

# The Freethinker

Edited by G. W. FOOTE.]

[Sub-Editor, J. M. WHEELER.

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## MR. FOOTE'S LETTERS FROM AMERICA.

### I.—ACROSS THE OCEAN.

“Far-off Atlantic seas.”—MILTON.

MY ancestors were old Devonshire sea-dogs, and love of the sea runs in my blood. If I spend the briefest holiday inland, I sigh for a sight of the salt water. Sweet is the river winding by wood, cornland, and pasture; here a gentle stream between meadows, and there a swirling torrent between hills. But as I watch it I grow unsatisfied, by thinking of the mighty ocean in which all rivers disembogue. Give me a glimpse of the sea! The scent of it is wine of life in my veins. To watch it in calm is happiness; to view it in storm is inspiration. Be it in what state it will, it always justifies the great lines of Keats:—

The moving waters at their priest-like task  
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores.

Imagine, then, the pleasure with which I looked forward to crossing the Atlantic. A whole week on the ocean! It was delightful to think of. I was overworked, and, worse still, overworried; in fact, I was quite run down; but the sea-breezes were awaiting me to strengthen the springs of life, and the great sea-temple floor, domed with the sky by day, and with infinitude by night, to cool the fevered blood and calm the fretted nerves. When I set foot on the *Germanic* at Liverpool, I felt like one who puts himself in the hands of a tried and sovereign physician.

Only one thing cast a shade of sadness over the prospect. I had been parted from my wife before, and for a longer period, in the old days when I tasted Christian charity in Holloway Gaol. But I had never been parted more than a week or two from my children, and I regretted the loss of two months' visible growth of love between them and me.

On the other hand, however, I had as my companion one of the most genial of men, my friend and colleague, Mr. Charles Watts. He had crossed the Atlantic many times before, and, if comfort was to be had, he was the man to find it. I was prepared to let him find it for two.

A party of friends saw us off at Euston. My wife was there, of course, with three of our children—the absent one, combining sentiment with sense, having elected to go to school after a good hug. Mr. Watts's family was largely represented. I gave up counting them. His eldest son, Mr. C. A. Watts, was taking the last business instructions. My dear friend and sub-editor, Mr. J. M. Wheeler, said good-bye, and hurried off to see the *Freethinker* through the press. Miss Vance and Miss Brown may be mentioned among the ladies.

Our train was a special one. We ran from Euston to Liverpool without a stop. It was the longest run I ever had in England. Mr. Watts says they run twenty-five thousand miles in America without stopping—but I have my doubts, though I understand it is a big country.

On the Liverpool landing-stage we found several friends waiting to wish us good-bye. Mr. Roberts, the secretary of the Liverpool N.S.S. Branch, was there with three members of the committee. Mr. William Westwell, of Manchester, brought a medicine chest; but we found he had gone to the wine-merchant's instead of the chemist's. Mr. Daniel Baker came all the way from Birmingham to say farewell. He was afraid he might not see us again; but, in spite of his advanced age, he looked good enough for another ten years. Anyhow, he was as merry as ever,

and it was pleasant to see him with the old familiar mixture of grave and gay.

Punctually at four o'clock the *Germanic* payed off from the landing-stage. When our friends were out of sight we went below to inspect our cabin. It was fitted for two, but its dimensions were not palatial. Less than twenty-four hours later we were shifted into a spacious state-room. I do not want to give anyone away, but we found friends on board the *Germanic*. Everything was done to make our voyage delightful. And, as luck would have it, we had splendid weather. Officers of the ship say the passage was phenomenal, especially after the recent storms, which were simply terrific. Only one night was there any sea running, and then the pitching and rolling were certainly lively. About two o'clock in the morning I jumped out of my bunk and had a long look through a porthole window at the tossing sea. It was a splendid spectacle, but the poetry was cut short by the prose of cold feet and legs. Except on this occasion, and on another when we were rocked by a ground-swell, the sea was much like the English Channel in fine weather. The sunlight was flashed back by the gay billows, and the moonlight lay like a bridge across the ocean. One night the phosphorescent gleam of the water was quite magical, and lovely; pale greens were visible where the water, flung off from the ship, was first churning into delicate white foam.

The weather, indeed, was so surprisingly fine for the time of the year that it gave rise to theories. One sailor attributed the dreadful storm which the *Germanic* encountered on her last voyage to the presence of an archbishop. He said that he always noticed there was bad weather with people like that on board. When two Irish priests joined the boat at Queenstown, he began to look downcast. He was told, however, that there were two Atheists on board, and asked what sort of passage was to be expected then. “I guess we shall have an average,” he replied. It was not a bad calculation, but it was under the mark. It was better than an average; in fact, it was a record passage. Apparently the two Atheists more than neutralized the two Irish priests.

Mr. Watts and I are both good sailors. Neither of us experienced one qualm of sea-sickness. We turned up smiling at every meal, and bore ourselves like first-class trenchermen. Once or twice we said we were tired of so much good eating, and resolved to practise abstinence at the next spread; but appetite always overcame asceticism, and we attacked the viands with persistent gusto. Happily the result proves the wisdom of instinct. What with the good table, the regular meals, the glorious air, and the cheerful surroundings, we both improved in physical health. I was run down when I stepped on board the *Germanic* at Liverpool; I was in boisterous health when I stepped off her at New York. Mr. Watts looked a picture; ruddy, jolly, and beaming.

Passing a week with a man at such close quarters is apt to be a trial. Mr. Watts and I, however, got on splendidly together—if I may venture to speak for both, as I shall have to in these letters from America, since there is neither room nor necessity for both of us to record the same experiences.

The *Germanic* was not crowded, but her saloon passengers comprised many varieties of human nature. It would be a breach of good taste to describe them. Mr. Harry Furniss, the artist, and Mr. Ernest Parke, editor of the *Star*, were in the list, which was printed and distributed. Ladies and children gave a bright homeliness to the scene.



"Divine Service," which Mr. Watts and I did not attend, was conducted on Sunday morning by Purser Thorpe. In the smoking room the golden youth and giddy elders gambled over a pool on the ship's running. One afternoon there were games on deck, and one evening a concert in the saloon, presided over by Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British ambassador. This function ended with "God Save the Queen," all who were present standing up with the exception of Mr. Watts and myself, who had nothing to ask of God in that or any other matter. Naturally we were stared at, but we are accustomed to that phenomenon. It is only fair to say, *per contra*, that there were several Freethinkers on board the ship. That they did not feel able to avow their opinions openly is a witness to the bigoted and persecuting spirit of the Christian religion.

Our last morning on board was delightful. Brilliant sunshine, tempered by a cool and almost cold breeze, favored us as we approached the American continent. We arrived at the Bar at 8.44 on Thursday morning, having done the passage in 7 days and 47 minutes. Quarantine was soon over, and then came the customs' investigation, which was not as formidable as I expected. Steaming up to New York, we passed the great Statue of Liberty, standing on a natural island in the bay, and presenting a very striking appearance. As New York City came into view, with its big wharves and "sky scraping" edifices, one felt one was nearing a great city, throbbing with eager life—a potent centre of modern civilization. Slowly the great steamer took up her position at the White Star wharf. Passengers crowded at the gangway, eager to tread American soil. Mr. Watts and I were the first two who stepped on to the wharf, where Mr. S. P. Putnam stood with extended hand to give us a "glad to see you" welcome. With him were Mr. Eugene Macdonald, editor of the New York *Truthseeker*, and Mr. Walker, who, until recently, was sub-editor of that journal.

We were interviewed before the *Germanic* reached the wharf by a representative of the *Evening Journal*, and on the wharf itself by a representative of the Press Association. Our arrival was recorded in the evening and next morning papers. Evidently the Americans are open-minded. No such attention was paid to President Putnam when he visited England.

We took quarters at the Broadway Central Hotel, where Mr. Watts had stayed before. American hotel life was strange to me at first, but I am getting used to it. I shall have more to say on this point in my next letter.

After lunch we visited the *Truthseeker* office in Lafayette-place, where I was introduced to Mr. George Macdonald, who writes the bright and witty "Observations." Then we called by invitation on Dr. E. B. Foote, junior, who is a member of the committee for Sunday evening's reception at Chickering Hall. Dr. Foote took us for a capital drive through Central Park, past Grant's monument, along the Hudson river, and through the west end of the city, where the millionaires have their swell houses. What struck me most was the gigantic hotels. An artist would hardly call them lovely, but they looked solidly built, and they are crowded with conveniences. Dr. Foote pointed out one hotel, by no means the biggest, which is mortgaged for a million dollars. Central Park is fine and well kept, though the grass and foliage were not so green as they are in England at this time of the year. The autumn tints, however, were often extremely beautiful.

After the drive we dined at a Broadway restaurant with Mr. Eugene Macdonald. His brother George and Mr. Putnam made the party up to five. We were all merry; we chatted about all sorts of topics; and whether we were five Englishmen or five Americans it would have been hard to tell. I find very little difference myself between the people I have met here and my own countrymen. Mr. Putnam is as jolly as ever. He returned on Wednesday from a long campaign in the West. He sends his love to his many friends in Great Britain.

A telegram awaited us at our hotel. It was from Colonel Ingersoll, saying he would call the next morning at ten. That was a thing to go to bed and dream of. At ten o'clock on Friday morning the Colonel came up to our room. His card had been sent up, and while he was coming I felt that this was the most interesting feature of my visit. What were all the great hotels and the big houses of business; what was Central Park, or even the Hudson river, to the fine personality I was about to meet? There was something in Shakespeare to make mountains

look little, and there is something in Ingersoll to make the busy streets of New York look trivial. He entered our room, and, after shaking hands, took a chair. He was sorry he could not stop, as he had a case in court; but we were to be sure to come out and visit him at Dobbs' Ferry, up the Hudson. This we arranged to do on the morrow. "Don't come back here," he said, "stop all night, and we'll go to Chickering Hall together." He was only with us for a few minutes, and I have to catch the post this afternoon. More of Ingersoll hereafter. For the present, let it suffice to say that Ingersoll the man realizes all my expectations. His personality is commensurate with his genius. If I never saw him again, I should be perfectly satisfied of that. One may study a great picture, and admire its details; but if one is fit to understand it, the first glance is enough to disclose its value.

G. W. FOOTE.

### THE CHILD, THE WISE MAN, AND THE DEVIL.\*

MR. COULSON KERNAHAN is one of those Irishmen of genius whose imagination and powers of expression are out of all proportion to their logical and intellectual faculties. His book on *God and the Ant* was noticed in these columns by Mr. Foote last year, and he has followed it by a companion volume entitled *The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil*, the purport of which is to show the awful character of a Christless world. We are very glad to learn that he has no intention to write any more on the subject of religion, though we should not be surprised if his publisher induced him to reconsider this determination. For his little book, though contributing nothing whatever to the rational solution of any religious problem, is just of that amiable, sentimental, half-dreamy character which the men of God may be trusted to boom into the position of a Christian classic; and its sale possibilities with the people who believe in the Bible, the Virgin Mother, the faith cure, and in salvation from sin by God's blood, are simply immense.

Mr. Kernahan, though privileged to know the blind Freethinking poet, Philip Bourke Marston, has not the remotest idea of the Freethinker's position, which seems to him a terribly hopeless one. He does not know the consolations which come from facing fact, or recognize that, if the hopes of religion are gone, its terrors are departed also. We tell Mr. Kernahan that if he will write on such topics as the being of God and immortality, the Immaculate Conception, or the existence of a devil, all we are concerned with is whether those doctrines are true or false. If Mr. Kernahan has anything to say pertinent to that question, we will listen to him with pleasure; for he certainly has the literary gift, and is as evidently sincere. But, instead of addressing himself to the one question which alone can concern a rational person, he draws irrelevant pictures, the only effect of which is to bias the feelings to the detriment of the reason. A more illogical volume has seldom come under our notice. The idea of Mr. Kernahan's book seems taken from Jean Paul Richter's dream of a world bereft of God. In his vision, however, Mr. Kernahan sees a concourse of nations gathered to Rome to renounce Christ and proclaim him man. The world has been converted to Unitarianism by a curious process. A tomb has been found in Palestine containing the body of the Christ. No inquiry, apparently, has been made as to how this is known; but the tomb is sufficient, and the Divine Christ is solemnly renounced.

Mr. Kernahan then pictures God as taking this so much to heart that in disgust he wipes out—as a child wipes out an unfinished sum from a slate—"all that the great name of Jesus means, and has meant, to humanity." The very conception shows our author's illogical temper. The old Greeks said, with force, that even the gods cannot undo the past. What the great name of Jesus has meant of worth to humanity can be retained when all the lies and legends that have clustered round that "great name" are entirely dismissed. Forgetting that the people from whom he gets his God and Savior own God while rejecting Christ, he makes Atheism follow on the heels of Unitarianism. A character, who goes about seeking to solve the Riddle of

\* *The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil.* (London: James Bowden, 10 Henrietta-street, W.C.)



Life, says: "Until I ceased to believe in the Christ I realized not that, except through Him, we know no more of the Ruler of the Universe than did he who of old complained, 'Canst thou by searching find out God? Except God reveal Himself to man, man knows not what God is, or whether God be at all.'" God the Father is thus dependent upon his Son, without whom he would be no better than a mere ghost. We have then pictures of a fallen woman, more sinned against than sinning, dying, and asking a philosopher what he had to give her in place of her faith. "The wise man was silent, and when next I looked he was gone, and the woman lay dead." He then sees a strong man who has lost his only child, of whom a very pathetic picture is drawn, and who is plunged in despair because there is no Jesus. Finally we are told: "And in the kingdom of darkness Satan sat smiling to himself, and at them ["the wise men"], for, though he knew he was very wise, he knew, too, that many a little child was wiser than himself, or than they."

The moral of the book is that we should cling to the childish beliefs of the childhood of our race, for therein is to be found the true wisdom. Evidently Mr. Kernahan has not come of age to put away childish things. The impression he seeks to produce is that a world without Christ would be a world without feeling. He has only to travel to find his refutation. Tender consideration, not only for humankind, but for every living being, pre-eminently characterizes Jains, Hindus, and Buddhists, who have never heard of Christ, or who, having heard of him, reject him. It is simply not true that the only light which streams on the world is the light which comes from the cross; and the claim of a moral monopoly for Christianity is neither more nor less than an impudent fraud.

What panacea does Mr. Kernahan offer for the mighty mass of human misery? He offers words: a mythical Christ, who, although omnipotent and omnibenevolent, has let all the wrong go on.

Why did not Christ, if God indeed,  
Behold the future clear, unfurled,  
With feuds that in his name would breed  
This wild disaster on the world?  
Why saw he not how wrangling sects  
Would soon his meek ideals beslime,  
How dogmatism would turn his texts  
To bannered shibboleths of crime?

We tell him there is no help, no value in his creedal assumptions. Doubtless they delude impulsive people with weak heads, and comfort the poor wretches who can swallow the initial dogmas; but this pointing to heaven for relief simply perpetuates the wrongs on earth, which will be righted only when people see they must be righted here and now.

Mr. Kernahan virtually asks, What have Freethinkers to give the fallen, the outcast, and the wretched? We answer: Not the figment of Christ in heaven, who, in his wisdom, permits the sin and misery now, and may continue it hereafter; but human sympathy, ever seeking to be of service to human kind, which, unlike the fabled Deity, needs our service. People have dwelt upon the love of a mythical Christ, because real, warm-blooded human affection has been denied them. They have looked forward to a life of happiness hereafter, because they have had so little happiness here. Had they but served their kind with half the zeal that they have served their God, the world would be the better for it. The experience of ages shows that the woes of the world will never be eased by Mr. Kernahan's old gospel of senseless sentiment. Like the unwise man in the parable, he builds his house on the quicksand of his own desires, while the Freethinker builds his on the solid rock of fact.

J. M. WHEELER.

## THE RELIGION OF GREAT MEN.

(Concluded from page 692.)

WE have mentioned the inspiring influence that the study of Emerson's works has had upon the minds of eminent men. Even Emerson himself experienced the same kind of influence from reading the works of Montaigne, who was one of his chosen *Representative Men*. "A single odd volume of Cotton's translation of the *Essays* remained to me," says Emerson, "from my father's library when a boy.....I read the book, and procured the remaining volumes. I remember the delight and wonder in which I lived with it. It seemed to me as if I had myself written the book, in some former life, so sincerely it spoke to my thought and experience. It happened, when in Paris, in 1833, that in the cemetery of Pere le Chaise I came to a tomb of Auguste Collignon, who died in 1830, aged sixty-eight years, and who, said the monument, 'lived to do right, and had formed himself to virtue on the *Essays of Montaigne*'" (vol. i., p. 341). This extract from Emerson's lecture on "Montaigne; or, The Sceptic" shows how idle is the boast that Christian theology is necessary to the formation of a virtuous character. Here we have the testimony that Collignon did right, and loved virtue, through the influence of the writings of a Sceptic.

In the above-named lecture Emerson deals with the varied aspects of Freethought, which are so comprehensively described that, to fully grasp its excellence, the lecture should be carefully read and well thought out. Referring to the various phases and tastes of human nature, he writes: "Each man is born with a predisposition to one or the other of these sides of nature..... Plotinus believes only in philosophers; Fénelon in saints; Pindar and Byron in poets"; while "the correspondence of Pope and Swift describes mankind around them as monsters" (pp. 335-6). If this be a statement of fact (and who can say it is not?), what becomes of the orthodox notion that all persons must see the tenets of the popular faith in the same light, and have the same appreciation of its alleged utility? Emerson advocates "a wise scepticism," and asks: "Why fancy that you have all the truth in your keeping? There is much to say on all sides." This is sound Secular philosophy. One of the great faults of the Church has been, and still is, that it claims to have the truth, and nothing but the truth, on its side, and that all who differ from its teachings are in error. Against this assumption Emerson protested. He saw clearly that truth was confined to no one sect, to no one age, and to no one country. This is a principle of Freethought which is not practically recognized by any orthodox Church.

Emerson speaks highly of Jesus, and calls him the "providential man"; but he objects to his being regarded as the only son of God. In fact, his idea of Christ has nothing in common with that held by ordinary Christians. He was simply a man, and not a god. Emerson places the man of integrity in the same relation to God as he supposed Jesus occupied, and he remarks: "When we have broken our god of tradition, and ceased from our god of rhetoric, then may God fire the heart with his presence" (vol. i., p. 122). When men get their inspiration from nature, when they learn its revelation, then, he says, "the Highest dwells" in man. But he distinguishes one revelation from another. With him, the true "revelation is the disclosure of the soul"; but "the popular notion of a revelation is, that it is a telling of fortunes." It implies the answering of all questions concerning the soul, the employments of heaven, the state of the sinner, and so forth. "They even dream that Jesus has left replies to precisely these interrogatories. Never a moment did that sublime spirit speak in their *patois*" (p. 118). Emerson interprets the teaching of the pulpit upon these questions about the future to mean that "we are to have such a good time as the sinners have now; or, to push it to its extreme import, 'You sin now; we shall sin by-and-bye; we would sin now if we could; not being successful, we expect our revenge to-morrow.'" "I find," he says, "a similar base tone in the popular religious works of the day, and the same doctrines assumed by the literary men when occasionally they treat the related topics.....But men are better than their theology. Their daily life gives it the lie. Every ingenuous and aspiring soul leaves the doctrine behind him" (p. 40).

It is taken almost as an axiom that civilization and Christianity are synonymous; and yet the pages of history bear witness to civilizations in the ancient world, before the dawn of Christianity, that fascinate the student who reads them. We need not dwell on the annals of Assyria, Babylon, and Egypt, with their marvels of development and culture—different, indeed, from modern development and culture, but in their influence great and enduring. Civilization is consistent with any form of religion; and to what a height it may attain the history of Japan affords a striking example.—*Philadelphia Record*.

We must beware lest we become haters of reasoning, as some become haters of men, for no greater evil can happen to anyone than to hate reasoning.—*Plato*.



While Emerson condemns the exclusiveness and shortcomings of the popular faith, he does not think that any modification of creeds will prevent the devastating effects of scepticism. "The religion which is to guide and fulfil the present and coming ages, whatever else it may be, must be intellectual. The scientific mind must have a faith which is science." It should be remembered that this was written long ago. He prophesies that "there will be a new Church founded on moral science, at first cold and naked, a babe in a manger again, the algebra and mathematics of ethical law, the Church of men to come, without shawms or psaltery or sackbutte; but it will have heaven and earth for its roof and rafters, science for symbol and illustration; it will fast enough gather beauty, music, pictures, poetry" (vol. ii., p. 42). Such a Church has not yet come into existence, and we see but little prospect of it doing so in the immediate future. Still, there is no doubt that orthodoxy has lost its hold upon the minds of the intellectual and scientific men of our day. If they have any religion at all, it will be one free from theological restrictions and folly—a religion based upon the requirements of mundane life. For them the religion of the churches has no charm; they seek, and will find, a nobler gratification for their emotional cravings than any that can be found in Christianity.

Emerson's mind, poetic as it was, felt the pressure of natural law; he saw cause and effect everywhere, and believed that nothing befel any man or any nation, or any part of nature, but what was governed by the omnipresence of law. He held that what we call moral, or social, laws are like those of the solar system; that they work their way through the intellect and heart of man; that man has not to choose, but to obey. How far these laws work for the right, the true, and the best, may not be so manifest to all of us as Emerson thinks. Nevertheless, when those laws are properly understood and faithfully obeyed, the result must be of a beneficial character. It must be borne in mind, when reading the works of Emerson, that there is but little attempt at argument in any of them; he asserts what he thinks, and records his own inferences from the study of nature and the emotions of the human mind. As he observes: "Why should I hasten to solve every riddle which life offers me? I am well assured the Questioner, who brings me so many problems, will bring the answers also in due time. Why should I give up my thought because I cannot answer an objection to it?" (vol. ii., p. 406).

Perhaps the most remarkable instance of Emerson's ideas of modern views and advanced scientific theories, which he recorded many years before the publication of *The Origin of Species*, may be found in his *Essay on Nature*, wherein he says: "All changes pass without violence, by reason of the two cardinal conditions of boundless space and boundless time. Geology has initiated us into the secularity of nature, and taught us to disuse our dame-school measures and exchange our Mosaic and Ptolemaic schemes for her large style. We know nothing rightly, for want of perspective. Now we learn what patient periods must round themselves before the rock is formed, then before the rock is broken, and the first lichen race has disintegrated the thinnest external plate into soil, and opened the door for the remote Flora, Fauna, Ceres, and Pomona to come in. How far off yet is the trilobite; how far the quadruped; how inconceivably remote is man! All duly arrive, and then race after race of men. It is a long way from granite to the oyster, farther yet to Plato and the preaching of the immortality of the soul. Yet all must come, as surely as the first atom has two sides" (vol. i., p. 228).

This may be called guesses at truth, but the many allusions in his works, showing that he relies upon the revealed facts of science for the foundation of his opinions, should be sufficient to engage the attention of Freethinkers, who can read of the dry facts of our existence in the polished and refined writings of one of the greatest masters of language who have appeared since Shakespeare.

CHARLES WATTS.

## INSPECT THE NUNNERIES.

THE late Mr. Newdigate Newdegate, M.P., was a confirmed old bigot, who was rightly compelled to suffer for his opposition to Mr. Bradlaugh. But he brought an annual motion before the House of Commons, which, in better hands, ought to have commanded approval. It proposed to inquire into the working of the religious houses, conventional establishments, and monastic institutions of this country, and urged that they should be inspected by commissioners empowered to liberate any prisoners found to be detained against their will. The justice of such a proposal seems to me so obvious that, had it been put forward by a practical politician, and not by one afflicted with Jesuitism on the brain, and who made any cause he took up a laughing-stock, it would, I think, have commended itself to the common sense of the representatives of the people.

There are, it is believed, between eight and ten thousand inhabitants of religious houses in this country, among whom there may be many who pine to return to the world they have renounced—not, as their Catholic directors would allege, merely to partake of its sins, vanities, and allurements, but for those kindly domestic affections which are blighted in their confinement, and which it is, indeed, the object of their religion to stamp out as effectively as the love of the world, the flesh, and the devil. Victor Hugo has given a masterly picture of the terrible strain which results from impossible vows. And monasteries and nunneries are everywhere a proof that religion is a blight upon life or an encouragement to secret immorality.

The arguments of Roman Catholics upon the question will not hold water. They are based upon the implied superiority of Church over State—a superiority never allowed in England since the days of Henry VIII. Monks and nuns, it is said, have voluntarily devoted themselves to God, and they have a right to pursue the course of life they have chosen without interference, inspection, or inquiry. But the State knows no such right. All people living in communities within the State are subject to proper inspection. Factories and workshops are visited; brothels, night-clubs, and gaming-houses raided. No person is allowed voluntarily to enter slavery. Every Englishman, who is not an Anarchist, will maintain the right of society as a whole over every one of its members; the right of the Legislature to control every institution and every person within its territorial jurisdiction. It is not only its right, but its duty, to provide against modes of life injurious to the public welfare, or dispositions of property which would prove socially injurious. The Pope, and members of his Italian Mission, have established in England a crowd of institutions which, in the eyes of every lover of individual freedom, are profoundly immoral, and as much in need of inspection as private lunatic asylums. These institutions are numerous and wealthy. The combined effect of sacerdotal celibacy and the doctrine of purgatory is, that an immense amount of property finds its way into the hands of clerical corporations. Young ladies of good family are induced to enter these institutions and become "spouses of the Lord" just in order that their "dowries" and other property shall come to the Church. We have heard much of "the age of consent." It is well known that in the Catholic Church young girls are trained from their tenderest years to look upon becoming brides of Christ as their highest vocation. How many have been induced to take the veil who ardently long to undo the wrong which they have done to themselves under the influence of youthful religious enthusiasm, and who, when too late, find themselves unable to escape. All England was excited at the kidnapping of a Chinaman, yet thousands of females are to-day as much prisoners as Sun Yat Sen.

That convent life is unhealthy and unnatural every physician knows. But other evidence can be obtained by anyone who will take the trouble to inspect the ages of nuns at death, as recorded in Roman Catholic cemeteries. The Lord calls a good share of his virgin brides while they are still fresh. If convents be all right, how comes it that, as a rule, nuns die at a very early age? I say nothing of alienation from the joys of home, of wedded life and children, though, to the hedonistic moralist, this must count for much. It is notorious that the "discipline" of these institutions is of a barbarous, and even atrocious, character. Thonged whips, steel girdles, haircloth under-

"No man," said Chrysologus, "ought to employ human reason to discuss a heavenly mystery, nor weigh the word of God in the scales of human reason." A wise man Chrysologus.—*Florence Bradshaw.*



garments, and putrid food are the lot of the refractory, while the superiors dine at well-filled tables. The said superiors, male and female, not knowing what it is to have children of their own—at any rate, acknowledged ones—are usually devoid of tenderness, and cruelty rages rampant in religious houses. A girl who joins a sisterhood becomes a slave. She is lost to her friends and to her own self. She may be moved from one establishment to another, and put to perform any offices her superiors please. Disobedience, even when possible, is deadly sin, and visited with condign punishment.

Inspection does not mean affront. No keeper of a workshop takes it as such. If the convents were all that the priests profess, open inspection would only render their virtues more widely known. The real reason that they resist this just demand may be inferred from the few glimpses of these establishments obtained by the outer world. If there were but one case of involuntary detention—and there is reason to believe there are many—it would warrant the cry, "*Inspect the Nunneries!*"

HIEROCLES.

### RURAL TYRANNY

APART from the horrors inflicted by nature's laws, almost the whole of the sufferings of humanity arise from the encroachments of tyrants on the one hand, and the resistance of the oppressed on the other. One of the most serious phases of British tyranny is that which exists in our rural districts, where squire and parson rule. The heroes of Freethought have struck off some of the fetters with which tyrants had bound the tiller of the soil. But he is not yet the absolute owner of his own body. He is still compelled to provide £6,000,000 a year to pay the wages of the clergy, giving to each, not only sufficient for their ordinary wants, but something for wine, cigars, and tennis-rackets, and a surplus for the brothel-keeper. The farm-laborer, from whose pockets the larger portion of the money is drawn, receives only eleven shillings a week, out of which he can provide no comforts to gladden the lives of his wife and little ones. His children may be seen going to school eating a piece of dry bread, which, with a little skim milk and water, does service for breakfast.

The great fear of the parson is the eventual disappearance of the tithe tax, and with it his salary. At the present moment sermons are being preached in the rural districts against Disestablishment, the villagers being warned that unless this danger is warded off the churches will be closed. There will then be no meeting-place for lovers, gossips, and village ladies of easy virtue.

During the recent crisis petitions against Disestablishment were sent round the country parishes, and were signed by both Churchmen and Dissenters. Those who refused were marked men and women, and ran the risk of losing their livelihood. Few knew the purport of the documents, and in a southern village a chapel-woman explained that she signed because the parson's wife was in delicate health.

The usual method of getting rid of undesirable persons in country districts is by eviction. This goes on to an alarming extent. The clergy are the chief movers in this species of cruelty, the victims being invariably the sickly and aged, because they are the most likely to make calls upon the charity fund. The parson being usually on good terms with the squire and his agent, because of his usefulness as a village spy, his wishes are almost invariably gratified. Those who know anything of village life can recall instances of many who have been done to death by this treatment. A cottager was recently evicted for inviting into his home an infirm relative, who had been recommended by the doctor to go into the country for his health. Another was dismissed from home and employment for leaving the village in his own time on a Sunday. During Mr. Bradlaugh's parliamentary struggle a gardener was dismissed by the squire for expressing the opinion that Mr. Bradlaugh was an honest man. On many estates the cottager is obliged to covenant to "at all times permit the landlord or his agent to inspect the premises." As a rule, the agent walks into the cottages without warning, and makes a thorough inspection of the upper and lower rooms. A few Sundays ago an agent and his wife, calling at a house and finding the tenant and his wife had gone for a

walk, broke the window, effected an entrance, opened all the cupboards, inspected the bedrooms, and scrutinized the place in general. The tenant, being employed by the squire, could not complain without sacrificing his livelihood. Cottagers usually are obliged to pay their rent at the office on a certain day, walking sometimes five miles or more. They assemble in the open, no chairs being provided, and no shelter from the weather. They enter one by one, make courtesy or bow according to sex, pay their rent, and must be prepared for close questioning as to their own past and present life, and the private affairs of the family. Most stewards are brutal men, as a squire will not, as a rule, keep a man who possesses a spark of feeling for the tenants. Although the Act of 1880 gives to a tenant the right to kill ground game on his own land, any tenant taking advantage of this right will, on many estates, be served with notice to quit. Game is looked upon as sacred, and, although the killing of a hare is not now punished by the loss of the delinquent's eyes, as in the days of William I., there are some who consider this punishment none too severe to be revived at the present day. Tenants are obliged to farm according to the ideas of the agent, who, as a rule, has received nothing better than a college education, and is therefore no match for an intelligent practical man. Twenty years ago a farmer was obliged to sign an agreement "to pay his rent quarterly in advance; to do two days' carting every year for the landlord; to keep a dog for the landlord; to provide a horse for the yeomanry cavalry to be ridden by the tenant, his son, or some qualified person; and to present a good cheese, of an average weight of the dairy, every third year for the landlord's use." The dog and cheese have now beaten a retreat, the cavalry horse is following hard behind, and the carts and team horses will shortly bring up the rear.

On some estates in Lancashire and Cheshire, where there is a large demand for the small holdings which prevail there, it is the practice to give preference to the young sons of farmers. If they have no capital, they borrow it, and, being green, pay any rent that is asked. Often they become bankrupt in a few years, which is an advantage to the landlord, as he can claim his rent in full and relet the farm to another "green 'un" at a still more advanced rent.

Education is at a low ebb in agricultural districts. The schools are invariably "voluntary," and, the parson being the moving spirit, the time is spent chiefly in moulding the children's minds into hideous forms of distortion. Dissenters' children are, of course, obliged to attend these schools, as there are no others, and any attempt to open private schools is immediately suppressed. There is, of course, the Conscience Clause, but it rarely happens that Dissenters, when they know of its existence, have the courage to bring it into operation. In a case where a boy was recently withdrawn (the only case of withdrawal within the history of the village) he was told by the master not to tell the other children, as the parents were ignorant of the law on the point. In many of these schools grammar or geography is never taught, and a child, after passing all the standards, has been known to express the opinion that America was in London, and that there was no such thing as an island with water around it. Among rural adults it is believed that stones grow, that marriages are made at post-offices, and that the arrangement may be terminated in two years. The clergy are opposed to village libraries; but, where they exist, all useful books are excluded, and only those volumes admitted which facilitate the manufacture of churchmen. In the churchyards friends are often compelled to bury the children on the opposite side of the graveyard to the mother's or father's grave.

The question is often asked, Why do people flock to town? The chief reason is because the country is a paradise for the parson and squire, and a veritable hell for all those whose livelihood lies within their sphere.

J. M. J.

Some remarkable answers on Scriptural matters were given in a recent examination. It was "Daniel in the lions' den" who said, "It is not good for man to be alone"; and why the Israelites made a golden calf was "because they ain't enough silver to make a cow." Another instance of he-e-logical conclusions was when a pupil was asked, "What did the Israelites do when they came out of the Red Sea?" The answer was, "They dried themselves."



## A CONQUEST OF GRACE.

MRS. CON VERTEM had found the county jail a rich field for missionary work. During a three weeks' religious campaign in that grim holstery two murderers, one burglar, three pickpockets, one kidnapper, and a strangler had been enrolled among the saved.

Her heart ached for the prisoner in cell No. 9. Through the unequal processes of the courts he had been given nine months in jail for braining a child. His sentence was almost expiated, and she was loath to see him go until his wayward feet had been directed into the fold.

As he looked into her crockery eyes, noting the locks and straggling locks glued upon her rafters, he decided not to embrace religion. He said, "Old dame, I guess I'll check that up to the next one"; but he said it in a dry, metallic tone of voice. If he felt any deep emotions or heart pangs, they were well concealed. Mrs. Vertem was surprised that the unfortunate thug should exhibit so little feeling. "Poor fellow," she murmured, as she gazed sorrowfully in his direction; "if you will not admit sunshine to your soul, I will at least bring you flowers to-morrow, that your dreary cell may be brightened."

"You might as well fetch hay," growled the thug. "A feller can't eat flowers, an' I'm gettin' tired of the skelley dat's dished up here; see? If religion wants to win me out, it's got to give me somethin' solid."

"It is not meet to cherish a sordid disposition," said Mrs. Vertem mildly.

"No," was the sententious reply; "it ain't pie, either, an' I guess it ain't ham an' aigs or chuck of any kind. A good hot steak would go fudder to makin' me feel pius den anything in the flower line; see?"

After this open and frank conversation Mrs. Vertem left the jail with an aching heart.

The next day she passed a few ham sandwiches through the bars to the thug. A radiant smile lighted his usually impassive countenance. His massive lower jaw fell away from the rest of his face, and as his features closed upon the first sandwich he said, in a voice that was full of emotion and sandwich:

"Wat's dat chune you used to sing de guy in de next cell?"

"Is it possible you mean 'Nearer, my God, to Thee'?"

"You kin sing it to me," said the thug.

Mrs. Vertem sang.

When she finished the thug had consumed the sandwiches. He appeared satisfied. He said he felt better, and guessed religion had something to do with it. Before she sang there was a feeling of vague unrest and emptiness, he explained in his crude fashion; but now it was gone.

The next day Mrs. Vertem sang "Rock of Ages" and served hard-boiled eggs.

The thug complained that the eggs had been boiled too long. He said something about religion being all right for people in jail, and hinted, in his unpolished and childlike way, that a hot steak might be a means of redeeming grace.

The next day Mrs. Vertem brought a steak, which she served with a forty page tract, prayer, and more songs.

On the following day the thug was released. He was invited by Mrs. Vertem to occupy a room over the kitchen of her home until some philanthropic gentleman could be found to give him a position in a bank. By this time the redeemed one could give thanks at the table, preliminary to eating, though with one eye on the viands, as if to make sure that they were not part of a dream. At evening he led the family in prayer. Mrs. Vertem was happy. With great pride she introduced the reformed man to her friends as an illustration of the marvellous result of her work in that part of the vineyard enclosed by the walls of the country jail.

Mrs. Vertem has reported to the police the loss of her diamond ornaments, wardrobe, part of her household furniture, the silverware, a trunk, and the front door plate, pictures of Christ and a half dozen of the Apostles, and the family Bible. She did not report the disappearance of the reformed thug. He did not take a goods box full of tracts and a little stone lion on the front step, and maybe she is thankful for that.

## The Meaning of Satan.

I symbolise the wild and deep  
And unregenerate wastes of life,  
Dark with transmuted tendencies of race  
And blind mischance; all crude mistakes of will  
And tendency unbalanced by due weight  
Of favoring circumstance; all passion blown  
By wandering winds; all surplusage of force  
Piled up for use, but slipping from its base  
Of law and order. —Christopher P. Crunch.

Heaven has better prepared our hearts for receiving the impression of grace (whatever that may mean) than our understanding for that of light or knowledge.—Peter Bayle.

## ACID DROPS.

LAST week we eulogised the Bishop of Peterborough for his rebuff to his fellow bishops on the Armenian business. It was well timed, and may have contributed to his getting the London See, a jump from £4,500 to £10,000. The *English Churchman* (October 29) took the opposite view, and said: "Certainly this unfortunate speech of Bishop Creighton's is an additional reason why we should regret to see him appointed to the vacant bishopric of London." Next week it will probably climb down.

The Archbishop-designate, in opening a club at Westminster, said he believed that such work was far more efficacious than mere sermons, church-going, Bible-reading, and visiting. Quite right, Dr. Temple; recreation will always draw better than religion, though we did not expect such an admission from you.

The Bishop of Exeter announced that he had received "with the greatest pleasure" the news of Dr. Temple's appointment to the See of Canterbury. But did not the Bishop once express the view that incumbents should resign their parishes at seventy-two?

The *Church Times* does not seem to relish its new Archbishop. It says: "It is curious to reflect that, if his lordship had remained a mere schoolmaster, he would long since have been put upon the shelf, the age of fifty-five being now regarded by governing bodies as the period when senile decay sets in. Yet Bishop Temple, over whose head another score of years has passed, is still vigorous enough to undertake 'the care of the Churches.'" This seems a polite, Churchmanlike way of telling Dr. Temple he is too old for his place. The *C. T.* does not forget "the part he took in the production of that unhappy volume, *Essays and Reviews*," though the odium he encountered was "mainly incurred by the company he kept." It does not forget his licensing the re-marriage of divorced persons, and calls upon him to stop "the abominable practice." It declares that "the existing diversity of the dioceses in regard to this practice is a great offence to Church people and a scandal to religion."

The Bible and bung are usually in alliance, but the new Primate is a well known teetotaler; although a burglary at Fulham House showed that Dr. Temple kept a little wine for his friends. The *Daily News* say of his new friends: "His orthodoxy in doctrine is for them more than counter-balanced by his heresy in liquor. Indeed, if he would give them a little wine for their stomach's sake, they would almost acquiesce in the republication of his paper in *Essays and Reviews*. He is gravely reminded that 'a genial hospitality' is among the duties of an Archbishop, and that he must 'put into the background any crotchets that may bring him into conflict with the views and sympathies of powerful sections among his fellow-men.'" Dr. Temple has resigned the chairmanship of the Church of England Temperance Society.

The *Speaker* says that "a certain clergyman, who had been offered a suffragan bishopric, went to see Dr. Temple to consult him on the subject. Like a modest man, he began by speaking of his own deficiencies in regard to the high office which had been offered to him. 'I am not a good preacher,' he remarked, plaintively. 'I know you're not; I've heard you!' snapped the Bishop, in reply. It will be interesting to see how this style of conversation suits the mellow atmosphere of Lambeth."

In many churches vespers for the dead were sung on All Souls' Day, and prayers offered for the repose of the soul of Dr. Benson. At St. Alban's, Holborn, the Romish ritual was followed in every particular. A catafalque with a black pall was erected, which was sprinkled with holy water and censed with the thurible. On either side of the catafalque stood three enormous lighted candles of unbleached yellow wax. Cant and candle-grease are becoming the chief ingredients in religion.

The Church party are having solemn conferences on the question whether they shall seek for State aid or Rate aid. The trouble is that they want taxation without allowing representation, and how to get it puzzles them as much as if they were between the Devil and the deep sea.

Dr. Gordon Stables, who believes that animals have souls, or, at least, that "if they haven't then we haven't," says, in an *Echo* article on "The Beasts that Perish," that "some sects of the Buddhists call Christendom the Hell of Animals, and believe that, if not good, they fall after death under the power of Christians. What a terrible punishment this would be!"

How hard it is to kill a well-started lie! Last week a



correspondent informed us that the Rev. Llewellyn Parsons, of the Congregational Church, Seven Sisters-road, told the story about Mr. Bradlaugh pulling out his watch as a challenge to God. Mr. Parsons was written to, and replied that he merely used it as an illustration. He had been a political supporter of Mr. Bradlaugh, and was very sorry if he had given currency to what was incorrect. Mr. Parsons is apparently an instance of how innocently lies against antagonists may be circulated.

But this week Mr. A. G. Herzfeld, of 56 Raleigh-road, Hornsey, writes to us that in August last Mr. Job Williams, a well-known Anti-Romanist and Christian Evidence lecturer, stated in Finsbury Park that "he had one day been present in the Hall of Science when Mr. Bradlaugh pulled out his watch," etc. Mr. Herzfeld says he "at once denounced him as an unmitigated liar," and offered to put his words in writing for the purpose of an action for defamation of character. But he has not heard from Mr. Job Williams yet.

The *Birmingham Daily Mail* (October 24) reports that in one of the suburbs of Birmingham there lived a family devoted to the ministrations of the Roman Catholic Church, constant in their attendance at its services, and earnest in support of its institutions. But a time came when their devotion to the cause wavered. It wavered to such an extent that neither the father nor the mother nor the family were seen at church any more. So the good priest went round to discover the reason, and in a recent sermon he disclosed it to the congregation. "Well," said the head of the household, "it's just this way. I've begun to lose my faith in the efficacy of prayer. I put five shillings on Victor Wild for the French race, at a long price, and we prayed morning, noon, and night, in church and out of it, that he might win. We decided upon a little business we would buy, and we were going to be very comfortable. But he finished last but one, and so we don't believe in prayer and churches any more."

The *Christian World* has the following advertisement, which is worth reprinting:—

THE TALKING PARROTS.—Christian Lady has grand selected Tested Grey in costly, massive drawing-room cage. To good Christians, 25s. Both not one's value. Also pet Indian Parrot, with cage, say 10s.

The address given is in Liverpool, where many parrots are imported that are not always suitable "to good Christians." Probably the Tested Grey has been taught to sing the hymn that helped the Prince of Wales, "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

The Yakutal Indians of extreme North America are fast dying out under the benefits of civilization. A whole tribe got baptized in order to change their luck. The luck did not change, and the missionary had to. "Improved" diet, clothing, and civilized diseases are rapidly wiping them out. The canned beef and cotton overalls of the white man prove a poor substitute for seal fat inside and sealskin without.

We have at our own doors millions of people who do not worship at the shrine of any deity. We have a vast contingent who never saw the inside of a church, who do not know that Christ is dead, and are ignorant of the divine mystery of a well-cooked meal. In the slums of our great cities lurk savages more debased, barbarians more brutal, than can be found in the islands of far seas, ranging the wild steppes of Crim Tartary, or swearing allegiance to the unspeakable Turk. In view of these facts, I here assert that the man who would have us waste our wealth meddling with the religion of pious Buddhists, law-abiding Confucians, or devout Mohammedans, is an infernal fraud, who should be apprehended as a public enemy and put to breaking rock.—*Brann's "Iconoclast."*

An American missionary of the Episcopal Church, named Allen, built a church 24 feet by 18, and a dwelling-house for himself. He wrote to the Society: "According to your wish, I built a house for the service of the Lord, and with the few bricks remaining I built myself a humble tenement." The tenement was a two-storied, sixteen-roomed house, in the hall of which the church would comfortably fit. We had this affecting tale of missionary *naivete* from a celestial studying in England.

On leaving Madagascar the Anglican bishop of Antananarivo informed his flock that after all his labors the men were greater thieves than ever, and the women were immoral. This does not say much for his own ministrations.

The Chicago Parliament of Religions has been the occasion of stirring up in the East the desire of converting the West. There are now several Oriental missionaries in the States, where they have a fine opportunity for studying Christian temperance and sobriety of language at elections. At

a recent meeting in Chicago, Vedantism was represented by the Brahma Charin Bodha-bhikshu and Pundit Lallan; Jainism by Virchand Ghandi, B.A., and his coadjutors; and Buddhism by Anagarika H. Dharmapala, "the Homeless One," as he was called.

Mail advices from Bombay state that a strong belief is prevalent that the Bubonic plague is due to the wrath of the goddess Kali, caused by the Hindoo females having of late years adorned themselves with a new invention in Chinese bangles called patlees. In order to appease the goddess and stop the plague, all Hindoo females are divesting themselves of the new ornaments, and reverting to the old plain ones. Male artfulness again.

Man is said to be a religious animal. Certainly he is a superstitious one. Two popular almanacks, Zadkiel's and Orion's, are devoted to prophecy, and even the widely-circulated Old Moore keeps up his hieroglyphics. We wish *The Secular Almanack* had the sale of Old Moore. Dream books, too, still have a wide circulation; while the Spookical Society is the recipient of any amount of "authenticated" ghost stories. The stupidest kind of superstition is the cultured kind. What are we to think of Mr. Claude Falls Wright getting married in haste after W. Q. Judge's death, for the purpose of securing as the first fruit of the union the reincarnation of their dead hierophant, W. Q. himself; or of Mrs. Besant's yarn that H. P. Blavatsky is now reincarnated as a Hindu youth?

Kegan Paul, or, to give him his right name, Paul Kegan, writes in the *Cornhill* on "Freemasonry and the Roman Church." He finds no harm in Masonry as practised in England, and, but for the disapprobation of the Pope, should regard it as innocent; but continental Masonry is the work of the Evil One. Poor Paul! "the Evil One" has got hold of him with a vengeance, and the result of his return to the Catholic Church is seen in the degradation of his intellect.

The Yezidis, the so-called "Devil-worshippers" of Mesopotamia, are really a people so fortunate as to have no devil. Their little peculiarity is that they will neither pronounce, hear, nor read the name of the Devil. The only book procurable in their country is the Koran, and a Christian is employed to carefully cover with wax all places where the Devil is named. An interesting account of their ceremony of initiation may be read in *Footsteps of the Past*.

A curious item of belief among these people, who are of the Kurdish race, and mingle Christianity and Islam with yet earlier faiths, is that God, at each new year, which with them begins on the first Wednesday after March 21, sells the world for a year by auction. The highest bidder is made Rejel-el-Senne, the ruler of the year, and has the direction of men's fates according to his will, and the distribution of plenty and happiness, want and disease.

We were horrified to read, in an article on the wedding of the Duke of Orleans, that the Order of the Holy Ghost, of which he was a Knight, has ceased to exist. Luckily, he is a Knight of Malta also; but one of the four wings of the Cross is cancelled when he ceases to be a bachelor.

The Commission appointed by the Bishop of Worcester to look into the spiritual needs of Birmingham has reported that Christ Church, St. Peter's, and St. Mary's should be sold, and the money devoted to erecting churches in the suburbs. The project of a bishop and cathedral for Birmingham seems to have fallen through, and some of the subscribers have asked for their money back.

The *Westmeath Independent* reports that Bishop Nullty has held an extraordinary Star Chamber Court in his palace at Mullingar. The bishop called before himself and his vicars six parish priests—Parnellites—charged with holding political opinions in opposition to the bishop's temporal and spiritual influence. The priests were not allowed to speak, but were brought all the way from their parishes to hear their sentence pronounced with an authority from Rome. That sentence was that if they relapsed from adherence to the bishop they are to be deprived of their parishes. This is Rome Rule for Ireland with a vengeance.

It is announced that Mr. J. R. Cowell, a leading member of the House of Keys, Isle of Man, intends to introduce a Bill to legalize marriage with a deceased wife's sister in the island. The *Globe* says: "Many Manxmen have already anticipated the Act." If it passes, it will further infuriate the High Church party, whose views find little favor in Mona.

The Pope has approved of plans for the erection of a cathedral at the place where the Virgin Mary's home was said to have been recently found near Ephesus. A shrine always brings cash.



The Rev. Frederick Norman Hardwick, curate of Hurworth, near Darlington, committed suicide by hanging himself in his wardrobe. The deceased, who was quite a young man, had been in low spirits for a considerable time.

The Rev. C. M. S. Mules, for about twenty-eight years Vicar of the parish of Currey Rivel, Somerset, figured in the Bankruptcy Court on Friday. Liabilities were returned at £6,221, and only £95 6s. 2d. had been realized. Betting on horse races and resort to money lenders were the occasion of the man of god's attempted bankruptcy, which for his bad behavior has been suspended for three years.

The will of the Rev. Montague James Talyor, of 43 Beaufort-gardens, Brompton, who died on June 29, has been proved by Major-General Arthur Henry Taylor and Mr. Ernest Henry Taylor, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate being £24,259 9s. 5d. How hardly shall they that have riches inherit the kingdom of heaven.

Canon Dodd, vicar of Stretton, near Warrington, is a man of God who understands the rights and privileges belonging to his order. Before the Chester Consistory Court a married woman, named Amy Dooley, of Appleton, near Warrington, stated that shortly after her marriage Canon Dodd called upon her, made some remarks about her shapely figure, and said as vicar he was entitled to kiss her. In the case of some servant girls Canon Dodd seems not to have been satisfied with a vicar's privilege of holy kissing.

Herbert N. Casson, Esq., in his address to the Labor Church in Lynn, Mass., stated that in seven years the Christian clergy had been convicted of committing 1,113 crimes against women in the United States alone. As these crimes are only a small portion of those which have been committed by clergymen in this country, it affords but a slight indication of the great depravity of a large number of the members of that so-called sacred calling.

The "good old times," of which we hear much, were chiefly "good" for the parson. In England, under the law of William III., the punishment for blasphemy was three years' imprisonment, while Scotch judges sentenced blasphemers to from seven to fourteen years' exile in Australia. In Thomas Paine's time it was a crime to lend a friend *The Age of Reason*. The best thing about the "good old times" is that they are past.

According to the *Barry Herald*, a clergyman lately took charge of a rural parish in Glamorganshire. Being anxious for the good manners of the rising generation under his special charge, he lost no opportunity of instilling those virtues into the young minds. A few days after coming into the parish he met a boy on the high-road, who, not taking any notice of the rev. gentleman, was promptly pulled up with, "Hey, my boy; don't you know who I am?" The boy, after taking steady survey of his questioner, retorted: "No sir." "Well," said the rev. gentleman, "I am the rector of ——" "Oh, are you?" said the precocious youngster, as he slowly drew himself away; "well, you have a good berth. Mind you don't lose it."

The child and the oath was illustrated last week in Glasgow in a still more remarkable way than by Mr. Littler, Q.C., at Edinburgh. Bailie Martin, a worthy successor of the ever lamented Bailie Nichol Jarvie, asked a laddie: "Do you know where I send boys who tell lies?" The lad's prompt answer was: "Yes, sir; to hell." This answer not only shows what an awful personage a Glasgow magistrate is in the eyes of a street urchin, but takes us back to the time when, as Herbert Spencer shows, the civil power was undifferentiated from the spiritual power.

Hamilton folks object to the Sunday buses so much that they are going to ask the Caledonian Railway to run Sunday trains.

*Open Court* (October 15), having completed Mr. Holyoake's articles on Secularism (the same as those which appeared in the *Freethinker*), appends a criticism at the end. The difference between Mr. Holyoake and Dr. Carus, who refuses to call himself a Secularist, but is an adherent of the Religion of Science, seems to be mainly in a preference for the word "religion." The mass of religious people, however, would repudiate the idea that the views of Dr. Carus are worthy to be called a religion at all.

Dr. Palgen, of Echternach, Luxemburg, writes to *Open Court* complaining that Dr. Carus, in calling the dancing procession there a "stupid survival," is "brutal enough to wantonly wound the feelings of his fellow men on an out-of-the-way occasion." An account of the dancing procession will be found in the chapter on "Religious Dancing" in Mr. Wheeler's *Footsteps of the Past*.

It is announced that Judge North, having completed the

fifteen years' service on the Bench entitling him to a retiring pension, will withdraw into private life. He never emerged from obscurity but once. This was when, over thirteen years ago, he sentenced Messrs. Foote, Ramsey, and Kemp for blasphemy. North is a Roman Catholic, which explains his attitude on that occasion, and gave point to Mr. Foote's words on receiving sentence: "Thank you, my lord; your sentence is worthy of your creed." Soon after this sentence North was relegated by Lord Coleridge to the Chancery Courts, where his religious bias was not so conspicuous.

The *Globe*, which is almost a lawyers' organ, having a frequent column devoted to "Wig and Gown," says of North: "As an Assize judge his success was questionable."

In America papers are mostly sent through the mails, which take them very cheaply. This is to the advantage of the proprietor, since he has no newsagents to pay. Moreover, he is often paid a year in advance. The system has much developed newspapers in the States. But very often subscriptions are allowed to over-run, and subscribers fail to pay up. This has been the case with the *Blue Grass Blade* way down in old Kentucky, where the grass grows blue. Brother Moore, the editor and proprietor, thus addresses the defaulters: "When I die I want to be buried with the mailing list of *Blue Grass Blade* in my hand, and on judgment day I am going to pull it on all of you fellows that have not paid up, and if it don't put every last mother's son of you over on the side of the Billy goats then I don't know what's the sense of having any judgment day."

Brother Moore's Billy goats remind us of the sky pilot who said to the bad boy: "My son, when that great day comes, where shall we find you—with the sheep or with the goats?" To which he made answer: "Jiggered if I know. Ma, she says I'm her 'little lamb,' and pa calls me 'the kid,' so I guess I'll have to give it up."

An advertiser of "Famous Anthems for Christmastide" in the *Church Times* has the following item: "Unto us a child is born, the fifth thousand." This reminds us of the parson who ordered this same motto, with the words added—"six foot by three."

Miss Clara Barton was sent from America to Turkey, to distribute relief to Armenians. She has lately returned home, having successfully completed her mission. Contrary to expectation, she engaged in no censures of the Sultan. On the contrary, she reports receiving every encouragement possible from him, and on leaving Constantinople she was decorated with Turkish marks of honor. Now a terrible hullabaloo is set up by Christian women, censuring Miss Barton, who for many years has been at the front in every good work, taking her life in her hand to relieve the needs of sufferers from famine, pestilence, and the scourge of war.

With the institution of a new Archbishop, we again hear the proposition that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners should take over the charge of the archiepiscopal palaces, that the income of the Primate may not bulk so mightily in the public eye. The idea is not really to reduce the bloated stipend of £15,000, but to apparently reduce it, by taking over the principal charges which have to come out of it.

Dr. Tanner, who matched Jesus in a forty days' fast, but who has since been outdone by Succi and others, who have broken the record, was no miracle worker, and has been burned to death at Cleveland, Ohio.

A young Jew, named Levinsohn, was charged at Birmingham with breaking into the Hebrew mission room and trying to obtain the sacred manuscripts from the ark. The Bench ordered his mental condition to be inquired into. To want the sacred manuscripts seems to be *prima facie* evidence of lunacy.

Who would be a bishop? The name of Dr. Wynne, the Protestant Bishop of Killaloe, who was found dead on the footway early one morning, is now added to the long list of Fathers-in-God who have met with sudden deaths.

"What is your name, little girl?" asked the Sunday-school teacher of a new scholar. "Sheolen Miller, miss," was the answer. "Sheolen?" repeated the teacher, somewhat surprised; "isn't that rather a queer name?" "Yes, miss; but before the Revised Version came out it wasn't so queer." Then the teacher fell to thinking of spiritual matters.

Item from recent Sydney "In Memoriam" notice:—

Cold is the place we have laid you to rest;  
Cold are the sods we have laid on your breast;  
If in heaven, or where'er you be,  
Oh, father, dear father, we still think of thee.

This tendency to speculate about the possible address of the deceased is ruining the "In Memoriam" business.



## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LETTERS for the *Freethinker* must be addressed to the Editor or Mr. Wheeler. Letters addressed to Mr. Foote will await his return from America.

MCALLISTER.—Mr. Guest, 19 Alwyne-road, Canonbury, N., would be glad to hear from you regarding the tracts you say you wrote for and did not receive. He has no trace of your letter.

RAMSEY AND KEMP TESTIMONIAL.—Mr. G. Ward desires all with contribution cards to return the same to him without further delay. Address, 91 Mildmay-park-road.

C. WRIGHT.—It was towards the end of 1853 that Lord Palmerston, then Home Secretary, refused the petition of the Scotch Presbytery for a National Fast-day on account of the cholera. He replied in a letter, in which he said: "To those who have asked for a day of prayer and fasting to get rid of the cholera I would say: 'Remove the cause; see to your bad drainage, your filthy cesspools; cease to drink impure water; study and obey the sanitary laws.'" *Punch* wrote these lines on the matter:—

Filth and self-seeking from us cast,  
Believing that the fittest fast:  
For of all prayers beneath the sun  
There is no prayer like work well done.

L. T. B.—We do not know the price of Farrar's work. You can get the *Apocryphal Gospels* from Mr. Forder for 2s. 10½d. post free.

C. CATTELL (Emerson, Pokesdown).—Your MS. must await Mr. Foote's return. Hope your health will improve speedily.

VULCAN.—Consult the *Financial Reform Almanack* and *The Statesman's Year Book*.

ALERT.—(1) We are not aware if E. Monteil's *Catechisme du Libre Penseur* has been used in any schools. (2) Its purport is to show that morality can be taught apart from religion. (3) The Rev. C. Berry and Dr. Clifford are said to adhere, like Dr. Parker, to the old Nonconformist position, that the State has nothing to do with the teaching of religion. This position was that of Dr. T. Binney, the once famous author of *How to Make the Best of Both Worlds*. (4) Your illustration is good. A Lecture on *Atoms* by Professor W. K. Clifford, published by the Sunday Society, might be of service.

D. BAKER.—Your kind expression is most highly esteemed.

BANJO.—We have found room for it; but not in type.

T. MACLEISH (Glasgow) reports a successful Halloween Social on the night of All Saints. He says: "Notwithstanding it was 'Sawbath Nicht,' several of the younger members seized the opportunity to indulge in an impromptu dance at the close of the Social. You had better look to your laurels in London, for godly Glasgow will soon leave you behind."

H. A. HOPKINS (Camberwell) calls attention to a lecture on Friday, November 6, at the Bethel Mission Hall, 92 Peckham-road, on "The Authenticity of the New Testament." Perhaps some of our friends in the neighborhood may like to attend.

SHILLING FUND.—*Per R. Forder*:—Simpson, 1s.; Wilkinson, 1s.; Warr, 1s.; Robinson, 1s.; J. Fulton, 2s. 6d.

AMERICAN FUND.—*Per R. Forder*:—J. Fulton, 2s. 6d.

PRESIDENT'S HONORARIUM.—*Per R. Forder*:—J. Fulton, 2s. 6d.

G. H.—Thanks. Cuttings are always welcome.

A. G. HERZFELD.—See "Acid Drops."

LOUIS LEVINE (Charleston).—We are very much obliged to you for American papers. You have found out ways of being serviceable to the cause all over the world.

WILLIE McLACHLAN (Chicago).—Many thanks. If you see Mr. Foote, remind him of the old days in Glasgow.

J. C. LEWIS.—Will make a search.

A. BELL.—Glad you are pleased with the *Almanack*.

W. STRASHELM.—Shall appear. Freethinkers do well to call attention to gambling at bazaars.

PAPERS RECEIVED.—Zoophilist—Animals' Friend—Truthseeker—Vegetarian Messenger—Two Worlds—Progressive Thinker—Straits Times—Secular Thought—Freidenker—Fur Unsere Jugend—Der Arme Teufel—People's Newspaper—Liberator—Open Court—English Mechanic—Echo—Isle of Man Times.

The National Secular Society's new office is at No. 377 Strand, London, where all letters should be addressed to Miss Vance.

It being contrary to Post-office regulations to announce on the wrapper when the subscription is due, subscribers will receive the number in a colored wrapper when their subscription expires.

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

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.

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

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

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

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.

## SUGAR PLUMS.

OUR next issue will contain an account of the reception of Messrs. Foote and Watts at Chickering Hall, with the speeches of Colonel Ingersoll and others upon the occasion.

The *Truthseeker* of October 24 has as frontispiece "Our English Visitors," giving portraits of Mr. Foote and Mr. Watts. The latter is very good, being from a photograph; but, if ever Mr. Foote was like the former, it must have been at some period when he was unknown to the present writer. Sketches of their careers are given, and it is clear they are receiving a hearty welcome.

The platform of the Athenæum Hall, Tottenham Court-road, is this evening again occupied by Mr. C. Cohen, who will take for his subject the ever-interesting topic of "The Origin of Man." It is hoped that this West of London Mission will be well supported.

Large audiences assembled on October 26 to 29 inclusive at the Athenæum, Derby, to hear Mr. Cohen give four lectures, of which the one on Foreign Missions attracted most interest. Discussion took place each evening. On the last occasion six disputants went to the platform. The opposition of the Rev. J. Hyde (Swedenborgian) was the best; although, being heretical, it did not meet with much approval from the Christian part of the audience. The good attendance, no doubt, was in some measure due to the open-air propaganda carried on all last summer by Mr. Briggs, the president of the local Branch. A debate is being arranged between Mr. Cohen and Mr. Wise (of Liverpool), who lectured in Derby in the summer.

A considerable number of persons have called at the new offices of the National Secular Society, at 377 Strand, and joined the Society. If all unattached Freethinkers would do this, or send their subscriptions to Miss Vance, the cause would make greater progress. Little can be done in isolation, much by combination.

It having come to the knowledge of the Benevolent Fund Committee that friends of the movement are receiving applications for assistance from persons outside the Society, the Committee advise that such applicants should in all cases be referred to them. Each application is carefully considered, investigated, and rarely refused. Donations should be sent direct to the N.S.S. secretary, 377 Strand, W. Parcels of cast-off clothing and boots are specially welcome at this time of year.

Mr. R. Forder is now disposing of his stock of *Secular Songs and Freethought Readings*, compiled and edited by J. M. Wheeler, at the reduced price of one shilling. The work should be of service both to individuals and societies, some of the choicest pieces of Freethought poetry, including a long extract from Omar Khayyam, being found in the volume.

We are desired to call attention to the general meeting of members of the Bradlaugh Club and Institute on November 9. All members are particularly requested to be present.

The *Free Thought Magazine*, of Chicago, gives as frontispiece a portrait of the Rev. E. H. Keens, who has published a pamphlet advocating *An Expurgated Bible*; H. M. Taber writes on the attempt to put God in the Constitution, under the title "The Republic in Danger"; D. K. Tenney writes on "The Future of the Church"; R. W. Reeves on "Infidels of the French Revolution"; and E. D. Davis continues his articles, "Matthew, Mark, and Luke," which should attract those interested in "Abracadabra's" papers. The other contents of the *Free Thought Magazine* are of an interesting character, and Mr. Green deserves all support for his endeavor to supply the Freethinking public with high-class reading.

*Nya Sanningar*, our Swedish Freethought contemporary, gives its readers a portrait of Hjalmar Branting, a leading Freethinker and Socialist, who has now attained a place in the Swedish Parliament.

Mr. A. G. Nostick, who is favorably known throughout the West of Scotland for his geological attainments, lectures this evening (November 8) at the Glasgow Secular Hall, Brunswick-street, on "The Face of Old Mother Earth," which will be illustrated with lantern views. There should be a good attendance at a Sabbath lecture which will combine interest with instruction.

Mr. Forder has issued a timely little leaflet on *Armenia and Palestine*, comparing Turkish atrocities with those alleged in the Bible to have been perpetrated by the direct command of God.



## THE CREDIBILITY OF THE GOSPELS.

v.

THE Very Reverend Dean Farrar, in the apologetic work from which I have already quoted, after confidently and erroneously asserting that the authenticity of the Gospels had been tacitly admitted by "the most strenuous opponents" of the alleged truths contained in them, says (page 86):—

"And what is it that the modern theorists ask us to believe? They ask us to believe that.....Christ's followers grossly falsified the events of His ordinary life; and though they were men whose lives and teaching showed that they would 'rather die than live,' yet, suddenly transformed by this utter failure and shameful death from cowardly fugitives into dauntless missionaries, they either invented or imagined an ignorant story about His resurrection, in attestation of which they were ever ready, with demented enthusiasm, to face the wild beast and stand undaunted in the flame; and that on this empty teaching and this invented tale was built a Church which, after eighteen centuries, is still invincible in proportion to its purity and its faith."

These grandiloquent statements are all mere clap-trap. No "modern theorists," who deny the authenticity of the Gospels, ask anyone to believe anything so absurd. Mr. Farrar's assertions are based upon three very big assumptions: (1) That the Gospels were written by apostles, or companions of apostles, who were able to vouch for the truth of the circumstances which they record; (2) that the events related in the Gospels are true; (3) that the Gospel writers were ready to suffer martyrdom in attestation of the truth of the alleged fact upon which the Christian Church is built—the resurrection of Christ.

As regards the first point, we have (as already stated) no evidence either that "Christ's followers," or companions of followers, had any hand in writing the Gospels which at the end of the second century were ascribed to Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. If these Gospels could be shown to have been in existence during the lifetime of some of the apostles—say, within half a century of the Crucifixion—we might admit their authenticity, and yet, even then, be compelled on other grounds to deny their credibility. It is, of course, quite possible that the authors, writing many years after the occurrence of the events, might, without being guilty of intentional fraud, have been themselves deceived. But this view is negatived by the absence of proof of any kind that the Gospels existed even so late as the last decade of the first century, and it is finally disproved by the facts (1) that the earliest Gospels we hear of in the second century are of a more primitive character than our present canonical Gospels; and (2) that three of the latter Gospels (the Synoptics) are not independent narratives, but bear internal evidence of having been compiled from a common lost primitive. All the evidence, in fact, tends to show that our Gospels have arrived at their present form by a long process of successive accretions, like, for instance, the gigantic snowballs boys sometimes delight in making.

Passing over our apologist's second assumption, we come to the third point—that the authors of the Gospels (or perhaps Mr. Farrar means the first promulgators of the Christian religion) were ready to suffer martyrdom in attestation of the truth of the matters they related, or, at least, of the truth of one of the events related—Christ's alleged resurrection.

In this assertion our worthy Dean follows his brother apologist, Paley, who says: "There is satisfactory evidence that many, professing to be original witnesses of the Christian miracles, passed their lives in labors, dangers, and sufferings, voluntarily undergone in attestation of the accounts which they delivered, and solely in consequence of their belief in those accounts."

Now, in the first place, there is no evidence that any of Christ's followers—that is, the apostles—or that any of the authors of the primitive Gospels, or any of the compilers of the later canonical Gospels, ever suffered persecution on account of professing or teaching the Christian religion, or even that any of these Gospel writers was ever once questioned as to the truth of any of the stories he has related—including that of the alleged resurrection of Christ. The only authority for the apologetic statements quoted is the account of the promulgation of Christianity in the un-

historical *Acts of the Apostles*, which narrative, as far as we are able to judge, is purely fictitious.

If we believe the writer of that veracious history, the apostles were frequently brought before the Jewish Sanhedrim for preaching and endeavoring to make converts; they were beaten, they were imprisoned, one of them (James) was put to death by Herod Agrippa, one of the deacons (Stephen) was stoned, the church at Jerusalem was broken up, and Saul set out for Damascus with orders to arrest all Christians he found there or elsewhere. Yet we find, at the same time, that during the whole period over which the history extends the Christian Church is firmly established and exists unmolested in Jerusalem, the centre of all the alleged persecutions. The Church is there from the time of the "Ascension" to the conversion of Saul or Paul; it is there when Paul visits Cephas three years after the latter event; it is there when Paul attends at a council fourteen years later (Galatians i. 18; ii. 1); it is there shortly before Paul sets out on his voyage to Rome. But, apart from this matter, we have many indications which place the fictitious nature of the narratives in the "Acts" beyond all possibility of doubt. The following may be adduced as samples:—

1. The author of *Supernatural Religion* has, by a careful examination of the words put in the mouth of Stephen (Acts vii.), demonstrated in the clearest manner that this grand oration was composed by the author of the Acts himself, and that "the whole plan of the speech is the same as that of others in different parts of the work. Stephen speaks exactly as Peter does before him, and Paul at a later period..... There is so much in common to them all that community of authorship cannot be denied."

The same phenomenon is noticed by Renan, who says: "Luke's persons resemble each other. Peter differs in nothing from Paul, nor Paul from Peter. The discourses which he puts in the mouths of his heroes, though admirably appropriate to the circumstances, are all in the same style, and belong to the author rather than to those to whom he attributes them." In other words, the speeches which the author tells us were uttered by Peter, Stephen, and Paul in the Acts (ii., iii., vii., xiii., xxii., xxvi., etc.) are fabrications composed for the various occasions by the pious author himself.

2. In recording the death of Herod Agrippa, the writer of the Acts says (xii. 23) that the king was smitten by "an angel of the Lord," and was "eaten of worms, and gave up the ghost." Nothing of the kind ever happened. The true account is given by Josephus (*Antiq.* xix., viii. 2).

3. The writer of the Acts brings upon the scene the "doctor of the law," Gamaliel, whom he represents as saying (v. 36, 37): "For *before these days* rose up Theudas..... to whom a number of men, about four hundred, joined themselves, who was slain..... *After this man* rose up Judas of Galilee, in the days of the enrolment," etc.

Now, the insurrection of Theudas took place in A.D. 45, when Fadus was procurator (*Antiq.* xx., v. 1), and after the Apostles had been preaching about fifteen years; that of Judas of Galilee occurred in the year 6 A.D., when Quirinus, or Cyrenius, came to make an enrolment in Judea (*Antiq.* xvii., i. 6). Yet Gamaliel, speaking soon after the beginning of the ministry of the Apostles (about the year 32 or 33 A.D.), is made to say that *before that time* was the insurrection under Theudas (A.D. 45), and that some time later occurred the agitation stirred up by Judas of Galilee (A.D. 6). In other words, the year A.D. 6 represents a later period than A.D. 45, and A.D. 45 (*plus* some added years) is earlier by some years than A.D. 32. This utter confusion of events can have but one explanation—viz., that the narrative in the Acts was written so many years after the time of Theudas that, looking back through this long period, the insurrections of A.D. 45 and A.D. 6 appeared to the writer almost equally distant; hence, not being well acquainted with the past history of the Jews, he by mischance placed the earlier event after the later, and actually represented Gamaliel as speaking of an event as long past which had not yet taken place.

4. The writer of the Acts represents Peter and Paul as going about healing all kinds of diseases, and even on one occasion raising the dead. He actually goes so far as to say that the shadow of Peter, when that apostle passed along the street, cured all the sick upon whom it fell (Acts v. 15, 16); also that aprons or handkerchiefs which had touched the body of Paul had, when laid on the sick, the same curative power (Acts xix. 11, 12). Now, assuming



the Pauline Epistles to be authentic—and in this connection it must be borne in mind that many scholars who deny the authenticity of the Gospels and the Acts admit the genuineness of some of these epistles—we find that nowhere in them does the writer claim power to cure diseases. On the contrary, in 2 Timothy iv. 20 Paul says: "Erastus abode at Corinth; but Trophimus I left at Miletus sick." Now, if the apostle of the Gentiles had possessed power to heal the sick, he certainly would not have left a fellow-worker behind him unhealed. Again, in Phil. ii. 26, 27 Paul says of a fellow-laborer named Epaphroditus: "He longed to see you all, and was sore troubled, because ye had heard he was sick, for indeed he was sick nigh unto death; but God had mercy on him; and not on him only, but on me also, that I might not have sorrow upon sorrow." It is clear from this passage that Paul feared his co-worker was about to die, and that he had no power to heal him. The death of Epaphroditus would have added to the many sorrows he had to bear. Had Paul possessed the power ascribed to him in the Acts, the illness of his colleague would not have given him a moment's uneasiness.

Coming back now to the statements respecting persecution, it surely ought not to be necessary to remind our great apologist that the voluntary facing of torments and death for the sake of religion furnishes no proof of the truth of that religion. We have evidence in plenty that in post-apostolic times, when no information as to the truth or falsity of the Gospel narratives or statements was attainable, hundreds of Christians, who merely believed the Gospel accounts on trust, submitted to be racked and tortured, and even "faced the wild beast" and "stood undaunted in the flame." The fact that religious enthusiasts and fanatics have submitted to such torments rather than abjure their faith is proof of nothing but the sincerity of their belief and their indomitable courage, and perhaps also of their invincible obstinacy. As an example of this elementary truth I take Mosheim's account of the Anabaptists of the sixteenth century. Says that orthodox historian:—

"The infancy of the new Lutheran Church was disturbed by a set of delirious fanatics who turned the world upside down, and who imagined that they were moved by a divine afflatus to set up a new kingdom of Christ free from all sin.....While this tumultuous sect was spreading itself through nearly all Europe, the emperors, kings, princes, and magistrates resisted them with very severe edicts, and at last with capital punishments. But here also the maxim was fully verified which long experience has proved true, that the human mind, when either agitated by fanatical fury or strongly bound [by the cords of religion, is not easily cured by terrors and dangers. Vast numbers of these people in nearly all the countries of Europe would rather perish miserably by drowning, hanging, burning, and decapitation than renounce the opinions they had embraced."

And, as a matter of fact, hundreds of these ignorant fanatics *did* attest the sincerity of their belief.

"Neither the sight of the flames kindled to consume them, nor the ignominy of the gibbet, nor the terrors of the sword, could shake their invincible but ill-placed constancy, or induce them to abandon tenets that appeared dearer to them than life and all its enjoyments."

Thus is once more exploded the oft-repeated argument drawn from steadfastness under persecution.

ABRACADABRA.

### An Error.

L. W. Van Dyke says: "While man was weak and unable to stand alone it was well enough to have priests and preachers to do his thinking." We think our brother is wrong in this position. An organ or muscle not used does not gain strength by inaction, but will grow weaker from day to day. The brain is like a muscle in this respect, and loses all its force when not used. When priests think for others the brain loses its power to reason, and will never acquire that special gift of nature which elevates the man above the brute. Church schools are conducted for the sole purpose of making students think as do the priests. Our free schools, on the contrary, when not under the influence of churchmen, are specially designed to stimulate thought, and make the pupil rely upon his own energies; hence, the reason the present generation are in advance of all others in intellectual attainments.

### THE FATE OF FOUR; OR, DON'T TAKE THE HOLY BIBLE FOR YOUR GUIDE.

BILL ROBINSON believed the Word of God;  
He considered every part of it was true;  
He thought that everything with him would prosper if he trod  
In the footsteps of the meek and lowly Jew.  
In a Savings Bank no cash by him was laid,  
For to lay up cash is wrong, the "Savior" states;  
So, when too old to labor, no provision having made,  
William had to be supported by the rates!  
If you do not want to meet the fate of Bill,  
You must let the Savior's silly teachings slide;  
A pauper's institution you may have to help to fill  
If you take the Holy Bible for your guide!

The case of Smith's another one in point:  
His attachment to the Word of God was great;  
He read the funny passage where it tells us to anoint  
Every poor, diseased, afflicted patient's pate.  
He was ill, but for a doctor wouldn't send;  
He employed a priest to bathe his head with oil;  
So, as was only natural, our poor, deluded friend  
Very quickly shuffled off the mortal coil.  
Take a warning then, and if you should be sick,  
Call a doctor, not a parson, to your side;  
There's not the slightest doubt that you'll be settled in a tick  
If you take the Holy Bible for your guide!

I'll now relate the case of Thomas Brown,  
Who, to follow Christ, forsook his wife and kids;  
He thought unless he hated them the Lord at him would frown,  
So he acted just as gentle Jesus bids.  
Other Christians treat the words of Christ as "fudge,"  
So the sequel to this case is rather odd:  
They followed Brown, and captured him, and brought him  
to a judge,  
Who committed him for eighteen months to "quod."  
If you try to follow Jesus, you will fail;  
The experiment, I hope, will not be tried;  
The chances are that you will find yourself inside a jail  
If you take the Holy Bible for your guide!

The case of number four I will recite—  
'Tis the case of poor, deluded Jenkin Jones;  
The Holy Bible he perused from morning until night,  
To his family, in melancholy tones.  
He perused it till it preyed upon his brain,  
And his "better half" he slaughtered with a brick.  
At Broadmoor, for the future, Mr. Jones they will detain,  
At the pleasure of the gracious "Mrs. Vic."  
Then place the Word of God upon the shelf,  
Give the precious book a berth that's very wide;  
The effect it had on Jones, perhaps, 'twill have upon yourself  
If you take the Holy Bible for your guide!

ESS JAY BEE.

### The Origin of Woman.

The Hovas, of Madagascar, have a myth touching the origin of woman. They say that the first man was created of the dust of the earth, and was placed in a garden, where he was subject to none of the ills which now afflict mortality. He was also free from bodily appetites, and, though surrounded by delicious fruit and limpid streams, felt no desire to taste the fruit or quaff the water. The Creator had, moreover, strictly forbidden him either to eat or drink. The great enemy, however, came to him, and painted to him the sweetness of the apple, the lusciousness of the date, and the succulence of the orange. In vain the first man remembered the command laid upon him. Then the fiend pretended to be a messenger from heaven commanding him to eat and drink. The man at once obeyed. Shortly after a pimple appeared on his leg; the spot enlarged into a tumor, which increased in size and caused him considerable annoyance. At the end of six months it burst, and there emerged from the limb a beautiful girl. The father of all living turned her this way and that way, sorely perplexed, and uncertain whether to pitch her into the water or give her to the pigs, when a messenger from heaven appeared, and told him to let her run about the garden till she was of a marriageable age, and then to take her to himself as a wife. He obeyed. He called her Bahouna, and she became the mother of all races of men.

The fact is, that the Jewish God is nothing but a typical Jew, set up on a cloud, as were all the other Gods of the nations around them, the Jewish God having just all the meanness and hatefulness and ignorance of the Jews of that day, and, of course, immensely inferior to the Jews of this day, who rank among our best citizens, though they steadily resist the Christian religion.—C. C. Moore.



## CHRISTIANITY AND BUDDHISM.

THE list of resemblances between the Buddhist and Christian religions, as given in the article from Max Müller, is by no means complete.

The entire story of the Savior Christ is analogous with that of the Savior Buddha. Curiously enough, the most noticeable points of contrast occur, not in the orthodox Gospels (as might be imagined), but in the apocryphal books abandoned by the Church at an early period in its history. It is, therefore, difficult to accept, as a satisfactory explanation of the admitted similarity of the creeds in question, the fact that Christian missionaries were active in China 700 A.D. A far more legitimate conclusion at which to arrive would be that all plagiarism was on the Christian side.

It has been proved that King Asoka, the Buddhist Constantine and conqueror of India (260 B.C.), had connection with the Greeks. This is shown by an inscription on the Girnar Rock in Gujerat, which sets forth that "here, and in foreign countries everywhere, the people follow the doctrines of the religion of Devanampiya (a surname of Asoka) wheresoever it reacheth."

"The rock inscriptions of Asoka," writes Arthur Lillie,\* "have set at rest for ever the question whether Buddhism was propagated westwards. Here we have, indelibly carved in the rocks, a pure piece of history. It shows that the Buddhist king Asoka was closely connected with the Greeks, and that he sent missionaries to Egypt. It shows that, at any rate, he was under the impression that the Buddhist religion had been there established."

In the Mahawanso "it is recorded that on the celebration of the building of the Buddhist tope of Kuanwelli enormous numbers of monks came from all parts, including thirty thousand from the vicinity of A'lasadda, the capital of the Yona (Greek) country." This A'lasadda, it is agreed by all Oriental authorities, must mean Alexandria, in Egypt. "It is to be observed that it would be more easy to get to Ceylon from Alexandria in Egypt than from Alexandria ad Caucasum (Begram), the place imagined by Lightfoot to be the one referred to by the Indian historian" (Lillie).

Thus we see how it came to pass that the Essenes and Theraputs—mystical Israel—were "saturated" with Oriental Buddhistic Theosophy.

Small wonder, then, that, after the death of the Essene Jesus, his disciples, ever zealous for the glory of the "Master," should add to, and blend his history with, that of the Buddha Gautama. As years passed, it became difficult to part the legendary and traditional from the actual—in fact, well nigh impossible. But the Church did what it could—it stemmed the flow of "Gospels." In these works—the productions of imaginative, fecund, but not all-truthful writers—the story of the Indian Savior was plainly told, "names and places" alone being changed.

Now for the manifold resemblances between the history of the Buddha and that of the Christ. The points of contact have been carefully noted by Arthur Lillie in his learned work on the subject.

Pre-existence in heaven, conception by the Holy Spirit, and birth by a pure virgin (contracted in marriage to a good king in much the same manner as the carpenter Joseph—of royal lineage—is said to have been bound to Mary, the mother of Jesus) are the first points which strike us in the uniform history of these rival "mejsiahs."

There was, too, the double annunciation—one to Siddhodana the King, and the other to the Queen Maya Devi.

"By the consent of the King," says the Lalita Vistara (quoted by Arthur Lillie), "the Queen was permitted to lead the life of a virgin for thirty-two months." A comparison should be made with Matthew i. 25.

The mother of a Buddha must be of the royal line. Long genealogies are given in the Indian Scriptures of Siddhodana, who, like Joseph, was not related to the Divine child at all. The same absurd mistake is repeated in the Christian Gospels, the compilers of which had not the nous to correct the error.

In the Buddhist legend, cited by the author of *Buddhism in Christendom*, the devas (good spirits) in heaven announce that Gautama will be born when the flower star is seen in the East. It is one of the signs which indicate the mother of a Buddha, that at the time of the birth she should be on a journey. This happened. The same thing occurred with the mother of the Jewish Savior. The incident of Herod and the "wise men" finds its counterpart in the Chinese story of King Bimbisara and his ministers. He was advised to destroy a certain child (the Buddha), for whom the stars predicted a mighty destiny. There is the story of Asita, the Indian Simeon, who dwelt on the "holy mount." Like the Jewish prophet, he was brought by the Spirit to testify to the glorious mission awaiting the child.

At thirty years of age Gautama began his ministry. He had previously put himself under the Brahmin Arata "to develop his spiritual insight," but the gurn (teacher), instead

of receiving the gifts of rice, flowers, etc., always offered by a disciple to his teacher, brought them to the novice, entreating the Buddha to instruct him, instead of receiving instruction.

Everyone has heard of the great fast of Buddha previous to his encounter with Mara, the Tempter. He was assailed under the historic bo-tree, while in an almost dying condition. The Tempter invited him to "sacrifice food." Buddha resisted. Mara then took him to a high mountain, showing him all the kingdoms of the earth, offering to make him a mighty monarch. Finally, "angels" ministered to him. Buddha had his twelve chief apostles (one of whom betrayed him), and sixty-one minor disciples, and whom he sent forth to preach "glad tidings" to all the world. The great teacher received his converts with the formula, "Follow me." He had a favorite disciple, who, with another, entreated him for a foremost place in kingdom come. It is written in the Indian scriptures that the advent of a Buddha is always heralded by a precursor who prepares the way.

The voice from the sky very often occurs in the Buddhist narrative. The transfiguration of Gautama took place when the divine being was hymned by mortals and spirits whom he had freed from hell on this occasion.

Buddha washed the feet of a monk afflicted with so loathesome a disease that no one save the great teacher would touch him. It is recorded that Gautama had his last supper with his apostles. The treacherous disciple changed his dish. Buddha was poisoned.

The sun and moon withdrew their light, dust and ashes fell to the earth like rain, and dead saints arose from their graves on the death of the incarnate god. Arthur Lillie is of opinion that the Christian story is entirely borrowed from the account given in the Buddhist holy books, since no mention of the wonderful events is made by Josephus or Tacitus.

The description of the Indian heaven is strikingly like that of John's new Jerusalem. There are the same golden gates adorned with precious stones, a great white throne in the centre of the divine abode, and the tree of life—presumably transplanted to this sphere in order to be out of Mara's reach. Men's actions are recorded in a golden book by the heavenly ministers of Swayambha, the self-existent.

In the Indian narrative we meet with a pretty story concerning the Buddhist "Magdalen." Of course many of the parables and miracles ascribed to Jesus are to be met with in the history of Buddha. There is the parable of the prodigal son, the "new commandment," the changing of the water into wine at a marriage feast, etc.

Buddha, too, had his beatitudes. The "sign of the cross" is used to this day among the followers of his religion. It is the form of invocation used to the kings of the four cardinal points. Maya was, of course, made the Queen of heaven. Mara is represented as the serpent beneath her feet. This has, however, another mystic meaning. The Buddhists have their purgatory and hell, their trinity in unity, their popes and cardinals, fasts and feasts, etc.

They, too, like the Catholics, pray in a tongue unknown to the majority of worshippers. Buddha is styled Lord, Savior, the Father, the Omniscient, etc. In short, Catholicism is an absurd travesty of the older religion. It has been exposed as such again and again, yet still it lives.

FLORENCE BRADSHAW.

## Obituary.

The Barnsley Branch regrets to announce the death of Mrs. Esther Wadmore, of Barnsley. For a long time she had been subject to fainting fits, and on October 12, about midnight, she was seized by one, and was picked up by her husband unconscious, in which condition she died on the 27th. Her loss is mourned by a husband and six children. She was a very active member, doing whatever she could to help on the cause of Freethought. She and her husband, eighteen months ago, presented the Branch with a combination folding rostrum and chairman's seat, from which about one hundred lectures have since been given. She was interred on October 30, the Secular Funeral Service being duly rendered by the local secretary. Her remains were followed to the grave by the local Secularists. A letter of condolence was received from the Rev. R. Hannam, of Monk Bretton (C. of E.), in which he spoke of her as "a good wife and mother." It is indicative of the respect in which she and her husband were and are held, even by those opposed to their views.—W. DYSON, Sec.

Hugh Stitt, Grosser Crook, died on October 22, aged 44 years, lamented by his wife, family, and a large circle of relations and friends in the district of Crook and Spenny-moor. He was buried in Crook Cemetery on Saturday, October 24. Mr. Austin Holyoake's Burial Service was read by the writer over the grave. The funeral was attended by a large number of friends. Mr. Stitt was respected by all who knew him, and in his death the cause has lost a worthy supporter.—JOHN HUME (Willington).

\* *Buddhism in Christendom.*



## BOOK CHAT.

THE 47th volume of *The Dictionary of National Biography* comprises names from Puckle to Reidfurd. John Pym is by S. R. Gardiner; Sir Walter Raleigh, by Prof. Laughton, and Sidney Lee. Of Raleigh's opinion they say: "It is difficult to reconcile the religious tone of his writings with the reputation for infidelity which attached to Raleigh until his death, and was admitted to be justifiable by Hume. The charges brought against Raleigh and Marlowe in 1593 were repeated in general terms within four months after his execution, by Archbishop Abbot, who attributed the catastrophe to his 'questioning of God's being and omnipotence.' (Abbot to Sir Thomas Roe, 19 February, 1618-19)." Such a charge seems confuted on almost every page of his *History of the World*, in which he follows in the early chapters the Old Testament narrative with most confiding literalness, and earnestly insists throughout on God's beneficence. The authors do not notice the evidence of the Rev. Ralph Ironside against Raleigh, nor the other circumstances mentioned by Mr. Wheeler in his papers on Raleigh's opinions.

\* \* \*

The scanty notice of Chevalier Ramsey makes no mention of his connection with Freemasonry. The notice of William Winwood Reade is also too brief. Of his memorable *Martyrdom of Man* it says: "In this work the author does not attempt to conceal his Atheistical opinions." It was surely worth mentioning that the book has reached a fourteenth edition.

\* \* \*

Mr. J. D. Parsons, author of *Our Sun God*, has issued a volume on the *Non-Christian Cross*, which we hope to notice shortly.

\* \* \*

The Maison Mame, Paris, has outdone all former Lives of Jesus by publishing one at the modest figure of 1500 francs. The money is not for the *Life of Jesus*, which is of the ordinary character, but for the reproduction of 400 water-color paintings by Tissot.

\* \* \*

The Syndics of the Cambridge University Press will shortly publish *The Autobiography of Sir George Biddell Airy*, edited by his son, Mr. Wilfrid Airy. The Astronomer-Royal was a Freethinker, as may be seen from his *Notes on the Earlier Hebrew Scriptures*.

\* \* \*

The American Folk-Lore Society have issued a valuable work on *Current Superstitions*. The superstitions in question are now the Jewish and Christian ones, but far earlier heathen ones remaining in tradition of English-speaking folk. Mrs. Fanny Bergen edits the volume, which has a valuable Introduction by W. W. Kerrell, the editor of a collection of children's songs.

\* \* \*

The *Academy* understands that vol. iii. of Mr. Herbert Spencer's *Principles of Sociology* is nearly through the press, and will be issued here by Messrs. Williams and Norgate as soon as the American edition is ready for simultaneous publication.

\* \* \*

Oh, those irrational rationalisers, what are they bringing us to? Here is the Rev. Ezra P. Gould, who, in *A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Gospel according to St. Mark*, dealing with the most holy story of the devils and the pigs, invites us to "leave out the elements of the story contributed by the idea of possession," and to believe that the destruction of the porkers "was occasioned by some paroxysm of the lunatic himself." If the Rev. E. P. Gould consistently leaves out the theory of possession of devils, he should also leave out the infallibility of Jesus Christ, who talked with and rebuked them.

\* \* \*

Mr. George Barlow, author of the *Crucifixion of Man* and other heretical poems, publishes through the Roxburghe Press a tragedy in blank verse on Jesus of Nazareth.

### Illness of Mr. S. R. Thompson.

It is with sincere regret we learn that Mr. S. R. Thompson, one of the vice-presidents of the National Secular Society, is suffering from disease of the brain and spinal cord, which has brought on blindness. All hope of recovery is gone. He sends word that, wishing to be kindly remembered to all his London friends, he trusts that, though called away from the field of Freethought propaganda, which he loved, and to which he rendered yeoman service in Wood Green and elsewhere, all who know him will not take the message too sadly. Mr. Thompson is a worthy man and a worthy philosopher. The remembrance of good work and kind deeds, the assurance of loving sympathy from many friends, may bring some consolation even in his severe affliction.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## WITHOUT A CHARACTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE DAILY TWADDLEGRAPH."

SIR,—I wish to cap your tales of fallen misery by relating a few particulars of my own unfortunate history. Many, many years ago I did six days' hard labor. My performance was highly extolled. Yet, sir, would you believe it, I have never had a proper job since. My people—I am of the old Hebrew persuasion—have fallen away from me, and those who praise me most highly are the first to traduce me. In former times I used to live on the fat of the land, and the smell of roast meat was never out of my house. Now, everywhere I find beggars who collect money under the pretence that it is for me, and I never get a blessed cent. This is not the worst. I sent my son, an only child, sir, to go among my people, and they fair hounded him to death. Now, sir, they keep singing my boy's praises; but they refuse to give his old father anything. They pretend I have palaces to give away to those who make them comfortable, while I am fed on words. Worse still, they swear I have been guilty of all sorts of atrocities, and even say that I was instrumental in putting my own son to death. In short, I am left without a character. If you do not insert this, please send it on to the *Freethinker*, which has always vindicated me against calumnies.

G. HOVA.

## THE TITLE "REVEREND."

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE FREETHINKER."

SIR,—I cannot see why a title intended to give honor to a most dishonorable set of men, men who are invariably either dull or dishonest, should be used by Freethinkers, except in sarcasm. It used to be bestowed on clergymen only, but now every Methodist ranter and howling Baptist puts the handle to his name, which translates him into a seventh heaven above ordinary humanity, and transforms him into a petty God Almighty. More worthy of reverence than the self-styled "Reverends" I esteem the lowest costermonger. To their intimates sky-pilots are never reverend, and when I think of the "Reverends" who are henpecked by their wives, and snubbed by their daughters, I begin to understand why the Christian never speaks of the Rev. Jesus Christ.

ANTI-CANT.

## PROFANE JOKES.

A PARISHIONER asked his pastor the meaning of this line of Scripture: "He was clothed with curses as with a garment." "It signifies," replied the divine, "that the individual had a habit of swearing."

She (pious)—"Well, sir, now you have given us your opinion of the Bible and of the Deity, what (bridling) do you think of our English aristocracy?" He (impious and American)—"Madam, I reckon that, as a rule, they are eternal ground-cumberers, and should be removed." She (with great asperity—her papa had been a nobleman's butler)—"Sir, I have listened to your ridicule of my Bible in silence; I have heard you blaspheme my God and said nothing; but now you abuse my class I can sit here no longer." (Leaves hysterically.)

Archiepiscopal stories are still in vogue. One is told of Archbishop Trench, who, long in poor health, had his daughter constantly beside him. The last course had been served at a certain grand banquet, when his Grace said to his daughter, with some slight agitation: "I fear I am threatened with one of my bad attacks. I have been pinching my knee for the last five minutes, and I cannot feel the slightest sensation." "Make your mind easy, your Grace," rejoined a lady on the other side; "it was my knee you were pinching all the time!"

Benson, when still bishop of Truro, once travelled in a workmen's train just to study the passengers. He was very much shocked by the bad language which garnished the conversation of his neighbours. After a particularly strong expression from a navvy, the Bishop, touching him gently, inquired: "My good man, please tell me where you learn the language you have just made use of." The navvy replied, with a suspicion of pride in his tone: "Learn it, gov'nor? You can't learn it! It's a gift—that's wot it is!"

She (pious)—"I will never sit down thirteen at table again—never! Last Christmas Day thirteen of us sat at dinner, and three months afterwards we lost a dear relative. Oh! thirteen is a dreadfully unlucky number!" He (impious)—"But surely you are not a believer in these old superstitions. You are very religious, are you not?" She—"Well-er, of course I trust in God-er, and all that kind of thing, but (with great decision) nothing shall induce me ever to sit thirteen at table again—nothing."



## 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, C. Cohen, "The Origin of Man"  
BRADLAUGH CLUB AND INSTITUTE (36 Newington Green-road Ball's Pond): 3.15, T. Thurlow, "Is the Middleman a Factor or a Myth?" 7.15, A. B. Moss, "The New Pilgrim's Progress." November 9, Members' general meeting. November 10, Social party and dance.  
CAMBERWELL (North Camberwell Hall, 61 New Church-road): 7.30, H. P. Ward, "The Faith that Failed."  
EAST LONDON ETHICAL SOCIETY (Libra-road, Old Ford): 7, Quarterly meeting of members, and social gathering.  
PENTON HALL (81 Pentonville-road—Humanitarian Society): 7, Joachim Kaspar, "Marat and the Reign of Terror."  
SOUTH LONDON ETHICAL SOCIETY, Surrey Masonic Hall, Camberwell New-road: 11.15, Sunday-school; 7, Dr. Stanton Coit, "Rome and the Church of England"  
WEST LONDON ETHICAL SOCIETY (Kensington Town Hall): 11.15, Dr. Stanton Coit, "Pusey and the High Church Party."

### OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

HYDE PARK (near Marble Arch): 11.30 and 3.30, A lecture.  
EAST LONDON BRANCH (Swaby's Coffee House, 103 Mile End-road): 8, J. T. Blanchard, "The New Secularism."  
VICTORIA PARK (near the fountain): 3.15, Mr. Ward will lecture.

### COUNTRY.

BIRMINGHAM (Alexandra Hall, Hope-street): E. J. Sale—11, "The New Secularism"; 7, "The Evolution of Man."  
BRISTOL BRANCH (Shepherds' Hall): 7, J. Watts Treasure, "Liberty of the Individual."  
DERBY (Pollicott's Dining Rooms, Market-place): 7, J. R. Wright, A paper.  
GLASGOW (Brunswick Hall, 110 Brunswick-street): 12, Discussion class; 6.30, A. G. Nostik, F.G.S., "Old Mother Earth"—with lantern illustrations.  
LEICESTER SECULAR HALL (Humberstone Gate): 6.30, W. Heaford, "The Bible, the Child, and the Higher Criticism."  
LIVERPOOL (Oddfellows' Hall, St. Anne-street): 7, J. W. Baylis, B.A., "The Decline of Paganism."  
MANCHESTER SECULAR HALL (Rusholme-road, All Saints): 6.30, E. Evans, "The Beginnings of Life upon the Earth." Illustrated with oxy-hydrogen lantern.  
SHEFFIELD SECULAR SOCIETY (Hall of Science, Rockingham-street): 7, Grand exhibition by lantern of seventy pictures illustrating "A Thousand Miles up the Nile"; with special photos, and interesting description.  
SOUTH SHIELDS (Captain Duncan's Navigation School, King-street): 7, Business meeting; 7.30, Lantern lecture, S. M. Peacock, "A Trip to London."

### Lecturers' Engagements.

O. COHEN, 12 Merchant-street, Bow-road, London, E.—November 8, Athenæum, London; 15, Glasgow.

A. B. MOSS, 44 Oredon-road, London, S.E.—November 8, Ball's Pond; 29, Athenæum, London.

## POSITIVISM.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Church of Humanity, St. Mary's-place. Service and Discourse every Sunday evening at 7.

SUNDERLAND.—Conversational meetings, open to all, at Mr. Coates's, 13 Derby-street, every Sunday, at 7.

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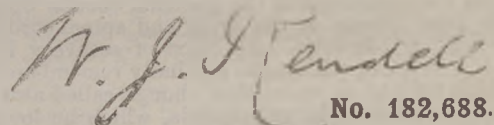
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