

The Freethinker

Edited by G. W. FOOTE.]

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE BLACK ARMY.

(Continued from page 674.)

THE clerical profession, like every other, has its prizes, and they are so graduated as to inspire hope in the least capable and sanguine. No doubt it is true that in the Church of England, particularly, a minister may wait long, or all his life, for preferment, unless he has influential friends or relatives. But this is a disadvantage which is common in every branch of industry. While, however, there are doctors with no patients, and barristers with no briefs, there are comparatively few ministers without occupation and salary. However small their income may be, they begin with *something*, which is solid and secure; whereas a doctor has often to spend years in seeking patients enough to keep him in bread and cheese, and a barrister to wait years for his first solicitor's cheque.

A complaint was made at the recent Church Congress that many incumbents were deplorably poor, and it was proposed that a gigantic national fund should be raised in order to level up the poorest to £300 a year. Now, I ask any man of candor and intelligence, who has seen anything of the average "poor" incumbent, to say whether he is really the equal, in energy and general ability, of the average man who occupies a post worth £300 in the commercial or professional world.

Probably the clergy would resent their ability being canvassed in this profane manner, but when they complain of their poverty they invite such treatment; in fact, it becomes inevitable.

Much as it may hurt their feelings, I will even go farther. I have already said that we have a right to expect from Christian ministers, as from all other men, a decent conformity to their own teachings. Now, if there is any teaching in the New Testament which is clear, explicit, and unmistakable, it is that wealth is a danger and poverty a blessing. According to the Sermon on the Mount, the "poor" are the first to inherit the kingdom of heaven; and according to the epistles of Saint Paul, every Christian should content himself with little, and only minister to the bare necessities of his "carnal" part during his earthly pilgrimage. I do not accept this teaching myself. I believe that man is a risen animal, not a fallen angel; and that our sensuous nature should have its rational gratification. But I am *not* a Christian, while the clergy are—at least by profession. They are bound to follow Jesus and Paul, or to confess themselves hypocrites. And if the teaching of Jesus and Paul should be followed by every ordinary Christian, how much more should it be followed by those who assume to exhort and reprove their brethren.

Apart altogether from the express teaching of the New Testament, there is something incongruous in the action of spiritual teachers, who would wean us from the *material* world, and who at the same time demand a fair share at least of all the good things of this life. It reminds one of

the Cornish minister, whose sermon was interrupted by the news that a ship had run ashore. The wrecking instinct was strong in that congregation, and every man started for the door. They were arrested, however, by the stentorian voice of their pastor, who bade them take their seats before God; and then, casting off his ministerial robe, he exclaimed: "Let us start fair."

Considering the *spiritual* pretensions of the clergy, I smile when they complain that they are poor. That is precisely what they ought to be. It is their only honest condition. Every penny they expend on themselves, or their families, beyond what is necessary to support life, is a confession that their *doctrines* are absurd and impracticable, and that *they* are subsisting on false pretences. I am not at all sure that they are entitled to take *any* care of their bodies. If they had a proper supply of the *faith*, which they recommend to us, they might trust to God for a supply of their bodily wants, as Elijah did in the desert and the Jews in the wilderness.

Let us turn our attention now to the missionaries. It is popularly believed that these gentlemen are all animated by a burning zeal to spend and be spent in the cause of Christ; that they court hardship and danger in the spirit of martyrdom. But what is the real truth? It is beyond doubt, to anyone who has investigated the matter, that the great majority of missionaries have positions of ease and emolument. They are generally within reach of protection, and their salaries, though sometimes moderate if expended in England, are always sufficient to provide them with every comfort in the land of their labor, and generally to provide them with a retinue of servants which they could never hope to have in their native country. I have no hesitation in saying that the lot of the average missionary is an enviable one. If the statement be disputed, I will furnish conclusive evidence from the writings of travellers, and even from the reports of Missionary Societies.

It is of course undeniable that there have been missionaries who held their lives cheap, and faced hardship, peril, and death itself with unflinching devotion. I honor such men, though I do not share their faith. Courage and conviction are always admirable, and a martyr's grave is holy ground. But every cause has had its heroes. A doctor in a hospital has been known to suck the poison of diphtheria from the throat of a strange child, and sacrifice his own life in the attempt to save another's. Large bodies of men will always yield a percentage of such noble spirits; and we may reverence the martyr missionary without throwing a false halo round the heads of all his profession.

Missionary Societies, in practice, are chiefly agents for relieving the congestion of the clerical labor market. It is better to send the superfluous men of God abroad than to let them stay at home, competing with their brethren and reducing the general rate of wages. Emigration is an advantage to those who go and to those who remain. And when this is understood by the British public, the missionary business will be seen in its true

light. A few go converting the heathen for Christ, some from Christ and themselves, and more for themselves and Christ.

Of a piece with the chief motive of this missionary enterprise are the arts employed in raising its expenses. School children are cheated of buns and toffy to fill the mission-box with halfpence. Shameless begging goes on from door to door. False pictures are drawn of missionary heroism, and falsier pictures of the moral darkness of the "heathen." It is perfectly certain that in many cases, whatever may be said of the "civilisation" of the heathen, and their scanty costume in hot climates, they are essentially more moral than the majority of the missionary's countrymen; more truthful, more honest, more sober, more tender to their children, and more respectful to their elders and parents.

G. W. FOOTE.

(To be concluded.)

THE ODIN RELIGION.

I HAVE, I think, made a discovery. I have found an article by Thomas Carlyle, unmentioned by any of his biographers. Mr. Richard Hearne Shepherd, who compiles a careful bibliography of Carlyle, does not mention the article. This fact, I confess, gave me pause. Had I found a mare's nest? I read the article again, and leave the question to the discerning reader acquainted with Carlyle. The article in question has first place in the October number of the *Westminster Review*, 1854. It takes the shape of a review of Simrock's *Edda*, Uhland's *Myth of Thor*, Grimm's *Teutonic Mythology*, etc., and is entitled "The Odin Religion." It sets out by saying:—

"The English may be considered fortunate in their kindred. Across the Atlantic they have a remarkable family of cousins, of singular energy, and, perhaps, the most expanding, mobile, multiplying, 'go-ahead' human creatures that ever 'exploited' this terrestrial globe. Altogether modern, and with a History respectable, indeed, but of only two short chapters—Puritanism and Revolution—with no deep Past to allure the imagination or divide the attention, and with a Present as yet vague, undefined, and hardly more settled than the halt of the exploring traveller, whose night's rest is hurried and feverish with onward thoughts for tomorrow. Their keen faculties and energies are all set on 'progress'—working for times that are not, but will be—for a Future that is to 'beat all creation'—a Future, ambitious, vast as the imagination and appetites of man. Even Goethe, in a moment of despondency, almost envies America for its freedom from 'ruined castles,' useless remembrances, and vain disputes, which entangle old nations and trouble their hearts, when they ought to be strong for present action."

Then he turns to our other cousins, the Teutonic people, who "cultivate a loving piety for that rich and still fertile Past, from which the Americans have cut themselves loose altogether, and about which the English, with a distinct and proud history of their own, and busy withal with other things, without renouncing their share or interest in it, take less concern." A sketch is given of German history, afterwards much amplified in *Frederick the Great*, and then we are taken back to "their common belief, the Odin religion as we will call it." In a note he says: "It might be called *English* or *Saxon* with as much right as *Scandinavian*. It was the religion of the whole Teutonic race, and came—we know not whence."

Carlyle, as for the nonce I shall call the writer, recites the story from Bede of the old Saxon chief who compared the life of man to the bird flying in at one door and out at another—a passage afterwards used by Emerson in his essay on Immortality. "The sense of the Infinite was awake in that heart," he says—and this he thinks characteristic of Teutonic man; "but the supreme virtue of the free, vigorous, cheery Teutonic man was valor, action, positive, not negative, virtues; none but heroes entered Valhal; the nobodies went to the dull limbo of oblivion." This healthy strength, he declares, "is ever accompanied by a proportionate measure of tenderness and pity." And

there is a third quality—"the feeling of *wonder*, the sense of the infinite, which lies at the base of all religion as well as of poetry."

"The ancient Teutonic man, with his healthful, joyous strength and elasticity, roaming over sea and land in pursuit of manly adventure, knew no fear of death; neither was life mournful to him, or a mere burden to be endured for the sake of 'hereafter.' Life was for action, and the gods were propitious to the brave. Yet was his soul strangely affected by the ever-shifting, changing nature of things. The bright day is beautiful, and such a majestic luminary must certainly rule for ever; but a little while, and the gray twilight creeps on, enveloping the day as with a veil, and anon black mysterious night covers the earth. What has become of the day and its fiery ruler? And there is the glorious summer-season, clothing the hills with verdure, and inspiring all creatures with joy. Its heat has melted the icebergs, it is so strong; surely it must prevail? But the days grow shorter, and the leaves wither and fall, the hills turn gray and sad; black clouds come riding upon the back of the whirlwind, and lo! wild winter is uppermost again, and the keen Yötuns are busy destroying the fair handiwork of gods and men: where is Thor the Thunderer?—Life itself wastes and wanes; this arm, once so vigorous and all-powerful, has grown unsteady and helpless; Iduna, the beautiful maiden, bright as the blooming apple-tree, is old now, and shrunken, and her eyes are dim. Are we the same we were, or what are we?—These apprehensive feelings, inexpressible 'pre-sentiments' working as 'inner experiences' in the Teutonic soul from of old, had their important share in the building up of the Odin religion."

Then come descriptions of the tree Yggdrasil, the gods, and Yötuns, or giants, in which, incidentally, he compares the office of the original *Pontifex*, who, standing on the bridge which separated hostile armies, made peace between them, with "the present Pontiff with French bayonets keeping the peace for him upon his own bridge."

The account of the recovery of Thor's hammer is too long for quotation here. But every line shouts the name of its author, Thomas Carlyle, and makes me wonder if any Carlylean can have read the article without recognising the powerful voice. Fiery passion, prejudice, grim humor, and soft-melting humanity are mixed, as also in the oft-told story of the death of Balder the beautiful, encompassed by Loki, whom the reviewer declares is "not unlike Goethe's Mephistopheles, done in the rough." A characteristic touch is this. "The life of the gods, we said, is serene upon a ground of sadness." "The Greek gods have their combat behind them; it lasted but ten years, and got itself transacted once for all. Olympus has triumphed over Orthys, and the Jovites have ever after an easy, jolly life of it. Not so the Asen; no easy, idle life of mere graceful or graceless gallantries is theirs; chaos is ever threatening, and has to be kept out by unsleeping vigilance." Again he says:—

"As a counterpart to the 'sons of God who saw the daughters of men that they were fair' we meet, in the later 'Heroic Sagas,' with cases of love adventures, and of union between the sons of men and those Valkyrie—daughters of the gods; unions not productive of serene happiness, but of happiness tinged with sorrow. The low chant of a sad, sweet melody makes itself heard amidst the clangour of steel and wild war-whoop of these heroic poems; death-valor and gentleness, devotion and revenge; the stout heart overcome by the force of irresistible attraction; immortal woman yearning for the love of mortal man, whose prowess is so divine; inexorable destiny over-ruling all."

The period of conflict between Odinism and Christianity extended over eight centuries, from the fourth to the eleventh. The writer of this article tells with gusto how "one Radbot, Frisian king, while already standing in the font to receive the sacrament of baptism, asked: 'Where are my ancestors?' 'In hell, of course,' answered the priest, impatiently. 'And yours?' 'In heaven,' was the reply. 'Then will I rather be with my brave forefathers than with you paltry Christians!' exclaimed the king, and leaped out of the font unbaptised." Motley, in his *Rise of the Dutch Republic* (Introd. v.), tells the same story; but instead of "paltry" has "little starveling band of Christians." The *Westminster Reviewer* also tells of the Frankish king, Chlodwig, who, when solicited by his Christian wife to confess Christ, answered with a sneer: "Your God is not even of divine descent; is a mere plebeian!" The

reviewer evidently looks on the Odin religion as the more manly, and Christianity as the more womanly, faith.

"And so the Odin religion went out, and the Bible came in. The ideals of the fathers became the horrors of the children. Venerable Bede, as we saw, called the old gods 'Devils'; and Scholasticus Adam etymologises Wuotan into *Wütherich*: 'Wodan, id est furor!' And thus, by unknown stages, the mighty Odin degenerated at last into a Wild-Huntsman of the *Odenwald*, an Opera-Guy of the *Freischütz*; while the once so graceful Freia bestrides a broomstick, and leads the chorus of witches on the Blocksberg! '*Das ist das Loos des Schönen hier auf Erden*,' it cannot remain beautiful for ever, it becomes litter and an encumbrance when the virtue is gone out of it. Happy if the 'virtue' gets clothed in new beauty!

"Yet is there one prophecy of the *Völu-seeress* which is being singularly fulfilled: Thor's offspring shall survive, 'Modi and Magni shall swing *Mjölnir*, and fight it out to the end.' The Hammer shall prevail. Thor, the subduer of chaotic forces, the pioneer of industry, he alone of all the Asen is still honored amongst us in a practical way. And the new generations, having lost the faculty (to the inexpressible regret of friend Simrock and others) for treating nature 'mythically,' have entered upon the task of treating her scientifically; which to its own extent is also—as the gods said of Balder's invulnerableness—'a great advantage,' and will be more so some day, when men, driven painfully and inch by inch out of their temporal nestling-places in the Partial, will learn to find rest in the Whole."

If this is not by Thomas Carlyle, I should much like to know who thus imitated, not only his style, but his inmost thoughts, and found the first place in the *Westminster Review*. It will be noticed that this helps to fill up the long period of silence between the publication of the *Life of John Sterling* (1851) and that of *Frederick the Great* (1858). It may be observed that all the volumes reviewed are German, and, when in Germany procuring material for the *Frederick*, Carlyle would doubtless be attracted by all bearing on the Odin religion, which he had lectured on in 1839, and which he reverted to in his *Early Kings of Norway* (1875).

J. M. WHEELER.

THE SECULAR AND CHRISTIAN STANDARDS OF MORALITY.

It is frequently asked by our Christian opponents: What is the standard of Secular morality—that is, to what do we appeal in order to decide the ethical character of human actions? We purpose answering this question, and to state wherein we think the Secular standard is superior to the one furnished by Christianity. It may avoid misunderstanding if we state that, in our opinion, no standard is, or can be, perfect, for in a progressive state of society perfection is not allied with humanity. Our duty is to carefully study whatever ethical tests are presented to us, and then to select the one which we consider accords with reason and the best interests of the community. If, therefore, flaws are discovered in the Secular standard, it would not be wise to reject it simply on that account. The only justification for its rejection would be the production of a superior one. Christians allege that their standard is higher and of greater excellence than ours. Let us see if this allegation is supported by fact; and, in order that a fair comparison may be made, we will first state what the Secular standard is.

The science of morality refers to human conduct, and to its influence upon mankind in general. An act which ennobles the individual, and has a tendency to benefit others, we term moral; actions of an opposite character and influence we regard as being immoral. Secularists, rejecting all appeals to theology, find in reason, experience, and utility the means whereby they discover truth and its value to humanity. Reason is the faculty by which we distinguish truth from error; experience includes the widest and best verified inductions of mankind, and utility is the test by which we estimate the worth of conduct in its power for good in general. As to what is good or moral, that must be determined by the demands and requirements of the community, who have to decide as to what is necessary to secure and preserve harmony, comfort, justice, and progress. Such demands and requirements may, of course, vary with the growth of enlighten-

ment and the increase of the refinement of human feelings; but the nature of the test remains through all changes. By verified inductions we mean what is learnt from the discoveries of natural law, and obedience to that law is compliance with the legitimate condition of existence. Experience teaches that obedience to the highest natural law leads to virtue and happiness, while non-compliance therewith involves more or less pain, misery, and often crime. To urge that this view is "godless" in no way affects Nature, for in her operations she heeds neither blame nor remonstrance, any more than she rewards the pious or punishes the impious, except in accordance with the law of cause and effect.

Thus it will be seen that, from a Secular standpoint, we recognise universal law, not chance or supernatural providence. Morality with us really means living up to those natural laws which reason and experience have proved to be good and useful. From this method we have learnt that it is only by united exertion, self-reliance, and mutual confidence that improvement is obtained. Ethical conduct originates in, and grows out of, the relations of the members of the human family to each other. It should never be forgotten that Secular morality teaches what Confucius taught—namely, that we should do unto others what we desire that they should do unto us. There is undoubtedly in the cultured mind an instinctive desire to promote human happiness, or, as Bacon writes (*On Goodness*), "the inclination is imprinted deeply in the nature of man."

As to utility, that is a term much misrepresented by some Christian exponents, who limit its signification in a most unjustifiable manner. We do not employ the word as meaning that

The value of a thing
Is the money it will bring.

It is the quality of a person's actions to which utility is applied, and, despite all that is said against it, we believe that the ultimate test of conduct will be generally acknowledged to be its usefulness or otherwise in conducing to the well-being of society. Practically, it is so now in various phases of life. In science, politics, in the world of literature, and in the social sphere, the value of actions is estimated by their power to render service to man. By intelligent and unbiased minds a man is revered, not for his belief in theological dogmas, but rather for the assistance he has rendered in improving the world, and raising humanity from the low and degrading condition into which it has fallen under the influence of priestly rule and theological supremacy.

We object altogether to the erroneous notion that utility excludes poetry and art, which are, beyond doubt, prolific sources of joy and gladness, and are necessary to make the happiness of life complete. Whatever tends to add to the sunshine of existence is useful, and those persons who contribute to the happiness of life experience a gratification that must have a beneficial effect upon their lives. Utility destroys no element or principle in our nature that has a tendency to increase our physical and mental pleasure; on the contrary, the service of utility is like the quality of mercy—"it is twice blessed; it blesteth him that gives, and him that takes." In other words, the performance of good actions confers an advantage both upon the performer and also upon those who experience the benefit of those actions, for the intelligence and comfort of others are the best security for our own social peace. It will thus be seen that the improvement of others is not only good for them, but is the best self-defence against the possible injuries they might inflict upon us; and those who see their reward in the good effected are at the ideal standpoint, where the glory of humanity shines in its grandest splendor.

Probably no better definition of utility has been given than the one furnished by Bentham, who says: "By the principle of utility is meant that principle which approves or disapproves of every action whatever, according to the tendency which it appears to have to augment or diminish the happiness of the party whose interest is in question; or, what is the same thing in other words, to promote or oppose that happiness. I say of every action whatever, and, therefore, not only every action of a private individual, but of every measure of government." If it be asked, Who is to be the judge of the good or evil tendencies of an act? we answer: Who under Christian rule is supposed to judge in the framing of Acts of Parliament, which at

least are intended to be on the side of virtue? As all society is involved, why, of course, society is the proper judge. The opponents of Secularism, however, exclaim: "Unless a man could foresee all the circumstances of an act, how could he tell whether it would be a moral one or not?" That is to say, that unless a man is infallible, how can he have any guide at all in his conduct? Men judge as to whether an act will be beneficial or prejudicial in character from experience of what has been the result of similar acts on previous occasions, also from reflection upon the circumstances in which it occurs. True, this rule is not infallible; but it is as perfect as man can attain to. It is also said: "Certain acts may be moral in one age, and immoral in another." Certainly! This, however, is not an objection exclusively to Utilitarianism, since it would apply with equal force to every class of ethics that has ever been propounded, that of Christianity not excepted. According to the Bible, many acts were performed in ancient times which were supposed then to be moral or beneficial; but to perform such acts to-day would be deemed very immoral.

To sum up the Secular position: With us the word "morality" indicates that state of society where happiness, justice, and virtue obtain. As it is improbable that all mankind will experience such a condition of society as this, we deem it both wise and useful to adopt that course of conduct which is calculated to confer such advantages upon the "greatest number." Reason, aided by experience and strengthened by wisdom and intellectual discipline, is our standard, and the usefulness of our actions in promoting the general welfare is our authority. Thus Reason tells us what to do, Experience shows why it should be done, and Utility is the test that either justifies or condemns the wisdom of our actions.

CHARLES WATTS.

(To be concluded.)

THREE BOGUS HEAVENLY WITNESSES.

"For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one."—1 JOHN v. 7.

WHEN Erasmus put out his first edition of the Greek New Testament, in 1516, he omitted the above verse, as wanting in all the Greek copies with which he was acquainted. He was called over the coals by the theologians, especially when his second edition (1519) also took no notice of the passage, and he rashly offered to insert the verse if any Greek manuscripts containing it were forthcoming. Of course he was obliged. Before his third edition was published a Greek MS. providentially turned up. Erasmus, a timid man, kept his word and inserted the text, though, if he looked at all into the matter, he must have suspected, and perhaps discovered, that the MS. was made to order; for, when critically examined, the manuscripts containing the text proved to be as bogus as the passage they were designed to support. The text has, however, been questioned ever since the time of Erasmus. Sir Isaac Newton riddled it pretty thoroughly, and Porson gave it the *coup de grâce*. Bishop Burgess, the Rev. F. Nolan, and some lesser fry have kept up the combat; but, since Porson's time, no competent scholar has come forward to defend it. One of the last of the orthodox fry is the Rev. H. T. Armfield, who puts on his title-page that he is "one of the contributors to *Smith's Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*." Mr. Armfield is a good old Christian antiquity himself. He pleads *in forma pauperis* and *ad misericordiam*. The compilers of the Revised Version had the sense to omit the interpolation, without any comment, or even information that "here the Authorised Version has a passage on the Blessed Trinity." They slurred it over by putting the figures 7 and 8 to verse 8, so that a casual reader would be none the wiser for their omission. Dean Farrar, too, rejects the passage cavalierly. These things annoy Mr. Armfield, who points out that there are some little difficulties on the other side.

He notices, for example, that the passage appears in the famous Polyglott Complutensian version of Cardinal Ximenes. Dr. Davidson says (*Biblical Criticism*, ii. 421) that its editors "took the passage, not from Greek MSS., but from the modern copies of the Vulgate, pseudo-Jerome, and Thomas Aquinas." But Rev. Mr. Armfield says: "That is, in plain English, they made it up. The Vulgate, Jerome,

and Aquinas are all Latin works, and to say that the Complutensian editors took the Greek from them is to say that they made it up." This is a very serious charge, says he. It is, indeed. But there are serious grounds for making it. What manuscript authorities Cardinal Ximenes and his editors had has never been ascertained; but there is a probably bogus story of their having got into the hands of a firework maker, who sent them up to heaven. These editors are said to have used MSS. in the Alcalá Library, but the MSS. have never been produced. Be it noted they gave the Latin text the place of honor, and compared it to Jesus crucified between two thieves—the Greek and the Hebrew. How could they have ventured this if they had known and credited the legend of a Greek original? No; they followed their predecessors in "making it up."

Porson, in his *Letters to Travis* (Letter xii.), says: "In short, if this verse be really genuine, notwithstanding its absence from all the visible Greek MSS. except two, one of which awkwardly translates the verse from the Latin, and the other transcribes it from a printed book; notwithstanding its absence from all the versions except the Vulgate, and even from many of the best and oldest MSS. of the Vulgate; notwithstanding the deep and dead silence of all the Greek writers down to the thirteenth century; if, in spite of all these objections, it be still genuine, no part of Scripture whatsoever can be proved either spurious or genuine."

How, where, and when did it get into Greek? Who put it into Greek? Clearly it was manufactured—*i.e.*, translated from the Latin. If this was done once, may it not have been done many times? Tischendorf held that the Latin version of Codex Bezae, one of the earliest MSS. of the New Testament, was older than the Greek of the same codex; and Father Hardouin and the Rev. J. Black, the author of *Palæoromaica*, have even contended that throughout the Latin is the original—not, of course, that the Latin ascribed to Jerome is meant, but rather some Italic version, though it may be doubted if there is any codex that has not been doctored up and interpolated in accordance with the dominant views of the Church at the time of its production.

Among the authorities who give up as spurious the only verse in the Bible plainly teaching a Trinity may be mentioned Aldus, Bentley, Adam Clarke, Davidson, Farrar, Gibbon, Green, Griesbach, Grotius, Hort, Lardner, Leclerc, Luther, Marsh, Michaelis, Milton, Sir Isaac Newton, Porson, Priestley, Scrivener, Father Simon, Tischendorf, Westcott, Wetstein. To write the history of the controversy would fill a volume. If anyone supposes there was, therefore, much to say on both sides, he would be extremely mistaken. Against the verse have been all lay scholarship and whatever clerical honesty happened to exist. For it has been a cloud of interested witnesses fighting tooth and nail for a palpable forgery, because the exposure of this forgery also exposes the baseless character of all their pretences to be in the secrets of God and ministers of the Most High.

Of course the doctrine taught in the forgery is utter rot. If the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost bear record in heaven, they bear record in the very place where it is not wanted; and, if they are a trinity in the same sense as spirit, water, and blood on earth, then they are no more three in one than pepper, pork, and peas. But the bigger nonsense, the better for the creed of those who say *credo quia absurdum*. Hume well remarks that the more mysterious and tremendous the divinity, and the more unaccountable the measures of acceptance required by him, the more necessary for men to abandon natural reason and submit to the guidance of the priests. This is the true explanation of the bogus three-in-one deity, salvation through lamb's blood, etc.

A more palpable forgery than this declaration of the Trinity was never foisted into any book. Such an interpolation could take place only when the masses were ignorant and all learning in the hands of an interested corporation. And does any innocent believe that this verse and the other passages omitted in the Revised Version, because the evidence is too strong against them, stand alone in being spurious? Let such an one, if such there be, remember that the men of God of all sects fought tooth and claw for the retention of the forgeries, and continue to ignore the Revised Version and to read to their congregations the Authorised Version, as though it were the

inspired Word of God. Be sure that the duplicity which conceals and ignores the results of criticism as far as possible was prepared for the work of absolute deception in days when such deception could easily escape detection.

There have been some deliciously ingenious suggestions to account for the omission of the passage from all the Greek versions. Some lax scribe, it is supposed, noticed similar words further down, so skipped this important testimony to the blessed Trinity; and all the other copyists, being as little concerned for their three-headed deity, followed suit. Others have suggested that the wicked Arians got the manipulation of the manuscripts, and deliberately left out this confutation of their monotheism; and so it happened that in all their controversies the Greek fathers never mentioned this verse, though they mentioned those before and after it. When, to uphold the integrity of their fetish book, the sky-pilots resort to such shifts as these, they might as well inscribe Ichabod over the gates of the New Jerusalem.

LUCIANUS.

OBSERVATIONS.

THE Rev. Samuel Jones frequently illustrates his remarks with anecdotes more or less decent. Here is one that he gives on the authority of a commercial traveller. On a visit home the drummer aforesaid found his little girl sitting on the floor playing with her kitten. While doing so she said: "Kittie, you are a sweet little thing; I love you, and I know who your mommer is. Old pussy is your mommer. But, kitty, I don't know who your popper is, for I never saw him. I expect your popper is a travelling man." Jones applies this story to Ingersoll, whose mother, he explains, is the earth, but whose father, he intimates, is that migratory individual who goes about seeking whom he may devour or seduce. But the application is not very close. I should suppose that even before he repeated the drummer's story for the first time the evolutionary ancestor of that anecdote could have been related of the Judean carpenter and joiner who held upon his knee the future lord and savior of the Reverend Samuel Jones.

The voice of the liar, who told the tale of paralysis superinduced by blasphemy at High Shoals, Ga., still echoes through the religious press. One James T. Lowe, doubtless a Methodist dominic, writes from Rehoboth to the Wesleyan organ at Atlanta that the tongue of Haguewood was paralysed while he was asleep, after denouncing the sermon of the day on his way home from church. Except that Haguewood's tongue was not paralysed while he was asleep, and that he had not denounced any sermon, Lowe's account may be true. The only really indisputable assertion of the religious and so-called secular press is that the paralysis, though Haguewood had been subject to it for years, was a "warning providence." I am candid enough to admit that nobody can disprove that any event is a "warning providence." Nevertheless, if there is an impartial God who attends to the Ananiases, why has not the perpetrator of this indecent assault on veracity been everlastingly belted with the club of his honest wrath?

They are holding an exposition at Atlanta just now for the display of the remarkable products of the adjacent back country, of which there should be no scarcity. Visitors from a distance would be interested in exhibits illustrating the latest methods of lynching; explaining improved systems of getting the drop on a political antagonist; exemplifying the proper way of conducting a camp-meeting or concealing a clandestine distillery; and showing at a glance how morality may be maintained and promoted by means of the rawhide and the revolver. The theology of the South, which, according to the New York *Independent*, is unsung by the fire of the Higher Criticism, would also excite the curiosity, not only of all Northerners, but of the whole civilised world, including Japan, which is heathen. But the managers might secure all these attractions, and yet find their exposition incomplete as a local exhibit, unless somewhere—conspicuous among wonders, miracles, prodigies, marvels, monstrosities, spectacles, and astounding phenomena—the liar who started the Haguewood paralysis yarn was found in a

group with the ministers, religious editors, and minor falsifiers of fact who have vouched for the fake in pulpit and press.

GEO. E. MACDONALD.

—*Truthseeker*.

"WE BESEECH THEE TO HEAR US, GOOD LORD."

[More missionaries are on their way to China, where they are not wanted.]

"Go forth to all the world and preach
Jahveh's great and holy word!
And all its errors proudly teach—
Even at the point of sword."

Oh Lord, preserve our holy Church,
Which is now crumbling fast.
Lord, leave us not now in the lurch—
Preserve, as in the past.

Lord, be thy servant's trusty friend;
Preserve us, Lord, from want;
So we may prosper in the end,
We care not how we cant.

For of the earth we are the "salts"—
The medicine of life.
Keep us, O Lord, with all our faults,
From ills that are now rife.

Preserve, O Lord, our sacred cause,
Confound all who rebel;
And in thine anger do not pause
To send them all to—sheol.

Lord help us in our holy work
To do just what we please—
Whether 'tis to save the warlike Turk,
Or slay the weak Chinese.

We're doing all things for thy good
(The work as sweet as honey).
But we must have it understood
What we want most is Money!

Let's strike the iron while it's hot,
And boldly wield the sword,
And sacrifice the hostile lot
On altars of the Lord.

FRITZ P.

Cui Bono?

Of what use are all the clergy in the world? For over a thousand years they have pretended to teach truth and morality, and all that time have been killing or otherwise punishing honest men who dared to expose their shams. And now look at Christendom! There the gospel of peace has been preached by the quacks and impostors who have fomented more wars and murders than all other men, until Europe is smothered under the hugest military despotism ever known in ancient or modern times! Every *Christian* nation is incessantly on guard against its Christian neighbors, watching for an opportunity to steal lands and murder the people, or else ceaselessly on the alert to repel invasion from some pious neighbour. The clergy are the principal supporters of all this; they consecrate and sanctify the military preparations, although they well know that the people are crushed and starved, and rendered perpetually miserable, by the awful incubus.

And why all the militarism? Just to support such things as the Emperor of Germany, the clergy, the bishops, the aristocracy, and other useless shams. The poor people in France or Germany have no reason in the world for quarreling, except so far as they are egged on to it, like game-cocks, by the clergy and every titled humbug in the two countries. And that truth applies all round. There are laws in several countries against cock-fighting, &c.; but in no country is there a law or a gospel to prevent poor men from fighting for the amusement and enrichment of their owners. Oh! no! It is by human cock-fighting that rulers and the clergy flourish, confound them!—*J. Symes*, in "*Liberator*."

Force is no impelling god, no entity separate from the material substratum; it is inseparable from matter, is one of its eternal indwelling properties. A force unconnected with matter hovering loose over matter is an empty conception.—*Moleschott*.

ACID DROPS.

DR. BILSBORROW, the Catholic Bishop of Salford, has been holding forth at Preston against the "lawlessness" of private judgment. Every man, he says, puts his own construction on the Bible, and the Church is thus "broken up into an incredible number of conflicting and clamoring sects." In his opinion, the non-Catholic people of this country are progressing "from the labyrinths of rationalism and agnosticism into the dread abyss of infidelity." How dreadful! We are all going to the devil unless we take tips from the priests. And the charge is—well, see the tariff. Dr. Bilsborrow reminds us of the ancient gentleman who went about crying that there was nothing like leather.

The Barnsley friends got Mr. Cohen to promise to give them a lecture under what they call our "excellent propagandist scheme." They applied for the use of the Miners' Institute for a lecture on "The Origin of Man." This application was considered by the Council of the Yorkshire Miners' Association. A Socialist supported it manfully, but it was bitterly opposed by Mr. Pickard, who had to withdraw some of his insulting observations, and by Mr. Cowey, who delivered a diatribe against Atheism, from the Methodist point of view, with special denunciation of "Bradlaugh, Foote, and Co." Mr. Cowey said he would rather see the Institute burnt to the ground than let an Atheist lecture in it. When the vote was taken there were 22 for the application and 138 against it. So much for the liberality and justice even of Trade Unionists and their leaders when they are inoculated with the virus of Christianity.

The American papers often show great enterprise, but they quite as often insert rubbish which would fail to find admission into any reputable English paper. An instance is offered by the *Sunday New York World*, which devotes eight columns to "The Gospel in Christ's Own Words." A worked-up description of the manuscript found by Mrs. Lewis at St. Catherine's Monastery, Sinai, three or four years ago, is given as if it were a fresh discovery, heralded with such exclamations as "Found at last," and such baseless assertions as that "Christ, as we know, was master of several languages; but it is certain that Syriac was the one he learned as an infant;" and that "*It is known, for instance, that autograph letters of Christ were at one time in existence.*" We wonder the *New York World* allows itself to be gulled in this way.

Mr. W. T. Stead says that he has derived great advantage from the writings of James Russell Lowell. "In some of the critical moments of my life," he writes, "I found help such as I found in none other outside Carlyle's *Cromwell* and Holy Writ." Mr. Stead puts Carlyle before God Almighty.

The Rev. Seymour Ashwell, of Finmore Rectory, near Buckingham, forgot to lay not up for himself treasures on earth, where moth doth corrupt and thieves break through and steal. The result is that a burglar has eased him of watches, chains, rings, bracelets, brooches, etc., to the value of £100.

A little while ago a complaint was made to the Glasgow police that a man frequented a particular place at a certain hour, and indecently exposed himself to females passing. An inspector visited the place at the hour noted, and found a man there praying. The man was arrested, and identified by two witnesses as the culprit. He got thirty days' imprisonment. The fact that he was found praying was actually looked upon as evidence that he was a person likely to commit the indecent offence. Before the completion of the thirty days it was discovered that the wrong man had been arrested, the real culprit having again appeared. In the interests of justice, however, the discovery was suppressed, and the man who prayed completed his sentence. Moral.—When ye pray, don't stand at a corner like a lunatic or a street-preacher, but enter ye into your closet and pray in secret, and the Lord will give you the usual reward.

The practical worth of "Citizen Sunday" is very little, judging by the discourses reported in the newspapers. A nice specimen was that of the Rev. E. T. Hand, at St. John's, Walworth. He declared that "the horrid City of London, with all its wealth, poverty, and shame, was a dream, but the heavenly city was a reality." It is such nonsense as this that contrives to perpetuate the poverty, suffering, and shame of our big cities.

A movement, the original idea of which was, we believe, started by the late Laurence Oliphant, has been taken up by the Adventists to go to Palestine in a colony and there await the Lord's second coming. This, like the attempt to get the Jews back to Judæa, is a religious work which has our warmest commendation. If we can do anything to

hasten the day when the Adventists will emigrate from England, we shall be pleased.

Talmage is quite right. Those Atheists are always committing suicide. Colonel Nash, for instance, shot himself at Sandymount, near Dublin. In a letter left behind him he calls several times on God, and says, "I shall soon be in heaven." Evidently an Atheist, this!

Catholics and Protestants are still fighting at Sligo. Policemen keep them from sending each other to heaven. It is almost a pity the bobbies don't let them go. They would be better off, and so would other people.

Eusapia Palladino, the most renowned spirit medium in Europe, who deceived Lombroso, and converted Professor O. Lodge to occultism by pulling his hair in a dark room, has been bowled out at last. Her Continental celebrity and the reports of the Spookical Research Society got her invited to Cambridge. She imprudently accepted, though she declined an invitation from Mr. Maskelyne, the conjurer, who has a standing challenge to duplicate the work of the spirits.

Eusapia does her business in the dark, and makes one hand and one foot do duty for two. Dr. R. Hodgson, who was a chief agent in the exposure of Blavatsky's frauds in India, perceived the process in detail. She placed her feet, so that with the toe and heel of one foot she could make them believe each felt a distinct foot. The exposure appears in the November number of the *Proceedings of the P.R.S.* Professor Lodge and Mr. Myers agree that the Cambridge *séances* were fraudulent; but, of course, they cannot allow they were deceived when they trumpeted her supernatural powers on a former occasion.

Eusapia Palladino offers one more example of the ease with which an artful woman may dupe the most learned persons unused to their wicked ways. Florence Cook, in similar fashion, duped poor old Dr. Crookes. The editor of the *Quarterly Journal of Science* was as putty in the hands of the fair mejum. Dr. Hodgson was able to cope with Eusapia, because he had a previous experience with that arch-impostor, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky.

Mr. Maskelyne, on this subject, makes the observation that he "has found from experience that no class of men can be so readily deceived by simple trickery as scientists. Try as they may, they cannot bring their minds down to the level of the subject, and are as much at fault as though it were immeasurably above them." Being on the look out for trickery, he speedily discovered it, and the wily Eusapia declined all tests proposed by Mr. Maskelyne.

Mexico, as a nation, is still in debt, and with undeveloped resources. Yet, at a recent religious festival in Mexico City, a gold crown was provided for the Virgin at a cost of \$40,000. The dress of the statue, it is said, contains diamonds and precious stones estimated to exceed in value \$3,000,000. They may be wanted some day to redeem the nation's credit.

The Pope declined to see Methodist Pastor Lunn in his official capacity as President of the Grindelwald Conference, but expressed his willingness to see him in his private capacity as picnic-organiser. On receiving this gentle snub, Methodist Pastor Lunn retired from the Holy City, whither he had been delegated by the Grindelwald picnickers.

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who is by birth a Roman Catholic, has, despite the protests of his wife, and in violence of his marriage contract, allowed his infant son to be "converted" and rebaptised into the Greek Church, in order that he may be eligible as his successor on the throne. The religion of princes, and usually of priests too, is pretty much a matter of convenience and worldly advantage.

The *Church Times* is horrified that Westminster Abbey should be desecrated by a service in honor of Purcell, who was no saint or martyr, but only a musical composer. It is shocked that a concert, for which there will be half-guinea and five-shilling tickets, should be given in a sacred building, and says: "If this is not a traffic wholly unworthy of the Church, we do not know what is." But the Dean of Westminster can do as he pleases as to the purposes to which he employs the Abbey, as he inherits the rights of the old Benedictines. After admitting such heretics as Grote and Darwin within its sacred walls, a concert in honor of Purcell becomes trivial.

The *Daily News* Paris correspondent condemns the French Government because it insists that priests shall take their share of military duty like other men, and calls this "a piece of Freethought intolerance." He says nothing of the fact that the same rule is followed in pious Protestant Germany. Nor does he mention that in France the priests

are State subsidised, and that, until the law in question was passed, thousands entered the priesthood simply to avoid the conscriptions.

A clerical writer in the *Church Times* has hit on a means for persons to establish popularity, and get a little cash in. It is to establish a goose club, offering better terms than the grocers. In the good old days the parsons only thought of fleecing the geese, but now they are thinking of providing geese for their parishioners.

The *Crescent* reports another outrage at the Liverpool Mosque. On Friday, the Moslem holy day, while the faithful were at prayers, some scoundrels stretched about ten yards of wire some eight inches above the topmost step, so as to trip over and precipitate down the steps the worshippers as they came out after dark. Fortunately the wire was discovered before anyone was injured, and the police are searching for evidence as to the perpetrators of the villainy.

Etehmiadzin, in Armenia, is the seat of the Catholicos or Patriarch of the Armenian Church, who is, however, understood to be really under the Czar as head of the Greek Church. When Captain Wilbraham was there the archbishop informed him that the cathedral "was built on the very spot where our Savior alighted upon earth when he descended from Heaven, in order to destroy the fire-worshippers." It contains a portion of Noah's ark, doubtless of equal authenticity.

We had not hitherto heard of this visit of Christ to Armenia. But we have received from E. Hampden Cook, M.A., the second edition of his work, *The Christ has Come*, the first edition of which we noticed some time ago. Mr. Cook gives a host of evidence from Jesus and his Apostles that he ought to have come in the first century, during the lifetime of his disciples. Mr. Cook thinks that he did so come, that we are now in the Millennium, and that there will be a third advent. Well, if Christ doesn't bring a better millennium than at his first or second advent, we cannot see much use in his coming again.

The Rev. Dr. Fulton rails in the *Evangelist* against the Chinese officials as "wretches, half civilised and wholly barbarian." It happens that, just before reading this, we had been perusing the published report of the negotiations for peace between Li-Hung-Chang and the Japanese Minister, Count Ito. Unlike negotiations between Christian nations, every word of their interviews has been published, and, moreover, translated into English. It reflects great credit on both sides. We doubt extremely if any living Christian statesman could have equalled the tact and urbanity, or have surpassed the patriotism, of Li-Hung-Chang, who, under most trying circumstances, and himself suffering from a severe wound, extracted the best terms possible from the Japanese conquerors. Suppose Buddhist missionaries were to sneer at our officials as half-civilised wretches; it would hardly help the spread of their faith.

To judge from the farewell sermon of the Rev. H. H. Henson, Barking must be in a very bad way, notwithstanding his seven years' ministrations there as vicar. In taking leave of the "degraded parish" and its "multitude of revolted souls," the reverend gentleman declared that the men of Barking had yielded to "the appeal of sensuality" until "the streets of that ancient Christian town had become as the highways of the City of the Plains." "The appeal of hatred," he continued, "the hatred of class against class, of rich against poor, of party against party, was loud and constant, and it prevailed.....No man trusted another; everywhere there was the reign of suspicion; and the back-biter and the falsehood-monger were supreme." Such is the Rev. Henson's opinion of his late parishioners. It would now be interesting to learn the parishioners' opinion of their late vicar.—*Truth*.

Ex-Rev. James Frank Gannaway, a retired Melbourne Congregational pastor, has received a sentence of seven years' imprisonment. Each year represents a child which he begot from his own daughter. The scoundrel attempted to shield himself by blaming his wife and daughter. He said in court that he was in God's hands. God had judged him, and he accepted His judgment. "May God help the jury to come to a righteous judgment." The God fake did not work for, although the man of God denied the paternity of the children, the jury found him guilty after a few minutes' consideration.

When a handsome man visits the north-eastern portion of Tartary the inhabitants kill him because he is good-looking. They don't want his clothes or his money; they simply want his soul to remain among them. Christians need not laugh at this state of mind, for it was remarked at the last meeting of the British Association, in a discussion on Cannibalism, that the motives which induce a cannibal to eat the flesh and drink the blood of his enemy, in order that his spirit

may be imbibed, underlie the ceremony of eating the god in the holy eucharist.

The *Standard* (Oct. 25) has the following choice anecdote of the aristocracy: "Lady Oxford was a pious woman, who, after a lifetime spent in a very worldly way, assured the Duchess of Buckingham, who was chattering about what 'her Lord' was doing in politics, 'that she knew no Lord but the Lord Jehovah.' 'Oh, dear!' was the innocent reply of the Duchess, a foreigner, 'who is that? I suppose it must be one of the new titles, for I never heard of him before.'"

It is asserted that fifty lives have been lost and several hundreds of persons injured by the recent storm in Italy. Such events both explain the origin of superstition and expose the folly of belief.

The Rev. J. Cromarty Smith has been railing against the "Kid-glove Christians" of the West-end of Glasgow. He says their churches are nothing but comfortable lounges. Look at the 200,000 non-churchgoers of once godly Glasgow. In the face of such a fact, could it be said that the members of the Church were doing their duty among the heathen? What would the Rev. J. Cromarty Smith say if he came South?

At Belfast the Rev. John James Brown, until recently rector of Portglenone, Antrim, has been remanded on a charge of threatening to murder Mr. Thomas Maguire, a Belfast solicitor, with whom he had had a dispute. A loaded revolver was found on the rev. gentleman.

The *Daily News* says: "Count Lippe, a canon of the Vienna Cathedral, has been entrusted with a delicate mission to Italy. He takes for the Virgin of Loretto a beautiful brocaded robe, which was offered by the Archduchess Maria Theresa, and to the Pope an embroidered purse containing one hundred thousand golden ducats, the gift of the Austrian nobility. It may be noted, says our Vienna correspondent, that whenever money is wanted for charitable purposes, for hospitals, or for the distressed poor in the winter, or after some shocking catastrophe, the names of Austrian noblemen and their wives are always missing from lists of subscriptions." Humanity is often in the inverse proportion to religion.

The Rev. W. Charles Lorsmore, of the New-road Congregational Church, has been eulogising the Bible, which, he says, is the text-book of democracy. He says: "The American Republic was built upon the Bible." What nonsense! The real founders of the Republic—Paine and Jefferson—had no belief in the supernatural claims of that volume. If they had followed the injunction, "Let every soul be subject to the higher powers; the powers that be are ordained of God," there would have been no American Republic. It would be more correct to say the Bible is the charter of despotism. The men of God preach the claims of their fetish book because it helps to maintain reverence for them.

It is a fact deserving special notice that Hindus, though more numerous than others, commit less crime than other people, who vaunt that their religion is the only true religion, and that Hindus are heathens and robbers! The English Government should love those who thus show obedience in deeds. No doubt the jail officers may be displeased with Hindus, because they do not swell their departments.—*The Harbinger, Lahore, India*.

M. Raggonneau, a French scientist, it is said, has exposed the celebrated mango trick of Indian fakirs, who, he noticed, always embedded the seed in a particular soil. M. Raggonneau found out at last that this soil was obtained from ant-hills. As ants contain much formic acid, with which, of course, the soil of their habitations becomes charged, the soil itself, like the acid, has the power of quickly dissolving the integument about a seed, and of stimulating marvelously the growth of the germ within. Though the clever Frenchman was finally able to duplicate the mango trick, the most interesting thing about it all is that this discovery may be profitably applied to agriculture. M. Raggonneau has obtained an acid as strong as vinegar by infusing ants in boiling water, and with this acid has achieved a remarkable vegetable growth.

By an old German law women, who, in the time of Tacitus, took part in tribal councils, are prohibited from joining in any political society, and several members of women's rights associations have been arrested and fined for belonging to an unlawful society. The despotism and militarism of Germany are driving its most advanced spirits to other lands.

The Rev. John Batchelor, in *The Ainu of Japan*, says the Ainu are very religious, and tells how one, whom he took as

gardener, when he asked him to improve the ground by digging in some manure, seriously replied: "What! will you, a clergyman and preacher of religion, so dishonor and insult the gods? Will not the gods give due increase without your attempting to force their hand or endeavoring to drive Nature?" The Ainu are logical believers in the supernatural; but the half-secularised Christians are so unreasonable as to tell people they must do everything for themselves, and then give all the thanks, praise, and glory to God, "that indolent Grand Turk" who, as Carlyle says, "does nothing."

At Montreal, Alderman McBride is proposing to abolish all tax exemptions except on hospitals. A great many French-Canadians are said to be favorable to the proposal, which would add about half a million dollars to the revenue of the city; but it is hardly likely that it will be carried. The clerical anaconda is not likely to loosen his hold upon poor Quebec.—*Secular Thought*.

The *Guardian*, in an article on "Mr. Riley and the School Board," advises the Church party "to wait until one of these protesting teachers was discovered to be giving religious instruction contrary to the spirit and terms of the Circular, and then put him on his trial." A London School Board teacher put on his trial for heresy would be a fine object lesson in the methods of the clerical party.

The Royal Seamen's and Marines' Orphan School very properly appeals for support to all sections of the community. The orphans, however, are trained in "the principles of the Church of England." Commander Wilcox has justly called attention to this, and, at the annual meeting of the subscribers, remarked that the statement made twelve months ago, that the money to found the institution had been left by two Nonconformists and one of no religion at all, remained uncontradicted, and until this vexed question of sectarianism was cleared up the institution would never, he contended, be properly supported.

The Canadians boast of being a free people, but they give their Postmaster-General the right to exclude any matter from the mails which he pleases. He need not specify any reason, and there is no appeal from his decision. Such power would spoil any average man, and we do not wonder that Postmaster Caron refuses even to specify what he considers objectionable in the pages of the *Truthseeker*, which he excludes from entry to the dominion. Canada is known as the Mecca of defaulting pious U.S. cashiers; but U.S. Freethought is, it appears, to be rigidly excluded.

The various churches in Cumberland, Md., recently devoted an afternoon and evening in praying the Lord for rain. In the light of present knowledge it does seem ridiculous to see men of brains asking for a reversal of the laws of nature to gratify their needs. The whole machinery of the universe is governed by fixed and changeless law. The rains are obedient to that law, and cannot be increased or diminished by any art of puny man. It was easy to write that the sun was arrested in its course by Joshua's prayer; but he is a very ignorant man who will believe the statement.—*Progressive Thinker*.

A peculiar incident of the drought is reported from Emmaville, New South Wales, where there are large numbers of Chinese fossickers, who were much retarded in their work by want of rain. They prayed to their joss for some time, and then, losing patience, chopped him up, burnt him, and installed a new joss. Almost immediately afterwards rain fell. The latest joss, accordingly, has been accorded a grand feast.

Salvationists also earned notoriety at Balmain by expressing their belief that Providence had answered their prayers for rain. Both men and women divested themselves of their boots and stockings, while the men, in addition, put off their hats and coats. They waded and splashed through the waterways and channels in the streets, exclaiming vociferously, "God has answered our prayers."

The *Tablet* (October 26) mentions a report that Princess Maud of Wales is to be betrothed to the Prince of Naples, but denies that Cardinal Vaughan has acted as intermediary, securing the consent of the Holy See on condition that any sons born of the marriage shall be brought up as Catholics. It says that Leo XIII. would be no party to an arrangement by which the faith of one sex would be secured by the sacrifice of those of the other. Really now! The *Tablet* well knows that such marriages are continually winked at by the Church. Moreover, it knows that Leo XIII. gave a special dispensation to the Duke d'Aosta to marry his own niece.

The clerical members of the London School Board can hardly claim to be civilised gentlemen. They carried, by a majority of 16 over 14, an amendment to the recommendation

of the Home Secretary, that girls at industrial schools should not receive corporal punishment. It was proposed instead, by Mr. Athelstan Riley, that a deputation in favor of flogging the girls should wait on the Home Secretary, and this was carried despite the protests of Mrs. Maitland and Miss Davenport Hill. Mr. Cecil, who supported the amendment, quoted the rhyme:—

Solomon said, in accents mild,
"Spare the rod and spoil the child.
Whether a boy, or whether a maid,
Whack and wallop her," Solomon said.

He forgot to mention that Solomon's own children turned out badly.

The Bible belief in possession by devils still remains among lunatics. Dr. Forbes Winslow thus reports from his notes the case of a woman afflicted with this delusion: "Acute mania, says she is a witch and that the Devil is inside her, and that she has been sent by the Devil to earth, and that she is doomed to go to hell, and that the gates of heaven are closed to her. Raving constantly, and very wild in manner."

First Insane Asylum.

The preachers are boastful in their claim that the finest hospitals were Christian devices for relief of the unfortunate; but it is not true, save as regards insane asylums. We concede they were the originators of that kind of hospitals and that as early as the sixth century at Jerusalem. Gibbon, in his 37th chapter, says one was founded in that city for the reception of penitent monks, who lost their senses by their devotion to God. The principal use of this class of hospitals from that time to this has been to furnish retreats for those maddened by an excess of what is popularly called religion.

On page 587, 18th volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, second column, it is stated that Asoka, an Indian prince, became a Buddhist about B.C. 263. "He then founded hospitals for men and beasts throughout his realm, planted places where nothing had grown before, and provided wells and grew trees along the roads for the refreshment of man and beast. Further, he caused his example in these things to be followed by his neighbors, whether southern or western."

Is there one Christian preacher in the wide world who will have the manliness to credit the following of Buddha with the invention of hospitals? And dare any of them tell the truth, that the followers of Jesus were the first who constructed insane asylums for the care of their own lunatics?—*Progressive Thinker*.

Christianity and Witchcraft.

The imported scepticism of such writers as Horace, the growth of the town, and, with it, the promise of a higher civilisation, were influences operating during the Roman occupation of Britain, which had, perhaps, some tendency to eradicate these superstitions. But we know from many passages in the Theodosian Code that in civilised Rome herself, after Rome had become Christian, it was thought right to torture and burn wizards and magicians.—*L. O. Pike, "A History of Crime in England," i. 34.*

Obituary.

WE regret to record the decease of Mr. William Robinson, of Darlington Lodge, Warrington, in his seventy-sixth year. He died, as he had lived, a staunch Freethinker. Every week he gave away six copies of this journal, and cuttings from Freethought journals were often displayed in his window. He was humane and generous; not only the Freethought cause, but various charitable enterprises, being indebted to his munificence. The local *Examiner*, in recording his death, mentions that he was "well known as a militant Atheist." He was buried in Hartley Churchyard. The minister refused to have the coffin brought into the church, but said a few words at the graveside.

The painful duty has devolved upon me of recording the death of Franz Roos, who died on October 18, at Sunnyside, Tow Law, Durham, at the age of seventy-five years. He was a member of the N.S.S. and a fearless friend of the Freethought cause, always attending the lectures of its advocates in the North. His remains were interred at Stanley Churchyard on Sunday, and, in accordance with his wish, without religious ceremony of any kind. He died with confidence in the principles which had guided him during the greater part of his life, and the large number of friends who followed the remains testified to the esteem in which he was held.—*J. ROBINSON.*

Mr. Foote's Engagements.

Sunday, November 3, Bradlaugh Club and Institute, 36 Newington Green-road, Balls Pond, N.: 7, "Why I am an Atheist."

November 10, Birmingham; 17, Leicester.

December 1, Bradford; 22, Manchester.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. CHARLES WATTS'S ENGAGEMENTS.—November 3 (morning), Newington Reform Club; (evening), Foresters' Hall, Clerkenwell; 10, Newcastle-on-Tyne; 17, Liverpool; 24, Manchester.—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.

C. S.—Glad to have your high appreciation of our Freethought work. On the other matter you are misinformed. Mr. Foote has not supported, but opposed, State Socialism. He has a great mistrust of wholesale theories, and holds that every social proposal should be considered on its merits, with a view to general utility. At the same time, he has every respect for the generous ardor of many Socialists, however he may, in some respects, think them mistaken. It is agitation that keeps the world from stagnating. Anything is better than hoggish indolence and blind acquiescence.

J. P. GILMOUR.—Many thanks for your interesting letter. Glad to hear that Mr. Watts's visit to Paisley, under the new scheme, was such a success. We pass over the rumpus, as Mr. Watts is going to write a full account of his tour for our next issue. We have handed him your letter, which will no doubt be of assistance to him.

G. CLANCY, 50 Back Wood-terrace, Primrose-hill, Huddersfield, is the new secretary of the local N.S.S. Branch, in place of W. H. Spivey resigned.

W. H. SPIVEY.—We hope Mr. Cohen's visit will stir you all up, and that other lectures will soon follow.

J. HAYES.—Which case is it, our reference to which is *misleading*? There are several on the cutting you enclose.

MR. FORDER has received a letter containing 2s. for pamphlets and 1s. for Shilling Week from Hamilton, but no name or address is given.

W. DYSON.—Mr. Foote will certainly pay Barnsley a visit if you can get a decent meeting-place. See "Acid Drops." The leaflet might be printed for two or three pounds, according to the number and quality of paper; say, twenty thousand. We are so indignant at the conduct of Messrs. Pickard and Cowey, that we will write the leaflet for you, if you will only send us the fullest particulars you can gather.

T. CLARK.—It is all fudge. The *Freethinker* has always been supplied to the trade on sale or return. Newsagents should insist on the wholesale agent's supplying them in the same way. But bigotry is always interfering with our circulation. Thanks to you all the same.

G. HARDING.—Thanks. Mr. Foote will write.

L. LEVINE.—Many thanks.

F. J. BOORMAN.—Your lecture notice was too late last week. You did not post it till Tuesday night, as the Chatham post-mark was "Oct. 23."

W. G. UNKLES.—See "Acid Drops."

J. ROBINSON.—Compelled to shorten.

A. J. H.—Thanks.

T. SYKES.—See obituary. Coins must not be enclosed in letters. The Post Office charges double registration on delivery. We had to pay eightpence for your shilling, so can only credit you with fourpence.

E. SMEDLEY.—(1) Both the disputants are trusting to fabulous records. This alone is certain—Christianity was introduced in England, and by the Catholic Church, for at that time there were no Protestants. (2) Pleased to hear you were "delighted" with our article on the Black Army. We agree with you that lectures lose half their value unless they lead to the perusal of Freethought literature.

W. D. ROLLEY.—£230 a year.

W. SIMONS asks us to request the local Freethinkers to meet to-day (Nov. 3) at 36, Newington Green-road, at 12, to initiate preparations for next season's open-air work.

J. RETSON.—Such letters in the local press are most useful.

H. SHARPLES.—Apply to Mr. Forder, 28, Stonecutter-street, London, E.C., for the papers you mention.

D. F. GLOAK.—Pleased to have your opinion that Mr. Watts's lectures at Dundee and Cupar prove our lecture scheme to be "a splendid idea." See our answer to Mr. Gilmour.

B. LEE.—The *Freethinker* would have double its present circulation if it were not for the active opposition of bigots.

E. D. H. DALY.—Thanks for cuttings.

A. COX.—Pleased to receive your encouraging letter.

W. PALMER.—The other sum is probably waiting to go in with the general list. But we will inquire.

A. W. STAVERS.—Cuttings that may serve as material for a paragraph are always welcome.

C. COHEN.—We only received your letter on Tuesday, after returning from Devonshire. Send us your fresh address.

J. WHITE.—We also wish your 5s. were £500. What is wanted is money. If a millionaire would find a few thousands a year, we would undertake to double, treble, quadruple the forces of Freethought.

W. W. BOX.—Thanks for cutting.

PAPERS RECEIVED.—New York Sun—New York World—Morning—Dublin Evening Herald—Christian Herald—Echo—Isle of Man Times—Melbourne Standard—New York Public Opinion—Introduction—Calcutta Sunday Times—Liberator—Melbourne Age—Secular Thought—Torch—Leek Times—Lucifer—Sunday Companion—New York Times—Truthseeker—Kent Herald—Progressive Thinker—Friedenker—Der Arme Teufel—Twentieth Century—Two Worlds.

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

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

LECTURE NOTICES must reach 23 Stonecutter-street by first post Tuesday, or they will not be inserted.

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

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.

SHILLING MONTH.

AS subscriptions still dribble in, and the month is not quite ended as we go to press, I will reserve till next week what I intend to say with respect to the number of persons who have subscribed, the amount of their donations, and what I may be enabled to do therewith between this and the new year.

G. W. FOOTE.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

(Where merely the name is given the amount is one shilling.)

Macclesfield, 2s. 6d.: Steve Edmunds, 2s.; Whitby; Peal; Smith, 6d.; A. J. W.; Bristol Freethinker; F. J. Boorman; C. S., 2s. 6d.; A. J. W., 2s.; Two Plucked Brands, 2s.; M. A., 2s.; T. Sykes, 4d.; W. Crosland, £2; Servant Girl (second subscription); B. Lee, 1s. 6d.; R. Shaw, 2s. 6d.; W. Muir, 2s. 6d.; J. Walker, 2s. 6d.; E. Thorley; A. Cox, 5s.; R. Brookes, 5s.; C. Dryden; W. V., 2s.; E. Truelove, 2s. 6d.; W. Palmer; R. B. Harrison, 1s. 6d.; A. W. Stavers, 2s.; R. W. Stavers; A. Clacher, 5s.; J. Ritson, 2s. 6d.; H. Sharples; Two Jersey Agnostics, 2s. 6d.; J. S., 2s. 6d.; J. Goodanew; G. F. P.; N. P.; F. Pascoe, 3s.; H. Nicholson, 2s. 6d.; T. Elwen, 2s. 6d.; G. Biggs, 3s.; T. Waters, 2s.; J. White, 5s.; R. Crowther; T. Crossley; J. Clegg; Two Friends, 2s.; F. Thornett, 5s.; A. Anderson, 2s. 6d.; W. Scott, 5s.

Per C. Watts.—Paisley Friends, 9s. 6d.; Mr. Maclean, 5s. Per Miss Vance.—F. Mason; Mrs. Hodgson, 2s.; W. Early; T. Campbell, 2s.; J. Orr; Mr. and Mrs. John Samson, 2s.; Mrs. Penny, 3s.

Per R. Forder.—Mr. Syrett, 5s.; B. L. Coleman, 10s.; Alpha; Tom Beach, 2s. 6d.; W. Snelling, 5s.; W. B. (Darlington), 2s. 6d.; G. P.; J. and Mrs. S., 2s.; T. Coram; F. Softley; A. C. Brown.

SUGAR PLUMS.

MR. FOOTE delivered three lectures on Sunday in the Co-operative Hall, Plymouth. There were good audiences, though not up to Mr. Foote's general level. This was probably owing to the shortness of the public announcement and the sudden cold weather. Some discussion followed the morning and afternoon lectures, but none in the evening. In a chat with the Committee at the end of the day's work, Mr. Foote promised to arrange, if possible, for a week's Freethought mission in the district by Mr. Watts or Mr. Cohen, or perhaps by each of them. It is also on the cards that a debate may take place at Plymouth during the winter.

This evening (November 3) Mr. Foote delivers the inaugural lecture at the Balls Pond Secular Hall, his subject being "Why I am an Atheist." The Finsbury Park,

Balls Pond, and Islington Branches are co-operating for the purpose of keeping this hall open for Freethought propaganda, and it is at their request that the President gives the first public lecture there.

The Bradlaugh Club and Institute, as the Balls Pond Hall is now called, is 36 Newington Green-road, three minutes' walk from Mildmay Park Station (N. L. R.); omnibuses from Victoria to Stoke Newington pass the door; trams from Aldersgate-street within a minute's walk; trams from Moorgate to Manor House, *via* Green Lanes, within five minutes' walk.

Mr. Touzeau Parris lectured at the Foresters' Hall on Sunday evening to a very good audience, considering the unfavorable weather. He delivered a fine discourse, and was most warmly applauded. Mr. Watts (who is at the Newington Reform Club, S.E., in the morning) occupies the platform this evening, and will of course meet with a hearty welcome. The lecturer for the following Sunday evening is Mr. Cohen. We hope the London friends will give him the encouragement of a good meeting.

Mr. Watts is back in London after a fortnight in the North, where, in addition to other meetings, he has addressed some very successful ones under Mr. Foote's lecturing scheme. His final meeting was at York; nearly four hundred people attended, and contributed an excellent collection, which covered the considerable local expenses. Some of Mr. Watts's experiences, especially at Glasgow and Paisley, were rather exciting; but we will not go into details, as he intends to write at some length on his tour in our next issue.

Mr. Charles Watts had capital audiences at Edinburgh last Sunday. In the evening the hall was crowded, all standing-room being occupied. The audiences were most enthusiastic, and it was pleasing to see so many ladies present. An interesting debate took place after the evening lecture.

The Wood Green Branch has decided to continue its lectures in the Masonic Hall during the winter. They have been excellently reported in the local *Pioneer*. This Sunday evening Mr. Mawer, F.G.S., deals with the subject of "Evolution *v.* Creation," and it is hoped the attendance will be as good as heretofore.

The *Sunday Times*, of Calcutta, is decidedly Freethought in its character, and its issue for September 29 has a good article satirising the Bible account of creation, which it compares very unfavorably with that related by the Brahmins.

A life of Professor Huxley is being compiled by his son, Leonard Huxley. He requests any person with letters from Huxley to communicate with him at Charleston, Godalming.

A centenary in celebration of the birthday of Thomas Carlyle is to be held at his old residence, Cheyne-walk, Chelsea, which is being converted into a Carlyle Museum.

In *John Stuart Blackie: A Biography*, by Anna M. Stoddart, appears the following bit on Bradlaugh, done in Blackie's Carlylese:—"He made a notable exhibition. A terrible tearing assault against the book of Exodus and its anthropomorphic representations of the unseen God; eloquence powerful and fervid of the first order. Really a remarkable man, and, from his point of view, triumphant over those who hold by the infallibility of the record instead of the divinity of the dispensation. He made, incidentally, a profession of Atheism, which induced me to write him a long letter."

Mr. Foote's new pamphlet, *Bible and Beer*, is the subject of a leading article in the *Weekly Times and Echo*. "People of all opinions," our contemporary says, "may read it with profit," its author being "one of the few men amongst us who has proved the sincerity of his opinions by suffering for them." With regard to the main contention of the pamphlet, our contemporary expresses its agreement in the plainest language: "Mr. Foote is quite right in his contention that, at the first, the parsons of all denominations were among the bitterest opponents of the Temperance movement. When the Temperance men became stronger, the parsons began to patronise them, just as now-a-days they kindly patronise Socialists. There is not a word in the sermons or writings of any of the great Church or Nonconformist divines in favor of teetotalism—in fact, many of them recognised, as plainly as Mr. Foote does, that, with the exception of the special prohibitions in Leviticus x. 8, 9 and Numbers vi. 2-4, relating to the Aaronic priesthood and the Nazarites, and the caution in Proverbs xx. 1, the Biblical writers all praise and desire the moderate use of wines and strong drinks. Mr. Foote, of course, instances

this as damaging to the Bible and to the Churches; but we are not sure that he does not give himself away now and again. It is, in our opinion, just possible that the Biblical writers and the earlier clergy knew a little more about human nature than the more rabid teetotalers; and that some of the more scrupulous successors of the former would have been better employed in combating the evils that lead to drunkenness than in capturing the Temperance organisations for their own purposes. Anyhow, we are in complete agreement with Mr. Foote when he says that it is to wise education began in childhood that we must mainly trust for the general amelioration of society in this and other matters. We quite believe that the picture of a drunkard's liver on the walls of a Board-school will produce a more permanent impression on children's minds than all the texts in the Bible, which have to be so 'explained' before they can be safely used."

The November number of the *Literary Guide* contains a very interesting "Literary Chat" with Miss Mathilde Blind, written by Mr. F. J. Gould. We are glad to note that Mr. Gould's leaflet on the need and value of ethical teaching in Board Schools, instead of Biblical instruction, is being extensively circulated.

From E. Salva, 7 Rue Saint-Nicaise, Rouen, who is a leading *conférencier* of that part of France, we receive a little packet of brochures. No. 1, a discourse on the soul, *De l'Âme*, has reached a third edition. The lecture concludes: "*Nous n'avons nul besoin de nous croire immortels pour nous bien conduire; guidés par notre conscience, nous agissons en hommes libres, sans désir de récompense, sans crainte de châtiement.*" *State and Church (L'Etat et l'Eglise)* contends that the 300,000 clergy who are subsidised by the State are really the worst foes of the Republic. He compares the Church to the octopus or devil-fish, described by Victor Hugo in his *Travilleur de la mer*. It is vain to cut off a single tentacle; to escape its deadly clutches decapitation is necessary.

La Libre-Pensée et les Religions, also by M. Salva, is a severe indictment of the Christian Church for its opposition to liberty, science, and progress. *La Femme: ce qu'elle fut, ce qu'elle est, ce qu'elle devrait être*, is a strong appeal for woman's emancipation from superstition, that she may take her place as the companion of man, the manageress of the home, and the instructress of children. All M. Salva's lectures are animated, elevated, and full of a warm sentiment of the solidarity of humanity.

The *Echo* is a paper that really does carry out its motto to "hear all sides," and very frequently Freethought views get ventilated in its columns. Its issue for October 26 has a capital letter on Christian temporising with truth, from the pen of Mr. G. L. Mackenzie, who, our readers know, can put his ideas pointedly, whether in prose or verse.

The *English Mechanic*, now in its sixty-second volume, is always well edited, and competent readers largely contribute to the interest and variety of its pages. "A Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society," by his acute criticisms, keeps the other contributors "up to date."

In Dr. Briggs's new volume on *The Messiah of the Apostles* he makes the following admission: "The author has done his best to turn away from the Christ of the theologians and of the creeds and of the Church, and see the Messiah as he is set forth in the writings of the Apostles. He has made every effort to see the Messiah as he appeared to each writer in each separate writing. *The diversity is great. It is not always possible to combine the diverse representations in a higher unity.* It would have been easy to construct what some call a logical system. But *it would not have been possible to constrain all the material into such a system of deductive logic.*"

The *Leek Times* reproduces our last paragraphs on the Rev. W. W. Howard's "challenge" letters, and adds, with respect to Mr. Foote's offer: "If the above proposition, which we deem both fair and reasonable, does not lead to business, we shall decline sacrificing any more space on the subject." So shall we.

South London readers will remember the dramatic performance at the Camberwell Secular Hall on November 13, in aid of the new lecture scheme. Mr. Watts and Mr. Moss will take part, and Mr. Foote will give a reading.

THE WORLD'S NEED.

So many gods, so many creeds—
So many paths that wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind
Is all the sad world needs.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox

MR. PUTNAM'S VISIT TO ENGLAND.

Extracts from his Letters to the New York "Truthseeker"
(September 28).

AGAIN upon the lovely ocean, and homeward bound. Again the shores sink from view, and again the mighty ship, plunging through the glistening billows, is for the time being the bounded world of humanity.

The past summer appears a dream floating before the mind's eye like a wondrous panorama. In the sunshine, beneath the boundless heavens, we muse and meditate, while with soft, continuous thunder through blue depths the huge vessel speeds with flying banners. It is beautiful, serene, rejoicing, all the shining expanse, while fresh winds give vigor and elasticity to the frame; while, as the sea itself, the mind sparkles with a thousand thoughts. Like a mirror, it reflects the gorgeous scene. This is pure happiness, a diamond-like existence, without burden, without care. An ocean voyage is poetry, music, romance. We are borne along whether we will or no, and abandon ourselves with inexpressible delight to the changing glory of wave and sky.

Farewell to England, to its ancient grandeur, its accumulated wealth of centuries, its blossom in to-day's life of a thousand years of toil. The "golden eloquence" of Shakespeare was never so deeply felt. The more we appreciate England, the better we understand all the world.

This sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea.

The last two weeks seemed to go like a flash. I can give only a glimpse of these crowded days. It was as if the hand of time was turning a kaleidoscope, and each moment presented a new picture.

I spent an evening with Edward Truelove, the oldest Freethinker in the world, I guess. He is in his eighty-fifth year. He is like a mountain, over whose face have passed the storms of conflict, but is now shining in rugged serenity. He has always shown great courage in the publication of radical books, and has suffered imprisonment therefor. He gave me many reminiscences of his extraordinary experiences, and I realised more than ever the savage nature of that Christian theology which still sways in the laws of England. The tortures of imprisonment are but little understood. It is a living death. Man is treated like a machine. Every right is violated. It is bad enough when criminals are thus treated; but what shall we say when those who are devoted to the improvement of mankind are compelled to endure this terrific ordeal? We cannot too highly honor those who, like Holyoake, Truelove, Bennett, and Foote, have conquered through these depths of solitary suffering. They have given to our time a noble realm, but at an awful cost, which we are sometimes apt to forget in the enjoyments of these happy days.

Mr. and Mrs. Truelove celebrated their golden wedding about five years ago. At their home at Hornsey they still give welcome to Freethought friends. In Mr. Truelove's library, gathered through many years from his book store, are rare Freethought publications, not to be found even in the British Museum. He has portraits of Godwin, Hetherington, Watson, etc. He has the table upon which Thomas Paine wrote the *Rights of Man*, which bears an inscription recording the fact, placed there by Clio Rickman, who owned the table when Mr. Truelove first saw it in his early manhood at Rickman's house. In after years, by strange coincidences, it came into Mr. Truelove's possession. Mr. Truelove also showed me a picture of Paine's iron bridge, the first iron bridge built on this planet, and which still arches the river at Sunderland. Many phases of the world's history flashed before me in my brief visit with this remarkable veteran, whose life has spanned so much of the nineteenth century.

Liverpool is my next lecturing field, August 25, and here I again receive a hearty Lancashire welcome. The hall is full in the evening, and, though the challenge for debate is given, no Christian opponents appear. They seem to be discouraged, or perhaps they will resort to guerilla warfare and attack the lecturer when he is far across the Atlantic. Liverpool has a varied and interesting Freethought element, which branches out in manifold directions—literature, science, politics, and philosophy. Mr. Ernest Newman has fine promise in the field of art and criticism, for he has the faculty of appreciation and the talent of expression. Mr. Laurence Small, Mr. Wollett, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Towers, Secretary Doeg, the Balfour brothers, etc., are generously equipped for the service. Liverpool is not an easy field. It demands work and expenditure. There are so many forces in play here that Freethought must watch and win its chance. All sorts of "isms" are on the move. Liverpool is more like Chicago than any other city I know of. It is

comparatively modern, and there is no ancient flavor about it. It is a city of to-day. It has something of the rush and roar of Western life, and lacks the oriental ease of time-honored institutions. It has not even an old cathedral, but must build a new one. Liverpool, therefore, like Chicago, is open to all kinds of influences, tendencies, commotions, and reforms. It is not tied down. It has no deep roots into the mighty past, like London and Edinburgh. No knights, no castles, haunt the memories of Liverpool. She is pre-eminently the "child of the sea." From "watery Neptune" she derives her pomp and pride and circumstance.

Liverpool takes its name from the Welsh; the words, *Llŷer pool*, signifying "place of the pool." The *Domesday Book* does not contain the name of Liverpool. In King John's time it was only a fishing village. During the reign of King Edward the First it had only 800 inhabitants. In 1347, when levies were made by Edward III. upon London for 25 ships and 662 men, Bristol 22 ships and 608 men, Hull 16 ships and 466 men, for the war against France, Liverpool was required to furnish only one bark and six men. In Queen Elizabeth's time the place is described as "Her Majesty's poor decayed town of Liverpool." In 1634, when Charles I. made his levy of ship money, Liverpool was left off with £15, while Chester paid £100, and Bristol £1,000. The Liverpool of modern times began about 1738. In 1800 the population was 77,000; in 1868, 500,000; to-day, with the incorporation of surrounding municipalities, the "Greater Liverpool" will enroll a population of over one million. It will thus be seen that Liverpool is mainly a city of the nineteenth century, and, with its marvellous and widespread trade, possesses the characteristics of this teeming age, having much of the dash and energy and comprehensive spirit of the great cities of America. I find a good deal of the Yankee in this ocean-nurtured metropolis. Farewell to Liverpool. I hope to see again its spacious docks, its thousand flags, its villas and mansions, its handsome parks and gardens, its noble Mersey, and its brilliant Freethinkers, who will certainly keep these busy shores illuminated with reason and liberty.

Margate flows on the vision next—Margate by the sea, one of the "peculiar institutions" of England. We might say of it, "Age cannot wither, nor custom stale, its infinite variety." One would miss quite a picture of English outdoor life if he did not go to Margate and its brilliant surroundings—Ramsgate, Broadstairs, etc. Broadstairs was one of the favorite abodes of Dickens, where he wrote *Bleak House*. It is certainly a lovely place for meditation and romance. I went down with Foote and Watts, and we surrendered ourselves to the beauty of sea and land, and roamed through realms of lively enchantment. The moment you strike Margate you are in the midst of a big crowd. It seems as if everybody was coming there. You wander to the beach, and it is covered with thousands of people. All sorts of shows are rampant—the minstrels, the shooting-galleries, the phrenological lecturer, the donkeys, etc. Hundreds of children with bare legs splash through the waters, digging holes in the sand, or building castles. The "machines" go in and out; the boats fly; the steamships roll, packed to the brim, and far away spreads the immensity of the ocean with its million flashing waves. It is a vast and animated scene. Everybody is happy, and abandons himself to the impulse of the moment. It is the fashion to do as you please. Nature smiles with exhilarating changefulness. The sunshine is gorgeous, and the houses and streets are bathed in splendor, and wherever you look there is the joy of untrammelled life. It does people good to come to these great, bright, beautiful shores and be "real folks," to be as outspoken and rollicking as the sea itself. It is health to the whole man, body and brain, this wild and wondrous motion of the waters; this glory of the heavens; this free, democratic, cheerful, luminous intermingling of all sorts and conditions of humanity on the broad level spaces of the spangled shores upon which the sea-god pours his brightest jewels.

Great coaches, with "four-in-hand," speed from Margate to Ramsgate, and it is a charming drive. For a while we leave the blue ocean behind. Green fields and groves, beautiful gardens and delightful homes, clothed with ivy and roses, expand upon the view. Then again the ocean appears as we dash down the declivity into the bustling town. Ramsgate, if anything, is more jubilant than Margate. At some portions of our way we can scarcely push along, so intricate is the multitude. We reach the immense pier, from which there is an extensive view of sea and shore. For miles the chalk cliffs stretch their battlements in white radiance. We see the cloudy lands of Dover, where King Lear once walked, and beyond, in the keen sunset, can sometimes be discerned the faint outlines of the hills of France. From the pier we journey to the lofty walls, where Hotel Granville fronts the main, one of the most beautiful hotels I have ever seen. It is more picturesque than most buildings of the kind. There is an element of poetry in its architecture. It has towers and turrets and spacious roofs. It is not all straight up and down, but there are curved lines and sunlit spaces, where, in ordinary hotels, are confinement and gloom. It is in

harmony, I think, with its environments, the tall cliffs the vast sea, the glowing heights, shadowed by stately groves.

In the moonlight and starlight, through dim majestic pictures, we return to Margate, to Terrace Hotel, and Hearts of Oak Restaurant, which are along the Marine Drive. We receive a jolly welcome, for the landlord is S. H. Munns, an old-time Freethinker, side by side with Bradlaugh, and always ready to do his level best. Our appetite is good, and the dinner is delightful. After the dinner we sit upon the broad portico, with the sea before and the stars above, while below the crowds pace along the brilliant streets, and occasional music bursts athwart the electric lights, and the tide comes glistening in, until all the sandy spaces shine with lustrous waves. Amidst these bewitching surroundings, with nature and the human heart in magnetic attraction, we indulge in reminiscences of the past, of Bradlaugh's mighty battle, with whom my *confreres* had fought and won, and whose spirit still walks abroad, unchained by death, and burning in the thoughts of to-day and to-morrow. How wonderfully life expands when we thus look on the limitless sea and the limitless stars. It was a glorious night. I shall not forget its manifold scenes, its stars and waves, its circling lamps, its murmuring people, its joyous companionship, its music of hope, "ring out the old, ring in the new."

On the morrow we drive to Broadstairs, and thence walk along the margin of the sea to Ramsgate. It is beautiful, the tall cliffs for our pathway, the sea a hundred feet beneath, murmuring and glistening on miles of shore with faint melody, while like little fairies almost seem the people that wander up and down; and the great blue spreads beyond in immeasurable glory, while on the other side masses of green fields and golden harvests mingle with the dark splendor of groves. We pass around the magnificent estate of the noble Montefiore, the philanthropist who made all the world his country. It was a place where one's mind might be filled with great and beautiful ideas, so broad and universal is the aspect nature presents. It is enough to make us boys again, and when we come across a venerable man who might be Merlin or any other bearded vision of antiquity, whose only means of living was a cocoanut gallery, it behoved us, of course to try a hand. You pay a penny a shot. If you hit the cocoanut, the cocoanut is yours. If not, the old man is a penny ahead. Only one of us made out to hit the cocoanut, but it was good exercise, and made us breathe the atmosphere of youth. This is one of the favorite games along the seashore. From Ramsgate we pursue a roundabout course to Margate, where we again refresh the inner man at the Hearts of Oak Restaurant, bid farewell to our comrade and host, Mr. S. H. Munns, and his wife, and return to London, beneath the illuminations of the harvest moon.

On Saturday my good friend of Wales memory, Mr. Horatio Montefiore, takes me to another sea resort, Bognor. This is down towards Portsmouth. We ride through a beautiful country, great hills on either side crowned with bountiful forest, with here and there a castellated mansion; and the noble structure of Arundel appears, and the vast cathedral built for the Catholic Church by the Duke of Norfolk; all amidst scenery of magnificent loveliness. It is wonderful how green the landscapes are in England at this season. It is like the freshness of springtime. The fields fairly glitter. There is nothing like it in America except in June. After June the sober brown, with harvest gold, begins to prevail. But in England it is still a brilliant green flashing against the dazzling harvest and "cloth of gold" of innumerable buttercups. They say that there is a still more brilliant green in Ireland. If so, it must be a fascinating land indeed, a jewel "set in the silver sea." These vivid colors seem almost like music as they strike the vision. If there is such a thing as a "symphony of colors," then England and Ireland are attuned to glorious melody, with these emerald hues at the gateways of summer and autumn. Bognor is not like Margate. It is a different picture of English life, quiet and attractive. There are no crowds here, no rush and turmoil. The broad sea is before you—the lovely beach, with two or three hundred people roaming leisurely along, and children at play. It is a pleasing scene if one wants perfect rest. It animates and soothes. At Margate you must be on the go; you must keep up with the procession. At Bognor you can float away in dreams; you can take things easy. There is just enough excitement to tingle the blood, while allowing you to sink away in delicious slumber. There is good companionship here. If one wants a bower of paradise, he will find it at Victoria Hotel, Mr. E. Lawford-Webb proprietor. You have the best of everything, with all the loveliness of country life about you, and, when you desire, the far-off glistening sea mingles with the radiance of tree and flower and grass. Mr. and Mrs. W. Taylor extend their hospitality to the American visitor, and the merry children also animate the circle. Lawn tennis adds its variable fortunes and dancing colors to the charm and music of the sea. I had a thoroughly enjoyable day. I have not found any of that "British reserve" yet. So far as my experience goes, the Britons are

as open, generous, and hospitable as the typical Westerner himself. They will give you a good hearty handshake, and make you feel at home with frankness and joviality. The elegance of civilisation does not diminish the real humanity of the Briton. He has too much business with all the world to be a provincial. Those who do the work in England, who keep its commerce, trade, literature, science, on the move, are those who give the stranger a generous welcome. I must thank my friend Montefiore for a happy introduction to English good-fellowship, and for the enjoyment of noble sceneries. I hope America can sometime repay these delightful experiences.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

(To be continued.)

ADVANCE, HUMANITY!

OPPRESSION's hateful powers! Why lighten now
The hand that, many centuries, has crushed
The manhood of our race? Kings, priests, and all
The tyrannous who have made might a law,
Treading fair right into the mire; have ye
Then recognised that to attempt to stem
The irresistible and boundless tide
Of human progress can but mean that, though
A transient halt is made in man's advance,
Yet, gath'ring strength e'en from the brief repulse,
The tital wave shall sweep thee from its path
Like feathers whirled before the cyclone's might?
Yea, priest, thou know'st the mind's emancipate
From superstitions thou hast striven hard
To shackle Freedom with. Thou seeketh now
That it shall be believed thy place is in
The van of Progress' army.

Hold no hope
That man will ever come again within
Thy baneful grasp. Thou and the monarchs whom
Thou hast maintained to have a right divine
T' enslave Humanity are doomed to pass
Away, and Man shall rise in brotherhood;
Shall achieve solidarity, and make
The planet radiant with glancing beams
Of love that shall pervade the universe.

F. W. THORRINGTON.

"There Goes an Atheist."

Such was the covert attack made by a Christian acquaintance of mine regarding one of whom I could repeat: "Yes there goes an Atheist, who, for fourteen years, has had a happy home, the father of a healthy, sturdy little girl, who promptly pays his rates and taxes, his butcher and baker, and, like the village blacksmith, can look 'the whole world in the face, for he owes not any man'; has had his name standing on the books of the Glasgow Royal Infirmary for many years as a subscriber, and to various charitable lists appends his signature most willingly." Now, let me show your readers the record of this Christian gentleman (my brother-in-law), who, since uttering the innuendo which heads this paper, has suddenly decamped, leaving his wife and three helpless children without a penny; leaving her the victim of a loathsome disease (one of the bairns showing the result of this); leaving his rates and taxes unpaid; his grocer, upholsterer, and milliner unpaid; his gas bill, his coal bill, his poor servants' wages bill, also unpaid. It now transpires he abused his wife and his weens; he starved them so that he could drink; but, to make amends for all these sins, he was a humble but earnest communicant in the late Reverend Robert Barclay's (Established) Church, Greenock.

A. S.

Jonah—A New Version.

The Rev. John Jasper has joined the army of Higher Critics, and deals thusly with the Jonah-whale story: "Dat country war a sea shoah, an' de hotels dey wuz named aftah de tings ob de sea. Dar wuz de 'Sailors' Pannikin,' de 'Main Brace Splicer,' de 'Seaman's Paradise,' an' so forth, et cetera, jes' as yo see 'em in Ratcliffe Highway; an' one ob 'em was called 'Daniel's Den,' an' anudder the 'Whale's Belly.' Den Jonah he kum along an' stayed right hyar in de 'Whale's belly' free days and free nights, when de landly she foun' out he didn't have no scrip in his purse, so she spewed him right out. An' she gib him such a awful hoist, it sent him spinnin' right ober to Nineveh, hunnerds an' hunnerds o' miles away frum de sea. Dis beautiful history, dear bredren, am gib us to show us how, when we don't treat a man right kase he's pore, we may be kickin' an angel unawares. De deakins will now take up de collection.

BOOK CHAT.

A BOOK which should be of interest is announced by the Chautauquan Century Press. It is entitled *Some First Steps in Human Progress*, and is by Frederick Starr, of the University of Chicago. The book deals with fire-making, food-getting, basketry, pottery, hunting, arts relating to plants, domestication, stone working, metal working, dress, habitation, travel, speech, folk-lore, sociology, and religion. If the Professor can afford to tell the truth about the first steps in religion, the work should be a valuable one.

* * *

A *History of Slavery and Serfdom*, by J. K. Ingalls, though only an enlargement and revision of the article on "Slavery" which Dr. Ingram contributed to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, deserves mention as filling up a gap remaining in English literature. The French have Wallon's *Esclavage dans l'Antiquité* and Larroque's *Esclavage Chez les Nations Chrétiennes*. In Germany there is an elaborate section on Roman Slavery in Marquardt's *Privatleben der Römer*. Esther Copley's *History of Slavery and its Abolition* (1833) is a poor book, beginning: "I thank the goodness and the grace which on my birth have smiled and, made me in these Christian days a happy English child."

* * *

Volume vi. of the Christian Classics Series, published by the Religious Tract Society, is entitled *The Writings of Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland*. It ought to be entitled *Selections Translated from Writings Attributed to Patrick*, for Dr. C. H. H. Wright, the translator, admits that writings are included "which are of doubtful genuineness." We should say all are in this category. He also says he has omitted, as far as possible, "all matter which has been made the subject of religious controversy." In such a case it is likely that the deleted matter is most important. We wonder what Irish Catholics will think of the Protestant garb given to the banisher of snakes from Ireland.

* * *

Shakespeare's England, by William Winter, is the first of Macmillan's Miniature Series, got up in very neat fashion for the American market. It is an account, not of England in the time of Shakespeare, but of visits to England's historic haunts by an American, keenly touched with all the beauty of the past of the mother country. We heard an old English Freethinker remark that Mr. Putnam had told him more about England than he knew before, and certainly a perusal of this delightful little volume may lend fresh interest to our native land.

* * *

Mr. Alfred Kitson, the author of *Outlines of Spiritualism* (Hanging Heaton, Dewsbury, Yorks: 1s. 3d.), is the person who riled that good man Stead at the last Conference of Spiritists, by declaring that the education of children should discard the old teachings of Christianity. In the book before us, which is designed for the use of children's lyceums in particular, and Spiritualists in general, Mr. Kitson has pursued that plan with signal advantage. He is thus able to teach the doctrine of evolution instead of creation, of all-round development instead of restraint, the teachings of science concerning the past of this world and of man instead of the ancient myths, and to base ethics chiefly on secular relations. In its main features the book is decidedly rationalistic. Mr. Kitson insists on the necessity of depending on action, and the foolishness of dependence on belief. He gives useful information on the ill effects of past creeds, and on how the Bible, which he shows countenances Spiritism, was compiled. Yet must we state our opinion that Spiritism retains the germ of the mischiefs seen to arise in the old faiths.

* * *

Mr. Kitson's longest chapter is on "The Various Conception of Heaven and Hell of all Nations," in which there is much information concisely given. He does not, however, notice how many savage nations believe, like the Theosophists, in man having a multiplicity of spirits within him, nor does he mention that many of them hold that heaven is only for the chiefs and upper classes. If he consulted Mr. Tylor's work on *Primitive Culture* and Mr. Frazer's *Golden Bough*, he would perhaps better understand the genesis of these beliefs, and come to see that the revelations of Andrew Jackson Davis concerning the summerland must be put in the same category as the beliefs of the inhabitants of Tahiti.

* * *

Public Speaking and Debate: A Manual for Advocates and Agitators, by George Jacob Holyoake (Fisher Unwin), is a much-enlarged version of a work which was of considerable utility in its day, and the merits of which were testified to by Wendell Phillips, and appreciated by many English Freethinkers, as well as by Dr. Joseph Parker, to whom this new edition is dedicated. We have not compared the editions. The present should have the fruits of a riper experience, but it may be doubted if amplification was

necessary. The more concise and direct hints and instructions for public advocacy are the better. Whether in speech-making or writing, phrase-mongering and rhetoric are, if used for their own sake, to be reprobated. All that can be taught may be put in brief compass. The Scotch doctor who said there were only two rules—(1) to say what you have to say in as few words as you can; and (2) when you've said it to hold your tongue—fairly superseded Blair and all the other rhetoricians. If he could only have taught his pupils to first think clearly before speaking at all, he would have been a perfect master. None the less, the youth who desires to become a public advocate and agitator cannot be recommended to a better book than this by Mr. Holyoake who gives abundant good advice and apt illustration.

Why Christianity is Accepted by Indian Aborigines.

If we analyse the views of most of the Oraon converts to Christianity, we shall, I think, be able to discern the influence of their Pagan doctrines and superstitions in the motives that first led them to become catechumens. The Supreme Being who does not protect them from the spite of malevolent spirits has, they are assured, the Christian under his special care. They consider that, in consequence of this guardianship, the witches and bhuts [devils] have no power over Christians, and it is, therefore, good for them to join that body. They are taught that for the salvation of Christians one great sacrifice has been made, and they see that those who are baptised do not, in fact, reduce their live-stock to propitiate the evil spirits. They grasp at the notion, and long afterwards, when they understand it better, the Atonement, the mystical washing away of sin by the blood of Christ, is the doctrine on which their simple minds most dwell.—Colonel Dalton, "*Ethnology of Bengal*," p. 257.

Scepticism.

If a man holding a belief which he was taught in childhood, or persuaded of afterwards, keeps down and pushes away any doubts which arise about it in his mind, purposely avoids the reading of books and the company of men that call in question or discuss it, and regards as impious those questions which cannot easily be asked without disturbing it; the life of that man is one long sin against mankind.

Inquiry into the evidence of a doctrine is not to be made once for all, and then taken as finally settled. It is never lawful to stifle a doubt; for either it can be honestly answered by means of the inquiry already made, or else it proves that the inquiry was not complete.

"But," says one, "I am a busy man; I have no time for the long course of study which would be necessary to make me in any degree a competent judge of certain questions, or even able to understand the nature of the arguments." Then he should have no time to believe.

No man's belief is in any case a private matter which concerns himself alone. Our words, our phrases, our forms and processes and modes of thought are common property fashioned and perfected from age to age; an heirloom, which every succeeding generation inherits as a precious deposit and a sacred trust, to be handed on to the next one, not unchanged, but enlarged and purified, with some clear marks of its proper handiwork. Into this, for good or ill, is woven every belief of every man who has speech of his fellows. An awful privilege, and awful responsibility, that we should help to create the world in which posterity will live.—*Professor Clifford*.

PROFANE JOKES.

Voltaire said of Mdlle. de Livry: "She was so beautiful that I raised my long, thin body, and stood before her like a point of admiration."

Teacher—"Can you tell me, Johnnie, why Satan goes about the earth like a roaring lion?" Johnnie—"Cause he can't cut any ice in the place where he lives when he's at home."

Complaining Wife—"You are glad to see me ill. I think you would be delighted if I were dying." Husband—"Oh, no, my dear! I should only be pleased to think that you were going to heaven."

Mrs. Watts—"How is your girl?" Mrs. Patts—"Oh, she's a perfect heathen. I left her to straighten things up before the minister called, and she never even dusted the Bible."

Rev. Jones (to tramp who has asked for food)—"Here, my good man, is a piece of bread; but, remember, I don't give it for your sake, and I don't give it for my sake, but I give it for God's sake." Tramp—"Then for Christ's sake put a bit of butter on it."

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, "Theological Puzzles."

BRADLAUGH CLUB AND INSTITUTE (36 Newington Green-road, Balls Pond, N.): 7, G. W. Foote, "Why I am an Atheist." Wednesday, at 8, adjourned debate on "Education in Board Schools."

BATTERSEA SECULAR HALL (back of Battersea Park Station): 7.45, Robert Shaw, "The Soul Theory." Tuesday, at 8, social gathering.

CAMBERWELL (North Camberwell Hall, 61 New Church-road): 7.30, J. T. Blanchard, "The Population Question and its Relation to Socialism." Friday, at 8, free science classes.

FINSBURY BRANCH: 12, important members' meeting at St. John's Restaurant, 120 St. John-street, Clerkenwell.

ISLINGTON: 8.30, annual meeting, for election of officers, at the Bradlaugh Club and Institute, 36 Newington Green-road.

WEST LONDON ETHICAL SOCIETY (Westminster Town Hall, Caxton-street): 11.15, Dr. Stanton Coit, "Debasing the Moral Currency."

WEST HAM SECULAR ETHICAL SOCIETY (61 West Ham-lane): 7, Miss Vallance, "The Old Faiths Grown More Wide."

WOOD GREEN (Masonic Hall, adjoining the Nightingale Hotel, High-street): 7.30, W. Mawer, F.G.S., "Evolution v. Creation."

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

BATTERSEA PARK GATES: 11.30, H. Courtney, "What is Secularism?"

COUNTRY.

BIRMINGHAM (Alexandra Hall, Hope-street): 7, S. Armfield, "The Influence of Christianity on Civilisation."

BLACKBURN (Venetian Hall, Darwen-street): Thursday, October 31, C. Cohen, "Christianity and Slavery." Friday, Nov. 1, "Evolution v. Special Creation."

BRISTOL (Shepherds' Hall, Old Market-street): 7, select entertainment.

CHATHAM SECULAR HALL (Queen's-road, New Brompton): 2.45, Sunday-school; 7, C. James, "The Decay of Belief."

FAIRFORTH SECULAR SUNDAY-SCHOOL (Pole-lane): 6.30, Ernest Evans, "Life, from a Biological Point of View."

GLASGOW (Brunswick Hall, 110 Brunswick-street): 12, discussion—T. Robertson, an Essay; 6.30, J. P. Gilmour, "God and his Christ for Camlachie."

LEICESTER SECULAR HALL (Humberstone Gate): 6.30, W. Heaford, "The Dream of Immortality."

LIVERPOOL (Oddfellows' Hall, St. Anne-street): 11, Tontine Society; 7, Ernest Newman, "The Origin and Development of Legends."

MANCHESTER SECULAR HALL (Rusholme-road, All Saints): 6.30, Robert Law, F.G.S., "The History of Life on the Globe."

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE (Northumberland Hall, High Friar-street, near Grey's monument): 11, Touzeau Parris, "Some More Bible Symbols"; 3, "How we Obtain Knowledge"; 7, "Sin Against God an Impossibility."

SHEFFIELD SECULAR SOCIETY (Hall of Science, Rockingham-street): 11, C. Cohen, "The Political Ethics of Herbert Spencer"; 3, "The Holy Bible"; 7, "What Think Ye of Christ?" Tea at 5.

SOUTH SHIELDS (Captain Duncan's Navigation School, King-street): 7, music and an address by W. Cook.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

BARNSELY (May Day Green): 11, Willie Dyson, "God's Inhumanity."

Lecturers' Engagements.

C. COHEN, 12 Merchant-street, Bow-road, London, E.—November 1, Blackburn; 3, Sheffield; 4, 5, and 6, Barnsley; 10, Foresters' Hall, London; 17 and 24, Bradford. December 1, 5, and 6, Edinburgh; 8, Glasgow; 15, Blackburn.

ARTHUR B. MOSS, 44 Oredon-road, Rotherhithe, London.—Nov. 24, New Brompton. Dec. 22, Leicester.

TOUZEAU PARRIS, 32 Upper Mall, Hammersmith, London, W.—November 3, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

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