

The Free-thinker

Edited by G. W. FOOTE.]

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

INTRODUCTION.

MR. WILSON BARRETT'S new play has been a striking success from the popular and managerial point of view. "Put money in thy purse," says Iago to Roderigo, and Mr. Barrett has adopted the advice. By appealing to the sentimental and religious public, instead of to the more limited public with some dramatic taste and experience, he has drawn crowds to hear his fine, if somewhat monotonous, voice, and to witness his statuesque posings in the scanty costume of ancient Rome. When I saw the performance at the Lyric Theatre I was struck with the novel character of the audience, which might almost be called a congregation. It seemed to be the emptyings of the churches and chapels of London. Most of the people appeared to be unused to such surroundings. They walked as though they were advancing to pews, and took their seats with an air of reverential expectation. Clericals were present in remarkable abundance. Parsons to right of me, parsons to left of me, parsons in front of me—though I cannot add that they volleyed and thundered. Everybody wore his best Sunday face, and when the lights were turned low, and pious opinions were ejaculated on the stage, it was remarkably like a religious exercise. "Ahs" and "hear hears" arose from the auditorium, and I fancied—but it must have been a mistake—that I occasionally caught an "Amen" or a "Hallelujah."

THE PLAY.

The Sign of the Cross is a Salvation Army tragedy. Setting aside pecuniary motives, it is designed in the interest of that species of Christianity which is generally styled "primitive," and the play is as primitive as the religion it advocates. It is melodrama from beginning to end. There is plenty of incident, but no real plot; much movement, but no real progress. Men and women are brought on the stage and taken off; they talk and act, and talk and act again; but as they are at the rise of the curtain they remain at its fall; there is absolutely no development of character, which is the one thing that gives a serious interest to dramatic composition.

Mr. Barrett informs the world, in a letter to the *Newcastle Chronicle*, that he has "sought" in this play to "make vice hideous." It is really very good of him to be so solicitous about her appearance, but his anxiety is somewhat unnecessary. Was it not Pope who said that vice to be hated needs but to be seen? Mr. Barrett tickets her carefully, and paints her like a scarecrow; in doing which he overreaches himself, for it is not brazen, riotous vice that is seductive. Temptation comes to average human nature in a more plausible fashion. It may be good preaching to "make vice hideous," but it is bad drama. The business of the playwright, as the great Master taught, is to "hold the mirror up to nature." Do that, if you can; give us a faithful image of good and evil; and you need not fear as to which will be loved or hated. But if you cannot do that, it is idle to plead your excellent intentions.

Far more pertinent is Mr. Barrett's statement, in the same letter, that "it was necessary to introduce the darker side of the life of the time, in order to show the value of Christianity." This he has done with a vengeance. His playbill gives two lists of characters, "Pagans" and "Christians." All the Pagans are wicked people—tyrants,

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sycophants, intriguers, assassins, drunkards, thieves, and prostitutes. All the Christians are good people—pure, benevolent, and merciful. Look on this picture and on that! Oh yes, but both are painted by a partisan. We all know that the lion was nowhere in the picture of his fight with the man, but a lion who saw it remarked that it might have been different if lions could paint.

Mr. Barrett's method is contemptibly silly. It is the sheep and the goats nonsense over again—as though the world, in its religious, political, or social disputations, was ever sharply divided into two categories of absolute virtue and absolute wickedness. Not thus are the elements of human nature mixed and distributed; not thus ever were they, not thus will they ever be.

Mr. Barrett has simply availed himself of the ancient trick of the Christian apologist. He does not merely introduce the "darker side of the life of the time," he excludes all its brighter side. It is nothing to him that Seneca, the philosopher, was sent to death by the same Nero who is said to have murdered Christians. That may be history, but it is not partisanship. Mr. Barrett makes the life of Paganism as black as midnight, and the life of the little handful of Christians the one gleam of light piercing the darkness. What childish simplicity! And only to think that this should be accepted as fair and accurate by thousands of apparently rational people a hundred years after the death of the great author of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire!*

"Religions," says Schopenhauer, "are like glow-worms; they require darkness to shine in." Mr. Barrett may not have read this epigram, but he felt its truth instinctively; so he painted a black sky, and called it "Paganism," and then he painted in one star, which could not help being brilliant, and called it "Christianity."

WHAT IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

Had the author of *The Sign of the Cross* been a real dramatist, instead of a melodramatist, he would have taken the same human nature on both sides, neither miraculous in its heroism nor subterhuman in its weakness; he would have taken men and women of this composition, exhibited them as husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, lovers, friends, and citizens; and then have shown how these universal and eternal relationships were affected by a difference of religious conviction. Mr. Barrett has not done this; he has not even attempted it. No doubt he felt it beyond the scope of his powers. He might at least have displayed conviction on both sides, and he has not even done that. But without conviction, while there may be comedy, there cannot be tragedy; and thus Mr. Barrett's play is on the one side farce, and on the other side melodrama.

REAL MELODRAMA.

I confess that I like my melodrama—when I do take it, which is very seldom—to be the real unadulterated article. Let me explain what I mean, and I can do this best by an illustration.

Many years ago, in the early seventies, I visited an East-end theatre famous for its melodrama. The audience took the play as sterling tragedy. They cheered the hero and howled at the villain. For my part, however, I cried with laughter, and shed more tears than I ever dropped at a serious performance. The villain of the piece had as many lives as a cat, or would have had as many had there been time for nine acts. At the end of

one act he fell down a precipice several hundred feet deep; but he turned up again smiling, and bent on further mischief. At the end of another act he sat all alone on a block of ice in a northern sea; the ice sank, and he went down with it; but he turned up again as though nothing had happened. At the end of another act he was shot by a platoon of soldiers. That *should* have settled him, but he turned up again. Finally, in the last act, he was accurately hung, as Carlyle would say. As the life was squeezed out of him, a breathless messenger rushed in with a reprieve. This was the hero's last great opportunity. Standing in the centre of the stage, with his right hand uplifted to heaven, he exclaimed, "Too late! too late! the ends of justice can no longer be defeated!"

That is how I like my melodrama, and if Mr. Wilson Barrett played in such a piece, I would go to see him with pleasure.

CLAUDIAN.

Mr. Barrett's melodramas are not as good as the one I saw at the "Brit." Take *Claudian*, for instance. That was considered a highly moral play. It is even alleged that it won words of praise from Mr. Ruskin. But it was a melodrama, and only a Christian could discover its morality. Claudian was a gentleman who could not die, being under a curse of longevity, which could only be broken by a pure and disinterested love. He lived for centuries, and was constantly standing amidst the wreckage of mankind. He survived earthquakes that ruined whole cities. He stood alone on tumbling masonry that would not kill him. And all this slaughter was apparently designed to complete his spiritual development. Surely a monstrous ethic! contemptible to all minds undebauched by the doctrine of vicarious sacrifice.

G. W. FOOTE.

(To be continued.)

THE FISH SYMBOL.

It has often been jocularly remarked that the injunction to take no meat but fish in Lent is a proof that Christianity came from fishermen. And, in truth, it will be found on examination that there is something very fishy about the origin of our national religion. Antiquaries make the fish a symbol of Jesus Christ. Christianity seems to have spread at first largely among the fishing population of the Mediterranean. A fish is sculptured on a number of early Christian monuments. It was as much a symbol of the baptised as the square and compasses are of Freemasons. St. Clement of Alexandria says: "Let the dove and the fish remain as signs unto you." Tertullian adds: "We are like fishes in Christ, our great fish; for we are born in water, and can only be saved by continuing therein." About the middle of the fourth century Optatus, Bishop of Milesia, in Africa, declared that "the single name of fish, according to the Greek denomination, contained in the letters composing it a host of sacred names; IXΘΥΣ gives in the Latin, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Savior." In fact, by taking each letter of IXΘΥΣ for the initial of a Greek word, we make "Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς Θεοῦ Υἱὸς Σωτήρ."

But, as remarked in *Footsteps of the Past* (p. 163), the fish symbol was an ancient pre-Christian one, which came into special signification about 263 B.C., when the sun entered Pisces. *Ichthus* was a title not only of Jesus, but of Bacchus and Horus. The Sibylline oracles, which existed long before the Christian era, contained an acrostic on the word *Ichthus*. Justin Martyr, the earliest Christian writer of undisputed authenticity, in the middle of the second century, appeals to the Sibyl as predicting, "in a clear and patent manner, the advent of our Savior Jesus Christ"; and Celsus soon after nicknamed the Christians "Sibyllists." Possibly what the Sibylline books predicted was simply that the equinox would pass from Aries into Pisces—from the Lamb of God into the Divine Fishes. Gerald Massey (*Natural Genesis*, i. 454) says: "When the equinox passed into the sign of Pisces, the fish became the figure of the Christ on the cross. Hence the fish on the pre-Christian cross which is found in Scotland and Ireland, and the fish type which was continued whenever the reckonings were kept." He further tells us that "Horus in Egypt had been a fish from time immemorial; and when the equinox entered the sign of Pisces, Horus, who was continued by

the Gnostics, is portrayed as *Ichthus* with the fish sign over his head." Jesus said his only sign is that of Jonas, who was swallowed by a fish, or, as Kenneth Mackenzie says, "absorbed into the *Vesica Pisces*." This writer, in his *Royal Masonic Cyclopaedia*, cites Dr. Crucifix, who says: "In former days the Grand Master of our Order used to wear a silver fish on his person." Dr. Kenealy, in the curious anonymous hodge-podge he called *The Book of God*, said (p. 240): "The fishes mystically signify the Initiated into the Eleusinia." It was the symbol of the perfected, the elect.

Baptismal fonts are particularly ornamented with fish. Thus at Gemonia in Frioul, and Pirano in Istria, are two large baptismal urns, bearing fish. In a village church near Beigetad, in Denmark, around a baptistery, are three fishes, intertwined in the form of a triangle. France contains many similar examples. The fish is distinctly depicted on the baptismal font at Boulogne-sur-Mer; and so, likewise, on that of St. Jacques at Compiègne. In Saint Germain-des-Près, at the entrance where the baptismal font is placed, a male and female siren are seen, with fishes in their arms; while other fish play beneath the waters which undulate around those fantastic personages. Fishes are likewise seen in other parts of French churches besides the baptisteries. In the nave of St. Caprais-d'Agen three fishes are represented. A fish is also sculptured on a statue in the cemetery of St. Jean, department of la Nièvre.

Jesus is said in the Gospels to have declared he would make Peter and Andrew "fishers of men." His representative on earth, the Pope, is par-excellence the Fisherman of Rome, and signs with the fisherman's ring. Jesus himself was called "fisher of men." St. Gregory Nazianzen says that Jesus, the fisher of men, descended into the troubled sea of this world in order to draw men from it like fishes, and carry them up into heaven. M. Robert informs us that on one of the sarcophagi in the Vatican, described by Bottari, Jesus is represented standing on the shore, a line in his hand, and a crowd of little aquatic beings nibbling at the bait. An engraving taken from a cornelian, and published by the Abbé Vallarsi, at Verona, represents a young fisherman, holding a little fish on his hook; against the fish is the word IXΘΥΣ. But the most complete existing monument of this description is furnished by a miniature in the manuscript of Herrade. God the Father is there represented holding in his hand a line, which he casts into the abyss of ocean. The line itself is formed of the busts of patriarchs, prophets, and kings, enchaind the one with the other, from Adam, who is nearest God, down to David, who is next to the hook; the bait, in fact, is no other than Jesus the Savior, attached to the Cross.*

Beyond the astronomical explanation of the fish as a religious emblem is the fact that much of the food of the ancient world was drawn from the sea, and fish, from being extraordinarily prolific, became signs of abundance and increase. Major-General Forlong (*Rivers of Life*, i. 246) says: "The fish is universally worshipped in all lands as the most fecundative of all creatures; and, where most valued, the superstitious have offered it in sacrifice to their gods, refusing to eat or injure it." While some abstained from fish, others partook of it as the sacred food, taken as a preparation for a following feast. Thus the fasting, or fish diet, of Lent is a preliminary to the celebration of the spring resurrection.

J. M. WHEELER.

Infallible Records.

The attempt to find infallible records in canonical books, and permanent standards of truth in ecclesiastical votes, has so hopelessly failed that honest persistence in it has become impossible to instructed persons; and therefore, in all competent guides and teachers of men, a continued sanction and profession of it is not simply an intellectual error, but a breach of veracity. And this tampering with sincerity on the part of instructors, who know better than they choose to say, not only arrests the advance to higher truth, but eats, like a canker, into the morals of our time. The sophistries of unfaithful minds are as strange as they are deplorable. Who ever smothers an "honest doubt" creates the sin, while missing the prelude of good of unbelief. And the conventional outcry against "destructive criticism" intercepts the reconstructive thought and faith which can alone endure.—*Dr. Martineau.*

* *Université Catholique*, vol. vi.

BELIEF IN GOD AN EMOTIONAL FIGMENT.

It is curious to note the various phases the belief in God assumes at the present day. The old orthodox notion of a deity, based upon the delineations of the Bible, is now given up by the intelligent portion of believers in a supernatural being. The Christian God is preached about from the pulpit, but his character is seldom, if ever, dwelt upon. Ministers of the Gospel rely upon their own imaginations in describing a Supreme Being in whom they profess to believe. Hence the descriptions rendered of God are as varied as they are contradictory and purely visionary. The orthodox idea differs widely from that of the "advanced Theist," as does also the notion entertained by the Calvinist from that of the Unitarian. To us it appears that the belief in all those gods which credulity has ever pictured has been simply an emotional figment.

It must be remembered, however, that an emotional figment is but a mental phenomenon caused by imaginary agencies, or by the exercise of the inventive faculty. In either case it is not the result of observation, or the product of the understanding. It is reported that a Frenchman once remarked that, if a God did not exist, we would have to invent one, forgetting apparently that the God of every nation is a theological invention. Emerson says: "Men bear beliefs as trees bear apples"; and he further adds: "The God of the cannibals will be a cannibal, of the crusaders a crusader, and of the merchants a merchant. . . . The interior tribes of our Indians, and some of the Pacific Islanders, flog their gods when things take an unfavorable turn." This shows that some identity is supposed to exist between men and their gods. That is, man thinks himself related to his God, whom he has created in his own imagination. It is said that the religions that once comforted people, and even made nations famous, are gone; but is it not a fact that to-day we see in Christianity a revival or survival of what orthodox folk contemptuously denominate heathenism? It is a matter of history that those nations who lacked genius aped their ancestors in religion, as, indeed, they did in most affairs of every-day life. The very essentials of orthodox Christianity are but reproductions of ancient myths. Moreover, the institutions of to-day are the characterisation of the people who either establish or adopt them. What men imagine to exist outside their experience frequently becomes a belief which appears to them as conclusive as though it were demonstrated geometrically. Hence, persons imbibe certain notions in the morning of their lives without thoroughly reasoning out why they do so, and as they grow in years such notions become imperceptibly, as it were, to them a part of their mental reality. This may explain why some gods are represented as being partial, cruel, and unjust, while others are depicted as being possessed of qualities the very reverse. The fact is, all the gods who were ever thought to exist are but the reflex of the mental characteristics of their worshippers.

It is somewhat singular that we should find in the old Roman world, amid its great courage and its vigorous intellect, indications of an emotional belief as to the basis on which the government of the world depends. Yet we read that Marcus Antoninus said: "It is pleasant to die if there be gods, and sad to live if there be none." This means that our fates are ruled by the gods, whose existence was thought necessary to the lives and happiness of the human race. This is a delusion born of uncontrolled emotion. The paradoxical character of such a view of existence is seen when we compare the different objects the god-believers have in their minds when they act upon the emotional belief. One starts out upon a mission of peace, inspired by "a God of love"; while another shoulders his rifle and marches to war, calling upon "the God of battles" to lead him to victory. It would be puerile to seek for the source of this actuating power outside the individuals who are concerned in the actions. Our ancestors bravely faced the Roman legions, but when an eclipse came on they dispersed and fled. The cause of the flight was in them, not in the celestial phenomenon. Conduct, like belief, based upon the purely emotional is seldom of long duration. The one changes its nature, and the other its form, with the acquirement of new impulses. Herein lies the difference between the method of conversion of the Secularist and the Christian. They both appeal to the emotions, but in a very different manner. The Secularist seeks to reach

the heart through the head, while the Christian aims to touch the head through the heart. In other words, the one appeals first to reason, and the other devotes his primary attention to fear.

In evoking the aid of what is termed God, the orthodox believers seek only that which they deem conducive to the realisation of their desires. In such instances the emotions frequently become uncontrollable, and the supplicants are worked up to a state of ecstasy, which appears to practical, sober-minded persons as bordering on madness. Many instances may be given to justify this allegation; such, for example, as St. Paul and his visions; Swedenborg and his "spiritual communications"; the Methodists with their "experiences," and the Salvationists with their wild flights of fanaticism. Of course the religious enthusiasts will urge that these "manifestations" and "outpourings" are but the frenzy of their immortal souls. Our lunatic asylums, however, show that persons have been so emotional that they have gone beyond mere frenzy, declaring themselves to be personages of the highest rank; some have even thought themselves to be Jesus Christ. From the condition of St. Paul to that of the lunatic patients it is only a question of degree in madness. With all of them, reason had become dethroned and judgment impaired. To this unfortunate mental disease the cause may be traced of those malignant wars and abominable atrocities which have disgraced the history of the Christian faith. As Earl Russell, in speaking of the condition of society under Christian rule, writes in his *History of the Christian Religion*: "The spirit of persecution unfortunately arose, and the majority endeavored, by fire and sword, to make the minority embrace what was considered the orthodox creed. . . . Hence the bloody wars between the Athanasians and the Arians, which did not cease till the Arians were utterly subdued in the field of battle. Hence the persecutions of the Albigenses, and the cruel watchword when a town was taken by assault by an orthodox army, 'Slay all—God will know his own.' Hence the massacres and executions which marked with blood the various countries of Europe, and led to the establishment of the Spanish Inquisition" (pp. 279, 280). To the emotional believers, intellect is a hobgoblin, and genius a mocking fiend. With them reason is a snare, doubt a curse, and unbelief a crime.

The true explanation of the professed conceptions of all the gods will be found to be based upon what is termed the subjective—that is, they are mere fancied ideas of a person who is supposed to be similar in many respects to a human being. Such conceptions have no objective reality; they are not the subject of the understanding, of induction, or of science. Many Christians affect to believe that this is so in reference to devils, which they regard as figments of a disordered imagination. Why should not the existence of a god be as visionary as that of a devil? They are both the outcome of an intellect disturbed by theological figments. The fact is, man animates what he sees, and his preferences are determined by his antecedents, his occupation, or his natural gifts. Thus we find that the primary belief of a philosopher is philosophy, of a bishop theology, and of a poet poesy. Their natures predispose them to go in different directions, according to their education and tastes. Laplace, having no belief in gods, did not put even their names in his astronomical system. He said God had nothing to do with it.

Fortunately, belief in the intervention of a god, based as it is upon an emotional figment, will disappear as the knowledge that the world is governed by natural laws advances. Gods are only as intelligent and good as are their believers; the one is the measure of the other. Men but magnify their own virtues or vices in the mental conceptions they form of their gods. An ignorant and evilly-disposed man will ascribe to his God conduct far from being noble and ennobling, while an intelligent, kind, and benevolent god-believer will readily endorse the teaching of Euripides:—

Goodness and being in the gods are one;
He who imputes ill to them makes them none.

CHARLES WATTS.

(To be concluded.)

Nurse—"Willie, in your prayers you forgot to pray for grandmother's safety." Willie—"Has she got a bicycle, too?"

A BOUT WITH A BIGOT.

THE village of Garelochhead, which, as its name denotes, is situated at the upper end of the Gareloch, the first of those picturesque inlets of the sea that form so striking a feature of the scenery on the Firth of Clyde, has at least one claim to distinction. Some years ago, when a Sunday steamer from Glasgow was sighted coming up the loch, the Sabbatarian zealots of the place rushed down to the pier and forcibly prevented the mooring of the vessel. Since then the Lord of the Sabbath has signally prospered the place; for has he not caused sundry of his stewards, who lend him a little at a hundred per cent. and invest the remainder at a beggarly five, to construct the West Highland Railway which passes through Garelochhead, but often drops a fat tourist or corpulent visitor, to the great gain of the Lord's servants who own "houses and lands," etc.? But the Lord's goodness has gone further; for lately—in order, perhaps, to try the faith of his chosen people—he has permitted some naughty "infidels" to invade this secluded corner of his vineyard. And they have been sowing the seeds of that lusty plant—the tree of Liberty—so diligently that the Lord's gardeners have been filled with anger and dismay. Garelochhead, among other modern innovations, boasts of a "Mutual Improvement Society," and, even from the little I saw and heard of some of its members, I should say that there will be no need for the Society to change its title for a generation at least. One of the luminaries in this corner of space is a certain Mr. Hart, who, whether of his own motion in view of the spread of heresy in the district, or at the instigation of someone in authority who had not the manliness to come out into the open and vindicate the faith, was entered on the syllabus to read a paper on "Infidelity" on December 6, 1895. As, with a few exceptions formed by the villa residents, whose defection or recurrency the local clergy resent, but cannot punish, most of the Garelochhead Freethinkers are either inexperienced in public discussion, or in a position of economic dependence upon church-going employers and neighbors, I was invited down to hold the brief for "Infidelity."

There is no neutral meeting-place in Garelochhead, an anomaly which is about to be removed, as the community lately received a gift of money for the erection of a public hall; and the symposiums of the "Mutual Improvement Society" are held in the hall of the Established Church, with the parish minister in the chair, and the Free Church minister and the schoolmaster at hand to act as wet nurses for Christianity, and as wet blankets on the rash ardor of the spirit of Free Inquiry. I was told that, as a rule, the average attendance at the Society's meetings was about twenty; but evidently the prospect of gloating over the discomfiture of the "infidel," who had been vexing the soul of the righteous, had for once overcome the apathy of the villagers for "mutual" or any other species of improvement, for the audience on December 6 reached about a hundred. I slipped in quietly, and took a seat behind a young man who was planted between two good-looking and sprightly young ladies. The young man beamed graciously upon me, and inquired insinuatingly if I intended to take part in the discussion. I said deprecatingly that, as it was my first appearance there, I felt some diffidence even in thinking of such a contingency, but that I would see later on. The young man, with an effusion of urbanity and persuasiveness, continued that "really, as the subject was a most important one," I should say something. After I had said something, the young man looked neither friendly nor happy. I learned subsequently that he is a son of the deceased parish minister, and, if his eye should alight on this profane page, will he accept the assurance of a Pagan that my speech was not the result of his unwary solicitation, but solely of my own impious premeditation? This avowal may ease his conscience. It was amusing, and a little grievous also, to observe the contrast in the bearing of the meeting towards me before and after it was known that I was an "infidel." Before the direful disclosure of that damning fact, I was passed over as an inconspicuous and inoffensive fellow-Christian, and I don't suppose that the most misanthropic person in the room detected anything "swinish" in my appearance, or any mark of the beast on my spacious brow; but the moment it was discovered that I was a heretic everyone, who was not a heretic himself, eyed me askance. The old ladies drew up their skirts, and seemed to be sniffing for brimstone; some of

the old men positively glared. The young ladies seemed to be divided between a vague disquietude and curiosity, and the boys, who stared most persistently, no doubt regarded me as a degree worse than a raw-head-and-bloody-bones pirate, since my villainy was not even romantic. Seriously, however, I make no complaint of the way in which the meeting treated me. I spoke strongly, but received a courteous hearing, and both the chairman, the Rev. Mr. Calderwood, and the Rev. Mr. Ireland, the Free Church minister, were evidently most anxious that I should get not only fair play, but even indulgence.

It would be a waste of space to give even an outline of Mr. Hart's essay. It had all the defects, without any of the occasional merits, of the painfully familiar Debating Society dissertation. As a dreadful example of what an essay should not be, it might have served a useful purpose. It was a farrago of turgid declamation, cant, and claptrap, a compound of "flapdoodle"—the stuff they feed foals on, garnished with flagrant misstatements of fact, wild travesties of history, and recurring crises of acute imagination and fanatical virulence. It finally reached the *denouement* for which I had all along been waiting—an ascription of the excesses of the First French Revolution to the malign ascendancy of "infidelity" during the Reign of Terror. Mr. Hart gave no historical references of any kind; and it was not until I had repeated a demand for them that he admitted having derived his data from a book, the title of which *he did not just remember at the moment*; but, if I gave him my address, he would notify me of it by post. Upon receipt of the advice some weeks later, the delay being due to a misunderstanding on my part, I addressed the following letter to Mr. Hart:—

".....You can hardly complain if I have taken some time to collate my authorities for the systematic refutation of averments borrowed by you, without acknowledgment, from Dr. Dick's *Improvement of Society by the Diffusion of Knowledge*. By the way, you would have heightened my sense of indebtedness had you furnished me with the full title, instead of the sub-title, of that work, and given detailed references; but I suppose one must be thankful for small mercies.

"The edition of *The Improvement of Society* that lies before me is undated; but, as on the book-plate of the public library to which it belongs it is entered as having been received in 1851, it was probably issued about that time, by its publishers, William Collins & Co., Glasgow. Your copy must be a reprint, or a different edition. However, there is not likely to be any essential variation in the text between the two.

"I am entirely at one with Dr. Dick in the belief that the improvement of society has only come through the diffusion of knowledge; but I have yet to learn that the sole, saving, or socialising knowledge is the Christian form of it. According to my view, there can be no monopoly of Truth. Truth is neither better nor worse because it is held or proclaimed by Christian, 'black Gentoo, or pagan Turk'—it is always the same Truth, and has the same value. Dr. Dick argues that knowledge is only fruitful when allied with *his* special brand of Christianity, and that, divorced from this, it becomes sterile or pernicious. Puerility of this sort stultifies itself. Dr. Dick seems to have been a diligent, if not very accurate, compiler; but his logic is a minus quantity.

"As a specimen of his looseness of statement take the following: 'Paine, one of the most virulent adversaries of Christianity, had the effrontery to affirm that when he wrote the first part of *The Age of Reason* he was without a Bible,' and proceeds to animadvert upon the folly and impudence of the man who dared to attack a book of the contents of which he kept himself wilfully ignorant. I don't ask you to take my word for it that Dr. Dick has suppressed every material fact in the real explanation of the case. Here are Paine's own words: 'Under these disadvantages [the approach of the Reign of Terror, and in the prospect of his own imprisonment, and probable death] I began the former part of *The Age of Reason*. I had, besides, neither Bible nor Testament to refer to, though I was writing against both; nor could I procure any. Notwithstanding which, I have produced a work that no Bible believer, though writing at his ease, and with a library of Church books about him, can refute.*' Paine could not defer the writing of *The Age of Reason*, because, having conceived the belief that Christianity, as embodied in the Churches, was 'no other than a human invention set

* Preface to *Age of Reason*, part ii., Truelove's edition, p. 36.

up to terrify and enslave mankind, and monopolise power and profit,* and being apprehensive of the nearness of death, he desired, as a friend of humanity, to give it the benefit of his discovery. Is there not something admirable in the enthusiasm for what he esteemed to be truth, and the fortitude of this 'infidel' who, face to face with death, yet gave all his thought for mankind, and had so little for himself? I am rather surprised that Dr. Dick does not claim him as a Christian; but perhaps that familiar body-snatching device of the shifty pietism of our day was still a formless embryo in the womb of time when that enterprising and ingenious apologist flourished.

"The way for such a revelation was prepared by the writings of Voltaire, etc.....they endeavored to disseminate principles subversive both of natural and revealed religion.....the deity was banished from the universe, and an imaginary phantom, under the name of the Goddess of Reason, substituted in his place.† It is not denied that the writings of Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, etc., operated powerfully in precipitating the Revolution; but what gave point and pith to their appeals and arguments? Read Buckle's account of the proximate causes of the Revolution.‡ Read Arthur Young's description of the pitiable state of France in 1787-1789 (*Arthur Young's Travels in France*, edited by Miss Betham Edwards, pp. 198-322). Read the recently-published *Memoirs of the Prince de Talleyrand*, and note the admission—significant in spite of its splenetic qualifications—of this 'silk stocking filled with filth,' as Napoleon called him. 'It (the Revolution) had no authors, leaders, or guides. It was sown by the writers, who, in an enlightened and venturesome age, wishing to attack prejudices, subverted the religious and social principles [the principles expressed in the prescription, 'Fear God and honor the King,' even if the latter be a Louis XV. or Bomba—J. P. G.], and by unskilful ministers who increased the *deficit of the treasury and the discontent of the people.*§ Read even so melodramatic and rhapsodical a work as Carlyle's *French Revolution* or M. Taine's monograph, which, reactionary as it is, still belies Dick's ridiculous miscalculation of the causes of that tremendous upheaval. Listen to the language of Young, the typical, constitutionalist Englishman. 'It is impossible to justify the excesses of the people on their taking up arms. They were certainly guilty of cruelties. It is idle to deny the facts, for they have been proved too clearly to admit of a doubt. But is it really the people to whom we are to impute the whole blame, or to their oppressors, who had kept them so long in a state of bondage? He who chooses to be saved by slaves, and by ill-treated slaves, must know that he holds both his property and his life by a tenure far different from those who prefer the service of well-treated freemen. And he who dines to the music of groaning sufferers must not, in the moment of insurrection, complain that his daughters are ravished and then destroyed, and that his sons' throats are cut.¶ It is simply not true that all, or even a majority, of the French *philosophes* of the eighteenth century 'endeavored to disseminate principles subversive both of natural and revealed religion.' Voltaire and Rousseau, the most illustrious and influential of them, were Deists, who insisted on the necessity of some form of 'political religion,' so that Atheists would have been banished from their model state. (See Rousseau's *Social Contract* and Morley's *Voltaire*.) It is also false that God was banished from the universe by order of the leaders of the Revolution, and a Goddess of Reason installed in his place. There is something ludicrous in the idea of expelling an omnipresent deity by Act of Parliament or plebiscitum; but we will let the anomaly pass, and come to the facts. There is no evidence to show that at any juncture of its stormy career the National Convention had any official proposal of so ridiculous a kind before it. Throughout the whole duration of the Revolution the constitutional clergy were in receipt of their emoluments, or the credit of the State was pledged for them, and, according to M. Taine, 'the Parisian populace were deeply devout all through.¶¶ The 'Goddess of Reason' episode—there was

no institution of a ritualistic worship of Reason, as Dick implies—of which so much has been made, was one of those spectacular freaks to which the volatile Parisian temperament is so partial. It was the outcome of an 'idea put practically by the President of the Convention, who had said, "These sacerdotal toys insulted the Supreme Being; he desires no other worship than that of Reason."* That will henceforth be the national religion.' The pageant so exasperated the *Deist* Robespierre that he resolved forthwith to extirpate the Hébertiste faction, which, in the person of Chaumette, was principally responsible for the affair.†

J. P. GILMOUR.

(To be continued.)

A CLERICAL ADMISSION.

THE oldest manuscript of the Gospels which we possess dates from the fourth century after Christ. The first question, therefore, is whether we have these Gospels in the same shape in which they were originally written. We cannot say when they came into their present shape, but the names of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, as Gospel writers, are mentioned only at the end of the second century, though probably older versions of the Gospels existed before that date.

The transcripts of the Gospels which we possess are not accurate copies of the originals, for the different Greek manuscripts of the Gospels which are in existence contain thousands of various readings. There are differences in words and phrases not only, but also whole paragraphs; sometimes half a chapter or very large portions are different. The differences are to be attributed not only to mistakes and carelessness of transcribers, but also to dogmatic prejudices, the copyist changing words or phrases to suit his own views, and thus committing intentional fraud. We have the high authority of one of the Church fathers of the period for this. The New Testament books were, of course, not regarded as sacred writings immediately after their appearance, and it was therefore at that time not regarded as sacrilege to add to them or to change them. Their writers were then familiarly known, and age had not yet added any peculiar sanctity to them. But, whatever they thought of the books of the New Testament, the whole Christian Church of that day was agreed on the divine origin of the Old Testament, and they regarded the books of the Old Testament with superstitious reverence. That was their scripture before the New Testament became scripture. Yet Origen, one of the oldest of the Church fathers, states that in the heated and angry controversies of that period they did not scruple to change even the text of the Old Testament for their own purposes. Concerning the Septuagint he says: "There are evidently great discrepancies in the copies of the Septuagint, whether attributable to the carelessness of scribes or to the rash and pernicious alteration of the text by some, and the unauthorised interpolations and omissions of others." Origen, therefore, here declares that the early Christians dared treat even the Old Testament scriptures in this manner, so it is easy to imagine with what freedom they would have handled the less sacred and younger books which afterwards constituted the New Testament. It is beyond question that great changes were made. In those days, when the most bitter controversies were carried on, the one party hurled Bible texts at the heads of the other as vigorously as we have known them to do twenty-five years ago. And if we consider that in those days there were only manuscripts, no printing press, and, therefore, no standard editions, it was easy for a man to change his own copy, and then to claim that his was the original text. His opponent, whose copy contained different words, would claim that his was the original, and, as in our time, the loudest claimant carried the day.

We know also that in those days there were more than four Gospels; how is it, then, that we have only four?

Luke himself assures us in the first verse of his gospel that "forasmuch as many have taken in hand" to write

* *Ibid*, p. 3.

† "Causes of the First French Revolution," *Improvement of Society*, p. 314.

‡ *History of Civilisation in England*, vol. ii, pp. 323-424.

§ *Memoirs of the Prince de Talleyrand*, edited by the Duc de Broglie, p. 163.

¶ *Young's Travels*, p. 332.

¶¶ *The Revolution*, by H. Taine, English translation, vol. ii, p. 291.

* Lamartine's *History of the Girondins*, vol. iii., p. 301.

† *Life of Robespierre*, by G. H. Lewes, page 316. *Revolution Française*, par Mignet, p. 33, quoted in *French Revolution* by A. Besant.

gospels . . . "it seemed good" to him also to write one for the benefit of Theophilus. From other sources also we learn that there were a great many gospels in circulation in the early Church. The apocryphal books of the New Testament form a volume as thick as the New Testament itself. Among these now-called apocryphal books there are gospels, visions, allegories, which were afterwards declared unworthy of a place in the New Testament. We still possess a gospel of Mary, a Protevangelion, the gospel of the infancy of Jesus, the gospel of Nicodemus. Besides these there were several others which have disappeared. Even some of Paul's own epistles are lost. He himself refers to an epistle to the Laodiceans, and to others of which we know nothing, and which are lost to us. The great dispute between Paul, who favored the admission of Gentiles into the Church, and Peter, James, and John, who would admit no Gentiles unless they became Jews first—this dispute caused many gospels to be written, the one set being known as Petrine gospels, and the other set as Pauline gospels. In these the original gospels were changed, and colored to suit the views of the one or other of these factions.

By collating and combining the quotations made in the controversial writings of those days, we can reconstruct these lost gospels, and can ascertain with sufficient accuracy what these writers related about Jesus. Take, for instance, the gospel of Marcion, one of the leading heretics of the time. He claimed that his gospel was older than any of those still existing, and in it Jesus was represented as a man. Marcion, being such a prominent heretic, was quoted by all the writers of that time, and they did this so extensively that we can piece together these many quotations, and so almost reconstruct Marcion's gospel. What the value of the authority of the highly-revered Church fathers on such critical and historical questions is appears from a statement made by Irenæus. He writes to explain how it is that there are four authentic gospels, and no more and no less. And the reason he gives for this is a most astonishing one. He does not say that there were four gospels because there were only four writers who told the truth about Jesus, or because there were only four who were inspired by God to write these books. But, according to Irenæus, a very different reason exists for this. He assures us that it is impossible that there should be more or less than four gospels, for there are four zones in the world which we inhabit, and four principal winds, and therefore the Church should have four pillars, and these pillars are the four gospels!

REV. D. P. FAURE.

—*Truth About the Bible.*

THE GODS ARE DEAD.

The gods are dead, and only shrines remain ;
The gods are dead, but still the Christs are slain ;
The gods are dead, but priests yet work their will ;
The gods are dead, but men must worship still.

The gods are dead, but mystery is yet,
And fears and tears, and drops of bitter sweat,
And these begot and these have slain the gods,
And these upheld and these shall break the rods.

The gods we made to help us in our need,
And gave them crowns, and in their lips a creed ;
But pain crushed on, and they helped not at all,
And so we turned and smiled to see them fall.

We, in our minds, make all things that we know
Of gods above or god-like powers below ;
Kings, tyrants, lawyers, warrior, or priest,
The millions serving and the few at feast.

Withhold our faith, and all these things shall fall,
Like as the gods to whom our faith was all ;
Make change within, and outward there shall be
Fair field, free growth, and life in all things free.

—*Commonwealth.*

J. WILLIAM LLOYD.

Tommy (whose father is a clothier)—"Mamma, did God make the world?" "Yes, dear." "And everything there is in it?" "Yes, darling." "And did he make me?" "Yes, Tommy; but do stop asking so many questions. Why do you do it?" "Oh, nothing. I was only just wondering whether I was ready-made or made to order"

ACID DROPS.

How the clericals lay hold of any bone that has meat on it! Here they are blarneying away at a new Anglo-American Arbitration Committee, and posing as though they had saved England and the United States from a bloody fratricidal war. A lot of them have wasted money on a telegram to their "American kinsmen," and among the signatories to this bit of cheap advertisement are the Bishop of Durham, Dean Farrar, Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, Rev. Dr. Parker, and Rev. Dr. Clifford. The document is also signed by Mr. W. R. Cremer—and thereby hangs a tale.

Years ago, when Mr. Gladstone's Government took to killing people in Egypt, while sanctimoniously pretending that there was really no such thing as war going on, Charles Bradlaugh called a demonstration in Hyde Park in favor of peace and justice. No ministers of religion stood at his side. He went to Hyde Park without them, and nearly lost his life at the hands of "loyal" ruffians. Some time afterwards Bradlaugh held a big meeting in St. James's Hall, and one of the speakers was Mr. W. R. Cremer. We remember hearing this gentleman say that his Society had sent out circulars to all the ministers of religion in London, with a view to convening a Peace meeting, and that only three had taken the trouble to reply. That is how Peace and Arbitration stood then. Now the cause is growing popular; so the men of God patronise it, and even talk as though they had invented it.

We don't observe the clericals howling much over our "war" with Ashanti. It doesn't matter when the game is all profit. The clericals wake up when there is likely to be a loss.

Ashanti "trophies" are being exhibited at Dover. They include two umbrellas, three chairs, a bed, and some stools. Fancy sending out an expedition to capture these articles!

Rev. W. Crosby, the Battersea pastor, lately found guilty of adultery in the Cantello divorce case, is declared by his congregation to be "absolutely innocent," and requested to "continue his God-honored ministry." It would be a pity to spoil this sweet flower of Christian charity with the breath of criticism. Let it stand in all its beautiful simplicity.

"By God's help you will prosper and be happy." Thus wrote William Fairway to his wife. He himself found so much of God's help that he committed suicide. A Putney jury decided that he was of "unsound mind." Exactly so His letter proves it.

Thomas Meredith Sheridan, an abortionist, who was executed at Darlinghurst Gaol recently for the murder of a young woman named Jessie Nicholls, was a Roman Catholic of a distinctly religious type. During the whole of the time of his incarceration he was attended by the Rev. Father Carey and several nuns. On the morning of his execution he wore around his chest a band, upon which were embroidered the letters I.H.S. He also displayed an assorted collection of *Agnus Dei*s, scapulars, and crucifixes. Father Carey, when interviewed by a *Star* reporter after the execution, said that "If ever a man went straight to heaven, it was Sheridan." Of such is the kingdom of heaven.

The Rev. Josiah H. Gunning, formerly pastor of the Harvard-street Baptist Church, Boston, but now the pastor of the Bedford-avenue Baptist Church in Brooklyn, N.Y., has been sued by his wife, Mary E. Gunning, for divorce, on the ground of extreme cruelty, he having on one occasion, as she alleges, blackened her eye with his fist, and at other times has maltreated her in many other ways.

A Burlington (N.J.) man recently "got religion," and, finding that his wife attended a skating-rink instead of the church, he beat her and put her out of the house.

The Rev. Jacob S. Johnson, a negro clergyman of Somerville (N.J.), has been sentenced to be hanged on Wednesday, March 11, for the murder of Annie Rogers, a mulatto girl who resided in the city of Newark in the same State.

The trustees of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco (Cal.) have decided to hold an investigation in order to ascertain the truth or the falsity of the charge of criminal intimacy between the pastor, Rev. C. O. Brown, D.D., and Miss Martha Overman, who has served as his stenographer. Later accounts say the reverend gentleman has failed to prove his innocence of this base accusation, and public opinion throughout the State is decidedly against him.

The *Humanitarian* for the current month contains an article on "The Multiplication of the Unfit," by Arnold

White. Incidentally, he ridicules the proposal made by "S." in last month's issue of "A Lethal Chamber for the Unfit." He suggests that if this proposal is to come into force "it might be well to establish a lethal chamber in each bishopric for diocesan use"; for "unhealthy and penniless curates" do much towards multiplying the unfit.

The wretches in Melbourne who run the missionary show are sending out two poor girls to China, to take the place of those murdered there last year. This conduct is not only immoral, but cowardly and detestable. There is in Melbourne alone room enough for all the humanitarians to work in, and plenty of sin and sorrow to be cleared away. Honest people would see to their own countrymen before going to the "Heathen." Besides, the real promoters of the missions to foreign lands know well that the stuff they send to the "Heathens" consists of a mixture of transparent lies and fables, and has totally failed to convert or improve a single village or town in Christendom during all the centuries in which it has been tried. Christianity has been tried for 1700 or 1800 years; and to this day it has never purified one city, one town, one village, one hamlet. In the nature of the case, it never can, for the superstition itself is impure in its very fountain—the Bible. The records of the Christian Church are simply frightful in their revelations. And the wretches who run the mission-sham know this. We suppose they are deliberately bent upon corrupting China, and other lands, down to the level of the morals of Christendom.—*Liberator*.

The Archdeacon of London wants the expedition to Ashanti to be followed up by Christian missions. Guns and Gospel follow naturally in the great work of Christian civilisation.

According to the *New York Independent*, the Catholic Church leads the denominations in the United States by a long neck. The communicants in 1895 numbered 7,742,774, or about one-seventh of the population. Next after the Papists come the Methodists, with 5,438,969, the Baptists with 3,928,106, the Presbyterians with 1,458,999, and the Lutherans with 1,390,775. The Unitarians are put down at 68,500, Universalists at 47,986, and the Spiritualists at 45,030.

The *Christian Cynosure*, which is cited in the *Catholic Review* as not a Catholic journal, says: "Freemasonry is the superlative of immodest ignorance, the essence of superstition, and the infamy of savagery." This is an exhibition of Christian brotherly love which is relished by the Catholic journals.

The *Athenæum* (February 29), in reviewing D. G. Hogarth's *Wandering Scholar in the Levant*, quotes his favorable description of the Turkish peasantry, and adds: "There is no one who has travelled in the East who will not subscribe to this judgment, nor is it at all certain that the introduction of Christianity would secure to these people a higher moral life. Wherever Greek Christianity is brought into contact with Islam, it is but the plain truth to say that, as a moral force, the latter is far superior."

Mr. F. P. Badham, writing in the *Academy* of February 29, gives evidence that the Gospel of Peter was used by the early Christian father, Arnobius, as well as by his pupil Lactantius, and in the *Acta Pilati*. One point noted is that Lactantius mixed the feeding of the 5,000 with the feeding of the 4,000, and the storm-stilling of Matthew vii. 23-27, Mark iv. 35, with the storm-stilling of Matthew xiv 32-33, Mark vi. 51-52. These doublets show separate documents were combined in our canonical Gospels, while the fact that pseudo-Peter identifies them indicates, perhaps, his having had access to the documents behind.

The claim of the Hope Trustees to the sum of £85,000 under the will of the late Mr. John Hope, of Edinburgh, for the purpose of carrying on a systematic "total abstinence and anti-Popery crusade," has just been declared valid by the Scottish Courts. It is by such endowments that many movements, religious and other, obtain their working strength.

Sir William Mackinnon, it appears from another case which we see in the same paper, had left £35,000 to the Free Church of Scotland, which has to lament the loss of that good round sum because, just before his death, Sir William feared, from the prevalence of heresy, that his money might not be used in the interest of "true orthodox and disruption principles." He, therefore, revoked his bequest by a codicil.

Professor Paul Haupt, writing in the *Hebrew Standard*, says: "There are more than eighty different theories extant regarding the site of Paradise: The North Pole, Polynesian Isles, Canaries, Cashmere, Delta of the Indus, Arabia, Persia, Mesopotamia, Syria, Palestine, Armenia, Scandinavia,

Eastern Prussia, foot of St. Gothard in Switzerland, etc." Professor Paul Haupt contends that the Jews adopted the idea from the Babylonians, changing the mouths of four rivers into the heads of those rivers, in accordance with their idea that God dwelt in the north (see Ezekiel i. and Isaiah xiv.). These changes, of course, entailed geographical confusion, since, while the four rivers empty into the Persian Gulf, they do not, of course, spring from the same source.

An announcement, in the *Hull Daily News*, of the Waltham-street Wesleyan Adult Bible Class gives among its items: "Christ receiveth sinful men, with band accompaniment." We suppose this is in accordance with the consoling declaration of Scripture, that there is more joy in heaven over one repentant sinner than over ninety-nine just persons who need no repentance.

The Aldershot School Board, after an animated and heated discussion, extending over more than two hours, decided, by seven votes to three, to rescind the resolution passed by the former Board including the Apostles' Creed in the syllabus of religious instruction. The former Board was composed of a majority of Churchmen. On the new Board only two Churchmen were elected, and the Nonconformists, though in favor of religious instruction, have taken an early opportunity of removing what is looked upon by them as denominational teaching.

We are glad to see that Mr. Justice Hawkins is against vivisection. We should be still better pleased to see English judges less brutal to criminals upon whom they pass sentence. There seems an inconsistency in denouncing cruelty to dogs, and then ordering a man's back to be lashed into disfigurement by the cat.

Ballington Booth seems to be entirely in the wrong in his dispute with the Salvation Army headquarters. According to the first reports, he was the victim of a sinister conspiracy; but later information shows that he has no real grievance. His removal from the American command is but a part of the general policy of the Army. All other "commanders" are shifted about in the same fashion, and Ballington Booth is simply making a "bally" row because he is not treated exceptionally.

Ballington appears to be wet-nursed by Yankee millionaires, who naturally look upon the Salvation Army with friendly eyes, because the plastering over of social ulcers diverts attention from the bad condition of the social blood. One of Ballington's warmest friends is Mr. Chauncey Depew, who has been interviewed on the threatened split. "Americans," he said, "want to get their salvation *via* Bunker Hill and Lexington, not *via* London. If they can't get it that way, they'll take their chances about heaven." This flippancy is not a sign of belief. People who believed in heaven, and wanted to get there, wouldn't mind which way they travelled as long as it took them to the right place. Mr. Chauncey Depew simply wants to play off religion upon the American working men, and thinks it will be more acceptable with a spice of Spread-Eagle-ism.

Holman Hunt, the great painter, goes in for Judæa for the Jews. The children of Israel know their book better than this. They know there is not enough milk and honey to go round. If a gold mine were discovered at Jericho, they might then flock to the land of promise; but at present the prospect is unpromising.

Baron Hirsch, the wealthy Jew, founded a colony of Jews in the North-Western Territory of Canada a little time ago. This settlement has now completely collapsed. Of the original 800 who were placed on the land, only a few dozen now remain. This fact does not augur well for the colonisation of the Holy Land by Hebrew agriculturalists.

Sir Samuel Montagu thinks it quite feasible to buy out the rights of the Sultan in Palestine, but whether the Jews would settle there is another question. We have heard of a wealthy Jew who remarked that, when the Jews were again a nation in Palestine, he should ask to be appointed Ambassador to Paris.

Dr. Rigg denounces "the calumnies of the *Methodist Times*," and declines to withdraw the word "firebrand" applied to Mr. Price Hughes in the letter to Cardinal Manning. "It is a true word," says Dr. Rigg, "and passing years have only established its truth." Dr. Rigg winds up with a reference to the "atrocities" of the attack made upon him by Mr. Hughes. It is a pretty quarrel.

The *Sunday Companion*, of February 29, outdoes "Another Infidel Conversion" of *Joyful News*. It tells, on the authority of the well-known American evangelist, the Rev. B. Fay Mills, that "in a certain town"—nameless, and not even the country or continent mentioned—"a club of infidel

young men, numbering altogether about forty-five," were all converted by a pastor, also without a name or place of residence. The president of the club "afterwards gathered his young men into the Sunday-school, and became the teacher of a large Bible class." If any curious person wants to know when and where these things occurred, he may be told on p. 107 of the *Sunday Companion* for February 29, 1896. Surely that is enough.

The pastor of a peculiar sect, established by a woman some years since in a Western State of America, had recently the idea of demanding that every one of his adult parishioners, two hundred in number, should fill in the replies to a set of printed questions as to their exact age and the number of times they have been married. This was about three months ago, and all but twenty of his flock have meekly obeyed their spiritual guide and filled in answers. Those who refused to do so were forbidden to enter the church. One of the recalcitrants, a lady, on attempting to go into the building, was dealt a violent blow on the nose by the pastor's wife—a sort of argument not unknown in the annals of religion.—*Daily News* (Feb. 25).

The *Sunday School Times*, answering a question about evil spirits from the Lord (1 Samuel xvi. 14; xviii. 18, etc.), says: "Our modern matter-of-fact theologians would say that God 'ordains' the good, and 'permits' the evil. But the Bible writers did not have the advantage of a modern theological training, and this must be borne in mind in judging their expressions."

The *New York Christian Advocate* says: "Sunday shows of all kinds are increasing. A joint debate was advertised for Sunday last in the Academy of Music, this city, between Rev. Anna Shaw and Rev. Thomas Dixon, on 'The New Woman'; seats twenty-five cents, and reserved seats fifty cents."

A debate between two Christians, one of the Christadelphian and the other of the Christian Evidence variety, has been sent to us. Logomachy, word-chopping, and disputes about texts prevail. Part of the debate is Socratic, and treats us to such choice questions and answers as these: Q.—"How long has God been the Father?" A.—"Why, ever since He had a Son, and was the Father." Q.—"Was God the Father prior to the time spoken of by the angel to Mary?" A.—"Yes, God has always been Father." After a dose of this, we felt that we must defer the task of review until after the judgment day. We do not mind taking an emetic in the straight course of duty, but we cannot see our way to sicken our readers also.

The following is from the *Atlanta Constitution*: "Raleigh, N.C., February 4.—The Rev. D. S. Hobson, a negro preacher, was brought here to-day and jailed for stealing a cow and a mule. He sold the cow and bought a frock coat and Bible, and then began active ministerial work."

Boston, the hub of the universe, is eminently Christian, and, after the way had been shown by Garrison and the "infidels," shone as a centre of abolitionism. Yet even now, thirty-three years after slavery has been abolished, Bishop Arnett, a leader of the negro race in the States, has been excluded from a Boston hotel on account of his color.

In the loftiest altitudes of American society there is much distress. Mr. John Alexander van Rensselaer, son of Mrs. John van Rensselaer, the leader of the Colonial Dames, who objected to the admission to the society of a descendant of Benjamin Franklin, on the ground that he was a vulgarian, has just run away with and married a pretty Brooklyn girl "of no family or position."

Dr. Krauskopff, a Jewish rabbi of Philadelphia, proposes a union of Jews and Christians on the basis of a national American religion, with July 4 as a chief festival. This Jew hardly shows the usual astuteness of his race. When the Christian lion and the Jewish lamb lie down together the lamb will be inside.

The well-known Baptist clergyman, Rev. Dr. George Lorimer, says of the Higher Criticism: "Higher Criticism tends inevitably, whether its teachers realise the fact or not, to absolute rationalism and the discrediting of inspiration. If dates are erroneous, if scientific statements are wrong, if historical representations are misleading, if Jesus only fell in with popular views when he seemed to attribute the Pentateuch to Moses, is it possible to believe that the Almighty had much to do with the preparation of such a book?"

The *Church Review*, which is High Church Anglican, objects to Protestantism, and says "private judgment has led to most of the Agnosticism of the day, to say nothing of the enormous multiplication of private judgment sects, each of which anathematizes the other."

The *Catholic Review* says: "As if to confound the presumption of those 'scientists' who, in all ages, have combated the idea of supernatural intervention in mundane things, as well as to strengthen the faithful in the belief which they fondly entertain that, when occasion calls for such displays, heaven will attest the divine character of the Church and the holiness of its saints, Christ has so endowed that Church that miraculous happenings are for ever occurring within its pale, many of which, however, passed unobserved by the generality of mankind. A miracle that never fails to attract notice, though, and which has not inaptly been called 'the standing miracle of the Church,' says a writer in the *Sacred Heart Review*, obtained mention the other day, when the press announced that the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius had taken place anew, with the traditional ceremonies at Naples." This miracle is one of the most glaring frauds of the Church, the phial containing not blood, but a red composition liquefied by the heat of the hand.

In a breach of promise case at Dublin, in which the plaintiff was a Protestant and the defendant a Catholic, the jury, like the parties to the suit, disagreed on the subject of religion. Mr. Justice Murphy had to quote the freethinking Lucretius to them. He is reported as saying: "A special jury cannot agree on what ought to be a simple case because the question of religion comes into it. *Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum*—Such a curse can religion induce."

There has been placed in the Egyptian gallery of the British Museum a specimen of ancient art in the shape of a head of a king of about the XVIII. Dynasty, B.C. 1500. The head is one of the few specimens of Egyptian sculpture, known as portrait statues, which seem to have suddenly ceased to exist about the time of the XIX. Dynasty, or shortly afterwards, probably owing in a great measure to Semetic influence, which we know was predominant about this time. This influence was similar to that expressed in the Commandment, or, rather, Prohibition: "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth." The Semites have never been sculptors, though their musical art is of high standing.

Mr. J. H. Wylie's third volume of the *History of England under Henry the Fourth* is profoundly interesting in its descriptions of the real life of the times. Our readers will be pleased to read the following account of the Miracle Plays, from which the people derived their ideas of "sacred history" before the open Bible was placed in their hands: "Each trade prepared its pageant or wheeled scaffold (towards the cost of which every craftsman paid his pageant silver yearly), and appointed its own pageant-masters to secure 'good players, well-arrayed and openly speaking.' From early sunrise the whole population was in the street; the pageant-wains were trundled from station to station along the appointed thoroughfares, and from half-past four in the morning to the close of the long summer day the old Scripture story was acted out in sections, from the Creation to the dreadful Day of Doom. At one street corner was Adam, with his lickerous wife, both 'naked and all bare,' God being played by a man in a linen coat with his face gilt, and Satan as an 'edder,' or a worm with an angel's face. At another was Noah, 500 years old, and 'out of quart,' with his legs beginning to fold for fegginess of age, shedding his gown to work in his coat for 100 years at the Ark. When his wife will not come in without her gossips, he pulls her in, and gets 'a clout' from her ere she will let her din. Then 'for a twelvemonth but twelve week' they feed the fowls and the cattle—i.e., swans, dogs, cocks, hens, and as many strange beasts as they could find, the rest being painted on boards hung round the Ark, 'that their words might agree with the pictures.' After this they cast the lead to see if the water is waning; they give the Crow, the Doves, the Rainbow, and 'Hills of Hermonye,' till the beasts are unbraced, and the 'barnes,' with their wives, go out in God's blessing."

Our forefathers took the Bible stories in all good faith. They stuck at nothing. The stark nakedness of Adam and Eve did not offend their notions of propriety, and God was as familiar a figure to them as the Devil remained to their posterity. They possessed no taste whatever for metaphysical phantoms; their supernatural beings were good concrete realities.

I (*Truth*) feel curious to know how many answers have been received to the following advertisement in the *Engineer*. "Only earnest Christian men need apply" looks a trifle superfluous. Who else would? It will require an unusually earnest Christian, I imagine, to volunteer for the engine-room of a steamer on the Upper Congo: "Engineer.—Wanted, at once, a skilled and experienced engineer, capable of taking charge of a mission steamer on the Upper Congo; one who will accept the post for Christ's sake and the Gospel's at a small remuneration; only earnest Christian men need apply," etc.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. CHARLES WATTS'S ENGAGEMENTS.—Saturday evening, March 7, Woodhouse, near Sheffield; 8, Sheffield; 15, Secular Hall, Leicester; 16 and 17, debate with the Rev. James Hyde at Derby; 19 and 20, Nottingham; 22, Hull.—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. WRIGHT.—The saying, "God is on the side of the big battalions," ascribed to Napoleon, is taken from Voltaire, who says in a letter to M. C. Riche, dated February 6th, 1770: "*Dieu est toujours pour les gros bataillons.*"

L. LEVINE (Charleston).—We did not see the *Lancet*.

N.S.S. BENEVOLENT FUND.—Miss E. M. Vance acknowledges: Daniel Baker, £2 2s.; H. A. Lupton, 10s.; Chatham Branch, £1 6s.; and parcel of clothing from an unknown friend.

N.S.S. ANNUAL CHILDREN'S PARTY (LONDON).—Mr. Forder (treasurer) acknowledges: Mrs. McMillan, 5s.; A. Lewis, 2s. 6d.; S. Hampson, 5s.; per Master Harwood, 3s. 6d.; A. C. Brown, 1s.; F. Wood, 5s.; Seventeen Stone, 2s.

HUCKNALL TORKARD.—You cannot post letters for a halfpenny by leaving them open. It is only circulars or invoices that can go in that way. Please note this. Mr. Grinstead, of Bristol, is not a person Mr. Foote has any desire to debate with. Mr. Foote has debated with Mr. Grinstead's superiors, and is ready to do so again. He must draw the line somewhere. Besides, this Mr. Grinstead—not to put it too broadly—is too Platonic in his love of veracity. The story he told at the meeting you attended, about Mrs. Harriet Law having taken out her watch at Glasgow and given God Almighty five minutes to strike her dead, was first started three years or so ago, many years after Mrs. Law had retired from the Freethought platform, by the Rev. J. M. Logan. Mr. Logan, on being taken to task, sent a lame sort of story, which we printed in the *Freethinker*. This, in turn, brought an emphatic denial (which we also printed) from Mrs. Law herself. This watch story has done service for nearly a century. It has been told of many "infidels." In short, it is just an effort of Christian imagination, and enables us to understand the origin of the Gospels.

CORRESPONDENTS often ask Mr. Foote to contribute letters to controversies arising in their local newspapers. He is sorry to say that he has no time for such work. It is quite impossible for him to write letters to the press, except in cases of extraordinary interest and importance, where his personal intervention seems to be necessary. Mr. Foote takes this opportunity of adding that he really cannot sketch out essays for Debating Societies, or send something "by return" to persons who don't exactly know what they want. However willing the spirit may be, there are only twenty-four hours in each day, and some of them are wanted for sleep.

SUBSCRIPTIONS promised at the Annual Dinner, and since paid to Miss Vance:—Rossignol, 2s.; A. Fincken, 10s.; J. West, 2s.; Mrs. Roger, 2s.; W. Littlejohn, 2s. 6d.; F. Wood, 2s. 6d.; A. J. Marriott, 5s.

C. E. SMITH.—Sorry you were "one of the many turned away at the Memorial Hall." Mr. Foote's address will probably be published, with the others, by the Humanitarian League. Will try to use the matter you send next week.

J. CLOSE.—We also wish your two shillings for Shilling Month could have been two pounds. The Howard and Foote debate has to be postponed a little in consequence of Mr. Foote's indisposition. We hope to have it published eventually.

GLASGOW CROSS suggests that the Rev. Thomas Champness, who is a great friend of the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, should hand over to Mr. G. J. Holyoake the evidences of the conversion of "Mr. X." Good! provided they are handed over to us afterwards.

A WESLEYAN.—Copies of *Freethinkers* sent as directed.

BOWER.—You want a good deal of practice before your verses would be up to publication level.

T. DUNBAR.—Thanks for your little girl's subscription (1s.) to the Children's Party.

G. W. BLYTHE.—Received.

E. G. TAYLOR.—Sorry we cannot afford the space—quite two columns—for such a quarrel. We warned you against disputing with such creatures. Why waste your time in this way?

J. SHARROCK.—Pleased to hear that you find a weekly treat in the *Freethinker*.

ANXIOUS.—Mr. Foote is not as ill as you imagine. He does not feel the general springs of his life impaired. The very bad cold that broke him down in January left his throat and chest too sensitive, and the heavy lecturing work he plunged into before he was really well only made matters worse. A complete rest from platform work for a while will doubtless set him quite right again. He expects to be as active as ever in April. Meanwhile he will be extra busy with his pen.

J. CHERRY.—Glad to see the report of Mr. Foote's lecture on "Life, Death, and After" has been reprinted in the *Brigg Star* from the Hull papers. Dr. Farrar's article shall be dealt with next week.

J. MATSON.—We have no copies left of the *Freethinker* containing the cartoon, "God is Love," so cannot send you any for distribution.

A. R. MONRO.—Your letters to the local press will do good. We hope the Hull Branch will live down all opposition. Our best regards to the veteran, Billany. We were delighted to see him again the other day, and to feel once more the grip of his honest hand.

A. LOCK.—We do not know of any special reply to Professor Mivart's arguments on the origin of man in *Lessons from Nature*. Does he not accept the Darwinian theory as far as man's bodily structure is concerned?

PAPERS RECEIVED.—Sunday Companion—Eastern Daily News—Liberator—Open Court—Liberty—Crescent—Torch of Anarchy—Islamic World—Freidenker—Boston Investigator—New York Sun—Echo—World's Advance Thought—Universal Republic—Fur Unsere Jugend—Der Arme Teufel—New York Public Opinion—Humanity—Secular Thought—South Shields Free Press—Blue Grass Blade—Truthseeker—Twentieth Century—Literary Digest—Freethought Ideal—Free Review—Hull Daily Mail—De Dageraad.

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 28 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.

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.

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

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.

MY readers have not quite realised the fact that this is Shilling Month. I am giving them another opportunity of subscribing to the Lecture Scheme which I am managing, and which is universally admitted to be a powerful agency of Freethought propaganda. Every reader who can afford it should give something. The lowest sum I ask for is one shilling. There is no limit to the highest sum that may be sent me. I shall not refuse a thousand shillings; I should not return even a million. I want the rank and file of the party to assist in this new extension of our movement. It is not much to go to the Post Office and get an order for one shilling, or as many more as the spirit suggests, and to send it on to me at 28 Stonecutter-street, London, E.C. A pile of such enclosures should arrive in time for acknowledgment in next week's *Freethinker*.

G. W. FOOTE.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

Horace Seal, £10; R. Gibbon, 1s. 7d.; J. Byers, 2s. 6d.; M. Christopher, 2s. 6d.; H. A. Lupton, 5s.; J. Sharrock, 2s. 6d.; J. R. Adams, 2s.; J. Shipp, 1s.; J. Close, 2s.; T. Dunbar, 1s. 6d.; S. J. B., 2s. 6d.

SUGAR PLUMS.

MR. FOOTE spent last week at Hastings with a view to recovering his old state of health. Two days of the seven, however, he was obliged to pass in bed. It was impossible for him to lecture at Chatham—or rather New Brompton—on Sunday evening. His place was taken by Mr. William Heaford, whose address was highly relished by a large audience. Mr. Foote will visit New Brompton as soon as possible. Meanwhile he is obliged to cease from lecturing altogether, in order to give his throat and chest a fair opportunity of recurring to their normal condition. Mr. Foote will make no platform engagements during March, and will spend as much of the time as possible at the seaside.

It was impossible for Mr. Foote to leave Hastings without visiting "Toby" King. This fine old Freethinker has been confined for many weeks to his bedroom, but will probably get about again before very long. He is as bright and cheerful as ever. Mr. J. Brumage, another veteran, formerly of Portsmouth, is also living at Hastings, and is enjoying fair health.

Last Sunday evening Mr. Charles Watts lectured for the Camberwell Branch of the N.S.S. The hall was filled by an enthusiastic audience. We are glad to hear that Mr. Watts had "a splendid reception," and that his lecture "caught on."

Saturday evening, March 7, Mr. Watts lectures in the theatre, Woodhouse, at 7 o'clock, under Mr. Foote's scheme. To-day, Sunday, March 8, he lectures three times in the Hall of Science, Rockingham-street, Sheffield.

Mr. Touzeau Parris lectured at the Athenæum, Tottenham Court-road, on Sunday evening (under Mr. Foote's lecture scheme), to a good audience that much appreciated his discourse. Mr. Parris lectures at the Athenæum again on Sunday, March 15, his subject being "Sin Against God an Impossibility."

We have already explained that, owing to the insolent bigotry of the Chief Constable, who is a coward to boot, it is impossible to hire a hall in Hull with a charge for admission to Sunday lectures. Still, the place must not be neglected. Mr. Foote recently addressed very large audiences in St. George's Hall. Mr. Charles Watts will also lecture there on Sunday, March 22. This is one of the special cases dealt with under the President's lecture scheme.

Humanity (organ of the Humanitarian League) for March contains a careful summary of Mr. Foote's address on the Rights of Men and of Animals, and a hope is expressed that "his most eloquent and telling address will be printed in his own words at no distant date"—as it probably will. The League is preparing a "Democratic Protest against Vivisection," which bears the signatures (among others) of G. W. Foote, G. J. Holyoake, G. B. Shaw, and R. Blatchford ("Nunquam").

The *Manchester Guardian*, *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, *Westminster Gazette*, *Daylight*, and several other papers, have given Mr. Foote's recent lecture before the Humanitarian League very good notices. The following extract is from a eading article in the *Manchester Guardian*, of February 27: "The increased social passion and pity of our time have not wholly lost sight of our 'disinherited younger brothers.' Socialists are often accused of class-selfishness and materialism, but in this matter we are bound to say that they have been true to their principles, and have stood by the defenceless, even when they were only animals, and when no advantage except a moral and spiritual advantage could be expected from that attitude. The Socialist press is anti-vivisectionist almost without exception, and almost all the chief spokesmen of Socialism in this country have spoken strongly in that sense. The recent addresses at the Memorial Hall in London on The Rights of Men and the Rights of Animals' have also been extremely significant from this point of view. Men like Mr. Frederic Harrison and Mr. G. W. Foote, differing in many things, are agreed in this, that, as the former has put it, 'human duty involves and includes duty towards the animal kingdom, of which we are a part; and religion, as I understand it, implies religious reverence, and a sense of religious sympathy with the vast animal world, of which we are the head.' In this country, at all events, though we fear as yet in this country only, the conception of duty towards animals as well as towards men is certainly growing stronger. Human sympathy at one time included men of the same tribe or race only. The foreigner was excluded from it, and the slave was regarded as the animal. It has gradually been widened to include all mankind; now it is refusing to exclude even the animals from its purview."

A congress is being held this coming week to celebrate the centenary of phrenology, and commemorate the labors of Dr. Franz Joseph Gall, who, born at Baden on March 6, 1758, began to lecture on craniology in Vienna in 1796. Though some amount of charlatanism has attached to phrenology, it has certainly contributed to the study of the brain, and towards a tabulation of human character; and Dr. Gall deserves commemoration as a Freethinking pioneer.

Good old Parker Pillsbury, who is over eighty-five years of age, sent to Boston a contribution to the Freethinkers' Convention, held at the Paine Memorial Hall. Of Parker Pillsbury, Wendell Phillips wrote in 1853: "Could you know him and his history, you would value him. Originally a waggoner, he earned enough to get educated. When just ready to be settled, the Faculty of Andover Theological Institution threatened him that they would never recommend him to a parish unless he gave up speaking in anti-slavery meetings. He chose us, and sacrificed all the benefits (worldly and pecuniary) of his hard-earned education." His course since has been worthy of this beginning. One of his last publications is against putting *God in the Constitution*.

Mr. John Morley affirmed, instead of taking the oath, on entering the House of Commons as member for the Montrose

Burghs. That he was able to do so is entirely owing to the courage, energy, and statesmanship of the late Charles Bradlaugh.

Ingersoll's *Oration on Thomas Paine* has been translated into German by Clemens Vonnegut, and is published by the Freidenker Publishing Co., Milwaukee.

A lot of good writing is put into the *Free Review*, which, if it does not command success, deserves it. In the number for March there are very smart articles on "Literary Snobbery," "Hymns that Helped Them," and "Lunatics at Large"; a review of Maitland's life of Dr. Anna Kingsford; Ernest Newman has a good paper on "Buckle and his Critics"; Mr. J. M. Robertson continues on "The Revival of Phrenology"; and "Chilperic" criticises Sayce and Boscawen under the title of "Reassuring the Laity." "The Return to Nature," by H. S. Salt, is well written, and closes in a strain of measured eloquence. From an article on "Conversions in China" we take the liberty of making an extract in another column.

"Chilperic," in his *Free Review* article, points out that, while in England men like Sayce are trying to discredit the Higher Criticism, in Germany Dr. Hugo Winckler is producing his *Geschichte Israels*, in which he goes further than the critics, endeavoring to show, by the aid of the cuneiform monuments, that the story of the Egyptian bondage was a delusion of the Israelites.

The Finsbury Branch of the National Secular Society will hold a general meeting on Sunday next, March 8, at the Club Union Buildings, Clerkenwell-road, E.C., at 11.30 a.m. Members are earnestly requested to attend.

Mr. St. Clair (Freethinker) will bring his company of talented artistes to the Battersea Secular Hall on Sunday evening, March 8, and give a select entertainment for the benefit of the Branch.

Greece has at length, after all these years, erected a statue of Byron. Better late than never. But it is curious how long national gratitude takes to express itself in a practical fashion.

The writer of "Notes from Dublin" in the *Athenæum*, dealing with the Irish Education question, says that "most of the advanced party calling themselves Parnellites would rather keep the university question unsettled than see more endowments thrown into the hands of a clergy whom they declare to be quite unfit to educate modern men, or teach any knowledge except a knowledge of theology." This is one gleam of hope in a very dark prospect.

A new university, entitled *Université Nouvelle*, with power to confer degrees in all faculties, has been established in Brussels, under the control of Freethinking and Socialistic leaders. Among the professors are the geographer, Professor Elisée Reclus, and the jurist, Professor Enrico Ferri, both of whom were unable to hold positions in their own countries. The opening address of the rector, Professor Janson, urged that property should only be acquired by labor, and that the State should be the only heir. Sixty students were matriculated at the opening of the university, the future of which will be followed with interest.

A capital sixpenny pamphlet on *The Education Crisis* has just been issued by the National Education Emergency Committee (Surrey House, Victoria Embankment). It is a defence of popular management in public education, and, although not written from the secular standpoint, contains many facts and figures likely to be serviceable.

Mr. Bertram Dobell continues his loving labors on behalf of the late James Thomson ("B.V."). Last year he issued a collected edition, in two volumes, of Thomson's poems. He now issues the first volume of what is intended to be a collected edition of Thomson's prose writings. *Biographical and Critical Studies* is neatly printed and bound. It includes essays on Rabelais, Saint-Amant, Ben Jonson, Poems of William Blake, Shelley, A Strange Book (Garth Wilkinson's "Improvisations"), John Wilson, James Hogg, and Robert Browning. We have only just received this volume, and cannot notice it fully in the present number of the *Freethinker*. Our review will appear as soon as possible. Meanwhile we draw the attention of Thomson's admirers to the treat which is in store for them in this beautiful book.

The *Hull Daily Mail* notices the Rev. F. Ballard's sermon on Secularism, *apropos* of Mr. Foote's recent lectures in the town, and adds that "there is a great deal of practical 'unbelief' in Hull." Mr. Ballard is going to devote his discourse at Wycliffe Congregational Church, on the first Sunday evening in each month, to some theme bearing upon Christian evidences in relation to modern doubt. The great drawback is that Mr. Ballard does not invite discussion.

He answers questions "in the vestry." Mr. Foote answers them in public.

The *Kirkintilloch Herald* reports a special lecture by the Rev. W. Brownlie in Lenzie Parish Church on "Secularism." The reverend gentleman admitted that men might lead a decent life without belief in God—which is more than some people manage who do believe in God. His great objection seemed to be to the "blank nothingness" to which Secularism finally led. But does he think that roasting in hell is preferable to lying at peace in the grave? However, we are glad to see the clergy lecturing on Secularism. It stirs up inquiry.

Mr. William Watson has a sonnet in his *Purple East*, entitled "A Trial of Orthodoxy," in which he writes thus of the despair of the poor outraged Armenians:—

"What wonder if yon torn and naked throng
Should doubt a Heaven that seems to wink and nod,
And having moaned at noontide, 'Lord, how long?'
Should cry, 'Where hidest Thou?' at evenfall;
At midnight, 'Is He deaf and blind, our God?'
And ere day dawn, 'Is He, indeed, at all?'"

THE DELUGE.

NOAH and his party were in the ark more than a year; forty days of that time it rained with a vengeance—"The windows of the heavens were opened, and the fountains of the great deep broken up"; the tops of the mountains were submerged in water. In order to cover the Himalayas (the most elevated and stupendous mountain system on the globe; its highest peak, Mount Everest, being more than 29,500 feet above the level of the sea) it must have rained to the depth of nearly six miles in forty days, or about one mile in $6\frac{2}{3}$ days. Knowing the circumference of the earth to be 25,000 miles, the polar diameter 7,800, and the equatorial diameter 7,926 miles—also remembering that, as we diverge from the surface of the earth, its diameter increases, it seems the mystery of mysteries where that vast volume of water could have come from. Not even a one thousand billionth part of it could have been produced by natural means; it must, therefore, have been created out of nothing. Voltaire says that, "in order to cover both hemispheres to the depth of 500 feet, not only would an ocean of that depth be necessary over all the land, but a new sea would, in addition, be required to envelop the ocean at present existing, without which the laws of hydrostatics would occasion the dispersion of that other new mass of water 500 feet deep, which should remain covering the land." Proceeding upon Voltaire's formula, it would require nearly sixty new oceans, each 500 feet in depth, to entirely cover the highest point of the Himalayas. The person who wrote Genesis did not understand that rain was a natural phenomenon produced by natural causes. He had not read Hulton's *Theory of the Rain*, in which the great naturalist comes to the conclusion that "the rainfall is everywhere regulated by the humidity of the air on the one hand, and the causes which promote mixtures of different aerial currents in the higher atmosphere in the other."

We are told that the ark rested upon Mount Ararat. Ararat is nearly six thousand feet above the line of perpetual snow. More than a mile of this water would have frozen never to melt again. On vacating the ark, the animals of the tropics would have frozen instantaneously. Then there would have been the difficulty of returning these innumerable animals to their separate homes in different parts of the globe.

But enough of this absurd libel on truth. Similar myths of a great deluge were entertained by nations whose theogonies precede the Jewish plagiarism by many hundreds of years. Let those who will read the article on "Deluge," by the Rev. T. K. Cheyne, M.A., in *Britannica*; certainly a clergyman could have no special motive in saying that the Hebrew narrative, like the Babylonian, has been thought to consist of two documents, an Elohistic and a Yahvistic. Between the Jewish legend of the flood and the Babylonian there has been found a striking resemblance, and Mr. George Smith and others have placed the Babylonian legend at a much earlier date.

Prominent among other reasons for believing the story of the deluge to be a falsehood is that in the history of nations

contemporary with the Jews, of far greater antiquity, and in a flourishing state of civilisation, there is not the slightest allusion made to a universal deluge, which, had such a catastrophe occurred, would not have been omitted from the annals of any nation. Secondly, geologists bear witness against it. Hugh Miller says: "In various parts of the world, such as Auvergne, in Central France, and along the flanks of Etna, there are cones of long-extinct or long-slumbering volcanoes, which at least triple the antiquity of the Noachian deluge, and, though composed of the ordinary, incoherent materials, exhibit no marks of denudation. According to the calculation of Sir Charles Lyell, no devastating flood could have passed over the forest zone, Etna, during the last twelve thousand years. The existence of volcanoes furnishes an insurmountable argument against the flood. Such an immense quantity of fire, smoke, and lava, deluged with water more than five miles in depth, would have shattered the earth in fragments. Thirdly, archæology offers no support to the deluge. Evidence has been sought by earnest Christian believers; but the arts, sciences, philology, philosophy, literature, manners, customs, and, above all, the histories of antiquity, unite in one accord against the absurd stories of the Bible. Professor Draper says that "the views presented by the Mosaic record cannot be admitted. Repeated attempts have been made to reconcile the revealed with the discovered facts, but they have proved unsatisfactory. The Mosaic time is too short, the order of creation incorrect, the divine interventions too anthropomorphic." According to the Bible, the world was created in something short of 6,000 years ago; according to science, it has been more than 240,000 years since the beginning of the last glacial epoch. We are told in Genesis that God placed the rainbow in heaven, as a promise that he would never more destroy the earth by water. The Bible writer knew not that the rainbow was caused by the refraction and reflection of the sun's rays in drops of falling water. It was the belief of the ancient Hebrews, and even of the Christian Church until late years, that it was simply a pretty little bow placed in the heavens as a reminder. "The most careless observation," says the scientist, "shows us that, for the production of a rainbow, we must have a luminous body of moderate angular diameter, and drops of water; for it is never seen except by direct sunlight, and never in a cloud unless rain be falling from it."

Is it not time to discard the scriptures—dark legends of a benighted age? At the judgment bar of science faith must render an account to reason, and at the altar of eternal faith she must stand or fall.

As a system, the Church has had her day; her pseudo-morals and false dogmas are worn threadbare. The heart of mankind is turning against a religion of faith and fear. As Colonel Ingersoll says: "The Church is dying of dry rot." Religion may have its dupes to-day, but superstition is no longer king of kings and lord of lords. The Bible has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Science has risen, and Freethought has sent her shining message across the waves of time.

—*Independent Pulpit.*

MAY L. COLLINS.

SPRING SONG.

A WARNING TO LITTLE BOYS WHO HAVE GARDENS.

(See Matthew x. 29, also Luke xii. 6.)

THE reverend Mr. Jessop,
Of Mobile, Alabama,
Professionally a man of God,
Amateurly was a farmer.

Now, always in the pockets
Of his go-to-meeting coat -
He carried lumps of sugar
Just to clear his reverend throat.

And in those self-same pockets,
That God's sparrows might be fed
When they came a-pecking at his peas,
He carried *poisoned* bread.

Once, feeling for his sweetie,
He swallowed the bread instead,
And the sparrows twittered on the eaves
While the man of God lay dead.

M. D. H.

CONVERSIONS IN CHINA.

AN excellent article on this subject appears in the *Free Review* for March. "Economist" gives a number of facts from Dr. G. E. Morrison's *An Australian in China*, and concludes as follows:—

Everywhere the story is the same: years of work with converts whose numbers can be counted on one's fingers. A man who was a French polisher in England has baptised six natives in three years, and considers his labors to have been "abundantly blessed." Yet he is convinced that those who hear him will inevitably go to hell unless they accept the doctrine he preaches. He is good enough to admit that Chinese who have not heard the gospel "will be judged by the Almighty as he thinks fit"—what a concession to the Almighty! But as for those who have heard the gospel, he is certain that unless they accept it they will—these are his own words—"assuredly go to hell." And yet this man, with his experience that not one in ten thousand of those to whom he "declares the gospel" will have it at any price, is deliberately ensuring an eternity in hell for great numbers of his fellow men, who, if he would only be silent, would have had a chance of escaping that fate. Why is it that theology makes men so diabolically cruel? Not all the missionaries are such fanatics. But the Catholics warn the natives against the Protestant missions, and Protestants denounce the Jesuits. The native does not understand the controversies between the rival Christians who are all so anxious for his "soul"; but he is amused. They provide life with a new diversion.

The emissaries of Christianity have apparently done their best to increase the difficulties in the way of making their creed—or creeds—intelligible. They are in a hopeless state of confusion as to the very name for God. The Chinese have heard of "High Heaven's Ruler," whom they name "Shangtien Hou." The Mohammedan invaders of China proclaimed Allah as the "True Lord" (Chen Chu). The Jesuits would not identify their God with either of these, and used first the term "Shang ti" (Supreme Ruler), and afterwards "Tien Chu" (Lord of Heaven). No good Protestant could think of adopting a term coined by a Jesuit; and so a variety of other names were invented. When a Chinese feels disposed to get converted, he is somewhat perplexed to choose among this array of Christian deities.

English civilisation, English science, English thought, have so much to offer that might benefit the Celestials that one feels indignant that an army of men and women should be sent into their midst to preach as true a set of beliefs rejected by the educated here. It is sad to read the story of the wasted efforts of enthusiastic workers to drive the gospel into unwilling minds. At Yunnan city a mission, opened in 1882, has in thirteen years converted one native, a "manure-coolie," employed by the mission. But "Satan tempted him, he fell from grace, and had to be expelled for stealing the children's buttons." The missionary, it should be mentioned, did succeed also in converting three native women—his children's nurse-girl, his wife's cook, and a "helper"!

In the whole province of Yunnan, "in a population of from five to seven millions of friendly and peaceable people, eighteen missionaries," writes Dr. Morrison, "in eight years have converted eleven Chinese." How long, he asks, will it take to convert the remainder?

Will facts, such as are stated so plainly and so simply in this book of travel, drive home to the English people the folly and the waste of the whole missionary system? He would be sanguine, indeed, who would anticipate any such result. There is more joy in Exeter Hall over the conversion of one illiterate coolie employed and paid by a missionary than over the relief of a thousand unemployed in London. The money of foolish philanthropists will still be poured forth by millions, recklessly squandered over a mad speculation in souls, Chinese and otherwise, until the inevitable day comes when the truths of science and of criticism will penetrate even into the Far East, and those on whom a presumptuous Christian missionary thrusts his unwelcome and uninvited "gospel" will bid him return to his native land and learn before he attempts to teach.

Mrs. Sarah Granger, the sister of Stephen A. Douglass, was waited upon once by a good Methodist minister, who, having complimented her upon her exemplary life, said that, to be consistent, she ought to make her peace with God. "God and I have never had any trouble," was the quick retort of the woman. "But," insisted the Methodist brother, "you want to go to heaven, and you cannot do it if you do not join the Church." The woman replied, respectfully: "The best woman I ever knew was my mother; the best man I ever knew was my brother, Senator Douglass. They didn't belong to any church, and if what you say is true, I want to go to hell."—*Freethought Magazine*.

WHY SHOULD WE ATHEISTS FEAR TO DIE?

'Tis asserted by parsons and tract writers pious—
Whose barefaced mendacity captures the cake—
That we Atheists always, when grim death draws nigh us,
Are stricken with terror, and tremble and quake.
But this we allege is an infamous libel—
A pious, malicious, unscrupulous lie,
As void of the truth as their fetish, the Bible;
For why should we Atheists fear to die?

We do not believe in that book the Church labels
"God's Word," "Holy Bible," and "Volume Divine";
And we say that its barbarous legends and fables
Have cast o'er our planet more shadow than shine.
That God was its author, or at his dictation
This vile book was written, we firmly deny,
And say, without doubt, 'tis of human creation;
Then why should we Atheists fear to die?

Its tales of aerial heavenly regions,
Where praising of God is eternally heard
From many-eyed monsters and angelic legions,
Seem, most idiotic to us, and absurd;
We do not believe that in mis'ry eternal
The souls of vast millions will dwell by-and-by
In Satan-ruled, bottomless regions infernal;
Then why should we Atheists fear to die?

'Tis an outrage on reason to say that "Our Father"
Created a hell and ordained us to fall.
Than believe in so fiendish a monster, we'd rather
Believe as we do—that there's no God at all.
We believe that for every wrong step we have taken
We suffer on earth; but in death we shall lie
Wrapped in slumber from which we shall never awaken;
Then why should we Atheists fear to die?

The creed of an Atheist is to endeavor
To slay superstition, men's deadliest foe;
Their onerous priestly-forged fetters to sever,
And brighten their lives while on earth here below.
And if there's an Almighty God in his heaven,
We can, if he's good, on his justice rely.
And if to do that which is right we have striven—
Say, why should we Atheists fear to die?

ESS JAY BEE.

DARWINISM: PAST AND PRESENT.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI, a thaumaturgical political mountebank of foreign extraction (one of Macchiavelli's little ones), told Sir Robert Peel, in the House of Commons: "The Conservative Government is an organised hypocrisy." Nobody knew better than he, and we must take his word for it. Not so the cheap sneer at Darwin and his theories. Many years ago he appeared before a Tory audience ("the stupid party," as he called them before he succeeded in educating them) and said: "The question, after all, is, whether a man is an ape or angel!" This *never* was the question at all. Then, putting his hands into the side-pockets of his velvet coat, the vain puppy strutted across the platform, and added: "As for me, my lords and gentlemen, I am on the side of the angels!" (*sic*). Great applause greeted this silly utterance, clearly showing the mental capacity of his audience. He ought to have been treated to a shower of rotten eggs. Darwin's theories have won acceptance among scientists all over the world. Another enlightened Tory asked: "What's the difference between a monkey and Darwin?" Answer: "One cracks nuts, and the other's nut's cracked." These and similar "*jeux d'esprit*" were highly appreciated by the clericals twenty-five years ago; but they would be ashamed of them *now*. The world progresses.

CHARLES KROLL LAPORTE.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

PREMATURE INTERMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE FREETHINKER."

SIR,—The allusion to premature burial in the interesting report of an address by Mr. J. Harvey Simpson, on "The Gospel of Love and Cremation," in the *Freethinker* of March 1, induces me to offer a few observations. The correspondence on this subject in the Press exhibits a considerable amount of public interest, and the wonder is that it has not been thoroughly ventilated before. Cases of premature burial and narrow escapes from such terrible occurrences—some at home, and others cabled from abroad—have not been rare. It has happened more than once that two recent cases have been reported in one issue of a daily paper; but the effect has been ephemeral, and no effort in medical literature, or in the lectures before the medical schools, as far as my reading and observation extend, has been made to prevent such horrible misadventures. It is true that the various cremation societies have framed rules requiring a much more rigorous examination of the dead, or supposed dead, than is adopted in ordinary cases; for, besides that of the usual medical attendant, a certificate from an independent doctor, in which the cause of death must be explicitly stated, is indispensable. This precaution, although lessening the risk of premature burial, is by no means an adequate safeguard, as the numerous cases cited by Dr. Franz Hartmann, in his much-talked-of volume, *Premature Burial* (recently published in London), show, and from which I quote the following: "Owing to some strong mental excitement, the Cardinal Spinosa fell into a state of apparent death. He was declared to be dead by his physicians, and they proceeded to open his chest, for the purpose of embalming his body. When the lungs were laid open, the heart began to beat again; the Cardinal returned to consciousness, and was just able to grasp after the knife of the surgeon, when he fell back and died in reality."

Were it not for occupying too much of your valuable space, many illustrative examples, after medical inspection and medical death certification, could be cited. Unfortunately for the public, cases of the kind seem to have been generally pooch-pooched by the practitioner, and overlooked by the heads of the profession. At all events, I may say that a diligent search through many volumes of leading medical journals has failed to discover a single practical suggestion for abolishing a terrible evil. To find a lucid and comprehensive treatise by an able English authority on the subject, you have to go back half a century. In France, Italy, and Germany, on the other hand, a very respectable library by able writers can be found, and various precautionary measures have been laid down.

I shall be happy to send a printed copy of "Suggestions for the Prevention of the Burial of Persons Alive," by an eminent surgeon, on receipt of a stamped and addressed envelope.—Yours faithfully,
JAS. R. WILLIAMSON.
42 Stibbington-street, N.W.

BELLS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE FREETHINKER."

SIR,—I see Uncle Benjamin Bimbom ascribes a Buddhist origin to Bells. I read, however, in *La Nature* that, "according to Father Kircher, the invention of bells must be ascribed to the Egyptians, who announced with them the feasts of Osiris. They appear to have been known in China more than 2,600 years before Christ. It is certain that small bells were much used in antiquity; according to the narrative of Clement of Alexandria, the high priest Aaron had the rim of his robe trimmed with them. [These are mentioned in Exodus xxviii. 34.] Theocritus says that the ancients rang small bells during their sacrifices, as in the mysteries of the Corybantes and of Bacchus. The ass of Silenus bore a bell at his neck, like most beasts of burden." Animal bells serve purposes of utility, to prevent straying, as well as of superstition, to ward off evil spirits—the original purpose, I believe, of some of the brass ornaments on horses. The bells on the priests' robes were perhaps for a similar purpose, or to notify the god of their presence. One may imagine many things as said by church bells. To me they say, "Come to church, people," "Go away, Devil," and "Here we are, Jesus."

LE NEVUE DE MON ONCLE.

There are times when the inhumanity of a system stands out so red and foul, when the burden of its iniquity weighs so heavy, and the contagion of its hypocrisy is so laden with mortal plague, that no awe of *dilettante* condemnation, nor minute scruple as to the historic or the relative, can stay the hand of the man whose direct sight and moral energy have pierced the veil of use, and revealed the shrine of the infamous thing.—*Morley on Voltaire.*

THE DOCTRINE OF INSPIRATION.

THAT which is not a supernatural revelation may still, so far as it is good, be a manifestation of the Divine. As a manifestation of the Divine, the Hebrew books, teaching righteousness and purity, may have their place in our love and our admiration for ever; but the time has surely come when, as a supernatural revelation, they should be frankly, though reverently, laid aside, and no more allowed to cloud the vision of free inquiry, or to cast the shadow of primeval religion and law over our modern life, as they do when Sabbatarianism debar us from innocent recreation on our day of rest; for it is the Jewish Sabbath that is really before the Sabbatarian's mind. It is useless, and is but paltering with the truth, to set up the figment of a semi-inspiration. An inspiration which errs, which contradicts itself, which dictates manifest incredibilities, such as the stopping of the sun, Balaam's ass, Elisha's avenging bears, or the transfiguration of Nebuchadnezzar, is no inspiration at all. It requires the supplementary action of human criticism to winnow the truth from the falsehood; and the result of the process varies with the personal tendencies of the critics. Nobody would ever have thought of it except as an expedient to cover retreat. We do but tamper with our own understandings and consciences by such attempts at once to hold on and let go, to retain the shadow of a belief when the substance has passed away. The believers in verbal inspiration, of whom some still remain, desperate as are the difficulties with which they have to contend, stand comparatively on firm ground. Verbal inspiration is at all events a consecrated tradition; semi-inspiration is a subterfuge, and nothing more. These are troublous times; in politics, in the social system, and in religion. But the storm-centre seems to be in the region of religion. The fundamental beliefs on which our social system has hitherto rested are giving way. To replace them before the edifice falls, and at the same time to give us such knowledge as may be attainable of man's estate and destiny, thought must be entirely free.

—Goldwin Smith, in "North American Review."

PROFANE JOKES.

One of those men who say something which they had better left unsaid addressed the late Rev. Charles Spurgeon as he was passing out of church. Grasping the preacher by the hand, the man said: "I see you have forgotten me, sir; and yet you once did me the greatest service that a clergyman can render to anybody." "What service was that?" asked Spurgeon. "You buried my wife, sir," replied the man, his eyes suffused with tears.

A little girl was in the witness-box, and, as usual, before she was allowed to be sworn, she was examined by the presiding judge—Mr. Justice Maule—as to her understanding the nature of an oath and her belief in a future state. "Do you know what an oath is, my child?" asked the judge. "Yes, sir; I am obliged to tell the truth." "And if you always tell the truth, where will you go when you die?" "Up to heaven, sir." "And what will become of you if you tell lies?" "I shall go to the naughty place, sir." "Are you quite sure of that?" "Yes, sir, quite sure." "Let her be sworn," said Maule; "it is quite clear she knows a great deal more than I do."

Louise—"The Bishop looked awfully cross, didn't he?"
Minnie—"No wonder; all the bridesmaids wore sleeves bigger than his."

Bobby—"Pop, why do they have a chaplain to pray for Congress?"
Pop—"The chaplain doesn't pray for Congress; he prays at it. What he prays for is his salary."

Why Hell is Best.

While the burning at first
Perhaps would be worst,
Still, custom the anguish might soften;
But if you were bored
With praising the Lord,
You'd be more so with praising him often.

—J. K. Stephen.

At the Confirmation Class.

"Now girls, ye must be 'umble. Can you tell me why Jesus washed Peter's feet?" "Because they were sweaty."
"You know in heaven we shall be ever with the Lord. Now, which would you rather have—the glories of heaven or a thousand pounds?" Chorus: "A thousand pounds."
"Can you tell me who was the Savior?" "O Christ!"
"That's right; but you should not speak out of your turn."
"Please, sir, Jenny run a pin into me."

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.

BRADLAUGH CLUB AND INSTITUTE (36 Newington Green-road, Balls Pond, N.): 7.15, Touzeau Parris, "Sin Against God an Impossibility." Tuesday, at 8.15, social party. Wednesday, at 8.30, R. Forder, "The Signs of the Zodiac—Lecture VIII., Cancer."

BATTERSEA SECULAR HALL (back of Battersea Park Station): 7.45, select entertainment by Mr. St. Clair's Company, for the benefit of the Branch. Friday, at 8, committee.

CAMBERWELL (North Camberwell Hall, 61 New Church-road): 7.30, Stanley Jones, "Man: Ancient and Modern."

EAST LONDON BRANCH (Swaby's Coffee House, 103 Mile End-road): 8, G. J. Warren, "On the Mile End Vestry."

FINSBURY BRANCH: 11.30, general meeting of members at the Club Union Building, Clerkenwell.

SOUTH LONDON ETHICAL SOCIETY (Surrey Masonic Hall, Camberwell New-road): 11.15, Sunday-school; 7, Dr. Stanton Coit, "Socialism and Marriage."

WEST LONDON ETHICAL SOCIETY (Westminster Town Hall, Caxton-street): 11.15, Dr. Stanton Coit, "Prophet and Priest."

WEST LONDON BRANCH (Athenæum, Godolphin-road, Shepherds Bush): 7, musical selection; 7.30, R. Rosetti, "How I Escaped Death and Siberia."

WEST HAM SECULAR ETHICAL SOCIETY (61 West Ham-lane): 7, W. Heaford, "God as a Basis of Ethics."

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

BATTERSEA PARK GATES: 12, F. Haslam will lecture.
HYDE PARK (near Marble Arch): 12, a lecture.

COUNTRY.

BIRMINGHAM (Alexandra Hall, Hope-street): 7, a lecture (see *Daily Mail*).

BRISTOL (Shepherds' Hall, Old Market-street): 7, Rev. T. Davies, "Dress Reform."

CAMBUSLANG: Friday, O. Cohen will lecture.

CHATHAM SECULAR HALL (Queen's-road, New Brompton): 7, H. Snell, "Charles Bradlaugh, Soldier and Chieftain" (illustrated with lantern slides).

DERBY ("Ye Olde Feathers"): 7, Mr. Wright, a paper.
DUNOON (Burgh Hall): Monday, at 8, O. Cohen, "Is Christianity True?"

GLASGOW (Brunswick Hall, 110 Brunswick-street): 11.30, O. Cohen, "The Scientific Basis of Morals"; 2.30, "Christianity and Slavery"; 6.30, "Scepticism: Its Meaning and its Value."

GREENOCK (Bank-street Hall): Wednesday, at 8, O. Cohen, "The Philosophy of Secularism."

HULL (Cobden Hall, Storey-street): 7, Mr. Ward, a reading, with music.

LEICESTER SECULAR HALL (Humberstone Gate): 6.30, F. J. Gould, "The Life of Charles Bradlaugh."

LIVERPOOL (Oddfellows' Hall, St. Anne-street): 7, Mr. Millar, "Curiosities of Olden Times."

MANCHESTER SECULAR HALL (Rusholme-road, All Saints): 6.30, S. R. Thompson, "Christianity and Slavery."

MOTHERWELL (Lesser Town Hall): Thursday, at 8, O. Cohen, "Is there a God?"

PAISLEY (Tannahill Hall, Moss-street): Tuesday, at 8, O. Cohen will lecture.

PLYMOUTH (Democratic Club, Whimble-street): 7, Mr. Tamlyn, "Environment and Character."

SHEFFIELD SECULAR SOCIETY (Hall of Science, Rockingham-street): 11, Charles Watts, "Science of Life, from a Secular Standpoint"; 3, "Woman: Past, Present, and Future"; 7, "The Religious Man." Tea at 5.

SOUTH SHIELDS (Thornton's Variety Hall, Union-lane): 7, business meeting; 7.30, R. Chapman, "The Future of Liberalism."

Lecturers' Engagements.

O. COHEN, 12 Merchant-street, Bow-road, London.—March 8, Glasgow; 9, Dunoon; 10, Paisley; 11, Greenock; 12, Motherwell; 13, Cambuslang; 15, Glasgow; 22, Edinburgh; 29, Leeds. April 5, Balls Pond; 12, 19, and 26, Manchester.

ARTHUR B. MOSS, 44 Oredon-road, Botherhithe, London, S.E.—April 5, m. Westminster; 12, Mile End; 19, Camberwell; 26, m. Wood Green, e. Edmonton.

TOUZEAU PARRIS, 32 Upper Mall, Hammersmith, London, W.—March 8, Balls Pond; 15, Athenæum, Tottenham Court-road; 22, Athenæum, Shepherds Bush. April 12, Balls Pond; 26, Glasgow.

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