

The Freethinker

Edited by G. W. FOOTE.]

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SQUIRMING NONCONFORMISTS.

A FREETHINKER would be more or less than human who did not enjoy the spectacle of the Nonconformists squirming under the new Education Bill. It is the religious difficulty which screens all the reactionary elements of this measure, and the religious difficulty would not exist if the Nonconformists had not been treacherous to their own principle of the absolute separation between Church and State. They are, therefore, caught in their own trap, and their outcries are music in the ears of their enemies.

The only Nonconformist who keeps a level head, and sees the situation clearly, is Dr. Joseph Parker. During the last School Board elections in London this gentleman contributed to the *Times* a striking letter, which was such a splendid defence of Secular Education that it was reprinted by Mr. Charles Watts and circulated to promote his candidature in Finsbury. Dr. Parker now writes to the *Times* again, and stigmatises the "Compromise," of which his Nonconformist brethren are so enamored, as "the criminal surrender of an essential principle."

Dr. Parker's letter has aroused the anger and indignation of the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, who has completely lost his head (whatever that may be worth) in the present crisis. Directly the Irish Nationalists voted for the second reading of the Education Bill, Mr. Hughes declared that their action meant the death of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule, and admitted that the Ulster Methodists, whom he had unceremoniously rated for opposing Home Rule, were after all nearly, if not altogether, right. Mr. Hughes suddenly discovered that the Irish Nationalists were Roman Catholics, and he was surprised to find that Roman Catholics give the first place to the interests of their Mother Church. Of course he contended that their voting on a Bill which did not extend to Scotland and Ireland was a violation of the principle of Home Rule for England, which is as just and necessary as Home Rule for Ireland. But the obvious answer is, that Home Rule is not yet a fact, that the Irish members still form an integral part of the imperial parliament at Westminster, and that they are entitled to promote what they regard as the essential interests of their co-religionists in England. Besides, it is pretty certain that if the Irish Nationalists had voted *against* the Education Bill, the Nonconformists would have gladly accepted their assistance, without concerning themselves in the least about its consistency with the principle of Home Rule.

In the circumstances it is not surprising that Mr. Hughes is very wroth with Dr. Parker, whom he accuses of dividing the forces of Nonconformity and strengthening the hands of the clerical party. Dr. Parker's attacks on Nonconformists and their principles (heaven save the mark!) are "untimely," and Mr. Hughes rushes in to defend "the imperilled interests of Christianity." It does not occur to him that Dr. Parker is animated by conviction, nor does he condescend to explain the "untimely" character of the defence of a great principle in the hour of its necessity. The implication of his argument is that Dr. Parker should open and close his mouth at the bidding of the "Evangelical Church"—that is, at the bidding of Mr. Hughes, Dr. Clifford, and Mr. Guinness Rogers; but, with all his faults, Dr. Parker is not the man to yield to their ridiculous dictation.

Setting aside Mr. Hughes's scolding of Dr. Parker, let us examine his criticism. He starts by asserting that all

the Nonconformist communities are "standing shoulder to shoulder in defence of Bible truth and Bible morality in the public schools of England." We do not dispute this assertion. What we maintain, and what Dr. Parker maintains, is that the public school is not the place to defend Bible truth and Bible morality. The proper place is a church, or a chapel, or any other building which the Bible-truth-and-morality people like to build or hire at their own expense. It is the action of Mr. Hughes and his like that forces citizens, *as* citizens, into theological controversy; for if the Bible is thrust into the public schools, and lay teachers are compelled to read it and explain it to the children, every serious citizen is obliged to see whether its "truth" and "morality" are quite fit for the situation. The fact is, the Nonconformists have not sense enough to see that Bible reading is the thin end of a bad wedge; they insist on inserting it, and they throw up their hands in holy horror when others drive it in deeper. They want religion in the public schools, but they want it of their own pattern. Any other pattern is an outrageous injustice. They cry out against dogma, forgetting that the inspiration of the Bible is a dogma. They stand up for what Mr. Hughes calls "loyalty to the Divine Christ," forgetting that the deity of Christ is a dogma. They do not really object to dogma—which is, after all, no more than a precise statement of religious doctrine—but they want to supply the dogma themselves; where they choose it is to begin, and where they choose it is to end; whereas, if religion is to be taught in the public schools at all, there are only two logical ways of doing it—either the State should decide what is true and teach it universally, or the parents should select their own brand for their children's consumption. The new Education Bill accepts the second alternative; and although it will practically serve the interests of the Church of England, because that body controls such a vast number of schools, it is theoretically sensible and fair in comparison with the fantastic and one-sided policy of the Nonconformists.

Whoever seeks to establish religion in the public schools forfeits his right to denounce the establishment of religion in public churches. Mr. Hughes tries to evade this issue. He says that Mr. Guinness Rogers has proved the contrary. Mr. Guinness Rogers has *not* proved the contrary. No man *can* prove it. Mr. Hughes himself stumbles badly in attempting this impossible feat. "There is," he argues, "an essential difference between the condition of a child and the condition of an adult," and his conclusion is that this alters the principle of the thing. But it does nothing of the sort; indeed, it tells directly against the Nonconformist argument. For the State to teach children religion is a worse tyranny than to teach adults. There is no compulsion on adults. If they have to support a church, they need never attend it. They can pay the bill, and then laugh at the church and its teaching. But there is compulsion on children. They cannot help themselves. They must go to school whether they like it or not. Establishing religion in the public schools is therefore the worst form of establishment; it is establishment with the biggest net of the closest texture; the only escape being the difficult aperture of the Conscience Clause, which Nonconformists themselves never weary of denouncing as a sham when they have to send their own children to Church of England schools.

"Is the State," asks Mr. Hughes, "to teach them [the children] everything except the Bible?" Certainly not. It is not to teach them the Koran, the Vedas, or the

Buddhist scriptures. It is not to teach them any kind of opinions—especially opinions about another life, which they must die to verify or disprove. It must teach them *knowledge*. It must teach them what the citizens agree about; not what they differ about, what they always have differed about, and what they always will differ about. It is really opinions, and not knowledge, that the Nonconformists are fighting for; only they veil their object with a cloud of hypocrisy, while the Roman Catholic Church and the Church of England frankly proclaim their purpose.

Mr. Hughes soon shuffles away from this treacherous ground, and takes up a fresh position, which he says is the historic position of Nonconformity. Dr. Parker's "fundamental assumption that the State has nothing to do with religion" he asserts is "an attitude of mind appropriate only for an Atheist." It is "a hideous idea," and "the notion that the State is wholly secular and non-religious was first conceived and propounded by the Atheists of the French Revolution"—which, in our opinion, is very much to their credit. Mr. Hughes affirms that "it is as much the duty of the State as of the individual to obey Christ." Very well then. That means religion, not only in School Boards, but in Vestries, in Town and County Councils, in Parliament, and in the Cabinet. It means the undoing of all that Liberalism has effected during the present century on the lines of religious liberty and equality.

Before the Price Hughes faction commit themselves irretrievably to the principle of State Christianity, they should settle accounts with theologians like the late Bishop of Peterborough, who declared that if the State tried to carry out the teaching of Jesus Christ it would go to ruin in a week.

Meanwhile, we beg to remark that if the Nonconformists, as Mr. Hughes alleges, are "as vehemently opposed to secular as to sectarian education," they are fighting against education altogether. Secular education is education without religion. That is plain enough. But if you have religious education at all, it must be sectarian. It is impossible to teach Christianity in general. There is not, and never was, any such thing. There are Roman Catholic Christians, and Greek Christians, and Church of England Christians, and Wesleyan Christians, and Presbyterian Christians, and Baptist Christians, and Congregational Christians, and Salvation Army Christians—and so on to the end of the distracting catalogue in Whitaker's Almanack. But where are the mere Christians, bearing the ticket of no particular denomination? Even if the Bible is read and explained in the public schools, the very teachers belong to various denominations, and cannot help giving a denominational bias to their explanations. Unsectarian religious education is one of those rhetorical phantoms that vanish at the touch of reality. The Nonconformists are in a dream, and they will probably experience a rude awakening. They are no match for the better organised Churches of England and Rome in party warfare, and we believe they will be beaten ignominiously. And when they see the full extent of their disaster, they will suffer the additional pang of knowing that they brought it all on themselves by treachery to the only principle which justifies their separation from the Established Church.

G. W. FOOTE.

PAIN.

There was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently;
However, they have writ the style of gods,
And made a pish at chance and suffering.
—SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado About Nothing*, v., 1.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY tells how, when a boy, he held, with the easy optimism of youth, that pain was no evil. He was refuted by a crab, who bit his toe while bathing, and made him roar so as to be heard half a mile off. It were to be wished that some of the theologians who have written on the divine purposes of pain really understood what they were writing about. I begin to scribble this article with my right hand, while my left, which has undergone an operation, is in constant pain, with occasional twinges of excruciating agony. This, as being an incidental not a normal state, may not bring perfect equanimity in treating my topic, the only one I feel competent to take up this week; but it will ensure that the neglected left-

hand side has attention. Our theologies and philosophies have been formulated by the leisured and well-to-do—and rejected by the poor and suffering. Beautiful things have been written on the beneficence of pain, but when the God-given infliction has descended, anæsthetics, which, on their introduction, were denounced as attempts to thwart the divine decree, have been welcomed.*

I imagine sleek Paley, "in fair, round belly with good capon lined," sitting rod in hand at the stream's bank on a beautiful summer's eve, and thinking the fish rather enjoy the sport. But life in a hospital, surrounded by the mighty heap of human calamity, "the miseries which make impatience call on death," presents Nature or Nature's God in another aspect, and there are moments when we say with Mainländer, "Life is hell, and the sweet still night of absolute death is the annihilation of hell."

Pain, we are told, is a beneficent protector, giving warning of danger. This guardian angel deserts us in the gravest cases. Accidents, epidemics, malaria, consumption—that scourge of our clime—come without any sign from our angelic monitor. Some poisons give no pain at all. In most cases the warning is useless, coming after the injury is inflicted. In many the dose is stronger than necessary. In animal, and to some extent infant life, pain may subserve preservation. Where there is no conception of death it may deter from life-destroying actions. But even a child does not need pain to warn it not to cut its hands off. Intelligence dispenses with the necessity of pain, and pain itself should be removed wherever possible. It is an atavism, a recrudescence of a rudimentary form of protection, reminding us of savage ancestors, and largely helping to keep us like them. Revenge, in a former state of society, was a valuable preservative from worse. Now it is an odious perpetuation of barbarity; and the same may be said of pain. Civilisation, which accentuates sensitiveness and increases pain by saving sickly life, should vigorously attempt to get rid of this angel, which is rather of the destroying than preserving order. It will never do so while pain is held to be supernatural and divine—an essential part of God's purposes.

Sometimes we are told that pain is a punishment for sin. Such sophistry is worthy only of a Jesuit Inquisitor. The punishment, forsooth, falls on the weak and ignorant, on the victims of crime, not on its perpetrators. It treats misfortune as crime, and racks the delicate child while sparing the callous criminal. If this theological nonsense were really believed, it would dry up the fountain of sympathy. We should let sufferers endure the full extent of the divine chastisement. Christians pretend to regard pain as a good thing, yet labor for its extinction, betraying the same inconsistency as when they sorrow for the dead, believing they are in heaven.

The late James Hinton, a lovable man, whose life was devoted to the relief of suffering, wrote a beautiful little book, marred by Christian mysticism, on *The Mystery of Pain*. In reading Hinton I do not feel, as in reading Paley or Drummond, that here is one to whom pain is little, because the writer has not suffered. Hinton was acquainted with the mighty griefs as well as "the mighty hopes that make us men." To him, as a Theist, pain was an awful mystery, which he seeks to clear up by such mysticism as that God is a sufferer, and that sacrifice is the highest good. A beautiful nature like Hinton's is sure to extract such sweets as may be distilled from adversity; but he is forced to confess "there are pains innumerable which benefit neither the body nor the soul." The confession is inconsistent with his creed. Indeed, on this, as on other points, Christians find it difficult to square their faith and practice. Without pain, say the theologians, we should be still more wicked and worthless than we are. In the same breath they tell us there is no pain in heaven:—

There is a land of pure delight
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

The celestials must surely deteriorate for want of the salutary influence of suffering.

Much has been written on the moral benefit of pain. It is a rare topic for a Torquemada. A fine nature may educe strength and sympathy from suffering, but with the average *homme sensuel* pain degenerates, and engenders selfishness,

* Sir James Young Simpson was accused of antagonising the curse of God, "In sorrow thou shalt bring forth children."

owardice, and irritability. To feel that one's pain is but a drop in the wide ocean of human suffering is but to enhance misery in a sensitive mind. As true a bond of brotherhood may arise from participation in common delights. The holy sacrament of sympathy need be no bitter draught, but the pure, refreshing wine of love.

There is really no more mystery in pain than in everything else. It follows from the constitution of our nervous structure. The mystery comes in when you attempt to reconcile the suffering of sentient beings with the will of an almighty, all-benevolent God. This difficulty, older than Epicurus, cannot be cleared up by mere words, such as saying, "God is a sufferer." The fact is, pain is felt as an evil to be got rid of as speedily as possible. That there is something in the world amiss gives no assurance that it will be unriddled by and by. Let us right the wrong here and now. Let us not attribute to God what we should be ashamed to inflict upon any animal. There is far too much suffering in the world. The object of every good man should be to minimise the suffering said to be sent by God. Let us, instead of regarding pain as supernatural, make every effort for its diminution and elimination.

J. M. WHEELER.

THE ORIGIN AND NATURE OF SECULARISM.

CHAPTER XIV.

REJECTED TENETS REPLACED BY BETTER.

"False ideas can be confuted by argument, but it is only by true ideas they can be expelled."—CARDINAL NEWMAN.

ERROR will live wherever vermin of the mind may burrow; and error, if expelled, will return to its accustomed haunt, unless its place be otherwise occupied by some tenant of Truth. Suppose that criticism has established:—

1. That God is unknown.
2. That a Future Life is unprovable.
3. That the Bible is not a practical guide.
4. That Providence sleeps.
5. That prayer is futile.
6. That original sin is untrue.
7. That eternal perdition is unreal.

What is Freethought going to do? All these theological ideas, however untrue, are forces of opinion on the side of error. After taking these doctrines out of the minds of men, as far as reasoning criticism may do it, what is proposed to be put in their place? When we call out to men that they are going down a wrong road, we are more likely to arrest their attention if we can point out the right road to take.

No mind is ever entirely empty. The objection to ignorance is not that it has no ideas, but that it has wrong ones. Its ideas are narrow, cramped, vicious. It likes without reason, hates without cause, and is suspicious of what it might trust. It is not enough to tell a man who is eating injurious food that it will harm him. If he has no other aliment, he must go on feeding upon what he has. If you cannot supply better, you cannot reproach him who takes the bad. But if you have true principles, they should be offered as substitutes for the false. Secularist truth should tread close upon the heels of theological error.

1. For the study of the origin of the universe Secularism substitutes the study of the laws and uses of the universe, which, Cardinal Newman admitted, might be regarded as consonant to the will of its Author.

2. For a future state Secularism proposes the wise use of this, as he who fails in this "duty nearest hand" has no moral fitness for any other.

3. For Revelation it offers the guidance of observation, investigation, and experience. Instead of taking authority for truth, it takes truth for authority.

4. For the Providence of Scripture Secularism directs men to the Providence of Science, which provides against peril, or brings deliverance when peril comes.

5. For prayer it proposes self-help and the employment of all the resources of manliness and industry. Jupiter himself rebuked the waggoner who cried for aid, instead of putting his own shoulder to the wheel.

6. For original depravity, which infuses hopelessness into all effort for personal excellence, Secularism counsels

the creation of those conditions, so far as human prevision can provide them, in which it shall be "impossible for a man to be depraved or poor." The aim of Secularism is to promote the moralisation of this world, which Christianity has proved ineffectual to accomplish.

7. For eternal perdition, which appals every human heart, Secularism substitutes the warnings and penalties of causation attending the violation of the laws of nature, or the laws of truth—penalties inexorable and unevadable in their consequences. Though they extend to the individual no farther than this life, they are without the terrible element of divine vindictiveness, yet, being near and inevitable—following the offender close as the shadow of the offence—are more deterrent than future punishment, which "faith" may evade without merit.

The aim of Secularism is to educate the conscience in the service of man. It puts duty into Freethought. Men inquired for self-protection, and from dislike of error. But if a man was in no danger himself, and was indifferent whether an error—which no longer harmed him—prevailed or not, Secularism holds that it is still a duty to aid in ending it for the sake of others. It was J. W. Fox, the most heretical preacher of his day, who said (1824): "I believe in the right of religion and the duty of free inquiry." He is a very exceptional person—as we know in political as well as in questions of mental freedom—who cares for a right he does not need himself. A man is generally of opinion, as I have seen in many agitations, that nobody need care for a form of liberty he does not want himself. It is as though a man on the bank should think that the man in the water does not want a rope. Duty is devotion to the right. Right in morals is that which is morally expedient. That is morally expedient which is conducive to the happiness of the greatest numbers. The service of others is the practical form of duty. "He," says Buddha, "who was formerly heedless, and afterwards becomes earnest, lights up the world like the moon escaped from a cloud."

Constructiveness is an education, which attains success but slowly. Some men have no distinctive notion whatever of truth. It seems never to have occurred to them that there is anything intrinsic in it, and they only fall into it by accident. Others have a wholesome idea that truth is essential, and that, as a rule, you ought to tell it, and some do it. This is a small conception of truth, but it is good as far as it goes, and ought to be valued, as it is scarce. If anyone asks such a person whether what he says is what he *thinks*, or what he *knows*, to be true, he is perplexed. The difference between the two things has not occurred to him. He has been under the impression that what he believes is the same thing as what he knows, and when he finds the two things are very different his idea of truth is doubled, and is twice as large as it was before.

There is yet a larger view, to which many never attain. To them all truth is truth of equal value. All geese are geese, but all are not equally tender. Though all horses are horses, all are not equally swift. Yet many never observe that all facts are not equally succulent or swift, nor all truth of equal value or usefulness.

Social truth has three marks—it must be explicit, relevant to the question in hand, and of use for the purpose in hand. But it requires some intelligence to observe this, and judgment to act upon it.

CHAPTER XV.

MORALITY INDEPENDENT OF THEOLOGY.

"Religion, as dealing with the confessedly incomprehensible, is not the basis for human union, in social, or industrial, or political circles, but only that portion of old religion which is now called moral."—PROFESSOR FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN.

Bishop Ellicott was the first prelate whom I heard admit (in a sermon to the members of the British Association for the Advancement of Science) that men might be moral from other motives than those furnished by Christianity. Renan says that Justin Martyr, "in his *Apology*, never attacks the principle of the empire. He wants the empire to examine the Christian doctrines." A Secularist would have attacked the principle, regarding freedom as of more consequence to progress than any doctrine without it.

Those who seek to guide life by reason are not without a standard of appeal. "Secularism accepts no authority but that of nature, adopts no methods but those of science

and philosophy, and respects in practice no rule but that of the conscience, illustrated by the common sense of mankind. It values the lessons of the past, and looks to tradition as presenting a storehouse of raw materials to thought, and, in many cases, results of high wisdom for our reverence; but it utterly disowns tradition as a ground of belief, whether miracles and supernaturalism be claimed or not claimed on its side. No sacred scripture or ancient Church can be made a basis of belief, for the obvious reason that their claims always need to be proved, and cannot without absurdity be assumed. The association leaves to its individual members to yield whatever respects their own good sense judges to be due to the opinions of great men, living or dead, spoken or written; as also to the practice of ancient communities, national or ecclesiastical. But it disowns all appeal to such authorities as final tests of truth.*

Morality can be inspired and confirmed by perception of the consequences of conduct. Theology regards free-will as the foundation of responsibility. But free-will saves no man from material consequences, and diverts attention from material causes of evil and good. Under the free-will doctrine the wonder is that any morality is left in the world. It is a doctrine which gives scoundrels the same chance as a saint. When a man is assured that he can be saved when he believes, and that, having free-will, he can believe when he pleases, he, as a rule, never does please until he has had his fill of vice, and is about to die—either of disease or the hangman. If by the hangman, he is told that, provided he repents before eight o'clock in the morning, he may find himself nestling in Abraham's bosom before nine. Free-will is the doctrine of rascalism. It is time morality had other foundation than theology. The relations of life can be made as impressive as ideas of supernaturalism. But in this Christians not only lend no help, they disparage the attempt to control life by reason. When Secularism was first talked of, the President of the Congregational Union, the Rev. Dr. Harris, commended to the Union the words of Bishop Lavinton of a century earlier (1750): "My brethren, I beg you will rise up with me against mere moral preaching."† A writer of distinction, R. H. Hutton, writing on "Secularism" in the *Expositor* so late as 1881, argues strenuously that moral government is impossible without supernatural convictions. The egotism of Christianity is as conspicuous as that of politics. No ethic is genuine unless it bears the hall-mark of the Church. Secularism does not deny the efficacy of other theories of life upon those who accept them, and only claims to be of use as commending morality on considerations purely human, to those who reject theories purely spiritual.

Anyone familiar with controversy knows that Christianity is advertised like a patent medicine, which will cure all the maladies of mankind. Everybody who tries reasoned morality is encouraged to condemn it, and is denounced if he commends it.

It is a maxim of Secularism that, wherever there is a rightful object at which men should aim, there is a secular path to it.

Nearly all inferior natures are susceptible of moral and physical improvability, which improvability can be indefinitely advanced by supplying proper material conditions.

Since it is not capable of demonstration whether the inequalities of human condition will be compensated for in another life, it is the business of intelligence to rectify them in this world. The speculative worship of superior beings, who cannot need it, seems a lesser duty than the patient service of known inferior natures and the mitigation of harsh destiny, so that the ignorant may be enlightened and the low elevated.

Christians often promote projects beneficial to men; but are they not mainly incited thereto by the hope of inclining the hearts of those they aid to their cause? Is not their motive proselytism? Is it not a higher morality to do good for its own sake, careless whether those benefitted become adherents or not?

Going to a distant town to mitigate some calamity there will illustrate the principle of Secularism. One man will go on this errand from pure sympathy with the unfortu-

nate; this is goodness. Another goes because the priest bids him; this is obedience. Another goes because the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew tells him that all such persons will pass to the right hand of the Father; this is calculation. Another goes because he believes God commands him; this is theological piety. Another goes because he is aware that the neglect of suffering will not answer; this is utilitarianism. But another goes on the errand of mercy because it is an immediate service to humanity, knowing that material deliverance is piety and better than spiritual consolation; this is Secularism.

One whose reputation for spirituality is in all the Churches says: "Properly speaking, all true work is religion, and whatsoever religion is not work may go and dwell among the Brahmins, the Antinomians, Spinning Dervishes, or where it will. Admirable was that maxim of the old monks, '*Laborare est orare*' (Work is worship)." In his article on Auguste Comte, Mr. J. S. Mill says he "uses religion in its modern sense as signifying that which binds the convictions, whether to deity or to duty—deity in the theological sense, or duty in the moral sense. This is the only sense in which a Secularist would employ the term. Religious moralism is a term I might use, since it binds a man to humanity, which religion does not." "Without God," said Mazzini to the Italian working men forty years ago—"without God you may compel, but not persuade. You may become tyrants in your turn; you cannot be educators or apostles." One night, when Mazzini was speaking in this way, in the hearing of Garibaldi, arguing that there was no ground of duty unless based on the idea of God, the General turned round and said: "I am an Atheist. Am I deficient in the sense of duty?" "Ah," replied Mazzini, "you imbibed it with your mother's milk." All around smiled at the quick-witted evasion.

In one sense Mazzini was as Atheistic in mind as orthodox Christians. He disbelieved that truth, duty, or humanity could have any vitality unless derived from belief in God. Devout as few men are, in the Church or out of it, yet Mazzini believed alone in God. Dogmas of the Churches were to him as though they were not; yet there were times when he seemed to admit that other motives than the one which inspired might be operant for good in other minds. In a letter he once addressed to me there occurred this splendid passage:—

"We pursue the same end—progressive improvement, association, transformation of the corrupted medium in which we are now living, the overthrow of all idolatries, shams, lies, and conventionalities. We both want man to be, not the poor, passive, cowardly, phantasmagoric unreality of the actual time, thinking in one way and acting in another; bending to power which he hates and despises; carrying empty popish or Thirty-nine Article formulas on his brow, and none within; but a fragment of the living truth, a real individual being linked to collective humanity—the bold seeker of things to come; the gentle, mild, loving, yet firm, uncompromising, inexorable apostle of all that is just and heroic—the Priest, the Poet, and the Prophet."

Mazzini saw in the conception of God the great "Indicator" of duty, and that the one figure, "the most deeply inspired of God, men have seen on the earth was Jesus." Mazzini's impassioned protest against unbelief was itself a form of unbelief. He believed only in one God; not in three. If Jesus was inspired of God, he was not God, or he would have been self-inspired. But, apart from this repellent heresy, if Theism and Christianity are essential to those who would serve humanity, all propaganda of freedom must be delayed until converts are made to this new faith.

The question will be put, Has independent morality ever been seen in action?

Voltaire, at the peril of his liberty and life, rescued a friendless family from the fire and the wheel the priests had prepared for them. Paine inspired the independence of America, and Lloyd Garrison gave liberty to the slaves whose bondage the clergy defended. The Christianity of three nations produced no three men in their day who did anything comparable to the achievement of these three sceptics, who wrought this splendid good, not only without Christianity, but in opposition to it. Save for Christian obstruction, they had accomplished still greater good without the peril they had to brave.

None of the earlier critics of Secularism, as has been

* I owe the expression of this passage, whose comprehensiveness and felicity of phrase exceed the reach of my pen, to Professor Francis William Newman.

† *British Banner*, Oct. 27, 1852.

* Carlyle, *Past and Present*.

said (and not many in later years), realised that it was addressed, not to Christians, but to those who rejected Christianity, or who were indifferent to it, and were outside it. Christians cannot do anything to inspire *them* with ethical principles, since they do not believe in morality unless based on their supernatural tenets. They have to convert men to Theism, to miracles, prophecy, inspiration of the Scriptures, the Trinity, and other soul-wearying doctrines, before they can inculcate morality they can trust. We do not rush in where they fear to tread. Secularism moves where they do not tread at all.

GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

(To be continued.)

THE SECULARIST'S "GREAT LOSS."

MANY persons who admit that, so far as this life is concerned, the principles of Secularism may be useful, allege that in confining our attention to the things of earth we incur a great loss through not believing in heaven, and in that future life which, it is said, is in store for us "when we have shuffled off this mortal coil." It appears to us that an important fact is here overlooked by those who make such an allegation. As Secularists, we cannot believe in that of which (to us) there is no evidence. We positively refuse to assume a belief for which we can find no evidential justification. Moreover, whatever views we may entertain in reference to "a life beyond the grave" will not affect its reality. If we *are* to "live again," we shall do so; while, if death ends all, believing the contrary will not alter the fact. The Secularist's position is a safe one, inasmuch, if he honestly act up to the light within him, no just God would punish him for holding opinions which had been sincerely arrived at. Where, then, is the Secularist's loss? Is it not rather a gain to devote one's time and energy in the endeavor to make the best, physically, morally, and intellectually, of the life we now have? By so doing we perform our duty here, and, at the same time, take the wisest precautions to secure the advantages of any possible hereafter.

If it be contended that Secularists lose the consolation imparted to some by the belief in heaven, we answer: Those who cannot derive any comfort and solace from the Christian's belief in heaven realise a nobler consolation from other sources. What higher pleasure can be felt than that which is imparted by the knowledge that we are constantly striving to elevate humanity to the highest possible ethical degree? If Secularists have no hope of a heaven in "another world," their desire is to secure the purest happiness on earth. Their sweetest consolation is afforded by the persistent performance of those duties that tend to lessen human misery, develop human freedom, augment human comfort, and assist human progress. And be it remembered that this enduring consolation, which is the outcome of Secular conduct, is not marred by the belief in the fiction of the Christian's hell. For, while Christianity offers its believers what to them is a pleasant future, and stimulating within them hopes delightful to indulge, and supplying their imagination with splendors enchanting to contemplate, it also presents to them gloomy forebodings, associated with a being who is represented as constantly sowing the seeds of discord and unhappiness among society, who has nothing but frowns for the smiles of life, and whose chief business it is to crush and awe the minds of men with fear and apprehension. If Christianity furnishes its devotees with hopes of heaven to buoy them up, it also gives them the dread of hell to cast them down. The one is quite as certain as the other.

Even if the Christian's heaven were a reality, its loss would not be a great misfortune. The child of reason need not be unhappy at the thought of not being permitted to share in those things which, as St. Paul says, "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man." The opponents of Galileo, it is said, refused to look through his telescope to test the accuracy of his description of the visible heavens. We, however, have not such scruples in reference to the Christian's heavenly telescope; we will, therefore, look through it, and try to ascertain what sort of a place, according to their own account in the New Testament, the Christian's heaven actually is. The first impression that was made upon our mind on reading

the description of this heaven as given by St. John in Revelation was that it is a kind of a theological zoo; a menagerie of wild and strange beasts. Some of these marvellous animals are represented as having resemblance to a lion, a calf, a man, and an eagle, possessing six wings each and "eyes before and behind," besides being "full of eyes within." But, stranger still, they are said to be musical beasts, and can sing to some tune, for "they rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty." Then we have what may be called a chorus, in which the beasts are joined by the elders, and by "ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands" of angels. To be compelled to live for ever in such company, and amidst such a howling noise, would not be a very pleasant prospect. The lightning, thunder, and the curious antics of the saints as recorded in the nightmare of St. John may be exciting, but the performance does not evoke within us any desire to be present. Whoever invented this Christian idea of heaven must have had some strange notions of the tastes of cultured society. But perhaps the place was not intended for them, and we doubt if many of the members of the refined and intellectual class will be found there.

For those individuals who like the society of saints, angels, and wild beasts, the Christian's heaven may be all right; and those who have any longing for such a place, let them go there by all means; but we would rather be excused. Then we are told that such persons as Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob are to be there; also, according to their "last dying words," nearly all the murderers, who were deemed too wicked to live on earth, are to form a part of the "heavenly host." Now, such an association may be pleasant enough for those who are "all one in Christ"; but to Secularists the presence of those who have disgraced the very name of man would make eternal life utterly miserable. We have no wish to rob even "the vilest sinner" of his prospect of heavenly bliss; but no decent Freethinker can sing of such a place: "Oh, that will be joyful, when we meet to part no more." The separation of Christians from Freethinkers in this world has been successfully maintained for many ages, and, if St. John's account is trustworthy, we should prefer the separation to continue in the "next world." A heaven, to be desirable, should be a place where suffering is unknown, where the true and the noble of the earth can dwell in peace and harmony, undisturbed by personal pain, or a knowledge of the gloom and sadness of others. To us the Christian's heaven appears destitute of every redeeming feature, and it would be no pain to us to see it occupied by pious saints, with ourselves shut out.

It is amusing to hear preachers and others talk about heaven as if they knew where it is, and what it is; whereas they know nothing of such a place. The late Mr. Austin Holyoake put some important questions upon this subject in a very concise form. He asked: "In what part of the so-called Sacred Writings shall we find a clear and intelligible description of this abode of bliss—this promised land of never-ending pleasures, which is to be the reward of all true believers? It appears to be situated, by common consent, up above—beyond the clouds—beyond immeasurable space—and yet in the clouds. Whether in the torrid or the frigid zone, we are not informed. What its climate will be no man knoweth. Will there be there the severe winter, with its snows and chilling blasts; the genial and budding spring, giving promise of the warm and sunny summer, when all nature, in the plenitude of her wealth and beauty, showers her blessings on mankind; to be followed by the mellow and glowing autumn, when the seasons, resting as it were from the labors of production, smile upon the bounties scattered broadcast over the earth? Men of all climes are to go to heaven who believe in the proper number of orthodox nostrums; but how will the Laplander fare in a climate which is suitable to the Asiatic? How will the Englishman live and be happy where the African can thrive, or the Russian of the wilds of Siberia will be at home? Are all to be dumb there, or are all to speak one language? If all are to have the power of articulation, are those only of one country to talk together, except the happy few who may possess the gift of tongues? If so, it will be but a repetition of the educational inequalities of this world, which the schoolmaster is now making strenuous efforts to rectify. Will all retain the same intellectual power which they possessed when on earth? If so, what gratification will the change bring to the idiots from birth, who are not capable of comprehending anything? They

cannot be *restored* to their senses, seeing that they never possessed any."

We do not forget that it is said that on one occasion Jesus spoke of the kingdom of heaven as being "within you"; but this makes it a *condition* in this life, not a *place* wherein to dwell in some future existence. Besides, it is not in harmony with another statement ascribed to Christ, where he alleges: "In my Father's house are many mansions.....I go to prepare a place for you" (John xiv. 2). Moreover, that the Christian's heaven is not supposed to be a mere condition of the mind is evident from the New Testament. In Luke (xvi. 19-31) we read of "a certain beggar" and of "a certain rich man"; the one was in heaven and the other was in hell, and both were in hearing, seeing, and speaking distance of each other. From heaven the rich man was seen being tormented in hell. St. John also states (Rev. xiv. 10) that a certain person "shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is poured out without mixture into the cup of his indignation; and he shall be tormented with fire and brimstone in the presence of the holy angels, and in the presence of the Lamb." Now, to suppose that such sights as these are desirable to behold is an outrage upon our humanity. Just imagine being shut up in heaven, and looking at others being tortured in the flames of hell. Why, to be excluded from a place where these ghastly sights are possible would be no loss, but a great gain. Better believe that "the dead know nothing" than to indulge the thought of going to such a heaven as is here described.

CHARLES WATTS.

THE CHURCH AND SCIENCE.

DR. ANDREW D. WHITE'S *History of the Warfare of Science with Theology*, in two volumes, ought to be an eye-opener to Christians. It is full of the facts that tell. Dr. White shows that in the era preceding Christianity men had begun the study of nature, and many ideas that are the glory of modern science had taken vague shape among the Greeks. With the advent of the divine religion all this was changed. Learning was regarded as a wile of the Devil. Intense intellectual darkness followed the advent of the Light of the World, and for centuries enwrapped the whole world where Christendom had sway, being only dispersed by contact with Jews, Moslems, and Sceptics.

Instead of continuing the work so well begun by the Greeks, and which the Roman philosophers and poets were pushing to its logical conclusions, the Christian Church decided that in the records left by a semi-barbarous Semitic tribe was to be found a complete and accurate account of the universe from the day on which its creation began. More than this, the Church proclaimed, with all the weight of its authority, that in those records was to be found whatever man could or should learn of astronomy, geology, geography, meteorology, medicine, sanitation, zoology, botany, chemistry, physiology; in short, that in what is now recognised by all who think, orthodox and heterodox alike, to be an almost inseparable compound of borrowed myths and distorted history had been divinely compressed all secular as well as all religious knowledge.

Still further did the Church go; it insisted that a text which had passed through the hands of an indefinite number of scribes, not one of whom possessed even the rudiments of a literary conscience, could not be contradicted by the stars in their courses, by the evidence of men's senses, or by the calm testimony of mountains and seas and rivers. Wherever and whenever the power to do so existed, direct investigation was forbidden, under pain of death in this world and eternal torture in the next; when and where the ecclesiastical power was less, contempt and ostracism replaced the severer immediate penalty, but the solemn threat of future agony still rang bold and high.

Ignorance and arrogance characterised the Christian Church during the whole of its palmy period. The Ages of Faith were the Dark Ages. Wrong upon every subject upon which it professed to guide men, it yet claimed to be the one infallible divine faith.

Dr. White shows that on every point wherein the Church has come in conflict with science, from the time of Galileo to that of Darwin, it has had, eventually, to give way under hated but irresistible compulsion. At first there has always been the fierce denial of an observed fact; then came the period of persecution, justified by a text; finally, the text was declared to be in exact harmony with the fact it had disproved. The progression has been about like this: "Your assertion is not true, because Moses asserts the exact contrary, and if Moses is wrong there is no basis for Christian belief; your assertion may be true in a way, and, if so, that is probably what Moses meant; anybody

could see that your assertion is true, for Moses made it 4,000 years ago, but, as the matter was not one connected with faith and morals, the Church gave it no careful attention, and a few of her followers made for a time an inconsequential mistake in interpretation."

DOCTORS AND PARSONS.

DR. CAMPBELL BLACK, Professor of Physiology in Anderson's College, Glasgow, has an interesting paper in the *Scalpel* on "Medical Ethics or Etiquette," showing much common sense on this topic. Incidentally he discusses the question whether fees should be accepted from clergymen. Dr. Black says: "My distinct opinion is that poverty and suffering never appeal in vain to the worthy disciple of the old man of Cos; but I distinctly fail to see why, because a man is a clergyman, he is entitled to sponge, particularly on a young and poor practitioner of medicine. In my opinion, and I submit it with all humility, especially in the City of Glasgow, the clergyman in receipt of over £1,000 per annum is grossly overpaid; and, as a rule, clergymen are the most pampered members of the community. Every now and again do I notice the presentation of £400 or £500 to some clergyman, especially one with his comfortable £1,000 per annum, to enable him to go and take a four or five months' holiday, after a series of fierce encounters with Beelzebub, or of his having a pecuniary jubilee or semi-jubilee. When did you ever hear of a poor, hard-wrought doctor ever receiving a £5 note from the public, if run down in health? Of course the money is ostensibly given to our friend, the parson, to strengthen the faith (and if anything can do this money will) by a run to the 'Holy Land'—a very dirty place, as I understand from men who have been there, and still refuse to swallow Jonah or his whale, or the Gadarean pigs. Considerations of health often demand, on the part of our ecclesiastical friend, that he should sojourn (that, I believe, is the word in the 'gay city' for a considerable number of days, *en route* to and from Jerusalem; and if you looked into the 'Jardin Mabille,' the 'Moulin Rouge,' or the 'Folies-Bergère,' the chances are you would find the shepherd there, propagating the gospel, in continental fashion, and evincing a familiarity with the locality and a delight in its enjoyment worthy of a Glasgow Bailie!"

IN MEMORIAM.

N. B. BILLANY, OF HULL.

O, FAITHFUL friend, who bore the blast
Of bigots' hatred, and who stood
Unshak'n in thy iron mood,
At Error thy keen darts to cast:

Who brav'd the public scorn, and flung
On mankind's altar thy great heart
To teach the world a nobler part,
And paralyse the critic's tongue:

Who strove the heights of Truth to reach,
Tho' lone the path, and steep and wild;
And learnt from Nature as a child
Takes lessons from its mother's speech:

Who sought not shameful fame to gain,
By whispering mellow-sounding phrase,
To please the general ear and raise
Weak, idle dreams within the brain:

If life there be beyond the tomb
Of recompense for mortal man—
The keystone of some mighty plan
We see but dimly limn'd in gloom—

And if fair act and honest thought,
Devotion to man's service here,
Are worthier than that servile fear
Which holds all kindly deeds as nought;

Then in that life shalt thou be crown'd
With higher rank and larger bliss
Than e'er thou couldst have gain'd in this,
Where cruel censure kept thee down.

E. PERCY SCHOFIELD.

No one but a madman can reject the use of reason. No one who admits its authority in any department of human affairs can deny its absolute supremacy in all as the one guide to truth.—*Sir J. Fitzjames Stephen.*

ACID DROPS.

BELIEVERS in Providence should tell us what they think of the terrible cyclone at St. Louis. It will not do to remind us that God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. Nor will it avail to quote the old text about his loving those he chasteneth, for we never observe that the pious persons who make the quotation are anxious to have his love demonstrated to themselves in that particular fashion. What we want to know is this: How is the cyclone reconcilable with God's infinite wisdom and infinite love?

It is frequently said that suffering is the result of man's folly or wickedness. But the people of St. Louis were quite unable to foresee this sudden calamity, and there is not the slightest ground for supposing that they were morally worse than the people of any other American city, or, indeed, of any other city in the world. Cyclones are no respecters of persons. They crush fools or philosophers, saints or sinners, with perfect impartiality, or rather with perfect indifference.

Hundreds of men, women, and children were killed at St. Louis, and the damage to property is estimated at twenty-five million dollars. It is a very fine stroke of Providence. We should think the people of St. Louis don't want any more Providence for the next twenty years.

St. Louis churches suffered heavily in the cyclone. It will cost half a million dollars at least for repairs and rebuilding. Jehovah has no respect for his own houses when he is on the rampage. He runs amuck like a drunken Malay.

St. Louis is not the only place that has suffered from the recent storms in America. Washington itself was visited. Roofs were torn off houses there, and two churches were demolished. Churches seem to suffer badly when Providence is moving.

"All the carpenters of the city are now engaged night and day in making coffins." Such was Monday morning's news from Moscow. The Czar had been crowned with immense ceremony, in which the rites of religion were very conspicuous, and Providence was supposed to be smiling benignly on his reign. Then came the climax. More than half a million people assembled on the Chodinsky Plain to eat free dinners and scramble for mementoes of the coronation. The result was a dreadful, brutal crush, in which three thousand people, many of them women and children, were trampled to death, so that the place presented a more sickening appearance than a battlefield.

This is a peculiar display of the "Providence" which has (so the Church says) taken the Czar under its keeping. And just fancy the beautiful state of society which the said Church blesses in the name of God, when the Czar commands millions of money for the purposes of luxury and ostentation, while myriads of his subjects will sit up all night, and wrestle with each other in the morning, for the chance of getting a cotton handkerchief containing sausage, gingerbread, cake, and nuts! Athens and Rome—mere Pagan cities—never exhibited such a degrading spectacle.

Lord Kelvin is a very eminent physicist, and it is pleasant to note that the jubilee of his professorship is to be celebrated at Glasgow. Dr. Macleod has taken this opportunity to remind the world that Lord Kelvin is not an infidel—which it is hardly possible for any professor to be in Scotland. "He is neither Agnostic nor Materialist," says Dr. Macleod, but, like Newton and Faraday, has continued "a humble Christian worshipper."

Surely this is a most unfortunate reference. Newton's writings on the subject of Prophecy are generally allowed to exhibit the weaknesses of a great mind, and Faraday deliberately refused to submit his religion to any test of reason.

Dr. Macleod writes about Lord Kelvin's religion in the following fashion: "His studies have led him into the wildest fields of speculative research as to cosmogony and the destiny of the material universe. He has weighed everything, from atoms and molecules to sun, moon, and stars; he has calculated the rate of loss of energy in the sun's heat; he has entered with zest on speculations as to the origin of life on this planet, and has seen in the dash of meteors suggestions as to the conceivable source of those seeds from which evolution has proceeded; he has dealt with geologic time and plutonic forces; but none of these fascinating and awful problems have ever shaken his faith in God."

No doubt this is very interesting, but what is it worth? Weighing everything, from atoms to stars, has little bear-

ing on the question of the existence of God. The greatest physicist, like the greatest chemist, really finds nothing in the universe but matter and force. He may dream of something behind matter and force, but the dream is not a scientific hypothesis. Biology has a far more direct bearing on theology, and it is significant that Darwin advanced from Christianity to Deism, and from Deism to Agnosticism.

"Faith in God" is a phrase which reveals the whole secret of Lord Kelvin's religion. The very word *faith* implies something independent of *reason*. And faith, in the ultimate analysis, is nothing but authority. Dr. Macleod's statement, therefore, really means that Lord Kelvin still clings to the religious beliefs that were instilled into him in his childhood.

A great heresy case has just been settled in Scotland. Our readers will recollect that the Rev. Alexander Robinson, parish minister of Kilmun, is the author of a book entitled *The Savior in the Newer Light*, of which we gave an account some months ago in the *Freethinker*. Mr. Robinson rejects all the miraculous part of the Gospels as out of harmony with a rational and scientific view of the universe, and as ridiculously unsupported by anything like adequate evidence. Jesus Christ himself he regards as man, not as God; as a great moral and religious teacher, not as wonder-worker of superhuman powers. In short, his position is very much that of the advanced Unitarian; and such a position, of course, could hardly be maintained within the pale of the Established Church of Scotland. It was inevitable that Mr. Robinson should be proceeded against for heresy. Being condemned by the local Presbytery, he appealed to the General Assembly. This body discussed his case at a sitting which lasted till two o'clock in the morning. Finally, by a majority of thirty-nine, the Assembly suspended Mr. Robinson for a year; it has also enjoined him to withdraw his book, and to report at the next assembly whether he has repudiated his teaching.

Mr. Robinson's case, twenty years ago, would not have been discussed till two o'clock in the morning. It would have been settled in half an hour. Two hundred and fifty years ago he would have been clapped in prison, tortured, and probably executed. He may thank his stars that he lives in the second half of the nineteenth century.

We are quite unable, however, to sympathise with Mr. Robinson in clinging to a Church whose teachings he repudiates. It would have been more manly and dignified if he had resigned his pastorate, especially as (according to report) he has some private means which would save him from the worst evils of resignation.

Jehovah's worshippers are very apt to imitate his conduct. Some of them are out in South Africa, suppressing what they call "the Matabele revolt"—that is, the rising of the natives against the Christian gentlemen who have kindly come over to take care of their land for them. If the Matabele kill a foreigner, it is murder; if the foreigners kill a hundred Matabele, it is a just punishment. In fact, the Christian intruders go to work as their deity did at St. Louis. Colonel Napier, for instance, reports that he has already burnt 250 kraals, captured 1,300 cattle and 200 sheep and goats, and destroyed enormous quantities of grain. In other words, he has burnt the dwellings of these poor "heathen," so that their wives and children will be without shelter; and destroyed their food supplies, so that their wives and children, as well as themselves, will be reduced to absolute starvation. Such is Christian warfare nineteen hundred years after Jesus Christ!

At the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland one minister had the honesty to move for a lay committee to inquire into the value of Jewish missions, which were said to cost over £4,000 for every Jew converted. Really, said the Rev. Mr. Menzies, the missions were only agencies for giving the Jews cheap education. To speak of them as missions for the conversion of the Jews was to mislead the people. He only found five supporters, the mass of the Assembly knowing that the Jewish racket is a good one to work to raise finances. If they would only convert Rothschild, they might feel easy ever after. We fear that the Church of Scotland fails in rightly directing its mighty power of prayer.

Last winter, at a season when we did not need rain, and in the barren mountains of Kentucky, it rained so hard that the streams washed away houses and drowned women and children before they could escape. This spring, in the Blue Grass region of Kentucky, it has failed to rain scarcely any from the first of April to May 12, when I am writing, and the drought is ruinous.—*Blue Grass Blade*.

War costs \$10,000 a minute, and religion costs \$500 a minute. If some men of brains can get possession of the \$500 a minute that is paid to dead-beat preachers and missionaries,

and put the preachers and missionaries to making their livings by honest labor, and use that \$500 a minute to stop the war expenditure of \$10,000 a minute, it can be stopped, and would be good finance these hard times.—*C. C. Moore.*

Mr. Brander Matthews, an American novelist, says: "I have known volumes of Sunday-school books more pernicious than the French novel, because they told lies. They taught that the boy who goes fishing on Sunday is drowned, while the boy who goes Saturday has a good time."

It turns out that "the veiled Mahatma" who recently wedded Mr. Claude Falls Wright, the secretary of the American Theosophical Society, to Miss Leonard, and who was mysteriously denominated "He-Who-Must-Be-Obeeyed," is a woman. It was, says the *New York Herald* (May 17), Mrs. Kate Tingley, a Spiritist lady who gets her living as a clairvoyant, who kindly consented to enact the Mahatma on this occasion. She assured the wedded couple that their courtship extended back to the year 15,279 B.C. There is nothing like accuracy in such matters. Mrs. Tingley was the guide, philosopher, and friend of the late W. Q. Judge, playing with him the *role* of Blavatsky towards Olcott.

In our last week's "Book Chat" we noticed a little book on *The Child: its Origin and Development*. We took exception to the authoress referring daughters to the Bible. We learn that Mrs. Langlois is a Christian, and that, in consequence of her being brave enough to publish that innocence should be founded on knowledge, and not on ignorance, she is to be refused Holy Communion, and her daughter, aged seven, is likely to be expelled from school as unfit for her associates, because of her mother. So much for Christian charity in Chipping Norton. Mrs. Langlois writes: "Strange to say, those who are most bitter against me confess that they have not read my book." This is not strange, but rather the usual course of things. New ideas are most resented by those too cowardly to investigate them, and who prefer the ease of regulating their lives by usages and prejudices, whose antiquity gives them an air of respectability.

A new candidate for missionary honors in the Dark Continent looms up in the shape of Buddhism. Buddhist missionaries from Ceylon are at work, and the Sikhs and other natives employed in the police are said to be engaged in the work also. Between Mohammedanism and Buddhism Christianity will have a hard struggle, even if aided by gunpowder and rum, for they both advocate abstention from alcohol.—*Secular Thought.*

The *Canada Presbyterian* calls attention to the fact that Talmage's old congregation, numbering at one time three thousand members, has fallen to pieces, and it draws the lesson that to attract a crowd is not the chief business of the minister. Few church managers will agree with this, we imagine, except in such a case as that of Trinity Church, New York, which holds such a vast mass of stolen property that its object is to keep things snug and select. In almost all other cases the man that draws a crowd is still looked upon as the best man in the business. He gets the biggest pay, the highest honor, and the largest stack of slippers and smoking-caps.—*Secular Thought.*

Eliza Ker, of 21 Urswick-road, died while at prayer, and with an open Bible before her. Verdict, "Death from natural causes."

Lecturing at the Royal Institute, Mr. E. A. Wallis Budge, the keeper of the Egyptian and Assyrian antiquities in the British Museum, compared the morality of the ancient Egyptians very favorably with that of any country of the present day. During his paper on "The Moral and Religious Literature of Ancient Egypt," he said that the old Egyptians had but seven books containing moral precepts. One of the most notable of these books contains a man's chief duties. His first was to God, his second to the dead, and his third to his family and neighbors.

Millsom hopes for a happy time in Heaven. As every repentant murderer in England is going there, it will be quite a relief to find one's self in the other place.—*Reynolds's Newspaper.*

William Webb has a fancy for breaking into churches and emptying the collection boxes. He has already been convicted of indulging in this pastime in Wiltshire, Gloucester, and Gravesend, and he is now charged with a similar amusement at Croydon. He says he went into the church to see the flowers. But this is a very timid excuse. Why not say that he went in to pray and see what God would send him?

Rev. David Evans, of St. Mark's, South Shields, has fallen into the hands of the Philistines. Allegations of immorality and intoxication were made against him, and Chancellor

Dibdin has found them proved; in fact, he says they are the clearest, as well as the worst, he has ever heard. Poor David Evans! It is really shameful to expose a man of God in this fashion. Was it not Constantine the Great who said that if he caught a bishop in the act of adultery he would throw his mantle over the holy sinner, rather than bring scandal on the Church?

During a conference of representatives of North Staffordshire School Boards at Stoke, one of the speakers incidentally referred to "priest-ridden Spain," whereupon Father Nunan rose in his wrath and exclaimed—"Withdraw that expression, sir. I refuse to sit quiet unless you withdraw. How dare you say that, sir? I am a priest, and have a right to sit here." Father Nunan has really a wonderful regard for Spain, or he would never lose his temper in this way over its reputation. Perhaps, after all, he is chiefly anxious about the character of his own profession, and feels personally insulted if anything is said against priests in any part of the world. In that case, he is probably fated to suffer a good deal before he leaves the profession.

Dr. Boyd tells a good story in *Longman's*. Two hard-drinking Forfarshire lairds were wont to ride into Dundee for a spree. On the way home one night the drunken slipped off his horse and slipped down a steep bank to the brink of the Tay. His companion, missing him, turned back, and called out, "Faar [where] are ye, B—?" At last a voice came up the steep, "Lord kens faar I am, but it's no hell, for here's watter."

The tender mercies of the wicked are said to be cruel, but the tender mercies of the righteous are not altogether grateful. We read in the *Sunday Companion* of a little girl named Ina Crabtree, who had the evil courage to whisper in McCulloch Church, Portsmouth, Ohio, during divine service. For this crime the beadle gave her in charge to a policeman, and, on being brought before the magistrate, she was sentenced to pay a fine of five dollars and costs, or to go to prison for ten days. Being a poor little orphan, without so much as a cent in her pocket, she was taken to the gaol; and it required a special indignation meeting of the citizens to effect her release.

The *Boston Globe* says two sermons were lately preached on Sunday in New York, one of which was entitled "To Heaven on a Bicycle"; the other in a Presbyterian Church, wherein cheap ice was referred to as "In the summertime a chunk of heaven on the brink of hell." Anything to gain a hearing is the motto of these sensationalists.

The *New World*, the leading Catholic organ of Chicago, says of Ingersoll's pulpit discourse: "Has Ingersoll come to the Church, or has the Church gone to Ingersoll? A glance at the Colonel's address to the members of the Church Militant reveals no surrender on his part. He stands where he has always stood, in bitter hostility to everything religious, a declaimer against God, and a calumniator of those who profess faith in God. His address last Sunday was possibly the ablest presentation of his view of things that he has thus far given to the public." It goes on to declare that the substance was poison, and that the orator is "a shallow sophist, a juggler of words, a vilifier of men, and a preacher of despair." This abuse is, of course, to be expected from a Catholic organ.

On the other hand, the *Cleveland Plain-dealer* says: "The appearance in the pulpit of a Christian church of a man who, for a score of years, has been pouring his invectives upon the Church is indeed a notable event, giving hope for the dawn of that day in which intolerance of honest differences of opinion will be only a memory among intelligent men."

Mr. Holyoake, in a very interesting article which appears in another part of this journal, refers to the monkish proverb, *Laborare est orare*, which is rendered as "labor is worship," though *orare* more strictly means "to pray." Mr. Holyoake thinks the proverb admirable, but is he quite sure that he understands it? The construction of the sentence is such that it can be read forward or backward, and it has been contended that the real meaning of the proverb is exactly the opposite of the previous rendering—not that "work is worship," but that "worship is work." The latter is far more compatible with the spirit of monkery.

If science does not succeed in getting the upper hand over superstition, superstition will extinguish science. Between the two opposing forces the combat is to the death.—*E. Renan.*

Science is the getting of knowledge from experience on the assumption of uniformity in nature, and the use of such knowledge to guide the actions of men.—*W. K. Clifford.*

Mr. Foote's Engagements.

Sunday, June 7, Athenæum Hall, Tottenham Court-road, at 7.30, "Mr. Gladstone's Letter to the Pope."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. CHARLES WATTS'S LECTURING ENGAGEMENTS.—June 7, Manchester; 14, Northampton; 21 and 28, Athenæum Hall, Tottenham Court-road.—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.

H. N.—It is not without merit, but several lines do not scan.

WOOD-GREENER.—Thanks. See paragraph.

W. THWAITES.—The verses are not up to the mark for publication. As you live in a small country town, and are not in an independent position, we advise you to be careful. Think for yourself, and put in a word for Freethought when you can; but do not sacrifice your living. The world's charity, after all these centuries of Christian cant, is a very cold thing to trust to in the hour of an honest man's necessity.

J. MUIR.—If you refer to Mr. Wheeler's article again, you will see that the periodical mentioned is published in Japan.

GOTTHEIL.—Thanks for cutting.

H. D.—It is an old story; quite eighty years old, to our knowledge.

W. BRADBURN.—Pray accept our sympathy in your bereavement. Thanks for cuttings.

E. SMEDLEY.—(1) Evolution is not a cause, but a process. (2) Yes, the Christadelphians deny a general resurrection. They believe in the supernatural immortality of the elect. (3) It will cost you a halfpenny to send the *Freethinker* to America.

ENQUIRER.—You will find a good selection of Socialist books and pamphlets, and also of social literature which is not exactly Socialistic, at the publishing office of the *Clarion*, in Fleet-street. If you cannot call, you can easily write for a catalogue.

W. CARVER.—We do not care to tackle any more of Marie Corelli's books. *The Mighty Atom* was quite enough for one lifetime. We cut up a ridiculous book now and then, but we prefer more profitable reading.

LINCOLN BILLANY.—We had the highest esteem for your father. See our obituary notice in another column. Thanks for the cuttings.

P. SABINE.—Very pleased to hear from you. Go on. Mr. Foote will be happy to pay your Branch an early visit.

P. B. (Manchester).—Thanks for the reference. Will deal with it in our next.

N.S.S. BENEVOLENT FUND.—Miss E. M. Vance acknowledges: Collected at Glasgow Conference (evening meeting), £4 4s.

I. HOOPER.—A paragraph was already in type.

J. M. R.—Always glad to receive your cuttings.

J. JONES.—Thanks for the report, but we don't quite understand it, and criticism is impossible in the dark.

MR. FOOTE'S LECTURE SCHEME.—Samuel Seal, £1 1s. Per R. Forder: J. A. Roberts (New Zealand), 8s. 6d.; J. C. (Greenock), 4s. Per Miss Vance: Edinburgh Branch, 1s. 6d.

G. WARD.—Tuesday afternoon is too late. The list stands over till next week.

A. MONRO.—Have written an obituary notice. Sorry to hear you are unwell.

W. A. TURNER.—Colonel Ingersoll is not bound to answer every Christian who criticises him. He receives hundreds of challenges every year. When a foeman worthy of his steel appears he is always ready for the fray; and, having discussed with Judge Black, Dr. Field, Mr. Gladstone, and Cardinal Manning, he can well afford to laugh at the little free-lances who call him a coward because he will not advertise them. *Ingersoll As He Is*, recently published in America, refutes all the silly slanders you refer to. We began a summary of it in the *Freethinker*, and it will soon be completed, and issued as a pamphlet.

PAPERS RECEIVED.—Freethought Ideal—Lucifer—Open Court—Truth Seeker—Watts's Literary Guide—Positivist Review—Progressive Thinker—Secular Thought—Dominion Review—Post—Isle of Man Times—New York Public Opinion—Glasgow Herald—Vegetarian Messenger—Freedom—Der Arme Teufel—Freidenker—Nya Sanningar—Independent Pulpit—New York Herald—Blue Grass Blade—Freethought Magazine—Daily Mail—Independent Pulpit.

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.

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

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

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

PRESIDENTIAL NOTES.

FOR the eighth time the National Secular Society has done me the honor to elect me as its President. I value the post very highly. It gives me a great opportunity of usefulness. Yet the work and anxiety, to say nothing of gratuitous worries, are sometimes so oppressive that I have to carry my mind back to the morning when Charles Bradlaugh handed me the President's hammer in order to sustain my devotion. Further, it is perfectly clear to me that I should be in a better financial position if I attended exclusively to my own business; and this is an important consideration as one advances in life, with the cares of a family growing heavier on one's shoulders.

The Conference endorsed my plan of a registered Association for at least partially defeating the Blasphemy Laws as they affect the right of Secular Societies to hold property. There are many reasons why no time should be lost in pushing forward this project. I am having the Articles of Association prepared. Of course they will be fully discussed before registration. A few friends are waiting for the honor of being the first members. Mr. Hartmann was the first to make me a handsome offer of support if the scheme is carried into effect.

The Conference decisively rejected the proposal that I should be asked to hand over my Lecture Scheme to the National Secular Society—that is, to a more or less well-selected committee in London. Personally, I should be delighted if this were possible. I do not desire unnecessary work and trouble. But at present it is *not* possible. Nothing but vigorous personal control will achieve any real success in this new direction. Later on, when the scheme is thoroughly worked out, better understood, and regularly supported, it will fall into the general body of the Society's work. Until then, with the vote of the Conference behind me, I shall press onward as I can, heedless of a very small minority who are original in nothing but criticism. I cannot please everyone, and I do not mean to try. The great thing is to get on with the work. It is the work that tells in the long run.

The Lecture Scheme cannot be continuously worked without money, and I appeal to the party for adequate support. My resources are exhausted, and I am responsible for engagements, which I shall honor out of my own poor earnings if necessary. Some men in our party have fairly flourishing bank accounts, and should send cheques for preaching the Gospel of Freethought to the heathen. The less well-to-do, also, might easily spare something for this great object.

One matter was raised at the Conference on which I can only speak with much reserve. The proposal to compensate the President for loss of time and money in attending to the Society's affairs was first made rather against my wishes, but since it has been adopted I venture to remark that it cannot be pleasant to me to see a committee *begging* for this purpose. The proposal, I take it, is meant as an act of justice, not as an act of charity.

I may say, in conclusion, that Miss Vance is looking about for a suitable central office for the National Secular Society. When it is secured we shall be far better able to transact business, besides dealing more effectively with the great mass of my correspondence. G. W. FOOTE.

SUGAR PLUMS.

SUNDAY'S weather was glorious. It was a well-nigh irresistible invitation to the open-air, especially in the evening, when the heat abated and a delicious coolness spread over the sunburnt metropolis. Nevertheless, a capital audience assembled at the Athenæum Hall, in Tottenham Court-road, where Mr. Foote lectured on the new Education Bill, with special reference to the quarrel between the Nonconformists and the Irish Nationalists. Mr. Watts, who occupied the chair, made a brief introductory speech on the Glasgow Conference, the President's Lecture Scheme, and the immediate future of our work in London. Mr. Foote's lecture was highly relished and very warmly applauded.

London Freethinkers not familiar with the locality are reminded that the Athenæum Hall is No. 75 Tottenham Court-road, on the west side—that is, the left going from Oxford-street—nearly opposite Store-street. The hall is comfortably seated and well-ventilated.

Mr. Foote lectures again at the Athenæum Hall this evening (June 7), his subject being "Mr. Gladstone's Letter to the Pope."

Mr. Charles Watts lectures three times to-day, Sunday, June 7, in the Secular Hall, Manchester. The morning subject, "Dangers Ahead," is an important one, and should draw a good audience. On the following Sunday, June 14, Mr. Watts visits Northampton after many years' absence.

Mr. Charles Watts has reprinted in pamphlet form the articles which he recently contributed to the *Freethinker* on "The Death of Christ." It is an excellent propagandist pamphlet, and deserves a wide circulation. Mr. Watts's connection with this journal has evidently done him no harm. He writes with more force and point now than he did when he was ten years younger—which, in another sense, is a great tribute to his vitality.

Twelve months ago Mr. Watts held a four-nights' debate at Glasgow on "Secularism and Christianity," his opponent being Dr. Alexander Jamieson. This debate is now published at one shilling, and can (we presume) be obtained from Mr. Forder. Mr. Watts tried to debate the subject, and his speeches are the only valuable part of the publication. Dr. Jamieson cuts a very ridiculous figure. His speeches reek with personality. He thinks it a sufficient answer to an argument to quote something which one Freethinker has at some moment in his life been provoked into saying about another Freethinker; just as if the controversies of Christians did not display a thousand times as much ill temper and regrettable language. Dr. Jamieson's speeches bristle with quotations from "Saladin." It reminds one of the Crusades, only it is not so interesting and chivalrous. On the whole, it may be well for Secularists to read this Scotch doctor's speeches. They contain the worst that Christian malignity, coming to the assistance of dialectical incompetence, can say against the Secular movement; and, after reading them, a Secularist will be inoculated for ever against the attacks of pious vituperation. Dr. Jamieson's attacks on Mr. Foote in this debate will shortly be dealt with in our columns. They are almost incredibly stupid, as well as almost incredibly malicious.

The *American Wheelman* says: "Robert G. Ingersoll, the talented Agnostic, is one of the latest converts to wheeling. His conversion to this has been easy, while his conversion to Christianity has been laborious and fruitless. However, the stately lecturer, now that he has a racer, can prepare for scorching."

The *Sydney Bulletin*, an influential journal published at the antipodes, has become very pronounced in its references to Christianity. This is what it recently said about the Bible and religious education: "The State is a union of citizens of all creeds to secure good government on earth; it has no business to tax un-Christian citizens in order to teach the children of Christian citizens how affairs are managed in heaven. And, if the truth must be told, the Bible is behind the morality of the age; it was full time the Chicago churches bowdlerised it. Every decent church or family has bowdlerised it long ago. All the purity of its selected maxims cannot nullify the force of the sanction which it gives to depraved conduct. In its totality, as a moral work, the Bible is not fit to be read to children."

Mr. William Heaford last Sunday gave a successful start to the open-air propaganda of the newly-formed Branch at Northampton. Two orderly and attentive meetings, of between four and five hundred persons, took place in the morning and evening at the Cow Meadow. Some mild opposition was offered at the morning meeting, but the evening gathering passed away without the desired discussion. The Branch is highly satisfied with the result of its first operations, and intends to go forward encouraged to its work.

Mr. A. B. Moss had two first-rate out-door meetings on Sunday, one at Wood Green, the other at Edmonton, where he drew away nearly all the people from the Christian Evidence lecturer. The crowd was very good-humored.

The Battersea Branch is now being reorganised. Mr. Cohen lectures at Battersea Park Gates on Thursday evenings, June 4 and 11, at 7.30, under Mr. Foote's Lecture Scheme. A meeting of members will be held at Mr. J. Martin's, 17 Pearson-street, Clapham Junction, on Wednesday, June 10, at 8.30. Miss Vance will be present, and all members are earnestly requested to attend.

The Annual Excursion of the West London Branch will take place on Sunday, June 28, to Taplow, by the Great Western Railway. Taplow is one of the most popular of the up-river resorts, being in close proximity to Maidenhead, whence cheap trips may be taken to Marlow, Henley, etc. The train leaves Paddington at 9.45, and special

accommodation will be reserved for those who purchase tickets issued by the Branch. The fare is 2s. 9d. for adults, and half that amount for children. Tickets and full information may be obtained of the secretary, F. Todd, 21 Abdale-road, W.

Mr. P. Sabine is the new secretary of the Camberwell Branch, in place of Mr. R. S. Hose, who has resigned the office. Mr. Sabine is determined to put new life into the Branch. He is making arrangements for a course of Sunday afternoon lectures on Peckham Rye, beginning on June 14, when Mr. C. James will speak from the Branch platform. The meetings may, of course, be a trifle disorderly at first; but that is a reason why the local Freethinkers should rally around the lecturer. A little tact and courage, of course, will put everything right in the end.

The Hull Trades and Labour Council have passed a vote of condolence to the widow and relatives of "their deceased brother-in-arms, N. B. Billany." The vote was proposed by Councillor Millington, and seconded by Mr. F. Maddison, both of whom spoke of the deceased in the highest terms of praise. The *Eastern Morning News* publishes a biography and two editorial paragraphs, couched in language of warm laudation. The *Hull News* gives an account of the funeral, with a long list of the leading citizens who attended. The *Hull Times*, like the other journals, does not try to conceal his Atheism. It records that shortly before his death he said to his son: "If the sentence has gone forth, Lionel, don't be alarmed; I am ready for it."

Humanity, in a review of *Vivisection and Freethought*, by Mr. E. H. B. Stephenson, says that it "is a well-written pamphlet showing that vivisection has no claim on the sympathy of Freethinkers. It should be studied by those who have shared the entirely mistaken and mischievous opinion expressed by Ouida in *The New Priesthood*, that 'the vast and ever-increasing body of persons who are opposed to any form of religion has unhappily conceived that in encouraging vivisection it encourages Freethought.'"

We have just received a brief letter from our old friend, Mr. Joseph Symes, who, as most of our readers are aware, is gallantly upholding the Freethought flag at Melbourne. Mr. Symes informs us that his intimate friends, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bear, are on their way to England, and says that any courtesy shown to them will be taken as shown to himself. Of himself Mr. Symes writes: "I am well in health, but poor as a church mouse, wondering every day how the ceaseless struggle may end, but not without hope of pulling through. Wife and I work hard, live frugally, and do our best to keep the flag flying, though I have seen the staff bend and heard it crack, too, in the sweeping hurricanes that have assailed us. Greeting to you all, and increasing success in our greatest of all movements. Though we workers and fighters go under, as we must, the great change must still go forward, and man become a self-reliant being, instead of the crouching slave of God and priest. I see no prospect of visiting you yet, and to invite you here would be to ask you to what is practically a penniless land."

Mrs. Louisa Samson, who has just resigned the editorship of the *Spinning Wheel*, has conducted that paper since its commencement, between three and four years ago. It may not be generally known that Mrs. Samson is an artist of considerable ability, and that the black and white sketches signed "L. S.," which are so familiar to the readers of many London papers, are from her pen.

Professor Albert Réville, of the Collège de France, writes in *The New World* on "The Miracles of Jesus," which he attributes to mistakes of tradition and enthusiasm. He says: "If anything denotes the change in the human mind which has taken place during a century and a half, it is assuredly the point of view from which miracles have come to be regarded by the immense majority of men who know and reflect. Their scepticism, not to say their incredulity, in this respect has spread among the masses."

The *Behar Times of India* (April 17) says: "*The Shadow of the Sword*, by G. W. Foote (William Reeves, 185, Fleet-street, London, E.C.), is one of the Humanitarian League's publications. It is an essay which ably deals with the subject of war from a rational and humane and practical standpoint."

The *Freethought Magazine* for May gives its readers a portrait of Miss Nettie A. Olds, a young lady who upholds the banner of Secularism in Oregon. She is superintendent of the Portland Secular Sunday-schools, and lecturer at the Secular Church. There is also a portrait of Dr. Charles J. Lewis, M.A., who contributes an article entitled "Mind: A Brain Product," and another portrait of Mr. Philip G. Peabody, a Boston Freethinker and well-known anti-vivisectionist. Mr. G. J. Holyoake writes on "A Real Relic of Paine," and there is a paper on Elizabeth Cady

Stanton, the Woman's Bible, and the resolution passed at the Women's Annual Convention.

Mrs. Cady Stanton is now a very old woman, but she replies with some verve to her many critics with regard to the Woman's Bible. She says in conclusion: "The Woman's Bible comes to the ordinary reader like a real benediction. It tells her the good Lord did not write the book; that the garden scene is a fable; that she is in no way responsible for the laws of the universe. The Christian scholars and scientists will not tell her this, for they see she is the key to the situation. Take the snake, the fruit tree, and the woman from the tableau, and we have no fall, no frowning Judge, no Inferno, no everlasting punishment—hence no need of a Savior. Thus the bottom falls out of the whole Christian theology. Here is the reason why, in all the Biblical researches and higher criticisms, the scholars never touch the position of woman." The truth of this will be generally recognised some day, and meantime we congratulate Mrs. Stanton and her co-workers on their efforts to disenthral their sex.

Professor Max Müller recently delivered a very interesting address on Coincidences before the Royal Society of Literature. The Lord Chancellor presided, and some of the things that were said must have been distasteful to his bigoted orthodoxy. The learned Orientalist pointed out a great number of similarities between Christianity and Buddhism. "One of the most striking coincidences," he said, "was that of the miracle of walking on the water, which was common to Buddhism and Christianity, and was, of course, far anterior in the former to the Christian story. Such coincidences as this appeared to indicate an historical connection. It was important that they should both be collected, and their historical and philosophical import be carefully traced. The Buddhist canon was certainly in existence before Christianity, and the exact nature of the relation between the two religions remained for scholars to determine."

This must be gall and wormwood to certain Christian Evidence people who are always boasting (often ignorantly enough) of the originality of their religion.

Naturally the Lord Chancellor could not let it pass without comment. In moving a vote of thanks to Professor Max Müller, he said that "the evidence of early Christian antiquity was much more cogent with him than that producible from the Oriental records with which the Professor was so familiar." Of course! But what is the value of his lordship's opinion on the subject? Professor Max Müller must have smiled at the noble chairman's announcement.

The *Literary Guide* (Watts & Co.) for June is an interesting number. It is announced that this publication is to be enlarged next month to sixteen pages, the price being increased to twopence. Journals advocating ideas cannot be issued without loss at a penny, as they suffer from the lack of paying advertisements. The increase in price ought not to interfere with the circulation of so useful an organ as the *Literary Guide*.

The latest (21) number of the Humanitarian League's publications is a pamphlet by Joseph Collinson on *What it Costs to be Vaccinated*. It is admirably written, and we recommend it to all who are interested in the subject—and everyone should be while there is a Compulsory Vaccination law. A parent who will let a medical man put a lot of dirty stuff into his child's blood, without being assured of its absolute necessity, is negligent of his first duty as a parent, which is to look after the health of his children. Mr. Collinson gives strong reasons, backed up by statistics and medical admissions, for believing that vaccination, while it is not preventive of small-pox, is a frightful means of spreading loathsome diseases. It will not do for medical men to pooh-pooh this pamphlet; they must answer it.

A Conference on the Government Education Bill was convened by the London Trades Council at the Club Union Hall, Clerkenwell-road, on Friday evening, May 29. Messrs. Foote, Watts, and Moss attended to represent the National Secular Society. Unfortunately there was a very scanty attendance of delegates from other bodies. This was attributed to the holidays and the inadequate notice. At any rate, the Conference was adjourned for a fortnight, by which time it is to be hoped that the working classes of London will be more alive to the importance of this Education Bill in relation to their own children.

Mr. Foote sent in a motion on behalf of the N.S.S., which was placed on the agenda. It is a direct pronouncement in favor of Secular Education as the only real solution of the problem. Freethinkers in London, who are connected with social or political organisations, should press such organisations to be represented at the adjourned meeting, and

endeavor to get the delegates instructed to support Mr. Foote's resolution.

Chicago is becoming a great literary centre, and in removing there, from Topeka, Kansas, *Lucifer* should widen the sphere of its influence. Its address is now 1,394 West Congress-street, Chicago.

The *Positivist Review* for June contains a paper on Charles Bradlaugh, by S. H. Swinny. The paper is written in a judicial tone, and Mr. Swinny is doubtless anxious to be fair; but we cannot say he impresses us as having any special qualifications for dealing with his subject. Like so many of our Positivist friends, he affects a tone of *de haut en bas*, which is by no means appropriate.

TWO KINDS OF MORALS.

SOME weeks ago the Rev. Dr. Morgan, a fashionable preacher of New York, delivered a sermon which he did not compose, but stole. The Rev. Dr. Lee wrote to the newspapers and exposed the thief. Thereupon a number of clergymen also wrote to the newspapers, vigorously denouncing—whom? Not the thief, but Dr. Lee, who had been so little regardful of the interests of the Church of God as to bring one of its ministers into public contempt. The *New York Sun* has been moved by this peculiar manifestation of holy wrath to inquire editorially whether clergymen are morally accountable. The answer is simple. Clergymen are morally accountable. But the morals of the Churches differ greatly from the morals which obtain outside of them. Conduct which in a worldling would be considered infamous is held to be venial in a clergyman. On the other hand, the worldling may do things without reproach from his fellows that would instantly cost a clergyman his pulpit. The Rev. Mr. Goodwin, pastor of a San Francisco Methodist Church, has recently given a striking illustration of the divergence of Church morals from ordinary morals. The Rev. Dr. Brown, Congregationalist, was, under newspaper pressure, reluctantly removed from his pulpit for adultery, perjury, subornation of perjury, bribery of witnesses, the intimidation of women, and the harboring under the same roof with his wife of a woman notoriously unchaste, who confessed to being in love with himself. Mr. Goodwin was so incensed at the punishment inflicted upon Dr. Brown that he at once did him the honor to invite him to occupy the Goodwin pulpit for a Sabbath. On Sunday last, however, Mr. Goodwin proved that he has a high regard for the sort of morals patronised by the Churches. He denounced all forms of gambling, including cards in the house, and even raffles at Church festivals. He also sternly condemned theatre-going, and is doubtless wide-awake to the unspeakable wickedness of Sabbath-breaking, profane swearing, and dancing.

The Congregational clergy of Iowa have, like Mr. Goodwin, been shocked by the action of the Congregational clergy of California in expelling Dr. Brown from the ministry. They have taken the persecuted brother into their own fold, and he will doubtless find a pulpit in Iowa. It is intimated, too, that the attention of the Congregational clergy of the whole of the United States will be called to the case of the ill-used ex-pastor of the First Congregational Church.

Two months ago the Rev. Colburn, pastor of the Grace M. E. Church, San Francisco, was arrested in Golden Gate Park for a crime too horrible to be specified. The Park Commissioners thought it better to refrain from prosecuting him than to inflict upon the public the loathsome scandal that a trial would mean. The Rev. Colburn has sought no vindication in court, and has made no complaint against the policeman who took him to jail in the patrol wagon. He continues to preach, and his congregation is satisfied.

Now, had either Dr. Brown or the Rev. Colburn been convicted of playing a game of billiards, or of attending a Sunday picnic, or of uttering the word "damn" in a moment of irritation, he would have been unfrocked with the hearty approval of the clergy and laity of his sect everywhere. There would have been no sympathetic invitation to preach from Brother Goodwin's pulpit, no resolutions of condolence and confidence from the Iowa brethren, no ladies to sigh out their unimpaired trust in beloved Pastor Colburn, and to lay flowers at his dear feet.

The attention of the secular press of the American continent is being attracted to the queer standard of morals to which the Churches hold the clergy accountable. And it is timely to say that, unless the Churches shall rediscover the Ten Commandments, men and women who desire to be of clean repute will sedulously avoid the sanctuary.—*San Francisco News Letter*, May 9, 1896.

The whole of the prevalent metaphysics of the present century is one tissue of suborned evidence in favor of religion.—*J. S. Mill*.

A LIGHT ON THE OBFUSCATION OF MR. AND MRS. CHAMWELL.

"God bless me," ejaculated Mr. Chamwell to his wife, as he returned to their breakfast-table, from which he had been called on the arrival of a messenger to say that "Mr. Frankman was dying, and would be glad to see Mr. Chamwell as soon as convenient."

"God bless me, you don't say so," responded Mrs. Chamwell, when she heard the purport of the message.

"Yes," murmured Mr. Chamwell, with lengthened visage, "this is what it always comes to at last."

"Yes, at last," assented his wife lugubriously, adding, after a solemn silence, the inquiry, "How long has he been an Atheist? I think I remember hearing that he was brought up in the Lord's fold. How came he to stray from the good shepherd and become a lost sheep?"

"I don't know precisely how long," answered Mr. Chamwell; "but I believe that ever since he was a boy he has been sceptical. I once suggested to him that his youthful mind had been corrupted by the obscene writings of that horrible Atheist, Tom Paine, whereupon he cut me short by inquiring whether I alluded to the reverent Deist, Thomas Paine, and, if so, whether I could point to a single instance of anything remotely resembling obscenity in his writings. I changed the subject, because, of course, I have never read anything the wretch wrote; in fact, I have never even taken the trouble to look up his full name and history in the *Newgate Calendar*. Let me see," pursued Mr. Chamwell, tapping his forehead to awaken his dormant memory, "Tom Paine, Tom Paine—I forget now whether my father saw him hanged outside Horsemonger Gaol, or whether the criminal escaped to France, living there on his plunder of church missionary boxes, until he joined some smugglers and went to America, where he died mortal drunk and calling upon Christ to save his soul."

With her hands before her face, Mrs. Chamwell shut out the dreadful picture, and then she proceeded to call up some reminiscences of her own, including the case of a boy who played truant from Sunday-school to go fishing and got drowned. Worse still was the case of a youth who ran away from home, joined a gang of coiners, got sentenced to a long term of imprisonment; afterwards lived on the proceeds of a woman's shame; burglariously robbed his poor old parents; broke his mother's heart; committed an outrage on her grave; and deliberately assaulted his blind and crippled father, with fatal effect. And this scoundrel was a Freethinker! At least, if he was not exactly a professed Freethinker, he was just as bad. Anyway, he was extremely negligent about saying his prayers and attending divine worship. Which surely proves convincingly that— But there, there; why labor the point? The circumstances plainly indicate that he was a good-for-nothing Freethinker.

Mr. and Mrs. Chamwell rose from their breakfast-table, and with great gravity made preparations for carrying Christian counsel to the Atheist's death-bed.

They were a good-natured, well-meaning old couple, were the Chamwells; but, unfortunately, if their hearts were soft, their heads were not less so; and their childish credulity sucked up Sunday-school sensationalism with ravenous avidity. During the five years that had elapsed since their retirement from the retail provision trade they had busied themselves with the parochial affairs of the village of I—, and had potted between the church and the vicarage, with occasional dashes of frivolity at a magic-lantern show or a fancy-dress bazaar (on behalf of church funds), feeding their minds meanwhile on such literary pabulum as the *Church Magazine* and the *Meeting-house Messenger*. In short, the old couple were guided through life by the lights of their forefathers; and, while they never did any conscious harm, they wasted a deal of innocent effort upon spurious "good." Now and again their own native good-heartedness would assert itself, undiluted and unencumbered by conventional piety. Thus it was that they had always maintained a friendly demeanor towards the Atheist, Ernest Frankman, whom their fellow worshippers, for the most part, regarded as a "child of the Devil," outside the pale of sympathy, and beyond the borders of their toleration.

Not that Mr. and Mrs. Chamwell understood Ernest Frankman one whit better than their co-religionists—not by any means; but religious bigotry had not quite dried up the fountains of their better natures, and they yearned unaffectedly towards their "erring brother," and longed to lead him into the arid jungle which they mistook for the path of light and sweetness.

Mr. Frankman, his wife, and daughter lived quietly at their little draper's shop in the village. Their trade was not so prosperous as it might have been if they had not repeatedly added contumacy to impiety, by refusing to pay Church rates. Still, their little income was sufficient for their frugal wants, for even the most Christian of the cottagers dealt at Frankman's when they wanted to be quite certain of getting value for their money.

Mr. Frankman's inherited consumption had now brought

him to the point of death, and speculation was rife in some quarters as to whether the Atheist's customary tranquility would at this juncture give place to terror-stricken frenzy.

When the Chamwells received the momentous message from the dying man, they made no manner of doubt that their worst forebodings were being realised. Mr. Chamwell tried hard to preserve an outward composure as of a man who should say: "I told them so, but they wouldn't believe me, and now they are suffering the consequences of their unbelief. However, poor things, I will help them if I can." He placed a packet of tracts in his pocket, and meditated over an impromptu prayer; while his wife, whose feverish excitement was unconcealed, searched hurriedly in a cupboard for that fascinating volume, *Exhortations to the Dying*, by the Rev. Ebenezer Snuffles. Mrs. Chamwell had no difficulty in persuading her husband to drink a nip of brandy, and then he started up the road to Frankman's house; but had hardly gone ten yards on his way when his wife ran after him with a box of jujubes, and suggested that they might be useful to mitigate the sufferer's gnashing of his teeth. "They are very wholesome," said she, "and they may save the poor man from chewing the counterpane."

Unmistakable nervousness assailed Mr. Chamwell as he neared Frankman's house, and he fell to straining his ear to catch the supposed shrieks of the stricken "infidel." No shriek pierced the morning air, but Mr. Chamwell gave fearsome glances at the house in the half expectation that he would descry a demoniac head, wearing a pair of horns and a sardonic grin, emerging from the bedroom chimney. Closer still he fancied he saw a flash of blue flame issue from a window, and simultaneously he could have sworn that he caught a glimpse of a barbed tail and a cloven hoof disappearing round the water-butt.

By this time Mr. Chamwell's nerves were in such a state that he began to wish he had brought somebody with him, and he was just pausing, undecided whether to go back, when he was recognised from the parlor window by Mr. Frankman's son, who had been telegraphed for from London. The young fellow came out, and, with a polite bow, requested the visitor to walk inside. "His cough is slightly easier, and he will be glad to see you now," was the answer given to Mr. Chamwell's stammered inquiry.

The quietude of the house and the repose of the young man's manner, despite the traces of sorrow on his face, somewhat reassured the visitor, whose knees began to grow firmer as he followed his guide upstairs.

With a slight tap on the door of the sick room, the son entered, and said: "Here, father, is Mr. Chamwell to see you."

"Show him to this chair," feebly replied the invalid, indicating a chair at the head of his bed.

As Mr. Chamwell stood face to face with the dying Atheist, it would have been difficult to decide which was the paler.

Mr. Chamwell enclosed for a moment in his fat palm the bloodless hand of the invalid, said "Good morning, my dear friend," in a husky undertone, and then moved round to the chair allotted him, bowing mechanically to Mrs. Frankman and her daughter, who stood near the window.

The partial recovery from collapse of the visitor's nerves had been coincident with the total derangement of his mental faculties, which, indeed, had lapsed into numb bewilderment. His recent anticipations had collided so suddenly with his immediate experiences—had met, as it were, in such a dynamic concussion—that the result was temporary suppression of his intellectual potentiality. For once in his life Mr. Chamwell was dumb. His tongue was deserted by all the good old stock phrases about the "peace of God which passeth," etc., and "who so loved the world that he gave his only begotten," and so forth and so on.

"Had you any idea why I invited you here now?" asked the invalid.

Now, Mr. Chamwell had left home in the sure and certain faith that he had been sent for to pray with a miserable sinner; but events had knocked up against that pious program with rude and damaging irreverence, and Mr. Chamwell fumbled the tracts over in his pocket without venturing to take them out.

Receiving no answer, and noticing, perhaps, his visitor's awkward hesitancy, the sick man went on: "I sent for you because you had more than once endeavored to assure me of the dreadful experiences that were to be mine when, in the inevitable process of nature, my life should draw to its close; and it seemed to me only right and in the interests of truth that you should at least have an opportunity of being present here to-day."

The speaker's words were articulated with difficulty, and the effort somewhat exhausted him, so that there was now another awkward pause, during which Mr. Chamwell's mind resuscitated sufficiently to render him conscious that it was his duty to say something. He began in a halting, sheepish way: "Do—I—understand that—you are—glad—to—die?"

The invalid's eyes opened wide and gazed wonderingly at the visitor. Then, in a tone of pained reproach, the former said: "Are you serious? Glad to die! Glad to leave my wife and children to tread the hard road of life without me,

and without the support, the help, the sympathy, which it has been my great happiness to render for so many years. Glad! when I think of the sorrow-laden eyes, the throbbing hearts, the heaving bosoms of my nearest and dearest, can you imagine me glad?"

Mr. Chamwell looked contrite, and tried, with only partial success, to apologise. He had not meant what he said. He was full of grief and sympathy. He realised and entered into the feelings of the family, and he wished only that he might be permitted to render any help or solace to anyone concerned.

Mrs. Frankman went to her husband's side and asked him not to tire himself. She laid a small, cold compress on his forehead, and he looked longingly and gratefully in her face and said, "Bless you."

The son and daughter had left the room when their father commenced to speak to Mr. Chamwell. They now returned, each bringing a little nosegay, which they laid on the coverlet with gentle words and loving smiles. Again the patient's eyes were raised—a look of intense yearning shone in them, and then the pale lips whispered, "My darlings!" while a tear stole down his cheek.

The situation was too much for Mr. Chamwell, who rose diffidently and still rather dazed, and uncertain about the propriety of producing the tracts and the exhortations.

The invalid turned to him with a smile and said: "There, there, Mr. Chamwell, I ought to apologise for troubling you to come here; but I am very glad to see you, and really grateful to you for coming. I may never see you again. Good bye, good bye."

In a few moments Mr. Chamwell found himself stumbling back down the hill towards his own home, and vaguely wondering whether this was all a perverse and horrid dream.

Mrs. Chamwell, with perturbed countenance, met him on the doorstep. "Is he gone? Is he saved? Has he prayed?" were the first questions which the warm-hearted, well-meaning little woman addressed to her lord, who sank into a chair and exclaimed for the second time that day, "God bless me!" And then, observing that his wife was becoming dangerously agitated with curiosity, he hastened to relate to her, point by point and word for word, the result of his mission. At the same time he rather ruefully deposited on the table the disregarded tracts and the supererogatory "exhortations."

"Well, I never did," ejaculated Mrs. Chamwell.

"No more did I," answered her spouse.

And there they sat and gazed at each other, and shook their heads and shaded their eyes and smoothed their brows, and tried to accustom themselves to the radiance of this new Great Light that had burst upon them with its unsuspected brilliance.

And this Great Light that so overpowered these worthy creatures, living in habitual obscurity, was, after all, only the farthing rushlight of elementary common sense, which alone is needful to render luminous the simple fact that the honest convictions of a man's life in health are all-sufficient to sustain him when he surrenders himself back into the arms of the great mother, Nature, whose gift his individuality was and is.

A few days later Mr. and Mrs. Chamwell joined the little procession assembled to perform the last offices for Ernest Frankman; and it may safely be said that what they saw and heard on that occasion assisted still further to throw light on their obfuscation. C. D.

Obituary.

We have to record the death of Mr. N. B. Billany, of Hull, one of the vice-presidents of the National Secular Society. For some time he had been seriously ill, and death was perhaps a merciful release from much suffering. We may say of him, in the words of Shakespeare, *This was a man*. His sturdy, indomitable spirit was an inspiration to all around him. He loved to fight forlorn hopes, and to champion unpopular causes. Truth and right were to him the most sovereign realities, and he gave them his undivided allegiance. Persecuted and misunderstood at first, he lived down the bigotry of his fellow citizens, and his high courage and personal integrity at length commanded universal respect. The Freethinkers and the working classes of Hull have lost a staunch friend, and the world has lost the presence of a most heroic figure.—G. W. F.

If there is one lesson which history forces upon us in every page, it is this: Keep your children away from the priest, or he will make them the enemies of mankind.—*W. K. Clifford*.

Each person has two educations—one which he receives from others, and one, more important, which he gives himself.—*E. Gibbon*.

BOOK CHAT.

It appears from a notice of *The Great Rift Valley*, in the *Daily News*, that the author, Dr. Gregory, holds that, as Archbishop Magee remarked, the world could not last a day if it tried to regulate itself in accordance with the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount; so no missionary could live an hour among such savages as the Massai, for example, if, when struck, he turned the other cheek. He must give tit for tat. For which reason the Methodist mission house at Golbanti is a nice little Christian arsenal, with a stand of arms ever ready.

* * *

Frost and snow were miracles to Dr. Gregory's Zanzibari companions. "They came to tell me that the water they had left in their cooking-pots was all bewitched. They said it was white, and would not shake; the adventurous Fundi had even hit with a stick, which would not go in. They begged me to look at it, and I told them to bring it to me. They declined, however, to touch it, and implored me to go to it." When melted, they joyfully exclaimed that the demon was expelled.

* * *

Miss Harriet Martineau's translation and condensation of the great work of Comte, originally published in 1853, is now re-issued by G. Bell & Sons in three volumes, with an Introduction by Frederic Harrison. It should help to make a new generation better acquainted with the thoughts of a profound philosopher, whose influence is by no means yet exhausted.

* * *

Messrs. Chapman & Hall have published a volume entitled *The Veil Lifted: A New Light on the World's History*. The scope of the work appears from the announcement to be very similar to that of *The Philistines and Hebrews*, by H. M. Kennard. It is contended that the principal Bible characters were great king-gods, some of them to be identified with the Egyptian Pharaohs. The most peculiar view is, that the claim to universal dominion, made on behalf of the Christ, was originally set up for Phraataces, the offspring of Cleopatra. The prospectus is enough to take one's breath away, but we reserve our judgment until we see the volume.

* * *

The Irreligion de l'Avenir, by the late M. Guyau, to which we have before called attention, has been translated, and is published under the milder title of *Agnosticism of the Future*, by Messrs. Heinemann & Co.

PROFANE JOKES.

"Reeling again, Janet!" "Well, ye see, minister, ane canna be aye spinnin'." "An' do you know where you are going?" "Brawly; I aye gang where I get it best and cheapest." "I fear, Janet, if you don't mend your ways, you will go where there is nothing but wailing and gnashing of teeth." "Let them gnash awa' that hae them, for feint a stump hae I had for the last twenty year."

"I see," said the earnest boarder, "that they are again petitioning Congress to recognise the deity in the Constitution." "But," asked the Cheerful Idiot, "won't that involve the recognition of—er—the adversary as a belligerent?"

The X-rays, so says the *Boston Traveller*, have destroyed one valuable theological argument employed in the illustration of the quality of "faith." "Have you a brain?" asks the theologian. "Yes." "How do you know; have you ever seen it?" That used to be a poser, but now the interrogated one can refer the whole matter to cathode investigations.

"You ought to have gone to church this morning, Billiger," said Mrs. McSwat, removing her wraps. "It was such a beautiful sermon. The preacher showed that everything has its place in the plan of creation. Even the snakes, mice, lizards, caterpillars, fleas, and things of that kind, that we consider nuisances, fill some important and useful mission in life, he says, if we could only know what it is." "Did he say anything about that freckle-faced Stapleford boy next door?" asked Mr. McSwat. "Don't scoff, Billiger. It was such an uplifting discourse. It reconciled one to the—O, look! look!" "What's the matter, Lobelia?" "That nasty cockroach! Ooh! Kill it quick!"

"What did they do with Joseph's coat of many colors?" asked the Sunday-school teacher. "Cut it down, and made it over to Benjamin," said a pensive little boy at the end of the seat.

Little girl—"Do you say your prayers every night?" Little boy—"Yes." Little girl—"And does your mammy say hers?" Little boy—"Yes." Little girl—"And does your daddy?" Little boy—"No, he doesn't need to. It's almost daylight when he gets to bed."

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.

THE ATHENÆUM HALL (73 Tottenham Court-road, W.): 7.30, G. W. Foote, "Mr. Gladstone's Letter to the Pope."
BRADLAUGH CLUB AND INSTITUTE (36 Newington Green-road, Balls Pond): 7.15, T. Thurlow, "Secularism and Socialism."
CAMBERWELL (North Camberwell Hall, 61 New Church-road): 7.30, O. Cohen, "Scepticism: its Meaning and Value."
EAST LONDON ETHICAL SOCIETY (Libra-road, Old Ford): 7.30, G. Spiller, "A Simple Life."
WEST LONDON BRANCH ("Sun in Splendor," Portobello-road, Notting Hill Gate): Tuesday, at 8.30, Half-yearly general meeting.
WEST LONDON ETHICAL SOCIETY (Westminster Town Hall, Caxton-street): 11.15, Dr. Stanton Coit, "Good and God."

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

CAMBERWELL (Station-road): 11.30, Mr. Rowney will lecture.
EDMONTON (corner of Angel-road): 7, Mr. Keen will lecture.
FINSBURY PARK (near band-stand)—Finsbury Branch: 11.30, A lecture; 3.15, F. Haslam, "Life and Times of Charles Bradlaugh."
HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE (Middlesex side): 7, S. E. Easton, "Is the Bible Man's Highest Guide to Morality?" Thursday, at 8, S. E. Easton, "What Must I Do to be Saved?"
HYDE PARK (near Marble Arch): 11.30, Stanley Jones, "Martyrs of Progress"; 3.30, A. B. Moss, "Paganism and the Sign of the Cross." Wednesday, at 8, Stanley Jones, "Christianity in History."
ISLINGTON (Highbury Fields, Highbury Corner): 10.45, C. Cohen, "The Rise of Christianity."
KILBURN (High-road, corner of Victoria-road): 7, A. B. Moss, "The Conversion of the Devil."
KINGSLAND (Ridley-road) 11.30, S. E. Easton will lecture.
MILE END WASTE: 11.30, T. J. Thurlow, "So-called Christian Evidences."
OLD PIMLICO PIER: 11.30, A. B. Moss, "Recollections of Charles Bradlaugh."
REGENT'S PARK (near Gloucester Gate)—N.W. Branch: 3, C. Cohen will lecture.
WOOD GREEN (Jolly Butchers' Hill): 11.30, Mr. Ramsey will lecture.

COUNTRY.

BLACKBURN: 7, Fortnightly meeting at 18 Peter-street.
BARNSELY (Black-a-moor Head Hotel): 6.30, A paper will be read by a new member. 8, Monthly meeting of members.
CHATHAM SECULAR HALL, Queen's-road, New Brompton): 7, W. Heaford, "Did Christ Rise from the Dead?"
LIVERPOOL (Oddfellows' Hall, St. Anne-street): 7, Mr. Small, "For God or Mary." Committee meeting after lecture.
MANCHESTER SECULAR HALL (Kusholme-road, All Saints): Charles Watts—11, "Dangers Ahead"; 3, "The Bible: its True Use"; 6.30, "Why People do not Go to Church."
ROCHDALE (Board Room Co-operative, No. 2, Building, Toad-lane): 6.30, Business meeting.
SHEFFIELD SECULAR SOCIETY (Hall of Science, Rockingham-street); 7, J. Ake, "Six Hours in a Remarkably Wonderful Derbyshire Cavern."
SOUTH SHIELDS (Captain Duncan's Navigation School, King-street): 7, Annual meeting; election of officers.
STOCKTON-ON-TEES (32 Dovecote-street): 6.30, Important business meeting.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

BARNSELY (May Day Green): 11, Current events. 6.30, W. Dyson, "Brahmanism."
CHATHAM (corner of Lines): 11.15, W. B. Thompson, M.G.S.B., "The Bible in Board Schools."
NORTHAMPTON (Cow Meadow): J. Fagan—11, "The Apostles' Creed"; 6.30, "Is there any Efficacy in Prayer?"
ROCHDALE (Town Hall Square): S. R. Thompson—3, "Total Abstinence and the Bible."

Lecturer's Engagements.

O. COHEN, 12 Merchant-street, Bow-road, London, E.—June 7, m., Islington; a., Regent's Park; e., Camberwell. 14, m., Finsbury Park; a., Victoria Park; e., Deptford. 11, Chester-le-Street. 21, Newcastle-on-Tyne. 25, Hyde Park. 28, m., Clerkenwell-green; a., Victoria Park; e., Deptford.

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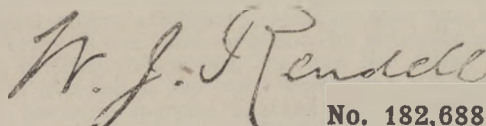
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