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Edited by G. W. FOOTE.]

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MR. FOOTE'S LETTERS FROM AMERICA.

II.—IN NEW YORK CITY.

THE enjoyable drive I had with Dr. E. B. Foote junior on the day of my arrival here showed me that New York has size, though of course it is not so large as London, which is a world's wonder for size, particularly as being situated in so small an island as Great Britain. London has spread out leisurely. Its parks, squares, and myriads of private gardens, to a great extent account for its vastness. New York stands upon Manhattan island, which is about fifteen miles long and two and a half miles at its broadest. For this reason, among others, you miss the vegetation for which London is famous. The houses are built here in blocks, with just enough space to admit light to the back windows. The avenues run from south to north; the streets run east and west of Fifth Avenue, which may be called the vertebral column of the city. You thus find your way about easily. But the New Yorker is not fond of walking. He travels by the elevated railways—which are very convenient, though a great defacement—by cable cars, by horse cars, and even by 'buses. Cabs are not plentiful. There are a few hansoms, but they are too costly to ride in for all who are not millionaires. The car fares are uniform. You pay five cents, and get out where you please. No tickets are issued. The conductor recollects who has paid, as the 'bus conductors used to do in London. There are no outside seats; passengers all ride inside, and the crush is sometimes tremendous, for there is no law against overcrowding. I have seen all the standing room occupied in the middle of the car, and people standing thick together beside the driver in front and the conductor behind, so that it was a wriggling match to get in and out.

New York has a profusion of fine, elegant buildings. In this respect it is superior to London. But its main thoroughfares are not so spacious as those of our English metropolis. Broadway itself is far from being as broad as Regent-street. Nor is New York nearly as well paved as London. What its drainage is like I do not know; but there is no lack of external cleanliness, and the air is (at least at present) fine and clear, though I find it rather relaxing. Perhaps I am handicapped by being accustomed to cool rooms. Here they heat the houses to a degree that suggests a Turkish bath to an Englishman. How the Americans stand it passes my comprehension. They are like salamanders. Yet I cannot help thinking that this excessive heat indoors must put a strain upon the heart, and weaken the respiratory organs or render them too sensitive; indeed, my opinion seems to be confirmed by what I hear of the prevalence of catarrh and pneumonia.

I thought the Americans were a rapid, restless race, but they do not move as quickly as Englishmen. I thought they were moderately talkative, but they are more taciturn than Englishmen. This is how it strikes me, and I can only give my own impressions. They seem to *do* everything, however, with great thoroughness. I see no end to the possible achievements of this people. There is a wonderful intensity of material life here, and as the brain of the nation becomes more and more differentiated and specialized, I do not see why America should not have an intense ideal life also, and produce poets, artists, and philosophers to rank with the greatest in history.

I wish to echo all the praise I have ever heard of the American women. They are brighter-witted than their

English sisters. They show more taste and intelligence, and less conventionalism. Their faces are more animated. But I do not think they equal Englishwomen physically. On the average they seem smaller and frailer, and less sexually accentuated, though I have seen some notable instances to the contrary.

Hotel life here in New York has its own special features. Your bedroom is also a sitting room, and you do what you like there. The Broadway Central Hotel has fine drawing rooms, but I saw very few people in them. There is more freedom in your own den. Mr. Watts and I tried the American plan, paying so much a day for our rooms and breakfast, lunch, and dinner—supper being an extra meal that had to be paid for separately. All the waiters are colored, some being pure negroes and others half-breeds. Generally speaking, they are rather languid. A Swiss or Italian waiter in London executes orders with far greater celerity. The silence which they observe is almost oppressive. They seem to me to be conscious that they are serving an alien race. The style of eating is novel to an Englishman. An American will order three or four courses, which are all brought together, and while he eats one the others stare him in the face. No doubt one could get used to this fashion, but I should require a considerable apprenticeship. One thing, however, I much appreciated. You begin your breakfast with fruit. Grapes, oranges, apples, pears, and bananas are supplied *ad libitum*; and as I am very fond of fruit, I found this a most agreeable feature of the *menu*. After breakfast, or before it, as you choose, you go downstairs and get your boots cleaned, sitting in a nice easy chair during the performance. They give you a splendid polish, and the charge is ten cents. Then you may go to the barber's office and get shaved for fifteen cents. The operator takes his time; a free American citizen is not to be hurried; you must not put yourself in his hands if you want to catch a train. But you get an unsurpassable shave; and, after all, that is the first desideratum. If you want stamps for your letters, or to telephone, or to send a telegram (the Americans call it a dispatch), you find the agencies all handy. You scarcely need go out of the hotel for anything.

Enough of this, at least for the present. Let me deal with matters of more special interest to Freethinkers. I have already mentioned our drive with Dr. E. B. Foote junior. The next afternoon (Friday) I had the pleasure of meeting his father at Larchmont, the home of the famous Jersey Yacht Club. Dr. E. B. Foote senior is a most agreeable gentleman and a staunch Freethinker. He has a venerable appearance. His wife is a woman of wide information, quick intelligence, and pleasant manners. I found myself at home with her immediately. I regret that I had less opportunity of becoming acquainted with the younger Mrs. Foote, who is evidently well worth knowing. Carriages were waiting at Larchmont station, and we were driven to the Thomas Paine monument at New Rochelle. It was a charming drive, although the air was humid with approaching rain. The foliage of the trees was magnificent. I did not expect to see such wonderful colors. It was like fairyland.

The Paine monument stands near the roadside. It has no particular artistic merit, but it reminds the passers-by of a great Englishman who helped as much as Washington himself to lay the foundations of the great Western Republic. Behind the monument lies the farm which Thomas Paine received as a gift from his grateful fellow-citizens. In the midst of it stands the house which he

inhabited. Its occupier is a Presbyterian in religion, but he admires Paine as a political writer. He welcomed us cordially, and showed us inside. The house is a wooden structure, but it still looks strong, although it stood before the farm came into Paine's possession. You walk straight from the verandah into a fair-sized parlor, behind which, and communicating with it, is a smaller room that was Paine's study. On the left is a window, through which an unknown enemy fired at him one night as he sat writing. My feelings were deeply stirred as I stood in that room. Thomas Paine had sat there nearly a hundred years ago, struggling against physical ailments brought on by his hard service to freedom, truth, and justice, but still wielding his pen—like a bright and trenchant sword—against the deluders and oppressors of mankind. To stand in that room was an inspiration. I left it with renewed strength for my own humbler warfare against superstition and bigotry. What is the petty immortality of faith to the great immortality of genius and service to humanity? It is these that triumph over death and glorify the dust of the grave.

Returning from our drive, we dined with Dr. Foote senior, who showed us the most perfect hospitality; and bright conversation filled up the time until we returned by train to New York. One topic of talk was the Presidential election, over which the Americans are highly excited. Dr. Foote is a Silverite, and, of course, a supporter of Bryan. Colonel Ingersoll, on the other hand, is what the other side calls a gold-bug, and supports McKinley. The Colonel has always been a Republican, and he stands by his party on this occasion; indeed, he is making some strong political speeches. I have read the one he delivered to twenty thousand auditors at Chicago, and I find it full of good points—as, for instance, that a promise to pay is no more money than a bill of fare is a dinner. I do not wish, however, to take sides in a country where I am only a visitor. I say that I like both gold and silver, and am willing to take as much of both as I can get honestly.

Excited as the Americans are, I am told that one party never thinks of interrupting the other's meetings. I wish I could say the same of my own countrymen. I am also told that when the election is over the Americans accept the decision and settle down without a shadow of animosity. This, again, is very much to their credit, and Englishmen might profit by the example.

III.—A DAY WITH INGERSOLL.

Saturday morning opened brightly, as we hoped it would, for we were going to spend the day with Ingersoll. Mr. Watts, Mr. Putnam, and I took train to Dobbs' Ferry, up the Hudson, where the Colonel and his son-in-law, Mr. Brown, have a summer residence. Ingersoll cannot bear to be parted from his children, and now two delightful grandchildren draw the family ties still closer. It is an ideal state of things, and reminds me of one advantage which the peasant often has over the more roving artizan. In the country you sometimes see three, or even four, generations under the same roof. The continuity of human life is there a visible reality. The gravity of age is balanced by the gaiety of youth; wise counsel is brought to the aid of vigorous performance; a vital discipline of humanity operates with the unobtrusiveness and omnipresence of light; childhood is naturally reminded of mortality, and world-weary hearts, moving towards their graves, are soothed by the prattle of innocence.

Colonel Ingersoll met us at the station with his carriage, and drove us to our destination. All four of us chatted merrily. Watts and Putnam wore silk hats—stove-pipes the Yankees call them. Ingersoll noticed this, and, pointing to his own soft felt, said: "I am too fond of comfort." I don't know that he is *too* fond of it, but he certainly acts on the notion that if you have to go to hell you ought to be as happy as possible till you get there. I wish I had a verbatim report of all that was said in that carriage. Ingersoll's humor is irresistible, and is set off by profound wisdom. Speaking of poetical objects, he remarked that things became poetical when they were associated with our childhood and the most intimate experiences of our lives. "You can't," he said, "get as much poetry out of a well as out of a spring, nor as much poetry out of a pump as out of a well, nor as much poetry out of water-works as out of a pump." The climax was quite unexpected, and

he brought it out with delicious drollery. England, little England, was mentioned. "Well," he said, "it's wonderful what great men you've produced in that little island. If you had nothing else, you've got the greatest literature in the world. All the rest of the world's literature is small beside it. Shakespeare alone outweighs all the rest the world can bring." We spoke of the Bible as literature and I said it was greatly overvalued. "Yes," said Ingersoll, "it is inwoven with our history, and with most of our associations. But when you look at it freely it doesn't stand the test. There's no poetry at all in the Pentateuch; not an oasis in the desert. There is none in Kings and Chronicles. You get some in Job, in a few of the Psalms, and in the Canticles. Ecclesiastes is the best book of the lot. As for Jeremiah and that sort of thing, why I could write like that by the mile. Some of the writing in the Bible," Ingersoll continued, "is positively stupid. 'And he lifted up his eyes, and lo and behold.'" This was uttered inimitably. A Presbyterian elder could not have helped laughing.

As we drove through the grounds to the house Ingersoll drew our attention to some of his favorite trees and lovely bits of autumn coloring. When we got in front of the house we found the whole Ingersoll family, excepting the grandchildren, out to meet us. They did not wait formally inside. Their hospitality was more generous. Mrs. Ingersoll was there, with her married daughter Eva, and Mr. Brown. The handshaking, smiles, laughter, and pleasant words were enough to melt the misanthropy of a Timon. In less than a minute we were all quite at home with each other. Mrs. Ingersoll seems intended by nature as the Colonel's partner. She evidently idolizes her husband, whose affection for her is just as obvious. But she is not a foolish worshipper. Her intelligence matches her rare geniality, and she is a fine conversationalist. And when bright sense comes from the mouth of a woman whose face is a picture of goodness, with an underlying charm of personal beauty, one has to confess the weakness of words to express the gracious combination. But if words are weak to convey an impression of Mrs. Ingersoll, they are still weaker to convey an idea of Mrs. Brown. She seems to have caught the charm of both parents. She is young, she is very beautiful, she is accomplished, she is modest. Every virtue shines in her countenance. Her movements, her gestures, her speech are angelic. I would I had the pen of a Burke to describe that delightful vision. Shelley would have made her the theme of a finer poem than the one addressed to Jane Williams. Shakespeare would have remembered her for a place in his immortal gallery of women. I wondered how Mr. Brown had so propitiated Fortune as to secure such a prize in life's lottery. It is not altogether explained by the fact that he is a very agreeable gentleman, with a good head, and unassuming manners. I don't suggest that he is unworthy of her. The longer I was in his company the more I liked him and respected his intelligence, and I fancy I should like and respect him still more on closer acquaintance. Still, I should like to get Fortune into a quiet corner and ask her that question.

Later on we saw the two grandchildren, a boy and a girl, nearly the age of my own two youngest little ones. Mrs. Brown is justly proud of them, though of course she didn't say so; but looks are more eloquent than words. The Colonel is evidently over head and ears in love with both of them, and I reckon they know it.

Miss Maud Ingersoll was engaged in New York, and I only saw her for a moment on the following Sunday evening. Had she been present, the family circle would have been complete. But I saw enough to satisfy me that I was in a perfect home. This "infidel" family, shut out from all that religion declares to be necessary to the higher life, was a model for the world. There was culture and refinement with perfect homeliness, and love was lord of all. Looking out of the windows one saw a glorious prospect across the Hudson. Nature there was at her finest, and human nature was here at its best.

We spent the whole day with the Ingersolls, and they wanted us to stay all night, so that we might all go to Chickering Hall together the next evening. It was very pleasant to know they would like to see more of us, but we had arranged to return to our hotel. After lunch we went into the billiard-room, where I played the Colonel an American pool game—of course, for love—and initiated him into English billiards. Mr. Brown also played me a game

and we had a fine time. Ingersoll is an all-round man. He was just as delightful in the billiard-room as anywhere else. Afterwards the Colonel played a game of euchre with Mr. Watts, Mr. Putnam, and Mr. Brown.

We were all in good spirits at the dinner-table. Ingersoll himself was in splendid form. It is a weakness of mine to dislike oysters. "So you don't like oysters, Foote," he said. "It's the only fault I find in you." Which was a very dexterous compliment, prompted by a very generous feeling. I was made to tell about my imprisonment, and when I said that Gladstone was Prime Minister at the time, Ingersoll wondered on what principle he was so hot against the Turks for persecuting the Armenians. Ingersoll told the story of his pleading for a man accused of murder. The man had a wife and three children, and Ingersoll pictured to the jury the poor woman at the gate with one child in her arms and the other two at her side, waiting for her husband. Everybody was crying, the judge was crying, and "I was crying myself," said Ingersoll. The question for the jury was, Would they send that man home to the poor woman waiting at the gate? and the foreman of the jury, in a most determined manner, said, "We will." The man was acquitted. He got a portrait of Ingersoll, and portraits of the twelve jurymen; these he hung up in his room, and called them Jesus Christ and the twelve apostles.

Some day, when I have more leisure, I may try to give a fuller and better account of this conversation. I want now to say a word about Mr. Watts. Apparently I have neglected him, but he is an old friend of the Ingersolls, who clearly regard him with sincere affection, and their society was no novelty to him, although he enjoyed it thoroughly. Mr. Watts says he never spent a happier day in his life. To me it was a golden day, a day of days. I had seen Ingersoll in his home, and found him as great there as outside it. He is no puny ascetic, nor is there an atom of false pride in his composition. He hates solemnity. He is always natural. The charm of his writing and oratory is the charm of the man. I never expect to meet a nobler personality. I do not believe a nobler exists on this planet.

G. W. FOOTE.

P.S.—Mr. Watts and I had a splendid and enthusiastic reception at Chickering Hall, particulars of which will appear in my next letter.

RATE AID TO CHURCH SCHOOLS.

THE clericals in their Church House Conference, at the dictation of the Archbishop-Designate of Canterbury, unanimously passed a resolution asking for rate aid for Church schools. What they really propose is to levy a new Church Rate, an endowment of denominationalism, in every School Board district in the country, and to spend the rate at their pleasure, for their own purposes, and without allowing the representatives of those who pay it to have the least control over the teachers or the teaching. Evidently Dr. Temple thinks there is nothing like cheek. Though the resolution was passed unanimously, the only real subject of unanimity was that the Church schools need money. The Rev. Carr Glynn made this clear. He said that, had it not been for the Dean of St. Paul's coming forward and guaranteeing £6,000, the London Diocesan Board of Education would have collapsed, and the doors of many Church schools in the metropolis would have been closed. Throughout the diocese but 116 churches subscribed £700 for education. The rest gave nothing. Parents are supposed to be above all things anxious that their children shall have religious education. Yet they will not pay for this most important privilege; nor can they be trusted with control of the schools where it is given. All must be under clerical management. The Archbishop-Designate made this clear. "The representatives of the ratepayers," he explained, "would be on the council of the Federation, and not on the managing committee of the schools." "I am afraid that will not satisfy the public," said the Bishop of Hereford. We should think not, indeed.

Lord Chatham's dictum, "Taxation without representation is tyranny," has long since become a commonplace of English politics; but the Church has been setting its wits to work how best to make it of no avail. State aid may be

only temporary, for so good a Churchman as Lord Salisbury may not be always at the head of affairs, and further government inspection is undesired. If only the cost of maintaining denominational schools can be saddled on the long-suffering ratepayer, and he will consent to be jockeyed out of any share in the management of Church schools, the parson may rejoice in assured dominion for generations yet to come.

Dr. Temple must be a sanguine man if he expects the people, or even the Conservative Government, to look on the subject of Church education with the parson's eye. It is an open secret that, much as Lord Salisbury would like to promote the interests of the Church, he does not desire to shatter his Cabinet, or encounter such determined opposition as that which compelled the Government to withdraw their Bill this year.

It will be time enough to deal with the Church proposals when they are taken up by her Majesty's Ministers. But in the meantime it may be remembered that the determination of a comparatively few persons—Quakers and Free-thinkers—not to pay church rates was the chief item in getting those noxious imposts abolished. Bishop Moorhouse threatened that if this was done Churchmen might take such action as would "shatter the Board School system in this country." No doubt the Bishops would far rather do this than be shattered themselves. But secular education is a necessity for the people, while religious education is only a necessity for the priests. They made it evident that their demand for rate aid was made, not on behalf of promoting education, but simply for the maintenance of sectarianism, by seeking it only for those districts where they have the competition of School Boards. It is well known that it is in the other districts, where the Church has its own way, that the state of education is most deplorable.

Under the stress of foreign competition it is unavoidable that the cost of education should increase. Some day John Bull will look round and see that, while his money cannot be better spent than in the education of his boys and girls, there are many drains upon his pocket which can be very well dispensed with. That big item, for instance, of six or seven millions spent annually on the Church establishment. Surely that is too heavy a sum to pay as insurance against post-mortem fire. Let John button up his pocket resolutely against the demands of the parsons, while opening it freely for the real necessities of secular education.

J. M. WHEELER.

THE DOCTRINE OF HELL.

I SAY nothing of the moral difficulties and perversions involved in revelation itself; though even in the Christianity of the Gospels, at least in its ordinary interpretation, there are some of so flagrant a character as almost to outweigh all the beauty and benignity and moral greatness which so eminently distinguish the sayings and character of Christ—the recognition, for example, of the object of highest worship, in a being who could make a hell, and who could create countless generations of human beings with the certain foreknowledge that he was creating them for this fate. Is there any moral enormity which might not be justified by imitation of such a deity? And is it possible to adore such a one without a frightful distortion of the standard of right and wrong? Any other of the outrages to the most ordinary justice and humanity involved in the common Christian conception of the moral character of God sinks into insignificance beside this dreadful idealization of wickedness.

There is one moral contradiction inseparable from every form of Christianity, which no ingenuity can resolve, and no sophistry explain away. It is, that so precious a gift, bestowed on a few, should have been withheld from the many; that countless millions of human beings should have been allowed to live and die, to sin and suffer, without the one thing needful, the divine remedy for sin and suffering, which it would have cost the Divine Giver as little to have vouchsafed to all as to have bestowed by special grace upon a favored minority. Add to this, that the divine message, assuming it to be such, has been authenticated by credentials so insufficient that they fail to convince a large proportion of the strongest and most cultivated minds, and the tendency to disbelieve them appears to grow with the growth of scientific knowledge and critical discrimination. He who can believe these to be the intentional shortcomings of a perfectly good Being must impose silence on every prompting of the sense of goodness and justice as received among men.—J. S. Mill, "Three Essays on Religion," pp. 113-115.

WOMAN AND HER INFLUENCE.

EMERSON has said: "The position of woman is an index to the state of civilization." Undoubtedly this is so, inasmuch as no nation can be termed truly civilized where woman is kept in a degraded position. Nothing can be of greater importance to the welfare of the people than the condition of woman. For good or for evil, she wields a power unprecedented in its potency and unsurpassed in its results. The mightiest intellects of the earth, the greatest geniuses of the world, have derived their inspiration from her. Woman, with the gentleness of her nature, the purity of her character, the loftiness of her aspirations, the fidelity of her devotion, and the sweetness of her consolation, has been the prime motive-force of our existence. Without her aid hope would lose much of its incentive, and society would be barren of its brightest ornament. In youth she is the dream of our happiness, at maturity she is the illumination of our sphere, and in the weakness of old age she is our comfort and solace. In health she sustains us, in sickness she cheers us, in poverty she consoles us, and in prosperity she counsels us. Her affection and tenderness shed a halo of joy around many a troubled heart. Upon the pedestal of the purest humanity she is enthroned, and to her is given the sceptre that controls the destiny of man. We cherish the hope that the time will soon arrive when priestly control over her shall cease, when theological restrictions shall be removed, when feminine slavery shall be blotted out, and when woman shall be the pride and glory of our race.

Of course, the estimate here given of woman may not apply to all of the feminine gender; but we believe that, if women were properly trained, fairly treated, and allowed the free exercise of their legitimate rights, their natural excellence would be much more apparent than it is. It should be remembered that under Christian rule, from the cradle to the grave, woman has been deprived of her rights; her education has been sadly neglected, and her liberty has been restricted. The Bible sanctions the most humiliating position for woman. It teaches that her desire shall be to her husband, and that "he shall rule over" her. It enjoins that wives should be subject to their husbands "in everything." Women are not, according to the New Testament, to speak in public; they are not permitted to teach, but to learn in silence. Such notions as these are certainly not likely, when accepted and acted upon, to elevate the character or to better the condition of woman.

It is historically true that in nations where Christianity had no authority women possessed more freedom and received higher respect than they ever experienced under the rule of the Christian Church. For instance, in Egypt they took part in the direction of national affairs; they were supreme in the domestic circle, and it is well known that they officiated at religious services. In Rome, observes Sir Henry Maine, "woman possessed an amount of liberty which, with the decay of Roman civilization, she lost, and has never regained up to the present time. . . . No society which preserves any tincture of Christian institutions is likely to restore to married women the personal liberty conferred on them by the middle Roman law." This eminent authority further asserts that Christianity tended, from the first, to narrow woman's liberties. Lecky states: "In the legends of early Rome we have ample evidence of the high moral estimate of women, and of their prominence in Roman life. The tragedies of Lucretia and of Virginia display a delicacy of honor, a sense of supreme excellence, of unsullied purity, which no Christian nation could surpass."

Those persons who seek to depreciate woman, representing her as necessarily inferior to man, seem not to recognize the marked difference between the education that has been given to the one and to the other. Professor Jowett, in his *Introduction to Plato's Republic*, writes: "How much of the difference between men and women is due to the education and opinions of mankind, or physically inherited from the habits and opinions of former generations, it is impossible to say." Even the physical inferiority of woman is largely due to bad training in early life, and to the artificial conditions imposed upon her at maturity. Among the Spartan, Indian, Welsh, and some of the Scotch women no such physical inferiority can be found, as is palpable in the so-called "weaker sex" of the Christian communities. However, one thing is certain, that in all the higher

qualities of human nature, which really constitute the elevating force in humanity, women, as a rule, excel. In refinement of character, quickness of perception, moral stability, fidelity to engagements, and graceful modesty, women are superior to men. What can surpass the devotion and faithfulness of Josephine to Napoleon; the courage and fortitude of Joan of Arc, who restored the kingdom to Charles VII.; the daring and unselfish conduct of Grace Darling, who braved the tempestuous ocean to save her fellow-creatures; the patience and sympathy of Florence Nightingale and her noble companions of the sick chamber; the grace and poetry of Sappho, the Greek poetess; and, finally, the word-painting of Mrs. Browning and George Eliot? True, such grand examples of human genius have been, and are, too rare both among men and women. But in the case of the latter it is not surprising. Hothouse plants are too tender for rough climatic influences, and defectively-trained flowers will always show inferior foliage. The fate of too many women has hitherto been that of either parlor ornaments, kitchen drudges, slavish wives, or self-sacrificing mothers.

The duty of Secularists is to aid in giving woman the same opportunity for improvement as man possesses. Let her be no longer a slave, but free in her own rights; and let love be the controlling force, not masculine domination. As it has been aptly remarked: "Men and women in the time to come shall labor, think, and struggle side by side. The man shall bring his greater strength and more sustained determination, the woman her quicker judgment and purer heart, till man shall grow tenderer and woman stronger, man more pure and woman more brave and free; till at last, generations hence, the race shall develop into a strength and a beauty at present unimagined, and men and women shall walk this fair earth hand-in-hand, diverse yet truly one, set each to earth

As perfect music unto noble words."

CHARLES WATTS.

PROFESSOR SAYCE ON THE WARPETH.

THE Rev. Professor Sayce has an article in this month's *Contemporary Review*, entitled "Biblical Critics on the Warpath." His assertions and his grammar are both as bad as ever. He modestly informs us that no one, except an Assyriologist of long standing, is capable of forming an opinion upon the Bible, or upon what he terms "Archæology." The Assyriologists who differ from himself in their interpretation of inscriptions are dismissed as small fry, who know very little on the subject, and the public does right in rejecting what they say. Professor Sayce, as usual, gives no references for any of his assertions, so that they cannot be verified; and he contents himself with reiterating what he has said before, as though he were bringing forward unassailed and unassailable facts. While thus claiming immaculateness and infallibility, he is, of course, severe on other people who have opinions of their own, and says: "I confess that, if we are to have a Pope, I should prefer the successor of St. Peter to a bevy of German professors."

The learned Professor animadverts upon the unlearned and ignorant men who actually refuse to be convinced of the accuracy of his latest pet theories.

"The 'critics,' however, if I may judge from some of the articles I have seen, do not appear to think it necessary that a writer should be an Assyriologist at all in order that he may lay down the law on Assyriological subjects. In a review of one of my books, for example, I have come across the astounding statement that the 'mighty king' referred to by 'Abdi-Khita' (*sic*), of Jerusalem, in the Tell-el-Amarna letters, 'is the King of Egypt,' and therefore that Ebed Tob, or Abdi-Dhabba, as the name ought to be transcribed, was not a 'priest-king.' Equally astounding to the Assyriologist, who has seen the cuneiform text, was the statement made in another periodical, that Mr. Pinches had not found in certain cuneiform tablets the names of Kudur-Laghamar, Eri-Aku, and Tudkhula, the Chedorlaomer, Arioch, and Tid'al of Genesis.} It might have been supposed that, when a competent Assyriologist announces the discovery of a new fact, it would not be denied or disputed except by those who knew something of Assyrian."

As it may not be at all evident to the reader that the Rev. Professor is writing English, it may be necessary to explain. Among the tablets of Tell-el-Amarna are one or two written by a chieftain called "Arad-khiba, king of the land of Jerusalem."* This Arad-khiba addresses some of his remarks to "the mighty king," the context plainly showing that he is referring to the mighty King of Egypt. But one single Assyriologist, one poor voice crying in the wilderness, asserts that the "Mighty King" is a deity, corresponding with the "God Most High" of Genesis xiv. 18, 19. That Assyriologist is Professor Sayce. No other scholar agrees with him, and any person who reads even Mr. Sayce's translation of the tablet will see that it is impossible for the "mighty king" to be any other than the King of Egypt. The ignorant reviewer, whoever he was, had common sense on his side; and Professor Sayce's astonishment is the more remarkable, seeing that all competent persons have agreed with the incompetent scribe who wrote "Khiba" wrongly [or was it the compositor?].

As regards Kudur-Laghamar and the other jawbreakers, Professor Sayce is more cocksure than Mr. Pinches himself. Other Assyriologists, at least, reserve their opinion on the matter, and Mr. Sayce should answer Canon Driver's articles in the *Guardian*, instead of indulging in rhetoric, and finding fault with obscure reviewers in unidentified journals. Professor Sayce is jubilant at having prophesied the discovery of the Tell-el-Amarna tablets; which is very remarkable, seeing that he did not recognize their character when they were discovered; and we have the old statement trotted out that the "Higher Critics" denied that writing existed in the time of Moses. If the learned Professor would kindly give us a reference to any such statement! in the works of any recognized leader of the Higher Criticism, he would confer a boon upon us.

Professor Nöldeke is censured for having ventured to say, as long ago as 1870, that "Assyriologists were unscientific and uncritical." At the risk of coming under the Professor's lash, we must add that the statement was perfectly correct at that time; and there is room for improvement even now.

We much regret to see Professor Sayce drifting into the style and tone exhibited in this article, especially as he was once capable of better things. Very little good will be done to his own side by all this rearing and plunging, and it is hardly the proper thing to hint at one's long association with a particular study making for one's infallibility; for many things are hidden from the wise and prudent that are revealed unto babes. Theological controversy, however, always lowers the tone of the controversialist, and has a damaging effect on the temper.

While differing in the main from Professor Sayce, we are sure that our readers will cordially agree with his contentions as to the tendency of the Higher Criticism, however much Church dignitaries may attempt to veil it.

"If the Levitical law were really the compilation of the contemporaries of Hilkiah and Ezra, and not, what it claims to be, a divine legislation given in the beginning of Israelitish history, how can it be regarded as, in any sense, a communication from the God of Truth? And, secondly, why do the English 'critics' stop short in print at the Old Testament, and not follow the example of their continental masters, by applying the 'critical' method and principles to the New Testament as well? If the 'critical' method is right as applied to the Mosaic Law, it must be equally right when applied to the Gospels."

This, of course, is perfectly logical, although, we fear, it is intended only to appeal to religious prejudices.

CHILPERIC.

A storm arose at sea, and a clergyman happened to be on board. The sailors, in making things "ship-shape," swore at each other somewhat. The clergyman, much frightened, asked the captain was there danger. The captain replied no. "But," said the clergyman, "your men are swearing so dreadfully." "Oh," said the captain, "if the men are swearing, there's no danger." Some time after, the storm not abating, the clergyman crawled to the "fo-castle," listened, and came away saying: "Oh, thank God, they are still swearing."

* Professor Sayce prefers to call this man Abdi-dhabba, or Ebed-tob, from some hypotheses of his own; but all other Assyriologists read the second element of the name as "Khiba."

A "LOT" OF SALT.

(To be taken "with a grain of salt.")

"Remember Lot's wife."—CHRIST.

REMEMBER the wife of old Lot;
Forget not, nor e'er look behind you;
Remember, you'll all "get it hot"
If e'er you forget her, so mind you!

Remember her terrible fix,
When Death came along with his sickle;
Her soul couldn't ferry the Styx,
'Twas fixed in her petrified pickle!

The reason God salted her was,
She turned to look back on the city;
The salt wasn't "Attic," because,
Though funny, the joke wasn't witty.

God's ways are not *our* ways, for we
At *his* ways are oft filled with laughter:
Ere *flesh* "turns," we salt it; but he
Permits it to "turn," and salts *after*!

As soon as Lot's missis turned round,
Jehovah said: "There, now! I knew it!"
Then fixed her as salt to the ground—
A public, perpetual cruet.

The salt wasn't "Attic," although
The subject was quite caryatic?
A salt caryatid, to show
That God was a sculptor dramatic.

"A pillar of salt" is his phrase;
To change it, excites his priests' odium;
They'll damn any person who says,
A column of chloride of *sodium*.

* * * *

A wise phrase, converted, conveys
The *same* thought, if paraphrased fairly;
But that of a biblical phrase
Survives a fair paraphrase rarely.

The pious old phrases all seem,
When paraphrased, silly; attempt it—
Take, "God spoke to Joe *in a dream*";
What is it? 'tis simply, "Joe dreamt it."

Say, "Mother of God," and you pay
Respect to your Catholic brother;
You'll give him a fit if you say:
"Jehovah's mamma," or "God's mother"!

* * * *

This nondescript "pillar" by God,
Though squatter than "Tuscan" or "Doric,"
Was "*Composite*"!—surely 'twas odd,
And yet we are told 'tis historic!

We take with "tall" tales—do we not?—
A "grain of salt"—wholesome proviso;
With *this* one we *must* take a *Lot*!
The Blessed Old Volume tells lies so!

Jehovah believed in the tale;
"Remember Lot's missis," said Jesus;
We all must believe without fail,
Or else God-the-Devil will seize us!

G. L. MACKENZIE.

How to Help Us.

- (1) Get your newsagent to take a few copies of the *Freethinker* and try to sell them, guaranteeing to take the copies that remain unsold.
- (2) Take an extra copy (or more), and circulate it among your acquaintances.
- (3) Leave a copy of the *Freethinker* now and then in the train, the car, or the omnibus.
- (4) Display, or get displayed, one of our contents-sheets, which are of a convenient size for the purpose. Mr. Forder will send them on application.
- (5) Distribute some of our cheap tracts in your walks abroad, at public meetings, or among the audiences around street-corner preachers.
- (6) Get your newsagent to exhibit the *Freethinker* in the window.

MISSIONARY JOTTINGS.

My first provincial lecturing tour this season was brought to a successful close at Derby on October 29. It extended a little over five weeks, during which time I delivered thirty-seven lectures and conducted a debate lasting two nights—an average of nearly one lecture per day. Twelve of the lectures were delivered under the Lecture Scheme, the remainder being undertaken by the branches.

My first two lectures were delivered at Derby on September 17 and 18. The attendance showed a marked and welcome improvement upon my previous visit, the hall being well filled on both occasions. Opposition, too, was forthcoming, which, although of the usual calibre intellectually, produced an unusual phenomenon in the shape of a Methodist local preacher, who not only claimed to possess a keen sense of humor, but impressed upon his hearers the desirability of reading all Mr. Foote's pamphlets. Ye gods! what is the world coming to? Fancy a Methodist preacher, with a sense of humor, advising his hearers to read *Bible Romances!* Perhaps, however, that is where he displayed his sense of humor, for which many thanks.

On the following three Sundays, September 20, 27, and October 4, I lectured in the Secular Hall, Manchester. Here, although Manchester more than sustained its reputation for wet weather, my audiences were the largest I have yet had the pleasure of facing in that city.

On September 24 and 25 I held a two nights' discussion with the Rev. Mr. Waldron. The discussion should have been upon "Theism and Atheism"; but, as Mr. Waldron carefully avoided dealing with the former subject, the debate (?), on the whole, was disappointing.

My first visit to the Failsworth Secular Society was paid on September 28. I found there a very neat hall, a good audience, and, to all appearance, a very healthy society. A large number of its members appear to have been Secularists from their babyhood; and, although not so militant in tone as other Secularistic bodies, the Failsworth people seem to be doing some excellent work. I was pleased to hear that the society is about to enlarge its meeting place, the present one being too small for the congregation.

The next four evenings found me lecturing at Blackburn. Although Blackburn is not the most promising field for Freethought work, the Branch is making steady progress. It has an energetic lady secretary, and a committee whose heart is in the work. The meetings were hardly as good as usual in point of numbers, which was amply accounted for by our being unable to secure the customary meeting-places, and by the abominable weather that prevailed.

On October 11 I visited Leeds, lecturing there also on October 13 and 14. The Leeds Branch is hardly a year old; but it has a strong list of members and a hard-working committee. It has also secured a permanent meeting-place (the hall is its own property during the whole of the week); a course of lectures, stretching over the whole winter season, is under arrangement; and, properly managed, the Society bids fair to become a power in the city.

Todmorden, the next place to be visited, showed also an improvement in the matter of audiences. The lecture was followed very attentively, and with an amount of sympathy not observable on my previous visits.

At Sheffield, where I lectured three times on the 18th, I met with good audiences, and an unusual quantity of opposition—three opponents at both the afternoon and evening lectures.

At Heckmondwike, the next place on my list, I received evidence that religious bigotry is still strong in some places. At one hotel the proprietor refused to allow the Branch secretary to book a room for a Freethought speaker, and on the evening of the lecture a well-known clergyman took up his post at the corner of the street in which the hall was situated, presumably with the intention of noting who attended the meetings. With regard to the first incident, my only regret is that the secretary told the proprietor for whom the room was intended; it would have been well to have taught the ignorant bigot a lesson, and compelled him to pay for "the pleasures of malignity." Both incidents are instructive, however, as showing how much liberality we may expect from Christianity, wherever there is no strong rationalistic spirit to keep it within bounds. Huddersfield and Bradford were next visited, Mr. J. M. Robertson presiding for me at the last-named place. On the 25th I lectured three times at Liverpool, after nearly three years' absence. The weather continued in the same melting mood, but fairly good audiences assembled nevertheless—much better than I expected, seeing that I am almost a perfect stranger to the Liverpool people. A debate has been arranged here between Mr. George Wise and myself. It is fixed for December 1 and 2.

The success of my previous meetings at Derby induced the Branch to undertake the responsibility of a course of four lectures for October 26, 27, 28, and 29. The result was far more successful than I had anticipated. The audiences grew from more to more; on the Wednesday evening every seat was occupied, and many people were standing. The

opposition, too, was in force, the number of opponents being two, three, four, and five on the different evenings, which lengthened the meeting considerably each evening. I am informed by the Derby friends that it is long since there was such a stir in the town; and a good increase of members is confidently expected as a result. On the 30th I returned to London, not to rest, but to prepare for a lengthy campaign in Scotland and the North of England.

On the whole, my recent tour has been one of the most successful I have yet undertaken; and if my experience is the same as that of other speakers—I have no reason to assume it to be any different—the cause of Secularism has a very promising outlook. Although I received a very painful reminder that there is such a thing as over-taxing one's strength (I have swallowed more medicine during the last five weeks than I have ever taken before), I have the consolation of feeling that my efforts have not been made in vain.

C. COHEN.

OUR NEW ARCHBISHOP.

THE *Liverpool Daily Post*, in a leading article, has been giving "beans" to Dr. Temple. The writer thereof first of all pointed out "the formality which has to take place in the election of Dr. Temple to the Archbishopric by the Chapter of Canterbury, after he has, to all intents and purposes, been appointed by the Crown.....The *congé d'église* is the Sovereign's leave given to the dean and canons of a cathedral to choose their own bishop. It is, however, accompanied by letters—*lettres missives*—nominating the person whom the Sovereign requires them to elect. Notwithstanding this direction, which they dare not disobey, the Chapter solemnly proceed to prayer, and ask that they may be guided from above to call to rule over them a man fitted for the office. They then rise from their knees and make formal election of the Royal nominee."

Comment is superfluous upon a performance that even a four-legged calf would grin inordinately at the bare thought of a pig imagining his capability of even contemplating indulgence in a piece of such right down tomfoolery. However, it is a splendid exemplification of the unutterably debilitating effect of theology upon the minds and characters of the dignitaries of the Church.

Laymen, beware!

Now for the "beans" administered to the Archbishop elect himself: "He is a fine foreman of ecclesiastical works. Yet, when all this has been allowed, a regret lingers. Poor Martin Geldart once said that Dr. Temple was a burning and a shining light extinguished under a mitre. Had he lived, he would have said that the biggest mitre was not worth the extinction, for Frederick Temple once promised to lead a movement of rational religion, which might have changed the whole course of the Church in our age, and strongly counteracted the Oxford movement. But he drew back at the critical moment. He was afraid of 'spoiling his career.' That has always been his bugbear—the fear of spoiling his career. He once said to that clever but ineffectual clergyman, Dr. Momerie, that if he went on telling 'good stories' he would spoil his career."

After being interpreted into plain English, what does the foregoing mean? Clearly, it means that while there are fools enough in the world with money to disburse there will always be found knaves to receive it. "Spoiling his career"! What a gem!

It goes without saying that, in order *not* to "spoil his career," certain qualities had to be assiduously cultivated by Dr. Temple. Delinquency in that direction was not to be expected of so astute a gentleman bent on "not spoiling his career." "He has conceived his work in the spirit of the chairman of a great spiritual insurance company. Individual susceptibilities must yield to the rules of the company..... Conform, and you may share the benefits of the society. Move amendments, and the chairman will quash you..... Dr. Temple visits his rural deaneries, and very frankly says they will prefer to hear him to talking themselves..... This strong egoistic habit, of course, grows with what it feeds on, and the result is that Dr. Temple has a hectoring manner with clergymen who make bold to have an opinion of their own."

He is also charged by the writer with being stingy in reciprocating hospitalities received from the benefited clergy in the course of his official rounds. He will feed with a gusto at their tables, but perish the thought of their being requited at his. The reason is obvious. What can petty parsons contribute to his advancement? His tables groan only in the presence of the great and the powerful. It is then that champagne of the best brand flows freely; it is then that unheard-of delicacies are prodigally distributed, and it is then that my lord, with an avid eye, steers his career—*has* steered it—to the desired haven. What an opportunity for the Buckle of the future for a stinging footnote!

J. R.

ACID DROPS.

MANY have questioned the fitness of Dr. Temple for the Primacy. We do not. To us it seems especially fit that an arch-humbug should be archbishop. He has the great requisites of subserviency to the powers that be, and disregard for those beneath him. For an archbishop, and especially one who has run such a career as his has been, to attack the "high salaries" of teachers in Board-schools argues a cheek that is absolutely colossal. The *Daily News* remarks thereon: "As Head Master of Rugby, Dr. Temple received four thousand pounds a year. As Bishop of Exeter he received five thousand pounds a year. As Bishop of London he has ten thousand pounds a year. As Archbishop of Canterbury he will receive fifteen thousand pounds a year. That he should go out of his way to attack the extremely moderate incomes of a singularly industrious class, to whom the community are deeply indebted, is at once impudent and contemptible."

The *Daily News* says: "Perhaps the funniest thing about the Conference at the Church House was its 'unanimity.' The meeting was as divided in opinion as it could possibly be. There was any quantity of amendments, and among the terms flung at each other's proposals were 'autocratic,' 'tyrannous,' and 'intolerable.' One gentleman thought that the proposals of the bishops would have 'dire consequences,' and even the bishops were not agreed among themselves—one right reverend prelate denouncing another as 'crafty.'"

The discussion on Anglican orders at the Diocesan Conference at Liverpool was most exciting, and at times distinctly personal, the High and Low Church parties taking opposite sides with much vehemence. The former contended that clergymen in the Church of England were priests possessing sacrificial powers, with power to remit sins in confession; while the Low Church speakers strongly deprecated such a claim, one of them declaring that claimants of such powers should be drummed out of the Church of England to the tune of "The Rogue's March."

Apròpos of the "validity of Anglican orders," I am informed that a child of fifteen months was accidentally burned in a Somerset village, and that the vicar's daughter—her father being ill—performed the rite of baptism before the infant died. Well, I have always advocated the admission of women to the priesthood.—*Reynolds's Newspaper.*

The Bishop of Winchester, speaking at Guildford at a Diocesan Conference of the Mothers' Union, said that it was the study of the Bible that had given England its strength. He might as well say that Bible study had advanced Japan. The Bishop lamented that this great source of power was becoming less a reality in England than it had been. Those who at schools and colleges came face to face with boys and girls from a hundred homes declared that they did note a difference between now and days gone by with regard to familiarity with the direct words of Holy Scripture. He urged on all, on whom in any way rested responsibility for dealing with children, how terrible a thing it would be for this their land if those apprehensions were to be realized, and the Bible should come to be less to them than it had been. It would be indeed terrible if children grew up without endorsing the Bible, for that is the volume which gives authority to bishops.

' A Japanese traveller says: "What I most studied in Japan was the mission question, but the Christianization of Japan can, perhaps, best be described as the Japanization of Christianity. The Japanese are essentially a light-minded and Atheistic people, and adapt religion to suit their own ideas." Of the Nonconformist missionaries he says: "As a rule, they belong to an inferior class of people, and possess but little tact, notably their women; and so there is bitter animosity against them, especially on the part of their fellow countrymen."

"I am too old to see it," said Bishop Ryle at the Liverpool Diocesan Conference; "but remember my words, Disestablishment will come." We are happy to enrol the Evangelical Bishop among the prophets.

John Cuthbert Hedley, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Newport, has written a letter on the subject of cremation. "The Holy See," remarks the Bishop, "has forbidden Catholics to practise cremation, or in any way to advise or countenance it. No one could be buried with Catholic rites who left directions that his body should be cremated." The Church has always confined its cremating operations to living bodies.

It is stated that the congregation in one of the Victorian churches, of which the denomination is not mentioned, are

invited after the sermon to give their views upon it, and argue doubtful points with the preacher. They therefore come armed with pencil and note-book, and as soon as he has finished the church is turned into a debating society. If home preachers would give up their cowards' castle and adopt this plan, they might find the working-man more ready to go to church.

Two items from one paper last week: The will of the late Rev. Edward Royds, M.A., rector of Brereton, Sandbach, has been proved by Mr. Clement Molyneux Royds, sole executor of the testator, whose personalty is sworn at £17,988 19s. 1d. gross, and £16,606 3s. 4d. net. The will of the Rev. Dr. Henry Revell Reynolds, ex-president of Cheshunt College, has been proved by Miss Katherine M. Reynolds, of Southover, the daughter, and Messrs. Henry Revell Reynolds, 14 Bedford-row, and Louis Baillie Reynolds, 13 King's-arms-yard, the sons. The testator's personalty is sworn at £16,324 gross, and £15,925 net. How surprised these men of God will be if, when arriving at the gates of Paradise, they find the entrance barred with texts inscribed, "Woe unto you that are rich," "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth," "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to inherit the kingdom of heaven."

A favorite hymn in a fashionable West-end church is "Jesus, I my cross have taken, all to leave and follow thee." Ladies, dressed in silks and with dead birds in their bonnets, sing, "Naked, poor, despised, forsaken, Thou from hence my all shall be."

The Second Adventists, who claim to be on the ground floor of the Jehovistic intelligence office, aver that the complications in Turkey are the forerunners of the end of the world. God, say they, for the last time has bared his arm, and the distress now agitating Europe will end in the final battle of Armageddon, when the elect will be snatched, *à la* Enoch, from off the earth, and thrum harps and weave haloes through all eternity.

It is always the same old tale, "now we shan't be long." The show is just about to commence, and the long-delayed Jesus will positively appear. Meanwhile, lay your filthy lucre at the Apostle's feet. The Lord, when baring his arm, might remember the poor Seventh-Day Adventists who are in prison in Tennessee for obeying his word and working six days and resting on his own Sabbath, instead of Sunday.

Faith is not confined to orthodox Christians, or even to Christians at all. A *Daily Mail* interviewer with a Mormon apostle at Salt Lake reports that he said: "When I went round [the world I took neither staff nor scrip with me. You know we believe in the exact words of the Scripture, without any spiritualizing or interpretation. And I never begged a dollar or lacked a meal of victual. I was kind and loving, and temperate and exemplary, and the Lord always sent what I required. It needed faith—a good deal of faith sometimes—but faith came along, and the Lord provided."

The Mormon "Lord" is not exactly the same as the common chapel "Lord." There be gods many and Lords many, as the apostle Paul saith. A Mormon hymn declares:—

The God that others worship is not the God for me;
He has no parts or passions, and cannot hear or see.

The Mormon God is professedly anthropomorphic, with full-sized parts and large-sized passions.

This Mormon has a word for polygamy, which is easily defended from the Bible. He made out that the saints were almost ascetics. "In parts of this State," he said, "where the whole population is Mormon, you will find they use neither tobacco nor tea nor coffee, much less saloons or houses of ill-fame. Our system of polygamy saved us from that. We practised polygamy," he went on, "for that and for the sake of children. If it had been for lust, there were other less expensive ways. And your children can follow you to heaven, but you can't take your mining shares and your railroads. In the Bible, you will remember, children are always held the greatest of blessings."

Mr. G. W. Stevens, who is writing on "The Land of the Dollar" in the *Daily Mail*, describes the Chinese josshouses in San Francisco. He says: "Before each shrine in the josshouse stands a cup of tea, in case the joss should feel thirsty; he takes it without milk or sugar." If a flippant Freethinker wrote in this style of the Christian God, there would be an immediate cry of blasphemy. Yet Jehovah is as much a myth to us as the Chinese joss to Mr. Stevens.

This gentleman goes on to describe the image at the shrine. He says: "This represents a historic Chinese, who actually lived on this earth, a brave, wise, and godly—or should we say jossly?—man, who makes intercession with the real joss. The real joss dwells behind a screen veiled

from the public gaze." Note how all this is applicable to the Christian idols. Mr. Steevens then goes on to poke his fun at the priests having to beat a gong to wake the god up before saying prayers. Anthropologists, as may be seen in *Footsteps of the Past*, have given exactly the same explanation of the bells on the garments of the Jewish priests.

The *Blue Grass Blade* says that in 1822, when Christianity was first carried to the Sandwich Islands, it found there 140,000 healthy, happy heathen. They are now Christianized, and by drunkenness and disease reduced to 30,000.

There be Christs many, as well as lords many and gods many. In America they have Christ Teed, Christ Schwenfurth, Christ T. L. Harris, and Christ Schrader. The latter has made the blind to see, the deaf to hear, the lame to walk—for have not the papers said so? Huggins has been cured of stuttering, and Muggins of rheumatism. There is a strong vein of superstition in the best of people, and when this is artfully played upon the commonplace becomes miraculous, faith supplants reason—and faith is the basic principle of both medicine and miracles. Verily the sage of Chelsea was not far out when he said: "Gullible by fit apparatus all publics are; and gulled with the most surprising profit."

Most of the aforesaid Christs are manifestly humbugs. Occasionally a genuine one arises, and, lo and behold, they say he hath a devil or is mad, and the Christ usually finds himself landed in the secure fastnesses of a lunatic asylum.

Not so long ago there died in Paris Guillaume Monod, a member of a well-known Protestant family, who have had many men of eminence among their number. Guillaume Monod was ninety-five years old at the time of his death. During sixty years of his life he believed himself to be something more than a man.

Guillaume Monod was twice a pastor of the Reformed Church in France—the first time at Saint Quentin, and the second time in Paris. At first he thought that he was to be the father of Christ; but, though he was married twice, he had no children. He then considered that the expected Christ was incarnated in his own personality. He was put in a lunatic asylum, and applied to himself the prophecy of Ezekiel, "They have treated me like a madman."

At one time of Monod's life he retracted almost all that he had written, describing it as the work of a madman, and resumed his pastoral work in Paris. But after the war his old ideas again possessed him, and he began proselytizing with ardor, grouping round him several hundred disciples in Switzerland, Alsace, and France, among whom were men and women of undoubted intellectual distinction, attracted by his blameless life and evident sincerity. They did not think that their master would die, and the great age he attained tended to confirm them in this belief. The followers of Christ Harris hold that he has been rejuvenated.

The Rev. C. L. Kirkland, a Baptist minister of Danforth, Maine, has eloped with a girl of fifteen. He is a man of sixty-five years. The father of the misguided girl is said to be nearly insane with grief.

O, those women! Well did Saint Cyprian call them "doorways of destruction." From the time of poor innocent Adam they have been the instruments of Satan to lead the good men of God astray. Here, too, is the Rev. F. L. Allen, pastor of the Congregational Church at Henniker, New Hampshire, who has succumbed to their wicked wiles, and had to suddenly depart from the scene of his ministrations and their seductions. The Rev. Allen was called before a special meeting of the Church Committee, and taxed with holding improper relations with several sisters. He owned up, but, like Adam, said the women did tempt him. He further confessed that among these women were some of the wives of the committee present, whereat, we read, he created much consternation.

A religious contemporary says: "A pretty woman has ruined more than one church." Yes, and more than one sky-pilot.

Mrs. Besant's article in the *Nineteenth Century* on "The Conditions of Life after Death" is a fair caution. Like Prophet Baxter, she knows all about it, and describes life after death right from the time when the soul leaves the body, "clothed in a violet-grey body made of ethers," fair up to the seventh heaven. She has evidently been inspired by the late Madame Blavatsky, now resident in the body of a Hindu youth. Even the instructed Hindus are laughing at her.

The ex-monk and ex-convict, Widdows, who holds forth at Luther's Chapel, Hackney, is reported in the local paper as saying: "Some have said they will smash these windows. Let them do it, if they dare. If a stone is thrown, I'll go with a crowd to St. John's Roman Catholic Church here in Hackney, and to the Jesuits on Stamford-hill, and we'll smash their windows and virgins, and wafer gods, and make them remember our visit." This statement was received with cheers. The benign and charitable spirit of religion can hardly venture to show itself fully in these days, but in such utterances we get a peep at its real inwardness.

The old song of "The Fox Jumped over the Parson's Gate" was illustrated in connection with a run of the East Devon foxhounds. After leading the hounds several miles, a fox made straight for Exeter, and, with the hunt in full cry, went through the grounds of the local Deaf and Dumb Institution. Still being hard pressed, Reynard sought sanctuary in St. Leonard's Churchyard, well within the boundary of the city. Here the fox was dead beat, and, after it had been removed by the huntsmen to unconsecrated ground, the hunt terminated in the customary manner. The Church had no more real succor for poor Reynard than for bipeds.

Here is a little Sussex story about an old man who does not know that he is famous: "An aeronaut, taking his stately flight over Sussex fields, wished to descend, and threw out his grappling irons. As he neared the ground, he cried out to an old man who was weeding turnips, 'Hi! my man, what place is this?' Poor old Hodge looked up hastily (weeding turnips is an engrossing occupation), and suddenly saw, for the first time in his life, a balloon. Falling on his knees, he clasped his hands, and made answer with befitting solemnity: 'Plase you, Lord, this is Plaistow.'"

A Ballarat Presbyterian parson is struggling to popularize his church, and insists that "clergymen should endeavor to infuse a little sunshine into the service." Well, the old moonshine is about played out.—*Sydney Bulletin*.

The Boers are not the only religious maniacs in South Africa, for, by order of the Bishop of Bloemfontein, they have had a day of fasting and humiliation to induce the Supreme Ruler of events to remove the rinderpest. The Bishop says: "Let us beseech Him of His mercy to command the Destroying Angel to cease from punishing, and to spare our cattle, on whose safety so many human lives depend." These Christians are hardly superior to the Zulus in their theology.

The Bishop of Marlborough gave currency to a sensational story, which shows the ramifications of Romish influence. It appears that the Rev. Charles Guyot, a distinguished French cleric, who has acted on a mission for the Pope, came over to England with the intention of joining the English Church. He attended at the church of the Rev. G. W. Lawson, the vicar of St. Thomas's, Kensal Town, and read the lessons there preparatory to being received into the Church. He also read the lesson at St. Peter's, Bayswater. Somehow he was spirited away, and is now the inmate of a Trappist monastery, condemned to perpetual silence; but a letter has been received showing the restraint he is under.

The sky-pilots of Cape Town have been much disturbed by the running of Sunday trains, which have been denounced in the Presbytery as a wicked infringement of ministerial monopoly, and petitioned against by the Sunday-schools. Alas, they have to be comforted by the assurance of Sir Gordon Sprigg that "the train has been specially timed to give passengers by it an opportunity of attending Divine service at Somerset West in the morning and in Cape Town on their return in the evening; while the up and down journeys are arranged so as not to disturb in any way public worship."

A plague in Bombay, a famine resulting in grain riots in the same presidency, and floods in the Azores occasioning much loss of life, are among recent illustrations of Divine Providence.

Professor S. R. Gardiner, the eminent historian, in his lecture on "Cromwell's Place in History," makes a statement which will be new to many. He laid stress on the disloyalty of King Charles to his subjects in seeking to bring armed force from without to bear upon them. Very many signs have always seemed to indicate the truth of this, but now documents preserved in the Vatican conclusively prove it. They are the letters of an agent of the Pope who was an attendant on the Queen, and therefore in a position to learn the inmost secrets of the court. From these it appears that the Dutch and Irish were to land at Portsmouth, and that the Governor of the Tower of London was also in the plot.

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.

A. TIERNEY.—Cuttings always welcome.

G. W. SAWYER.—There is no intimation of the earth's rotundity in the Bible. Its "ends" and "corners" are alluded to many times. 1 Samuel ii. 8 says: "The pillars of the earth are Jahveh's, and he hath set the world on them." Psalm xciii. 1 says: "The world also is established that it cannot be moved." Isaiah xi. 12 prophesies the gathering of the dispersed of Judah "from the four corners of the earth."

J. E. C.—For evidence that Jesus expected the end of the world in his own generation see Matthew x. 23, xvi. 28, xxiii. 36, xxiv. 34-35, Mark xiii. 30, Luke ix. 29. E. P. Meredith's *Prophecy of Nazareth* goes fully into the subject.

J. A. ROBERTS (New Plymouth, New Zealand).—*Bible and Beer* received. We are pleased to see from your interesting letter that you keep things humming, and glad to know that your little girl enjoys the jokes.

A. B. MOSS.—Glad to hear that your new lecture on "The New Pilgrim's Progress" was highly appreciated. Certainly our cousins had an oratorical treat in hearing Messrs. Watts, Foote, and Ingersoll together.

LADY COOK.—We are under the impression that we have already read in the pages of the *Echo* and *Daylight* most of the article which you send us on "Moral Blinkers." We do not reprint such articles when they appear in papers easily accessible to our readers.

P. W. WYNNE (Bloemfontein).—Your Anglican religionists seem only a shade less fanatical than the Boers. (2) Mr. Foote was married at a registrar's office. (3) Mr. Symes has made a gallant fight against heavy odds.

THOMAS DUNBAR (Walham Green) writes us to express his pleasure with Mr. Foote's first letter. He proposes the presentation to the delegates of a purse (full) at the annual dinner. Those who wish to see some such proposition carried out are reminded that the fund for the American trip, and that for the President's Honorarium, are still open. Subscriptions may be sent to R. Forder, 28 Stonecutter-street, or Miss Vance, 377 Strand, and will be acknowledged in these columns.

C. CATTELL (Emerson, Pokesdown) reports that his *Gems* have been favorably noticed in the *Literary World*, *Reynolds's*, *Weekly Times and Echo*, *Birmingham Dart*, *Weekly Mercury*, and local papers. He has 150 more copies of this book and his *Freethinking* to send to those who enclose him a shilling postal order.

T. MACLEISH (Glasgow).—We cannot fix Mr. Foote's engagements, but hope he will visit you early in the new year.

R. KILLICK.—Glad you are pleased with *Types of Religionists*. Mr. Wheeler is kept so busy that further tracking *Footsteps of the Past* is perforce delayed. No doubt you will be pleased to see Messrs. Foote and Watts on their return.

J. TOMKINS.—Thanks. Cuttings are always welcome.

TYNESIDER would like to have photos of Colonel Ingersoll, Mr. Foote, and Mr. Watts grouped together. They can be obtained separately from Mr. Forder.

ELDAN (Swansea).—The Freethinkers of Swansea ought to unite, and we trust that a good number will turn up at the Central Restaurant on November 21. See "Sugar Plums."

A. G. LEVETT.—Thanks for cuttings.

ALFRED HALLAM.—Some of the followers of Brother Prince of the Agapemone meet at a private house in Stamford Hill. We know nothing of them beyond having seen a copy of very amorous hymns which they use in their worship.

HENRY A. HOPKINS.—Shall appear. We are overcrowded this week.

ALERT.—Thanks for cuttings. Pleased to observe your activity. If your lecture is published, we shall be happy to notice it.

PAPERS RECEIVED.—New York Sun—Blue Grass Blado—Cape Times—Two Worlds—Liberator—Freedom—People's Newspaper—Freidenker—Fur Unsere Jugend—Der Arme Teufel—Boston Investigator—Truthseeker—Secular Thought—Progressive Thinker—Bulletin—Weekly Notes—British and Colonial Printer—Post—Isle of Man Times—Echo—Catholic Times—Sydney Bulletin—Vegetarian Messenger.

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.

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.

SCALE OF ADVERTISEMENTS.—Thirty words, 1s. 6d.; every succeeding ten words, 6d. *Displayed Advertisements*:—One inch, 4s. 6d.; half column, £1 2s. 6d.; column, £2 5s. Special terms for repetitions.

SUGAR PLUMS.

THE *Truthseeker*, in its issue of October 31, gives a verbatim report of the proceedings in Chickering Hall. It says: "Messrs. Foote and Watts, who arrived in this city last Thursday, met a most cordial and affectionate welcome from the Liberals of the city and vicinity on Sunday evening. Many came from adjoining States, and some must have travelled scores of miles to get here for the occasion. They wanted to see Mr. Watts again, to get acquainted with Mr. Foote, and to hear Colonel Ingersoll—which ambitions were all gratified. If those who have been criticising Colonel Ingersoll lately could have heard his speech, they would instantly have taken back all they have said against him, and sworn eternal fealty to his principles of freedom of thought and speech. Mr. Watts also got a great deal of applause, for he made a good speech, and the folks were all very glad to see him again. Mr. Foote, as a stranger in America, as well as the leader of Freethought in England, was the centre of interest. He is a stoutly-built, strong-featured hero, with a pleasant voice and most engaging address. He is witty, as well as eloquent, entertaining, and logical. The audience fell in love with him." We give, in another column, the report of Colonel Ingersoll's speech.

Mr. Frederick Verinder, hon. sec. of the Guild of St. Matthew, will lecture at the Athenæum, Tottenham Court-road, on Sunday evening next, on "The Blasphemy Laws." The lecturer will show the present condition of the law as to the expression of religious opinion, and trace its development from the notorious *dictum* of Justice Hale in Taylor's case, showing the essential identity in many points of the English Blasphemy Laws with the code of the "Holy Inquisition." Mr. Verinder is a Churchman, who, for many years, has been working for the abolition of the Blasphemy Laws, and who was, from first to last, a member of the Executive of the National Association for promoting their repeal. We hope our friends will go to hear him, and take their Christian friends with them.

Mr. Cohen, who, we regret to notice, has had to place himself in the doctor's hands after his recent exertions in the Midlands, writes hopefully of being all right in a day or two, and has a long list of fixtures next week in the west of Scotland. On Sunday, November 15, he lectures at Brunswick Hall, Glasgow, morning and evening. On Monday he goes down the Clyde to Bonnie Dunoon, on Tuesday he takes Paisley, on Wednesday Greenock, and on Thursday Motherwell, returning to the city on the 22nd, and delivering the first Freethought lecture in Carlisle on the 23rd.

Our friend Mr. Forder occupies the platform at the Bradlaugh Club this evening, taking as his subject "Some Blasphemous Poetry." After traversing the field occupied by Omar Khayyam, Byron, Linton, and Swinburne, we hope he will notice a few of the writers who have adorned the pages of the *Lion*, *Republican*, *National Reformer*, and the *Freethinker*.

The Committee for the re-election of Mr. W. B. Thompson for the Gillingham School Board put out a capital leaflet entitled *What is Secular Education?* We are pleased to see that he has secured third place on the poll, heading it so far as New Brompton is concerned. He has beaten the vicar, who was chairman of the Board, and the secular vote has much increased since 1893.

This Sunday Mr. W. Heaford lectures at Sheffield, occupying the platform three times, at 11, 3, and 8 o'clock. His subjects are attractive, and friends in the district should give him a good reception.

Next Sunday (November 22) our Camberwell friends have a dance and entertainment at their hall, New Church-road, commencing at 7 o'clock. These evenings are always enjoyable, and friends should not lose the opportunity.

Several correspondents have written to us from Swansea with the purpose of organising a local branch of the N.S.S. there. It appears there was a misunderstanding as to the meeting announced formerly. All Freethinkers in the district are now asked to meet at the Central Restaurant under the Temperance Hall on Saturday, November 21, at 7.30 p.m., for the purpose of discussing the question.

Lady Cook, in an article which she sends type-written to us, but which has already appeared in *Daylight*, of Norwich, says: "We cannot do without morality, and the more we have of it the better; but we might possibly manage to exist comfortably with less, or even without any, of the various 'religions' in vogue."

Rather late in the day the *Morning* (November 7) devotes a special article to the *Woman's Bible*, of which an English

edition is to appear shortly. It mentions the names of the original committee, including Lady Henry Somerset, who has disclaimed the publication, and says the average person will be surprised to find the name of Mrs. R. G. Ingersoll, the wife of the redoubtable Colonel, who has for so long been a thorn in the side of the Church, by reason of his extreme Agnostic, not to say Atheistic, opinions, which he has expressed both orally and in book form.

We have received a copy of Mr. Foote's *Bible and Beer* with the imprint, "New Plymouth: Printed at the *Taranaki Herald* Office; 1896." It seems that Mr. Roberts, a subscriber to the *Freethinker*, had a copy of the pamphlet, which he lent about, and from which the *Taranaki Herald* made copious extracts. It appears to have made quite a sensation, a local gentleman of the name of J. W. Foote having been credited with it. The publication was much in demand, and has been reprinted without communicating with Mr. Foote. It has "G. W. Foote, editor of the *Freethinker*," on the title-page.

Mr. W. D. Rolley had an excellent letter in a recent number of the *Echo* on the subject of "Christianity and Teetotalism." Armed with facts from the old book and *The Bible and Beer*, he had no difficulty in showing that Christianity has no claim on the teetotal platform.

De Dageraad opens its November number with an interesting account by Dr. H. de Vries of the forty years' history of the Dutch Freethought Union named "De Dageraad." It was founded by Franz Junghuhn, the traveller, whose *Light and Shadow Pictures from Java* was received with a great outcry from religionists. Junghuhn was assisted by R. C. Meyer, the first president, A. G. Renssen, Dr. F. Gunst, and W. B. Westerman, the first secretary. The Dutch genius, "Multituli" (Douves Dekker), was both a member of the organization and a contributor to the organ.

An article on cremation in *De Dageraad* states that there are now forty furnaces in Europe devoted to consuming the remains of the dead.

Mr. F. J. Gould will, as superintendent, open the Sunday-school of the North London Ethical Society at Leighton Hall, Kentish Town, at 11 a.m. on Sunday, December 6. He will be glad to hear from, and call upon, parents in the district. His address is 12 Meynell-road, Hackney, N.E.

Mr. Edward Carpenter's opening address to the series of Humane Science Lectures arranged by the Leigh Brown Trust and the Humanitarian League was so largely attended that a larger hall—the Essex Hall, Essex-street, Strand—has been engaged for the second of the course, which will be delivered by Peter Kropotkin on Tuesday, November 17, at 8 p.m. The subject of his address is "Natural Selection and Mutual Aid," and Mr. E. Carpenter will take the chair. Admission is free.

The *Boston Investigator*, in its issue of October 10, reprints "The Christian Doctrine of Hell," by J. M. Wheeler. This shows what the doctrine historically was, and gives facts needing to be borne in mind now that Sheol has undergone refrigeration.

COLONEL INGERSOLL'S ADDRESS

AT THE RECEPTION GIVEN TO MESSRS. FOOTE AND WATTS.

It is evident from the *Truthseeker* report that there was a fine display of oratory at the Chickering Hall, New York, on Sunday, October 25. Mr. H. Rowley, President of the Brooklyn Philosophical Association, was in the chair, and speeches were delivered by Messrs. Putnam, Watts, Foote, Ingersoll, and Wakeman. Although Mr. Foote is sending over a descriptive report, which will appear in our next issue, we are sure our readers will be glad to have the verbatim report of Colonel Ingersoll's speech, which was as under:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: For one I am delighted to see a couple of gentlemen from the other side of the water who believe that it is right to be honest. Because, after all has been said and done, that is the only question in this entire case, Is it right to be honest? That is all. Is it right to tell what you think, or must you tell what somebody else thinks, and pretend that you think that way? That is all. And shall you think for yourself, or shall you, in the hope of becoming a celestial spaniel, let somebody else think for you, and then swear that was what you were going to say?

These gentlemen, Mr. Foote and Mr. Watts, have for many years been on the honest side. They have for many years insisted that in order to be good it was not absolutely necessary to be a hypocrite, and they have so far forgotten principle as to say that a man ought to be in fact a man; and of course that is dangerous in all respectable com-

munities; it is dangerous. At the same time, while they were talking I thought to myself this: Is there any nobler, any better occupation than a good square honest effort to find out the truth, and is not that not only the privilege but the duty of every good man and every good woman? Is there any higher occupation than that, trying to find out the truth? Well, what do you want of the truth? Well, in my mind there is a kind of prejudice in favor of the truth. I think in the long run it is better than falsehood. I admit that the truth, as a rule, is somewhat weak; and I do not quite agree with my friend Watts as to the longevity of truth, but I know a lie has a constitution that, compared with that of the United States, is extremely strong, and I know that a lie is very hard to kill. I know that. I still have a remote kind of horizon hope that at the end truth will come out ahead. I may not be here, but I still have that feeling, and, as I told you, my prejudice is on that side.

Now, it is a good thing to know the truth, and after all that is the foundation of education, that is the difference between a man and an ape, that is the difference between a man and a priest. Not that I am blaming priests, because I recognize the truth that they are as they must be, that they are a product of nature and can't help it. I think most of them would if they could. Now in every direction people want to know the truth. It is very essential in mathematics and in many other ways, and whoever is trying to teach the people, whoever pretends to be, well, a geologist, he is expected to tell the truth even about an insensate stone, just as he would about a human being. He is expected to tell the truth about dirt, and gravel, and sand—expected to give the facts—and if he does tell the truth he is admired, and if he finds a new fact a laurel is upon his brow, and they say, "There is an honest, intelligent man." We want the facts. We want truth. And so in chemistry. Nobody wants to employ a liar. No matter what experiment he may make, he is expected to tell the facts, how it came out. And he prides himself on the accuracy of his eye, of all his senses; and all his energies are bent for the accomplishment of one end, an accurate report of what he has experienced; and nobody on earth would forgive him if he salted the facts in the slightest. He must tell the truth, and if he doesn't his reputation as a chemist is lost, and he is no more regarded by the scientific world than though he were dead.

Now, it is the same way in all other sciences. What would you think of an astronomer that was pretending to find new stars that nobody else could see? It wouldn't be long until he would be denounced as a fraud, and they would take the telescope away from him. So, I say, in every department of human effort the object is to find the truth, and every honest man will tell what he finds and will give to his fellow-men the benefit of his experience.

Now, it is not only that way in the sciences, all of them, but it is that way in the world of art, just the same. A man looks at a painting, and if he is an honest man he will tell what he thinks of it, he will give a true transcript of his mind, and if anybody talks with him on the subject and he says anything, he is in honor bound to tell the truth. Sometimes he may not care to express his mind before his friend the artist; he may soften it a little, but he will endeavor to tell the truth. And so I say to-night there never stood on the world a great man who had not perfect honesty of soul, and there never will.

Now, is it my duty to crucify my manhood, my idea of honesty, at the dictation of another man, at the dictation of society, at the dictation of a pope, or at the dictation of a god? I must be true to myself, or I cannot by any possibility maintain my self-respect. And if there is any god who objects to my opinions, he has never made it known. I am going to wait until I hear from him. A great many, speaking in his name, have insinuated, have hinted, that my ideas were not pleasing to him; but I don't know whether they know. I don't think they do.

You may say: "Why should any man now get up and talk about the right to think and express his thoughts?" You say that is self-evident, and the person who has not the capacity to see that it is self-evident has not the capacity to reason on any subject whatever.

Now, I have laid that down as a rule in all sciences, that you must tell the truth; that you must build upon facts; that your superstructure must have a foundation, something to support that, something to support the great glittering dome. That, you must have, and you will say, "Well, who opposes it? Who says anything to the contrary?" Well, for instance, you might ask Mr. Foote: "Is there anybody in Merry England that denies these self-evident propositions? Is there in that civilized country, filled with churches, filled with priests of all kinds and descriptions, thousands of them paid out of the public treasury—is there anybody there that isn't willing that a good, honest, brave soul should speak his thought?" Well, about thirteen years ago Mr. Foote was such a thoughtless wretch as to write what he really believed, and that has always been an offence in the Christian world. He was charged with blasphemy. He didn't understand the true relationship between the persons of the blessed Trinity—a matter very easily understood if you stop reasoning about it. In that good country where they love the

Lord he was indicted. You see, the Trinity had been insulted, and they needed the help of the Englishmen. So they indicted Mr. Foote, and they tried him by jury, and he was convicted—convicted not of saying what he didn't believe, but of believing what he said; and what he said was base flattery to what I have said a thousand times. So they put him in jail, not a very pleasant place for anybody. And do you know sometimes I have asked myself the question, Is this world worth any self-denial? Is it worth while to try to lift mankind from the dens and caverns of savagery and superstition up to the heights and palaces of civilization? Is it any use? And when I read the creeds, and sometimes a sermon on Monday morning, I kind of lose confidence, and say, Well, is it worth while? And then maybe I hear a great piece of music into which passed the soul of some great transfigured man; or I look at a painting filled with all that is noble and tender and beautiful; or I read a little from Shakespeare, a few pages from Darwin; and I say, These men were prophesiers of what the world can be, and after all maybe it is worth while to keep on, and if you don't civilize the world you can civilize yourself.

So, when this man was tried for writing what he believed, and convicted, they put him in jail, and they nearly starved him. They were afraid that by feeding him too much they might feed his pride; so that he would still entertain blasphemous sentiments. He was treated like a felon, sleeping on a board, with a good soft piece of wood for a pillow, a little mush without milk or molasses for breakfast—what a breakfast!—one potato and a piece of bread for dinner, and three-quarters of an ounce of bacon once a week. Now, this was an effort on the part of the Christians to civilize this man. And do you know that I have a great respect for a man that will do what he believes to be his duty in such a country, among such barbarians; and I regret to say that at that time Gladstone was Prime Minister—and you know we have no hatred of the English people. Thousands of people here, after having read what Gladstone has written, believe him to be a great man. That shows we have no prejudice. When he occupied that position a petition was presented for the pardon of this wretch, and that petition was signed by the best men in England. It was signed by Huxley, it was signed by Herbert Spencer, and hundreds of others; by the artists, the writers, the thinkers, the noble men. It was not even answered, not the slightest attention was paid to it by the gentleman who is now crazy over the Armenian outrages. And yet, if he had the power, maybe he would treat people who differ with him about religion much as the Sultan does. It is the same thing, just the same.

Now, I say, who objects to this free speech? It doesn't look possible that anybody does. But there are many sciences, and in addition to the sciences there is another known as the Science of Theology. It is called a science because nothing is known on the subject. Now, that science proceeds in an opposite direction from all others. It is the only science that dispenses with facts and regards reason as a light furnished by the devil for the purpose of misleading our souls. Any theologian who finds a fact inconsistent with the creed becomes a heretic, or else keeps still; and most of them keep still. If he is a professor in one of these theological schools—I don't know why they call them schools, but they do—if he is a professor and finds anything that touches their particular religion, he has to keep it still and go right on pretending that he never heard of it; just swearing to the same old falsehoods. Now, I am not saying he is dishonest, and if he is I am not blaming him. He is that way; he can't help it. His mother told him that at the start, mingled superstition with her milk, and while he sat in her lap stuffed him with these superstitions, and sowed the seeds of lies in his brain before a thought had ever taken root. So you can't blame him. I am sorry for him. Then with a great many, their salary depends on it. I am not blaming people for looking out for their salaries. You have got to do something for a living in this world.

(To be concluded.)

The Common Lot.

I dreamt, as buried with my common clay,
Close by a common beggar's side I lay;
And, as so mean an object shocked my pride,
Thus, like a corpse of consequence, I cried:
"Scoundrel, begone! and, henceforth, touch me not;
More manners learn, and at a distance rot."
When, with a haughtier tone, cried he:
"Proud lump of earth! I scorn thy words and thee;
Here all are equal now; thy lot is mine;
This is my resting place, and that is thine."

The parson teacheth the child the story of the Exodus when he is young, and when he is old he looketh for some confirmation thereof on the Egyptian monuments, and he findeth it not.—*Chilperic.*

THE CREDIBILITY OF THE GOSPELS.

VI.

THE Rev. Henry Wace, B.D., D.D., Prebendary of St. Paul's, Preacher of Lincoln's Inn, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in King's College, and author of several works dealing with Christian evidences, has given us a luminous specimen of his learning and logic in one of the Religious Tract Society's "Present Day Tracts," in which work he has taken upon himself the task of proving the authenticity and credibility of the four Gospels.

The reverend gentleman's method, if not altogether original, is unique. He commences with the two books attributed to Luke—the Third Gospel and the Acts of the Apostles, and, after noticing the fact that these two books are addressed to the same person, Theophilus, he says:—

"It is, moreover, generally recognized.....that the two treatises are marked by a singular unity of style, idiom, and thought, that one mind conceived the two books, and one hand wrote them. If we can determine who was the author of one of them, we know the author of the other."

The latter statement is perfectly true, and the fact is admitted by nearly all critics; that is to say, it is admitted that "one hand wrote the two books," but not that "one mind conceived them"; for one of the books, if not the other also, is a compilation from earlier documents.

Having settled these preliminaries, our Professor selects the Acts as the one whose authenticity he intends to prove, and then proceeds to do so. Says this eminent authority:—

"Now, the authorship of the Acts of the Apostles is revealed by one of those pieces of incidental evidence which, in a matter of this kind, are sometimes more convincing than direct statements."

He then refers to the fact that the writer of the Acts in certain portions of the work (xvi. 10-18, etc.) employs the first person, "we" and "us"—a fact which evidently shows that he was accompanying Paul on the occasions mentioned. The argument, so far, may be admitted. All we want now is proof that the person who wrote "we" and "us" was the Luke who is mentioned by Paul. Well, this small matter Dr. Wace, drawing upon his profound knowledge of Christian evidences, kindly undertakes to supply. He says:—

"Now, from some references in St. Paul's Epistles there remains no practical doubt who was the person thus associated with St. Paul. In Col. iv. 14 St. Paul sends a salutation from 'Luke, the beloved physician'; in 2 Tim. iv. 11 he says, 'only Luke is with me'; and, at the end of the letter to Philemon, the salutation of Luke is added, among others, to that of St. Paul. St. Luke, therefore, was an intimate companion of the Apostle; and there is no other known companion to whom the circumstances mentioned in the Acts are appropriate."

Readers now know why no one but Luke could have written the Acts of the Apostles. I must confess, however, that I am wholly unable to see the reason myself. Now, when one gets into a fog in attempting to work out a difficult problem, the best thing to do is to begin all over again. I will, therefore, with the readers' permission, make a fresh start, and see if our Professor has fully proved his case.

First, then, as to Paul's mention of Luke. This name is found only in the three following passages:—

Col. iv. 14.—"Luke, the beloved physician, and Demas, salute you."

Phil. 23, 24.—"Epaphras, my fellow-prisoner in Jesus Christ, saluteth thee; and so do Mark, Aristarchus, Demas, Luke, my fellow-workers."

2 Tim. iv. 11.—"Only Luke is with me."

2 Tim. iv. 21.—"Eubulus saluteth thee, and Pudens, and Linus, and Claudia, and all the brethren."

Now, looking at the third notice, it will be seen that the statement in verse 11, "Only Luke is with me," is contradicted by verse 21. Assuming the epistle to have been written by Paul, the other persons who are named were also with him, and desired to be remembered to Timothy. We must, therefore, set aside this mention of Luke as an interpolation. The other two notices, Renan tells us, amount to only one, the two epistles having been written at the same time, and forming but one document. It must

also be borne in mind that Luke is never mentioned in an epistle as actually travelling with Paul, like Timothy, Titus, or Silvanus; we only find his name tacked on to the end of the Epistles to the Colossians and Philemon, as sending a salutation to the Church at Colosse.

We come now to the portion of the Acts in which the writer makes use of the first person. This writer first appears in Paul's company at Troas. He says (xvi. 10, etc.) :—

“And when he had seen the vision, straightway *we* sought to go forth into Macedonia.....setting sail therefore from Troas, *we* made a straight course to Samothracia, and the day following to Neapolis; and from thence to Philippi.....and *we* were in this city tarrying certain days.”

This first-person writer now disappears, or remains in Philippi; for, after leaving that city, Paul and his companions journey without him (the narrative reverting to the third person, “they,” “them”). Paul goes on to Thessalonica and Berea, thence to Athens and Corinth (where he remained two years); then to Ephesus, thence to Cæsarea, and back to Antioch. After resting here some time, Paul set out again, passed through Galatia and Phrygia to Ephesus, and thence to Greece. Three months later he came to Philippi, and here, in the very place where the first-person writer disappeared some years previously, he comes again on the scene. He says (xx. 5, 6) :—

“But *these* had gone before, and were waiting for *us* at Troas. And *we* sailed away from Philippi after the days of unleavened bread, and came unto them to Troas in five days.”

Here we can narrow the inquiry by ascertaining what companions of Paul had “gone before.” These, we find from verse 4, were Sopater, Aristarchus, Secundus, Gaius, Timothy, Tychicus, and Trophimus. Of course, none of these was the writer of this portion of the narrative. This mysterious first-person writer then accompanied Paul and his friends to Jerusalem, and when, more than two years later, Paul embarked on his voyage to Rome, the writer is in the ship with him, and does not leave him until the party reached Rome. He then says (xxviii. 16) : “And when *we* entered into Rome, Paul was suffered to abide by himself with the soldier that guarded him.” There is nothing to show that this writer remained long in Rome; the remainder of the narrative belongs to the main account written in the third person. Now comes the question, Who was this first-person writer? Judging from the narrative, it would seem that he was some friend of Paul, who was a native of Philippi, and who had some influence with the captain of a vessel that sailed to and from that city. The ship, we are told, waited at Assos to take in Paul, the writer being on board. He first joins that apostle at Troas, sails with him across the Egean Sea, and leaves him at Philippi. Some years later he rejoins Paul at the same place, and accompanies him to Jerusalem and to Rome. Who, then, was this writer? Dr. Wace tells us that “there remains no practical doubt” that he was the Luke named at the end of the Epistle to the Colossians. Our Professor is certainly not wanting in assurance. He is, nevertheless, a notable example of the proverb of the blind leading the blind. Before making such an assertion, he should have shown that the Luke named by Paul was that apostle's companion during the journeys in question, and that the Apostle of the Gentiles was not accompanied in those journeys by several other friends, any one of whom might have been the writer of the narrative in the first person. Dr. Wace has done neither; he has simply repeated the erroneous statements made respecting Luke in every apologetic work dealing with the authenticity of the Gospels.

Who, I ask again, was the writer of the first-person narrative? This question is easier asked than answered. There are seven, as we have seen, of Paul's companions who actually travelled with him, but who are excluded from the authorship by having preceded the writer to Troas. But, besides these, Paul mentions in his epistles many other friends and co-workers. There are, for instance, Barnabas, Silas, Titus, Epaphras, Onesimus, Erastus, Crescens, Mark, Onesiphorus, Epaphroditus, Jesus Justus, Demas, and Luke, who either travelled with Paul, or were with him at Rome at various times, besides many others. Excluding the first two on account of being named in the Acts, every one of the others might in turn be

credited with the authorship of the narrative in question with as much reason as Luke.

But we want to find a companion of Paul, who was a native of Philippi, who had travelled with that apostle, and who was with him at Rome. Epaphras was a fellow-prisoner of Paul, but he was a native of Colosse, as was also Onesimus, whom Paul sent back from Rome to his native city. Titus, we learn from the two Epistles to the Corinthians, was the favorite companion of Paul, and actually went over some of the ground named in the first-person narrative; but we have no evidence that he was a native of Philippi. There is, however, one of Paul's companions who fulfils all the necessary conditions—a fact which cannot be stated of Luke. This is Epaphroditus. Paul, writing from Rome to the Church of Philippi, says (Phil. ii. 25-30) :—

“But I counted it necessary to send to you Epaphroditus, my brother, and fellow-worker, and fellow-soldier, and *your* apostle, and minister to my need; since he longed after you all.....Receive him, therefore, in the Lord with all joy, and hold such in honor: because for the work of Christ he came nigh unto death, hazarding his life to supply that which was lacking in your service toward me.”

Here is a man, a native of Philippi, who had left his home and his church, and had accompanied Paul to Rome. When Paul was a prisoner in that city, and he could do nothing more for him, he returned to his friends and to the church Paul had founded at Philippi. Epaphroditus must, then, have been Paul's companion during the journeys which ended at Rome (in which the first person is employed), and, since he belonged to Philippi, he probably joined Paul there. There is thus some evidence in favor of Epaphroditus being the writer of the narrative in which the pronouns “we” and “us” are employed, *but none at all for Luke*, whom Paul never once, in any of his epistles, names as travelling with him. That apostle several times mentions Silvanus, Barnabas, Timothy, and Titus, as actually accompanying him at different times on his journeys, but never Luke.

What are we to say, then, to Dr. Wace's confident assertion that “there is no other known companion [except Luke] to whom the circumstances mentioned in the Acts are appropriate”? To put it mildly, the statement is not in accordance with fact.

I would, however, have it distinctly understood that I do not assert that either Epaphroditus or Titus was the writer of any portion of the Acts. I have merely shown that, assuming that book to be historical, there are several companions of Paul to whom the authorship could be ascribed with far more reason than to Luke. But the Acts of the Apostles I hold to be a fictitious narrative, compiled with a free hand from pre-existing documents by a second-century writer, who altered and revised as he thought fit, and composed certain portions—such as the speeches put in the mouths of Peter, Stephen, Paul, Gamaliel, etc.—himself. We have evidence of the existence of early Christian writings (now lost) which professed to give the Acts and Travels of Peter, and the Acts and Travels of Paul, and were so named. Now, our present book of the Acts is evidently derived from some such sources, the first twelve chapters giving the acts of Peter, and the remainder being devoted to the acts and travels of Paul. Interpolated within the latter is the first-person narrative we have been considering, which narrative is obviously taken from another document, in which the writer, attended by some of his friends, gives an account of his travels after meeting the party led by Paul. Hence, when this writer says “we,” he does not mean, as apologists tell us, himself and Paul, but his own party, which is independent of Paul. Thus, after leaving Paul at Troas, he says (xx. 13, 14) : “But *we*, going before to the ship, set sail for Assos, there intending to take in Paul.....And when he met *us* at Assos, *we* took him in.” Again, the writer says (xxi. 17, 18) : “And when *we* were come to Jerusalem, the brethren received *us* gladly. And the day following Paul went in with *us* unto James, and all the elders were present.” It would seem, then, that the persons represented by the pronouns “we” and “us” were members of the apostolic party, who, meeting Paul, took him under their protection, and introduced him to the church at Jerusalem and to its president James. And thus is exploded Luke's authorship of the Acts of the Apostles.

BOOK CHAT.

TOWARDS the end of the present month H. S. Nichols and Co. will publish *The True Life of Captain Sir Richard F. Burton, K.C.M.G., F.R.G.S., &c.*, written by his niece, Georgiana M. Stisted, with the authority and approval of the Burton family. The work contains some startling statements, and will, it is predicted, give rise to a fierce controversy. It will probably be noticed at length in these columns.

* * *

November 18 is the birthday of Pierre Bayle, a right royal leader of the Republic of Letters. But who cares for or reads Bayle now? Certainly not the reader whose mental pabulum must be taken in "tit-bits," and who could no more tackle a folio volume than fly. But even an age mentally debauched by newspapers and scraps has a few scholars, Mommsen and Lecky still among the living; and the scholar is known by few surer tests than his acquaintance with Bayle. Yes, cursory reader, even the writer who supplies you with your tit-bits will, if he knows his business, have at his finger-tips the *Critical Dictionary* published over 200 years ago by this great scholar.

* * *

We are justly proud to-day of our *Encyclopedia Britannica* and our *Dictionary of National Biography*. These magnificent works are the labor of many hands. But Bayle turned out his great dictionary alone. He was the true father of sceptical criticism and free discussion. But for such a work there would have been no *Philosophical Dictionary* by Voltaire, no *Encyclopédie* of Diderot. Bayle was the John the Baptist of the Age of Reason, and throughout his work he preached the great needed lesson of his time-tolerance. He died with the pen in his hand, after having worked with it fourteen hours a day for over fifty years. A young Freethinker and scholar, Julian Hibbert—who, had he lived, might have emulated Bayle himself—made the following sonnet on Bayle's birthday. It shows that even the dry drudgery of a student's life can inspire enthusiasm in a congenial nature:—

Spirit that looketh lovingly on all,
Nor with least love on misled hearts and frail;
Sweet Charity! This day from out the pale
Of the dull commonplace thy voice doth call!
The natal day of one who did install
The world with happy truths, though Might turned pale
And trembled as he saw the cherished veil
Of Falsehood—touched by one Freethinker—fall!
Mother of Toleration! searching Doubt!
Twin born of Freedom! Still our cause avail;
Help us to put to flight the goblin-rout,
That chain men's thoughts in Custom's dreariest jail;
And onward as she goes, bid Reason shout,
Tocsin of deathless power—the name of Bayle.

* * *

The *Freethinker* articles of Mr. G. J. Holyoake, on the Origin and Nature of Secularism, will be issued in book form by Messrs. Watts & Co. The work will be divided into twenty-three chapters, and very fully sets forth the history and objects of Secularism. The concluding sections are devoted to Secularist ceremonies for marriage, naming children, and over the dead.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FORTUNE-TELLING AT BAZAARS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE FREETHINKER."

SIR,—Your readers will have noticed in the press, quite recently, police prosecutions against persons—chiefly poor women—for fortune-telling, lotteries, etc. Now, my object is not to sympathize with these persons, but to point out a want of uniform administration of the law in respect to the aforementioned evils. What I complain of is, that a large and influential class of the community seem practically exempt from the law, inasmuch as they are never interfered with. Now, I should like to ask why this is so? Are we to admit, after all our boast of equality of laws and blind justice, that there is one law for the poor and another for the rich? If so, the sooner they are put upon an equitable basis, the better. I am constrained to say that the most numerous and chief delinquents are the clergy and committees that organize and manage the many church bazaars that cater for the public. Only a week or two since I was present at one where fortune-telling was one of the chief features of the fair. Indeed, it is a well-known fact that lotteries, fortune-telling, and other illegal practices are rampant and carried on with impunity at most bazaars. Now I ask, is it right or just that a poor widow, or any other person, should be sent to gaol for three or six months, while the other class, which ought to—aye, and *does*—know

better get off scot free? Christians ought to blush with shame when they see those who are deputed to be their spiritual and moral guides remaining passive and unaffected, while other poor creatures are punished for doing that which they see their superiors do with perfect equanimity and freedom. WILLIAM STRASSHEIM.

WHERE DOES GOD LIVE?

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE FREETHINKER."

SIR,—The papers some little while ago narrated how a heap of bones and rags and a drinking cup were all that remained of a man who had gone to the north wall of the Rohtang Pass to die. He had gone there just before winter set in, and when the snow melted these fragments of him were discovered. He had built two low stone walls some three feet apart, and then laid down to die with his head against the north wall of the refuge. This showed him to have been a "Khampu," or Spiti man, as the prevalent belief in Spiti is that the higher the elevation they die at the greater their chance of going to a better world. I bethought me of how we always spoke of going up to heaven to see the *Lord most High*. In the notable passage about Melchisedek we are told that he was a priest of *Elyon*, the most high God. And Abram said, "I have lift up mine hand unto Jahveh Elyon, the Lord, the most high God." Why lift up the hands to an infinite being? Why is it a sign of power to be exalted on high? Such queries led me to see that to the ancients the great mystery of the (apparently) revolving sun and circling stars of heaven was supposed to be controlled by a swayer, who was, of course, placed at the only quiescent point and pivot, the Northern Pole, in whom there is no variability, neither shadow of turning. I don't suppose that Nansen and other intrepid explorers are animated by the same feeling that led the poor Spiti Excelsior up the Himalayan Pass, 13,000 feet above the sea. But I am confident that there was a time when the view of the Spiti man was almost as general as the belief in the revolution of the sun round the earth, and the Pole Star was regarded as the seat of the gods of the heavens. This theory was worked out by the late Mr. O'Neill in his *Night of the Gods*, a work of which I hope the concluding volume will soon be published.

VEGA.

PROFANE JOKES.

SOME members of a theatrical company were being shown Salisbury Cathedral. In the Chapter House are certain beautiful frescoes, and the verger called their attention to each of these in turn, expatiating on their respective merits. Two of these frescoes chance to deal with subjects which, though biblical, are of a somewhat pronounced tendency—one of the pair representing the Joseph and Potiphar's wife incident in a peculiarly realistic fashion, and the other is more realistic still. The verger discreetly passed over these two pictures, and the majority of the company, tumbling to the situation, preserved a solemn silence. One of their number, however, chanced to be rather short-sighted, and, noticing the verger's omission, without perceiving the subjects of the pictures, he promptly called the official's attention to the two disregarded frescoes. "You have forgotten," he said, "to show us these." "Well, sir," said the old man gravely, "we find that people generally find those out for themselves!"—*Pick-Me-Up*.

The sky-pilot was droning his prosy sermon when a lady, finding drowsiness overcoming her, took out her bottle of volatile essence, which she inhaled with gratifying results. Then, noticing the old gentleman next her, who appeared to be equally somnolent, she said: "Would you like this to smell?" He replied: "No, thank you; I prefer to sleep."

Interfering Old Party—"Do you know where little boys who smoke go to?" Youthful One—"Yes, 'm, if yer are one o' them noo wimmin, an' wants to git a really good penny smoke, I can show yer where to go to."

As the Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, was riding to hounds, one of the students, asked who it was, replied: "This is St. John's Head on a charger."

"Well, Jimmy, what have you learnt at Sunday-school?" "Oh, all about Jesus, the man that does the tricks. He walks on the water, gets his money out of the fish's mouth, turns water into wine and devils into pigs. Wasn't he clever?"

The new Episcopalian rector gazes mildly at the small boy in Sunday-school, and says: "My dear little fellow, have you read the Thirty-nine Articles?" "No," rejoins the small boy, but I've read 'The Forty Thieves.'

"My son," said a proud father, "hold up your head, and tell me who was the strongest man?" "Jonah." "Why so?" "Cause the whale couldn't hold him after he got him down." "That's a man; you needn't study the Catechism any more at present."

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, F. Verinder, "The Blasphemy Laws."

BRADLAUGH CLUB AND INSTITUTE (36 Newington Green-road, Ball's Pond): 8.15, T. Thurlow, "What Liberty Owes to Mammon"; 7.15, R. Forder, "Some Blasphemous Poetry." Nov. 17, at 8.45, Social party.

CAMBERWELL (North Camberwell Hall, 61 New Church-road): 7.30, E. Pack will lecture.

EAST LONDON ETHICAL SOCIETY (Libra-road, Old Ford): 7, G. Jackson, "Wrong Standards of Conduct."

SOUTH LONDON ETHICAL SOCIETY, Surrey Masonic Hall, Camberwell New-road: 11.15, Sunday-school; 7, Dr. Stanton Coit, "The Confessional of the Roman Church."

WEST LONDON ETHICAL SOCIETY (Kensington Town Hall): 11.15, Dr. Stanton Coit, "Dr. Martineau and Philosophic Christianity."

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

HYDE PARK (near Marble Arch): 11.30 and 3.30, Mr. Fagan will lecture.

VICTORIA PARK (near the fountain): 3, Mr. Ward will lecture.

COUNTRY.

BIRMINGHAM (Alexandra Hall, Hope-street): 7, Discussion—W. J. Russell, "Socialism."

BRISTOL BRANCH (St. James' Hall): Touzeau Parris—11, "How we Obtain Knowledge"; 3, "Some Social Democratic Hopes"; 7, "Sin Against God an Impossibility."

DERBY (Pollicott's Dining Rooms, Market-place): 7.30, Debate between Messrs. Kirkman and Briggs, "Is the Artificial Advantageous?"

GLASGOW (Brunswick Hall, 110 Brunswick-street): C. Cohen—11.30, "Individual Liberty and State Interference"; 2.30, "Atheism: Its Meaning, Morality, and Justification"; 6.30, "Foreign Missions."

LEICESTER SECULAR HALL (Humberstone Gate): 6.30, Mrs. Theodore Wright will give selections from Ibsen's *Doll's House* and Sheridan Knowles's *The Love Chase*.

LIVERPOOL (Oddfellows' Hall, St. Anne-street): 7, J. Hammond, "The Impossible Creed."

MANCHESTER SECULAR HALL (Rusholme-road, All Saints): 6.30, L. Small, B.Sc., "The Age of the World." With special reference to the proceedings at the British Association's meeting.

SHEFFIELD SECULAR SOCIETY (Hall of Science, Rockingham-street): W. Heaford—11, "The Thoughts of a Freethinking Parson"; 3, "Agnosticism and its Clerical Critics"; 7, "The Old Heresies of the New Archbishop" Tea at 5. Members' social dance on Wednesday evenings at 8.

SOUTH SHIELDS (Captain Duncan's Navigation School, King-street): 7, Business meeting; 7.30, Lantern lecture, "A Tour in Scotland."

Lecturers' Engagements.

O. COHEN, 12 Merchant-street, Bow-road, London, E.—November 15, Glasgow; 16, Dunoon; 17, Paisley; 18, Greenock; 19, Motherwell; 22, Glasgow; 23, Carlisle.

A. B. MOSS, 44 Credon-road, London, S.E.—November 29, Athenæum, London. December 6, Bristol; 13, Liverpool.

POSITIVISM.

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

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