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Edited by G. W. FOOTE.]

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MR. GLADSTONE ON A FUTURE LIFE.

BISHOP BUTLER concludes the Introduction to his famous *Analogy of Religion* with this sentence: "I shall begin it with that which is the foundation of all our hopes and of all our fears; all our hopes and fears, which are of any consideration; I mean a Future Life." The *Analogy* may be, as Hazlitt affirmed, a "tissue of sophistry, of wire-drawn, theological special pleading," but it cannot be denied that Butler placed his hand, in the foregoing sentence, on the very heart of the whole matter. Religion turns entirely upon the question of a future life. Man is an egotistic animal, and the fact is nowhere more apparent than in his theology. His interests alone are of any importance on this planet, and this planet is the only one of any importance in the illimitable universe! It was this which must have induced Pope to sing that "Heaven was built on pride." Man insists that God is watching over him here, and that God has ordained the economy of the universe so as to provide for him hereafter. When he worships God he is looking for profit; either in securing happiness or averting misery. He has no thought of dying for God; he makes God die for him. His religion is but his egotism extended by an act of imagination into infinite futurity. Nor is this all. Even from a purely common-sense standpoint, it is obvious that it is the doctrine of a future life which gives religion all its practical interest. Had there been no such thing as death upon this planet, the question of God's existence would have been a theme of academical discussion. It would never have palpitated with actuality. It would only have been debated by persons with a pronounced taste for abstract speculation. The mass of mankind would have regarded it with settled indifference. But as death does exist on this planet, as all that live must die, and every man is conscious of his mortality, the mere suspicion that he may live again in conditions which will probably be decided by a being far more powerful than himself, makes him look to the God of his faith as the one who holds his future fate in the hollow of his almighty hand. Accordingly he seeks to win that being's favor, not necessarily from mere selfishness, but by virtue of that tremendous instinct of self-preservation which is deeply implanted in his animal and emotional nature. Whatever else, then, may be said about Bishop Butler, it must be confessed that he showed sagacity in starting with the question of a future life. He appealed at once to the commonest springs of the average man's constitution. He touched the most facile and responsive chord in the common heart of feeble humanity.

Mr. Gladstone's collection of essays on Bishop Butler's works just as naturally gives the largest space to this question of a future life. His three chapters dealing with this subject are, in our judgment, the best written portion of the volume. They are marked by candor and independence, as well as by varied learning. He does not hesitate to express his difference from Bishop Butler plainly, he states his own views with sufficient decision, and he does not scruple to remind his fellow Christians that it is to revelation rather than philosophy that they owe their expectations of a life beyond the grave. Mr. Gladstone endeavors to avoid metaphysics altogether; though he does not entirely succeed in the effort. He frequently speaks of "the living powers" of animals and men, of the former as ceasing at death, and of the latter as

surviving it. What is this, however, but the metaphysical fallacy of taking a quality for an entity? The power of gases, or of their combinations, is not distinct from the gases themselves; nor are the powers of animals or of men distinct from their organisations. No less metaphysical, too, is Mr. Gladstone's argument that man's "living powers" may survive death because they are higher than those of the brutes. A distinction of degree is not a distinction of kind, and it is only upon the latter that any possible distinction of destiny can be founded. A distinction of kind is a distinction in nature, while a distinction of degree is only a distinction in human estimate.

It is to Mr. Gladstone's credit that he does not conceal his opinion that merely human inquiry has scarcely advanced us a single step towards the demonstration of immortality. He points out that the conception rose to its climax with Pindar and Plato, but, on the other hand, the "powerful mind of Aristotle did not embrace the conception of a personal and practical immortality for man." The Stoics viewed the soul as destined to absorption into the great world-soul after death, and the Epicureans were "deliberate extinctionists." Lucretius devoted his great genius to constructing a "magnificent apology" for the same doctrine, and Juvenal says that nobody in his time believed in the survival of the soul except those who had not emerged from boyhood. The language of Cicero is highly inconsistent. "Grote," says Mr. Gladstone, "declares that Plato settles nothing, and agrees with Lord Macaulay that the philosophers, from Plato to Franklin, who attempted to prove immortality without the aid of revelation, failed deplorably." Mr. Gladstone seems to agree with this statement, and as the passage referred to in Macaulay is very strong and decisive, we venture to reproduce it from the essay on Ranke's History of the Popes:—

"As to the other great question, the question, what becomes of man after death, we do not see that a highly educated European, left to his unassisted reason, is more likely to be in the right than a Blackfoot Indian. Not a single one of the many sciences in which we surpass the Blackfoot Indians throws the smallest light on the state of the soul after the animal life is extinct. In truth, all the philosophers, ancient and modern, who have attempted, without the help of revelation, to prove the immortality of man, from Plato down to Franklin, appear to us to have failed deplorably."

Substantially the same view is expressed by Sir George Stokes. If there is to be a future life at all (he says in his Gifford Lectures), we must "look for it to a Power above what we call nature."

Another of Mr. Gladstone's admissions (perhaps undesigned) is of great importance. He speaks of the Greek and Roman races as "the most powerful ever known among mankind—one in the world of thought, and the other in the world of action." On a later page he declares that "the practical thought of Greece was directed to affirming the sufficiency of the earthly life," while the Latins were "little disposed to formulate" any sort of abstract doctrine—this much, at least, being certain about them, that "the doctrine of immortality has impressed but slight footprints upon the Roman literature." Thus the two most powerful races known to history, the one in thought and the other in action, were rather inclined to the views of Secularism.

While we are dealing with Mr. Gladstone's admissions we must not omit to notice the summary way in which he disposes of one of the most popular, but one of the

shallowest, arguments for a future life. Butler did not employ the argument that men will live again because they desire to do so; perhaps, says Mr. Gladstone, because he anticipated the reply of D'Holbach, the Atheist author of the *System of Nature*, who did not deny the existence of the desire, but answered "pertinently enough" that "We desire the life of the body, and yet that desire is frustrated; why, then, should not our desire for the life of the soul be frustrated in the same manner?"

Finally, we must notice Mr. Gladstone's admission that in the Mosaic legislation there is an "absence of all considerations pertaining to a future state." Mr. Gladstone urges that the Jews were ruled by the power of the doctrine of the Divine Unity. Whether this be so or not, he admits that their legislators constructed a scheme of "astonishing durability," without the slightest appeal to any hope or fear concerning a future life. Surely this is a fact of capital importance in regard to the supposed necessity of that doctrine to the government and cohesion of human society.

G. W. FOOTE.

(To be continued.)

A PILGRIMAGE TO CANTERBURY.

FEW places within such easy reach present a greater contrast than London and Canterbury, the real and the religious metropolis. In setting out on a pilgrimage to the latter place, I started from London-on-the-Sands; my friend, Mr. Munns, of the Marine-Drive Hotel, Margate, ordering seats for four (ourselves and wives) on the four-horse brake which passes his hotel daily in the season. The weather is glorious enough to have delighted old Dan Chaucer, and the pilgrims are as merry as ever were those in his famous *Canterbury Tales*.

Our first stopping place is at Birchington-on-Sea. The brake draws up at an inn opposite the parish church, and time is given to view the monument erected to the memory of the Freethinking poet, Rossetti, designed by his life-long friend, Ford Madox Brown. In accordance with his mother's wish, it is cruciform in character, representing a Celtic cross. The designs on the cross represent Lilith with the spreading branches of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, Dante and Beatrice with an angelic guide, and Fra Angelico painting on his knees with the brush falling from his dying hands. The Celtic scroll work runs into the monogram, "D. G. R.," and beneath are the words:—

Here sleeps
GABRIEL CHARLES DANTE ROSSETTI,
Honored under the name of
DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI
Among painters as a painter,
and among poets as a poet.
Born in London,
of parentage mainly Italian, 12 May, 1828.
Died at Birchington, 9 April, 1882.

The poet's grave reminds us that we have left behind in Margate the last resting-place of Francis Adams, a poet not so refined or gifted as Rossetti, but whose *Songs of the Army of the Night* are nonetheless of sterling merit. No stone as yet marks the suicide's grave, but a fitting epitaph were his own lines:—

Bury me with clenched hands
And eyes opened wide;
For in storm and struggle I lived,
And in struggle and storm I died.

On we go, past trees, corn, clover, and hedgerows covered with convolvulus, to the half-way house at Sarre, where we change horses and walk to the bridge, which, my guide, philosopher, and friend points out, divides the Isle of Thanet from the rest of the beautiful county of Kent. Thence onward through a delightful country to Canterbury, which, like all the other monasterial seats, reminds us how carefully the monks chose to dwell near the fat of the land, including well-stocked wood and water.

Canterbury, as becomes its position, has an air of great respectability. Its narrow, winding streets, with numerous antique buildings, its many towers and fragments of ancient wall and gate, give it an appearance of highly honored age. Yet, as we afterwards learnt, it also, like the faith of which it was the centre, exhibits every sign of decay. Parsons abound, but, we were told, bring little money to the town,

ordering their goods from the great London stores. The workers are extremely poor, and so many subsist on the old charitable foundations that they scarce dare call their souls their own. Poverty, prejudice, and hypocrisy hang round the cathedral precincts.

After refreshing the inner man, we make at once to the site of the old Butter-market, where the monument to the Atheist-poet, Marlowe, stands almost at the entrance to the Cathedral, reminding us of the monument of his great contemporary fellow-heretic, Giordano Bruno, at Rome. Marlowe, if no martyr, was an apostle of humanism, and it is likely would not have lost his life at the age of twenty-nine had he not been aware that that life was forfeited under the charge of blasphemy which hung over him, and to avoid a warrant for which he went to Deptford, where he was killed. The monument is a handsome structure enclosed within rails. A bronze statue of the youthful genius of poetry, laurel-crowned and with lyre, gracefully surmounts the ornamental pedestal, which has four niches inscribed with the names of Marlowe's chief plays, *Tamburlaine*, *The Jew of Malta*, *Faustus*, and *Edward II.* Of these, only one is filled with a spirited statuette of the sanguinary yet heroic barbarian, *Tamburlaine*. It is a fitting memorial of the morning star of the English drama, and we rejoice to see it almost under the very shadow of the cathedral.

Few spots more impressively teach the lesson of evolution in human affairs, the incessant flow of the stream of time, and the inevitable decay and oblivion of the past, than the noble pile now before us. We are carried back at once to the ages of faith, when wealth and devotion were lavished on religion, and even kings humbled the majesty of State before the loftier pretensions of the Church. The whole cathedral was a shrine of the arrogant prelate, Thomas a Becket, and a monument of sacerdotal supremacy; and to this day they speak with horror of Oliver Cromwell having stabled his horses within the sacred precincts.

We are, of course, shown the spot where Becket was murdered, and my jocular friend gravely points out to the assembled crowd a vein of red between the stones, and innocently inquires if it be due to iron or to blood. We see, too, the place where Henry II. did penance, and the tombs of kings and prelates, now almost crumbling into dust like the dignitaries themselves. Here lie Cardinal Pole, Archbishop Morton, Meric Casaubon, and worthies of the Church too numerous to mention.

Here, too, is the Warriors' Chapel, reminding us how easily the cross forms the handle of the sword, while the frayed and tattered remnants of military standards speak of long bravery of the battle and the breeze. The littleness of the great and the vanity of glory are borne forcibly upon us amid the evidences of how the tide of time obliterates all the sand castles of human design.

The Cathedral guide, as Mr. Munns, my better guide, remarked, knew only his patter, though very observant that the cash was duly deposited in the appointed boxes. My friend pointed out to him that the title-page of the New Testament was "lost, stolen, or strayed" from the French Bible even in the sacred crypt, and I, noticing evidences of antiquity in the French texts on the walls, which are rapidly being renovated out of existence, asked whether they might not date before the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes (1685), which, we were told, brought over the Huguenots, who were allowed the use of the crypt. The guide replied in the negative. But the fact that in the oldest portion of the Cathedral the services and inscriptions were in old French still weighed on my mind, which was not entirely relieved by reading in *Goulden's Guide to Canterbury and the Cathedral* (p. 5) that "Queen Elizabeth in 1561 granted the Walloons the Undercroft of the Cathedral as a place of worship for themselves and their successors." For the guide-books, like the guides, only repeat the patter of those who came before them, and I suspect that a French service may have remained since the time of the Normans.

Service is now on in the handsome choir above, where the choristers are singing beautifully. We assist, as the French say—that is, we sit down and listen. An ancient, probably toothless, canon mumbles the first lesson; so that, though we could touch him with a walking-stick, it is difficult to say what he is muttering. The contrast of old and new is preserved even here, for the lesson from the New Testament is read by Dean Farrar with the clear intonation of the practised popular preacher. It is from

Matthew x., and the Dean shows his learning and his leanings by substituting the word *gehenna* for "hell" in verse 28. He reads, without mincing the declaration: "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth. I came not to send peace, but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law." The Freethinkers present wonder that so intelligent a man can preach such a gospel. But the reason is, perhaps, before us in this very building, for there is the beautifully-carved Archbishop's throne, now well within reach of the Dean of Canterbury.

As we take a last look at the noble cathedral, we feel it would be a mistake to judge its founders by the standards of the present. They were in earnest, and gave of their best to the service of God. In so acting they left a legacy of permanent beauty to human kind. We cannot share their faith, but we may share their devotion, and, like them, give of our best for the service of man. We drive back from Canterbury, feeling that we are at least none the worse for our pilgrimage.

J. M. WHEELER.

SECULARIST CEREMONIES.

OVER THE DEAD.

I.—READING AT A GRAVE.

Esdras and Uriel.

[An argument in which the Prophet speaks as a Secularist.]

AND the angel that was sent unto me, whose name was Uriel, said:—I am sent to show thee three ways, and to set forth three similitudes before thee: whereof, if thou canst declare me one, I will show thee also the way that thou desirest to see.....

And I said, Tell on, my Lord.

Then said he unto me, Go thy way; weigh me the weight of the fire, or measure me the blast of the wind, or call me again the day that is past.

Then answered I and said, What man is able to do that, that thou shouldest ask such things of me?

And he said unto me, If I should ask thee how great dwellings are in the midst of the sea, or how many springs are in the beginning of the deep, or how many springs are above the firmament, or which are the outgoings of Paradise, peradventure thou wouldst say unto me, I never went down into the deep, nor as yet into hell, neither did I ever climb up into heaven.

Nevertheless, now have I asked thee but only of the fire, and wind, and of *the day wherethrough* thou hast passed, and of *things from which thou canst not be separated*, and yet canst thou give me no answer of them.

He said, moreover, unto me, Thine own things, and such as are *grown up with thee*, canst thou not know? How should thy vessel, then, be able to comprehend the way of the Highest?.....

Then said I unto him, It were better that we were not at all than that we should live still in wickedness and to suffer, and not to know wherefor.

He answered me and said, I went into a forest, into a plain, and the trees took counsel, and said, Come, let us go and make war against the sea, that it may depart away before us, and that we may make us more woods.

The floods of the sea also in like manner took counsel, and said, Come, let us go up and subdue the woods of the plain: that there also we may make us another country.

The thought of the wood was in vain, for the fire came and consumed it. The thought of the floods of the sea came likewise to nought, for the sand stood up and stopped them.

If thou wert judge now betwixt these two, whom wouldest thou begin to justify? or whom wouldest thou condemn?

I answered, and said, Verily it is a foolish thought that they both have devised; for the ground is given unto the wood, and the sea also hath his place to bear his floods.

Then answered he me and said, Thou hast given a right judgment; but why judgest thou not thyself also? For like as the ground is given unto the woods, and the sea to his floods, even so they that dwell upon the earth may understand nothing but that which is upon the earth: and

he that dwelleth upon the heavens may only understand the things that are above the height of the heavens.

Then answered I and said, I beseech Thee, O Lord, let me have *understanding*.

For it was not my mind to be curious of the high things, but of such as pass by us daily.

*Harriet Martineau's Hymn.**

[The only Hymn known to me in which a Supreme Cause is implied, without being asserted or denied, or the reader committed to belief in it.]

Beneath this starry arch
Nought resteth or is still,
But all things hold their march
As if by one great will:
Moves one, move all:
Hark to the footfall!
On, on, for ever!

Yon sheaves were once but seed:
Will ripens into deed.
As eave-drops swell the streams,
Day-thoughts feed nightly dreams;
And sorrow tracketh wrong,
As echo follows song,
On, on, for ever!

By night, like stars on high,
The hours reveal their train;
They whisper and go by;
I never watch in vain:
Moves one, move all:
Hark to the footfall!
On, on, for ever!

They pass the cradle-head,
And there a promise shed;
They pass the moist new grave,
And bid bright verdure wave;
They bear through every clime,
The harvests of all time,
On, on, for ever!

II.—AT THE GRAVE OF A CHILD.

The death of a child is alone its parents' sorrow. Too young to know, too innocent to fear, its life is a smile and its death a sleep. As the sun goes down before our eyes, so a mother's love vanishes from the gaze of infancy, and the grave, like evening, comes to it with quietness, gentleness, and rest. We measure the loss of a child by the grief we feel. When its love is gone, its promise over, and its prattle silent, its fate excites the parents' tears; but we forget that infancy, like the rose, is unconscious of the sweetness it sheds, and it parts without pain from the pleasure it was too young to comprehend, though engaging enough to give to others. The death of a child is like the death of a day, of which George Herbert sings:—

Sweet day, so clear, so calm, so bright,
Bridal of the earth and sky;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night—
For thou must die.

It is no consolation to say, "When a child dies it is taken from the sorrows of life." Yes! it is taken from the sorrows of life, and from its joys also. When the young die they are taken from the evil, and from good as well. What parents' love does not include the happiness of its offspring? No! we will not cheat ourselves. Death is a real loss to those who mourn, and the world is never the same again to those who have wept by the grave of a child. Argument does not, in that hour, reach the heart. It is human to weep, and sympathy is the only medicine of great grief. The sight of the empty shoe in the corner will efface the most relevant logic. Not all the preaching since Adam has made death other than death. Yet, though sorrow cannot be checked at once by reason, it may be chastened by it. Wisdom teaches that all human passions must be subordinate to the higher purposes of life. We must no more abandon ourselves to grief than to vice. The condition of life is the liability to vicissitude, and, while it is human to feel, it is duty to endure. The flowers fade, and the stars go down, and youth and loveliness vanish in the eternal change. Though we cannot but regret a vital loss, it is wisdom to love all that is good for its own sake; to enjoy its presence fully, but not to build on its continuance, doing what we can to insure its continuance, and bearing with fortitude its loss when it comes. If the death of infancy teaches us this lesson, the past may be a charmed memory, with courage and dignity in it.

* Which may be sung where it can be so arranged.

III.—MEN OR WOMEN.

The science of life teaches us that while there is pain there is life. It would seem, therefore, that death, with silent and courteous step, never comes save to the unconscious. A niece of Franklin's, known for her wit and consideration for others, arrived at her last hour at the age of ninety-eight. In her composure a friend gently touched her. "Ah," murmured the old lady, "I was dying so beautifully when you brought me back! But never mind, my dear; I shall try it again." This bright resignation, worthy of the niece of a philosopher, is making its way in popular affection.

Lord Tennyson, when death came near to him, wrote :—

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark,
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

There is just a touch of superstition in these genial lines. He writes: "After death the dark." How did he know that? What evidence is there that the unknown land is "dark"? Why not light? The unknown has no determinate or ascertained color.

Where we know nothing, neither priest nor poet has any right to speak as though he had knowledge. Improbability does not imply impossibility. That which invests death with romantic interest is, that it may be a venture on untried existence. If a future state be true, it will befall those who do not expect it as well as those who do. Another world, if such there be, will come most befittingly and most agreeably to those who have qualified themselves for it, by having made the best use in their power of this. By best use is meant the service of man. Desert consists alone in the service of others. Kindness and cheerfulness are the two virtues which most brighten human life. Wide-eyed philanthropy is not merely money-giving goodness, but the wider kindness which aids the ascendancy of the right and minimizes misery everywhere.

Death teaches, as nothing else does, one useful lesson. Whatever affection or friendship we may have shown to one we have lost, Death brings to our memory countless acts of tenderness which we had neglected. Conscience makes us sensible of these omissions now it is too late to repair them. But we can pay to the living what we think we owe to the dead; whereby we transmute the dead we honor into benefactors of those they leave behind. This is a useful form of consolation, of which all survivors may avail themselves.

Mrs. Ernestine Rose—a brave advocate of unfriended right—when age and infirmity brought her near to death, recalled the perils and triumphs in which she had shared, the slave she had helped to set free from the bondage of ownership, and the slave minds she had set free from the bondage of authority; she was cheered, and exclaimed: "But I have lived."

The day will come when all around this grave shall meet death; but it will be a proud hour if, looking back upon a useful and generous past, we each can say: "I have lived."

IV.—ON A CAREER OF PUBLIC USEFULNESS.

In reasoning upon death no one has surpassed the argument of Socrates, who said: "Death is one of two things: either the dead may be nothing and have no feeling—well, then, if there be no feeling, but it be like sleep, when the sleeper has no dream, surely death would be a marvellous gain, for thus all futurity appears to be nothing more than one night. If, on the other hand, death be a removal hence to another place, and what is said be true, that all the dead are there, what greater blessing can there be than this?"

Sir Edwin Arnold, in his "Secret of Death," writes :—

Nay, but as when one layeth
His worn-out robes away,
And, taking new ones, sayeth,
"These will I wear to-day!"

So putteth by the spirit
Lightly its garb of flesh,
And passeth to inherit
A residence afresh.

This may be true, and there is no objection to it if it is. But the pity is, nobody seems sure about it. At death we may mourn, but duty ceaseth not. If we desist in endeavors for the right because a combatant falls at our side, no battle will ever be won. "Life," Mazzini used to say, "is a battle and a march." Those who serve others at their own peril are always in "battle." Let us honor them as they pass. Some of them have believed :—

Though love repine and reason chafe,
There came a voice without reply—
" 'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
When for the truth he ought to die."

They are of those who, as another poet has said, "are not to be mourned, but to be imitated."* The mystery of Death is no greater than the mystery of Life. All that precedes our existence was unseen, unimaginable, and unknown to us. What may succeed in the future is unprovable by philosopher or priest :—

A flower above and the mould below:
And this is all that the mourners know.†

The ideal of life which gives calmness and confidence in death is the same in the mind of the wise Christian as in the mind of the philosopher. Sydney Smith says: "Add to the power of discovering truth the desire of using it for the promotion of human happiness, and you have the great end and object of our existence."‡ Putting just intention into action, a man fulfils the supreme duty of life, which casts out all fear of the future.

A poet who thought to reconcile to their loss those whose lines have not fallen to them in pleasant places wrote :—

A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam on a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

This is not true; the proud and mighty have rest at choice, and play at will. The "sunbeam" is on them all their days. Between the cradle and the grave is the whole existence of man. The splendid inheritance of the "proud and mighty" ought to be shared by all whose labor creates and makes possible the good fortune of those who "toil not, neither do they spin"; and whoever has sought to endow the industrious with liberty and intelligence, with competence and leisure, we may commit to the earth in the sure and certain hope that they deserve well, and will fare well, in any "land of the leal" to which mankind may go.

GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

A SECULARIST'S CATECHISM.

(Concluded from page 468.)

Q.—How do Secularists, as a rule, propose to deal with what they regard as the errors of Christianity?

A.—There are three principal modes of criticizing the pretensions set forth on behalf of popular Christianity. First, it is alleged such pretensions are entirely destitute of truth, and that they have been of no service whatever to mankind. This view we certainly cannot endorse. Many of the superstitions of the world have been allied with some fact, and have, in their exercise upon the minds of a portion of their devotees, served, for a time no doubt, a useful purpose. In the second place, certain opponents of Christianity regard it as being deserving of immediate extinction. This, in our opinion, is unjust to its adherents, who have as much right to possess what they hold to be true as we have to entertain views which we believe to be correct. Theological faiths should be supplanted by intellectual growth, not crushed by dogmatic force. The third and, as we think, the most sensible and fair mode of dealing with Christianity is to regard it as not being the only system of truth; as not having had a special origin; as not being suited to all minds; as having fulfilled its original purpose, and as possessing no claim of absolute domination. This attitude of Secularism towards popular orthodoxy is based upon the voice of history and the philosophy of the true liberty of thought.

Q.—What does Secularism teach in reference to marriage?

A.—It teaches that marriage should be the result of mutual affection, and that such a union creates the

* W. J. Linton. † Barry Cornwall. ‡ Moral Philosophy.

responsibility of undivided allegiance, mutual fidelity, and mutual consideration. It affirms that in the domestic circle there should be no one-sided, absolute authority; that husband and wife should be partners, not only in theory, but in deed, and animated alike by the desire to promote one another's happiness. The genuine Secularist must be a brave, kindly, sincere, and just man. His Secularism will be felt as a radiating blessing first, and most warmly and brightly, in his own home. If a man neglects and ill-treats his wife and children, we must distinctly disavow him as a Secularist.

Q.—What does the term "happiness" imply?

*A.—*It implies, firstly, material well-being, sufficiency of food, clothing, and house-room, with good air, good water, and good sanitary conditions; for these things are necessary to bodily health, which, in turn, is essential to the health of the mind, for only in health is real happiness possible. Again, it implies mental well-being, sufficiency of instruction and education for every one, so that the intellect may be nourished and developed to the full extent of its capabilities. Given the sound mind in the sound body, the term "happiness" further implies free exercise of these, absolutely free in every respect so long as the equal rights of others are not trespassed upon, or the common good is not impeded. In this full development of mind as well as body it need scarcely be said that true happiness brings into its service all the noblest and most beautiful arts of life.

Q.—Are there not other requisites to happiness besides those just mentioned?

*A.—*Yes; we must add, as essential to true happiness, what are commonly called the virtues of the heart, the fervor of Zeal or Enthusiasm, and the finer fervor of Benevolence, Sympathy, or, to use the best name, Love. For, if Wisdom gives the requisite light, Love alone can give the requisite vital heat; Wisdom, climbing the arduous mountain solitudes, must often let the lamp slip from her benumbed fingers, must often be near perishing in fatal lethargy amidst ice and snow-drifts, if Love be not there to cheer and revive her with the glow and the flames of the heart's quenchless fires.

Q.—Has the National Secular Society any political program advocating party politics?

*A.—*No. Each member of the Society is allowed to entertain whatever political opinions may commend themselves to his or her judgment. There is, however, one requirement which we urge, and that is that all should do their best to promote political justice among every section of the community. The method to be adopted to secure this object is left to individual choice.

Q.—What is the teaching of Secularism in reference to the social problems of the day?

*A.—*It teaches as a duty that we should recognize the necessity of discovering the best possible solutions, and, when those solutions are found, to apply them with all the moral force at our command. This useful work must be carried on by each of us in our capacity as social reformers—a task which will be inspired by the genius of Secularism, for no consistent Secularist can remain idle while evils abound that mar the happiness of the human family. The special duty of a member of the Secular organization consists in demanding that freedom which will enable every reformer to carry on his good work without intimidation or persecution of any kind, and also in doing his utmost to remove such impediments to progress as have been caused by priestly invention, and by the false conceptions of human duty which have been engendered by theological teachings.

Q.—What is the official attitude of Secularism towards Socialism, Individualism, and Anarchism?

*A.—*The relation of Secularism to all the "isms" named is the same as it is towards the political and religious movements of the day—namely, Eclectic—that is, it selects the best from among them all. Provided he does his best to combat existing evils, each member of the Secular party is at liberty to support any movement that seems to him wise and useful, supposing it to be based upon "peace, law, and order." In fact, Secularists should feel bound to investigate, as far as possible, all proposals made for the redemption of mankind, regardless of sect or party. Special care, however, should always be taken to discriminate between true and false methods, and not to confound vain theories with practical remedies.

Q.—Has not the National Secular Society any published

authoritative statement as to the duty of its members in reference to the political questions of the day?

*A.—*Yes, it distinctly teaches that freedom of thought, of speech, and of action for all is a claim consistent with reason, and essential to human progress; that the exercise of personal liberty, which does not infringe upon the freedom of others, is the right of all, without any regard to class distinctions. This principle Secularists maintain, without committing themselves to all that is taught in the exercise of that right. The official position taken by the National Secular Society in reference to reforms of general social matters may be seen from its published statement, under the heading of "Immediate Practical Objects," in the *Secular Almanack*, which is published annually.

I have now concluded an exposition of the leading features of Secularism and its teachings, and my sincere hope is that this humble effort may prove an advantage to earnest searchers after truth. Secularists find ample work to be done; for, as time rolls on, one improvement suggests another. The watchword of Secular philosophy is "Onward, and onward still." It has been well remarked, human progress is like the ascent of a mountain, whose crest does not look very high from the distant plain, but which, as we climb it, heaves shoulder beyond shoulder, each fresh one discovered as we reach the summit of the inferior, and each summit in its turn seeming the very utmost peak as we are toiling towards it. True, the Secularistic fabric may be slow in its erection, as imperceptible as is the construction of a coral reef; it is, however, certain in its growth. And although at present we have to encounter the obstacles of superstition and the spite of intolerance, the work of progress still goes on. This inspires us with hope for the future. We believe the time will arrive when fancy will give place to reality, and imagination will yield to the facts of life. Then, instead of the evils of priestcraft, the reign of bigotry, and the strife of theology, we trust to have manifestations of sincere love of man to man; an awe-inspiring happiness in the majestic presence of universal nature, and "man, the great master of all," shall live a life of enduring service to the cause of individual and national redemption.

CHARLES WATTS.

THE PARK BIBLE-BANGER.

(A long way after Longfellow.)

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree
A Bible-banger stands;
A very pious man looks he,
With "God's Word" in his hands;
And the sounds proceeding from his jaws
Are worse than German bands!

His hat is silky, black, and long,
His dress is spick and span;
For parsons get well paid, you bet,
And so dress well they can.
And he looks, to judge him by his face,
Like a very well-fed man!

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
Could you with this fellow go,
You would find his thoughts are not of heav'n,
But of this earth below;
For the Christian creed is only kept
For a weekly Sunday show!

And he, like others of his school,
Is laying up a store
Of L. S. D., for Christ's commands
He coolly does ignore;
As you would find, if you could spy
Inside his "Chubb's" door!

He goes on Sunday to the park,
And makes a fearful noise;
And "infidels" who hear him preach,
Who hear his blatant voice,
Wish to goodness he'd retire,
For 'twould make their hearts rejoice

It sounds to them very far from choice
To hear his thund'ring lies;
They think this world, without his creed,
Would be a Paradise.
They know religion never wipes
A tear from mortal eyes!

Shouting, raving, and bellowing,
Onward the ranter goes ;
Each Sunday is the same yarn spun,
Untrue from start to close.
Some folks are tempted the park to shun
Who've heard his pious prose !

Thanks, thanks to thee, my ranting friend,
For this lesson you have taught :
Your creed throughout this daily life
Is worth much less than nought.
Our actions, therefore, shall be shaped
By Reason and Freethought !

ESS JAY BEE.

ACID DROPS.

STANNINGLEY Wesleyans have been treated to the eloquence of the Rev. Samuel Vincent, of Leeds. This gentleman told them that Bradlaugh's Hall of Science had been acquired by the Salvation Army—which is a gross falsehood. He also stated, as a matter of personal knowledge, that eighteen of the lecturers at that Hall had "turned round and found Christ." The only name he gave was that of Thomas Cooper, who "found Christ" ever so many years before the Hall of Science was built. The Rev. Samuel Vincent has a fertile and accommodating imagination.

It is mooted that London should have an archbishopric like Canterbury, and, of course, a salary equal to that of Benson, or a rise from £10,000 to £15,000. For the gospel is intended for the poor.

Jonathan Edwards, the greatest theologian that America has produced, received the munificent salary of £6 15s. 4d. a year, and firewood free. But Jonathan Edwards was a genuine believer, who looked forward to a crown of glory in heaven, when he should look down on his enemies having their firewood free in hell.

According to the Glasgow *Evening Citizen*, a well-known London clergyman holds that the Church will never be thoroughly popular until the Archbishop of Canterbury wins a Derby. No doubt it would add to the interest if he rode the horse himself, though he would imitate his Master better if he rode a donkey.

All but two of the prize-winners in the All-England examinations in Scripture knowledge, conducted by the Sunday School Union, are girls. The chaps don't seem anxious to store their minds with holy information, or else they let it run out as fast as it comes in.

"Baptism of an Arab in Egypt.—After four years' work in Egypt, the North Africa Mission rejoices in its first baptism." This is an extract from the *Missionary Record* of the United Presbyterian Church. We should like to interview that Arab convert. We should also like to know how much it cost to get him. We should further like to know how long it will take to convert all Egypt at the rate of one Arab in four years. We are too busy to work it out ourselves.

The ex-monk, Francis George Widdows, who, after serving ten years' imprisonment for a "clerical" offence, started the Martin Luther Church in Speldhurst-road, Hackney, has again got charged with improper conduct. The magistrate imposed heavy bail, and said he thought it a fitting case to be submitted to the Treasury for Crown prosecution.

North White River Church, Farmland, Indianapolis, on the last day of June was the scene of a murderous scuffle. After the service, when the spirit of prayer should have produced universal harmony, John Moser and John Jemerson, two old enemies, began a row. Jemerson drew a knife and stabbed Moser several times. The opportunity of a free fight was too good to be lost, and friends on both sides joined in the scrimmage. Clubs and pocket-knives were used with great effect. When the room was cleared Moser was dead upon the floor, and several other persons were badly wounded. We should imagine that the Church has had to be reconsecrated.

The wife of the Rev. John Ross, minister of Garnethill Established Church, is suing her husband in the Edinburgh courts for a separation. Painful evidence was given in the case. Some men of God seem to take very patriarchal views of family life.

President Kruger is very pious, and the Boers are a particularly godly people. They are great Bible readers, and they seem to imitate the ancient Jews in their attitude towards the heathen. According to the Rev. Mark Guy

Pearse, who has been visiting the Transvaal, the Boer police treat the natives outrageously. "I saw enough myself," he says, "to stir my blood to a fever of indignation."

Rev. Philip Ahier, vicar of Glaisdale, near Whitby, was charged before the York Consistory Court with offences under the Clergy Discipline Act. He did not appear in person, and the trial had to take place in his absence. He was accused of drunkenness, filthy language, fornication, and adultery, and the Court found that the charges were proved. The matter is remitted to the Archbishop of York. The Rev. Philip Ahier is now residing at Yarmouth, perhaps for the purpose of purifying himself with the sea breezes from the German Ocean. It would take several hurricanes to do the job thoroughly.

Rev. E. Gough, of Barrowford Congregational Church, has been preaching on the recent motion to exclude religious teaching from the local Board schools. The reverend gentleman maintained that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom"—which really means that it is the beginning of the parson's business. He also declared that any amount of priestcraft is preferable to Secularism. Of course it is, from his point of view. We don't need a special sermon to convince us of that.

The figures from the Government Returns in connection with the Education Department conclusively show that the cost of teachers in denominational schools is practically paid out of imperial taxation. In Lancashire the salaries of all the teachers amount to £620,191, while the grants to denominational schools amount to £624,100. Taking the figures for all England, the whole amount of salaries to teachers in denominational schools is £3,304,300, for which the Government grants amount to £3,146,900.

A striking example of the voluntarism of the "Voluntary schools" is furnished by a Mid-Norfolk town, where the Church school balance-sheet shows total annual receipts of £559, of which £418 was received from Government and fee grants, while subscribers' contributions and church collections realized a total of £62. An accurate description of such institutions, in which sectarianism rules the roost, would be about one-tenth voluntary, but wholly managed in the interests of one particular Church.

Our Liverpool contemporary, the *Crescent*, criticises the Archbishop of Canterbury's recent address to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. With regard to Mohammedanism, the Archbishop said that "the culture of its leaders is as marvellous as the fanaticism of its rank and file"; and he added that, "unless Christianity can make an impression on Mohammedanism, Christianity is destined to see Christ's promise fail, that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." This must be pretty stiff reading—for Christians !

"A Fitter," who has lived many years in Constantinople and Asia Minor, writes in the *English Churchman* (July 23) on "Mohammedanism v. Ritualism." He says that before he went to the Levant he was perplexed that God should allow the churches, founded by the Apostles, to be either swept out of existence or dominated by Mohammedanism. But he found that the Moslems had a purer faith than the Christians. He points out that Mohammedanism has purged its worship of picture and image idolatry, the observance of saints days, and "the blasphemy of making and eating God's flesh." They have no sacerdotal celibacy, with corrupt monasteries and converts. The priests are not a separate caste, and do not affect a particular garb. "A Fitter" might have added that the Moslems do not believe in the nonsense of a Trinity, a baby-god, and a vicarious atonement.

The *Athenaeum* highly praises Mr. G. F. Scott Elliot's new book of travels—*A Naturalist in Mid-Africa*. The author travelled with a keen, inquiring eye, in the service of a philosophic mind. Evidently he is out of sympathy with the missionaries, who are always trying to get the natives to wear a lot of clothes—manufactured by the missionaries' friends in Great Britain. Speaking of the Wakavirondo, he says: "These people are dressed chiefly in air, and, as one always finds in scantily-clothed native races, are peculiarly moral as compared with the decently-attired Waganda and other races. In Madagascar, West Africa, and the Cape I have always found the same rule. Chastity varies inversely as the amount of clothing."

Clothing the body gives more room to imagination, and thus stimulates sensuality. Perhaps there is a reflection of this fact in the old Garden of Eden legend, where bodily covering and sexual desire are so closely allied. The Bible is, after all, a very interesting book, if you read it with the eyes of common sense, in the light of modern knowledge.

Max O'Rell lets himself go in the *North American Review*.

He does not like the New Woman, particularly when she meddles in politics as a violent prohibitionist, who wants to treat the whole community as she treats her own batch of children. He tells a very funny story of the Mayor's wife, in a small American town, whose little boy was caught smoking a cigarette. Instead of giving him "a good hearty—you know," the lady called a public meeting of women, harangued them on the evils of smoking, and got the Mayor (poor, easy man!) to prohibit the sale of cigarettes in his district. Max O'Rell fondly remembers the free and independent Briton he once met in the hot days of Blue Ribbonism in England. He was wearing a yellow ribbon in his button-hole, and when the Frenchman asked him to explain the yellow ribbon army, he replied, "Why, we eat what we like, we drink what we like, and we don't care a— for nobody."

Northern Gossip is not only disgusted with the Methodists hissing the name of Mr. Gladstone at their Newcastle Conference; it complains of their want of decorum in the streets, and says: "Here three might be met arm-in-arm giggling, and grinning, and guying like roystering blades returning from a fair; there a brace of white-chokered chaps would be nudging each other and shouting so loud that the attention of foot passengers was arrested. Dear me! surely they are a little lower than the angels, and therefore may be expected to conduct themselves as ordinary mortals. They preach all the virtues under the sun, and therefore might practise one in the streets. It is all very well to be a sky-pilot and show the way to heaven, but in the public highway there is a certain amount of conventionality required even from such an unconventional and saintly individual as a Methodist parson."

Dr. Marshall Randles, the new President of the Wesleyan Methodists, says that theology is in danger of neglect. "Unbelief," he declares, "has no shrewder nor astuter policy than to produce a general public opinion that theology is a thing to be left aside, to be left severely alone." And the worst of it is that this shrewd and astute policy is becoming more and more successful.

Christians often relish a sly dig at each other. The *Methodist Times*, for instance, has generally found it convenient to flatter the Salvation Army; still, it likes to say something unpleasant occasionally when the opportunity arises. In noticing Commissioner Railton's Annual Report of the Salvation Army, it writes as follows: "The second chapter gives an account of how the General began in Whitechapel on July 5, 1865. By-the-bye, we heard the other day that the Army had now no corps in Whitechapel. We hope this is not true. In 1877, in the town of Tredegar, Monmouthshire, we are told in chapter iii. that the Captain had a regular Sunday night audience of 2,000. We wonder what the audience of to-day is like. We were very much surprised and grieved to read a few weeks ago that in the town of Bolton, containing 120,000 people, only 60 persons were present at a Salvation Army service on the Sunday evening before Christmas. Perhaps this can be accounted for." This is a neat way to hint a doubt and hesitate dislike.

The National Secular Society did not, after all, take part in the "Great Demonstration in favor of International Peace" held in Hyde Park last Sunday. It was studiously ignored in the selection of speakers. Not a single one of its representatives was allowed to appear in the list. But, perhaps, it was better as it was, for the resolution drawn in favor of International Peace contained much foreign and debateable matter. We wish it were true that there is "absolutely no quarrel between the workers of different nationalities," and we are quite sure that myriads of people are in favor of Peace who are quite opposed to a Legal Eight Hours Day, while thousands of others are very far from believing that the "capitalist and landlord class" are the only enemies of society. It seems a pity that a great and general object like Peace should be mixed up with other matters on which there is less agreement. It also seems a pity that the purely Socialist character of the demonstration was not indicated at the outset.

The professors of the John Hopkins University, Washington, are preparing a new translation of the Bible, which shall be as exact as possible, without any favor or reference to belief or unbelief. One of the verses they alter very much is the famous one in Ecclesiastes: "Remember now thy creator in the days of thy youth." This they render as: "Remember thy wife in the days of thy vigor." There seems more sense in this translation; though, after all, one is staggered with Huxley at the wonderful character of the Hebrew language, which can be translated in so many different ways. When the Almighty was choosing a language for his revelation, he was obviously not concerned about mere accuracy.

There has been a controversy in the *Vegetarian* on "The Bible and Vegetarianism." The Bible worshippers have

scarcely come up to the scratch at all. "An Agnostic Vegetarian" writes: "The whole trend of the Bible is not in favor of vegetarianism, but the reverse. Adam was turned out of Paradise for eating an apple. Apologists may say for disobedience, still it was for eating vegetarian food. Abel, who killed the first fruit of his flock, and offered it up to God, found favor in His sight. But Cain, who offered his apples, vegetable marrow, or what not, did not find favor. Then we find the offerer of the vegetarian food falling foul of his brother and killing him. The fact that the Jews are given such minute directions about the slaughter of animals, and what they are to eat and what they are to avoid, shows that, if the Bible is of divine origin, God was in favor of meat eating." He might have added that in the New Testament the fact that Jesus took Passover lamb, and the texts, "Rise, Peter, kill and eat" (Acts x. 13) and "Let no man therefore judge you in meat" (Col. ii. 19), seem equally opposed to vegetarianism.

The Roman Catholic *Tablet* is having a series of articles on "The Religious Condition of the People of England." The writer finds this to be in a parlous state. The countryman is apathetic towards religion, and the townsman indifferent. He says: "The same indifference, coupled with more or less active hostility, runs through the whole of English society, from the highest to the lowest class." In the upper circles to talk religion is bad form. "Among the thinking classes hostile indifference to religion is of varying degree, according to the profession. It may be expedient for doctor or lawyer to make an occasional appeal to conscience and a possible future, or at least to draw the decent veil of silence over a frank disbelief." But, continues the writer, "the scientific professor, the lecturer, the tutor, would feel themselves hopelessly shelved if not admittedly up in the newest criticism, enabling men to dispense with God and immortality as Quixotic luxuries. In point of fact, professed infidelity, more or less open and active, is now the order of the day among the classes."

This is not the worst, according to the writer. In the universities and colleges text-books by infidels like Huxley, Spencer, and Darwin are put in the hands of the young. The writers of fiction are mostly hostile. "With them," he says, "as on the press, a shallow sentimentality and pseudo-philanthropy do duty for religion wherever direct infidelity is left out of sight." No wonder "loud-voiced Socialism is the direct outcome of this education"; and then "the New Woman, also, has contributed her quota—no mean one—to the rejection of religious belief. For her, and for the many who think with her, her own intellect, her own will, are the paramount judges of every subject—religion included—that comes beneath their ken." Heresies abound, but of course there is the one rock of refuge—the safe bosom of infallible old mother Church.

According to the *English Churchman*, all the funds of the Society for Assisting Curates go to those of the Ritualist variety. At any rate, he challenges the *Church Times* to state what members of the Church Association, the Evangelical body, have received grants from the A. C. S.

John Knill, who was once a bencher of Gray's Inn, and private secretary to the Earl of Buckingham when Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, left a curious provision in his will, which is carried out every five years. On Saturday, July 25, at St. Ives, the mayor, the vicar, the collector of customs, and ten virgins under ten years of age, attended by a fiddler, marched from the town-hall to Knill's mausoleum outside the town. There the girls danced for a quarter of an hour, and afterwards sang the hundredth psalm. The girls had ten shillings each for this performance, and the other processionists a £10 dinner. John Knill must have been a funny man. Dancing is often regarded as the Devil's work, and singing psalms as God's. Perhaps John Knill wanted to be friends with both sides.

Monday's *Daily News* devoted half a column to the new volume of the English edition of Nietzsche's works, ending with a reference to "this dear dog-hole of a world, which most of us (including the bishops) would be reluctant to exchange for any other." We are glad to find this admission in the great organ of political Nonconformity. It is what we have always declared. No one is really anxious to go to heaven. Christians never willingly emigrate to glory. Tickets have to be taken for them, and they have to be carried on board the ship that sails the Black Sea of Death for Port Felicity.

With regard to the religious census at Newcastle, it is stated that the Roman Catholic Churches in Gateshead cannot seat at one service the number of worshippers (2,648) described in the census as having been present on the Sunday morning.

"An Anxious Inquirer" writes to a religious contemporary agent the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. He says: "I under-

stand that, if the above is passed, it will still be illegal for a woman to marry her deceased husband's brother. I and my brother married sisters. My brother died. In the event of the death of my wife it would be legal for me to marry my brother's widow, but illegal for her to marry me." He asks how the complication is to be got over. It would be simple enough if legislation were logical.

A Newcastle woman was injured by a large board which was blown down as she was passing. For the defence it was contended that the March wind was an "act of God." On every principle of religious theism this it must have been, yet the judge characterized the plea as "all nonsense," and awarded the plaintiff damages.

In the *Young Man* for August Dr. Monro Gibson has an article on "Freedom of Thought," which he tries to reconcile with Christianity. He says Scripture has been given for instruction in righteousness, "but the passage has yet to be found where there is the slightest hint that anybody is expected to go to it for instruction in science." What nonsense is this? The Bible pretends to give an account of the creation of the world, and of numerous miracles which took place since. For ages these legends were given to the people as the literal word of God, to doubt which was to endanger salvation. When these things are found incompatible with the teachings of science, the men of God say the holy Bible was never intended to give instruction in science. But was it intended to convey false notions or true ones?

As to Biblical instruction in righteousness, the stories of Abraham and Hagar, Lot and his daughters, Jael and Sisera, and the rest of God's favorites, give very curious instruction indeed.

The *Open Court* (Chicago) quotes the following verse from a Salvation Army hymn:—

Christian, rouse thee, war is raging;
God and fiends are battle waging,
Every ransomed power engaging,
Break the Tempter's spell.
Dare ye still lie fondly dreaming,
Wrapt in ease and worldly scheming,
While the multitudes are streaming
Downwards into Hell?

It is quite refreshing to meet with this good old-fashioned bit of blood and thunder. It reminds us of the fine missionary appeal for subscriptions for work in Africa, where millions of heathen were going to hell every year.

The *Twentieth Century* (New York), which was started by Mr. Pentecost, and was at first a vigorous organ of Free-thought, is now almost exclusively devoted to politics and social questions. Perhaps that is the reason why, in the number for July 9, it refers to Thomas Paine as "the great Agnostic of his time." Thomas Paine was not an Agnostic. He wrote a special essay on the existence of God which showed him to be an ardent Deist. Paine's real merit in the religious field was his uncompromising attack on the Christian superstition. His mind never played freely on the subject of Theism, his essay in favor of which is elegant and spirited, but takes no account of the serious objections urged against it by Atheists.

The *Young Man*, edited by the Rev. W. J. Dawson, gives goody-goody advice every week to its correspondents. Replying to "W. A. P.," who hails from Victoria, and is troubled over the great problems of religion, Mr. Dawson says: "Get rid of the notion that you must get things made clear to the reason before you can believe and be saved." That's the style. Believe, believe! whether you understand it or not. Open your mouth and shut your eyes, and swallow whatever we give you.

The Furness Railway Company is running a Sunday afternoon excursion from Barrow to Lakeside, Windermere. A steamer runs in connection with it from Lakeside to Ambleside. The Sabbatarians, however, are up in arms against this "desecration," and will strain every nerve to stop it. We hope the excursionists will earnestly respond to the Company's appeal against "rowdyism." Anything of that kind will strengthen the hands of the bigots.

Sunday boating is stopped on Linlithgow Loch by order of Mr. Aker Douglas, the First Commissioner of Works. This is due to the pious exertions of a lot of Sabbatarians, headed by Mr. Wilson, member for the Falkirk Burghs. It is not stated whether God Almighty is pleased or displeased by the new arrangement. To all appearance, he is perfectly indifferent.

The story of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Winchester not being able to find their robes for the wedding at Buckingham Palace reminds one of the Primate's experience in North Wales. There the opening service of the Church Congress at Rhyl was long delayed

because, on the carriage coming round at Penrhyn Castle, the Archbishop's pastoral staff could not be found. At last it was discovered in the gun-room, Lord Penrhyn's servants having mistaken the character of the case containing it.]

Another instance of clerical tyranny has taken place at Ponder's End, where Miss Pottle has for twelve years had charge of the girls' and children's department at the St. Matthew's Church-school, and has given every satisfaction. Recently the post of head-mistress at the Enfield Board school became vacant, and Miss Pottle sent in an application. As soon as this was known to the vicar, the Rev. H. M. Sharpe, he asked her to resign. She inquired the reason. The man of God said: "It is simply a matter of religion. I cannot dream of your staying here. After applying for a Board school, you cannot be fit to teach religion in a Church school." Miss Pottle refused to resign, and the Rev. Prebendary Hodson then threatened to charge her with falsifying the registers. This threat strengthened her determination to see the issue. Notice of dismissal was served, and the Government Inspector was called in to investigate. He reported that the registers had been altered, and added: "I consider these alterations have been made recently to justify a statement against the mistress." A mass indignation meeting was held, and the names of the men of God were received with hoots and hisses.

A correspondent says that a few days ago, at a dinner in connection with the ordination of a minister to the Original Secession Church at Kirkintilloch, the following verse of Psalm civ. was printed on the *Menu* cards, and was sung by the guests by way of returning thanks after the feast:—

He to the valleys sends the springs
Which run among the hills:
They to all beasts of field give drink,
Wild asses drink their fills.

This congregation will not sing hymns or paraphrases, believing them to be "mere human productions." The Psalms of David, on the other hand, might in many instances be described as simply inhuman productions, but it is these that the "Auld Lights" delight to sing.

The superintendent of the Mile-end Workhouse believes in the dicta of Solomon about the utility of the rod for children. An infant five years old was guilty of the enormity of swinging on Sunday. On admission to the infirmary his body was found by the nurses to be marked by weals, which were attributed to the flogging given him by the superintendent. We are glad to know this officer has been called on to resign. He is altogether too pious for his post.

Mr. George Grossmith, the well-known comedian, has taken the Vicarage, Goring, for three months. The villagers have not quite realised that their vicar has left them for a while, and that his place has been filled by an "actor-gentleman from London"; and some of the consequences are very amusing, especially when parishioners insist on seeing Mr. Grossmith and obtaining advice from him about their spiritual and other difficulties.

It is not easy to distinguish the Deity from the Devil in many parts of the world. The further reports of the earthquake and tidal wave in Japan show a loss of some thirty thousand lives, the disaster occurring when most were sleeping. This was almost as destructive as the volcanic eruption at Java in 1883, when thirty-five thousand perished. The cyclonic storm wave which devastated the coast of Bengal on the night of October 31, 1876, was still more calamitous, since it swept off 215,000 persons. If any sovereign ruled his state in the fashion God is supposed to rule this planet, there would be a howl for his deposition.

Over two hundred landslips have occurred within a radius of ten miles from Darjeeling, causing an immense loss of native lives. A tornado has swept over Pittsburg, killing two people and doing much damage to property. Such are the instances of Divine Providence which are constantly brought before our notice.

The *Daily Record* (July 27) says: "There is a marked increase in the number of London clergymen who take secular subjects for their Sunday discourses." It points out, among subjects on a recent Sunday, "The Royal Wedding," "The Queen's Prizeman," "Picture Sermons of the 1896 Academy," "The Treatment of Criminals," "A Tour Round the World," "The Tendency of Literature," and, most fetching subject of all, "Love, Courtship, and Matrimony." These are the only kind of discourses that will draw in the warm weather.

"Peter Lombard"—i.e., Canon Benham—gives in the *Church Times* a story of a church in Dublin where the choir was startled during the singing of the psalms by the appearance of the organ-blower's head, who shouted out: "Sing like blazes; the bellows is busted."

Mr. Foote's Engagements.

Sunday, July 26, Athenæum Hall, 73 Tottenham Court-road, at 7.30, "Did Jesus Preach the Sermon on the Mount: and What is its Value?"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- MR. CHARLES WATTS'S LECTURING ENGAGEMENTS.—August 2 and 9, Camberwell Secular Hall, S.E. August 16 and 23, Athenæum Hall, Tottenham Court-road, London, W. October 4, Glasgow; 11, Manchester.—All communications for Mr. Watts should be sent to him (if a reply is required, a stamped and addressed envelope must be enclosed) at 81 Effra-road, Brixton, London, S. W.
- D. BEAUMONT.—Scarcely suitable for our columns.
- G. L. MACKENZIE.—Pleased to receive your letter, and glad to read its contents.
- PRESIDENT'S HONORARIUM FUND.—Per Miss Vance:—R. Goodwin, 5s.; T. Dobson, 2s. 6d.; T. B., 5s.; F. M., 2s. 6d.; S. Burgoin, 5s.; A. Firth, 2s. 6d.; W. H. Morrish, £2. Per R. Forder: E. Jagger, £1; R. L. Martland, £1; A. J. Marriott, 2s. 6d.; M. Weatherburn, 2s. 6d.; J. Kimberley, 2s. 6d.; F. Simons, 1s. Barnsley Branch: T. Wombwell, 2s. 6d.; G. Pankhurst, 2s. 6d.; H. T. Smallwood, 2s. 6d.; J. Savage, 2s. 6d.; A. Addy, 2s.; W. Dyson, 2s.; G. Almond, 1s.; D. West 6d.; T. Coupe, 1s. Per G. Anderson: A. Stanley, 10s.; J. Waller, 5s.
- E. W.—Don't ask us to contradict Harry Long's personalities about Charles Bradlaugh. They are beneath contempt.
- V. PAGE.—Thanks. See paragraph.
- P. KAVANAGH.—Mr. Foote is not booked for a visit to Belfast. He is waiting to hear from Freethinkers there who are willing and able to undertake the arrangements. Of course he is quite ready to revisit your city, with a view to re-forming the N.S.S. Branch. Can you not co-operate with Mr. Knox in rallying a few local "saints" together?
- W. CABELL.—We are afraid that anything like an accurate prediction, verified after the lapse of two thousand years, would generally be regarded as involving supernatural information. Theoretically, of course, it may be true enough that fulfilled prophecy only goes to prove that such foresight is a power in nature.
- W. DYSON.—Your letter of last week, not being marked "Lecture Notice," was forwarded to Mr. Foote in the country. Hence the non-insertion, which of course we regret.
- T. J. HART.—No doubt the debate will rouse up the Secular party at Cardiff. At least, we share your hope that it will. We believe there is a fine field for Freethought propaganda in South Wales.
- A. E. ASPINALL.—Will answer in our next. Thanks.
- A. HURREN.—Accept our best thanks.
- J. MARTIN (Battersea).—It is beneath honorable notice. Never mind his lies and misrepresentations. The newly-organised Branch will do its work manfully, and that is the best answer to calumniators.
- T. FISHER.—Thanks for your letter and enclosure, which shall be dealt with in our next issue.
- C. WILLIS.—Your challenge to the Spiritists should be sent to one of their organs. Most of our readers have a very slender interest in the subject.
- A. STANLEY.—Mr. Anderson forwarded us your encouraging letter.
- CONVERTED CHRISTIAN.—(1) The pious testimonial to the efficacy (under the Lord) of that salve is a little too "high" for our columns. There are some disorders you cannot write about in an ordinary journal. (2) Sir W. Dawson is a geologist. He is no sort of "authority" outside his own province, and not an infallible one in that. (3) The maxim you cite is a Christian one, and should be explained by Christians. (4) Don't be the slave of words. Philosophical necessity does not exclude Freethinking. It is not meant that a man can think anyhow, but that he should be free from imposture and intimidation. At bottom Freethought means free inquiry and free discussion. This has nothing whatever to do with free will. (5) We could not fairly eliminate Mr. Holyoake's reference to Mr. Bradlaugh. We pursued the proper course, and expressed our dissent in a paragraph in "Acid Drops."
- E. T. (Edinburgh).—The London correspondent of the *News* is scarcely as well informed on the condition and prospects of Secularism as on some other points. Such paragraphs must usually be taken *cum grano salis*.
- PAPERS RECEIVED.—Vegetarian—Free Review—Liberator—Daily Argus—Open Court—Twentieth Century—Truthseeker—Progressive Thinker—Crescent—Derby Daily Telegraph—Glasgow Evening Citizen—Nelson Chronicle—Colne Times—Pudsey Advertiser—Boston Investigator—Liberty—Freidenker—Der Arme Teufel—Blue Grass Blade—Freedom—Manx Sun—Isle of Man Times—Independent Pulpit—Kostad Advertiser—Edinburgh Evening News—Rangoon Gazette—Great Thoughts—Worker's Friend—Kirkintilloch Mercury—Blackpool Gazette—Northern Gossip—Armley News—Two Worlds—Sydney Bulletin.
- LETTERS for the Editor of the *Freethinker* should be addressed to 28 Stonecutter-street, London, E. C.
- FRIENDS who send us newspapers would enhance the favor by marking the passages to which they wish to call our attention.
- ORDERS for literature should be sent to Mr. R. Forder, 28 Stonecutter-street, E. C.

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.

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.

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

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.

SUGAR PLUMS.

THE debate between Mr. G. W. Foote and the Rev. W. T. Lee was an event at Swansea. It had been well advertised, and the subject of much conversation. Some Christians were glad, as they expected to see the "infidel" slain in public and handed over to his friends for private burial; but others shook their heads, and feared that people might be "unsettled." There was a capital meeting on the first night of the debate, and a considerably larger one on the second night. Of course the Christians greatly predominated; they were probably four or five to one. Still they behaved remarkably well. The interruptions were few, and hardly ever vicious. Mr. Fitzgerald, of Cardiff, who occupied the chair, was a model of impartiality. No one could have guessed that he was both a Christian and a personal friend and supporter of Mr. Lee. In acknowledging a hearty vote of thanks for his services in the chair, Mr. Fitzgerald said it was the first time he had heard Mr. Foote, and he was very much struck with his ability and eloquence.

Mr. Lee conducted his side of the debate with his usual ability and power of speech. It was impossible for him not to feel the advantage he had in the numerical superiority of his own side in the meeting, but he certainly did not make it an opportunity for displaying any of those silly airs and paltry discourtesies in which the average Christian Evidence speaker indulges on such occasions. His language and manner were both gentlemanly. Blows have to be given and taken in these encounters, but there was no hitting below the belt. There was, indeed, a perfect absence of personality during the whole four hours of the debate; which must, on reflection, be highly gratifying to all concerned.

Excellent reports of the debate, amounting altogether to five columns, appeared in the *Cambria Daily Leader*. It was also starred on the contents-sheet. Before leaving Swansea, Mr. Foote was interviewed by a representative of that journal on the condition and prospects of Secularism.

After the second evening's discussion Mr. Foote met a number of the local Secularists at his hotel. They all believed that the debate would give a great fillip to the cause in Swansea. They also decided to form a Branch of the N.S.S. Mr. David Hughes, 11 John-street, Brynhyfryd, kindly consented to act as secretary *pro tem*. Persons willing to join, or in any way to assist the movement locally, should communicate with him. He will call a preliminary meeting as soon as possible, of which due notice will be given in the *Freethinker*.

While this week's *Freethinker* is going to press Mr. Foote will be debating again with Mr. Lee at Cardiff on "Did Jesus Christ Rise from the Dead?" The discussion is arranged to take place in Wood-street Chapel, a large building that holds more than two thousand people.

Another demonstration will take place this Sunday at 3.30, in Finsbury Park, just below the bandstand. A brake will be used as platform, for which permission has been obtained from the London County Council. The speakers will comprise Messrs. Foote, Watts, Cohen, and others, and it is hoped there will be a large attendance.

Next Thursday evening (August 6) the debate opens between Mr. Foote and the Rev. A. J. Waldron in the Camberwell Secular Hall, New Church-street. The subject for discussion is "Christianity or Secularism: Which is the Better System?" Mr. Charles Watts takes the chair. Freethinkers who want to secure seats should come early.

Mr. Charles Watts had a good and enthusiastic audience last Sunday evening, when he lectured in the Secular Hall, Camberwell. There were many strangers present, including

a fair share of ladies. This Sunday evening, August 2, Mr. Watts again lectures at the same place. Previous to the lecture Mrs. Charles Watts will give two of her favorite recitations.

Mr. Cohen's lecture at the new station in Battersea Park was very well received last Sunday evening. There was a good audience and a fair collection, despite the threatening weather. Mr. Cohen lectures again this evening, taking for his subject "The Teachings of Jesus Christ."

Mr. A. B. Moss is addressing several meetings in Lancashire this week under Mr. Foote's Lecture Scheme, which is getting much in need of financial support. No doubt Mr. Moss will give an account of his tour on his return to London.

The Blackburn Branch has now a lady secretary, Mrs. Knowles, of 18 St. Peter-street, in place of Mr. H. W. Jones, who vacates the office. Mr. Jones informs us that the members, when he wrote, were all looking forward to Mr. Moss's visit.

The last numbers of Mr. Joseph Symes's *Liberator* to hand contain reprints of Mr. F. J. Gould's interview with Mr. Pictou in the *Literary Guide*, and of one of Mr. Wheeler's articles in the *Freethinker*. Mr. Symes's own pen is as industrious and lively as ever.

Joseph Symes says that his *Liberator* is now the only bond of union among the Australasian Freethinkers. We deeply regret to hear that he is still in financial straits, but glad to hear that he means to struggle on against all foes and obstacles. Our old friend and colleague appears to have had a strong taste of the difficulties, dangers, hardships, and risks of calumny in upholding the flag of Free-thought.

The legal permission for people to enjoy their national treasures on their one day of rest has aided the anti-Sabbatarian cause in many parts. For the first time the band has played on the Margate jetty extension this year, and the tramways at Blackpool are shortly to run on Sunday. When people once taste of Sabbath freedom they are little likely to resign its monopoly to the parsons.

The Bradlaugh Club has a boat excursion to Hampton Court on Sunday, August 23. The steamer "Snowdrop" is engaged, and starts from Old Swan Pier, London Bridge, at 9.30, calling at Westminster and Hammersmith. The return fare is 1s. 9d.; children, 1s. Seven tickets will be sold at the price of six.

Andrew Lang was asked recently to answer the question as to what "hymns had helped him most." He wrote, in reply, that he had derived most benefit from the Homeric hymns, especially those to Demeter and Aphrodite.

The *Echo* at last notices Mr. Foote's *Shadow of the Sword*, published by the Humanitarian League, and says that it "deserves to be widely read." It takes exception, however, to some of Mr. Foote's figures, which were all compiled from the very best sources. It alleges, for instance, that "the French loss alone during the Napoleonic wars was about three and a half millions." We should like to see the authority for this statement. To us it appears quite incredible. A single nation, in a single generation, could not have stood such a tremendous drain on its vital resources.

The *Shadow of the Sword* is also noticed in the August number of the *Free Review*, which remarks that "it is perhaps not altogether curious that the pioneers and most active advocates of peace are to be found among the heretical thinkers and reformers." "Mr. Foote," says the *Free Review*, "always writes vigorously and well, and in this plea for peace between nations he adduces the strongest arguments in eloquent language." It concludes that "the pamphlet should be widely circulated."

Some interesting letters were printed in last week's *Athenæum*. They were written by Mr. Archibald Laurie. This gentleman was studying for the Church of Scotland, and afterwards succeeded his father, who was minister of Loudoun, in Ayrshire. Mr. Laurie met Robert Burns at Edinburgh in 1787 and in 1793 at Dumfries. He relates a characteristic convivial evening with the poet, and tells how he lingered at the "King's Arms" without any other reason than the one he expresses so forcibly—"The temptation of Burns's company I could not withstand." Burns had his failings, which of course are not shared by the men of God, especially in Scotland; but he was a glorious-hearted man and a fine companion, besides having a poet's wit and imagination, and his fascination was irresistible. Peasants, shopkeepers, scholars, noblemen, and duchesses, and even clergymen, could not help themselves; they adored him as one of those rare spirits who pass like a track of beautiful light across the world's gloominess and dejection.

A monument to Mazzini in Rome has been proposed by the Marquis di Rudini, and has been enthusiastically taken up by Italians. As the *Catholic Tablet* remarks: "To Mazzini, certainly before all others, is due the presence of the Sovereign of United Italy in the Eternal City. More than to the cunning of Cavour, or to the bravery and energy of Garibaldi, to the scheming and toiling, the teaching and organizing of Mazzini is to be attributed all that has come to pass."

Mr. William Heaford, after delivering two open-air lectures in the morning and afternoon, came up to the Athenæum Hall, 73 Tottenham Court-road, on Sunday evening and took the chair for Mr. Foote, whose lecture on "Some Curious New Testament Superstitions" was provocative of much laughter. Mr. Foote lectures there again this evening (August 2) on "Did Jesus Preach the Sermon on the Mount: and What is its Value?"

PRAYERS IN HOSPITALS.

AFTER a recent painful experience, upon which it would be morbid to dwell, I should say that few things are so calculated to confirm one's Freethinking views as a lengthened sojourn in a crowded hospital—one of those really noble institutions founded by human sympathy for the relief of human suffering, irrespective of creed. The sad sights and sounds to be encountered therein are such, indeed, as might "make the angels weep"; and how the Christian believer can reconcile them all with the existence of a beneficent and all-powerful Governor of the Universe, who actively interferes in the affairs of his creatures, is entirely beyond my comprehension, even after the most careful consideration of Christian reasonings on the existence of evil.

To the Freethinker no such perplexing problem presents itself to worry him into a state of mental excitement highly detrimental to his cure. He is free to occupy himself with watching, side by side, the triumphs of medical science and the daily exhibitions of the inefficacy of prayer. My own observations during a period of five months pointed to the fact that the patients who prayed longest and loudest came off decidedly the worst. I heard several of them die, and left others continuing their vain supplications.

On the first night of my entrance, and for several nights afterwards, I lay and listened to the ceaseless ravings of a poor fellow who was afflicted, not only with a fatal physical malady, but with a very bad form of religious belief. The spiritual agony he endured was such as to lead me to congratulate myself a thousand times over that, as far as I knew, I possessed no soul to be damned. When not engaged in calling upon an absent relative named Walter, he was unceasingly imploring the presence of the Lord. Walter, I believe, visited him; but it seemed to me, from the continued cries, that the Lord left him severely alone. It was only by dint of much persuasion, and as a matter of personal favor, that he was induced to still his voice, and give the chaplain a chance at morning prayers; for, though this hospital is supported largely by Jews, and, through the Hospital Saturday Fund, by heretics and indifferentists, there are Church of England prayers morning and evening. Poor man! I heard him breathe his last, and then there was a stillness in the ward that I regretted as much as at first I did his incoherent noise.

This incident disturbed me in more ways than one. I said to myself, Suppose I should lose my own mental equilibrium, and start babbling of Jesus and his blood! Would that be regarded as an actual conversion? Should I be rejoiced over as a "brand plucked from the burning," and not be able to disclaim the uncoveted distinction? It was a serious consideration to an old and constant contributor to Freethought literature more than twenty years ago. As it was physically impossible for me to pen a repudiation in advance of any such honor that might be thrust upon me, I determined to trust to chance, and leave it to the Deity, if there be one, to understand that my importunities (if any) were quite involuntarily made. Though I was in deadly peril—being, indeed, for a time hopelessly *in extremis*—it was not my fate to be inspired with any new-born, eleventh-hour belief, or to be favored with a glimpse into any unsuspected futurity; and, needless to say, there was no recantation made, such as the vulgar seem to expect from every "infidel" when in imminent danger of death.

The doctors, of course, were too busy even to affect the slightest spiritual solicitude. A sentimental concern for any but physical salvation was far from them; they left all that to the chaplain. On one occasion I noticed an amusing little instance of rivalry between science and prayer. One of the house surgeons, who had been busy elsewhere in the morning, came in to perform a very necessary dressing for a patient who was in a critical state. He was informed that he must wait: the chaplain was about to begin prayers. This gave him obvious annoyance, but after a momentary consideration, in which I could see the urgency of the healing art was being weighed up against the immediate need for pious supplication, the healing art, to my great satisfaction, won. "Chaplain or no chaplain," he said, "I am going to attend to that man now," and he did.

The chaplain, a sufficiently pleasant, cultured man, performed his duties in an unobtrusive way. He is probably a serviceable adjunct of the institution for those who care for his ministrations. He knew I thought him hardly so indispensable as the medical staff. In my view, even the most unassuming probationer among the nurses effected more tangible good; even the rawest of the medical students had within him more potentialities of practical help. When the chaplain learned, on the initiative of his own inquiries, that I preferred to trust to medical science alone, and did not believe in the utility of prayer chiefly from the initial difficulty that I was not sure there was anyone to pray to, he was, I regret to say, inexpressibly shocked.

One of the conclusions in which I am now confirmed is that "death-bed horrors" are entirely the monopoly of Christian people. There are reasons why the dying Christian, who believes that "many are called, but few are chosen," should quake with fear. There is no reason why Freethinkers should not die peacefully, and with the dignity of self-respecting men, who rely, not merely on the sincerity of their convictions, but the carefulness and comprehensiveness of their investigations, the slow and studious processes by which their convictions have been formed. While awaiting the administration of an anæsthetic in the ante-room of the operating theatre, I thought with a melancholy pleasure of certain passages in that charming and convincing little essay by Mr. G. J. Holyoake on "The Logic of Death; or, Why Should the Atheist Fear to Die?"

St. James says: "Is any sick among you, let him call for the elders of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up." This should dispense with hospitals for Christians altogether; they are needed only by unbelievers—people without faith. The consistent Christians, it cannot be too often insisted, are the Peculiar People, who are prosecuted by law. If my friend, the chaplain, could but have offered by law "the prayer of faith," where would have been the need for that long array of physicians and surgeons, with their prescriptions and instruments, who filed round the wards from day to day? If the chaplain had been up to high-water mark, their occupation would have been gone. As for any emotional comfort which might be derived in some instances from prayer, I am convinced that it is more than counterbalanced by the terrible misgivings to which theological belief gives rise in others. And the misfortune is that it is the humble, the thoughtful, and really devout who suffer.

One fact I could not help noticing in this hospital, and that was how weakly, even to the most pious among the patients, the allurements of a heavenly life really appealed. Desperate, indeed, were the efforts, by physic and prayer, to hold back from the entrance upon an eternity of bliss. The promised joys, the vaunted Christian hope, were all very well, but the poor believer's keenest desire was to be preserved from them as long as was physically possible. Only when all hope of retaining the substance of earthly existence had fled came the mad clutch at the shadow of a future life. So reluctantly indeed was the heavenly Paradise approached by these professing Christians that one might be forgiven for suspecting that its reality was, after all, scarcely believed in. FRANCIS NEALE.

MAX MÜLLER ON CHRISTIANITY AND BUDDHISM.

OUR readers will remember that Professor Max Müller read a paper on the coincidences between Buddhism and Christianity before the Royal Society of Literature, on May 27, which occasioned Lord Halsbury, the Lord Chancellor, who presided, to expose his own ignorance by seeking to controvert and minimise the statements of Professor Max Müller. As no London paper gave any good report of the lecture, I am pleased to find it in full in the July number of the *Fortnightly Review*, and should have called attention thereto before but for an enforced holiday after a surgical operation.

Max Müller sets out by mentioning how the two Roman Catholic missionaries, Huc and Gabet, when travelling in Tibet, were startled by the coincidences between their own ritual and that of Buddhism. They pointed out, among other things, the crozier, the mitre, the dalmatic, the cope which the Grand Lamas wear, the service with two choirs, the psalmody, the exorcisms, the censers suspended by five chains, the benediction, the chaplet, priestly celibacy, spiritual retreats, worship of saints, fasts, processions, holy water—enough to startle any Catholic missionary. As Max Müller notices, our common human nature and common environment suffice to account for many coincidences, such as, for instance, that both ancient Brahmans and modern Australians get fire by rubbing two sticks till they ignite, and that they catch the sparks in some kind of tinder. But no such simple explanation is sufficient to account for the numerous similarities of ritual between Buddhism and Roman Catholicism. Mr. Rhys Davids says in his Hibbert Lecture on Buddhism (p. 193): "If all this be chance, it is a most stupendous miracle of coincidence; it is, in fact, ten thousand miracles." Professor Max Müller thinks these coincidences may have been brought about by the migration of Nestorian Christians towards China. But may not the borrowing have been the other way? The tonsure, the use of bells, confession, penance, monasteries and nunneries, the worship of saints and relics, pilgrimages, and the use of flowers and lights before altars and shrines, were certainly known in India before the Christian era. It is equally certain, from the rock inscriptions of Asoka, that Buddhist missionaries carried their religion westward to Greece, Egypt, Macedonia, Cyrene, and Syria. Professor Max Müller says:—

"When I said that a borrowing between Christians and Buddhists, and, in a still wider sense, between West and East, was possible, what I meant was that the road between India and Greece was really open ever since Alexander had found or made a road for his army to march from Greece to India. Buddhism, as we know, was in its very nature a missionary religion, and we hear of missionaries being sent from India to every part of the world at the end of the Council of Pataliputra in the third century B.C. In the second century B.C. Buddhist missionaries were, as Darmesteter has shown, hard at work in Western Persia. These missionaries would be called in Pāli *Samanas*, and, therefore, if we hear of *Samanaioi* in Bactria in the first century B.C., we know for certain that Buddhist missionaries must have been there at least before the beginning of the Christian era, teaching philosophy and religion to the Greeks settled in Bactria on the frontiers of India. Our authority for this is Alexander Polyhistor (first century B.C.), as quoted by Cyrillus (fourth century A.D.). In the second century A.D. Clement of Alexandria knew of the same *Samanaioi*; nay, he quotes the name of *Boutta*, who, he says, was worshipped in India like a god; while Eusebius, in the fourth century, is acquainted with the name of Brahmans also."

He might have added that, in the *Mahawanso*, a Buddhist history of Ceylon, it is expressly stated that Buddhist representatives assembled at a great Conference in Ceylon from the vicinity of Alassada, the capital of the Yona country. Naturally Bishop Lightfoot suggested that this represented some other Alexandria. But if, with Helgenfeld, we take it to refer to the great trade emporium between Egypt and the East, the then centre of attraction for Oriental and Western thought, we have at once the direct connection between Buddhism and Christianity, which would explain their many coincidences, and also the hitherto unsolved enigmas of the origin of the Essenes, Therapeutics, and Gnostics, and of Christian monkey.

Our author says:—

"It is well known that Indian, nay, Buddhist, influence

Bigotry is a kind of rheumatism, which twists a man's soul into all sorts of deformities.—Henry Simon.

has been suspected in some of the oldest Greek fables, and in parts of the Old and New Testaments. If we take the Greek fables first, what shall we say when we find in Plato allusions to the well-known fable of the Donkey in the Lion's Skin, just as we find it in the Jataka, a part of the Buddhist Canon, and put there into the mouth of Buddha himself?"

Professor Max Müller but slightly glances at the legend of Barlaam and Josaphat. He contents himself with saying:—

"After all has been said, the fact remains that the legend of Prince Josaphat, as told by John of Damascus, or some other writer of the seventh or eighth century A.D., was taken from the life of Buddha as told in the *Lalita Vistara*, a book belonging to the Mahayana canon. The Greek writer himself, whoever he may have been, admits that the story was told him by worthy and truthful men from India. Hence it cannot and should not be denied that, under the disguise of St. Josaphat, Buddha has really, though unintentionally, been raised to the rank of a saint in the Roman Catholic Church. It is a pity, no doubt, that his bones should ever have been shown in a Christian church, for we know that Buddha's bones were burnt, and what remained of them was carefully deposited in sacred shrines in every part of India. But I can see no reason why Buddha, the Bodhisatva, under the name of Josaphat, a mere corruption of Bodhisatva, should not retain his place as a saint by the side of many others, and not always more saintly saints."

Here, then, is proof that there were channels through which Buddhist stories passed from East to West. Yet on the next page, as if alarmed at the possible consequences of his own position, the learned Professor remarks:—

"Many of the coincidences which have been pointed out between Christianity and Buddhism, such as Buddha's miraculous birth, the star over the house where he was to be born, the old Asita waiting for his advent, and dying after having prophesied the greatness of Buddha as the ruler of an earthly or of a heavenly kingdom, Buddha's temptation by Māra, the number of his disciples, and his special love for one of them, Ananda, the many miracles ascribed to him, and his outspoken disapproval of miracle-working—all these can be accounted for without any borrowing on one side or the other, as I have tried to show in my Gifford Lectures (1890), vol. ii., pp. 390 *seq.* On these, therefore, I shall not dwell again, but shall be satisfied with laying before you some further evidence, particularly some parables or stories which occur in the Bible and in the Buddhist canon. As to the exact channel through which these stories could be proved to have passed, I have to say again what I said at Cambridge in 1882, in my lectures on 'India: What can it Teach Us?' 'that I shall feel extremely grateful if anybody would point out to me the historical channel through which Buddhism influenced Christianity. I have been looking for such a channel all my life, but hitherto I have found none.'"

He takes up several of these stories, including the famous parable of the Prodigal Son. I will merely specify the narrative found in the Buddhist Jataka (vol. ii., p. 77), that a disciple of Buddha attempted to walk on the water, but when he noticed the waves and his faith gave way his feet began to sink. The coincidences with the story of Peter are certainly striking. Max Müller says:—

"In this case the mere walking on the water would not startle me so much, for among miracles this is not a very uncommon miracle. But walking on the water by faith, and sinking from want of faith, seems a coincidence that can be accounted for by some historical contact and transference only, and in this case we must remember that the date of the Buddhist parable is chronologically anterior to the date of the Gospel of St. Luke."

The learned editor of the *Sacred Books of the East* leaves undecided the question as to whether such stories, which date before the Christian era, found their way from India to Alexandria and Palestine. He says: "We want a competent and impartial jury to decide, and that is the reason why I have brought the case before the members of the Royal Society of Literature as a fit subject for a learned discussion and for an authoritative judgment." Without pretending to give the latter, I am certainly of opinion that the evidence tends to indicate that much of the non-Jewish element in Christianity has been derived from Buddhism

J. M. WHEELER.

THE BIBLE WOMAN'S ENEMY.

THERE was a time, says R. B. Marsh, of Peoria, Ill., in the *Federalist*, when it was not doubted by the average woman that the Bible was woman's best friend and the Christian religion her strongest advocate. It has been difficult for woman, naturally religious, and through long ages of subjection not accustomed to think for herself, to free herself from the superstitious ideas about the Bible.

The leaders of all great reforms must first be freed from bondage to the old book. Slavery was fought with the sentiment, "that if the Bible taught slavery, all the worse for the Bible"; and now the advocate of woman's enfranchisement is forced into the same formula. Mrs. Stanton utters true words when she says: "The Bible as the literature of a barbarous people on their way to semi-civilization is all that could be expected, but as the perfect word of God for all time it cannot be received"

The Bible, like the literature of all ancient and savage tribes, regards woman as the cause of evil, as made for man, and subject to him on account of the curse of God pronounced against her. She is regarded as a slave, to be bought and sold, having no voice in the matter. Moses and Jesus give men release from marriage bonds if the woman does wrong, but no word of rights for her against a brutal and unfaithful husband. The Bible sanctions polygamy, even the New Testament having no direction against it except that a "bishop shall be the husband of one wife." The custom of a brother taking a brother's widow to wife says nothing of what may be done if he is already the husband of one or more wives. The "thus saith the Lord" in the mouth of Nathan to David was, in substance: "I gave thee thy master's wives, and if that had not been enough I would have given thee such and such"; but the only fault was taking another's wife in the way he did. The orthodox have gotten what seems to them a safe position, "that the God of the Bible did not sanction polygamy, but tried to regulate it"; yet they cry aloud against regulating the sale of liquor, and claim that the State goes into partnership in the business. They fail to see that their theory puts their God into the same relation in this matter. They say that "God wrote the book." Will it sound well to say: "God did not originate polygamy, but found it established and tried to regulate it"? There was no trouble to find texts for slavery when it pleased the Church to be on that side. The Mormons have no need to be afraid to offer to meet the Gentile on the subject of their pet idea; in our legislative halls they dared anyone to bring a text against it, and I noticed the Gentile was silent. The Churches have found it hard to get over or explain away Paul's sayings so as to let woman have a voice in their meetings, or go as delegates to their conventions.

The simple fact is, that woman has all the rights, and more, than the Bible sanctions. The simple question is, not what would be the result if woman had her rights, or who would use the right, or who now claims it or denies it; but it is one of simple justice. If any harm comes of such a course, it is because women have been led by their priests so long that there is danger they may rule her to the detriment of freedom; but she can never learn save by exercising her simple right, and bearing the consequence with the rest of us.

INFANTILE THEOLOGY.

NOTICING a book by H. K. Lewis on *The Child: Its Spiritual Nature*, the *Daily Chronicle* gives several good stories of childish religion:—Thus, a little boy, noting the solemnity of people in church, and connecting it with the promised joys of a future state, remarked: "Mother, I hope when I go to heaven they will let me have a Saturday half-holiday, that I may go and have a game in hell." We like that boy; also the infant daughter of Dr. Hamilton, of Regent-square Church, who prayed, "O Lord, open pussy's eyes, and make her tail grow." Here is an even prettier anecdote of children's prayer: "A little girl told a friend who was visiting her father that her brothers set traps to catch the birds. He asked her what she did. She replied: 'I prayed that the traps might not catch the birds.' 'Anything else?' 'Yes,' she said, 'I then prayed that God would prevent the birds getting into the traps'; and as if to illustrate the doctrine of faith and works, 'I went and kicked the traps all to pieces.'" Another youngster reminded the Deity on one occasion that his petition "had not been attended to," and requested that it might not be forgotten in future. The same child, offended by his governess, was discovered burying a piece of paper in the garden. It proved to be a request to the devil to take the governess below.

Curiosities of ceremony are like the painted glass in church windows, designed to keep out light, not to let it in.—S. Butler, "Thoughts on Various Subjects" (1660).

BOOK CHAT.

THE *Free Review* for August opens with a thoughtful paper by B. S. Proctor on "Our Ideas of Right and Wrong." R. De Villiers begins a bright article on "The Immorality of Religious Education," giving an account of the matter in a French home, and a glimpse into the policy of the Catholic Church. The writer says that Archbishop Darboy, who was shot by the Communards in 1871, was really a most excellent man and a thorough Rationalist, but he believed that religion was necessary for the multitude. Mr. J. M. Robertson continues his essay on Shakespeare's indebtedness to Montaigne. Scotus writes on "The Present Position of Unitarianism." His article is lighted up by a fine extract from one of Carlyle's letters to Emerson, in which Unitarians are referred to as "a kind of half-way-house characters, who should, if they had not wanted courage, have ended in unbelief." Ouida's "Views and Opinions," criticised by F. Rockell, is interesting reading. Thomas Waugh writes gravely and sensibly on "The Evils of Boarding Schools," and Henry Mansell on "What Children should be Told." "Dangerous" is the subject of a smart, decidedly masculine article by Allan Laidlaw; and Magda writes on "Marriage on Lease." Perhaps an equally appropriate title would be "A Wife for a Month," borrowed from one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays. The writer is like all Free Lovers; he does not show the slightest appreciation of the gravity of this problem in regard to children. His point of view is that of the amorous adult. And when he talks about marriage settlements and marriage deeds, he forgets that such things must be unknown to working people, and that a home is a very different thing from the mere provision of food, shelter, and clothing. It is a great pity that reformers do not work along the line of least resistance, which is a rational law of divorce. Anything else is fantastic in the present state of human society.

A revised translation, by Amelia Hutchinson Stirling, M.A., of Spinoza's unfinished *Tractatus de Intellectus Emendatione* has been issued by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

The *Literary Guide* for August sustains the reputation which it is making for itself as really an interesting and instructive "Rationalist Review." "Gladstone on Butler" is reviewed at length, and "The Splendid Battle," which follows up Professor White's *Warfare of Science with Theology*, is concluded. Fiske's *Jewish Scriptures* and Zola's *Rome* are other works which are accorded full criticisms, and there are a variety of jottings and notes interesting to book-worms. This publication should be supported by Free-thinkers.

Songs of Love and Duty, for the Young (Watts & Co.), is a collection by G. Spiller, suitable for ethical classes, with an appendix containing opening exercises for moral instruction classes by F. J. Gould, and a brief catechism on the sacred books of the world. The songs appear to be well selected and admirable in sentiment, without any touch of dogma.

Freethinking (Toronto: C. M. Ellis, Adelaide-street) is the title of a baker's dozen of essays by Mr. Cattell, of Birmingham, whose portrait is given as a frontispiece. Mr. Cattell is a veteran writer on Freethinking, and some of the essays in the present volume—for instance, those on "John Baskerville" and "Dialogues with the Living"—have already appeared in the *Freethinker*. The longest item in the book is autobiographical, and entitled "Forty Years of Freethought." There are also interesting essays on "The Religion of Life," "Herbert Spencer's *First Principles*," "Shall We Live Again?," "Jesus and Josephus," "Wonders Inside and Outside the Bible," etc. The work, which can be obtained either from Mr. Forder or Mr. Watts, should be useful in introducing Freethought views to outsiders.

Mr. J. M. Robertson publishes through the Truthseeker Co., Bradford, a pamphlet entitled *The Priest and the Child* (1d.). It is chiefly concerned with the education question in England, and expresses much the same views as we have lately advanced in the *Freethinker*, especially in relation to the attitude and policy of the Nonconformists. Of course Mr. Robertson treats the subject in his own way, and writes with vigor and effectiveness. One point is put with great distinctness: "The claims of dissenters are in reality the trade-union claims of the dissenting clergy."

The July *Dominion Review*, of Toronto, opens with a paper on "The Protestant Devil Conception," illustrated from Luther, Shakespeare, and Milton, by Dr. Carus. "Melissa" writes on "An Indian Shaitan" (or devil), whose reputation enabled "Melissa" to live rent free. Mrs. E. Adams writes well on "Co-operation."

CORRESPONDENCE.

VACCINATION A FAILURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE FREETHINKER."

SIR,—The allusion, in the *Freethinker* of July 12, to Mr. J. Collinson's monograph, "What it Costs to be Vaccinated," suggests some observations. Thanks to the revelations of the Registrar-General, and to the more impartial attitude of the Press, the later results of vaccination are beginning to be widely known, and the excuse is now offered by the leading vaccinators that these failures are due to the lymph becoming inert through innumerable transmissions, or to "inefficient" vaccination on the part of the operator; but at the beginning it was not so. Members of Parliament, while confessing they have never studied the subject, are quite sure that a compulsory law could not have been carried through Parliament without the production of incontestable evidence of the paramount advantages of the operation. It may surprise these gentlemen to learn that, in introducing the Vaccination Bill in 1853, Lord Lyttelton disclaimed all scientific knowledge of the subject, and, indeed, no evidence that vaccination conferred immunity against small-pox was offered. Medical opinion, he said, was unanimous on the subject, and the facts derived from half-a-century's experience of failure and of suffering were quietly ignored. May I venture briefly to refer, for the information of the readers of your instructive journal, to a few hitherto-suppressed facts? In 1808 the National Vaccine Establishment was instituted by the patrons of the cow-pox, and their report in 1811 reluctantly states: "That the small-pox has affected persons who have been most carefully vaccinated is sufficiently established." In the year 1818 cases of failure had become so numerous that they could be no longer disregarded, when, to meet the emergency, Dr. Hannen, of Edinburgh, brought forward the new doctrine that "vaccination modifies small-pox." In the year 1825 Dr. Baron says: "Small-pox was nearly as prevalent in London as during any of the three great epidemics of the preceding century." This was the result of voluntary vaccination. The first Act making vaccination compulsory in England was passed in 1853, the second in 1867, and the third in 1871. Each Act was more stringent than its predecessor, and each small-pox epidemic was more fatal than its predecessor. Thus:—

First epidemic 1857-9, deaths from small-pox in England and Wales	14,244
Second epidemic 1863-5, deaths from small-pox in England and Wales	20,059
Third epidemic 1870-2, deaths from small-pox in England and Wales	44,840
Increase of population from first to second epidemic	7 per cent.
Increase of small-pox mortality in same period	nearly 50 " "
Increase of population from second to third epidemic	10 " "
Increase of small-pox mortality in same period	120 " "

But there is another aspect of the question. The records show that 18 per cent. was, for this country, the average total fatality rate from small-pox last century; and 18 per cent. remains the average total fatality rate from the same diseases since vaccination was made compulsory. To these facts no answer by the infallible medical Church has ever been made. The medical Pope, who arrogates to himself a monopoly of "the truth about vaccination," while he denounces anti-vaccinators as criminals, and demands for them condign punishment, has artfully ignored the Royal Commission, where his ingeniously-concocted statistics would be subjected to the ordeal of cross-examination.

JAMES R. WILLIAMSON.

PROFANE JOKES.

Bobby (taking his first lesson in Latin): "Mother, does God understand Latin?" Mother: "Of course he does." Bobby: "Who made him study it?"

Aunt Dorothy: "How many commandments are there, Johnny?" Johnny (glibly): "Ten." Aunt Dorothy: "And, now, suppose you were to break one of them?" Johnny (tentatively): "Then there'd be nine."

A little girl thus improves the story of Adam and Eve: "Dod, he made Adam, and he put him in a big garden, 'n Adam he was so, so lonesome; 'n then he putted him to sleep, he did; 'n then he took out his brains and made a woman of the brains, 'n then Adam he wasn't lonesome no more." That girl will evidently make one of the new women.

Willy told his mother, not long ago, that he was going to call his new hobby-horse "Hallowed." "Hallowed?" she repeated, in a puzzled voice. "Why, what made you think of that?" He looked at her in surprise: "Don't you know, mamma," he said, in a low, somewhat reproachful voice, "it is the Lord's name?" As she stared at him in bewilderment, he went on: "You remember how we say, 'Hallowed be Thy name.'"

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, "Did Jesus Preach the Sermon on the Mount: and What is its Value?"

BRADLAUGH CLUB AND INSTITUTE (36 Newington Green-road, Balls Pond): 7.15, W. J. Ramsey, "Nine Months in a Christian Gaol."

CAMBERWELL (North Camberwell Hall, 61 New Church-road): 7.30, C. Watts, "The Holy Bible: its True Value." Preceded by Recitations from Mrs. C. Watts. August 6 (8), Debate between Mr. G. W. Foote and the Rev. A. J. Waldron.

ISLINGTON BRANCH: 3.15, Quarterly meeting at the Bradlaugh Club. PENTON HALL (81 Pentonville-road—Humanitarian Society): 7, Joachim Kaspar, "Pessimism the Gospel of Despair."

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

BATTERSEA (Battersea Park Gates): 6.30, C. Cohen, "The Teachings of Jesus Christ."

CAMBERWELL (Station-road): 11.30, Stanley Jones, "Christianity not Original."

EDMONTON (corner of Angel-road): 7, F. Haslam. FINSBURY PARK (near band-stand)—Finsbury Park Branch: 11.30, A lecture; 3.30, A Freethought Demonstration—addresses by G. W. Foote, C. Watts, C. Cohen, and others.

HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE (Middlesex side): 7, S. E. Easton will lecture. Thursday, August 6, at 8, Stanley Jones, "Christianity not Original."

HYDE PARK (near Marble Arch): E. Calvert—11.30, "Is there Design in Nature?"; 3.30, "History of the New Testament Canon." Wednesday, August 5, at 8, a lecture.

ISLINGTON (Highbury Fields, Highbury Corner): 11, A. Guest, "Prayer: What and Why?"

KILBURN (High-road, corner of Victoria-road): 7, Stanley Jones, "Buddhism and Christianity."

KINGSLAND (Ridley-road): 11.30, A lecture.

MILE END WASTE: 11.30, W. J. Ramsey, "The Curse of the Cross."

OLD PIMLICO PIER: 11.30, A lecture.

REGENT'S PARK (near Gloucester Gate)—N.W. Branch: 3, C. Cohen will lecture.

VICTORIA PARK (near the fountain): 11.15 and 3.15, J. Rowney will lecture.

COUNTRY.

DERBY (Pollicott's Dining Rooms, Market-place): 7, J. R. Wright, "Comparative Psychology."

HULL (Obden Hall, Storey-street): 7, P. Miller, "Some Reminiscences of the late Mr. Billany."

MANCHESTER SECULAR HALL (Rusholme-road, All Saints)—Closed for alterations and repairs until August 16.

SHEFFIELD SECULAR SOCIETY (Hall of Science, Rockingham-street): 7, W. J. Russell, "Jesus Christ as a Moral Philosopher."

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

HECKMONDWIKE (The Green): A. B. Moss—11, "Christianity: How it Began, and Why it Lives"; 3, "Shelley on God and the Bible"; 6.30, "The Glory of Freethought."

NORTHAMPTON (Cow Meadow): E. Pack—11.15, "The Resurrection Story"; 6.30, "Some Curious Prayers."

ROCHDALE (Board Room, Co-operative Hall, No. 2 Building, Toad-lane): 6.30, Members' meeting.

Lecturers' Engagements.

C. COHEN, 12 Merchant-street, Bow-road, London, E.—August 2, m., Finsbury Park; a., Regent's Park; e., Battersea.

A. B. MOSS, 44 Oredon-road, London, S.E.—August 2, Heckmondwike, 16, Camberwell. 23, m., Westminster; a., Finsbury Park; e., Balls Pond, 30, m., Wood Green; e., Edmonton

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