Diseased!” returned the old man. “She ain't anything else, for she's had the rumatiz orfully for six months!”—
Tit Bits.

BOOK CHAT.

IN Mr. Augustine Birrell's recent *Essays about Men, Women, and Books*, he quotes a letter from Horace Walpole on Lord Bolingbroke, to whom Walpole was a bitter enemy, illustrating how his reputation suffered through his heresy. Walpole says: “It is comical to see how he is given up here since the best of his writings, his metaphysical divinity, has been published. While he betrayed and abused every man who trusted him, or who had forgiven him, or to whom he was obliged, he was a hero, a patriot, a philosopher, and the greatest genius of the age; the moment his *Craftsmen* against Moses and St. Paul are published we have discovered he was the worst man and the worst writer in the world. The grand jury have presented his works, and as long as there are any parsons he will be ranked with Tindal and Toland—nay, I don't know whether my father won't become a rubric martyr for having been persecuted by him.” It is noteworthy that Horace considered Bolingbroke's metaphysical divinity the best of his writings.

* * *
Among Messrs. Longmans and Co.'s announcements are two works likely to be of interest to Freethinkers; the one *Life and Letters of Erasmus*, by Professor J. A. Froude; the other a *Primer of Evolution*, by Edward Clodd.

* * *
A book by the Positivist, M. Robinet, on the *Life and Works of Condorcet*, is described in the *Athenæum* as full of information and suggestion, and including much unpublished or little known matter.

* * *
Dr. Mackintosh has published, through Macmillan, a rather pretentious *Natural History of the Christian Religion*. He professes to place Christianity on a firmer basis by dispensing with supernaturalism, forgetting the paucity of his materials. The gospel story without miracles is like the play of Hamlet with the part of the Prince of Denmark omitted. Having thus cut off the head and tail of Christianity, Dr. Mackintosh has to construct its natural history largely from his own inner consciousness. He makes out a plausible story of the evolution of Judaism into Christianity and of Christianity from Judaism; but without definite history facts a plausible story may be almost as far from the reality as a fanciful one. Dr. Mackintosh, consistently with his scheme, has to give up the sinlessness of Jesus, together with many other cherished dogmas of the faith once delivered to the saints.

* * *
Mr. W. M. Rossetti, in his preface to the late Francis Adam's *Tiberius*, speaks of the *Songs of the Army of the Night* as “one of the most remarkable and moving of recent publications. . . . They touch us too nearly at the present day to be regarded with either dispassionate calmness or indulgent allowance, but their time will assuredly come, and must in some quarters have come already.” He adds: “The deliberately planned and executed drama of *Tiberius* is, of course, a very different sort of production from the rapid outpouring of lyrical rage, the clench of fierce hand to hand, the cry of flaming spirit to spirit, which we discern in the *Songs of the Army of the Night*; and yet the essential and innermost core of it is by no means unrelated to these. The same abhorrence of dull oppression, of stolid self-indulgence sanctioned by usage, of egotistic self-applause, drowning the call of human fellowship, speaks out as loudly in the antique drama as in the contemporary lyrics.”

* * *
Dr. M. Felix Korum, the Catholic bishop of Trier, has put forward a book narrating *Miracles and Extraordinary Favors of Divine Grace during the Exposition of the Holy Coat at Treves, in 1891*. Out of the million or more believers who made the pilgrimage to Christ's Holy Coat, only thirty-eight are alleged to have been cured of disease, and of these only eleven cases are classed as miracles. As these include partial blindness, the removal of a tumor without surgical aid, the cure of paralysis and convulsions, we may be pretty sure they illustrate, not the authenticity of the old coat, but the power of faith and excitement acting on the body through the nervous system.

* * *
Caligula, by L. Quidde (Friedrich, Leipsic), a brochure of only twenty pages dealing with the characteristics of the Roman Emperor, has had a phenomenal sale, because supposed to glance at the pious young Emperor. It is largely made up of selections from Suetonius, and it is now in its twenty-seventh edition.

* * *
“J. M. C.” in his letters in the *Scottish Guardian* on the newly-discovered Latin translation of St. Clement's epistle, comes to the conclusion that the work is of the sixteenth century, and has even references to the Calvinistic controversy. The full bearing of this will be apparent, when it is remembered that this epistle of Clement forms part of the Codex Alexandrinus, one of the most ancient MSS. of the Bible.

GLAD TIDINGS.

Down in the soul-swarming region of Hades,
 Down in the lurid recesses of hell,
 Christians—except a few humbugs and ladies—
 Tell us that sceptics for ever will dwell ;
 Calling on God in vain,
 Writhing in swoonless pain,
 Senses unblunted and nerves all awake ;
 Dowered with hellish might
 Meet for the endless fight,
 Swathed in the flames of the sulphurous lake.

Up through the sky on the line of the plummet ;
 Up in the star-swarming region of space,
 Christians will each have a harp, and will strum it,
 Praising for ever God's love and his grace ;
 Grandly their hymns will swell,
 Drowning the shrieks from Hell.

Mothers above, and their children below :
 What though our children roast,
 Praise Father, Son, and Ghost !
 We have been rescued, and share not their woe !

Some of a family chanting God's praises ;
 Some of them, tortured, despairingly cry ;
 Some of them endlessly shrieking in blazes ;
 Some of them joyously singing on high—
 Out on the heartless knaves !
 Comfort their foolish slaves !

Sow what is true, if contentment you'd reap ;
 Cast heav'n and hell away !
 Work ! and let noodles pray !
 Then shall your children say :
 Life is a summer's day ; Death is a sleep.

G. L. MACKENZIE.

A Liberal Theologian.

Rev. Austin Phelps, D.D., of Andover Theological Seminary, seems to be quite different from ordinary men of his profession. He can see facts, and does not always refrain from letting the world know that he sees them. In a work on *English Style in Public Discourse*, Rev. Mr. Phelps makes these candid admissions: "Modern infidelity is an intellectual giant in comparison with anything in the infidel records of the past. It is to the infidelity of history, in many respects, what the Copernican is to the Ptolemaic astronomy. It is learned in resources, shrewd in tactics, well-informed in the Christian argument, vigilant of its weak points self-possessed in assurance, and, withal, morally earnest in spirit. It seeks, and not without fascinating reasons, to establish the ethics of the Bible without the God of the Bible. He must be a citizen of no mean city who shall cope successfully with such a foe. It is time to cease confounding infidelity with depravity. We should have done with the stories of infidel death-beds. For the purposes for which they are commonly used, all pith has been taken out of them by the testimony of intelligent physicians. As argument for one thing or another they go for nothing."

That is pretty fair, and needs correction chiefly in regard to the alleged "ethics of the Bible." Dr Phelps claims too much for that work. The Bible, in so far as it teaches ethics, but repeats the maxims that were current before it was written, except in a few instances, and what is new is generally impractical—much of the over-rated Sermon on the Mount, for example.—*Truthseeker* (New York).

Freethought and Superstition.

Infidelity and superstition are contraries. They are the opposites of each other. That which fosters superstition counteracts infidelity. Infidelity is fostered by that which counteracts superstition. An uninquiring, unreflective habit of mind fosters superstition, and therefore counteracts infidelity. Infidelity is fostered by freedom of thought, and consequently by the same superstition is counteracted. Superstition is promoted by allowing others to think and judge for us, by not investigating that which is proposed to us for our belief. Thus the restriction of thought leads to an over-credulous disposition of mind, a delivering up of one's self to an unquestioning belief in certain articles of faith at the dictation of others. It is in the very nature of superstition to be produced by the want of thought, reflection, and investigation. The natural and necessary effect of allowing our beliefs to be formed for us, of not searching into the ground of our belief, is superstition, or over-credulousness. So infidelity is produced by freedom of thought, by an unrestrained investigation of all grounds of belief, by a disposition of mind which will not admit the truth of any doctrine, proposition, or theory, without proof.—S. S.

Ingersoll on the Atonement.

If there was no general Atonement until the crucifixion of Christ, what became of countless millions who died before that time? And it must be remembered that the blood shed by the Jews was not for other nations. Jehovah hated foreigners. The Gentiles were left without forgiveness. What has become of the millions who died since, without having heard of the Atonement? What becomes of those who have heard but have not believed? It seems to me that the doctrine of the Atonement is absurd, unjust, and immoral. Can a law be satisfied by the execution of a wrong person? When a man commits a crime, the law demands his punishment, not that of a substitute; and there can be no law, human or divine, that can be satisfied by the punishment of a substitute. Can there be a law that demands that the guilty be rewarded? And yet, to reward the guilty is far nearer justice than to punish the innocent.

According to the orthodox theology, there would have been no heaven had no atonement been made. All the children of men would have been cast into hell for ever. The old men bowed with grief, the smiling mothers, the sweet babes, the loving maidens, the brave, the tender, and the just would have been given over to eternal pain. Man, it is claimed, can make no atonement for himself. If he commits one sin, and with that exception lives a life of perfect virtue, still that one sin would remain unexpiated, unatoned, and for that one sin he would be for ever lost. To be saved by the goodness of another, to be a redeemed debtor for ever, has in it something repugnant to manhood.

PROFANE JOKES.

"Wonder why I was made?" sobbed Eve, as she left the Garden of Eden. "That's what's been puzzling me," snapped her angry husband.

Deacon Schley—"I was terribly shocked, my dear, to discover, on my way home from church, a match game of football being played on the vacant lot near the park." Mrs. Schley—"Was it that which makes you so very late, deacon?"

Mrs. Schley—"Doesn't that lot across the way belong to you? Then why do you allow those bill posters to stick up their horrid pictures of ballet dancers on it? I should like to know what you gain by it, anyhow?" Deacon Schley (meekly)—"I get two tickets."

"Why do you keep up a revival all the time in your church?" was asked of an Arkansaw negro preacher. "Has ter do it, sah," he replied. "Whut de land boom is ter de small town de 'vival is ter de church, an' ef yer let it go down de cause gwine ter suffer. Tell yer what's er fack, ef I didn't keep dese niggers shoutin' all de time da'd let me scarve ter def. Ef er nigger preacher let's de rope slack, he's gone."

The officious wife of a rector thus addressed a clerk of the old style—"I wish, Mr. Jones, you wouldn't shout the responses, and that you would read your verses of the Psalms a little more quietly, like the rector does. And, oh, please, in the Litany, do not say, 'Spear us, good Lord.' It does make the people laugh." "Never you trouble yourself about the Litany, ma'am," replied Jones. "If I read like the rector, every soul in the church will be asleep long afore we gets there."

A venerable divine, after service one Sunday, announced his reading for the following Sunday. During the week some mischievous boys obtained his Bible and pasted two of the leaves together, right where he was to read. Sunday morning coming, the aged divine opened his book, and read as follows: "And Noah took unto himself a wife, who was"—and here he turned the leaf—"forty cubits broad, one hundred and forty cubits long." With a look of astonishment, he wiped his glasses, re-read and verified the passage, and then said: "My friends, although I have read the Bible many times, this is the first time I have ever seen this passage; but I take it as another evidence of the fact that man is most fearfully and wonderfully made."

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

Why They Do It.

A well-bred man puts his hand over his mouth when he yawns, but not one man in ten thousand knows why. The reason is this: Many years ago there was a superstition that the Devil was always lying in wait to enter a man's body and take possession of him. Satan generally went in by the mouth, but when he had waited a reasonable time, and the man did not open his mouth, the Devil made him yawn, and while his mouth was open jumped down his throat. So many cases of this kind occurred that people learned to make the sign of the cross over their mouths whenever they yawned, in order to scare away the Devil. The peasantry in Italy and Spain still adhere to this method, but most other people have dispensed with the cross sign, and keep out the Devil by simply placing the hand before the lips. It is a most remarkable survival of a practice after its significance has perished.

SUNDAY LECTURE NOTICES, ETC.

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

LONDON.

HALL OF SCIENCE (142 Old-street, E.C.): 7, musical selections; 7.30, G. W. Foote, "Christian Socialism: an Arrangement in Green." (Admission free; reserved seats, 3d. and 6d.)

BATTERSEA SECULAR HALL (back of Battersea Park Station): 8.15, musical and dramatic entertainment (free). Tuesday, at 8.30, dancing class and social.

CAMBERWELL (North Camberwell Hall, 61 New Church-road): 7.30, A. B. Moss, "Evolution of Ideal."

WIMBLEDON (Liberty Hall, Broadway): Tuesday, at 8.30, entertainment and dance.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

BATTERSEA PARK GATES: 11.15, A. J. Herzfeld, "The Bible."
CAMBERWELL (Station-road): 11.30, A. B. Moss, "God's Favorites."
CLERKENWELL GREEN: 11.30, W. Heaford, "The Jargon of Theology."

EDMONTON (Angel-road): 7, C. James, "Lying for Jesus."

FINSBURY PARK (near the band-stand): 11, Stanley Jones will lecture; 3, J. Rowney, "Paul and his Teaching."

HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE (Middlesex side): 7, C. J. Hunt, "Christianity and Education." Thursday, at 8, a lecture.

HYDE PARK (near Marble Arch): 11.30, C. J. Hunt, "Prayer"; 8.30, C. J. Hunt, "Does Man Survive Death?" Wednesday, at 8, a lecture.

ISLINGTON (Prebend-street, Packington-street): 11.30, Sam Standing, "Jonah and other Tales."

KINGSLAND (Ridley-road, near Dalston Junction): 11.30, St. John, "What Shall I Do to be Saved?"

LAMBETH (Kennington-green, near Vestry Hall): 6.30, Stanley Jones will lecture.

LEYTON (High-road, near Vicarage-road): 11.30, R. Rosetti, "Is the Bible a Moral Book?"

MILE-END WASTE: 11.30, W. J. Ramsey, "The Jews' March."

REGENT'S PARK (near Gloucester-gate): 11.30, J. Rowney, "Christianity in its Infancy"; 3, Mr. Goodrich will lecture.

TOTTENHAM (corner of West Green-road): 3.30, Sam Standing, "The Parish Councils Act"; 7.30, "The New 'Class of Ability.'"

VICTORIA PARK (near the Fountain): 11.15 and 3.15, C. Cohen will lecture.

WALTHAMSTOW (Markhouse-road): 6.30, C. Cohen will lecture.

WESTMINSTER (Old Pimlico Pier): 11.30, F. Haslam, "The Glory of Secularism."

WIMBLEDON (Broadway, near Railway Station): 7, W. Heaford will lecture.

WOOD GREEN (Jolly Butchers' Hill): 11.30, S. E. Easton, "What Must I do to be Saved?"; 7, A. J. Herzfeld, "By their Fruits ye Shall Know Them."

COUNTRY.

BIRMINGHAM (Coffee House, corner of Broad-street): Thursdays, at 8 papers, discussions, etc.

HULL (St. George's Hall, Storey-street): 7, N. B. Billany, "Because the Bible tells me so."

JARROW (Market-place): 6.30, meet for ramble.
LIVERPOOL (Oddfellows' Hall, St. Ann-street): 11, Tontine Society; 7, Sam Reeves (Fabian), "The Unemployed Problem."
MANCHESTER SECULAR HALL (Rusholme-road, All Saints): 6.30, Ernest Newman, "The Social Philosophy of Ibsen." (Free.)
PORTSMOUTH (Wellington Hall, Wellington-street, Southsea): 7, a meeting. Wednesday and Saturday, at 8, dancing class for members and friends.
SHEFFIELD SECULAR SOCIETY (Hall of Science, Rockingham-street): 7, musical and other recitals.
SOUTH SHIELDS: Federation picnic at Holywell Dene; ferries leave South Shields at 12.45 and 1.15; brakes leave North Shields at 1 and 1.30.
SUNDELAND (Lecture Room, Bridge End Vaults, Bridge-street): 7, R. Mitchell, "The Atonement."

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

SUNDERLAND (The Green, Ryhope): 11, R. Mitchell, "Why I Ceased to be a Christian."

Lecturers' Engagements.

C. COHEN, 12 Merchant-street, Bow-road, London, E.—July 29, m. and a. Victoria Park, e. Walthamstow. August 2, Wood Green: 5, m. Mile End, a. Victoria Park, e. Edmonton; 9, Wood Green; 12, m. Clerkenwell, a. Victoria Park, e. Edmonton; 16, Wood Green; 19, Reading.

C. J. HUNT, 48 Fordingley-road, St. Peter's Park, London, W.—July 29, m. and a. Hyde Park, e. Hammersmith.

STANLEY JONES, 53 Marlborough-road, Holloway, London, N.—July 29, m. Finsbury Park, e. Lambeth. August 5, m. Pimlico Pier, a. Regent's Park; 12, m. Battersea.

ARTHUR B. MOSS, 41 Credon-road, Rotherhithe, London, S.E.—July 29, m. and e. Camberwell. August 12, Failsforth.

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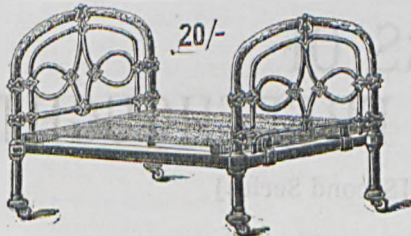
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