

The Freethinker

Edited by G. W. FOOTE.]

[Sub-Editor, J. M. WHEELER.

VOL. XVIII.—No. 19.

SUNDAY, MAY 8, 1898.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE DOOM OF CHRISTIAN SPAIN.

(Continued from page 274.)

SPAIN is the classic land of the Inquisition. Saint Dominic, the founder of the Dominican order, was a Spaniard, born at Calarogo in 1170. He it was who designed the model of that dread institution, although it was not really established till several years after his death, which occurred in 1221. Its operation was entrusted to the monks of his order, who became the Familiars of the Holy Tribunal, and were commonly known as the Militia of Christ. Tradition says that St. Dominic's mother, before his birth, dreamed that she was with child of a whelp, carrying a lighted torch in its mouth. This is interpreted by his followers to mean that he was to enlighten the world, and he did so—with the faggot and the stake. As an inquisitor at large in the country of Toulouse, where his fiery zeal was turned against the poor Albigenses, he announced his fixed purpose of calling in the secular arm to support the spiritual tyranny, and of compelling the Catholic princes to take up arms against the heretics, so that the very memory of them might be utterly destroyed. He was so dear to the Catholic Church that Gregory IX. canonized him in 1234. But if St. Dominic, a Spaniard, was the designer of the Inquisition, it might have been reserved for a priest of some other nation to be its supreme embodiment. This distinction, however, was in fact reserved for another Spaniard, the famous (or infamous) Thomas de Torquemada. He was the confessor of Queen Isabella, and is said to have extorted a promise from her, before her accession, that if ever she came to the throne she would devote herself to the extirpation of heretics. He was appointed Inquisitor-General in 1485, and he organized the new Inquisition, drawing up its rules with his own hand. So fierce and unrelenting was his fanaticism that 105,294 victims were burnt or severely punished in eighteen years. His cruelties were too much even for the Pope, who curtailed his powers, ostensibly on account of his age and infirmities. He was so hated that a bodyguard of fifty Familiars accompanied him on horseback when he travelled, and he was in constant fear of being poisoned, but unfortunately he died a natural death.

It is to the credit of human nature, though to the disgrace of the clergy, that the Inquisition, wherever it was established, had always to be forced upon a reluctant people. This was true even in Spain. "It is an incontestable fact in the history of the Spanish Inquisition," says Llorente, "that it was introduced entirely against the consent of the provinces, and only by the influence of the Dominican monks." The Spaniard hated the Holy Tribunal and assassinated many of its officers; and, as they were an organized band of assassins, it is a pity he did not exterminate them altogether. But in time the Spaniard was subdued, the spirit of opposition was crushed out of him, and he sank so low as to love his oppressors.

This glorious Inquisition searched out heretics—that is, persons with enough capacity and individuality to think. It imprisoned them with or without trial. It robbed them of their property, and forced their wives and families into destitution. It tortured them with every fiendish device. It had a separate agony for every part of the human frame. It burnt them wholesale at grand festivals. The roasting of as many heretics as possible was thought the finest spectacle at a royal marriage or a coronation. Often the

poor wretches were cooked alive in a slow fire. Under the Spanish Inquisition in the Netherlands, a man named Le Blas, for denying that the holy wafer was indeed the body of Christ, had his right hand and foot twisted off with red-hot irons, and was then hooked by the middle of the body to an iron chair, and swung to and fro over a slow fire till he was literally roasted. Women far advanced in pregnancy were burnt at the stake, and gave birth to their children in the fire. Gilbert Burnet, as late as 1706, saw a victim of the Inquisition executed. The poor wretch was alive in the flames above an hour; he begged a few more faggots to shorten his anguish, and could not obtain them; and as he turned himself in speaking *his ribs opened*.

Llorente, the historian of the Inquisition, who had been its secretary, gives the following estimate of its victims in Spain, apparently from the time of Torquemada:—

Burnt at the stake	31,912
Burnt in effigy	17,659
Condemned to severe punishments	291,450

The number of those condemned to minor punishments might be reckoned by the million.

Not only did the Inquisition kill heretics, but it made an index of prohibited books, and hunted down all who read, sold, or possessed them. Thus it strangled all literature but orthodox theology. No wonder that Prescott describes it as "an institution which has contributed more than any other cause to depress the lofty character of the ancient Spaniard." And the verdict of the historian is confirmed by the biologist. This is what Darwin wrote on the same subject in his *Descent of Man*. While the Church was encouraging celibacy (he points out) on the part of the gentler minds given to culture and meditation, the Holy Inquisition "selected with extreme care the freest and boldest men in order to burn or imprison them. In Spain alone (he adds) some of the best men—those who doubted and questioned, and without doubting there can be no progress—were eliminated during three centuries at the rate of a thousand a year."

Here, then, we have the innermost secret of the degradation of Spain, and a very slight inspection will show how it was accomplished.

Mark the way in which the Inquisition went to work. Notice how admirably its methods were calculated to reduce the nation to one common level of intellectual mediocrity.

First of all, heretics were run down, captured, and exterminated. Every man who had a little more mental power and strength of character than his neighbors was murdered, imprisoned for life, or in some way or other rendered what the Church called "innocuous." In other words, he was entirely, or practically, eliminated. This process of elimination went on for centuries. It lasted long enough to destroy all independence and originality; and it explains the phenomenon pointed out by Buckle, that every bit of progress initiated in Spain in the eighteenth century was the work of foreigners.

Secondly, the Inquisition was so far-reaching that not even death could shield a heretic from its vengeance. Any deceased person could be tried for heresy, his body disinterred and burnt, his property confiscated, and his memory pronounced infamous.

Thirdly, condemned heretics, whether burnt or not, were always deprived of their possessions. The Inquisitors were required by the code to set apart a small portion of the confiscated estates for the education and nurture of children who were minors; but Llorente says that, in the

immense number of processes he had occasion to consult, he met with no instance of attention to the fate of these wretched orphans. Thus the offspring of heretics, as well as the heretics themselves, were as far as possible eliminated. The dice of life were loaded against them. The Inquisition operated with diabolical cunning through the law of heredity. It extirpated Freethought on scientific principles.

Fourthly, a shaft was aimed even at the offspring of *reconciled* heretics; that is, of those who repented, did penance, and were spared extreme penalties. Their children and grandchildren were prohibited from holding any public office, or practising as notaries, surgeons, and apothecaries. Being the descendants of men who had dared to think, they might prove dangerous, and, although they could not be killed or imprisoned, they were systematically handicapped in the struggle of life, and excluded from all positions of power or influence.

Fifthly, the burning of heretics was made a public spectacle, and was a constant feeder of cruelty and brutality. The people watched these religious murders with delight. Kings, princes, and nobles occupied windows, meaner people occupied seats in the open air, and the rabble stood around the stakes. The longer the victims were burning the better they were pleased. They mocked the poor wretches in their agony, and laughed when they cried "Mercy for the love of God," or implored a speedier death. This brutalization of the people, this blending of their pleasure with the suffering of others, went on for many generations, and largely explains the proverbial savagery of the modern Spaniard in every part of the world.

One should not hate the Spaniards. One should pity them. Their characters were made for them in the superstitious, bigoted, persecuting, and cruel past. They are the victims of thoroughly-applied Christianity.

G. W. FOOTE.

(To be continued.)

"THE NEW FEELING FOR JESUS."

AROUND the name of Jesus is found a strange group of professed admirers. Having no knowledge of the person whom they are supposed to venerate, their notions concerning him are varied and conflicting. Some regard him as a God, others think of him simply as a good and an excellent man. By some he is looked upon as having been a great Socialist reformer, while many insist that Socialism was not his function, as his mission was purely that of a "spiritual regenerator." A large section of orthodox believers claim that the belief in Christ imparts to them a peace of mind that cannot be realised from any other source. This claim, however, is not urged by his most intelligent admirers of the present day. For instance, in reviewing the recently-published volume of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, the *New Age* of April 14 last says: "If a man accept the doctrine of trust in Jesus Christ, as Mr. Spurgeon so earnestly and consistently urges, no doubt he will have perfect peace of mind, and will be a good man in all the relations of life. But if a man wholly reject this doctrine, satisfying himself that it is not true—as Mr. Bradlaugh, for example, did—will not such a man be equally at peace in his mind, and, if he is an honest man, will he not equally be a good citizen? *It is the conviction that does the work, not the nature of the conviction.*"

We have italicised the last sentence because, in our opinion, it contains a great truth of Secular philosophy. It is the sincerity of belief and fidelity to what it inculcates that afford the real consolation, not necessarily the belief itself. Hence the Secularist can be happy and enjoy a serenity of mind that cannot be surpassed by the most devout religionist. No less an authority than Canon Cheyne accepted this truth in his late sermon preached in Rochester Cathedral (noticed in the *Christian World* dated April 14, 1898), when he not only protested against the Sermon on the Mount being considered "as a treatise on political economy, the constitution of a new civilization," but he alleged that "Jesus Christ was neither a Socialist nor an ethical philosopher." The Canon also added: "It contributes greatly to peace of mind to have a compact system of religious doctrines.....but if we treat them as

inspired and infallible, we prepare ourselves for many a storm in our inner life, or place ourselves on a level with those undeveloped races which accept without demur whatever forms of doctrine missionaries put before them." Thus it has frequently happened that, while professed Christians have derived consolation from the better parts of their faith, their minds have been "perplexed with fear and tortured with doubt" through the mystic, absurd, and, in some cases, horrible doctrines which constitute the principal feature of their religions. This is a drawback which fortunately cannot be urged against Secularism. We have no Bible God to condemn us, no devil to frighten us, and no fear of hell to torture us. The Canon further states: "Jesus Christ came to teach the highest religion.....but there may be not a few in the land not yet ripe for his Gospel.....It takes a great variety of religious types to suit the needs of a great world like ours." There is more truth in these remarks than the Canon, we presume, would like to admit. If there are some not ripe for the Gospel, and if without it there is no salvation, is not that a defect in the "good news"? Moreover, it shows that Christianity is not suited for "all men and all time." Further, if a "variety of religious types" is necessary "to suit the needs of a great world like ours," it is quite impossible for the religion of Christ to become *the* universal faith—a fact which we have often stated.

Do not these many conflicting views of Christ and his mission, which are professed by many, prove that there is no solid basis upon which a uniform faith can rest? It is not the Jesus as depicted in the Gospels who is admired, but rather the personal opinion of what he should be as held by his worshippers. Thus the object of adoration is not one real personage so much as it is the individual brain coinage of enthusiastic believers. So marked was the difference become between the old and new conceptions of Jesus that his more rational modern adherents have termed their worship of him "the new feeling for Christ." It is not stated why the old feeling should have been cast off, and what justification there is (seeing that no fresh revelation either of or from Jesus has come to hand) for regarding him with different sentiments than obtained in former times. But such it is; hence the principal leader writer of the *Christian World*, whose articles, above the signature of "J. B.," appear weekly in that paper, writes in the issue of April 14 as follows:—"For the new feeling towards Christ is, with those who realize it, not distinctly connected with the problem of salvation, or of the future life, or with the myriad doctrinal questions, important in themselves, which have arisen out of his appearance in the world. It is something far simpler. It is nothing more nor less than a purely human tenderness and affection, a surprise of love, a passion of friendship, arising from a sense of immediate moral contact with the most beautiful and divinely lovable of all personalities."

Now, these are so many empty words, representing nothing but an emotional prostration to a self-imagined ideal. Why is "the problem of salvation, or of the future life," no longer distinctly realized in Christ? Because modern thought does not recognise the justice of salvation through Jesus, or the value of his teaching about a future life. Intelligent minds, unaffected by the old theological notions, seek other methods of salvation, and feel that an immortality may be possible that has no relation to the views upon the subject ascribed to Christ. If we are to "live again," it does not follow that it will be after the manner described in the New Testament. We recognise no heaven nor hell as portrayed in the Christian writings. Personally, we should much prefer total annihilation to having to exist "through all eternity" in either place. Then this ecstatic language about tenderness, love, affection, etc., "arising from a sense of immediate moral contact with the most beautiful and divinely lovable of all personalities," is rhapsody run mad. Supposing the personality here referred to were proved to be a reality (which is not the case), we fail to see any "moral contact" between such a person and his admirers. The ethics of Jesus are nowhere emulated to-day either individually or nationally. And it is a poor way of showing affection and love for a person never to comply with his requests, obey his teachings, or to follow his example. It is time such illusions were dispelled, and that Christ, whether real or imaginary, was relegated to his proper position in the annals of the past. It is intellectually humiliating to hear and to read the fulsome praise bestowed upon the poor Galilean, of whom

no one knows anything, and about whom, judging by their conduct, the great bulk of the people care nothing.

Only a few weeks ago the Rev. Dr. Horton preached a sermon in which he related a "vision" he had of London under the rule of Christ. Here is a sample of his vivid imagination; a better picture of the very opposite of truth could hardly have been produced. He said: "Sometimes there came to him a vision of this city [London] under its rightful lordship, when Londoners shall have determined who shall reign over them, and chosen as their King the Lord Jesus.....They all admitted that Christ took a great interest in London" (*Christian World*, April, 1898). If such nonsense as this is talked by Christian leaders, what can we expect from their credulous followers? It is here admitted that up to date Christ has not reigned over society, and what he would do if he ever did reign is only visionary. Still, we have two sources, according to Christian traditions, which furnish materials for us to form an opinion. These are, the conduct of Jesus when here on a previous occasion, and his character as a general reformer as set forth in the Gospels. During the time Christ is said to have been in this world, about two thousand years since, he did nothing to regenerate society. He raised no protest against the leading evils then existing, such as slavery, poverty, and ignorance. He discovered no science, philosophy, nor education; and he rendered no encouragement to intellectual freedom and self-reliance. He was a victim to the errors and false beliefs of his day, and when he departed from the earth he left behind no monument of either social or political achievements which were the result of his own efforts. This is not surprising to those who impartially study his character and teachings. Did he not advise the utter neglect of mundane affairs, and acknowledge that neither he nor his kingdom was of this world? Of what practical service would a man of that type be as a ruler in England at the present crisis? It is not a question here of his goodness, but rather of his ability to properly govern a civilized nation.

Dr. Horton's statement about Christ taking a great interest "in London" is a bold allegation in the present condition of the English capital. Here we have poverty, drunkenness, gambling, prostitution, and every kind of crime abounding to an alarming extent, and Christ appears powerless to remove such evils. In the district of Soho families have to exist in the very depths of poverty, and amid scenes most immoral and indecent. A similar state of degradation is to be found (as Mr. Arthur Sherwell has shown in his *Life in West London*) in other metropolitan districts, where, he says, "incest is common; mothers sell their children for immoral purposes: gambling, intemperance, and prostitution there find their chief home." Now, we ask, what interest could Christ have taken in these places? The fact is, the secular government will have to step in and do what Christ failed to accomplish.

CHARLES WATTS.

THE GROWTH OF A LEGEND.

So much has been written on the solar myths which have become interwoven into the Christian gospel that I almost hesitate to add a word on the subject. But I have not hitherto met with the explanation of the story of Jesus walking on the water which I here venture to propound.

To put the matter shortly, I suggest that this legend grew out of a figurative description of the sun's rays shining at dawn across the sea or a lake. It was an extremely natural thing, to begin with, that primitive man should look upon the sun as a living god. The next stage would be to invest the sun-god with human attributes—he was the all-seeing one whose eye comprehended all the earth; he rode in his chariot of fire; he sat upon the clouds; he rejoiced as a giant to run his course, and so on. Anyone standing upon the shore at early morn, and watching the day star emerge on the horizon and cast a long ray across the surface of the ocean or the sheet of fresh water, would not need a very vivid fancy to think "The sun-god walks upon the water." This, then, would form the germ of the legend. A village poet or a rustic priest would tell the simple folk that each morning, as the fourth watch of the night drew to its close, the god took his walk upon the rippling sea, and stepped lightly from wave to wave without any danger of sinking.

Once the idea was started, details would almost spring up of themselves. If the sun rose from behind a hill, it would originate the suggestion that the god had retired to the solitude to meditate during the night. The ease and subtle swiftness with which the light shot across the water would call up the comparison of a ghost or apparition. It would be remarked that, while the struggling mariners in a boat were buffeted and baffled by a contrary blast, the sun's shafts met with no hindrance, but passed with as much facility over the agitated billows as over the placid level of the summer sea.

Here, then, we have a more developed phase of the original story: The sun-god, after spending the night in lonely meditation behind the hills, arouses himself at the dying moments of the night, and walks upon the water despite the contrary winds and the roughness of the surface; and he flits ghost-like past the distressed and alarmed sailors in their tossing vessel.

The appearance of the sun, however, is soon perceived to mean the hope of better weather. The storm-clouds dissolve; the wind ceases. Our simple poet will evolve the episode of the god re-assuring the troubled crew: "It is I; be not afraid."

All this legend might have arisen in a purely pagan environment. It could have become incorporated into popular folk-lore long before the rise of Christianity. When the Gospel idea floated from brain to brain in Asia Minor, Syria, Egypt, and Rome, the peasants and artizans, who were the real founders of the Christian myth, would almost unconsciously absorb such stories into the new religion. One can imagine a young man who belonged to these new Puritans of the Roman Empire listening one day to the chatter of school children, and hearing one tell the others the grandfather's tale of the god who walked upon the sea. Instantly the thought would flash into the young pietist's mind: Surely this is such a thing as the Christ would do. As the son of God he would possess the power to tread the waves. As redeemer and consoler, he would hasten to allay the fears of the sailors. And if these sailors should happen to be his own disciples, how near the god is brought to his people, how graciously he comforts them in the midst of terror. The very conjecture is convincing. The story leaps into the young man's mind with a certain inevitable force. He feels it must be true. He tries the effect of it upon a homely circle of listeners, and it takes this shape:—

"Jesus departed into the mountain to pray. And when even was come, the boat was in the midst of the sea, and he alone on the land. And seeing them distressed in rowing, for the wind was contrary unto them, about the fourth watch of the night he cometh unto them, walking on the sea, and he would have passed by them; but they, when they saw him walking on the sea, supposed that it was an apparition, and cried out; for they all saw him and were troubled. But he straightway spake with them, and saith unto them, Be of good cheer; be not afraid. And he went up unto them into the boat; and the wind ceased; and they were sore amazed in themselves" (Mark vi. 46-51).

The audience applaud, and one of them asks:

"Could any of the disciples have done such a thing?"

"Well," another might say; "if any did attempt it, he could not do it as well as the Master himself."

"Who would be likely to attempt it?" inquires a fourth.

"Most likely Peter," would be the general verdict.

And so the supplementary anecdote of Peter walking on the sea to meet Jesus would almost unconsciously be created.

Obviously I cannot vouch for the accuracy of this conversation, or of the process through which I have represented the legend as passing. But since neither I nor the ordinary reader of this paper can believe the miracle really occurred, and since the story must have arisen in some mode or other, I think my imaginary narration of the birth and growth of the legend may be taken as fairly approximate to the facts.

F. J. GOULD.

The gospel had brought with it its old credentials. It had divided nation against nation, house against house, child against father. It had brought not peace, but a sword, the event long before foretold and long before experienced. —Froude, "*History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth*," vol. iii., p. 369.

FREETHOUGHT BETTER THAN ANY RELIGION.

If we cannot show that Freethought is better than religion; if we cannot prove that we have the facts, the logic and the truth on our side; if we cannot show that all, or nearly all, the advance in the world has been nurtured in doubt, advanced by Infidelity, and accomplished by Freethought in the face of, and in spite of, the powers and efforts of religious bodies, then we must admit that our societies are a nuisance and our work a curse. If all improvement is due to the Church, then we are doing an immoral work.

It is to show that Freethought is vastly superior to all religions that I write these notes. I am perfectly willing to admit that I am not as competent as some others to handle such a subject in a thorough manner, but I feel that I can present enough logic and facts to convince any candid, honest mind that our work is a needed one, and that it is doing more good than all the Churches in Christendom and heathendom combined. If I can present facts that are conclusive, I shall be glad to add one ray of light to the lamp of reason that each living person has as his guide through life. I want to free the mind from the shackles and chains of superstition and blind belief. I want to convince men that reason is better than belief—that doubt is nobler than blind faith.

Now let us define what I mean by Freethought and by religion; and, as most discussions are stopped when definitions are made, I hope all who wish to criticise me will bear in mind the definitions here given: Religion, a system of faith or belief, as the Turkish religion, the Jewish religion, or the Christian religion—a belief in a revelation. Religion teaches us our duties towards God. It is in this light that I wish to compare religion with Freethought, or Infidelity. Religion is a faith, a belief, a superstition, or, as some man has said, "religion is superstition in fashion, and superstition is religion out of fashion."

What is Freethought? It is a logical idea of all things known, and is a result of doubt, investigation, and reason.

The glory of religion is faith. The glory of Freethought is doubt.

Religion says believe or be damned; Freethought says investigate, examine, and find out.

Religion says authority is truth; Freethought says truth is the only authority.

Religion says do good for a reward in the future; Freethought says do good because it is right and has its own reward.

Religion says do as I say and escape hell; Freethought says be honest, moral, just, and good, for these things are necessary to the highest manhood.

Religion says I am the way, believe in me; Freethought says that each man must depend on his own mind.

Religion teaches you to rely on others; Freethought teaches you to rely on yourself.

Religion glorifies God; Freethought glorifies man.

Religion thrives on credulity, faith, and superstition; Freethought lives on reason, education, and common sense.

Religion means stagnation of thought. It means that you must not reason; Freethought says that nothing is too sacred to be examined.

Religion paralyzes the intellect and dwarfs the mind. It produces people who refuse to use their own reason. The Bible says, in the language of the Apostle Paul, "We are fools for Christ's sake" (see 1 Corinthians iv. 10). I do not desire to contradict that inspired man, and it would ill become a Christian to deny that trite saying.

Freethought says study, learn, improve your body and mind, and do all you can to increase the sum of human knowledge and happiness.

I am aware that Thomas Paine said that his religion was doing good. I do not consider that to be a part of religion. Doing good is morality, and immorality consists in bad deeds. The Bible speaks of pure religion and undefiled, which consists in good deeds; but, at the same time, it says that "ye must believe or be damned."

The advance of the human race from savagery to our plane of semi-savagery, from ignorance to our present position in intellect and science, has been in the face of countless creeds.

Let me ask what benefit it is to a man to believe anything he cannot know? If I am better when I believe in

one God than I am when I do not believe in any, am I not three times as good when I accept Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, than when I believe in only one God? And, on the same line, is not the Pagan, with his thousands of gods, thousands of times better than the Christian with his three-in-one God? If there is any logic at all in the world, this would be so. I once compelled a Christian to admit that religion was not a matter of reason, but a matter of faith. Let us review a few of the advances of the human race, and see if they came as a result of religion or in spite of it.

In astronomy the Church had a very bad record, for had not the Bible declared that the earth was a plane? You all know what happened to those who preferred to believe the evidences of their senses rather than the dictates of religion. Religion was opposed to reason, and for a time imprisoned and burned the astronomers; but reason at last conquered. In geography the Church met with the same fate. One man was told that he could not sail around the earth, and they quoted Scripture to him to convince him; but he had seen the shadow of the earth on the moon, and he had more faith in a shadow than he did in the Bible, and subsequent experiences proved that the shadow was right. In geology the Church met another foe which did not trouble her much at first, but which soon grew to such proportions that the Church became alarmed, and all Protestant and Catholic religion opposed it. As usual, those who depended on nature defeated those who depended on revelation. Religion was again defeated, and the days in Genesis became, by a figurative translation, immense periods of time; but these spiritual interpreters failed to see that they had actually done away entirely with the Sabbath, for if the other days were immense periods of time, so was the seventh.

Hugh Miller, a pious Christian, tried to reconcile Genesis and geology, and he committed suicide as a result. Any religionist who tries to reconcile reason with religion is committing mental suicide.

In chemistry the record of the Church is very bad. The early chemists were branded as demons, and their experiments were denounced as devilish. To-day chemistry is one of our honorable sciences, and she has done much to cause the race to be thankful that reason vanquished religion.

The worst foe of the doctor has been the priest. The worst foe to medicine has been religion. The Christian, and in fact all other religionists, believed, and must still believe, that disease comes from God. How can a person employ a doctor to cure him of an affliction sent by deity? That would place the doctor in opposition to God. And as only the Devil and his angels oppose God, that would place the doctor in a bad light religiously. There is some truth in the idea that two out of three doctors are Atheists, though I am sorry to say most of them are afraid to admit it.

I could go on through all the sciences and show that religion has opposed learning of all kinds until it was forced upon the public mind, but I have not the time. I will now turn to our Republic—a country founded by our ancestors to be a haven of refuge for the downtrodden of all races (except the negro). Who were the ones most active in giving us a Republican form of government? Thomas Paine, an Infidel, did more towards establishing our Republican form of government than any other man in the world. All the prominent leaders were Infidels—Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, and Paine. Church members were not leaders in this revolution against the tyranny of king and priest. John Wesley said we had no right to our liberties, and he was glad that the Methodists were loyal to the king. He said: "Fear God and honor the king. The powers that be are ordained of God." Take that inhuman practice of slavery; religion nourished it and defended it. I do not now recall any religion that put itself squarely against it. Thomas Paine said: "Man has no property in man." The leaders of the anti-slavery movement were Infidels or non-orthodox. I do not think any religion has ever benefitted the race at all. I believe that we would now be much better off if no religion had ever beclouded the minds of men and women. Religion was born of fear and hope. I would like to destroy fear, but I would not destroy one single hope from the mind of anyone. We hear that Infidelity is negative. We deny what we do not believe. We believe that the time to be happy is now, and the place to be happy is here. We believe in humanity and everything

that adds to human comfort and knowledge. We are not near so negative as some so-called religious bodies. Did you ever think that religious bodies become mild and harmless in exact proportion as they discard revelation? I do not say that they become good, but they become better than the others. The Protestants do not believe in a continual revelation, and they are better than the Catholics. The Universalists believe that God is too good to damn one single soul, and they are better than the orthodox Protestants. The Unitarians believe that man is too good to be damned, and they are better than any of the others. As regards the quality of being negative, the Unitarians are more negative than the Infidel, the Atheist, or the Freethinker, and the amount of religion they have can be compared to the thinnest homœopathic solution without violating the rules of logic. In moral teachings they excel, but in religion they are principally noted as a negative quality.

We war against faith, we do not war against morality. We believe in logic, reason, science, humanity, sobriety, honesty, love, and all the qualities that benefit mankind, and we despise faith, credulity, fables, and superstitions. The former constitutes the basis of Freethought, the latter the frame-work of religion. Hence we say that Freethought is as much better than religion as light is better than darkness, as truth is better than error, as facts are better than falsehoods.

The same evidence that will prove one religion as true will prove them all to be true, but not one of them can present the evidence. The same evidence that proves one false proves all false, and we are willing to produce the evidence. We do not claim that we can convince every one of this, for you cannot convince anyone who will not think; but we can convince any honest inquirer that there can be no dependence placed on any religion. Religion seeks to mortify or crucify the flesh to exalt the spirit.

Freethought says that, if a man has a spirit, the best thing he can do for that spirit is to develop the body in every way possible.

Orthodoxy, we are told, means good news. It brings tidings of eternal ruin for the most of men.

Freethought says that Nature can take care of our futures as well as she did of our pasts. We had no choice about being born, and we must all die. It is all natural, and while "listening love" may imagine it "can hear the rustle of a wing," no can say that it does. Doubt begets reason, faith begets stagnation of thought, religion the past, Freethought the future. When religion was supreme, liberty was an outcast and science was not known. Only the torture, the dungeon, and the stake rewarded the laborer in the field of science. With these facts in view, with the flames that consumed Bruno and Servetus, and thousands of others scarcely cold; with all the records of the antagonism of religion against knowledge, science, and liberty, I cannot comprehend how any sane man can for one moment harbor the idea that religion is better than infidelity.

G. S. LINCOLN.

—Independent Pulpit.

FREE LOVERS IN LONDON.

THEY were the meekest, tamest, drabdest revolutionists I ever saw. I hoped to experience a new sensation at the annual meeting of the Legitimation League, but I came away dull and disappointed. Everybody was intensely proper. Great activity might have been going on inside the heads of all those quiet ladies and gentlemen, but it was not betrayed externally. Occasionally there was a little applause—just enough to show they were really alive, and no more. Even the speakers on the platform were terribly subdued. It was difficult to hear them at a moderate distance. They seemed to be half apologising for their existence. Not even the gentleman who moved a resolution, calling upon the great American Republic to be free in fact as well as in name, could muster up enough energy to look in earnest. Yes, I came away dull and disappointed. What is worse, I had a headache. The speechifying did not counteract the bad ventilation.

There was a remarkably curious feature of that meeting. The public were invited to attend, and many of them did so, sitting cheek by jowl with the members of the League. When business and other resolutions were put by the

chairman, it was free and open voting all round. Everybody who felt inclined joined in. Still, it didn't matter, as everything was carried unanimously. A collection was taken up to defray the expenses of the meeting, but don't suppose I complain of this. Complaint, if any, should come from the organisers, for I noticed a doleful monotony of dark-brown coins on the collection plate that "proceeded" my way. But it was ever thus, alas! And blessed is he that trusteth not in collections, for he shall not be disappointed.

Mr. George Bedborough, the League secretary, is a pleasant-looking young man, with a pleasant, well-modulated voice. He told the meeting as much as it wanted to know about the League, and hurried on from the *hors-d'œuvre* to the *pièce de résistance*. This was the presidential address of Lillian Harman, who came all the way from Chicago to deliver it. I notice that she is called "Miss" and "Mrs." indifferently, and as I don't want to give offence by a wrong choice I shall call her neither. These things will perhaps get settled in time, though they puzzle you a bit now while the Free Love movement is in its infancy. Lillian Harman (for that's what I must call it—and it's rather a pretty name, isn't it?) is something about thirty. She is a blonde, and pleasant-looking, like Mr. Bedborough. Further than this I won't be dragged by wild horses. And for two reasons. First, I am told I am not *connoisseur* in such matters; secondly, a lady speaker's "points" don't invite criticism like those of an actress. However, I am entitled to say that Lillian Harman has a decided American accent—though the Americans say the accent belongs to the Britishers. And perhaps it does. Anyhow, I won't indulge in what old Glanvill calls the vanity of dogmatising. The worst of it was that the lady read her address. Had she spoken extemporaneously I dare say there would have been variety in her elocution, but in the circumstances it was extremely monotonous.

Lillian Harman is a Freethinker. This she made clear at the outset. Still, she indulged in a sneer at Ingersoll, who has a model home and is an ardent champion of marriage; marriage, that is, sanctified by love and blessed with happy children. Lillian Harman is opposed to marriage, and has the courage of her conviction. I am told (in print) that she is like the heroine of Grant Allen's *Woman Who Did*, though I hope she will be less unfortunate. She took a lover, not a husband, on principle, and she has a boy of whom she is proud—so there is *something* of the "old woman" in her anyhow. Lillian Harman thinks that getting rid of God is only the first step in woman's emancipation. The next sovereign to be de-throned is man. He is to be tolerated in the new dispensation, as for some reasons he is necessary, but not as a husband. That word goes with marriage, and marriage (she told us) is a lottery in which woman has nothing to gain and everything to lose. All she advanced to prove this, as far as I could make out, was the fact that a man in Pennsylvania nearly screwed off three of his wife's fingers in demonstrating his affection. But over here in England the law doesn't allow the most robustious of us to go to work in that way. A wife can leave her husband when she likes, and he can't compel her to live with him. I cannot honestly say that Lillian Harman's address corresponded to the chairman's description of it as "a very valuable contribution to the discussion of the sex question." She did not appear to have any sense of the gravity of the problem. The subject was not treated from the point of view of biology, or history, or sociology, or evolution, or even statistics. We were told that marriage was woman's worst enemy, but there was no attempt at demonstration, and no attempt to prove that Free Love would be a useful or possible substitute. The fate of the family, for instance, was dismissed with scornful brevity. It was just assumed that the mother would be the centre of the family—whatever men were hovering round it, and that it was bound to be all right under her holy guardianship. Mothers now, the lady said, could actually have their children taken away from them. But so can men if they ill-treat them. Mrs. Besant's case is not exactly to Lillian Harman's point. She has not studied it, or she has forgotten the facts. Mrs. Besant had a legal separation from her husband, and her daughter would have remained with her under it if she had not become an advocate of Atheism. The Court of Chancery decided against her on the ground of her opinions and the injury she was likely to do her child. It was a detestable act of bigotry, but

it was not directed against her as a woman. Shelley's children were taken from him by the same Court, and I believe he was a man.

Finally, the lady declared that freedom of thought in religion must lead to freedom of thought in morals. Of course it must, and of course the meeting applauded. Who wants to prevent freedom of thought in morals? Certainly not Freethinkers. But it doesn't follow that marriage is doomed because it was placed under the sanction of religion. That was inevitable in an age of theology. The weekly day of rest was placed under the sanction of religion, but we don't give it up when we turn Freethinkers. We say that it really rests on natural grounds; it was utilitarian in its very origin. No, no, Lillian Harman; this won't do. As the Germans say, you pour the water out of the tub and the baby with it. I will just give you this suggestion to think over, if anything a poor male says is worth thinking over. Christianity, with all its tremendous power, direct and indirect, temporal and spiritual, hasn't succeeded in suppressing man's polygamous instincts. But the job has got to be finished—for the sake of the family, for the sake of the race, yes, and for the sake of your own sex. Only give this half-reclaimed man a fair chance to return to his old polygamous sty, under the deceptive justifications of "freedom" and "social variety," and you will see something that may astonish you. Don't play with the fire too much; you may set the house in flames, and produce a conflagration to stagger the fire-brigade. Don't suppose that individual reason is strong enough to curb individual passion. As well imagine that you can sing down the whirlwind. Men's passions have to be restrained by the power of social laws, the majesty of ethical institutions, and the force of public opinion. You may think it is different with women. But are you sure? Are you sure? Even if you are, I say man is the more vigorous animal, and if he falls he will drag you down too. You can lay your bottom dollar on that.

MEPHISTO.

The Death of God.

God had a dream,
And, waking, with a smile
He gave it life and breath and earthly hue :
"Go and redeem
Some soul, entombed in guile."
That dream was—heaven incarnated—you !
And then we met,
And in your eyes I saw
The promise of a Paradise untrod ;
Half-blinded yet,
I recognised the Law,
The peerless image of a living God.
Ah, me ! You fell,
And died in reckless shame—
Then heaven and its angels vanished too :
Yours was their knell ;
You bore their holy name ;
And God fell with you, and He died, like you.

—S. Von Kotze.

Worth a Licking.

Some years ago, in Georgia, that band of Christians known as Ascensionists were having a grand revival. One day, when the meeting was in full force, a storm came up, and a young gentleman, who was out hunting with his negro servant, took refuge in the church door. Being curious to see the service, the two hunters crept up into the gallery, and there hid in a place where they could observe without being observed. "Come, Lord, come; our robes are ready. Come, Lord!" cried the preacher, while all present gave a loud "Amen." "Massa," whispered Cuffy, lifting his hunting-horn to his mouth, "let me give jist one toot." "Put that horn down, or I'll break your head," replied his master. The horn dropped by Cuffy's side, and again the minister cried: "Come, Lord, come; we are all ready for thy coming. Come, Lord, come!" "Do, massa, do let me give 'em one little toot," pleaded Cuffy, raising his horn. "If you don't drop that horn, Cuffy, I'll whip you within an inch of your life," whispered the exasperated master. "Blow Gabriel, blow! We are ready for His coming. Blow, Gabriel, blow!" pleaded the minister. Cuffy could no longer resist the temptation, but sent a ringing peal from end to end of the church; but, long before its last echoed away, his master and himself were the only occupants of the building. "I'se ready for the licking, massa," said Cuffy, "for I 'clare to goodness it's worth two lickings to see how dem skleared 'Scensionists kin get over the ground."

NATIONAL SECULAR SOCIETY.

REPORT of monthly Executive meeting, held at the Society's offices, 377 Strand, on Thursday, April 29; the President in the chair. Present: Messrs. E. Bater, F. Schaller, W. Heaford, J. Neat, P. Sabine, W. Loafer, W. Leat, E. W. Quay, and the Secretary. Messrs. C. Watts and C. Cohen were absent in consequence of lecture engagements, and Mr. A. B. Moss through indisposition.

Minutes of previous meetings were read and confirmed.

Minutes of sub-committee were adopted.

Messrs. G. J. Warren and Victor Roger were elected as an Agenda Committee.

The question of admitting non-members of the Society to the business meetings of the Conference having been raised by a provincial branch, the matter was discussed, and it was unanimously resolved: "That the business meetings are intended for members of the N.S.S.; outside Freethinkers may be admitted to the back of the hall by applying to the secretary, Miss Vance."

The secretary was instructed to make further inquiries regarding an application for membership of the Society, and also to obtain the consent of two gentlemen whom the Executive desired to nominate as Vice-Presidents.

The meeting then adjourned until Thursday, May 5.

EDITH M. VANCE, Secretary.

N.B.—Branch members intending to be present at the Conference should produce their cards of membership to save time and confusion. Members of the parent Society who desire to take part in the proceedings are kindly requested to see that they are not in arrear.

MEN AND WOMEN.

WIFE (enthusiastically)—"How much do you think we took in at the church fair?" Husband (quietly)—"How many, you mean?"

She—"Our minister does not jump at conclusions." He—"I should say not. I never knew him to reach a conclusion in less than an hour."

"Think of it," she exclaimed. "Here's an account of a case in Oklahoma where they gave a preacher a coat of tar and feathers." "Oh, well," he said, thoughtlessly, "some people feel that they must always be giving to the Lord."

"Pa, what are foreign missions?" "Foreign missions? Well, they are the sympathy that women feel for other women's husbands."

"I will be yours," she said, "but you must promise me to become a worker for the Church." The look of happiness faded from his eyes. "I could never bring myself to eat ice-cream and oyster stew, and"—convulsive sobs shook his frame—"I promised mother I would never gamble!" From that night they never met.

ACID DROPS.

DR. MILBURN, the old blind chaplain of the United States Senate, got up in his place last Monday and addressed God Almighty in this fashion: "We give thee hearty thanks, O Lord, for the success that has crowned the work of the Asiatic squadron." Whom the Spaniards have to thank for their licking does not appear. And is it not rather rough on Admiral Dewey and his squadron to thank someone else for their victory? Anyhow, it is clear enough, as Napoleon said, that Providence is on the strongest side. If a big fellow wallops a little one, the "powers above" invariably help him to do it. Right or wrong doesn't matter. In this instance, of course, America is in the right, but it would be just the same if she wasn't, and Dr. Milburn would be thanking God precisely the same.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* prints a very interesting account of a curious trouble between Spain and the United States in 1873. "Remember the *Maine*" is a watchword now, and "Remember the *Virginus*" was a watchword then. The *Virginus* was a paddle-steamer of 400 tons built in England for the Confederates. She fell into the hands of the Federals, and after the war was put up to auction. She was purchased by an American citizen on behalf of the Cuban insurrectionary party. On her way to Cuba with passengers and materials she fell into the hands of the Spaniards; and, although she was flying the American flag, everyone on board of her was tried by court-martial (about three minutes being devoted to each), and most of them were shot straight away. All the rest would have shared the same fate had it not been for the timely arrival of American men-of-war. Of course there was a dreadful row, and the

Spanish government had to release the remaining prisoners, return the *Virginus*, and salute the American flag.

Those who were shot were fired at for seven minutes, so bunglingly was the work done. When they were dead the Spanish mob cut off their heads, stuck them on pikes, and paraded them in triumph around Havana. This brutality was only equalled by the piety of the Roman Catholic Archbishop, who boasted of having converted twenty of the prisoners, before their execution, to the Roman Catholic faith. Here are the very words of this priest of the only true Church: "A great jubilee fills our hearts when we announce to your Excellency that among the criminals of the *Virginus*' crew twenty freely and spontaneously asked to become Roman Catholics, divine Providence having seen fit to crown the efforts of our worthy priests, through their means contributing this brilliant triumph to our holy religion. The prisoners were turned over to their spiritual advisers at eight o'clock in the morning, and shot at four in the afternoon, thus giving our priests only eight hours' time to convert the twenty."

Wasn't it a miraculously quick bit of business? Twenty conversions in eight hours! If the Roman Catholic priests could only keep up the same speed, and go to work on the population of the United States, they might bring the present war to an end by converting most of their enemies.

Talking about conversions, the missionaries don't seem to get on as well as they should in China, and some of their converts don't seem much to boast of. The Baptist Missionary Society held its annual meeting at Exeter Hall recently, and one of the speakers was the Rev. Herbert Dixon, from Shansi. This gentleman bewailed the lack of education among the Chinese women. "The only woman," he said, "who could read in his district was the wife of a Christian man who had taken the Gospel and a big stick and made her learn to read." This bit of news from the far East provoked "loud laughter" among the assembled Baptists. No doubt they thought it too-too funny. And so it was. Nothing could be funnier than subscribing to help along the gospel with a big stick. We really haven't time to laugh as much as we ought to over this phenomenon.

Mr. Dixon should bring that "Christian man" over from China next year and produce him on the platform at Exeter Hall. It would make a good advertisement—"On view to-night, the Christian Chinaman who converted his wife with a big stick; also the stick he did it with." It might not be possible to bring the wife too. Before then she will probably be in heaven.

London is to have a new Bishop, another suffragan to the Bishop, who prefers sticking to the West-end. The title of this fresh-manufactured dignitary is to be the Bishop of Islington. Islington will be happy now.

The Church House authorities want another trifle of £18,000 for more building operations. The Church grows weightier every year in the matter of bricks and mortar, if in nothing else.

The conservatism of religion is manifest in the determination of Cambridge to stick to Paley, although he is so ridiculously out of date that no scholar on either side ever thinks of mentioning him. By 137 to 38 the Congregation has decided that Paley is to remain the religious text-book for undergraduates.

"Providence" is treating Mr. Gladstone very shabbily. The worst enemies of the Grand Old Man admit that he has spent a long life in his country's service, and no one denies him the epithet of "good." Surely the end of such a distinguished and laborious career should be peaceful and serene, like the slow and beautiful death of a long and lovely summer day, fading gently through twilight into night. But, instead of this, Mr. Gladstone is being tortured to death and killed by painful degrees. Nothing could more sternly demonstrate the utter absence of a moral government in the universe. Many an old scoundrel dies more comfortably than the old lion of Hawarden.

Prayers are being offered up for Mr. Gladstone, but they make no difference in his condition. The only sensible prayer, if you must pray, is that he should be released from his suffering. But somehow or other the newspapers rather congratulate us every morning on the fact that he is still "spared." This clinging to life, in any and all circumstances, is peculiarly Christian. Those who profess to believe in Heaven have the greatest dread of death. Or is it that the doctrine of Hell invests the horizon with terror, and makes men shrink from its frightful possibilities?

By the way, we see that the writer of "Our Handbook" in the *Referee* declares that the belief in Hell has nearly died out even in the Churches, and calls upon the preachers

of all denominations to be honest and make a clear and definite pronouncement on the subject. Substantially he is right enough. The doctrine of future torment has declined immensely during the past twenty or thirty years. Nevertheless, it is not exactly dead. It has still enough vitality to shake the nerves of orthodox Christians as they see the approach of "that fell sergeant Death."

Cardinal Vaughan has been preaching at Hammersmith on "The Evils of the Day." Chief of these, of course, is "infidelity." The greatest peril, he said, arises from infidel books; adding, "and by infidel books I mean all those publications in which the truths of religion are either directly or indirectly attacked." This is a very large order, and if Catholics are to avoid all such books they will have a very small acquaintance with present-day literature. Cardinal Vaughan tells them that reading infidel books is like taking poison; it is useless to trust to a strong constitution. Besides, it is not true that "infidels" are easily answered, or that they are generally fools and ignoramuses. "Among those who write," the Cardinal says, "are to be found agnostics, materialists, positivists, and infidels of undoubted learning and ability—men who have a command over language, and a facility and even an elegance of expression that quite captivates the casual reader. They are often such masters of intellectual fence, can put things in a most plausible way, and so dress up and disguise error, that, with nine persons out of ten, it will pass for truth." In these circumstances the Cardinal implores Catholics not to expose themselves to the danger of losing their faith. It is almost certainly fatal to read what can be said against it. The only safe course is to close your eyes and stop your ears. Quite so. And a very old game it is. Priests have always played it for all it is worth. They know very well that ignorance is the mother of devotion.

The *Cork Examiner* reports at length a sermon by the Most Reverend Dr. Browne, Bishop of Cloyne, at the dedication of a new Roman Catholic church at Glounthaune. Like Cardinal Vaughan, his "lordship" (Christ said, Call no man Master) advocates a "humble, docile faith." The clergy have God's "divine commission," and to refuse to believe all that they teach is to rebel against the Almighty. "Hearken with docility," he says, "to God's law as expounded to you by his consecrated minister." Above all, don't read "heretical books," and set your faces like flint against "secular education." Believe what the priests teach, do what they tell you, love those they love, hate those they hate, and give freely to their support; and when you die you will go straight to heaven, or at least *via* purgatory; and if you don't go anywhere, what the devil does it matter, since you won't know anything about it?

Dr. Parker has contributed to the London *Echo* what he calls "An Appreciation" of the famous C. H. Spurgeon. The only noticeable sentence in it is the following: "It takes the Church on an average a million years to make an imperceptible advance from the point of stupidity." Of course the Church hasn't lived a million years yet, but only a five-hundredth part of that time. We may take it, therefore, that the Church has already made a five-hundredth part of an imperceptible advance from stupidity. The remaining four hundred and ninety-nine parts may be expected in due course—barring accidents.

Silas K. Hocking, the religious novelist, who contributes a weekly causerie to the Glasgow *Weekly Citizen*, writes as follows in the last number: "After the passing of nearly 1900 Christmas days, and the constant enunciation of the angels' song 'of peace on earth and goodwill toward men,' after all our chanting and preaching about the lion lying down with the lamb, and the swords being beaten into ploughshares and the spears into pruning-hooks, it is painful to think that we seem to-day further from that millennium of universal peace than ever we were before. Never were the Christian countries of Europe spending so much money in armaments as to-day, never did we watch each other more jealously, never was there a greater spirit of distrust; never, indeed, such a manifestation of the bitterest hatred."

At the General Election of 1870, in the hustings days, Liskeard was contested by Mr. Edward Horsman and Sir Francis Lycett. The latter, who was a strong Wesleyan, began business by giving a handsome cheque to the local Wesleyan body. Mr. Horsman knew this, and when he rose on the hustings to address the crowd of free and independent electors he began by saying: "I come not here to dangle my money-bags before your eyes." Sir Francis Lycett sprang to his feet in a rage and uttered some unchapel-like language, but Mr. Horsman continued: "I come not to dangle my money-bags before your eyes—to charm away your judgment with the wand of charity—to anoint your religious impulses with golden balm"—But here the sentence was cut short. The recipients of the

golden balm could stand it no longer, and a well-aimed egg of approved antiquity put an end to the speaker's sarcasm.

Mr. Justice Grantham is a privileged mortal when he speaks from the bench, but liable to criticism when he speaks from other positions. On a recent Sunday afternoon he addressed a meeting of men at St. Mark's, Plumstead, and a brief report of his speech appears in the *Woolwich Herald*. He referred to "the prevalence of Atheism," and we are gratified to know it is sufficiently obvious for him to notice it. We do not, however, think much of the remedy he prescribed for this awful disease. "If one of them," the report runs, "had an Atheist working next him and an argument arose, he could ask him who gave him the power to think. He compared men to machines, and said the latter had to be made and looked after by man, just as the machinery of which man was composed was kept working by the higher hand of God." This may look plausible, but it is really fallacious. Organisms are not machines. They are not made in sections and put together for a certain purpose. They grow from seed into fully-developed members of the species they belong to. They are alive, and they follow the laws of their own being. Consequently the analogy breaks down on close examination. Further, there is no sort of evidence of God's existence in the fact that man has the power to think. Mr. Justice Grantham should point out, if he can, the link which connects the two things together. He might urge that thought is a mystery, but, in that case, it is idle to offer another mystery as its explanation.

Mr. Justice Grantham mentioned that he once had to sentence a man to death for killing another in a quarrel over twopence. Evidently, then, if God made that machine and looked after it, he either made it badly or looked after it carelessly. Man-made machines are not such egregious failures.

The Bishop of London does not read newspapers. He says it is "a great saving of time." Probably he gets the news from others who do read them, like the Scotch Sabbatarian, who wouldn't buy a Monday morning paper because it was got ready on Sunday, but obtained the important news on the cheap from his fellow passengers in the train as he journeyed to business.

Both the National Sunday League and the Working Men's Lord's Day Rest Association (gods and fishes, what a title!) held their annual meeting on the same day, Wednesday, April 27, the first at the Holborn Town Hall and the second at the Holborn Restaurant—as near as they could get to each other without fighting. The Sunday League meeting was jubilant. Sunday freedom, or Sunday "desecration" as some call it, was getting on remarkably well. The Lord's Day meeting was a trifle depressed. Income had diminished instead of increasing—which is always a deplorable sign, especially to the disinterested officers. However, it was resolved to continue opposition to Sunday lectures, Sunday concerts, and Sunday excursions; all for the sake of the poor working man, who probably prefers to be left alone to do as he pleases, to go to church if he feels glum or to a picnic if he feels lively.

The Rev. John Watson ("Ian Maclaren") has come out of his heresy case with flying colors. The Presbyterian Synod, sitting at Liverpool, refused to entertain the charge of heresy against him. There can be no doubt about his heresy, according to Presbyterian standards, but the Church doesn't want a rumpus, and has therefore applied the wet blanket to the heresy-hunters. It wouldn't do to show how nearly Presbyterianism is dead. Keep the show going, gentlemen, and don't admit the public behind the scenes.

Mr. Richard Heath writes in the *Contemporary* on "The Waning of Evangelicalism." He asserts that there is a falling off all round in church and chapel attendance. Birmingham had 92 places of worship in 1861 and 141 in 1887, but the worshippers had decreased by 92. Liverpool had less attendants in 1891 than in 1881, despite an increase of 20,000 sittings. The same decline is witnessed in Scotland. Dundee, for instance, had 84 churches in 1881 and 94 in 1891, but there were 1,000 fewer attendants. The dwindling is steady and continuous in all the great centres of population. It is a case of more gospel-shops and less customers, increased supply and diminishing demand.

"Curates dull" is the state of the clerical market, says the *Westminster Gazette*. The London Diocesan Synod has passed a resolution, "That it is desirable to encourage the supply and increase the efficiency of the candidates for Holy Orders." Well, it may be easy to increase the supply by offering a "higher consideration," but the efficiency is quite another matter. Young men of brains avoid the Church now-a-days. They don't believe its doctrines, and can't practise its hypocrisies. The proverbial silly curate

is naturally becoming sillier than ever, and the Church is dying from the head downwards.

The Benedictine monks of Buckfast Abbey, Devon, have gone into the pill trade. They advertise Pills and Salve in the *Universe* at the customary prices. No doubt they do a good trade among the faithful. Of course the preparation is "a secret"—like the situation of purgatory.

Rev. John McNeill has been revivifying at the Agricultural Hall. On Sunday night, April 24, he told a story of two men who attended his meeting at Ayr. One gave his heart to God, the other wouldn't, and remained in the clutches of the Devil. He went out before the service was finished, and half-an-hour later was cut in pieces at a railway crossing. Moral—stick to John McNeill.

This three-weeks' mission at the Agricultural Hall has cost between £600 and £800. Considering the pabulum that John McNeill provides, it is devilish dear at the price. But the bread of life, as they call it, was always monstrously expensive; and John McNeill's preaching shows that it gives people the wind.

Bigotry is not confined to the Church of England. According to the *Christian World*, a Northampton Nonconformist minister, on being proposed a vice-president of a local cricket club, stipulated that the members should attend a certain chapel presumably his own, that no matches should be arranged with "unholy worldly clubs," and that there should not be as much play on Saturday as would incline the members to rest on Sunday. This minister should be exhibited. There's money in him if properly advertised.

The worst of prayer is that it nearly always attempts cures instead of preventions. Had prayer prevented the Ohio River from overflowing, it would have been very useful; but is there any use in asking God to "avert the hardships and sufferings" now that the inundation has occurred? Yet this is what the Catholic priests in that locality are doing by order of their Archbishop. We guess their prayers won't dry up a square foot of deluged soil.

A correspondent suggests that, in view of the destruction of Spurgeon's Tabernacle and some other Bethels lately, Cowper's well-known verse requires bringing up to date, and might run this way:—

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform,
And roofs of burning gospel-shops
Just keep his tootsies warm.

This is not at all bad, but we must seriously advise our correspondent to think of his latter end. He'll have something more than his tootsies warm by-and-bye if he doesn't look out.

Clerkenwell County Court had to settle a bitter dispute over the harmonium used in Barnsbury Chapel Sunday-school. The teachers and the chapel authorities were at loggerheads. Judge Edge offered some shrewd remarks, and the possession of the harmonium is decided; but report saith that "peace on earth and goodwill among men" does not exactly apply to that part of Barnsbury.

Henry John Avis, of Brighton, cut his throat after reading the Bible, and was found kneeling by the side of the bed. The coroner's jury gave the usual verdict of temporary insanity.

According to Talmage, it is Atheism that leads to suicide. According to the newspaper reports, it is the Christians who are most prone to *felo de se*. Newspapers give facts. Talmage deals in fiction.

Meetings have been held at Newport, Isle of Wight, in connection with a society which is new to us. It is called the Bible League, and its object is "to resist the open and determined attack now made upon the full inspiration and infallibility of the Word of God." One of the speakers, the Rev. H. G. Thwaites, who came all the way from Paddington to display his folly, explained that the Bible League would not oppose "the nasty, dirty, old-fashioned infidelity." What it meant to attack was the new-fashioned infidelity called "The Higher Criticism." In other words, it is going to crush Dean Farrar, Canon Driver, Canon Gore, Professor Sanday, and all such gentlemen. Well now, that is rather a big job, and we don't see how Mr. Thwaites, even with the assistance of Colonel Plummer and the Governor of Parkhurst Prison, is going to tackle it successfully. One of his observations throws a flood of light on his qualifications. "One great feature of the Bible," he said, "was its freedom from superstitious ideas, legends, and myths." If the Bible League is going to defend that position, it will soon be in a worse plight than the Spanish fleet at Manila. But perhaps Mr. Thwaites is a sly humorist, and talks in this way to amuse himself at the expense of the Newport bucolics.

Mr. Foote's Engagements.

Sunday, May 8, Secular Hall, New Church-road, Camberwell: 7.30, "The Devildoms and Doom of Christian Spain: With Observations on the Probable Results of the Present War."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. CHARLES WATTS'S ENGAGEMENTS.—May 8, Manchester; 15 and 16, Birmingham; 22, Sheffield.—All communications for Mr. Watts should be sent to him (if a reply is required, a stamped and addressed envelope must be enclosed) at 81 Effra-road, Brixton.

A. B. MOSS.—Thanks. Shall appear in our next. Your kind regards and good wishes shall be conveyed to Mr. Wheeler as soon as possible.

FRANCIS NEALE.—It is in hand for our next issue. Your valued contributions are always most welcome.

JOSEPH ALLEN.—Will fill a corner with it.

W. FRANKLIN.—Rodwell's translation of the Koran is perhaps the best. It is published by Quaritch. We forget the exact price of our copy. We think it was nine shillings, representing the nominal price of twelve shillings. Sale's Koran is valuable chiefly on account of its learned and informing Introduction.

ALAN PORTER.—It seems a mere squabble between the Church and Nonconformist parties. A plague on both their houses! We are too full of other matter to find room for dealing with it at any length. Thanks all the same.

A. S. COLEMAN.—Certainly the ventilation wants improving, and something shall be done if possible.

W. PACK.—We presume you mean Father Lambert. He is a nobody in the United States, and Ingersoll would never stoop to answer him. Ingersoll has crossed swords with Gladstone and Cardinal Manning, and how absurd it is to suppose he is afraid of an obscure Catholic priest. Of course there are plenty of obscure priests who would like to get an advertisement from Ingersoll.

LANCASTRIAN.—Shakespeare well calls rumor a common liar. The report you refer to is entirely without foundation. Mr. Foote did not derive any benefit from the will of the late Mr. William Westwell, of Manchester. He spent a good deal of time and trouble in trying to secure a bequest for the Incorporated Society he was projecting, and he was to have met Mr. Westwell at Douglas last September, when the matter was to have been finally decided upon. Mr. Westwell had a printed copy of the Memorandum and Articles of Association in his possession at the time of his sudden death. He was very anxious to do something for Freethought, and would have done it if he had lived a little longer.

N. S. S. BENEVOLENT FUND.—Miss E. M. Vance acknowledges:—Glasgow Branch, 17s.

N. S. S. GENERAL FUND.—Miss E. M. Vance acknowledges:—Glasgow Branch, 12s.

N. S. S. TREASURER'S SCHEME.—Miss E. M. Vance acknowledges:—Mr. and Mrs. Gorniot, 10s.; A. Austin, 5s.; A. C. Brown, 10s.

E. D. H. DALY.—Thanks for cutting.

A. B. BLAKE.—Order received and handed to Mr. Forder, to whom please send direct in future.

W. J. VAUGHAN.—Colonel Ingersoll's "Thanksgiving Sermon" is certainly one of his best. We printed it in the *Freethinker*, and may reprint it in pamphlet form shortly. No doubt there are Freethinkers in your neighborhood, though we don't know any of them personally. Would you like us to give your address at a venture?

G. F. DUPLAY.—Our point in common seems to be that causation is universal. What you do not seem to appreciate is that *ideas* become *forces* in human society. This is admirably shown by a countryman of yours, M. Fouillée, one of the strongest, clearest, and sanest thinkers of the age. After all, isn't it better to get on with our work, doing the best we can for truth and progress, according to our lights? If it all ends in failure, the fault is not ours. "Who can control his fate?" asks one of Shakespeare's heroes, and you would doubtless answer "Who?" But why take it lying down? Why not stand up and play the man?

H. ORGAN.—Glad to know that our comment on the Oxford persecution of the Socialist outdoor speakers gave pleasure to the party of freedom there. Kindly let us know the result of the fresh prosecution.

J. F. AUST suggests that we should devote a page every week to giving the History of Christianity from the time of Christ, and says he is sure it would be appreciated by hundreds of readers who cannot afford to buy expensive books, and therefore remain in ignorance of the real truth. We will think over this suggestion.

YORKSHIRE.—Colenso's book on the Pentateuch has done its work. The advanced clergy have given up the historical accuracy of the five books, and they no longer defend the cosmogony of Genesis. Dr. Giles's *Hebrew and Christian Records* is a good work. It is in two volumes, and we believe is still procurable from Mr. Forder. Dr. Driver's *Literature of the Old Testament* is learned and trustworthy, but expensive. Dr. Estlin Carpenter's book on the Synoptics, published by the Unitarian Book Society, is cheap and excellent.

PAPERS RECEIVED.—Crescent—Secular Thought—Boston Investigator—Universe—Independent Pulpit—Cork Examiner—Isle of Man Times—Lucifer—Islington Gazette—Public Opinion—Bulletin—Zoophilist—Liberator—New Century—People's Newspaper—Weekly Citizen—Oxford Times—Echo—Progressive Thinker—Truthseeker—Woolwich Herald—Sunday Chronicle—Referee.

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

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.

The *Freethinker* will be forwarded, direct from the publishing office, post free, at the following rates, prepaid:—One year, 10s. 6d.; half year, 5s. 3d.; three months, 2s. 8d.

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

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

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

SCALE OF ADVERTISEMENTS.—Thirty words, 1s. 6d.; every succeeding ten words, 6d. *Displayed Advertisements*:—One inch, 4s. 6d.; half column, £1 2s. 8d.; column, £2 5s. Special terms for repetitions.

PERSONAL.

READERS of the *Freethinker* will have noticed the absence of Mr. Wheeler's article in last week's issue. They will also notice its absence in the present number. The reason of this is melancholy. Mr. Wheeler has broken down again under an attack of his old malady. Older readers of this journal will recollect that when I was imprisoned for "blasphemy" I left the paper in the hands of my dear friend and colleague. But the strain was too great for him; he was also unable to bear his friend's misfortunes like a Christian; and the consequence was that he lost his health and his reason. Not long after my release he suffered a relapse. That time, however, I was able to look after him myself. He was thoroughly well cared for, and enjoyed a long holiday after his brain was healed before resuming work. For some time I was anxious about him, as the break-down had left a certain nervous susceptibility, but as the years rolled by I felt reassured. Unfortunately—and not for any special reason I can assign—he is suffering from a recurrence of the old trouble. He has been placed in an establishment where he enjoys every possible care and attention. When he is well enough to be removed he will be sent away to the seaside to recruit his strength. He will not be permitted to do any work (at least for me) until I am satisfied that he is quite fit for it. His many friends may be content to leave this matter in my hands, as I am sure he would wish.

At present I am doing Mr. Wheeler's work as well as my own, but I cannot go on doing it. I shall certainly have to employ extra labor on the paper, besides continuing to pay my sub-editor's salary to his wife.

There is a general impression that the *Freethinker* is a handsome property. This is not true. After paying Mr. Wheeler's salary, and for contributions like those of Mr. Watts, I have the veriest trifle left for myself. It has always been difficult to maintain Freethought papers. I have witnessed the birth and death of many. My own has held the field since 1881. But this is a subject I shall have more to say upon next week. Meantime, it is well that the truth should be known at once, that I am a poor man struggling against many difficulties; and that instead of being easily able to assist others I am rather in need of assistance myself. Because one is not a grumbler, it does not follow that one lives in the best of all possible worlds.

G. W. FOOTE.

SUGAR PLUMS.

ANOTHER fine audience assembled at the Athenæum Hall on Sunday evening, when Mr. Foote lectured on "The Deviloms of Spain in America." Mr. Percy Ward, who was prevented by the rain from lecturing at Kilburn, made an excellent chairman. Mr. Foote's address, which was mainly historical, was listened to with rapt attention. Several questions were asked afterwards, and one Socialist critic spoke with great earnestness and fluency, though his remarks were somewhat wide of the subject of the lecture. However, the meeting listened with the utmost courtesy, and gave him some applause when he finished.

The Athenæum Hall platform will be occupied this evening by Mr. Chilperic Edwards, who is known to Free-thinkers by his scholarly writings. He has also a vein of dry humor, and the two qualities together should give great interest to his lecture on "The Book of Jonah in the Light of the Higher Criticism."

The Camberwell branch held its last concert and ball of the season on Sunday last. There was a splendid program and a large attendance. Of course it was terribly profane, but the Secular Hall hasn't suffered the fate of Spurgeon's Tabernacle. No doubt it will be spared for Mr. Foote's lecture this evening (May 8), which concludes the season's indoor meetings. Mr. Foote's subject will be "The Deviloms and Doom of Christian Spain; with observations on the Probable Results of the Present War." This is a rare opportunity for South London Freethinkers to bring their Christian friends along to hear the "infidel."

Freethinkers all over the country should note that the National Secular Society's Annual Conference takes place on Whit-Sunday, in the Secular Hall, Rusholme-road, Manchester. Important matters have to be considered, and we hope there will be a large attendance of Branch delegates and individual members. Next week's *Freethinker* will contain the business agenda of this Conference.

Mr. Charles Watts gave four week-night lectures last week in Scotland under the auspices of the N. S. S. Treasurer's Scheme. The audiences were all good except at Law, which Mr. Watts visited for the first time. Here the rain fell heavily, which kept friends from the surrounding districts from attending. His lecture at Kirkintilloch was really breaking new ground, for it was the first Freethought address ever given in the place. The audience was very attentive, and several questions were asked. Mr. Black (of Glasgow) presided. The meetings at Paisley and Motherwell were also well attended, and some opposition of rather a primitive kind followed each lecture.

Mr. Watts is exceedingly pleased at the progress of Secular views in Scotland. Twenty years ago it would have been almost impossible for a Freethought lecturer to have been heard in the outlying districts of Glasgow; now the people attend and listen attentively to the criticism of the popular faith. Young men in particular are anxious to obtain information as to the nature and object of Secular philosophy. The sale of literature in the hands of energetic Mr. Baxter (of Glasgow) was brisk. This is an encouraging sign of the times, and it indicates that orthodoxy is rapidly losing its hold upon the rising generation as well as upon the adults in Scotland.

On Sunday last, in Glasgow, Mr. Watts had three good meetings. In the morning the attendance was above the average, but the gathering in the afternoon was limited in consequence of the Labor May Day Demonstration held on Glasgow Green. In the evening, however, there was a capital audience. Friends were present from Paisley, Greenock, and Dundee. Two gentlemen walked eleven miles to hear the lectures. There was no debate throughout the day.

The local paper gives a full column report of Mr. Watts's lecture and debate at Kirkintilloch.

We were much gratified to hear from Mr. Watts that the Glasgow branch of the N. S. S. is more flourishing than ever. Many of the leading members accompanied him each night to the district lectures. They are also looking forward with considerable interest to the coming conference at Manchester, where we hope to see a good muster of Scotch friends.

During the past week Mr. Watts has been debating in Manchester and lecturing in Failsworth. To-day, Sunday, May 8, he lectures three times in the Secular Hall, Rusholme-road, Manchester.

The late Ephraim E. Hitchcock was a friend, behind the scenes to the New York *Truthseeker* and the Publishing

Company connected with it. At the time of his death the Company owed him about 13,000 dollars. Of this some 10,000 dollars is remitted by Mr. Hitchcock's will—which is a generous donation. Mr. Eugene Macdonald, who edits the *Truthseeker* and heads the Company, appeals to his readers for help to meet the executors' claim for the remaining 3,000 dollars. We hope he will obtain it promptly. Free-thinkers really ought to support those who go to the front (and stop there) in the great fight against superstition. From what we saw of Eugene Macdonald when we visited America we should say that he would have had no difficulty in gaining a competence in a more "worldly" line of business.

The Glasgow *Weekly Citizen* is always good reading. The number for April 30 contains a well-written, outspoken article on "The Free Criticism of Religion." Here is a pertinent sentence: "The mere fact that heresy is an unpopular attitude in religious matters suffices to show how much religion differs from science, a subject in regard to which everyone recognises the necessity, and even the expediency, of unceasing investigation and repeated crucial tests."

The People's Journal, published at Rockhampton, Queensland, with which we believe Mr. Wallace Nelson is connected, prints a long extract from the *Freethinker* articles on "The Real Robert Burns," and refers to Mr. G. W. Foote as "a writer of great capacity."

Mr. Joseph Symes's *Liberator* for March 26 reprints from our columns Mr. Wheeler's article on "Christian Civilization."

One of our best exchanges, the *Independent Pulpit*, conducted by J. D. Shaw, at Waco, Texas, reprints our article on "Zola's Trial." We have often been glad to reproduce something from our Texan contemporary for the benefit of our own readers.

Colonel Ingersoll lectured at Boston on Sunday, April 17. During the previous and the following week he lectured almost every night somewhere in Massachusetts and Connecticut. We are delighted to see the Colonel so vigorously on the warpath again, and only hope he won't overdo it.

"There can be no doubt," says the Paris correspondent of the *Sunday Chronicle*, "that Atheism has spread with alarming rapidity in France in recent years, and that the Church has lost a great deal of its authority as a moral influence and as a governing power among the men of the country." So far as the men are concerned, he says, few of them in the large cities ever set foot inside a church. In the most famous Paris churches there is about one man to every twenty women.

Friend Ellis, who ably runs *Secular Thought* (Toronto), notices Captain Robert Adams's arrival in England, and the fact that Mr. Foote took the chair at his St. James's Hall lecture on "The Right of Private Judgment in Morals." Friend Ellis also notes that Mr. Foote was announced to lecture himself on Mrs. Mona Caird's *Morality of Marriage*, and expresses a belief that "Mr. Foote's good sense and notions of decency will prevent him from running his head into the meshes of the law, as some of our more headstrong advocates of reform in sex relationship have done." Our Toronto comrade is quite right in this belief. Mr. Foote would undertake to speak for ten hours (say) on this subject without the slightest offence, as far as his language was concerned, to man, woman, or child. Besides, he isn't at all smitten with Free Love heresies or the charms of sexual "variety." He has one wife and four children, and doesn't want to be rid of them. He is old-fashioned enough to believe that adultery is filthy, and that love has no sort of affinity to lust. Friend Ellis needn't be alarmed.

Referring to Mr. Foote's and Mr. Watts's activity as lecturers, friend Ellis says: "It will be seen that our friends are keeping the Secular ball rolling pretty briskly. We hope they gather lots of moss. They deserve it." Thanks. We are looking round with a field-glass for the moss.

Mr. William Simons, secretary of the Bradlaugh Club, 34 Newington Green-road, has rendered fourteen years of good service to the Secular cause in North London, and we are pleased to see that the Committee are organizing a benefit concert to mark their appreciation of the fact. The concert takes place at the club on Wednesday, May 18. Many popular singers and dancers, and two well-known dramatic companies, will figure in the program, and the function will wind up with a ball. The tickets are now on sale at the ridiculously low price of sixpence, and the building ought to be crowded.

The Moral Instruction League has prepared the following for signature: "A Protest and Petition to the School Board

for London by Parents of Children attending London Board Schools.—The statement having been frequently made at public meetings and circulated in the daily press that all the parents of Board-school children are satisfied with the religious teaching now given in the Board schools of London, we, the undersigned, parents of such children, in order to prove to the Board the falsity of that statement, and to help towards the introduction of moral teaching which shall make no appeal to supernatural or superhuman motives, do hereby protest that in general such motives are not suitable to the understanding and character of children, and are particularly out of place when taught in State schools, which are maintained at the cost of citizens of every creed and of no creed. And we hereby petition that facilities be granted to our children to receive, in place of the present Bible lessons, instruction in personal and civic duties from Board-school teachers especially trained for the purpose; by which instruction the sense of responsibility, sympathy with all sentient beings, intellectual honesty, the spirit of liberty, courage, self-respect, and the other highest qualities of manhood, would be systematically cultivated and strengthened."

Copies of this Petition can be obtained from the Moral Instruction League's secretary—Miss Zona Vallance, The Deanery, Stratford, London, E. We hope N. S. S. Branches in London will do their best to get a large number of signatures. It should be introduced at open-air meetings, and a great many people will be sure to sign it if pen and ink are handy. Individual members of the N. S. S. are also invited to canvas for signatures. When the Petition is presented to the School Board it will prove that the number of those who object to the present religious teaching is tremendously larger than the number of those who withdraw their children from it, at the risk of making them martyrs.

DARWINISM TRUE; CREATIONISM A FICTION.

Forty years ago the learned and scientific world had reached a crisis. Astronomy had become a perfect science—that is, all its leading elements were well known. Geology was in its infancy, chemistry had become wonderfully developed, and the museums of Europe were crowded with natural history specimens or specimens in biology. Anatomy and physiology were well advanced; but biology had as yet no leading principle, no explanation of the wonderful variety to be found in animated and vegetable beings. There was a dead-lock in the philosophy of life; no one could tell why the shapes and colors and the natural divisions of plants and animals were as they were.

Instead of looking for an explanation, most men were content with blindly following the teachings of the pulpit; and some of the cleverest were writing books on Natural Theology, and childishly engaged in trying to prove and illustrate the wisdom and goodness of "God," said to be displayed in "Creation" and "Providence." Civilized nations were under a blinding spell, not less fatal to scientific advancement than the most absurd beliefs of savages. Instead of consulting nature, instead of endeavoring to learn to read the facts they had discovered, almost all scientific men were looking to the books of Genesis and to the fable of creation as the sole explanation of the marvels of biology. They were quite satisfied that the true philosophy of life and of nature was to be gained from that book of ignorant barbarians called the Bible. The clergy had so cracked up this wretched and wicked book that our best scientists—imposed upon in infancy—were quite content to take it as the fountain of scientific truth, and of the real history of the world.

But belief is not explanation; religion is false philosophy at the best. And even supposing Genesis to be literally true, we still have to work, compare, contrast, and think in order to find out how things came to be what we find them.

The almost universal belief of forty years ago was that the ancestors of all animals and plants had been created suddenly, a day or two after the world itself had been made out of nothing. Milton well expresses this old barbaric belief in his *Paradise Lost*; and Dr. Watts, in his hymn for children of tender years, says:—

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature to.

These four childish lines embody the entire philosophy of life and living things as it existed in ancient times, and as it continued down to within forty years ago. If you

inquired, How is it horses are horses, dogs are dogs, flies are flies, tape-worms are tape-worms? the ready reply was "God" made them so, and beautifully adapted them to the conditions he intended for them and the purpose they were to serve in the economy of nature. Instead of inquiring, most men were content to adore the wisdom and goodness they had been assured were so apparent both in the "word and the works of 'God.'" Thus truth was sacrificed to superstition, and science smothered by the incense of prayer and praise and the black smoke of devotion. The human intellect, though free to collect beetles, butterflies, bones, etc., was close shut up in a prison which made investigation, speculation, and scientific thought impossible. The region of life or the domain of biology was sacred ground belonging to the clergy; and none dared intrude except under their guidance.

In the midst of this state of things, however, Charles Robert Darwin ventured to intrude, in 1859, with his famous book, *The Origin of Species*. No other book ever published created such a wide, deep, and lasting sensation as this. It is calmness itself in its style; and yet the greatest revolution in human thought and opinion resulted from it—a revolution probably not half completed to this day. Whatever may become of Darwin's philosophy—and we can pretty well foresee that its destiny is to prevail and stay—it must be confessed that no worker in the domain of biology ever exerted a tenth of his power and influence for good. He broke the prison that confined the human intellect, snapped the theological fetters, broke the spell of blind devotion; and thus made a philosophy of life possible. So thoroughly has Darwin succeeded that his worst and most venomous opponents and critics are compelled to study nature by means of his lamp before they can say a single rational word against him. He has not only launched a philosophy of life, but has furnished scientific men with the fullest means and the fullest instruction for testing his theory, for confirming or refuting it, as the case may be.

The facts upon which Darwin's Evolution is solidly based are these:—

1. No two individuals of the same species are exactly alike.
2. Unlikeness or variation is transmitted to the offspring.
3. Breeders take advantage of natural differences in order to produce the varieties they require. This is artificial selection.
4. More individuals are born than can survive.
5. This gives rise to a ceaseless struggle for the means of subsistence.
6. This struggle for existence weeds out all those that are unfit to battle successfully with the rest, and leaves the fit in possession. This is natural selection, as the former is artificial selection.
7. The result has been the various species or kinds of plants and animals now occupying the earth.

These facts are not to be set aside. Let us see if they can.

No one ever yet saw two children, two dogs, two calves, two apples, etc., exactly alike. Members of the same family, even when the parents are pretty closely akin, all differ in height, weight, development, constitution, etc. No two cabbages in the same garden, or apples on the same tree, are exactly alike. This will not be disputed.

Those who breed pigeons, horses, sheep, rabbits, etc., are fully aware of this fact, and know how to take advantage of it. It is the same in gardens, orchards, and nurseries. This or that bird, flower, animal, has some peculiarity which the owner would like to preserve; and he breeds from the individual or individuals that have this peculiarity. The peculiarity is transmitted; and thus the most wonderful varieties result from careful breeding. Who, for example, could believe that all the wonderful varieties of pigeons now known could have descended from the little rock-pigeon? And yet there seems no room to doubt the fact. Selection and breeding, by those who understand the business, will produce the most wonderful changes in both animals and plants.

But it may be asked, Who is there to select and breed in nature? If you insist upon selection, must we not also assume a selector—that is, a "God"? Not so fast. Nature has her own way of doing this, as we shall see.

—Liberator.

JOS. SYMES.

(To be concluded.)

ST. PETER'S MISTAKE.

DISASTROUS RESULT OF HIS ATTEMPTED INTRODUCTION OF
MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

SAINT PETER stood at the golden gate
One Sunday morning—a recent date—
And said to Gabriel, lounging near :
“How fearfully few the arrivals here !
How sadly seldom a ticket is seen !
In thirty days I've punched fifteen !
How screeches the gate as it inward swings !
The keys are a bunch of old rusty things ;
If 't isn't used, the neglected road
To the realm of bliss will have to be mowed.
In fact, unless more travellers stop,
I fear we may have to shut up shop.”

Now Gabriel knew what the matter was,
And, thinking he'd better explain the cause,
Remarked : “Let me have a word, I beg.”
Then changed his weight to the other leg,
And laid one wing on the picket fence,
And said : “Fact is, that a residence
On earth is made so attractive now,
And cheap, and easy, as not to allow
Of any temptation to visit heaven—
Such novel joys to mortals are given.
They fly over earth on wings of fire,
And under the sea they talk on a wire,
And old Broadway is lighter, they say,
Than the radiant loft where our harpers play ;
They have no slaves—declare 'tis wrong—
I don't see how they can get along ;
They have one wife—that's overdone,
For you and I wouldn't have ary a one ;
For the very smallest of coin, I'm told,
The poor folks ride in chariots of gold ;
Their phonograph bottled the voice last year
Of a parson that last week got up here ;
Their commerce measures the planet's girth,
And fetches fruit from the end of the earth ;
While here—no improvement—method the same
As years gone by, when you and I came—
The same old grass, the same old gates,
The same old croon of the same old mates,
The same old speech to the folks sent down,
The same old halo, the same old crown,
The same old sermons, the same old prayers,
The same old hymns up the same old stairs ;
All things exactly as they were then,
And will be, world without end, Amen !

“The worst of it, Peter, is this—you know
That all the inventors have gone Below,
And taken their traps, tools, jiggers, and things,
Their dynamos, wheels, and sprockets and rings,
Their graphs and meters, and scopes and phones
For measuring molecules, spectra, tones,
And that with these, and machines in accord,
The lost ones seek their simple reward :
Machines that swift as lightning run ;
Machines that paint with the brush of the sun ;
Machines that fly with splendid cars ;
Machines that measure and weigh the stars ;
Machines that laugh, and talk, and sing ;
Machines that are up to everything—
With these to instruct, assist, beguile,
They've fixed up hell in first-rate style.”

“Ho ! ho !” said Peter, “my friend, I guess
If worse comes to worst that we can progress ;
If these inventors such miracles do,
What hinders our having machinery too ?
For you remember, I've often said
That competition's the life of trade.
They've stuffed and fooled you, though, about
The sun as an artist—that I doubt ;
And he that tells of talk on a wire,
I venture to guess that man's a liar.
But we might try with possible gain
The anesthetics that conquer pain ;
A carpet-sweeper in place of the broom,
A sewing-machine, and a patent loom,
Electric cars with velvet seats,
A sweeping-machine for the golden streets,
A gas retort for our light and fire,
And an organ back of the harpers' choir.
I'll change my plans, and stop to-day
The first contraption that comes this way.”

A space was Gateman Gabriel mute,
Then shifted his weight to his other foot,
And, shading his eyes with his dexter wing,
Said : “Up the road is coming a thing—
On a single leg 'tis hopping along,
Without a bridle or bit or thong ;

With a double head and a crooked neck,
And some one adrift on the upper deck—
Some one, I say—whether woman or man,
Perhaps you can tell—I'm hanged if I can.”

That moment the stranger, silent as fate,
Dismounted in front of the golden gate.
He said, “Good morning,” and wiped his brow,
And added : “I'm almost sorry now—
Your way is so narrow, crooked, and hard—
I didn't take a spin on the boulevard.
I hear that all the way down and back
They've got a lovely asphaltum track.”

“Morning,” said Peter. “Is that a mill
Or a curious beast you rode up hill ?”

The visitor answered : “The forge's birth,
A bicycle, popular on the earth.”

“Aha !” good Peter replied. “That's queer ;
We're introducing improvements here.
This horse is something that ought to be tried ;
'F you like, I'll take him and go inside.”

“You do me proud,” said the tourist grim,
As he thought : “This makes me solid with him.
And Peter seized on the handle straight,
Dragged the thing in and closed the gate.”

They waited and chatted, the two outside,
And wished they could see the novice ride.
They heard approving applause, and then
Encouraging cries of “Try it again !”
They heard the yells of the joyous throng,
The harps that twanged uncommonly strong,
The choir, whose mournful psalms and slow
Went skipping to lively and allegro ;
But heard naught else, for an hour or so,
When the gate of gold was open swung,
And to that hapless bicycle clung
A battered angel, who gave it a shove,
But seemed so lame he could hardly move.
Two teeth were gone, he had bruised his head,
One ear just hung by a crimson thread ;
His wings were mussed, his knees were bare
As a piper's, and there was grass in his hair.
He shed one tear, he heaved one sigh,
Then cast on the stranger a rueful eye,
And merely said, with sorrowful mien,
“You go to hell with your old machine !”

—Truthseeker.

W. A. CROFFUT.

BOOK CHAT.

THE *Literary Guide* for May (Watts and Co.) is a very good number. Mr. C. E. Hooper opens with an interesting and suggestive article on “Rival Views of Advancement.” Amos Waters has a long but attractive article on Charles Lamb. The other items are well up to the high standard of this publication.

* * *

Pearls is the title of a new monthly, edited by Elizabeth Stevenson, and issued by the Metaphysical Publishing Co., New York. It is beautifully got-up, and seems intended for family reading. Its tone is religious, though not orthodox.

* * *

The May number of the *Adult* will be welcome to those who have a strong interest in the discussion of sexual problems. The editor has not quite recovered from his attack of “Secularist leaders” on the brain. He is not satisfied with intellectual hospitality. Perhaps he will learn in time that this is all that he or any man has a right to expect.

* * *

Ruled by the Tomb, by Orford Northcote, is published by M. Harman, Chicago. It is a reprint, we believe, of some articles that appeared in *Lucifer*. The writer's object is to show the backwardness of the leaders of Freethought in accepting the philosophy of Free Love. He evidently looks upon Ingersoll as a very old-fashioned person, though the Colonel won't mind that, as he doesn't think it the first duty of a Freethinker to be as different as possible from everybody else. Other well-known Secularists pass under Mr. Northcote's condemnation, but we hope they will bear up under it with fortitude. This young writer prophesies that the great battle of freedom is coming, that it will be over the question of marriage, and that in this glorious struggle we shall not “see the Colonel Ingersolls,” but another sort of Freethinkers altogether. Very likely. And perhaps the battle, if it becomes sanguinary, will hardly attract the active participation of those who dare not even now put their actual names to their writings. We quite agree that Anthony Comstock is a monstrous nuisance which should be suppressed, but if he is to be suppressed it is very bad policy to associate the revolt against this man and his methods

with one extreme form of sexual opinion. This is an attitude which often makes it difficult to help those who are persecuted, and they have only themselves to thank if the general lovers of freedom shrink from the task in dismay.

* * *

The May number of the *University Magazine* opens with a trenchant article on "The Catholic Hell," by L. Winkworth. "Altruism on Trial" is from the pen of R. de Villiers, who denies the existence of altruism altogether, and argues that egoism covers the whole field of human action. From our point of view, however, the whole dispute is a logomachy. Joseph McCabe has a very interesting historical paper on "The Jews as Money-lenders," pointing out how the Church drove them into the practice of usury. J. M. Robertson writes with scholarship and power on "The Learning of Shakespeare," though we fancy he rather underestimates the poet's knowledge of other languages than his own, as he seems to us too peremptory in his rejection of Professor Fiske's view of Jonson's famous reference to the matter. Among the other contents of this magazine we may note E. A. Jelf's searching article on "The 'Times' of Daniel."

CORRESPONDENCE.

DID THE HEBREWS WORSHIP APIS?

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE FREETHINKER."

SIR,—**אביר**, *Abir*, is like *Al* (the base of many divine names), essentially "strong, manly, valiant," hence a hero, *Kabir*, or "like a hero." The base is **אב** *Ab*, "the high, strong, honored, a creator, god, and father." *Abiram*, like *Abraham*, was a common name, and *Abir*, *Kabir*, *Abl*, *Habal*, *Kabal*, and many such words, are used in the East for "spirited, virile, and clever" animals, as horses, bulls, and men.

In Ps. xxii. 13 we should read "strong ones of Bashan," or "heroes of Bashan."

Cahen, in his Hebrew Bible, carefully notices the LXX. of Jer. xlv. "pourquoi Apis, ton veau choisi," etc.; and, after consulting Fürst and all texts mentioned, I agree with Cahen that the LXX. is wrong, and that *Abirak*, **אבירק**, is correctly written *tes hommes forts* ("thy strong ones"), as in Revised Version. No doubt *Abar*, in Egyptian, comes from the same Phœnician base as do *Abal*, *Habal*, etc.; but I do not read Egyptian. Such words are common in Asiatic dialects, and not particularly applicable to bulls. These were, of course, worshipped by the quasi ten northern tribes of Hebs. in and about the same area. The "golden calf" of the desert—the LXX. *Moschon*, Heb. **עגל**, *Ogal*, seems rather to read "a round thing," *Hermes*, "cone," or "Mercury" (see Fürst and Parkhurst).

J. G. R. FORLONG.

SIR,—The golden calf of Exodus has often been equated with the Egyptian Apis, although there are differences between the two.

With regard to "Amen," it is hardly possible that the liturgical formula has anything to do with the Egyptian deity. *Amen* is a good Hebrew word. It is an adverb, meaning "verily" or "truly"; and it can be shown to possess a faultless etymology, being regularly derived from a well-known Hebrew root. The Egyptian god appears in the Old Testament under the form *Amon* in Jer. xlv. 25. There was, however, a good Hebrew word, "*Amon*," meaning "builder" or "architect," which is used as a name of the Spirit of Wisdom in Proverbs viii. 30; and a king of Judah also bore it.

Mr. Elliott is afraid that the admission of any connection between *Abir* and *Apis* will tend to give undue support to the story of the Egyptian bondage. It is, of course, for this purpose that it is put forward by Professor Grätz. But it is by no means necessary to take this position. Egypt exercised enormous influence upon the Phœnicians, who even borrowed Egyptian deities, such as *Thoth* (*Sanchoniathon* mentions him under the form *Taautus*), and who were further removed from the land of the Nile than the Israelites. In the Louvre one may see fragments of Phœnician architecture brought from Syria by M. Renan, and in all cases there is a close copying of Egyptian forms. The same thing may be said of the engraved gems and other specimens of Phœnician art. They all show a strong and permanent Egyptian influence. It was therefore quite possible and natural for Egyptian ideas to reach the Jews without the latter gentry going into Egypt.

However, as Mr. Elliott says, there is little or no evidence of any such intercommunication of ideas. There are only sixty-six words in Egyptian which are claimed by competent Egyptologists as Canaanitish, and a large proportion of these are merely place-names. In the Old Testament there are only eight undisputed Egyptian words, and even the cautious and conservative Canon Driver pours

out his scorn upon those who assert that there are any more.

The writer merely desired to draw attention to Professor Grätz's suggestive theory. The similarity between the name of the Egyptian God *Amen* and the Hebrew word *Amon* should, however, warn us to be cautious in admitting too much from superficial similarities of form, when unaccompanied by other evidence.

C. E.

I H S.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE FREETHINKER."

SIR,—As Mr. Herbert has no real proof that IHS was derived from YH Σ , there is nothing more to be said in the matter. As to the rest of his letter, I can only remark with the poet: "It may be very clever, but I do not understand it." *Yeshua* is a shortened form of *Yehoshua*, and does not contain the root YES. If *Iacchus* be written in its Greek form IAKXO Σ , it will be plain that one cannot make IHS out of it. Why the Latin termination S persisted in *Jesus* I do not know. In Middle English the name wavered between *Iesu* and *Iesus*; and *Iesus* survived.

IH— Σ is a well-known contraction of the Greek IH Σ OY Σ , the Σ marking the nominative case and changing to other letters when the word is inflected, as Mr. Herbert has already pointed out. As for IHS representing *Isis*, *Horus*, and *Serapis*, we shall be told next that ABC represents *Anmon*, *Bact*, and *Chuum*. *Serapis* was a Greek invention of the time of the Ptolemies, and his name was made up of *Osiris* and *Apis* combined.

G. HIGGINS.

Christianity Condensed.

Heaven is the home of an orthodox ring,
Where a divine enigma reigns as king,
Where whitewashed souls from this mundane shore
Shall sing hallelujah for evermore.

Hell is a boiling brimstone pit,
Where poor damned souls forever sit,
And burn, and bake, and roast, and fry,
And are gnawed by worms that never die.

Mankind may avoid that fiery flood
By bathing within the Nazarene's blood;
They can find it where tickets for heaven are sold,
Then walk over hell on a bridge of gold.

No Atheist, Infidel, Pagan, or Jew
Shall ever acquire the precious boon;
None but an orthodox rosewater few
Shall dance with the angels in heaven's saloon.

PROFANE JOKES.

At a meeting of some colored brethren it was decided to take up a collection. The president concluded to pass the hat himself, and, in order to encourage the others, he put in a ten-cent piece. At the end of the ceremony, during which every hand had been in the hat, the president approached the table, turned the hat upside down, and not even his own contribution dropped out. He opened his eyes with astonishment, and exclaimed: "Fo' de Lord, but I'ze eben loss de ten cents I started wid!" Then was there consternation on the faces of the multitude. Who was the lucky man? that was the question. He could not blush or turn pale, for all were as black as night. It was evidently a hopeless case, and was summed up by one brother, who rose in his place and said solemnly: "Dar 'pears to be a great moral lesson roun' heah somewhar."

Parson's Daughter (to Bullocky Jim)—"Brown's bulls have got into our corn, and pa's been praying ever so hard—but it's no use. Please will you come over and swear a bit?"

"That will do," said Balaam, "you've talked enough." "Yes," retorted the ass, "I've talked enough to hand you down to immortality." And the patient animal never spoke again.

A churchwarden was courteously thanking a Church dignitary for kindly taking, on emergency, a village service. "A worse preacher would have done us, sir," he said, "if we only knew where to find him!"

Sunday-school Teacher—"What is the Church militant?" Pupil—"I think it's the choir."

Teacher—"Now, boys, who was Absalom?" Boy—"The son of David, sir." Teacher—"Can you tell me anything about him?" Boy—"Yes, sir, he wore long hair." Teacher—"Come, come; can't you tell me anything else?" Boy—"Yes, sir. He was a very bad and wicked son, and caused great worry and trouble to his father." Teacher—"Quite right. Now, can you tell me anything very special that David said to him, to turn him from his wicked ways?" Boy—"Yes, sir. He said 'Get your hair cut.'"

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, Chilperic Edwards, "The Book of Jonah in the Light of the Higher Criticism."

BRADLAUGH CLUB AND INSTITUTE (36 Newington Green-road, Ball's Pond): May 12, at 8.30, H. P. Ward will lecture.

CAMBERWELL (North Camberwell Hall, 61 New Church-road): 7, G. W. Foote, "The Devildom and Doom of Christian Spain: with Observations on the Probable Results of the Present War."

EAST LONDON BRANCH (Swaby's Coffee House, 103 Mile End-road): 8, E. Pack, "The Bible and Freedom."

SOUTH LONDON ETHICAL SOCIETY (Surrey Masonic Hall, Camberwell New-road, S.E.): 7, Stanton Coit, "The Sin of Suicide"; 3, Peckham Rye (near band-stand), H. O. Newland and Stanton Coit.

WEST LONDON ETHICAL SOCIETY (Kensington Town Hall): 11.15, Stanton Coit, "The Sin of Suicide."

WEST LONDON BRANCH (397 Harrow-road, near Westbourne Park): Tuesday, at 9, Business meeting.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

BETHNAL GREEN BRANCH (Victoria Park, near the fountain): 3.15, Stanley Jones.

EAST LONDON BRANCH (Mile End Waste): 11.30, R. P. Edwards; 7, E. Pack.

FINSBURY BRANCH (Clerkenwell Green): 11.30, W. Heaford, "Objections to Christianity."

FINSBURY PARK (near band-stand): 3.15, A. Guest, "Christianity a Secondhand Religion."

HAMMERSMITH (The Grove, near S. W. Railway-station): 7 A lecture.

HYDE PARK (near Marble Arch): 11.30, H. P. Ward; 3.30, H. P. Ward.

KILBURN (High-road, corner Victoria-road): 7, R. P. Edwards.

KINGSLAND (Ridley-road): 11.30, Stanley Jones, "Position of the Bible To-day."

LIMEHOUSE (The Triangle, Salmon-lane): 11.30, A. B. Moss.

WOOD GREEN (Jolly Butchers' Hill): 11.30, P. Keen, "What After Death?"

COUNTRY.

BIRMINGHAM (Bristol-street Board School): 7, Miscellaneous entertainment.

CHATHAM SECULAR SOCIETY (Queen's-road, New Brompton): 7, W. Heaford, "Religion and Revenge."

GLASGOW (Lecture Hall, Brunswick-street): 12, Discussion Class, Business meeting; 3.30, G. Faulkner, "Confucianism."

MANCHESTER SECULAR HALL (Rusholme-road, All Saints): C. Watts—11, "Can God Do Wrong?" 3, "Is Religion a Curse or a Blessing?" 6.30, "Decline of Paganism and the Dawn of Christianity."

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE (corner of Raby and Parker-streets, Byker): 3, Members' meeting; 7, A lecture.

SHEFFIELD SECULAR SOCIETY (Hall of Science, Rockingham-street): 7, W. Dyson, "Natural Causes and Supernatural Seemings."

SOUTH SHIELDS (Captain Duncan's Navigation School, Market-place): 7, Business meeting.

Lecturers' Engagements.

O COHEN, 12 Merchant-street, Bow-road, London.—May 8, Liverpool; 12, Blackburn; 15, Liverpool; 22, Manchester; 29, N. S. S. Conference. June 5, Camberwell; 12, m., Mile End; a., Victoria Park; e., Edmonton; 19 and 26, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

A. B. MOSS, 44 Oredon-road, London, S.E.—May 8, m., Limehouse; 15, m. and a., Hyde Park; e., Kilburn; 22, m., Wood Green. June 5, Mile End; 12, Mile End; 19, m. and a., Hyde Park; e., Hammersmith; 26, m., Finsbury; a., Peckham Rye. July 2, m., Mile End; 10, m., Mile End; 17, m. and a., Hyde Park; e., Kilburn; 31, m., Camberwell; a., Peckham Rye; e., Camberwell.

POSITIVISM.

"Reorganization, without god or king, by the systematic worship of Humanity."

Information and publications on the Religion of Humanity may be obtained free from Mr. Malcolm Quin, Church of Humanity, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Ingersoll's Works.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.—Mistakes of Moses; Reply to Gladstone; Rome or Reason; Faith and Fact; God and Man; Dying Creed; The Ghosts; Great Mistake; Myth and Miracle; Real Blasphemy; and The Hope of the Future.

VOL. II.—Defence of Freethought; Why am I an Agnostic? Clergy and Common Sense; Do I Blaspheme? Marriage and Divorce; The Household of Faith; Limits of Toleration; Art and Morality; God and the State; Live Topics; Repairing the Idols; Truth of History; and Social Salvation.

VOL. III.—About the Holy Bible; Oration on the Gods; Walt Whitman; Paine the Pioneer; Humanity's Debt to Paine; Love the Redeemer; Religion of the Future; Breaking the Fetters; Difficulties of Belief; Is Suicide a Sin? Last Words on Suicide; and Christ and Miracles.

Cloth, gilt, 3s. 6d. each. Each vol. can be had separately.

London: R. Forder, 28 Stonecutter-street, E.C.

THE ADULT.

THE JOURNAL OF SEX.

MAY NUMBER NOW READY.

Contents: The Conversion of Mrs. Grundy—Free Love Problems—The Right of Private Judgment in Morals, etc., etc., etc.

Price 3d., post free 4d.; 16 John-street, Bedford-row, W.C., and Robert Forder, 28 Stonecutter-street, E.C.

THE BEST BOOK

ON NEO-MALTHUSIANISM IS, I BELIEVE, TRUE MORALITY, OR THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF NEO-MALTHUSIANISM.

By J. R. HOLMES, M.M.L., M.V.S., M.N.S.S.

160 pages, with portrait and autograph, bound in cloth, gilt lettered. Price 1s., post free.

** In order to bring the information within the reach of the poor, the most important parts of the book are issued in a pamphlet of 112 pages at ONE PENNY, post free 2d. Copies of the pamphlet for distribution 1s. a dozen post free.

The *National Reformer* of 4th September, 1892, says: "Mr. Holmes' pamphlet . . . is an almost unexceptionable statement of the Neo-Malthusian theory and practice . . . and throughout appeals to moral feeling. . . . The special value of Mr. Holmes' service to the Neo-Malthusian cause and to human well-being generally is just his combination in his pamphlet of a plain statement of the physical and moral need for family limitation with a plain account of the means by which it can be secured, and an offer to all concerned of the requisites at the lowest possible prices."

The Council of the Malthusian League, Dr. Drysdale, Dr. Allbutt, and others, have also spoken of it in very high terms.

The Trade supplied by R. FORDER, 28 Stonecutter-street, London, E.C. Other orders should be sent to the author.

J. R. HOLMES, HANNEY, WANTAGE, BERKS.

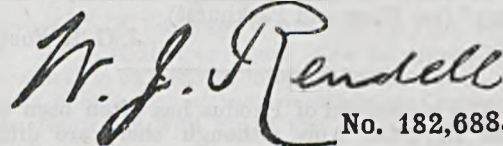
W. J. Rendell's "Wife's Friend"

Recommended by Mrs. Besant in *Law of Population*, p. 32, and Dr. Allbutt in *Wife's Handbook*, p. 51. Made ONLY at No. 15 Chadwell-street, Clerkenwell; 2s. per doz., post free (reduction in larger quantities). For particulars send stamped envelope.

Important Caution.

BEWARE of useless imitations substituted by some dealers and chemists, the words "Rendell & Co." and "J. W. Rendell," etc., being speciously and plausibly introduced to deceive the public.

LOOK FOR AUTOGRAPH REGISTERED TRADE MARK


No. 182,688.

IN RED INK ON EACH BOX, WITHOUT WHICH NONE ARE GENUINE.

Higginson's Syringe, with Vertical and Reverse Current, 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 5s. 6d. Dr. Palfrey's Powder, 1s. 2d. Quinine Compound, 1s. 2d. Dr. Allbutt's Quinine Powders, 3s. per doz. All prices post free.

W. J. RENDELL, 15 Chadwell-st., Clerkenwell, E.C.

HERB PILLS MADE FROM

Podophyllum, Cascara Sagrada, Dandelion, Rhubarb, Burdock, etc.

These Pills have been used during the last 80 years as a Family Medicine. Nothing else required if used occasionally. Sold at 6d., 1s., and 2s. 6d. per box, with directions for use; or free by post for value in stamps or Postal Order to

G. THWAITES, 2 Church Row, Stockton-on-Tees.

Advice free on all Diseases. A Herb Recipe to cure any Disease with Herbs, free.

CIRCULARS, ETC., ELECTROGRAPHED, Lithographed, or Typewritten.

MSS., etc., Typewritten. All at moderate charges. Typewriting Accessories supplied.—W. HARDAKER, 15, Furnival Street, London, E.C.

STANTON, the People's Dentist, 335 Strand (opposite Somerset House).—TEETH on VULCANITE, 2s. 6d. each; upper or lower set, £1 Best Quality, 4s. each; upper or lower, £2. Completed in four hours when required; repairing or alterations in two hours. If you pay more than the above, they are fancy charges. Teeth on platinum, 7s. 6d. each; on 18 ct. gold, 15s; stopping, 2s. 6d.; extraction, 1s.; painless by gas, 6s.

A LIVE TRACT.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL. By J. M. Wheeler. Price 2d. per dozen, post free; 9d. per 100 post free; 8s. per 1,000 carriage paid. R. Forder, 28 Stonecutter-street E.C.

FREETHOUGHT WORKS.

- Suicide.** By David Hume. A powerful essay, first published after the author's death, and not included in ordinary editions of his writings. 2d.
- Letters to the Clergy.** By G. W. Foote. Subjects:—Creation—The Believing Thief on the Cross—The Atonement—Old Testament Morality—Inspiration—Credentials of the Gospel—Miracles—Prayer. 123 pp.; 1s.
- Flowers of Freethought.** (First Series.) By G. W. Foote. Fifty-one essays on a variety of Freethought topics. 214 pp., cloth, 2s. 6d.
- Flowers of Freethought.** (Second Series.) By G. W. Foote. Fifty-eight Essays on a further variety of Freethought topics. 302 pp., cloth, 2s. 6d.—These two volumes of *Flowers* form together a complete Garden of Freethought. Every aspect of Reason and Faith is treated somewhere, and always in a popular style. Contains much of the author's best writing.
- John Morley as a Freethinker.** By G. W. Foote. Valuable references to Mr. Morley's writings. Good for Freethinkers to read first and then lend to their Christian friends. 2d.
- Is Socialism Sound?** Four Nights' Public Debate between G. W. Foote and Annie Besant. Verbatim, and revised by both disputants. 1s.; superior edition in cloth, 2s.
- The Sign of the Cross.** A Candid Criticism of Mr. Wilson Barrett's Play, showing its gross partiality and its ridiculous historic inaccuracy, with special reference to the (probably) forged passage in Tacitus and the alleged Neronian massacre of Christians. Handsomely printed, 6d.
- The Birth of Christ.** From the original "Life of Jesus" by the famous Strauss. With an introduction by G. W. Foote. A most thorough Analysis and Exposure of the Gospel Story by a Master Hand. 6d.
- Christianity and Secularism.** Public Debate between G. W. Foote and Rev. Dr. McCann. Verbatim Report, revised by both Disputants. 1s.; superior edition in cloth, 1s. 6d.
- Bible Heroes.** From Adam to Paul. By G. W. Foote. Instructive, interesting, amusing, and honest; in fact, the *only* honest book on the subject. 200 pp., cloth, 2s. 6d.
- The Grand Old Book.** A Reply to the Grand Old Man. By G. W. Foote. An Exhaustive Answer to Mr. Gladstone's *Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture*. 1s.; cloth edition, 1s. 6d.
- Will Christ Save Us?** By G. W. Foote. An Examination of the Claims of Jesus Christ to be considered the Savior of the World. Contains much Historic Information on Slavery, the Position of Woman, General Social Progress, and the advance of Science and Freethought in opposition to Christian bigotry. 8d.
- Darwin on God.** By G. W. Foote. A full and minute account of Darwin's mental development, with a brief Memoir of his grandfather, the famous Erasmus Darwin; containing all the passages in Darwin's works, and in his *Life and Letters*, bearing directly or indirectly on the subject of religion. Every Freethinker should have and keep a copy of this important little volume. 6d.; cloth, 1s.
- Footsteps of the Past.** Valuable Essays in the Evolution of Religion and Ethics. By J. M. Wheeler. With a Preface by G. W. Foote. Cloth, 3s.
- Infidel Death-Beds.** By G. W. Foote. Second edition, revised and much enlarged. Contains authentic details of the last hours of sixty-two historic Freethinkers, and in most cases a sketch of their lives. Precise references given in every instance. 8d.; cloth, 1s. 3d.
- Comic Sermons and Other Fantasias.** By G. W. Foote. A selection of the author's best satirical writings. *Contents:*—A Sermon on Summer—A Mad Sermon—A Sermon on Sin—A Bishop in the Workhouse—A Christmas Sermon—Christmas Eve in Heaven—Bishop Trimmer's Sunday Diary—The Judge and the Devil—Satan and Michael—The First Christmas—Adam's Breaches—The Fall of Eve—Joshua and Jericho—A Baby God—Judas Iscariot. 8d.
- Defence of Freethought.** By Colonel Ingersoll. A Grand Speech, occupying four hours in delivery, made in defence of Mr. Reynolds, who was prosecuted for Blasphemy in New Jersey. 6d.
- Defence of Free Speech.** By G. W. Foote. Three hours' address to the Jury in the Court of Queen's Bench before Lord Coleridge, in answer to an Indictment for Blasphemy on account of certain issues of the *Freethinker*. Carefully revised, with an important Preface and Footnotes. 4d.
- Reminiscences of Charles Bradlaugh.** By G. W. Foote. Written directly after Bradlaugh's death, and containing personal anecdotes and characteristics not to be found elsewhere. Necessary to those who want to know the real Bradlaugh.
- The Shadow of the Sword.** A Moral and Statistical Essay on War. By G. W. Foote. Christian papers have called it "powerful" and "masterly." 2d.
- Bible Romances.** By G. W. Foote. New Edition, revised and largely re-written. (1) The Creation Story, 2d.; (2) Eve and the Apple, 1d.; (3) Cain and Abel, 1d.; (4) Noah's Flood, 2d.; (5) The Tower of Babel, 1d.; (6) Lot's Wife, 1d.; (7) The Ten Plagues, 1d.; (8) The Wandering Jews, 1d.; (9) Balaam's Ass, 1d.; (10) God in a Box, 1d.; (11) Jonah and the Whale, 1d.; (12) Bible Animals, 1d.; (13) A Virgin Mother, 2d.; (14) The Resurrection, 2d.; (15) The Crucifixion, 1d.; (16) St. John's Nightmare, 1d.
- Royal Paupers.** Showing what Royalty does for the People, and what the People do for Royalty. By G. W. Foote. 2d.
- Open Letters to Jesus Christ.** By G. W. Foote. Racy as well as Argumentative. Something Unique. 4d.
- Philosophy of Secularism.** By G. W. Foote. 3d.
- The Bible God.** A Scathing Criticism. By G. W. Foote. 2d.
- Pagan Mythology; or, The Wisdom of the Ancients.** By Lord Bacon. 1s.
- Church of England Catechism Examined.** A Masterly Work, which narrowly escaped prosecution. By Jeremy Bentham. 1s.
- Utilitarianism.** By Jeremy Bentham. 3d.
- Free Will and Necessity.** By Anthony Collins. Reprinted from 1715 edition, with Biography of Collins by J. M. Wheeler, and Preface and Annotations by G. W. Foote. Huxley says that "Collins writes with wonderful power and closeness of reasoning." 1s.; superior edition, on superfine paper, cloth, 2s.
- The Code of Nature.** By Diderot and D'Holbach. 2d.
- The Essence of Religion.** God the Image of Man, Man's Dependence upon Nature the Last and Only Source of Religion. By Ludwig Feuerbach. "No one has demonstrated and explained the purely human origin of the idea of God better than Ludwig Feuerbach."—*Büchner*. 1s.
- Crimes of Christianity.** By G. W. Foote and J. M. Wheeler. Hundreds of exact references to Standard Authors. An unanswerable Indictment of Christianity. Vol. I., cloth gilt, 216 pp., 2s. 6d.
- The Jewish Life of Christ.** Being the *Sepher Toldoth Jeshu*, or Book of the Generation of Jesus. Edited, with an Historical Preface and Voluminous Notes, by G. W. Foote and J. M. Wheeler. 6d.; superior edition, superfine paper, cloth, 1s.
- The Mortality of the Soul.** By David Hume. Not included in ordinary editions of Hume's "Essays." 2d.
- Liberty and Necessity.** By David Hume. 4d.
- Essays in Rationalism.** By Charles Robert Newman, the Atheist brother of the late Cardinal Newman. With a Preface by G. J. Holyoake, and Biography by J. M. Wheeler. 1s. 6d.
- The Rights of Man.** By Thomas Paine. With a Political Biography by J. M. Wheeler. 1s.; cloth edition, 2s.
- Satires and Profanities.** By James Thomson (B.V.). "As clever as they are often profane."—*Christian World*. 1s.
- A Refutation of Deism.** By Shelley. Really a Defence of Atheism. 4d.
- Miscellaneous Theological Works.** By Thomas Paine. All his writings on Religion except the *Age of Reason*. 1s.
- Theism or Atheism.** Public Debate between G. W. Foote and the Rev. W. T. Lee. Verbatim Report, revised by both Disputants. Well printed and neatly bound, 1s.
- Bible and Beer.** By G. W. Foote. Showing the absurdity of basing Teetotalism on the Christian Scriptures. Careful, thorough, and accurate. Freethinkers should keep this pamphlet by them. 4d.
- The Holy Bible.** By Colonel Ingersoll. A Masterpiece of Popular Criticism; one of Ingersoll's greatest efforts. 6d.
- The Coming Civilization.** By Colonel Ingersoll. An Address delivered in the Columbia Theatre, Chicago, Sunday, April 12, 1896, to a vast meeting of Members and Friends of the "Church Militant." 3d.
- The Foundations of Faith.** By Colonel Ingersoll. *Contents:*—The Old Testament—The New Testament—Jehovah—The Trinity—The Theological Christ—The "Scheme"—Belief—Conclusion. 3d.

LONDON: R. FORDER, 28 STONECUTTER STREET, E.C.

THOMAS PAINE'S WORKS.

- The Rights of Man.** Centenary edition. With a Political Biography by J. M. WHEELER. 1s.; bound in cloth, 2s.
- Complete Theological Works.** (Including the *Age of Reason*.) Cloth, 2s. 6d.

London: R. Forder, 28 Stonecutter-street, E.C.

NOW READY. Price Twopence.

What is the Use of Prayer?

BY C. COHEN.

London: R. Forder, 28 Stonecutter-street, E.C.

<p>Bedford. DEAR SIR,—I have received the goods, and am quite satisfied with them; never had a bad bargain from you, and would do more with you if I required the stuff.—Yours truly, WM. LAMB.</p>	<p>11s. EACH PARCEL, or 2 for 21s. <i>Carriage paid to any address in the British Isles.</i></p> <p>If you could only see these Goods, I should not have to ask you to buy.</p>		<p>Millbrook, Cornwall. SIR,—I am pleased to state that the 21s. parcel has given great satisfaction. It is indeed a bargain, and makes one wonder how it is done for the money.—Yours truly, R. W. MOORE.</p>
1 Very Pretty All-Wool Dress Length, Plain or Figured, any color.	1 Pair High-class Trousers to measure. Give waist and inside leg measure.	1 Pair Large Sheets, 1 Beautiful Quilt, 1 Tablecloth, white or colored.	4 Pairs White Curtains, Good Design and Good Size.
1 Lady's Mackintosh, Black, Blue, Fawn, or Brown. State length at back.	1 Black Alpaca Dress Length. Worth double the money.	26 yards First-class Flannelette.	1 Lady's Umbrella, 1 Gent's Umbrella. Guaranteed 12 months.
16 yards Remnants for Children's Dresses.	2 Trousers Lengths. Warranted all Wool.	1 Good, Pure Wool Black or Navy Serge Dress Length.	1 Pair Exceptionally Good Gentleman's Boots, Black or Tan. State Size.
3 Pairs Children's Boots.	Dress Skirt to measure from any Class of Material. Well lined and well finished.	1 Pair Good All-Wool Blankets.	1 Black or Blue Serge Suit Length.
4 Smart and Fashionable Lady's Blouses. All different.	1 Scotch Tweed Suit Length, Brown, Fawn, or Grey.	3 Sailor Suits, Black or Colored.	1 Pair Lady's Boots or Shoes and a Good Dress Skirt Length.

W. Mortimore, Gosport, says: "I am well satisfied with parcel; your trade ought to increase by leaps and bounds."
G. Milford, Exeter, says: "We are highly pleased with contents of parcel, and shall recommend your goods to our friends."
J. F. Baske, Morecambe, says: "Suit to hand; it is an excellent fit, and gives satisfaction in every way."
W. Hawker, Bristol, says: "My wife is quite satisfied with the goods; they are much better than we expected."
A. Comerod, Blackburn, says: "I am pleased with your goods, and can safely recommend you to my friends."

Don't mistake the price, 11s. each parcel, or 2 for 21s. carriage paid. Tell your friends of them.

J. W. GOTT, 2 & 4 Union Street, BRADFORD.

SHAKESPEARE,

A LECTURE BY

COLONEL INGERSOLL.

HANDSOMELY PRINTED.

"A powerful piece of literary and philosophical criticism. Ingersoll's glowing style, his forcible logic, and his acute discrimination make his panegyric of the Bard of Avon almost as interesting to read as, no doubt, his lecture was inspiring to hear."—*The Stage*.

"The principal feature of this lecture is the enthusiastic appreciation which thrills in every line. Sharp, vivid sentences, often eloquent, always forcible, are scattered in abundance. The lecturer has evidently adopted no conventional plan of treatment. He elucidates, as far as possible, the main characteristics of Shakespeare's genius, and quotes with an aptness that many might envy. This lecture is so different in style and matter from any known criticism or appreciation of Shakespeare that it is difficult to estimate its value with reference to the mass of literature about the great poet. It stands quite apart."—*Glasgow Weekly Citizen*."

Price Sixpence.

London: R. Forder, 28 Stonecutter-street, E.C.

NOW READY.

THE HOUSE OF DEATH.

BEING

FUNERAL ORATIONS, ADDRESSES, ETC.

BY

COLONEL INGERSOLL.

BEAUTIFULLY PRINTED ON FINE THICK PAPER AND HANDSOMELY BOUND.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

London: R. Forder, 28 Stonecutter-street, E.C.

Now Ready. Demy 8vo, price 1s.; free by post 1s. 3d.,

RESPONSIBLE OR IRRESPONSIBLE?

CRIMINAL OR MENTALLY DISEASED?

A Plea for the Unjustly Convicted, and on the Cause and Punishment of Crime.

By HENRY SMITH, M.D. (Jena).

Contents:—Responsible or Irresponsible? Acts Caused by Disease are not Criminal; Hypnotism and Absence of Mind; Magistrates and the Law Relating to Drunkenness; Drink the Cause of Crime; Equal Means must be given to all Men for their Defence; The Cause of Men's Actions; Crime and Punishment.

London: Watts & Co., 17 Johnson's-court, Fleet-street, E.C.; and all Booksellers.