

# The Freethinker

Edited by G. W. FOOTE.]

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## MR. PUTNAM'S FAREWELL.

EARLY in May I went down to Southampton with Mr. Charles Watts to meet Mr. S. P. Putnam, the President of the American Secular Union, who had come over from the great Western Republic to see this little isle set in the silver sea, and to salute his Freethought comrades in the land which produced Thomas Paine and Charles Bradlaugh. On the first Sunday in May I took the chair at Mr. Putnam's first lecture; on the first Sunday in September I took the chair at his last lecture. During the intervening four months he had "done" England and Scotland as few Americans have the opportunity of "doing" it in such a brief time. He had visited most of our principal cities, from Plymouth to Aberdeen; he had seen a great deal of our finest landscapes; and he had inspected many places of ancient historic interest, from a crumbling old Durham church to the stately fane of Westminster, where lie the ashes of old kings and warriors, and men of light and leading, whose names sparkle for ever like jewels on the forefinger of time. He had lectured to enthusiastic meetings of Freethinkers, and had everywhere been received with the most generous hospitality. And everywhere he had made friends by his geniality, good-fellowship, and racy Yankee humor. And when the last few days of his stay with us arrived, it was but fitting that we should entertain him, as Britishers love to entertain their friends, at a good dinner; not the paltry dish of herbs which Solomon thought better than a beefsteak with wrangling, but a real square meal, ample and satisfactory, such as might prompt a man to say—

"Not e'en the gods upon the past have power,  
And what has been has been, and I have had my hour."

Well, the dinner to Mr. Putnam came off on Wednesday, September 4, at the Holborn Restaurant. The repast was, of course, all that could be desired. There is nothing shabby at that establishment. And the company was representative. Naturally, most of them were Londoners, but a few were up from the country. Mr. Gilhespie came from Newcastle, and Mr. Sidney Gimson from Leicester. Mr. G. J. Holyoake, the veteran, came up from Brighton. But he was not the only veteran present. There was Mr. Edward Truelove, a hero and a martyr of free speech, born in the same year as Mr. Gladstone. There was also Mr. George Anderson, a rare mixture of shrewdness and benevolence, whose memory goes back to the days of Robert Owen. He loved and admired Charles Bradlaugh, but he is broad-minded enough to continue his support to the movement under new conditions. Mr. Charles Watts belongs to a younger generation, though time is thinning his locks and sprinkling them with grey, without quenching his eloquence or dulling his fire in debate. Mr. Touzeau Parris was there, with his well-stored mind, his ready tongue, and his sagacity enlivened with smiles. Mr. Robert Forder, the faithful old secretary of the National Secular Society; Miss Vance, his new and energetic colleague; Mr. A. B. Moss and Mr. W. Headford, who have fought so long and gallantly in the open-air lecture-field; Mr. James Rowney, who is winning laurels in the same warfare; and last, but not least, my dear old friend and co-worker, Mr. J. M. Wheeler: all these and scores of others met around the festive board, which was

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graced by the presence of well-dressed, smiling ladies, who were brave enough to be Freethinkers. Mr. Putnam sat on my right, looking plumper and jollier, if that were possible, than when he landed on the shores of old England.

After the dinner came the speech-making. My own address as chairman was, I trust, suitable to the occasion. Mr. Holyoake followed in a speech marked by felicitous diction, and containing a highly-finished eulogy of Colonel Ingersoll, as well as a handsome tribute to Mr. Putnam. Mr. Sydney Gimson, who spoke for the provinces, was bright and telling. He also hoped that Colonel Ingersoll would come over to England, but, whether he came or not, the Freethinkers of this country had learnt to admire and love Mr. Putnam for his own sake, and did not merely regard him as a John the Baptist to a Jesus Christ. Mr. Parris was wise and witty. His brief speech bristled with good points. Mr. Watts finished the flow of English eloquence with characteristic dignity, and then Mr. Putnam rose to respond to the toast of his health. The whole company rose with him and cheered him to the echo. It was impossible for flesh and blood to be unmoved at such a greeting. Mr. Putnam was visibly affected, but his platform training served him in good stead, and he launched out into a really brilliant speech, abounding in humor, pathos, and nervous eloquence. When he sat down the applause was worth hearing. I only wish it could have been heard by our comrades in America.

Some music on the piano, a few capital songs, and an inimitably-rendered satirical reading by Mrs. Charles Watts, added to the general enjoyment. Finally, there came an impromptu addition to the official program. Mr. George Anderson proposed the health of the President of the National Secular Society, in a generous little speech, which was heartily applauded. After the President's response, the company broke up with "Auld Lang Syne." Then came a lot of handshaking; in fact, it must have made Mr. Putnam sore for several days.

Mr. Watts and I spent Friday evening with Mr. Putnam, and the next day Mr. Watts saw him off at Waterloo Station, I having to travel to Scotland.

Thus ends a most interesting episode in the recent history of the Freethought movement in England. Mr. Putnam has returned to the land of his birth, but he has made an indelible impression upon the Freethinkers of England. They like his eloquence, and they love his personality. He carries with him their unanimous good-wishes. They hope he will live long to lead the army of Freethought in America, and they also hope he will come over again to old England. Whenever he comes he will find a host of eager hands stretched out in glad welcome.

G. W. FOOTE.

After four months' sojourn amongst us, Mr. Putnam sailed on Saturday last for New York, in the s.s. "Paris." With other friends I saw our friend off from Waterloo Station at 9.40. Mr. Foote, having to start for Glasgow, could not be at the station. At 12.30 I received the following telegram:—"On board 'Paris.' Good-bye. Freethought always.—S. P. PUTNAM."

I am sure the readers of the *Freethinker* will wish our American visitor a safe and pleasant voyage. During his stay with us he has made many friends, who will be glad to give him another welcome to old England.

CHARLES WATTS.

## HUTTON ON HUXLEY.

THE article on Professor Huxley, by Richard Holt Hutton, editor of the *Spectator*, in the September *Forum*, seems to me remarkably like the dirge set up by the donkey over the dead lion. He was a mighty lion, but he never would listen to the donkey's reasons, and when he encountered the donkey's brethren he only tore them to pieces. Huxley, says Mr. Hutton, "was undoubtedly a man of genius. But I doubt whether his speculative genius was as great as his genius for debate, for exposition, for attack and defence," and so on. Hutton met Huxley at the Metaphysical Society, and he says: "I shall never forget the dismay with which many of us heard his paper on the question, 'Has the frog a soul, and of what nature is that soul, supposing it to exist?'" He pointed out that, if the frog has a soul at all, it must have two souls, for, if the spinal cord is divided, both parts exhibit the same kinds of purpose and action, though they do not co-operate. Mr. Hutton says: "I need hardly say that the discussion on this paper was not very 'nutritive.'" Probably this was because the donkeys could not be expected to see the lion's drift.

Worse follows, for Mr. Hutton says: "The real object of Huxley's paper was to bewilder"; whereby Mr. Hutton writes his own name as fully as ever Dogberry wished his to be written. Huxley's object, as a fool who was not an opponent might see, was to induce the members of the Metaphysical Society to think; to just consider the difficulties of their soul-theory in relation to a man with a broken spine, or a frog with a divided one. But they were sunk too deep in metaphysical mud to do aught but squirm, bewildered.

Mr. Hutton says:—

"I remember another paper of his which was, I think, much less successful, as in it he travelled a good way beyond the region where he was master of his ground. It was a paper, conceived in a very reverent and even tender spirit, stating his views very frankly, though with great delicacy, on the miracle of the Resurrection. His object was to show, and undoubtedly he did show, that the disciples of Christ had, and could have had, no *physiological* evidence that what we now mean by death had ever taken place in the body of our Lord at all."

As Mr. Hutton tells us afterwards that Huxley rejected the supposition that Jesus recovered in an ordinary way, and died a natural death after all, we doubt if he saw Huxley's real drift, which, I take it, was not to bewilder, but to suggest to the metaphysicians that they were dealing with a myth.

Mr. Hutton goes on to say:—

"I do not suppose that any one—even if he held, as I do, that the Gospel of John is not less trustworthy, or is even more trustworthy, in its account of the historical facts [?] than any of the Synoptic Gospels—would deny this. It is perfectly evident that, if the supposition, that our Lord never died at the time when he was believed by the Church to have died, were otherwise tenable, we neither have, nor could have, any proof that death in the physiological sense had really taken place, since at that period the physiological evidences of death, as we now understand them, were not formulated at all. But what Professor Huxley entirely ignored was the impossibility of the supposition that our Lord could have recovered consciousness and the power of movement in the maimed and wounded condition in which the crucifixion had left Him, without his intimate friends and followers knowing perfectly well that He was corporeally, at the time of His so-called resurrection, a mere resuscitated and helpless invalid, and that, if He subsequently lived, for a number of days or weeks, or months or years, on this earth, and then died, the stress which they laid on His resurrection was a mere fraud—a conviction that would have put a final end to all that enthusiasm of faith on which the spread of His gospel wholly depended."

Mr. Hutton apparently still cannot see that the object of Huxley's paper was to show the metaphysicians that they receive the central mystery of their faith on evidence which no one would think worthy of the name in scientific discussion. He regards it as "written to seize an opportunity for a very eloquent apology for the incredulity of men of science." I should say it probably proved this and something more.

Mr. Hutton says he could never understand the reverence Professor Huxley expressed, and certainly felt, for Jesus of Nazareth. It would have been strange had it

been otherwise. Mr. Hutton asks: "Did Jesus Christ ever conceive the duty of scepticism as to the love and guardianship of God? And how, then, could Professor Huxley reverence so profoundly the man who taught the creed most opposed to his own, that 'scepticism is the highest of duties, blind faith the unpardonable sin'?"

Is it so hard, then, to see that a person might be the ideal of a bygone age and a bygone condition of society without, therefore, being suitable as an ideal of our own? But if a Freethinker says a word for Jesus as a man, he is rushed upon to ask, How, then, can he deny that he was God and turned devils into pigs?

J. M. WHEELER.

## CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES NOT UNIQUE.

IN dealing with the principles of any system it is necessary to consider their probable value as guides in human life. It is assumed on behalf of Christianity that its moral principles are unique, and that they harmonise with progressive knowledge. This is the leading position taken by modern exponents of the alleged evidences for the ethical claims of Christianity. Now, we submit that such claims are mere assumptions, and that, in any case, both cannot be logically maintained, inasmuch as whatever harmonises with progressive knowledge must have something in common with it, and cannot therefore be unique. Besides, before it is proved that Christian principles are unique, it must be shown they are unlike all others. But this is not so with the ethical principles of the New Testament, for no scholar questions, for a moment, the similitude existing between the teachings of Buddha, for instance, and those ascribed to Christ. Max Müller remarks: "Between the language of Buddha and his disciples and the language of Christ and his apostles there are strange coincidences. Even some of the Buddhist legends and parables sound as if taken from the New Testament, though we know that many of them existed before the beginning of the Christian era." (*Science of Religion*, p. 113). Professor Beal observes: "The points of agreement between the two are remarkable. All the evidence we have goes to prove that the teachings of Buddha were known in the East centuries before Christ" (*History of Buddhism*). It may also be mentioned that the claims now set up on behalf of Christ are very similar to those which were urged in the interest of Buddha. Self-assertion ("I am the Light of the world"), self-assumption ("unequaled in perfection"), being "without sin," the possession of purity, and great personal influence are features ascribed to Buddha as well as to Christ. The belief in the originality of the Gospel precepts has long been abandoned, even by Christian writers. Jesus himself acknowledges that the doctrines of "love to God and love to man" are the compendium of the ten commandments, which existed long before his time.

The great consolidating power which is said to be peculiar to Christianity is "love for Christ." But surely love for the originator of a system is by no means a unique feature of the Christian faith; for the weight of personal influence has been visible in all the founders of the great religions of the world. Here, however, a most important question arises: Does conduct, which is the result of personal attachment, indicate the highest form of morality? We think not; for the ignorant and the savage may have great veneration for their religious heroes, and yet do nothing themselves to promote the general welfare. In our opinion, the really moral man is he who follows truth for its own sake, and pursues a moral course because it tends to his own good and also to that of others. The welfare of man is a nobler motive for good actions than love for Christ. This latter incentive is too frequently fostered through a selfish desire for mere personal reward in some imaginary future life. Conduct based upon the intelligent perception of right and justice may, and does, vary from that which is prompted by devotion to either Buddha, Christ, Mohammed, or Joseph Smith. The moral value of the motive which springs from indiscriminate veneration for any religious leader may be estimated by its results. In the case of Jesus it has, in innumerable instances, led to narrow-mindedness, bigotry, fanaticism, the subjection of the intellect, and a relinquishment of manliness and self-

reliance. Of course there are many exceptions to these evil results of hero-worship; but the history of Christian theology affords ample proof that an impassioned love for the name of Jesus has allured millions of devotees from the path of rationality, and placed them in the vortex of uncontrolled enthusiasm. It was so with the fanaticism of the seven crusades, the cruelties of the Inquisition, the persecutions of the Star Chamber, the slaughter of Protestants in Paris in the fifteenth century; and it is so to-day in a lesser degree, as shown by the fanatical spirit of the members of the Salvation Army, and other Christian sects of low intellectual calibre.

Another favorite claim that is put forward to prove that Christianity is unique is the teaching that God is one. But this idea did not originate with Jesus, for it was the view entertained by the Jews long prior to the Christian era. Besides, the supposed followers of Christ profess to recognise in God three divisions—the Creator, the Redeemer, and the Comforter, or, as the Prayer Book of the Church of England puts it, “The Father uncreate, the Son uncreate, and the Holy Ghost uncreate.” It is true attempts are made to reduce these three to one, but it is sought to be done only with the aid of a kind of arithmetic that is peculiar to theology, and which would not be accepted in any elementary educational institution of the country. Still, this does not divest Christianity of Dualism, for God and the Devil yet remain, and the Evil One has by far the greater influence in the world, while his abode is more easily found and more extensively patronised than the home of the “most high” (Matthew vii. 13, 14). It is further asserted, as a virtue of the Christian conception of God, that it assimilates fresh elements from the discoveries of astronomy and biology. If this be so, the conception of God must have been very different after the discoveries of Copernicus and Darwin to what it was before. One of those conceptions must, therefore, have been wrong; and it may be fairly asked why God allowed a false conception of him to obtain through lack of materials by which a correct one could be formed?

Finally, we are confronted with the following query: How can we account for the youthful, unlettered Jesus having such profound views of God? Our answer is: Whatever views Christ entertained of God—profound or otherwise—he found existing in his time. Then we are told that he outstripped all the productions of the great philosophic geniuses of the ancient world. This is an assertion destitute of proof. In fact, judging from the New Testament, he did nothing of the kind, for much that he is credited with teaching is inferior to many of the inculcations of the old philosophers. The morality of Christ, as J. S. Mill observes, “is, in many important points, incomplete and one-sided, and unless ideas and feelings, not sanctioned by it, had contributed to the formation of European life and character, human affairs would have been in a worse condition than they now are” (*Liberty*, p. 29).

It is worthy of note that most of the ancient philosophers put morality upon the right basis, which is its relation to man, not to God; they made its incentive good results in this life, not hope of reward or fear of punishment in another state of existence. Granted that their morality did not become universal, neither did the ethics taught by Christ. Ancient morality was effectual among those who regulated their lives by it; what more could be expected? We learn from the Gospels that the teaching of Jesus had little or no effect upon his family, his fellow villagers, or his nation. It failed to induce his relatives to believe in him; it did not inspire his beloved disciple, Peter, to tell the truth, any more than it won to his belief those who crucified him. It is easy to say that the morality of Christ rapidly influenced all minds; but it has never done so, and even to-day the great majority of the human family are still not affected by it, while most of those who profess to accept it practically ignore its influence.

The fact is, with all the drawbacks of Pagan morality, it broke down the power of Grecian mythology, just as Secular morality is now refining many of the teachings, and destroying much of the superstition, of Christianity. There is no doubt, in our mind, that Christian England is indebted to Pagan Rome and classic Greece for much of the morality, culture, and heroism which give the prestige to modern society. As Dr. Temple, the present Bishop of London, writes in his *Essay on the Education of the World*: “To Rome we owe the

forms of local government which in England have saved liberty and elsewhere mitigated despotism. . . . It is in the history of Rome rather than in the Bible that we find our models of precepts of political duty, and especially of the duty of patriotism. . . . To the Greeks we owe the corrective which conscience needs to borrow from nature.”

CHARLES WATTS.

## EUSEBIUS AND THE GOSPELS.

THE seventeenth chapter of the second book of *Ecclesiastical History*, attributed to Eusebius, gives an account of the ascetics of Egypt, known as the Therapeutæ. Whether these were identical with the Essenes of Palestine or Buddhists from India has excited a deal of controversy, into which I shall not here enter. What I wish to point out is that, according to this, the first-known Church history—the sacred ancient writings of these Therapeutæ—were the very Gospels. This testimony is sought to be obscured in the translation of Eusebius given in Bohn's *Ecclesiastical Library*. This translation is by the Rev. C. F. Cruse, D.D., and was originally published in six volumes.

The passage in question reads, according to this worthy divine:—

“But it is highly probable that the ancient commentaries which he [Philo, who was a cotemporary with Christ] says they [the Therapeutæ] *have, are* the very Gospels and writings of the apostles,” etc.

I italicise the words which bring out the dishonesty of the translation. Let us turn to the latest translation—still done by men of God, the eminent divines, G. H. Wace and Dr. Philip Schaff (Oxford, 1890)—and we read:—

“But it is very probable that the works of the ancients, which he says they *had, were* the Gospels and writings of the apostles,” etc.

Again I italicise the words noting the contrast of tense. If, however, we wish to get at the correct meaning in English, we must go back to the time when only the ministers, and not the common, vulgar populace, were expected to read books of Church history. Thus we read in the translation by Meredith Hammer (London, 1619), p. 28:—

“It is also very likely that the Commentaries which he reported to have been among them *were* the Gospels and other works of the apostles, and certain expositions of the ancient prophets, such as partly that epistle unto the Hebrews, and also the epistle of Paul.”

But, to get the real gist of this important passage, we cannot do better than go back to the first folio translation published at Cambridge in 1603. Here we read (and the passage must be given in full):—

“They have writings of some ancient persons who have been heretofore famous leaders of their sect, and have left many monuments of their learning which consist in dark and secret expressions, which they use as original expressions, do imitate thereby the course of study. These certainly seem to be the words of such a man as had heard some one of our religion expounding the Holy Scriptures, and it is very likely that the writings of those ancient persons, which he says they had, were the Gospels and writings of the apostles, and certain expositions of the ancient prophets, of which sort many are contained both in other gospels of Paul and also in that written to the Hebrews.”

The meaning, despite the old style of construction, is plain. It is very likely that what Philo called the ancient writings of the Therapeutæ were the Gospels, etc. This meaning has been sought to be obscured by translators, who saw the damaging consequences of such admissions. I am not a Greek or Latin scholar, but a friend has submitted the foregoing versions to several scholars, who agree that the Cambridge translation of 1603 is best. What does Professor Edwin Johnson say?

LUCIANUS.

A poor Highlander, near his end, asked the minister, in the midst of his consolations, whether there would be any whisky in heaven. “Oh no, Donald,” was the reply, “there will be no occasion for that.” “‘Casion or no ‘casion,” persisted Donald, “‘twad be but dacent to hae it on the table.”

### THE SHADOW OF THE TEMPLE.

A PRIESTLY RULER, weary for a while of ceremonial, the tasks and fret of his daily life, rode one day alone far beyond the city walls.

Until he came at last to a green place far from the habitations of men, and sat him down amidst trees near by a brook of clear, swift-running water. No sound could he hear but the little noise of the waters, the wind in the trees, and the piping of mating-birds.

And in a little while a great peace came into his soul, and he was rested in spirit.

A great cloud came sublimely out of the West. It was whiter in the sun than drifted snow, and its mighty approach was like the coming of the chariot of the Eternal.

"Glory to God," cried the Priestly Ruler.

Soon there came unto his ears the soft sound of a lute, and a strong voice singing—the voice of a young man singing of love and the joy of life.

The Priestly Ruler arose, frowning, and went towards the place whence the music was coming. And through the lacing leaves and branches he beheld a young man and woman reclining upon a bank soft with moss and young grass. And they were very beautiful. Adorned were they with field-flowers and leaves twined about their garments, and in their flowing hair were flowers, saffron and crimson and gold, the fresh leaf of the vine, and the poppy—the poppy red as blood. The young man was luting and singing, and his voice was filled with the very joy of song. He sang of this world only, of the earth and things earthly; most of all he sang of love. And the young woman was looking into the face of the singer, and in her eyes was the light of a great love.

The Priestly Ruler was angered that they praised the earth and the joys of earth, and remembered not God nor the things of God. And he broke into upon them, crying: "O children of sorrow, cease thy vain glorying of the things that pass. Know ye not God—that the day of his wrath draweth nigh? Life is brief and all uncertain; cease, therefore, thy sinful dalliance, and haste to make thy peace with him."

The lovers stood and listened amazed. The young woman, suddenly afraid, clung to her lover, saying: "O beloved."

Her lover put his arm around her, and drew her to him and soothed her, saying: "Beloved, be not afraid."

And he turned unto the Priestly Ruler, crying: "Who art thou who seest evil in love, need of repentance in joy, daring so rudely thus to break in upon us?"

"I am a Ruler, and a Priest of God," answered he.

"Then begone! back to thy altar, thy chanting, thy incense, for we are not of thy world," answered the young man. "We are children of earth, and it suffices us."

"What of to-morrow? Will the earth endure for ever?" replied the Priestly Ruler. "O fools! Ye are baring the opulence of eternity for the bitter-sweet pleasures niggardly given in life's scant time."

"Nay, tell not thine ancient tale, priest," said the young man. "We are of those who have heard and have not believed. *Life* is still ours, the *earth* is still ours; no shadow of the temple dims for us the manifold glories of the world; no sinister creed is ours to make the sweet unclean. We have no gods, no priests. You say we are fools. We would fain be wise; we would have both wisdom and courage—wisdom to live aright, courage to face unflinchingly whatsoever befalleth us. We want neither thy God nor thy priestly wisdom. For where the priest is there are sorrow, vain guessing, and futile strife. Aye! and the very name of 'God' calls out of the past a vision of blood and agony. What sayest, my beloved?"

"Thou hast spoken my thoughts, beloved," answered the young woman; then gently, but unafraid, she said: "O, sir priest, it is but simple truth that the dear earth is ours but a very little while, and that there is much sin and sorrow in the world. My lover and I cannot always fill the sunny hours with luting and with song. Troubles we have, bitter thoughts and grievous discontentments. But should we, then, be always sorry because we are sometimes sad? Should we close our eyes against the dawn because soon the night cometh? Nay! but the knowledge of the sure-coming night constraineth us to gather in our daytime

all we can that this our earth yields for our joy. Should we mourn the speeding time? Nay! for each season hath its peculiar joy, and we speed into the evening of life even in the present, without vain regret for the inevitably past. Now is with us the season of youth, of youthful love, and of hopeful work. And, sir priest, we are very happy, my love and I."

The three stood awhile in silence, the Priestly Ruler viewing with eyes of angry reproach the flower-decked worldlings; they, with clasped hands, looking with quiet disdain at the sombre priest.

"So be it," said the Priestly Ruler, and turned and silently went his way. As he rode citywards he heard faintly, and ever fainter growing, the sound of luting and of song.

"They have their day," said he musingly.

At the setting of the sun the Priestly Ruler sat upon a parapet of his palace overlooking the city. And the temple of his God was betwixt him and the sun; and over the city was the shadow of the temple. And the city was silent; no sound of lute or song came thence to his ears. But out from the temple swelled the great sound of chanting—of people and priests chanting—supplicants at the feet of God.

And the Priestly Ruler arose, saying deeply unto himself: "Even so!—*there is no hope for earth in the shadow of the temple; and the fear of God drieth up the wells of earthly joy.*"

HARRY H.

### A LANTERN WITHOUT THE CANDLE.

It seems rather surprising that, in all the veering away from theology which we have witnessed in our time, men, otherwise sceptical enough, should still profess faith in Jesus. They have given up his divinity, but still cling to his name, or the former half of it, as to that of a most extraordinary man. To my thinking, a greater fallacy or superstition never possessed men. To give up Christ, the son of God, and stick to Jesus, the son of Mary, seems to me to be an evidence of imbecility or excessive sentiment, in which reason plays no part at all. Jesus without the Christ is a lantern without the candle, and a poor lantern too. If Jesus was the Christ, God's anointed, the Son of God, and God himself, there is some slight modicum of sense in respect shown to him. But if Jesus was a mere man, Jew or Gentile, there is nothing in that fact to call out our reverence or to lead us to worship him.

Of course, those who so excessively crack Jesus up say they do so because of his wonderful character; but, in sober truth, the boasted character of Jesus is all the invention of his worshippers, and especially of those who have made money out of puffing him. Nor is that all; the boasted character of Jesus was concocted and put upon him or attributed to him, as the son of God, or while he was too exalted to be regarded in any other light than that of divinity. In a word, if the Churches had from the first treated and regarded Jesus as a mere man, as the Unitarians do, he never would have had any character to boast of, for there are no materials out of which to weave it. This is literally true. Why, "Paul" was far more prominent as a man than Jesus ever was. There is no ground of comparison between them. And if you take any one of the prominent martyrs mentioned in Christianity, you will find a character transcendently more striking than that of Jesus. Ignatius, Polycarp, Andrew, Peter, St. Simeon Stylites, the hermit Anthony, and a dozen others, showed self-denial far superior to anything Jesus exhibited. And this must be clear to all who are unprejudiced enough to examine for themselves.

I, of course, do not regard any of those names as representing a real man; but we have to discuss character in fiction as in real life. Shakespeare's characters, for example, are quite as much distinguished from each other, and must be regarded as quite as moral, immortal, great, little, and middling, as real men and women. So must it be with Jesus and his followers. And it seems to me unquestionable that Jesus has been, and is, completely eclipsed by many of those who have followed him. That is, unless you throw into his scale the element of Godhead, he is outweighed immensely by many a character in Church story.

Consequently, to take away the divinity of Christ, or rather of Jesus, is really to logically fling him up altogether. For the elements of greatness are entirely wanting. Whoever sketched him relied for effect upon his divinity, and nothing else. Take, as an illustration, pictured saints, such as we see them in Christian art; there they appear with their saintly insignia. But just obliterate the nimbus or the ring of glory over or around the saint's head, and he appears as ordinary a being as you could well imagine. The painter relies upon the trappings of divinity for all the effect he would produce upon the spectator. So with Jesus—the writers depend upon the marvellous, the impossible, for effect. And Jesus, once reduced to mere manhood, is no better than a sucked orange. That is the logic of the position taken up by the Unitarians and by others in the present day. Jesus is all or nothing. Let them have their choice. He is the impossible or the contemptible, like a pope without his infallibility or a priest minus his "reverence," or a rose destitute of color and scent. They may strive while they may, but they must make Jesus everything or nothing at all.

—*Liberator*.

J. SYMES.

### HUXLEY'S POSITION.

"The world is poorer by the death of Huxley; but the greatest must pass, sooner or later, from the stage of existence, and, as they pass, the lesson of their lives comes out with great distinctness. Of Huxley we may truly say that he enriched the life of our time by his thought and by his example, and that the forces which to-day make for progress in the world are better organised for victory, and move forward with steadier hope, through the help and inspiration which he afforded."—*W. J. Youmans, in "Popular Science Monthly," August, 1895.*

WHEN I reached intellectual maturity, and began to ask myself whether I was an Atheist, a Theist or a Pantheist, a Materialist or an Idealist, a Christian or a Freethinker, I found that the more I learned and reflected the less ready was the answer, until at last I came to the conclusion that I had neither art nor part with these denominations except the last. The one thing in which the most of these good people agreed was the one thing on which I differed from them. They were quite sure they had attained a certain "gnosis," had more or less solved the problem of existence; while I was quite sure I had not, and had a pretty strong conviction that the problem was insoluble. So I took thought, and invented what I conceived to be the appropriate title of Agnostic. It came into my head as suggestively antithetic to the Gnostic of Church history, who professed to know so much about the very things of which I was ignorant.

To my observation, human nature has not sensibly changed during the last thirty years. I doubt not that there are truths as plainly obvious and as generally denied, as those contained in *Man's Place in Nature*, now awaiting enunciation. If there is a young man of the present generation who has taken as much trouble as I did to assure himself that they are truths, let him come out with them, without troubling his head about the barking of the dogs of St. Ernulphus. *Veritas pravalebit*—some day; and, even if she does not prevail in his time, he himself will be all the better and the wiser for having tried to help her. And let him recollect that such great reward is full payment for all his labor and pains.

We are daily, and by rough discipline, taught to attach a greater and greater responsibility to the utterance of the momentous words, "I believe." The man of science who commits himself to even one statement which turns out to be devoid of good foundation loses somewhat of his reputation among his fellows; and, if he be guilty of the same error often, he loses not only his intellectual, but his moral, standard amongst them.

Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon his winning or losing a game of chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to learn at least the names and the moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think that we should look with a disapprobation

amounting to scorn upon the father who allowed his son, or the State which allowed its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight? Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us, and, more or less, of those who are connected with us, do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man or woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just, and patient. But also we know, to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And one who plays ill is checkmated—without haste, but without remorse. My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather lose than win—and I should accept it as an image of human life. Well, what I mean by Education is learning the rules of this mighty game.

### THE HYPOCRISY OF THE WELSH PRESS.

In the July number of the *Welsh Pioneer*, a small monthly devoted to the cause of religious freedom and inquiry, "Delta" says, in his "Notes by the Way":—"Welsh editors are always considerate—and consistent; especially those reverend editor-proprietors who are so callous to the just and fair claims of the producers that they think nothing of pocketing with one hand big payments for quack advertisements in the guise of news, while with the other they do all in their power to grind down to the utmost farthing the already underpaid 'devils' who set them up in type. The vernacular newspapers of the Principality, all of which represent some aspect of religious sectarianism, are invariably produced by boy-labor, or at best by 'men' for boys' wages. Yet these papers, week after week, contain notes and leading articles ostensibly written for the benefit of the toilers, and they are the loudest in their demands for the passing of measures tending to improve the condition of the working classes. Is it not high time that this miserable hypocrisy should be exposed?" We think it is.

In another note "Delta" says:—"I understand that Principal T. C. Edwards's *Davies Lecture* is to be published with the least possible delay. Some 'striking passages'—*vide Welsh press*—of the lecture were read at a meeting in connection with the C. M. Assembly, and, judging from what has already transpired of it, I should imagine that this lecture is a *chef d'œuvre* of mystical composition. To give one or two choice specimens of the 'striking' points: 'The idea of trinity in God arising from the idea of love'—I am translating literally from a Welsh report—'*y drychfeddul am ddrindod (sic) yn Nuw yn codi o'r drychfeddul am gariad.*' 'The special characteristic of the Second Person in the Trinity is that he is a divine model of a man, in two views: (1) that, although co-eternal with the Father, yet he emanates from the Father; (2) that, although he is in his nature co-equal with the Father, yet he is subordinate to the Father.' The report before me contains a long list of similar apparently illogical and self-contradictory propositions concerning that which, at least to all ordinary men, is absolutely unknowable. But Dr. Edwards is no ordinary man; therefore his utterances may demand attention, and yet prove nonsensical when subjected to analysis, although his followers regard them as infallible oracles."

An origin of nature is inconceivable; the existence of nature is evident. The manifestations of nature can be observed; the ultimate causes of these manifestations are yet untraced. The students of a "First Cause" have as yet announced no indisputable result. The theological alchemists have been at work in the laboratories of the churches for ages; they are engaged in their incantations and compoundings still. Every seventh day the crucibles are held over the fires of a hundred thousand altars, but the Philosopher's Stone of Creation has not yet been produced.—*G. J. Holyoake, Preface to "Trial of Theism."*

## THE SALVATION OF GOD; OR, A NARROW SQUEAK.

THE notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith threw the Bible in the fire!

What a very dreadful act;  
 What a truly awful fact—  
 The BIBLE mind; not Shakespeare,  
 Or some scientific pest,  
 But God's own Word—nay, God himself,  
 For elsewhere God's *non est*.  
 O why doth woman ever thus  
 Defy the pow'rs that be?  
 Is it because no female sits  
 Upon the Trinitec?

The pit and stalls were thunderstruck,  
 The boxes held their breath;  
 The gallery went pale with fear,  
 And waited sudden death.  
 The orchestra were mute, and all  
 Their instruments were dumb;  
 The call-boy dropped upon his knees  
 And prayed to kingdom-come.

In short, for one appalling moment all the house was sunk  
 In abject, breathless, craven, hopeless, knock-kneed, palsied  
 funk.

Thus Mrs. Ebbsmith flung God's revelation to the flames,  
 Unnerving male playgoers, and prostrating pious dames.  
 But ah! she turns! and, shrieking, hauls  
 God's Word from out the fire,  
 And saves herself post-mortem squalls  
 From omni-potent ire.  
 Down came the curtain midst a storm of violent applause,  
 Grotesquely reminiscent of vociferous "he-haws."

Oh, Mrs. Ebbsmith, how could you such profanation offer?  
 You know, of course, that burning books is joy to every  
 scoffer;

That Atheists have bloodshot eyes, dishevelled hair, and long  
 nails;  
 Grim squints and rudimentary horns, and even sometimes  
 prong-tails.

Your mother, doubtless, taught you so when you were a  
 mere baby;  
 She told you Thomas Paine was vicious, and believed it,  
 may be.

Your infant mind was oft engaged in learning how a horrid,  
 Unbridled wretch, named Voltaire, died and went to regions  
 torrid.

You often listened awe-struck to some squalid death-bed  
 story,  
 And hoped that when you died you'd go to pantomimic  
 glory.

At Sunday-school you learnt, by heart, some lame lugubrious  
 sonnets;  
 Or went with ma to church when she required to see the  
 bonnets.

And now these moral crutches you would wantonly abandon,  
 Although without them you have not a moral leg to stand  
 on.

Thank goodness, just in time, you snatched the brand from  
 out the burning;

And let us pray that, contrite, to the fold you are returning,  
 For where are justice, love, and honor, save in God's anointed?  
 And where are purity and truth, except as God appointed?

In his own Word, the Book of Books, cram full of holy  
 writing—

Espousing lies, and lust, and filth, and red with blood and  
 fighting.

'Tis meet that gentle woman should admire this volume  
 gory;  
 Well might you burn your hands to save the Whale and  
 Jonah story.

That sun and moon stood still for Joshua no one would  
 credit,

Were it not in the Bible, proving God himself hath said it.  
 'Tis of the first importance that these wonders astronomical  
 Should be preserved along with other marvels anatomical:  
 As witness: Balaam's ass, which talked with eloquence  
 pathetic;

And Jonah's whale, whose throat enlarged to fit with things  
 prophetic;

Four-headed fowls, a talking serpent, armor-plated locust,  
 Are Bible truths, on which all good believers' eyes are  
 focussed.

Gentle Jesus cursed a fig-tree, for the cogent reason  
 That it obstinately bore no figs at the wrong season.  
 Time after time the men of God betrayed their morbid  
 morals;

But Abram, Lot, and David now enjoy their well-earned  
 laurels.

To cheer themselves at woman's cost these worthies faltered  
 never;  
 Their names should surely be enshrined in woman's heart  
 for ever.

Ezekiel, chapter four, describes—but stay! the "Rock of  
 Ages"

At this point gets too dirty for our Editor's clean pages.  
 Oh, Mrs. Ebbsmith, how could you, for Thespian notoriety,  
 Have set your heart 'gainst all that's good, with female  
 contrariety?

Reflect, ere dealing sceptic words you utter from the forum;  
 Let Balaam's ass and Jonah's whale restore you to decorum.  
 C. D.

## ACID DROPS.

THE *Methodist Times* devotes an article to the Moral of the  
 General Election, and finds that the main opposition to  
 Liberalism was furnished by the Liquor Trade and the  
 Established Church. The parsons are referred to as  
 marching to the polling-booth "with a hiccupping drunkard  
 on one arm and a sporting tipster on the other." How  
 beautiful and kind! And only to think that the editor of  
 the *Methodist Times* is a gentleman who cannot bear strong  
 language—when applied to himself.

This precious article describes the Book of Revelation as  
 "the true key to human history." Bishop South understood  
 it better when he said that the subject of prophecy, to which  
 it belongs, generally finds a man cracked or leaves him so.  
 We do not feel called upon to say which alternative is  
 applicable to Mr. Hughes.

But just fancy a man at large, at the end of the nineteenth  
 century, finding the key to human history in St. John's  
 Nightmare. Methodism and madness sure are nearly allied,  
 at least in historical criticism. Gibbon and Comte and  
 Buckle and Mommsen, and other masters of the philosophy  
 of history, spend years on years in elucidating the past of  
 mankind. But it is all a waste of time, for in comes Mr.  
 Hugh Price Hughes, the greatest philosopher of all, with a  
 little dream-book in his hand, and exclaims: "Here is what  
 you have all sought and missed. The secret of human  
 history is the woman sitting on the scarlet-colored beast,  
 with seven heads and ten horns." How true is the old text  
 about truth being hidden from wise men and revealed to  
 babes and sucklings!

Professor Slater, in the *Methodist Times*, plays for a  
 moment the part of a candid friend to his own side. He  
 tells a story of a woman in a London court who was worried  
 by tract distributors. "Away with you!" she exclaimed;  
 "it is only eleven o'clock, and I have had five religions at me  
 already."

Another writer in the same journal says that Dr. Lunn  
 has "transformed Switzerland." This sudden announce-  
 ment made us tremble. Had he rolled out the Alps and  
 filled up the Lakes? But we were soon reassured. Switzer-  
 land stands where it did. Dr. Lunn has "transformed"  
 it in this way: his "Reunion Conferences" have brought  
 over a lot of pious picnickers, so that during the summer  
 months Switzerland "literally swarms with Methodists."  
 Ah well! Switzerland will survive that. The Alps will  
 lift their snowy summits to the sun long after the last  
 Methodist is dead and buried and forgotten.

We have not quite done with the *Methodist Times*. It  
 actually condescends at last to notice the death of Professor  
 Huxley. A paragraph on the subject is written by the Rev.  
 W. Spiers, who deals out science to the readers of that  
 journal. He remarks that Huxley denied the possibility of  
 revelation (which he didn't), and "hence was able to treat  
 Biblical narratives with mirthful irreverence." We presume  
 this refers to the bodivilled Gadarene swine. Poor Huxley!  
 Being a plain man of science, he could not get up any  
 reverence for that pig story, and now he suffers the fate of  
 the scorner.

Huxley met a good many pigs on earth—some of them  
 in clerical attire. Since his death he has (of course!) met  
 many devils in Hades. (We were going to write Hell, but  
 that word sounds too much like swearing.) And by this  
 time he probably understands that devils and pigs can easily  
 lodge together.

"Happily," says the Rev. W. Spiers, "the race of scientists  
 who regard it as their duty to attack the Christian faith  
 is becoming extinct." Suppose this were true, might it not  
 be because Christianity is becoming extinct? Science has  
 killed the Christianity of fifty years ago, and why should  
 men of science slay the slain?

Mr. Price Hughes gives his "unquestionable authority"  
 for the startling statement that Mr. Chamberlain was bent  
 on introducing the military conscription in this country in  
 order (by some recondite means) to find the wherewithal for

his Old Age Pensions scheme. This "unquestionable authority" turns out to be a nameless speaker at the Grindelwald Conference. Mr. Hughes had better have stood upon his dignity and kept silent. Is he not a gentleman entitled to be believed upon his word? Is it not enough to declare, "Thus saith Mr. Price Hughes?"

Ananias, according to the *Independent*, backed out of his charge by putting it on to the late Dr. Dale, and connecting it thus: "We need scarcely add that Dr. Dale was greatly under the influence of Mr. Chamberlain." To this "J. G. R.," one of the editorial staff of the *Independent*, says: "I knew Dr. Dale, perhaps, as well as one man could know another, and I can only meet this assertion with an emphatic denial." So Ananias, who only got the challenge from Mr. Chamberlain, now gets the lie direct.

The latest feature of modern invention, says the *Twentieth Century*, was the substitution of a phonograph at a recent funeral in place of a clergyman. The instrument on this occasion gave out prayer, an address, and the hymn, which did not seem to repel the religious sentiment of the mourners, but was rather received with much fervor. This substitution of the machine for the clergyman will be cheap, effective, and just likely to suit the wants of a go-ahead materialistic age.

The *Two Worlds* (Sept. 6) gives prominence, under the heading "Spirit Identity," to "The Case of Thomas Paine," who, it seems, wrote "in a round, school-boy hand," through a "medium," to the writer "Edina," whose knowledge of Paine before getting the "message" was "that he was said to be an Atheist, and had written a notorious book, the *Age of Reason*, which I had never read." He might have added, "and which age I have not yet reached." After giving some facts about Paine's life that can be found in any biographical dictionary, the message concluded: "I suffered, dear lassie, from poverty, and died a poor man." Paine had a grant of three thousand dollars and a large house and farm of more than three hundred acres, where he died in comfortable circumstances, leaving money by will to Mme. Bonneville and others. We fear the spirit is a mendacious one—a Diakka, as A. J. Davis called them. Possibly the Diakka got hold of a copy of the *British Workman*, in which a story something like this appeared many years ago.

There is one way of looking at the outrages committed against the missionaries in China which, perhaps, has not suggested itself to many. It is this: that while the Chinese are ignorant of their future condition they are not responsible, and, consequently, their chances of salvation are good; but when the missionaries go there the desire to kill them seems to be one which the heathen cannot resist, and they are, therefore, guilty of murder. Can the missionaries be said to be entirely guiltless in the matter? Had they turned their attention to fields nearer home, which need cultivation far more than those of China, results might be different.—*Twentieth Century*.

A story which comes from Ispahan, Persia, illustrates how the Christian missionaries draw on themselves the ill-will and odium of those among whom they dwell. At Julfa, near Ispahan, the head of the English mission is a Mr. Tisdall. About a month ago Mr. Tisdall took home to his house a young woman, the wife of a peasant, who, he said, had become a convert to the Christian faith. Her relatives, finding where she was, asked that she should be given up, but this the missionary refused to do, with the result that an angry crowd of Mohammedans gathered round the mission-house, and it was only by the interference of the Prince Governor, the Shah's son, who heard of the disturbance, that violence was not resorted to. The Prince requested the missionary to give up the woman, but he persisted in his fatuous line of conduct and refused, even though the British Agent asked him to give up the woman to her husband. The people were exasperated, and, but for the British Agent's prompt action in ordering the woman's removal, the most deplorable results might have been expected.

The *Straits Times* (Singapore) looks with little favor on the missionaries, and, in an article on the murders in China, points out that they wilfully defy the warnings given, and accept the precarious conditions of existence which they know must follow their temerity. It surmises that the result will be that "a dozen or two of natives will be executed, and it will be rare perspicuity and unexampled 'cuteness, to say nothing of honesty, on the part of the local officials if the majority of these victims are not entirely innocent of the missionaries' blood." It hints that the Chinese authorities may be rather pleased at the opportunity of getting rid of a few objectionable men.

The Rev. Mr. Donehoo, a Presbyterian pastor of Pittsburg, who has had much experience of the Chinese in America, says: "I have never yet found one who gave evidence of

thorough conversion to Christianity, though I have known a large number who have been in our Sabbath schools, and a few who have professed conversion." On this the *New York Sun* remarks: "The inference from this statement is that, if the evangelisation of the Chinamen is so hopeless here, where they are surrounded by the influences of Christian civilisation, it must be still more hopeless in China itself."

The priests in Hungary are so afraid of the law permitting civil marriage, that they assemble their parishioners in the churches and make them swear, before the cross, that they will never take part in a civil marriage, nor allow their children to do so; and they even declare the civil marriage is no better than concubinage. And all this pother is just because the good priests don't like the prospect of losing their fees.

A committee of the Romewards-wending English Church Union has given its opinion that marriage without the priest's blessing is, ecclesiastically, no marriage at all, and startled Church circles by declaring that civil marriages were an offence against Church discipline. Parties who had incurred censure by entering into such marriages ought, according to the committee, to obtain absolution before being admitted to communion. The further ceremonies of the ring and the joining of hands ought to occur, and the benediction be given. The report staggered even the council of the Union, as throwing doubt on the validity of the civil contract. The matter was again referred to the committee, who now report that they did not mean to suggest the necessity for a religious renewal of the marriage contract, but only a solemn acknowledgment in face of the Church by the parties who had contracted civil marriages. Some of these gentry would like to take us back to the time when the priest always claimed the first kiss from the bride, or to the yet earlier custom of which that was only a relic.

In the current number of the *English Historical Review* the Rev. Nicholas Pocock illustrates "The Conditions of Morals and Religious Belief in the Reign of Edward VI." The laxity of morals is shown by the proclamation of April 24, 1548, against such as putting away one wife, marrying another, or keeping two wives at once. "Some taught that this was lawful for the husband, and some went the length of advocating the same license for the wife."

The Association for Promoting the Unity of Christendom—i.e., return to Rome—of which Athelstan Riley, Esq., is Master and President, had prayers put up for their purposes last Sunday in two dozen London churches and over fifty provincial ones. Mr. Riley, however, is too cute to depend solely on the power of prayer.

Christian Reunionists on another tack have been having another nice picnic Reunion at Grindelwald. The ministers all agree that, if the laity defray the expenses of these little excursions, they form the best guarantee of Christian Reunion.

Cardinal Vaughan has also been discoursing on Reunion at the Roman Catholic Conference at Bristol. He says he does not expect a national act of submission will be the means chosen by Providence to bring the English people to Rome, for they are, individually and collectively, marked by a singular independence of character. But he does look forward to wholesale individual conversions, and meantime urged upon his hearers constant prayer. Romanists, Anglicans, and Methodists may pray as long and as loud as they please. Their prayers will only be an incentive to Freethinkers to work.

The National Total Abstinence Society, of New York, has made a protest to Monseignor Satolli, the Papal delegate, against the maintenance by the Benedictine monks at St. Vincent's Abbey, Philadelphia, of a brewery established there by the monks, who, we suppose, distil there their famous Benedictine, for the service of the Lord and the Benedicts. It is believed that the monks will sell their property as soon as an opportunity presents itself.

Mr. H. P. Hughes is reported as proposing, as a basis of agreement with the Church of England on the school question, the teaching of the Athanasian Creed. Once stultify the minds of children with the three-in-one puzzle, and that will suit all parties who want to live on their credulity.

It seems that there is a Russian Lourdes in the Crimea, which is visited by thousands of pilgrims. The water from the healing spring is drunk and bathed in by young and old. Such shrines probably preserve remnants of old well and grotto worship.

*Zion's Watch Tower* says: "The term 'infidel' will probably soon die out; it is being replaced by 'higher critic,' 'doctor

of divinity, etc." Of course the pious organ laments this state of things, but facts are thrusting themselves before the eyes even of the bigots and myopes.

The *Blue Grass Blade*, alluding to a lightning-struck church, remarks that the Bible says if you ask God to give you bread he will not give you a stone, and if you ask for a fish he will not give you a serpent; but right here, just as plain as you can see anything, you see that you can ask God to give you a blessing and he gives you a streak of lightning. "What fools these mortals be!"

Some self-styled National Reformers in the United States seek to put God into the Constitution, and have asked Roman Catholics to aid them in overthrowing the "atheistical" Constitution of the United States, and in building one that should recognise Jesus Christ as the Sovereign Ruler of the United States. Of course the Catholics are willing to help, but when they have got the control they have in South America, these National Reformers will have no one to blame but themselves if the Roman Catholic attempt to compel them to bow down to a bread-god sovereign as they are now doing with Protestants in Ecuador.

Church and Stage have never loved each other. The clergy have always dreaded the more popular entertainment of their rivals. William Law, the author of the *Divine Call*, wrote a long tract on the Absolute Unlawfulness of Stage Plays, and Jeremy Collier lashed the playwrights with his big clerical whip. Nowadays, however, a change has come over the scene. There is actually a Church and Stage Guild, and the lion and the lamb (we don't know which is which) are going to lie down together. Parsons are even getting up theatrical entertainments to raise the wind. One is advertised to take place in the Parsonage Music Room, Southbourne. Of the two farces on the bill, one is called "Popping the Question," and as there are "family tickets to admit seven" the young people will be able to learn how it is done.

We should like to have the opinion of Jesus Christ and the Twelve Apostles on "Popping the Question" as an adjunct to Evangelicalism. But

John P. Robinson, he  
Says they didn't know everything down in Judee.

The Vegetarians of China, who were responsible for the murder of Christians, are, according to Dr. von Hesse Wartegg, a secret society, whose object is, China for the Chinese. They therefore aim, not only at the expulsion of foreigners, but of the old Mantchu dynasty. The pigtail being the symbol of Mantchu domination, they go about with scissors, and have despoiled thousands of this much-prized ornament. They are allowed only a life-interest in their property, which passes to the order at their death, so that the heads of the society have immense wealth at their disposal.

Mahmond Essad, a judge at Smyrna, translates and publishes in the *Islamic World* what purports to be "The Decree of the Prophet [Mohammed] granting toleration and protection to a Christian Monastery in Syria." This document takes these Christian monks under Mohammed's protection. It says: "If one of their priests or travellers pass through a plain, go over the mountain, find himself in a chapel, pass through an arid plain or desert of sand, through villages or cultivated plains—in a word, in every place whatsoever in which they may find themselves, I and my disciples are there to help and protect them, and take them out of all difficulties, because they are my people and protected by me. I dispense them from all taxes that are imposed on my other non-Muslim subjects, and allow none to molest them." Now, what was the return of good Christian monks for this enlightened tolerance? They preached the Crusades, which led to the loss of myriads of lives in a vain attempt to rescue a mythical sepulchre out of the hands of the Muslim.

Pious lies that would hardly thrive in a place where the facts can be known, yet spring up like toadstools in places where they may not so easily be cut down. Thus the *African Critic* reports that, at Alieval North, an ignorant bigot writes protesting against the admission of certain works into the local library. Darwin is one of his bugbears. He says: "Anyone would have thought that we had heard the last of him and his bad teaching; he was known to disbelieve in the origin of the universe, and died wretchedly after a long life in his bed." That in the present day people can be found to write, and editors to publish, such wretched stuff should be a sufficient warning as to the character of the calumnies circulated about the old Freethinkers.

The London *Echo* recently had a choice correspondence on the subject of "Where is Heaven?" opened by "Polyglott." Batches of letters proved there was a deal of interest in the subject. But its ventilation was a little unsettling, and in fact raised hell—over the question, "Where is Hell?" A little

bird tells us that just as they were getting in full blast a peremptory order came from Mr. Passmore Edwards to print no more. It is said the stoppage was due to a couple of men of God, in whom a holy horror had been excited by the breadth of treatment accorded by the writers.

For some years past the *Echo* has done something towards acting up to its mottoes, "Be just and fear not," and "Hear all sides"; and when topics have turned up in which the masses take but little concern, heretical sentiments have been accorded a fair hearing. But a request for information as to the whereabouts of heaven led to all sorts of speculations; the funny thing being that nobody thought of asking the clergy their information upon the question, and the general drift of the answers indicated that heaven had followed hell, upon which latter place Lord Westbury and Dean Farrar contributed to put the extinguisher.

Sometimes a church notice will reveal more than is intended. This was the case with one brought before our attention. It read:—

"Morning Service—Evidences of a God.  
Evening Service—None."

In Allendale Churchyard there is an epitaph on the five sons and five daughters of one John Clark. This correspondent sends us because it "has cured many of infidelity." Here it is:—

Bold Infidelity, turn pale and die;  
Beneath this stone ten infants lie.  
Say, are they lost or saved?  
If Death's by sin, they sinned, for they are here.  
If Heaven's by works, in Heaven they can't appear.  
Reason, ah! how depraved.  
Revere the Bible's sacred page—the knot's untied:  
They died, for Adam sinned; they live, for Jesus died.

If his religion had taught John Clark to avoid having ten children, all of whom died in infancy, it might have been better for him than either throwing blame on Adam or seeking consolation from Jesus.

At Chiaramonte Gulfi, in Sicily, a shepherd of the name of Riggio Sebastiano is giving some trouble to the authorities by trying to found a sect, both religious and political, among the ignorant people around him. This man, who can read and write, calls himself the Messiah, and preaches Mormonism and a division of the land. A band of men and women have gathered about him from the neighboring districts. The Archbishop of Syracuse, Monsignor la Vecchia, has excommunicated both this *soi-disant* Messiah and his followers; but it is said that they do not care, and only laugh at the intended punishment.—*Daily News*.

Another serious religious riot has occurred in India, between Hindus and Moslems, the latter of whom declared they would rather die than allow an idolatrous Hindu bullock-procession to pass. 'Tis religion that can give sweetest pleasure while we live. 'Tis religion can supply solid comfort when we die.

According to the *Wimbledon News*, Mr. Clarke, the gentleman who debated some little time ago with Mr. Rowney, has been given notice to quit his tenancy of the "Hope" Coffee Palace, which he has made successful in a commercial sense, because he has "insufficiently attended to the spiritual and philanthropic needs of the institution." The *W. N.* asks, Would the landlord have preferred that Mr. Clarke should attend solely to philanthropy? "We trow not, as in that case where would his rent have come from?"

Three times within the past week has the German Emperor called on his faithful subjects to resist "unpatriotic enemies of the divine system of order in the world," by which he means the Socialists, or any who question his right to rule as he pleases. These outbursts seem to betray a sense of weakness.

Keir Hardie has not met with a very flattering reception at Chicago. He attended the weekly meeting of Methodist ministers, and was invited to address the audience. He took occasion to denounce the execution of the Chicago Anarchists, eulogising the latter as the pioneers of the new religion. This tirade elicited a storm of disapproval, and half-a-dozen preachers, springing to their feet at the same time, denounced the speech and the speaker in scathing terms. Mr. Hardie was compelled to abandon the floor, and left the hall in high dudgeon.

PRIESTS.—To make a kingdom flourish, there should be the fewest priests and the most artisans possible. The ignorance and barbarism of our forefathers, far from being any rule for us, ought rather to be an admonition to us, to do what they would do, if they were in our place, with our improved light.—*Voltaire*.



## Mr. Foote's Engagements.

Sept. 22 and 29, Foresters' Hall, London.

October 6, Wood Green.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. CHARLES WATTS'S ENGAGEMENTS.—September 15, Foresters' Hall, London; 22, Sheffield; 29, Camberwell. October 6, Foresters' Hall, London; 13, Foresters' Hall; 14, 15, 16, 17, debate at Newcastle-on-Tyne with the Rev. A. J. Waldron; 18, North Shields; 20, Glasgow; 22 and 23, Dundee; 27, Edinburgh; 28, York. November 17, Liverpool.—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.

PRESIDENT'S HONORARIUM FUND.—Per Mr. Foote: Mr. Williamson (Glasgow), £2; T. Watson, 5s.

PRESIDENT'S PROPAGANDA FUND.—Collected at Mr. Foote's lecture at Glasgow, £1 1s.

MR. FOOTE is absent from London, and beyond the reach of work and worry. Correspondents must excuse him until his return.

HARRY H.—Pleased to hear from you.

A. J. H.—Surely there are not several *Hackney Gazettes* in Hackney. We omitted the "Kingsland" for the sake of brevity.

QUIZ.—See paragraph. We believe Mr. Auberon Herbert is a Freethinker.

J. EASTON.—Thanks. See "Acid Drops."

H. W. LEY.—All Freethinkers should claim to affirm. As you mention, Dr. Danford Thomas, and, indeed, the other London coroners, with the exception of Baxter, accord gentlemanly treatment to all who prefer this method.

E. G. TAYLOR.—The text which Mr. J. B. Wise, of Kansas, was prosecuted for sending on a postcard to the Rev. Mr. Venum was Isaiah xxxvi. 12. The same words occur in 2 Kings xviii. 27; but we believe Mr. Wise gave the reference to Isaiah.

TIL FELLOER.—Thanks.

MASON.—Freemasonry has been denounced by various Papal Bulls—Pio Nono, in an allocation, Sept. 25, 1865, anathematised it, and Leo XIII., in his *Humanum Genus*, of April 20, 1884, and his Encyclical of October 15, 1890, warned the faithful against the order. Yet the Jesuits have not only joined but founded lodges.

PAPERS RECEIVED.—Remarks—Daylight—Southwark Recorder—Two Worlds—Wimbledon News—Islamic World—South Place Magazine—New York Public Opinion—Isle of Man Times—Freidenker—Fur Unsere Jugend—Freedom—Lucifer—Liberty—Universal Republic—World's Advance Thought—Crescent—Echo—African Critic—Birmingham Daily Mail—Hackney and Kingsland Gazette—Progressive Thinker—Northampton Daily Reporter—Western Daily Press—Leek Times—Leek Post.

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

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

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.

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

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

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*:—One inch, 4s. 6d.; half column, £1 2s. 6d.; column, £2 5s. Special terms for repetitions.

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.

## SPECIAL.

READERS of the *Freethinker* are requested to remember that the first week in October is "Shilling Week." During that week all who desire to aid, however modestly, in the active propaganda of Freethought during the winter, should send me one or more shillings. Every subscription will be acknowledged. I have to add that lecturing engagements, under the scheme I outlined a fortnight ago, are already being formed by Mr. Charles Watts and Mr. C. Cohen; and that the services of other lecturers will be utilised as soon as possible.

G. W. FOOTE.

## SUGAR PLUMS.

MR. FOOTE opened the "winter session" of the Glasgow Branch on Sunday. There were three capital audiences in spite of the fine weather, many ladies being present, which is a sign of the progress of Freethought in Glasgow. In the evening a collection was taken for Mr. Foote's lecture-scheme. Mr. Gilmour, who presided, expressed a belief that the scheme promised to be of great utility in the propagation of Secularism. We are happy to learn that the Glasgow Branch is well and strong, with a large and growing membership.

The last N.S.S. Executive meeting, held on Thursday, September 5, unanimously passed a resolution approving of the President's new lecture-scheme, and promising him not only a free hand, but all possible support, in his enterprise. We commend this to the attention of our readers in view of the appeal headed "Special" in this week's *Freethinker*.

Mr. Charles Watts lectured last Sunday evening in the Foresters' Hall, London. The exceedingly fine weather prevented a very large audience. Mr. James Rowney presided. The lecturer's indictment of "Missions to the Heathen" met with enthusiastic applause. This Sunday evening, September 15, Mr. Watts again occupies the same platform, taking for his subject: "Secularism in Modern Thought."

The 20th of September will be celebrated in Rome, throughout Italy, and wherever Italians congregate, as the twenty-fifth anniversary of the entry of Italian troops into Rome. We do not prophesy, but we doubt if all the Popes's asses and all the Pope's men will ever undo the work of the past quarter of a century.

The International Congress of Freethinkers open on Sunday, September 22, at the Loge des Amis Philanthropes, 10 Rue du Persil, at 10 a.m., and continues three days, after which there will be a banquet. We understand that Messrs. Forder and Ward are going, and Mr. Foote is also endeavoring to arrange for further official representation of the N.S.S. If pressure of business does not prevent, he will endeavor to attend personally.

The September *South Place Magazine* reports, too briefly, a discourse by Mr. Conway on Charles Bradlaugh. He remarked: "With the exception of Paine, probably no man was ever subjected to more pious falsehoods than Bradlaugh, or more hated." Mr. Conway intimated that he would give a further study of Mr. Bradlaugh at some future time, and we hope he will not forget to carry this out as speedily as possible.

A project is afoot for a Thomas Paine Exhibition, to be held next December at South-place Chapel. Those with any interesting relics of the man, or the times in their relation to him, might put themselves in communication with Mr. Conway.

Mr. Grant Allen contributed a capital article on "The New Heterodoxy" to the *Westminster Gazette* (Sept. 7). Mr. Allen points out that archaeologists are showing "that Christianity was not in any sense a new religion—that every one of its principal beliefs and stories, its root ideas, existed in the East, and often elsewhere, from time immemorial."

The *Southwark Recorder* mentions, with much sympathy, the recent severe loss sustained by Mr. A. B. Moss. It says: "A few years ago, when less tolerance in theological matters was prevalent among us, a number of people looked askance at Mr. Moss's determined advocacy of Freethought and opinion in relation to every subject dealt with by the human intellect. But now his position is better understood as a thoroughly honest and worthy one, and, besides, Mr. Moss has for years been one of our most popular entertainers as reciter, actor, and playwright. Furthermore, he has written several clever books and pamphlets, has lectured and debated in all parts of the country with considerable success, and is now doing good work on the Camberwell Vestry."

Ernst Haeckel writes in the *Fortnightly Review* on "Thomas Huxley and Karl Vogt," comparing the work of these two great zoologists and advocates of evolution. He concludes by observing that, "as long as Darwin lives as a reformer in the history of biology, so long will Huxley be celebrated as one of his most faithful friends and most successful fellow workers."

Mrs. J. A. Heavisides Simpson writes in the *Westminster Review* on "Thomas Henry Huxley in his Relations to Science, Education, and Sunday Observance." She says:

"His *Elementary Physiology* is a book worth its weight in gold to women, and might well lead to a memorial from women in the shape of an institution where physiology would be taught as a necessary part of the education of responsible beings." She recalls how, when in 1866 Huxley lectured at the old St. Martin's Hall on a Sunday, the Lord's Day Observance Society indicted the proprietor for keeping a disorderly house. The case led to the foundation of the Sunday Lecture Society in 1869, Professor Huxley presiding at the first meeting at the Freemasons' Tavern; and Mrs. Simpson cites at length a fine speech on the Sunday question delivered by Professor Huxley in 1877.

### THE REV. W. W. HOWARD AGAIN.

SINCE Mr. Foote's absence from town I have received copies of the *Leek Times* (September 7), and also of the *Leek Post* (September 7), in both of which the Rev. W. W. Howard challenges Mr. Foote to debate "the question of mental phenomena, I bringing forward the soul theory, and he the materialistic theory." I notice, however, that Mr. Howard assumes that he can state his adversary's position, and what he ought to defend; and he states it in a way that I, for one, would not endorse. But my purpose is not controversy with the Rev. W. W. Howard, but simply to let those interested know that Mr. Foote will not this week see these bold but belated challenges sent to the local newspapers. When he sees them, on his return, he will doubtless deal with them as they deserve.

J. M. WHEELER.

### EXTRACTS FROM HERBERT SPENCER'S WRITINGS.

"To sum up Mr. Spencer's position, he writes for mankind at large, not for powers or principalities, for courts or for coteries. If his labors bring him the honor of his fellow-men, that is the highest reward he craves; to honors as commonly understood he is indifferent. He is the 'Great Commoner' of philosophy, and without the aid of titles sways the thought of the world more potently than any other man of this generation."—*William Jay Youmans*.

THE profoundest of all infidelity is the fear lest the truth be bad.

Precepts often heard and little regarded lose by repetition the small influence they had.—*The Study of Sociology*, chapter xv.

Every man has freedom to do all that he wills, provided he infringes not the equal freedom of any other man.—*Social Statics*, First Principle.

What is science? To see the absurdity of the prejudice against it, we need only remark that science is simply a higher development of common knowledge; and that, if science is repudiated, all knowledge must be repudiated along with it.—*First Principles*, sec. 5.

Necessary and eternal as are its truths, all science concerns all mankind for all time. Equally at present and in the remotest future must it be of incalculable importance for the regulation of their conduct that men should understand the science of life, physical, mental, and social; and that they should understand all other science as a key to the science of life.—*Education*, chapter i.

Table-talk proves that nine out of ten people read what amuses them rather than what instructs them; and proves, also, that the last thing they read is something which tells them disagreeable truths or dispels groundless hopes. That popular education results in an extensive reading of publications which foster pleasant illusions, rather than of those which insist on hard realities, is beyond question.—*The Man v. the State*, *The Coming Slavery*.

To the mass of people nothing is so costly as thought. The fact that, taking the world over, ninety-nine people out of a hundred accept the creed to which they were born exemplifies their mental attitude towards things at large. Nearly all of them pursue mechanically the routine to which they have been accustomed, and are not only blind to its defects, but will not recognise them as defects when they are pointed out. And the reluctance to think which

they show everywhere else is shown in their dealings with children.—*The Principles of Ethics*, sec. 435.

This law of organic progress [evolution] is the law of all progress. Whether it be in the development of the earth, in the development of life upon its surface, in the development of society, of government, of manufactures, of commerce, of language, literature, science, art, this same evolution of the simple into the complex, through a process of continuous differentiation, holds throughout.—*First Principles*.

—Selected by Louis Levine.

### MR. PUTNAM'S VISIT TO ENGLAND.

Extracts from his Letters to the New York "Truthsseeker" (August 10).

CHESTER-LE-STREET is about the oldest town in the North of England. It dates back to the time of the Britons. Its church is over a thousand years old—the oldest but one in the United Kingdom. I visited it immediately on my arrival, Saturday, July 6, with Mr. Thomas Birtley and other Freethought friends. It is indeed a venerable institution, and the air of the centuries is brooding about it. Here are the graves of mighty warriors. Here are their stone effigies, ranged alongside the walls of the church in everlasting silence. The trump of Gabriel will never arouse them. The ancient records of the church are a somewhat curious sign of the times. One man burned out of house and home received the munificent sum of one shilling and sixpence to help him out of his difficulties. This, however, might count more than at the present day, seeing that the daily wage of a laborer was only one penny. But in the same record it is also stated that the parson received one pound and six shillings for the purchase of a new umbrella. It seems that an umbrella was far more valuable than the whole possessions of the ordinary farmer. Those were queer times indeed, when saints were innumerable, and rags also. Chester-le-Street is the mother both of Durham and Newcastle. It was about 635 that the Episcopal See was established which afterwards was transferred to Durham. In 883 the cathedral building was founded at Chester-le-Street, in which were placed the sacred remains of St. Cuthbert. In 995 these remains were miraculously "deposited where the Cathedral of Durham" now stands, and the ecclesiastical glory and wealth of Chester-le-Street forever departed.

Chester-le-Street has a wonderful record of saintly holiness. Godric lived in Finchdale Priory on the river Wear, and practised unheard-of austerities. He wore an iron shirt next to his skin night and day, and is said to have worn out three; he mingled ashes with the flour from which he made his bread, and, lest it should be then too good, kept it three or four months before he ventured to eat it. In winter, as well as in summer, he passed whole nights up to his chin in water at his devotions. He was haunted by beautiful damsels, and so visited by evil concupiscence that he cured himself by rolling naked among thorns and briars. His body grew ulcerated, but to increase his pain he poured salt into his wounds. He finally was admitted into the calendar of saints. I should say that these old monks were fools, if it were not that, as the result of their renown for holiness, the monasteries became enormously rich. I think there was a method in the madness of these ulcerated saints. If they did not get the heavenly crown, they surely received from credulous votaries the gold and silver and precious stones of this earth, and I shouldn't wonder if they repaid themselves amply in secret for their austerities in public.

At any rate, they have left behind churches and cathedrals which even to-day reveal the pomp and splendor of ancient worship; that humanity was crushed in order to give God the glory.

After visiting the church, dim and vague with memories of the superstitious past, I direct my footsteps with my comrades across the green fields to old Lumley Castle, towering magnificently among the groves beyond the river Wear. Over this we ferry in old-fashioned style, and, for the time being, with the molting and majestic building in the distance, the meadows and forests around the quiet, meandering stream, over whose glassy tide we softly sweep, it seemed as if the nineteenth century melted into the land of dreams, and the reality of the knightly ages was in the very atmosphere we breathed, and the verdant scenes in which the smoke and noise of industry have not yet prevailed. A grand old building is Lumley Castle, partially inhabited at present, but filled with the dust of ages, with wide, desolate rooms, in which once was heard the tramp of armed soldiery. We stood on the top of the towers whence the archers hurled their deadly weapons. We

pered into the gloom of the prison cell, and the awful dungeon; we saw the great kitchen and the enormous fireplace by which hundreds of troops could be fed; we viewed the remnants of ancient nobility mingled with the elegance of modern art. The Lumleys were a famous fighting race. They were with William the Conqueror, and among his most trusted councillors and defenders. They have left a brilliant record of devotion and daring in the annals of royalty. They belonged entirely to the old régime, and never had an idea of progress. The castle is a memorial of the past, glittering in melancholy grandeur amidst the festivities of to-day; a place where the traveller from the New World will ponder over the beauty and the sadness of the past; its wild strifes and awful crimes; its gloomy faith, mingled with brave and careless song; its reckless ardor that dashed into the lists of death without a thought save of honor and glory. Beautiful fell the sunshine on this old castle—on its mighty walls and towers; beautiful around it spread the vast and undulating country, with dark green forests and radiant fields; the river Wear shining along in wavering expanses; the city, a thousand years old, glimmering on the indistinct horizon, while the church-spire, hoary with time, attracts the dreamy view. It was a picture where past and present might mingle in poetic charm, and from the darkness and struggle of the one be seen emerging the bloom and brilliancy of the other.

I find a stalwart Freethought company at Chester-le-Street. I lecture at Pelton, about three miles away, for the accommodation of friends at other points. On the whole there is a fair attendance, and I am glad to meet so many ardent comrades. I name a little child, Anna Ellen Lowther, and I am sure, from the brightness of her eyes and the cunning beauty of her smile, that she will ever be on the roll of Freethought. On behalf of parents and friends of universal humanity, I welcomed the little one into the glorious comradeship of truth, of liberty, of justice, of human work and progress. I think it well to thus enroll our children's names on the banners of our marching columns.

I enjoyed Chester-le-Street. There were the freshness and cordiality of the new, with the suggestive and moving associations of the old. Where kings and priests once ruled, the forces of Freethought now prevail. It was a contrast which, in the thoughtful mind, awakes a train of thrilling emotions.

I thank the Freethinkers of Chester-le-Street and vicinity for their generous support. In every way my visit to this most ancient spot was a delightful one. I could not have been treated better had I been St. Outhbert himself.

Newcastle-on-Tyne is my Sunday's camping-ground. Here is a great centre of industry, shipping, coal, factories, etc. In the time of Queen Elizabeth, although a celebrated town, it had only 3,000 inhabitants. Now it has over 200,000. And these figures do not express the real growth of this country, which is the heart of the North of England, for practically there is a great city here of one million of people, with Newcastle, Gates-head, Tynemouth, South Shields, etc. This is one of the oldest civilised and inhabited portions of the kingdom. In the year 80 Agricola, the Roman general, built a fort on the present site of Newcastle, and here also passed the stupendous wall built by the Emperor Severus from the Irish Sea to the German Ocean. About three miles from Newcastle yet remains a curious fragment of Severus's wall. It is about nine feet in breadth. An apple-tree grows out of the middle of it. From Roman times onward, Newcastle has been connected with the battles and struggles of Danes and Saxons, Scots and English, the houses of York and Lancaster, etc. At Jarrow lived and died the venerable Bede, the best historian of his time. The castle was built during the reign of William the Conqueror. It was at times a royal residence. Afterwards, amidst changing fortunes, it was a place of refuge for thieves and vagabonds flying from justice. It is now the rag fair of the town, a more useful institution as such than when the abode of kings.

Newcastle presents many objects of interest, both in what it has been on the roll of history, and what it is to-day in the world of industry. It has a large radical and Freethought element. John Morley was the representative of this place, and he is well known for his non-Christian opinions, and they do not seem to trouble him politically. The liberal churchman will give him his vote. I find an excellent organisation of Secularists at Newcastle. They are active and hard-working, and cultivate the spirit of comradeship. On Friday evening, before the lecture, we had a social gathering for the purpose of getting acquainted. Mr. Bartram, secretary, Mr. W. Gillespie, Mr. Carl Aarstad, Mr. Thomas Forman, Mr. Peacock, and others, were gathered together. There was a speech of welcome by Mr. Peacock, a response by the American visitor, songs and recitations, and the cheerful circle of an English high tea. I give three lectures on Sunday, July 7, to good audiences. The weather was so fine that people would rather walk in the park, or wander by the sea-shore, than attend church,

chapel, or lecture. They are beginning to enjoy the Sunday here in a somewhat continental way, and the ancient gloom is disappearing. I was satisfied with the result. Those who do identify themselves with the movement in Newcastle are sturdy in their support. They are jovial companions. On Monday I went over to South Shields, where I met some of the Secularists of this flourishing point. Mr. Peacock, the president of the society, Mr. George White, Mr. Sanderson, of Jarrow, Mr. William Gillespie, etc., are gathered around the festive table. Afterwards we walked to the pier, from which, in the illuminated evening, is presented one of the most beautiful sights on the coast of England. The pier runs out one mile into the sea, and over it at times the waves break in giant fury. Here are the life-boat stations. Thousands have been saved from the stormy ocean. The two piers at South Shields and Tynemouth form an immense break-water, and where once there was only danger to the tossing ship is now a secure harbor. One would hardly think as he walked along the placid shore where multitudes of people are flocking, where boats are plying, and waves roll softly over the wide beach on which hundreds of children romp, while the sea spreads afar like a mirror, and the banks of the Tyne glow resplendent like fairy halls—one would hardly think that the tempestuous ocean might rush in with ten thousand battalions and shake these colossal piers to their foundation, and thunder to the very streets of the city. But such is sometimes the vast velocity and terror of this now smiling expanse. Man, however, does not lose his courage or his skill, and battles victoriously with the elements. I understand that the modern life-boat, which plunges defiantly into the very jaws of death, and cannot be engulfed, but always comes right side up amidst the most whirling billows, was first invented at Newcastle. The impetuous bravery of the old Norse kings abides on the river Tyne, and the hero goes forth to combat the storm-god with joyous enthusiasm, not to destroy now, but to save.

The North of England makes a noble record for the Freethought campaign; and the time was all too short that I could spend in this varied metropolis, with its progressive spirit, its vast industries, its beautiful surroundings, its thrilling and splendid historic associations. In no part of England can one better observe the evolutions of the human race, its struggle for existence, and the survival of the fittest.

On Tuesday, July 9, I am again in London, after an absence of about five weeks. I spend Wednesday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Foote, Mr. and Mrs. Gilmour, of Glasgow, and J. M. Wheeler, at the home of Charles Watts, where among congenial spirits, the life of London flows with the progress of the world. Watts is pre-eminently sociable. He does not reserve all his vivacity for the platform. He believes in good comradeship. And, indeed, we could not stand the tug of war, endure the battle with injustice and wrong, unless at times we did gather about the camp fire, throw our weapons off, and enjoy the pleasures of the hour with mental stimulation and happy impulse. Mr. and Mrs. Watts have the kindly art of making the fireside light genial to both friend and stranger. Old-time experiences in America come flashing along, while new fields open before. I was pleased to meet our brilliant representative in the North, Mr. Gilmour, who is one of our best-equipped men, a thorough student, and a facile and suggestive lecturer. He keeps things on the move, and Freethought in his hands will never lack a successful defender.

On Thursday, with Mrs. Watts and Mrs. Foote, and Mr. and Mrs. Gilmour, I visit for the first time the wonderful gloom of Westminster Abbey. Here is the buried majesty of the ages. Here are the tombs of kings and queens, of the "illustrious obscure," and of poets and philosophers who have given glory to the universal world. Here for hours one can wander among beautiful and solemn chapels, the sunbeams falling from windows of marvellous hues upon the white faces of the dead shining in statuesque glory; the gorgeous tombs, clothed with imperial regalia; the marble slab, silent over the ashes of immortal genius; along the old parliament house, small and barren, within whose walls once rolled and surged an imperious host, and the green sward contrasting with the desolation of decay. To the eye of imagination, the portals of the centuries seem to open; the dust awakes, and a multitudinous procession appears. The old minster appears to melt, and its "frozen music" becomes an abounding melody of life. The poetry, the art, the romance, the gallantry and splendor of a thousand years fill the venerable aisles, and the great city is forgotten in the thronging shadows of this over-arching sepulchre, enriched with the pathos and sublimity of the dead generations.

Friday I had the pleasure of dining again at Simpson's, with Watts, Foote, Forder, and Mr. George Anderson. This time Mr. Anderson gives the Pilgrim a beautiful golden compass, so that wheresoever he may travel—on top of the Andes, or on Greenland's icy shores, or India's coral strand, or, it may be, Siberia's darksome plains—he will have, not the word of God, but the beautiful finger of nature, the unerring needle

that is ever constant to the glorious shining star, to guide him to liberty and truth. I thank my friend for this magnet of nature—more faithful than any saint, more accurate than any Bible, more subtle than any god, more enduring than any church—that, ever pointing to the sparkling reality, is a thousand times greater blessing to humanity than a million golden crosses.

One would scarcely think that, among the crowding masses of London, one would ever meet by chance a friend from America. One might roam for a hundred years in these streets, and never come across another's track. But it happened that almost the first thing that Dr. Darrow, of Fargo, and Mr. Morton, of Minneapolis, did was to meet the Pilgrim on the Strand, one of the great thoroughfares of London. I couldn't recognise my transatlantic friends at first, it seemed so wildly improbable that anybody from Dakota or Minnesota would be in London. But so it was. I rallied to the occasion, and America for the moment was in the ascendant, and we hardly realised that we were on the oriental side of the "great herring-pond." We joined forces for the time being, and beheld the wonders of the Palace, and the delightfully-horrible wax-works of Madame Tussaud. It being a supreme necessity for all foreigners, especially Americans, to see these wax-works, we proceeded to do the business at the earliest moment. The exhibition is really no better than a ten-cent show in Chicago, except in the extent and the awful realism of its exhibits. There is quite a gorgeous display of the kings and queens of history, the great warriors, the successful statesmen; but to my mind the most interesting wax statue in the whole collection was that of Madame Tussaud herself—a little bit of a woman, but apparently full of grit and extraordinary energy; and it certainly must have taken an immense amount of enthusiasm and persistency to have gotten together a collection like this—the most varied and grotesque collection to be seen on the planet, especially the "Chamber of Horrors"—what a lurid fascination in these uncouth displays! Here is the identical trunk that held the murdered body, the identical knife that did the bloody deed, the identical dress worn by the victim, and so on to the end of the thrilling chapter. It was a relief to finish the round of this infernal curiosity shop.

Saturday I journey to Bristol. I am welcomed to the hospitable home of Dr. and Mrs. Stevens, and the days of work and entertainment pass delightfully along. The Doctor is an earnest Freethinker, and it would be a great help to our cause if a few more like him would stand in the ranks. He questioned the parliamentary candidates of his district as to their position in regard to the "Blasphemy Laws," by which the Secularists of England are at present outlawed. The Liberal candidate expressed himself as distinctly in favor of their repeal, but Michael Hicks Beach, the Conservative candidate, said that, while the law in its present form was a little old-fashioned, yet he was in favor of a blasphemy law of some kind. He was also opposed to the opening of museums, etc., on the "Sabbath," and expressed a great horror of the "continental Sunday." I think this is about the general position of the Tory party, and if that party wins, there is but little hope of the repeal of the "Blasphemy Laws," although it must be admitted, even by the Conservative, that these laws are an outrage on human rights. The parliamentary election is at present occupying the attention of the community to the exclusion of almost everything else; and so, for the time being, the Freethought audiences are not so large as they might otherwise be.

I must thank Mr. and Mrs. Stevens for their kind attention to the American visitor. I must record the smiles and beauty of the little baby—five months old—Dorothy Winifred, who contributed much to the enjoyment of the occasion, and who will, no doubt, ever illuminate the path of Freethought, if the laws of heredity prevail and the promise of a happy birth.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

(To be continued.)

IRRELIGION is the end towards which we are hastening. After all, why should not humanity do without dogmas? Speculation will replace religion. Among the most advanced nations dogmas are already decreasing; by inward toil the incrustations of thought are bruised and destroyed. In France we are already for the most part without religion; the man of the world believes no more than the scholar; he has his small fund of ideas more or less simple or profound, on which he lives without feeling the want of addressing himself to the priest. In Germany the work of decomposition of dogmas is also very advanced. In England it only commences, but it goes fast. Christianity seems everywhere to be followed by Freethinking. With Buddhism and Hinduism it is the same. In India the majority of intelligent men are Freethinkers; in China there is no national religion. Yes, it will be a long time yet, but religion is passing away, and we can already imagine the time when Europe will be quite without it.—Ernest Renan.

## BOOK CHAT.

WE have received from the Esoteric Publishing Co., Applegate, California, a copy of the *Esoteric*. Out of curiosity, we wasted some time over it, and it afforded insight into the lamentable credulity, superstition, and lack of real education which can lead people to write and read such a jumble of words without ideas as is displayed in this organ of Christian Theosophy.

Macmillan & Co. have published *The Sexes Compared, and Other Essays*, by Dr. Eduard von Hartmann, the German Pessimist. The New Woman is not likely to relish Dr. Hartmann. He defends the double standard in morals, and thinks that, "if we listened to the woman emancipationists, and deprived men of all their privileges in state and society, in law and morality, we should inaugurate a period of female rule unparalleled in history." Then what would become of poor, defenceless man? Probably the New Woman will think he is pretty safe while so much of the elementary savage shows beneath the surface of the cultured German doctor.

A penny *Life of Thomas Burt, M.P.*, by George Jacob Holyoake, has been published by Walter Scott, Limited. It was written for an American volume on the Burt family, issued at Springfield, Mass., who claim kinship with Thomas Burt, and is the fullest biography of him yet published.

The Humboldt Publishing Company issue this month *The Theory of Human Progression*, by Patrick Edward Dove. This work was written nearly half a century ago, and to it Henry George is said to have been indebted for his many ideas in his *Progress and Poverty*. Alexander Harvey, who edits the book, prefaces it with a life of the author and a mention of the circumstances that led to its suppression.

Patrick Edward Dove's book was praised by Sir William Hamilton and Thomas Carlyle. Charles Sumner had it stereotyped in America. Its main principle is that progress is conditioned by the acquisition of true knowledge. It maintains the doctrine of liberty and equality, and argues that rent ought to belong to a nation. Henry George praised it at a public meeting at Glasgow (*North British Daily Mail*, December 19, 1884). But Dove was of Mill's school, a strong Individualist and opposed to Socialism. Dove was at one time editor of the *Commonwealth* at Glasgow, and edited the *Imperial Dictionary of Biography*. He died in 1873.

M. Zola's novel of *Rome* is to be translated into English by Mr. E. A. Vizetelly, son of the publisher who was imprisoned for selling Zola's works.

The Hon. Lionel Tollemache, who writes an heretical work, privately issued, entitled *Stones of Stumbling*, is issuing a personal memoir of Dr. Benjamin Jowett, which Mr. Edward Arnold will publish.

The new Coleridge work which Mr. William Heinemann announces will be ready before the end of October. Coleridge was in the habit of keeping note-books, in which he chronicled table-talk and wrote finished prose. These note-books have remained unpublished in the hands of the Coleridge family until now, when Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge has prepared a volume of extracts. The title selected for it, "*Animæ Poeta*," represents the spirit of the book, as reflecting the poet's mind on various matters at various times. A Coleridge index, which should be very useful, is to be given at the end.

Frederic Harrison has, in the *September Forum*, a very discriminating study of "George Eliot's Place in Literature."

Mr. Heinemann will shortly publish the memoirs and correspondence of Ernest Renan, with a prefatory memoir of his beloved sister Henriette, to whom his *Vie de Jésus* was dedicated.

We read that *The Life and Letters of Thomas H. Huxley*, edited by his son, is soon to be published by Macmillan and Co.

If the intellect and judgment of mankind ought to be cultivated, a thing which Protestants at least do not deny, on what can these faculties be more appropriately exercised by any one than on the things which concern him so much that it is now considered necessary for him to hold opinions on them? If the cultivation of the understanding consists in one thing more than in another, it is surely in learning the grounds of one's own opinions.—J. S. Mill, "*On Liberty*."

## A LATE POPE AND ETERNAL REST.

POPE (arriving at the gate of heaven)—Ah! now for my well-earned rest—eternal rest. (*Sighs heavily, and taps gently at the gate.*)

PETER—Who is there?

POPE—The Pope.

PETER (opening gate, refers to a voluminous pocket-book)—Yes, let me see; the Father wishes to speak to you—the first door on the right, marked "private."

(POPE follows the corridor and knocks as instructed.)

The FATHER—Who's there?

POPE—It is I, the Pope, your most merciful majesty.

The FATHER (from within)—Oh, ah! my son would like to see you—the next door on the right.

(The POPE moves with dignity, and knocks as directed by the FATHER.)

J. C. (opening same)—Who might you be?

POPE—The Pope, Lord.

J. C.—Oh, yes! the Holy Ghost wants particularly to have a word with you. Ring next door.

(The POPE gathers up his shroud, and rings with some trepidation.)

HOLY GHOST—Who's there?

POPE—It is I, the Pope, most holy spirit, seeking admission to eternal rest. (*The door opens.*)

A VOICE—Come in.

(The POPE enters.)

HOLY GHOST—Oh! so you are the Pope; you are the man who has spread all those tales about me and the Virgin Mary? (*Calls loudly for Attendants.*)

POPE—No, no; I—I only—

(Enter Attendants.)

HOLY GHOST (to Attendants)—To Hell with this man—the Island in the Lake.

(Exit POPE and Attendants down the lift; the POPE shrieking vociferously.)

ARTHUR T. BARNARD.

## JEHOVAH'S MEMORY DEFECTIVE.

A GLARING falsehood occurs in Exodus vi. 2, 3: "And God spake unto Moses, and said unto him, I am the Lord: And I appeared unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, by the name of God Almighty, but by my name Jehovah (i.e., Yaveh) was I not known to them." This assertion of the Bible God is easily disproved, although the word "Jehovah" has been carefully concealed by the pious translators.

Genesis iv. 26: "Then began men to call upon the name of Yaveh."

Genesis xiv. 22: "And Abram said to the king of Sodom, I have lift up mine hand unto Yaveh, the most high God."

Genesis xv. 2: "And Abram said, Adonai Yaveh (rendered Lord God), what wilt thou give me?"

The word "Yaveh" (Jehovah) occurs also in Genesis ii. 7, 8, 9, 15, 18, 19, 21, 22—Yaveh Elohim. In Genesis iii. 1, 8, Yaveh Elohim; but prominently in Genesis xiii. 4:

"Unto the place of the altar which he had made there at first, and there Abram called on the name of Yaveh Elohim."

There, between Bethel and Hai, Abram called (preached) the ominous name, Yaveh!

Yaveh, the Bible God, has a bad memory, to say the least

of it. The Holy Ghost who inspired (!) the writers of the old Book clearly shows himself—infallible. *Après tout* the Devil is not the father of lies.

CHARLES KROLL LAPORTE.

The wail of the curate is very pathetic. There are only 14,000 livings for some 24,000 clergy, and the incumbents of the livings protest they are little better off than the curates, omitting the fact that they are not liable to lose their situations as they get old. We confess our sympathy is not so very deep with those who find it hard to live on some £150 a year. The more they wail, the more likely sensible parents will be to educate their sons for a more honest business.

The British Museum authorities, having the fear of men before them like the Rev. Dr. Kinns and the Rev. Dr. Kitchen their eyes, used to be very chary about dating any of their antiquities before the time of Adam. Even the Christy collection of prehistoric stone implements, etc., went without any sign of their vast antiquity. But this is breaking down. In the Official Guide we read of a "King of Babylonia, B.C. 4200," or 196 years before the creation of Adam, though on the case we read, "about B.C. 4000." Then we have the Egyptian sepulchre of Khufu-Ankh, a tomb having the Ankh cross as a sign of life, dated B.C. 3733; and the photo of the "Step Pyramid" appears as "built, probably, by Atta, King of Egypt, about B.C. 4300."

## CREEDS.

LONG years I've spent in study over creeds;  
Perplexed by questions deep beyond reply;  
Now tempted to affirm, now to deny;  
Sad, paralysing influence on good deeds.

What joy to follow where calm nature leads!  
And roam in woods or fields which round us lie;  
To gather flowers, or behold the sky;  
And thence invoke that peace the spirit needs.

All nature speaks to man with tranquil voice;  
He, too, her child, is nurtured on her breast;  
She shows, full oft, for him a smiling face.  
But not alone for him. The fields rejoice;  
Birds sing, sun shines, vexed ocean sinks to rest,  
Bright stars roll on in the vast sea of space.

—Open Court.

E. EMERSON.

## Was Not David Mistaken?

Either David was not a close observer, else the age in which he lived was very different from that of to-day, provided he always told the truth. He said: "I have been young, and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

Fearing some critic would insist the word rendered "righteous" was not properly translated, we consulted the revised edition of the Holy Book, also the Jewish translation, and the Catholic. The latter substitutes the word "just"; but this is a synonym with "righteous" which is used in the other authorities. We determined to consult the commentators, who, the reader is aware, assume to know everything about Bible characters, as well as God; so we turned to Scott, who is an old standby. To our delight, we found he affirms our statement, using these words: "The Psalmist had never, during a long course of observation, known an instance of the kind." The conclusion is irresistible: all that vast array of unfortunates who find themselves seemingly forsaken by God and man, who are infirm with age, or are crippled with disease, who are destitute of the needs of life, and subsist by the hospitality of the charitable, wrung from them by importunate begging, are neither righteous of themselves nor descendants of just parents. We are right sorry to learn this, for it is a crushing blow at the poor and destitute, and, if properly understood and fully believed, it will operate severely to their prejudice.

—Progressive Thinker.

## PROFANE JOKES.

Teacher—"What is man?" Boy—"Dust." "What is woman?" "Sawdust."

Teacher (to class)—"Who was the first man?" Little Boy—"Adam." Teacher—"Right. Now, who was the first woman?" Little Boy—"His mother."

Bobby—"Mamma, do the streets of heaven flow with milk and honey?" Mother—"So the Bible says, dear." Bobby—"And is that why the angels have wings, 'cause the walking's so bad?"

Teacher (to little boys)—"What is the shape of the world?" Little Boys—"Don't know, sir." "Well, what is the shape of my snuff-box?" "Square, sir." "No, no; I don't mean that one, I mean the one I use on Sundays." "Round, sir." "Now, then; what is the shape of the world?" "Square on week-days, and round on Sundays."

Hostess (to little six-year-old visitor at dinner)—"Why don't you ask a blessing at your house, Tommy? Don't you thank the Lord for what you eat?" Tommy—"No, ma'am; we don't have to. We pay for what we get." [Tommy was a philosopher. The habit of thanking the Lord for a meal naturally arose when a man had to go out and hunt for one before he got it.]

WHAT I must do is all that concerns me, not what the people think. This rule, equally arduous in actual and in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness. It is the harder, because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

## 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.

FORESTERS' HALL (Clerkenwell-road, E.C.): 7.30, Charles Watts, "Secularism in Modern Thought."  
BATTERSEA SECULAR HALL (back of Battersea Park Station): 7.45, Robert Shaw, "Some Facts about the Bible." Tuesday, at 8, social for members and friends.  
CAMBERWELL (North Camberwell Hall, 61 New Church-road): 7.30, a lecture.  
WEST HAM SECULAR ETHICAL SOCIETY (61 West Ham-lane): 7, Open discussion—"Neo-Malthusianism."

## OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

BATTERSEA PARK GATES: 11.30, F. Haslam, "Who was Jesus Christ—God, Man, or Myth?"  
CAMBERWELL (Station-road): 11.30, St John will lecture.  
CLERKENWELL GREEN: 11.15, Stanley Jones, "Does Christianity Support Slavery?"  
DEPTFORD BROADWAY: 6.30, C. James will lecture. Thursday, at 8, C. James will lecture.  
EDMONTON (corner of Angel-road): 7, Stanley Jones, "Our Lord Jesus Christ."  
FINSBURY PARK (near the band-stand): 11.15, G. Standing, "What is the New Testament?" 3.15, St. John will lecture.  
HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE (Middlesex side): 7, W. Heaford, "The Doom of the Gods." Thursday, at 8.30, F. Haslam, "Mohammed and his Koran."  
HYDE PARK (near Marble Arch): 11.30, W. Heaford, "The Sermon on the Mount"; 3.30, "An Hour with the Devil." Wednesday, at 8, F. Haslam will lecture.  
ISLINGTON (Prebend-street, Packington-street): 11.30, A. Guest, "The Origin of the New Testament."  
KILBURN (corner of Victoria-road): 7, T. Thurlow, "Why I am Not a Christian."  
KINGSLAND (Ridley-road, near Dalston Junction): 11.30, S. E. Easton, "Where will You Spend Eternity?"  
LAMBETH (Kennington Park): 3.30, Mrs. Thornton Smith, "The Meaning of Secularism."  
MILE END WASTE: 11.30, A. B. Moss, "Shadows of Superstition."  
OLD PIMLICO PIER: 11.30, W. J. Ramsey, "The Garden of Eden."  
REGENT'S PARK (near Gloucester Gate): 3. S. E. Easton will lecture.  
VICTORIA PARK (near the fountain): 11.15, a lecture; 3.15, S. R. Thompson, "Is there a Life Beyond the Grave?"  
WOOD GREEN (Jolly Butchers' Hill): 11.30, C. James will lecture; 7, W. J. Ramsey will lecture. Thursday, at 8, a lecture.

## COUNTRY.

BIRMINGHAM (Alexandra Hall, Hop>-street): 11, Gymnasium Class; 7, Concert.  
BLACKBURN: C. Cohen will lecture on Sept 17, 18, 19, and 20.  
CHATHAM SECULAR HALL (Queen's-road, New Brompton): 2.45, Sunday-school; 7, J. B. Coppock, F.C.S., "A Chemical Lecture, with Experiments."  
LIVERPOOL (Oddfellows' Hall, St. Anne-street): 7, J. Roberts, "Reason Only."  
MANCHESTER SECULAR HALL (Rusholme-road, All Saints): 11, C. Cohen, "The Great French Revolution—Part III, Daybreak"; 6.30, "The Holy Bible."  
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE (Northumberland Hall, High Friar-street, near Grey's monument): 7, R. Mitchell will lecture.  
SHEFFIELD SECULAR SOCIETY (Hall of Science, Rockingham-street): 7, W. Dyson, "Professor Huxley from a Freethought Standpoint."  
SOUTH SHIELDS (Captain Duncan's Navigation School, King street): 7, business meeting.

## OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

BRADFORD (Open Market, James-street): 6.30, H. Smith, "The Higher Criticism."  
CHATHAM (corner of the New Brompton-road, High-street): 11.15, J. B. Coppock, "Matter and Force."  
DERBY (Market-place): 11, Mr. Biggs will lecture.  
MANCHESTER (Stephenson-square): 3, C. Cohen, "Belief and Conduct."  
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE (Quayside): 11, a lecture.

## Lecturers' Engagements.

C. COHEN, 12 Merchant-street, Bow-road, London, E.—Sept. 15, Manchester; 17 to 20, Blackburn; 22 and 29, Birmingham.

STANLEY JONES, 52 Davenant-road, Holloway, London, N.—Sept. 15, m. Finsbury, e. Edmonton; 22, m. Kingsland, e. Deptford; 25, Hyde Park; 26, Hammersmith; 29, m. Victoria Park, a. Finsbury Park, e. Kilburn.

ARTHUR B. MOSS, 44 Oredon-road, Rotherhithe, London, S.E.—Sept. 15, Mile End; 22, Camberwell; 29, Westminster. October 6, Camberwell; 20, m. and a. Hyde Park, e. Hammersmith.

T. THURLOW, 350 Old Ford-road, E.—Sept. 15, e. Kilburn; 22, m. and a. Hyde Park, e. Hammersmith; 29, e. Edmonton.

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Neither law nor custom gives its sanction to the duel, and neither may be said to countenance pugilism, even in its milder forms.

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Much of prejudice, and that by no means founded solely on what has been termed the Indeterminate Co-efficient of Supernaturalism, has allied itself with what is either the show or the substance of reason, in counteracting the forces which seek to dispel the gloom.

The day of emancipation is doubtless distant, and little hope of accelerating the dawn lies down the devious path of legislative endeavor.

Whilst each for himself or herself must weigh the personal damage—the ostracism of society, the detriment in business, and any other considerations of like character—all must realise that the line to be pursued is that which has led all other pioneers in history to attain their ends, the line of active or passive rebellion against the laws and customs of the time.

No active defiance of law is involved in dispensing with the seal of State sanction which is withheld from all who rebel against the slavery of marriage. Though their alliances are illicit, they are not illegal; and their children, though illegitimate, suffer injuries remediable by legislation, which few would rate as momentous save where the entail of property is concerned.

The really grave difficulties are encountered in the conflict with custom, and here, as ever, the multiplication of offenders will soften the austerity of the condemnation.

Those wishful to forward the cause, and willing to live together without the bond of State wedlock, are invited to register their alliances before the Notifying Clerk of the Legitimation League, and to acknowledge their children born out of wedlock.

It is not essential that consent be given for the public advertising of these alliances, but as the registers will be open for inspection by any member of the League, or by any persons on payment of a fee (whether or not such persons may be presumed to have a direct interest in ascertaining the information therein contained), the League covenants with every registering party that the latter will not seek to make it responsible for any injury arising from unauthorised and indiscriminate publication.

Those who wish to advertise their alliances, and to publicly acknowledge their children, through the medium of the Legitimation League, must give consent in writing to the Honorary Secretary:—Oswald Dawson, Harman Villa, Seacroft, nr. Leeds.

In preparation—*The Bar Sinister and Licit Love*, the First Biennial Proceedings of the Legitimation League, 1s.; *The Dawn of Civilisation*, by J. C. Spence (cheap edition), 4d.; *Personal Rights and Sexual Wrongs*, by Oswald Dawson, 6d.

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We, William F. Dunton and Emma M. A. Dunton, formerly Emma M. A. Briggs, of 60 North-street, Sloane-street, London, S.W., having since the 12th of November, 1892, lived together as Mr. and Mrs. Dunton, and being now so styled and commonly known, hereby give notice of our alliance.

We hereby also acknowledge the parentage of Millicent Louisa Dunton, born the 4th of February, 1891, and announce our determination to similarly regard as acknowledged children any future issue of our union.

We consent to the publication of this notice in such manner as the Honorary Secretary of the Legitimation League shall see fit.

Read by us this 19th day of July, 1895, and signed before Arthur Cornwell, Notifying Clerk to the Legitimation League.

W. F. DUNTON.

EMMA M. A. DUNTON.

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