

The Freethinker

Edited by G. W. FOOTE.

VOL. XVIII.—No. 29.

SUNDAY, JULY 17, 1898.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

MOTHER TOLD ME SO.

I AM not going to say anything against mothers. I remember the sweet soul who gave me birth. How often in moments of trouble, of weariness, of disgust, have I longed for a soothing look of those tender eyes that never fell upon me except in love! Despite the long interval of all those years since I stood by her open grave, I see her still in the moonlight of memory. He who has had—alas that one should ever say *had!*—a good mother can never quite lose his reverence for women. That sacred affection will soften all his feelings; and amidst all the disillusionings, the bitterness, and perhaps the cynicisms of life, he will be refreshed by the waters of a pure and holy fountain, springing up perpetually from the depths of his own heart. He will also be in touch—perhaps unconsciously, but none the less surely—with the central fact of human civilisation; for the smile of a mother, bending over her child, was the first ray of sunshine on the red struggle of existence.

Let us honor the mothers of the race—the *true* mothers; the women who love, and strive, and sacrifice, and eat the bread of carefulness, and stitch and mend little garments, and sometimes taste the saltness of tears in the silence of the night. I do not despise the Frenchman—I honor him—who is smitten to his knees at the sound of the words "*Ma mère.*" Cant clings about all our emotions, as the ivy clings about the oak, sometimes smothering and killing it; but the oak itself is grand and noble, and so are our natural emotions. *Ma mère*—my mother! When a man says that tenderly I would pardon even his kneeling, for he is in Nature's holy of holies.

Love is the greatest thing in life, and the mother is its first priestess and missionary. But love is not all. It may even be dangerous if misguided. Thought is necessary too. The head is wanted as well as the heart. And in the past, owing to the necessary course of evolution, the woman has supplied the affective element in life, while the man has done most of the hard thinking. Not *all* men, of course; the majority of them have been mere plodders and acquiescers; but the minority of them have made the valuable discoveries and promulgated the fertilising truths. This is a fact too patent to be ignored. And it is perfectly natural. We are all subdued to what we work in; environment determines organisation; and the greater originality of man has been caused by the greater enterprise of his social functions.

But the very fact that the woman stayed at home more than rectified the balance of power. It gave her the greatest influence over the children. The man saw them occasionally; she saw them every day and all day long. She taught them to walk, she taught them to speak, she gave the first direction to their minds and the first impulse to their characters. For this reason it has been said that the hand which rocks the cradle rules the world.

One class of man stayed at home with the women, while the other men tended cattle, hunted, or fought. These

were the priests, and thus they laid the strong foundations of their empire. The priest still rules through the women and children. "The mother, the wife, the sister," as I wrote many years ago, "shield him and his creed; and their white arms and soft eyes are a better guard than all the weapons in the armory of his faith." The mother is the priest's proxy. She rears her children for the Church. "She whispers of God," I wrote, "with accents of awe, that fall solemnly on the little one's mind. She trains the knee to bend, the hands to meet in prayer, and the eyes to look upward. She wields the mighty spell of love, and peoples the air of life with phantoms." She moulds the child for the priest, who burnishes it with catechisms and stamps it with dogmas.

When scepticism comes in later life the priest has always a ready warning. "Don't forsake the religion of your mother." He tries to throw the doubter back at his mother's knee. Occasionally he has the audacity to ask, "Would you call your mother a liar?" And the worst of it is that this irrational appeal is too often effective. Yet this same priest has no hesitation in begging for subscriptions to Missionary Societies, whose agents go through the "heathen" world, which is the largest part of it, endeavoring to make its inhabitants forsake the religion of *their* mothers.

"Mother told me so" is a very good reason up to a certain point. She is likely to tell her child the truth as far as she knows it. But outside the sphere of her interests and affections she is very rarely a thinker. Even in religion it is the worship, and not the doctrines, to which she is really attached. The truth is, she tells the *child* what the priest tells *her*. She is an unwitting instrument of deception. She unconsciously promotes a wretched imposture. She enslaves the beings she loves to an enfeebling superstition. She does not know that she is a tool in the hands of designing priests, who prey upon her and, at the same time, use her to rear a fresh generation of victims.

Well, if the mother's influence is so potent, Freethinkers should recognise the fact as well as the priests. I have no patience with a Freethinker who goes to a Secular meeting and leaves his wife at home, or lets her go to church. Of course he must respect her freedom. He must not try to govern her will. He must refrain from every shadow of coercion. But he is bound to use every possible persuasion, without being ostentatious or offensive. And if he is a good husband, and a tender father, she is very likely to listen. If a woman both loves and respects a man she will go a long way with him. It was a woman, not a man, in the old story, who said: "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." And if the Freethought husband can make his wife a Freethinker, he will make his children Freethinkers too. Surely this is worth a strong and patient effort. I invite all my readers who need the invitation to commence this experiment. It is idle to talk about converting the world unless you make a beginning at home.

G. W. FOOTE.

CHRISTIAN IMAGINATION.

THE editor of the *New Age* is a careful and thoughtful writer, and whatever emanates from his pen bears the mark of earnest sincerity. His recent articles upon the "Sermon on the Mount," which appeared in his paper, were certainly ingenious; but his remarks had, in our opinion, very little logical connection with the Beatitudes. He has certain religious notions which are far in advance of, and which differ from, those entertained by the great body of professed Christians. He, like many other writers at the present time, seeks to give an ethical explanation to the New Testament, and to Christ's teachings. The object in itself is not necessarily objectionable, providing it is not pursued at the sacrifice of consistency and logical sequence. It is, however, at this point where the advocates of "rational Christianity" show their inconclusive reasoning. They fail to indicate the relevancy of their new interpretation with the fundamental teachings of the old faith. Hence they resort to "special pleading," and an effort is made to amalgamate modern thought with traditional Christianity. This, to our mind, is an untenable position. To be logical, there appears to us to be only one of two courses to take. The New Testament and Christ's supposed teachings must be regarded either as being of a supernatural character or simply as natural productions. Those who adopt the latter course are not justified in applying to Christ, or to the writings associated with his name, such terms as "divine" and "spiritual." Such phrases from a natural standpoint are meaningless, and those who employ them in this sense betray an emotional tendency rather than logical precision.

In proof of this we may refer to an editorial article which appeared in the *New Age* of June 30, entitled "The Divorce of Religion and Politics," which was a criticism upon some remarks made a few weeks since by a weekly contemporary upon what it termed "the horrible dishonesty and hypocrisy of the clergy of the State Church." The *New Age* takes its contemporary severely to task for writing as follows: "The articles of the Church include the belief that Christ—or rather Jesus—went down bodily to hell; that a spirit can be at the same time a Father, and a Son, and proceed from itself as a Ghost; that Adam was really the father of the human race, and that he was placed naked in a garden, where he ate an apple, in consequence of which countless generations of mankind are to suffer, and be damned to everlasting fire." To this the editor of the *New Age* replies: "Now this, we submit, is not the way to write about solemn mysteries which have perplexed the sublimest intellects, and for which some of the greatest thinkers, such as Hegel, for instance, have suggested a rational basis. . . . To adopt this method is to show a want of imagination and spiritual insight—a weakness which is too frequently characteristic of the clergy themselves. This want of imagination has been responsible for untold agony and doubt. To preach as fact what both the Old and New Testament writers treated as fable—that is to say, used as poetical illustration—has led to most of the scepticism which has driven away the mass of the workers and the poor from the services of religion."

This is a fine specimen of the "special pleading" in which "advanced Christians" are so fond of indulging. It is to "strain at a gnat and to swallow a camel" with a vengeance. No answer is given to the extract from the thirty-nine articles of the Church. Why is this? Simply because such Bible teachings are too absurd to be defended. Then, in the name of common-sense, why should not their folly be boldly pointed out? If they are "solemn mysteries," why are they taught as palpable facts? A "rational basis" might have been suggested, but it has never been demonstrated. The whole thing, from beginning to end, is thoroughly irrational, and no amount of Christian sophistry can make it accord with reason. If it be true that the Bible writers regarded the whole thing as a fable, then Christianity *per se* is nothing but fiction, for upon these teachings, taken from the Prayer Book and set forth in the Bible, the supernatural theory of Christianity is based.

We fail to see either the force or relevancy of the editor's remark, that the method of frankly stating what the Bible teaches "shows a want of imagination." We say nothing about "spiritual insight," inasmuch as we have no idea of what it really is, and the editor has not

attempted to explain it. Is it imagination or reality that the Bible teaches what the articles of the Church state? Is it not a stern reality that these absurdities are taught by thousands of clergymen, and believed in by tens of thousands of their followers as truths? Alas! it is too real that the greatest delusion that ever darkened the human mind owes its origin and perpetuation to the promulgation of Bible absurdities. No marvel that "the mass of the workers and the poor" have been "driven from the services of religion" when we are told that its acceptance depends so much upon imagination, and that the want of this faculty is a prolific source of doubt. This is pre-eminently a matter-of-fact age, when something more than imagination is required as a guide in daily life.

Of course imagination is not to be entirely ignored. To its results we owe some of the most exquisite joys of life, and under its magic influence the sublimest aspirations of the human mind are evoked. But its function belongs to the poetry of life, not to its practical struggles. Above all, the principles by which we regulate our conduct should be based upon solid and perceptible truths, not upon merely poetical fancy. We can understand the editor of the *New Age* claiming so much as he does for imagination, for, so far as his Christianity is concerned, he, like Sheridan's opponent, appears to be "indebted to his imagination for his facts." His explanation of New Testament teachings and his estimate of Jesus are but little more than poetical effusions. With many who adopt this method religion, to quote the words of Junius, is "the gloomy comparisons of a disturbed imagination, the melancholy madness of poetry, without the inspiration" of demonstrated truth.

Here is a sample of the value (?) of the editor's imaginative method. In speaking of the Bible stories he says: "It does not matter whether a story is true. The essential point is whether it illustrates a great truth—as, for instance, the parables of Christ." Now, this may be right when applied to acknowledged works of fiction, but when it refers to the Bible one would legitimately consider that, from a Christian's point of view, the "essential point" would be, Is the story true? The editor, referring to Ruskin's estimate of the Bible, mentioned the stories of the Fall, the Flood, the Patriarchs, the Kings, the Prophets, and the Apocalypse of St. John. Now, we ask, what "great truths" do these stories illustrate? Shall we take the drunkenness, indecency, and injustice of Noah; the matrimonial infidelity of Abraham; the deceit of Jacob; the inhuman conduct of Moses; the treachery and blood-thirsty desires of David; and the gloomy nightmare of the hell-fire doctrine of St. John? The "great truth" here illustrated is that the God of the Bible sanctioned the worst forms of folly, vice, and crime that the most inhuman mind could conceive, and that the special favorites of God were destitute of truth, humanity, and high moral sentiments.

As to the parables of Christ, the "great truths" which many of them are supposed to illustrate are difficult to discover. The "moral" to be drawn from some of them is very low indeed. Take, for instance, the Parable of the Sower. It is intended here to illustrate that good doctrines are not always accepted, and that sometimes, when they are, their efforts are only transitory. But the disciples did not understand what was meant, and, when asked why he spoke in parables, Jesus said: "Because it is given unto you to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven; but to them it is not given. For whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance; but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath. Therefore speak I to them in parables: because they seeing see not; and hearing they hear not, neither do they understand." If such language as this were found in any other book than the Bible, it would be designated as unmeaning babble, indicative of a lunatic asylum. There is no great advantage in speaking purposely to people in language they do not understand, and where the moral comes in we cannot see.

The parable of the forgiven, but unforgiving, debtor is supposed to convey the moral of forgiveness of injuries, even unto seventy times seven. A certain king, who would take account of his servants, when he began to reckon found one who owed him ten thousand talents. But, as the servant had no means of paying this debt, the king ordered him to be sold, and his wife and children, and all that he had, to satisfy the claim. But the servant praying for patience, and promising to pay, the king took

compassion on him, and forgave him the debt without conditions. But this servant was not so compassionate to a fellow-servant, who owed him a hundred pence; but, seizing his debtor by the throat, cast him into prison, and would neither wait nor forgive the amount. So his fellow-servants went and told the king, who called the hard-hearted person before him, and said: "O thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all that debt, because thou desiredst me; shouldst not thou also have had compassion on thy fellow-servant, even as I had pity on thee? And his lord was wroth, and delivered him to the tormentors, till he should pay all that was due unto him. So likewise shall my heavenly Father do also unto you, if ye from your hearts forgive not every one his brother their trespasses." The moral here is exceedingly defective. Though the servant was no doubt avaricious and unrelenting, still the king, who is intended to illustrate the beauty of forgiving a trespasser against him, no sooner hears of his servant's harshness against a fellow-servant than he casts to the winds all considerations of forgiveness for even a second offence—to say nothing for a seventy-times seventh—and condemns the offender to torture. And the heavenly Father is to be more revengeful still; for, unless we forgive every one his trespasses, we are to be condemned to everlasting punishment. Is this a "great truth"? If I were a Christian, I should say God forbid!

We have not space at our command to dwell upon the other parables, but from the two noticed it will be seen how imaginative it is to talk of the great truths they illustrate. The "moral" of the "Good Samaritan" is that man should love the Lord God with all his heart, and his neighbor as himself. This, however, is impossible. The "Lord God" of the Jews and Christians is not worthy of so much affection. He is a pitiless, revengeful, and unforgiving being, who rewards only those who pay him homage, and will eternally torture for the faults committed by the erring and imperfect creatures whom he himself has created. For a neighbor to love you as himself might be a pleasant thing, only it is never likely to happen. And, therefore, to teach that which is not possible is not useful—that is, it is not moral.

The "moral" taught in the parable of "The Lost Sheep" is both vicious and false. It is vicious because it offers a premium to a believer in "immortality" to become a sinner, that he may be "saved," and cause more joy in "heaven" than ninety-nine good men. And false, because no owner of a flock experiences more pleasure in the possession of one sheep—especially one that has caused him trouble and anxiety—than he does in ninety-nine good and patient ones that have never disturbed his equanimity. As a friend of ours once said: "There is no inducement to be good in order to win the crown of glory if nearly all the jubilation is to be bestowed on the scamps when they enter the abode of bliss."

Under the heading of "Moses and the Prophets," we shall continue next week our comments upon the article by the editor of the *New Age*.

CHARLES WATTS.

MR. KENWORTHY'S "IMMEDIATE REASON."

"THE Gospels as History: What is their Worth To-day?" That is the question which Mr. John C. Kenworthy asked at Essex Hall, Strand, last Monday week. I went to hear his answer, though my own mind was fairly clear as to the historical worth of the four Gospels. I may as well state my opinion straightway. I believe that in the earlier years of the first century an obscure village carpenter held little meetings of Galilean peasants at which he exhorted to repentance, to sweetness of life, and to poverty; that he attached a few disciples to his person by his nobility of character; that he taught for a few months only; that he attempted to introduce his new ideas into Jerusalem; that he was almost at once arrested; and that he was put to death with two thieves nearly as obscure as himself. A few such simple facts as these (if, indeed, they were facts; I am not so arrogant as to say I am sure of their reality) would amply suffice for the groundwork of the Christian legend. Nothing is so hard to believe as a miracle; but nothing is easier to invent. The undisciplined piety—very earnest and genuine piety—of the first Christians piled up miracles on the personality of Jesus just as

readily as the affection of mourners heaps flowers upon a grave. Indeed, the mental process is akin in both cases. It was love and admiration which adorned the career of Jesus with the brilliance of miraculous deeds. To simple-minded folk this was a most natural thing to do. We need not conjure up any theory of fraud. We have only to remember how we ourselves, living in an age of criticism, and nursed in logic, often idealise the men and women we love, and how lightly we embellish the dead with a purity of character which the Angel of Exactitude would deny. The worth of the Gospels, then, lies in this:—That they show, as in a mirror, the intellectual condition, the hopes and fears and pity and ideals of the poor people who created the Christian religion. As a record of events, in the newspaper sense of the word "events," the four Gospels have about as much value as Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." Nobody classes Tennyson among the historians. He was a poet, and the Gospels are poetry—admirable poetry. I know of no book which more charmingly reflects the psychology of the proletariat of the old Roman world than the New Testament. I was hoping Mr. Kenworthy would have said something in support of such a view. Unhappily, he appeared to cling to the mere mechanical theory of the Gospels. By "mechanical theory" I mean that he is anxious to take the Gospels as a kind of Annual Register—rather inaccurate, but still sufficiently reliable to be quoted as reports and journals of contemporary writers.

Now, I am sorry Mr. Kenworthy should tie himself up to such a hopeless case. The reason I am sorry is this:—Mr. Kenworthy is filled with a very real compassion for the poor; he desires to be of service, especially by appealing to the better nature of the commercial and wealthy; and he seeks to do this, not just by putting his finger directly upon the springs of their conscience, but by a roundabout reference to the ancient Christian ethics. He is thus compelled to plead for "Christian evidences"—a science more dismal than Political Economy, and more elusive than the great Sea Serpent. Why should a good man like Mr. Kenworthy waste his time with discussing the date of the four Gospels? It is an interesting literary question. It might occupy a niche of an educated man's attention, like a fondness for book-plates, or rare coins, or Dresden china, or sixteenth-century French furniture. But to stake one's social philosophy upon it is a most melancholy investment of one's intellectual funds. I wish I could restrain Mr. Kenworthy's indiscretion, and persuade him to walk straight towards the problems of life without taking a long circuit through Bethlehem, Nazareth, and Joseph of Arimathea's garden. My heart sank when I heard him say: "The results of historical criticism." I knew what was coming. Poor Mr. Kenworthy was about to deliver his soul into the keeping of the Christian apologists, and they will never let him go so long as they can produce a ragged shred of parchment to make believe that the Christian Gospels are as trustworthy as the *Times*. Mr. Kenworthy went on: "The results of historical criticism and of scholarly research into the nature and origins of the Gospels stand substantially proved and established. We have no longer to seriously reckon with that old type of criticism which says the Gospels were the product of a priesthood, and were forged and passed upon the world to buttress up the claims of the imposture of the Church. Sanday's Bampton Lectures on 'Inspiration' show that there is practical agreement that the Gospels were produced between the years 60 and 100. There is little reason to doubt that they are substantially biographical. There was a Jesus who lived and died as stated, and his teaching was such as is there given. That, it seems to me, is beyond serious discussion. All the world is in substantial agreement."

I cannot help groaning as I transcribe these sentences from my shorthand notes. First of all, it is not true that all the world is in substantial agreement as to the above-named dates of the Gospels. And, in the next place, what saddens me is this:—I have an immense suspicion—a suspicion which rises several hundred feet above the level of Mr. Kenworthy's faith—that the Gospels were *not* produced between the years 60 and 100. It is likely enough that certain vague and thin legends came to birth in that period, and that these furnished a skeleton for the fuller "historics" of the second century; but that is a very different theory. All this I must debate with Mr. Kenworthy before he and I can find a common basis for

the consideration of social reform! That is really what it comes to. We are to turn into mud-larks, searching the banks of the great river of literature in order to pick up stray items of evidences as to the dates of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. When we have found these evidences, and agreed upon their value—and Balaam's ass alone knows when this happy consummation will be attained—Mr. Kenworthy and I will then begin a new discussion on the *moral* and *intellectual* worth of the contents of the Gospels. And, meanwhile, the sick world awaits our coming with such modest aid as we have skill to render! Alas! if the world depended upon us, it would die while we were nagging one another on the date of the Muratorian Canon!

Mr. Kenworthy gave me a flutter of hope when he proceeded: "Our method is that of Rationalism." But who shall describe my feelings as he went on as coolly and good-naturedly as Count Tolstoi himself? "We believe ourselves to be at one with Jesus, who said:—We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen. In the Gospels there are things difficult to understand. For instance, as to the significance of the legend [*sic*] of the Miraculous Conception. It may be a long time before we can satisfactorily account for the presence of miracle stories in the Gospels. We find ourselves obliged to put aside those parts which are beyond our *immediate reason* and experience. With what, then, are we left?"

That was what I was eager to know. How much was left? Would it be, as they say in chemistry-lectures, as much as would go on the end of a knife, or would it be an ample store which would make Herbert Spencer unnecessary and Ruskin superfluous? I had not expected Mr. Kenworthy so calmly to banish the miracles to the far-distant day of verification—the "long time," as he called it—but I did expect something definite as a residuum. Because, you see, I wanted to get on. I wanted to attack the great problem of poverty, commercialism, and ignorance.

Mr. Kenworthy continued: "With what, then, are we left? With so much of the teaching as is here and now intelligible to us; with so much of the incidents as speak to our hearts as being true illustrations and the inevitable outcome of the teaching. We are to put aside that which we cannot understand, and concentrate our attention upon what we *do* understand."

That is just what I feared. After Mr. Kenworthy and I had agreed upon the dates of the Gospels, we should have to agree as to how much we understood. And that, also, would consume a fair amount of time; for Mr. Kenworthy has an idea that "Jesus took into his own soul the ripened product of Hebrew thought and Greek thought." I should hesitate to assent to that until Mr. Kenworthy and I (mud-larks again!) had carefully compared the Gospels with at least Plato's *Dialogues* and Aristotle's *Ethics*. And all this time, what is to be done with militarism, and vivisection, and prostitution, and the unemployed, and the betting-ring, and a thousand other evils? Why does not the excellent and brave-hearted Kenworthy (I am sure he is all that) march on towards the twentieth century, instead of tramping down the stairs into the darkness of the first?

F. J. GOULD.

SAM JONES SCORED.

AND IT IS A WOMAN WHO PERFORMS THAT TASK WITH PRECISION AND FORCE.

It is generally agreed that when one man makes misstatements about another the proper way for the insulted man to resent it is to meet the other publicly, call him a liar, and enforce his remarks to the extent of his strength, whipping the other fellow or getting whipped; in the absence of the man insulted his friends are supposed to do his part for him. At least, below Mason and Dixon's line this custom prevails.

But there is also a general prejudice against fighting a preacher. This has come to us from the time when preachers were considered infallible, and some men in the pulpits to-day almost justify such impressions in their congregations by their perfect lives. And even when a man has "chewed off his tag" (in Sam Jones's parlance), and scorns the judicious guidance of his church, his licence gives him the sanctity that protects him from personal attack. So, if a preacher so far violates his mission as to

descend to slander of good men, how shall he be called to account? It is beneath the dignity of a man to argue with one who has slandered his friend, and he can't fight a preacher.

Protected as he is, the preacher is subject to attacks only from a class equally immune from personal attack—the women. The free-sword preacher and I, a woman, have equal safety in slandering men. He is protected by his cloth; I by my petticoats. We both show equal cowardice when we slander our betters, but a preacher and a woman fight on equal grounds—neither of us will suffer the usual penalty.

According to the report of Rev. Sam P. Jones's lecture, published in the *Constitution*, the lecturer is very much provoked with Colonel Ingersoll. He is growing effeminate in the worst way—adopting the faults of ours that we are trying to conquer. When somebody slights him he breaks forth into wild invective. Now, it is rather hard for Mr. Jones that Colonel Ingersoll has more regard for fact than Mr. Jones credits him with. The great Agnostic as much as said to him that he must measure up to the standard of thought he required of his controversialists. Such men as Gladstone, Black, and Field he was willing to dispute with, but a mere funny man was not worthy his heavy projectiles. But Mr. Jones did not have the anxiety to meet Colonel Ingersoll that he professed. The challenge added a little to his notoriety, and gave him something to talk about, and if it had not been for the fact stated in Colonel Ingersoll's reply, that Jones did not represent any great religious branch, Mr. Jones would have been much obliged to the great Agnostic for the notice given him. And justly so, for, as even Colonel Ingersoll's enemies admit, his intellectual peer is not found in America.

And what specific charge does Rev. Sam P. Jones make against Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, Agnostic. He says: "The biggest fool in the world is the man who disputes an established fact." The truth certainly! Is Mr. Jones a qualified judge of established fact? Some of his statements would not bear out such a claim. But a meaner fool is the man who attacks an established and well-deserved reputation for truth, honor, sincerity, sobriety, and justice.

I notice the observation that an Agnostic is all mouth and talk. It is too bad for Mr. Jones that there are any people, who are within hearing of his voice, that have resources for accumulating fact beyond his statements. Perhaps the majority of his audience have had such resources closed to them. I have no doubt that he would tell them it meant eternal damnation to read Bob Ingersoll's writings. His position must be that he, believing the people to be of too small intelligence to resist the argument of Colonel Ingersoll, enjoys the applause of this intellectual audience. Or else Mr. Jones, knowing the invincibility of Colonel Ingersoll's position, deliberately seals his books and abuses the author of such incomparable logic. The first inference is not complimentary to the people, the last not to Mr. Jones. The followers of Agnosticism are never afraid a preacher will convince them against their will, nor do they believe the masses of the people to be of so little intelligence that they cannot form opinions for themselves when both sides are laid before them.

Mr. Jones says Colonel Ingersoll is an Agnostic for revenue only, because he gets \$1,000 a night for lecturing. (I never heard of Mr. Jones being offered over \$500, but I may not be correctly informed. His nest is pretty well feathered, anyway, and he is the only Methodist preacher in Georgia who has amassed money.) But how about the years of Colonel Ingersoll's young manhood, when there was no revenue in Agnosticism; when Colonel Ingersoll was without other resources than derived from his profession; when he talked his views regardless of financial loss through his frankness?

Mr. Jones's eyesight is also affected by his spite. Colonel Ingersoll at sixty years of age is a perfect specimen of physical manhood, over six feet tall, and perfectly proportioned. The only way a scrawny little fellow like Sam Jones could look down on him would be by crawling into the upper berth of a sleeper, and looking down with one eye closed. Two features of this anecdote represent the slight regard for fact in the entire report before me. He called a man six feet high "a little bald-headed man," and he gets his information concerning this man from a Pullman-car porter, who would like to have a tip. And what will an enterprising porter not do for a tip? If Colonel

Ingersoll had condescended to gossip with the porter, he would probably have told the Colonel that he saw Sam Jones take a drink.

Colonel Ingersoll does not spend his time fighting benevolent institutions, colleges, almshouses, and charity of all kinds, and if Mr. Jones knows anything at all about the man he slanders, he knows that Colonel Ingersoll is a pattern of morality; that, standing in the open, with the searchlight of all the churches upon him, his critics have utterly failed to find a flaw in him. He has no chapter in his life that he seals to observation by the statement that it was "before his conversion."

Of course, Mr. Jones is correct in saying he has seen no charity done by Colonel Ingersoll. "None so blind as he who will not see." I daresay Mr. Jones has not suffered nervous prostration from his search, anyway. Then the Colonel has not the commercial head that so often accompanies the charitable heart. You will not find any orphan asylums with his name on them, nor will you find that he has contributed towards any colleges that support the doctrine he believes to be erroneous. And if he had done so Mr. Jones would be the one to say he was insincere, and use such misdirected charity as an argument against the Colonel. You will not find his right hand raised above his head gossiping about the bestowals of its neighbor. People come to hear his lectures regardless of the use of the money they pay in, but they go away knowing that such a man will use money rightly. Colonel Ingersoll's charity is not his stock-in-trade. But, as many poor, struggling young men, and thousands of the abjectly poor of New York city know, Robert G. Ingersoll is a charitable man.

"The man who will invade the sanctity of the home and destroy its idols, take the last prop from beneath the feet of old age, and throw the faith of women and children to the winds," is one who maliciously slanders a man full of years and honors, serene in the undivided devotion of his family and every person who has known him intimately—which happiness the slanderer tries to destroy with the vilest weapon that was ever used by man.

And though this "meanest cur alive" fails in his attempt, he is practically guilty of the crime.

LOTTIE GEORGE BELL.

—New York "Truthseeker."

GAMBETTA.

(Concluded from page 438.)

WE must pass hurriedly over Gambetta's retreat to Saint Sebastien, the bloody episode of the Commune, the meeting of the Bordeaux Assembly, the signing away of Alsace and Lorraine, the voting of the new constitution at Versailles, and the intrigues against Thiers. During this period Gambetta did not speak often, but he worked hard; he knew how to watch and wait. He founded an influential paper, the *République Française*, gathered round him an able band of devoted friends, and assisted Thiers in his fight with the monarchists. When that veteran statesman resigned the presidency, and made way for MacMahon, Gambetta threw himself into the struggle against the reactionaries with all the ardor, courage, eloquence, and power he had displayed in the war. He, who had really founded the Republic, was now its savior. He led the 363 in the Chamber, his voice roused the nation, and he had prepared for an armed resistance to the threatened *coup d'état*. The secret of Gambetta's friendship for Gallifet is that the dashing general came to him at this crisis, and placed his sword unreservedly in the hands of the Republican leader. A very characteristic story shows what stuff Gambetta was made of. An emissary from the Government privately warned him not to speak against MacMahon. He scornfully replied: "Tell the Prime Minister that I will speak from a pedestal if I can; but, if not, from a housetop. In one way or another my voice shall reach further than his, and so long as I have a drop of blood to shed the Republic shall not fall."

Never was Gambetta grander than during this struggle. His eloquence was then in its golden prime, and his strategy was almost faultless. By getting himself elected president of the Budget Committee he contrived to hold the purse strings, and so kept the May plotters short of funds. He maintained such admirable discipline over the Republicans

that the Government could find no pretext for using violence; and he organised the party throughout the country so well, and obtained such accurate information as to its prospects in every constituency, that he was able to predict the number of Republican deputies who would be returned after the dissolution. The *Times* well referred to the wonderful amount of nervous force he expended at this time, "not only in the tribune, but in the lobbies, the smoking-room, and wherever else he talked to bring men round to his way of thinking." But alas, as the same writer remarks, "it is evident now that he was wearing himself out rapidly, and that every one of these discourses, which will be remembered as rare intellectual treats by those who heard them, cost the gifted orator days or months of life."

We may here deal more fully with Gambetta's wonderful eloquence. He was the supreme orator of France, and probably the greatest in the world. Mr. T. Wemyss Reid writes (*Politicians of To-day*, vol. i., p. 57) as follows:—

"I have heard the voices of many great orators in my time. I have often listened to Bright, before he betrayed that huskiness of tone which now distresses him whenever he speaks. Many a time I have sat entranced whilst the mellow, rounded, and most melodious tones of Mr. Gladstone have rung clear and high above the din of stormy factions in the House of Commons. I have heard Spurgeon at his best, letting every man in the vast Tabernacle hear each syllable as it fell from his lips. I remember, too, the mellifluous tones of Wilberforce; and I am familiar with the silken accents of Coleridge. But never have I heard speech like that of M. Gambetta's—never have I heard a voice of such compass, emphasis, flexibility, and power."

The well-informed Paris correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* gave a more detailed account of Gambetta's oratory:—

"Nothing was more remarkable in him than this power of thus investing with imaginative fervor the dictates of practical prudence and conciliation. But his oratorical displays were usually reserved for a formal occasion. In the tribune of the National Assembly at Versailles the effects he produced were such, I suppose all who ever witnessed them would agree, as we are never likely to behold again. As an orator he seemed to me, when I heard him in those days, to unite in a superlative degree the two qualities of weight and splendor. As soon as he began to speak his voice cleared itself, and rang like a trumpet. Its tones were as sympathetic and various as they were resounding. He could be as irresistible in conjuration as he was terrible in menace, and his choice of language and intonation never failed. He could be alike furious or familiar without ceasing to be dignified. His looks and actions were full of command, and it was a thrilling sight to see him stand there like a mountain while the sea of hostile deputies fumed below. With a toss of his great head and mane, and a tremendous gesture, he would hurl back taunt after taunt into the arena, till his enemies cowered, and shrank into silence."

A very similar description was given by M. Pressensé in the *Christian World*, and his testimony is doubly valuable as coming from a Protestant politician who deplored Gambetta's attitude towards religion:—

"One title to fame Gambetta holds unchallenged: he was undoubtedly the greatest orator of the day. No one can form a conception of the power with which he spoke who has not seen him on the tribune, pacing rapidly up and down, striking the marble with heavy blows as though it were the anvil from which the fire was to leap forth, shaking his long hair like a lion's mane, never disturbed by any interruption, but always following out the close thread of his argument. He was particularly an impromptu speaker, yet one always felt that underlying his most unpremeditated utterances there was a wealth of thought and well-matured reflection. I have always been struck in hearing him with the vigorous logic running through his most impassioned utterances. His language was often incorrect. The volcano would cast forth at first a shower of stones and smoke, mingled with the flame; but in the end the flame leaped upwards, grand and glowing."

Gambetta's unique eloquence was, however, always held subordinate to practical ends. As M. Brisson said at Péro la Chaise: "He did not speak merely to air his eloquence; he only spoke to act." He could deliver a dozen great speeches in as many days, or keep silent for as many months. And he was a true artist in words. No one admired a fine speech more than he, and no one was more

ready to applaud any successful orator in the Chamber. His own eloquence, too, was not something reserved only for special occasions; he was a brilliant *causeur*, easily adapting himself to intercourse with cultivated women, and especially fascinating at his own *réunions*, where he could give the rein to his exuberant powers.

Gambetta emerged from his struggle with MacMahon and the reactionaries as the great commanding figure in French politics. M. Grévy was elected President when MacMahon resigned, and Gambetta took the presidency of the Chamber of Deputies. From that dignified position he wielded immense authority. It was he who caused the Parliament to return from Versailles to Paris, and it was his oratory and influence that secured the passing of the Amnesty Bill. But from that time his enemies in the Chamber, comprising all the Royalists and Imperialists, and all the extreme Reds, intrigued against him, and made him the object of ferocious abuse and unmeasured slander. He never condescended to notice them, however, and it is now clear that they never shook his popularity in the country. When they forced him into taking office against his wish, he speedily forced them to make him resign before they had fretted away any of his reputation. That is the secret of his "fall from power" soon afterwards. Gambetta never showed more astuteness than when he manoeuvred his enemies into throwing him out of office on the question of *scrutin de liste*. It was a part of the traditional programme of the Republicans, and many of his opponents, secret and open, including M. Grévy and M. Clemenceau, had obstinately defended it, and bitterly denounced the *scrutin d'arrondissement* when it was carried by the Conservative Congress at Versailles. This fact entirely disposes of the absurd and interested cry of "Dictator" which was raised against him at the time.

Gambetta worked hard to reform the army, to enlighten the peasants, to educate the masses, to oust the priest from the schools, and to break the power of clericalism. In all these he succeeded. His attitude towards clericalism was clearly defined in one of his greatest speeches during the war with the May conspirators:—

"Those who have organised that league have great power, the Jesuitism which has its seat at Rome, whence it directs all movements of mobilisation and concentration.....They have tried by circulars, prosecutions, and condemnations against the publication of what is going on, to stop the mouth of the country. The country knows all, it has seen through all. On the 14th of October it will condemn it all.

"It will condemn that ultra-clerical policy which conceals itself under the cloak of religion in order to gain the conquest of temporal power; it will condemn those who seek, by possessing themselves of the agencies of education, to secure control over the minds of the rising generation, in order to stupefy and subject them; it will condemn the campaign directed by the men in black against the intelligence of the world. The 14th of October is a new plebiscite which they try to snatch from France. You know what happened in 1870. We said to the country: To vote *Yes* means war, ruin, and shame. Our voice was not heeded, and all was lost. At present Europe is troubled; on one side the East is on fire, on the other France is plunged in a decisive crisis. The neighboring nations follow the phases of our drama with apprehension. All have shaken the clerical yoke. All, even Spain, have flung aside the Ultramontano chain. Well! There must be no longer any doubt. Yesterday we said: 'Clericalism! there is the enemy.' To-morrow, France and Europe must say: 'Clericalism! there is the *vanquished!*'"

Gambetta did not propose the immediate separation of Church and State; he knew, as a wise statesman, that it is folly to attempt too much, and that to turn all the poor rural clergy out of their cures was to begin at the wrong end. But he never concealed his personal views. He was a staunch Freethinker, he publicly praised Comte as the greatest thinker of our century, he called himself a Voltairean, and he was buried without religious rites. No private gossip can weigh against these facts.

Gambetta is gone into the silent land; he sleeps beside his mother in a modest tomb, at the summit of a steep hill looking out over the Mediterranean. But his grand work for liberty and progress remains, to conquer death and time, and secure for him a proud immortality. He will live in the annals of France, a magnificent name in the list of her sons who greatly lived, greatly wrought, and greatly dared.

G. W. FOOTE.

ACID DROPS.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY requests the American people to offer a special thanksgiving to Almighty God for the success of their naval and military arms at Manila and Santiago. Of course the victor is always in the right, and God is always on the side of the strongest.

Captain Phillip, of the United States battleship *Texas*, after the destruction of the Spanish fleet off Santiago, called all hands to the quarter deck and thanked God for an almost bloodless victory. "I want to make public acknowledgment here," he said, "that I believe in God the Father Almighty. I want all you officers and men to lift your hats, and from your hearts to offer silent thanks to the Almighty." No doubt the Almighty duly appreciated the compliment. It must comfort him to know that he has Captain Phillip's patronage.

By a "bloodless victory" Captain Phillip meant that his own side suffered very little loss. This was not exactly due to the superior piety of the American fleet, but rather to the fact that the Spanish gunners couldn't shoot with any accuracy. What they hit, for the most part, was the Atlantic Ocean, and that only because it was too big to be missed.

A bloodless victory is the best sort of victory. But was it so in this case? Captain Usher, of the *Ericsson*, who went to aid the sinking *Vicaya*, says: "The American shells had torn holes through her plates. Through them I could see naked men, bloody, gashed, roasting in her shell." A bloodless victory indeed! Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

This war has got to be fought out now it is begun, and, of course, the Americans will win. They have immensely superior resources, and, besides having as much courage as the Spaniards, they have the dash and spirit of their race. In this respect they have our admiration. But we are unable to admire them when they drag God Almighty into the contest, and talk either folly or hypocrisy. It seems to us that any decent God would put an end to this struggle very swiftly, by deciding what is right, and enforcing it on both parties. And this he could do without bloodshed or suffering, if he only cared to exert himself.

Perhaps, after all, the truth of the matter is summed up in Henri Bayle's epigram: "The only excuse for God is that he does not exist."

Lieutenant Hobson, who sank the *Merrimac* at the entrance of Santiago Harbour, is said to have been an active member and president of the Young Men's Christian Association at Annapolis. "Is it not time," asks *Men*, the organ of the Y.M.C.A. of North America, "for the flaunt to be suppressed that Christian men and Y.M.C.A. men are 'softies'?" But who ever said they were "softies" when it came to fighting? Christians have never been backward at that game. They do by far the most of the fighting on this planet, and whenever they engage in bloodshed they always affect to have the approval of their God of Battles.

Civilisation produces a certain tenderness and chivalry even in the conduct of warfare. Of course the Christians will put this down as an effect of Christianity, but it is nothing of the kind. Look back over European history and see how wars were waged by Christians only two or three hundred years ago—not to go as far as the brutalities of the Middle Ages, or the fiendish cruelty and cannibalism of the Crusades. We were turning over recently the pages of an interesting old book—*The Adventures and Discourses of Captain John Smith*, the founder of the State of Virginia. This is the Captain John Smith referred to in George Long's Introduction to his translation of the *Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius*. "He saved the young colony of Virginia," Long says, and "He was great in his heroic mind and his deeds in arms, but greater still in the nobleness of his character." All this is true enough. But let us see how Captain John Smith and his friends fought the Crim Tartars nearly three hundred years ago.

"I mind me specially at Rebrynk," he says, "where the enemy was entrenched too strongly for us to harm him. Nevertheless, whenever we could catch a few of their men, we cut off their heads, and rolled them up and down before their trenches; whilst they flayed alive seven of our porters and hanged their skins upon poles." What a horrible picture!

Christianity was Christianity then as it is now. Something else—namely, civilisation—has softened men's tempers during the three centuries that have rolled by since the adventures of Captain John Smith. Let us take another picture from the recent naval battle off Santiago. Captain

vans, of the *Iowa*, made a prisoner of Captain Eulate, of the *Viscaya*; and this is how he described his reception of the defeated Spaniard: "Finally, to the *Iowa* came a boat with Captain Eulate of the *Viscaya*, for whom a chair was lowered over the side, as he was evidently wounded. A captain's guard of marines was drawn up on the quarter-deck ready to salute him. I stood waiting to welcome him. As the chair was placed on deck the marines presented arms. Captain Eulate slowly raised himself from the chair and saluted me with grave dignity. He unbuckled his sword-belt, and, holding the hilt of his sword before him, kissed it reverently, tears streaming from his eyes. He then surrendered the sword to me, but, of course, I declined to receive it. When the crew of the *Iowa* saw this they cheered like wild men. Just as I started to take Captain Eulate into my cabin in order to allow the doctors to examine his wounds, the magazine of the *Viscaya* exploded with a tremendous noise and a huge burst of flame. Captain Eulate, extending his hands, said: 'Adois, *Viscaya* There goes my beautiful ship, Captain.' And so we passed into the cabin, where the doctors dressed his three wounds.

What a fine touch is in that one sentence—*When the crew of the "Iowa" saw this they cheered like wild men!* That wild cheer does them infinite credit. They would have been pained to see a brave man humiliated, even though he was their enemy. It was a great relief to them to find that he was to be treated with the greatest courtesy. His sword was no longer of any use to him, but his retention of it was symbolic, it appealed to the imagination; and that a crowd of common men, fresh from fighting, could be there and then so deeply sensitive to such an appeal is a testimony to their sound character. If men can feel like this with the lust of battle hardly cooled in their blood, may we not hope that the time is not so very far distant when a still higher development of the same feeling will bring about the entire abolition of war and the establishment of peace and brotherhood?

"Boys," said General Sherman in his famous address to the cadets—"Boys, they tell you that war is all glory; but let me tell you it is all hell." This is about the truth, and we hope the war between America and Spain will soon be over. We welcome the signs of approaching peace.

Friendship between England and the United States is a grand thing. Nobody is more pleased to see it daily growing than we are. For that very reason we are annoyed at the cackle of fools over the matter. And one of the biggest of these fools is the Rev. Dr. Kennedy, who spoke at a Fourth of July meeting in the east of London. "He claimed all the countries of the earth for Christ," the report says, "and he would have Britain and America set themselves to the task of bringing the whole world in subjection to the Redeemer." Now, in our opinion Jesus Christ himself should undertake that colossal job. It is his business, and let him look to it. Still, if the Yankees want a share in the enterprise—which we rather doubt—they are welcome to it as far as we are concerned. But we decidedly object to poor old John Bull being saddled with any part of it. His cares of empire are already too great. Don't let them be increased—least of all by zealous sky-pilots. Give the "weary Titan" a chance.

The *London Sun* is down upon the Rev. Peter Thompson and the East-end Wesleyan Mission. There is a paper conducted in the interest of this pious enterprise called the *East End*, and in it there is an announcement, in the style of a play-bill, of a forthcoming performance—which the *Sun* calls disgusting. Here it is:—

THEATRE.

The great and terrible day of the Lord.

By command of the King of Kings.

At the Theatre of the Universe on the Eve of Time will be performed

The Great Assize, or Day of Judgment.

The scenery, which is now being prepared, will not only surpass everything that has yet been seen, but infinitely exceed the utmost stretch of imagination. There will be a just representation of all the inhabitants of the world in their various and proper colors, and their customs and manners will be so exactly delineated that the most secret thoughts will be discovered.

This theatre will be laid out after a new plan, and will consist of pit and gallery only. N.B.—The gallery is very spacious, and the pit without bottom.

Act I. will be opened by an Archangel, with the trump of God.

Act II.—A procession of the Saints.

Act III.—An assemblage of all the unregenerate. The accompaniment will chiefly consist of cries, weepings, wailing, mourning, lamentation, and woe.

To conclude with an address by the Son of Man.

After which the curtain will drop.

This does not strike us as "disgusting," but merely as silly. If there be a hell, and most people are going to it as fast as their legs will carry them, it is an act of kindness to stop them, no matter what device is resorted to for the

purpose. The right thing to do is to quarrel with the doctrine of hell and damnation.

Puritan theology is at a sad discount. According to the *British Weekly*, the following samples were sold at a recent auction in Edinburgh:—Manton's works, twenty-two volumes, 4s.; Owen's works, twenty-four volumes, 5s. 6d.; Nichol's *Puritan Divines*, forty-three volumes, 3s.; eighty-nine volumes in all for 12s. 6d. The theology of those old preachers is as dead as a door-nail. That is why their works fetch so little. Some of them were men of very great ability, especially those in Nichol's collection. Thomas Adams, for instance, had brains and wit enough for anything.

A local gossip in the *Birmingham News* writes: "A curate astonished the congregation of a certain church in the suburbs the other Sunday by declaring, in the course of his sermon, that if he could have his own way there should be neither pews nor chairs in the building, that worshippers should either stand or kneel, as to attend church was to do penance."

No doubt it is a penitential act to attend a place of worship—especially when the pulpit is occupied by a curate of this kidney. He has evidently been sent to the people of that parish for their sins. Supposing he could "have his own way," church attendance would be even less than it now is. Already round about Birmingham, as in London City churches, the irreducible minimum is very nearly arrived at.

A more sensible suggestion is that of an eminent Birmingham man, Mr. Sam Timmins, that *smoking* pews should be provided. But here again we meet with a difficulty. How is the smoke to be carried off? What with the clouds of shag and the fogginess of the preacher, all would be enveloped in obscurity. The women's head-gear and costumes would be thrown away, and then good-bye to church-going altogether.

Another writer in the same local print, pondering over the question why men do not go to church, except as the complaisant escorts or possible admirers of the ladies, thinks that the sermons should be "brighter." This, again, would be whipping a dead horse. No amount of "brightness" can gloss over or compensate for that absolute want of truth which is the main deficiency of pulpit discourses and of church and chapel services.

Orange celebrations went on merrily in the north of Ireland on July 12. The following is a copy of a placard which was extensively posted in the town and vicinity of Donegal, where the population is almost entirely Catholic:—

A GRAND ORANGE DEMONSTRATION

WILL BE HELD

IN DONEGAL,

ON TUESDAY, 12TH JULY, 1898.

Who fears to speak of Derry, Aughrim, and the Boyne.
PAPISTS, STAND ASIDE.

We conquered you before, and can do so again.

OUR MOTTO STILL IS:

Down with Home Rule, Hurrah for King William,
and to Hell with the Pope.

Procession to be formed at New Orange Hall, and to Parade the Principal Streets, after which a Public Meeting is to be held.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

"To Hell with the Pope!" What a sublime exclamation! How full of sweet and tender charity! Protestantism is about as lovely as Catholicism is true; and Christians do love each other most intensely.

Fancy the row there would be if Freethinkers were to post a placard containing the line, "To Hell with the Archbishop of Canterbury!" But there is no likelihood of this being done. Freethinkers are too well bred. They leave that sort of brutal incivility to the friends of religion.

The Bishop of Calcutta, who has returned to England, told a recent meeting of the Indian Church Aid Association that he was very thankful for the work done in his diocese. He felt that "God's blessing" had been upon it. And he spoke of the "extraordinary providential circumstances" that had attended it. In the same speech, when he had apparently forgotten all about Providence, he lamented that an earthquake had sunk part of his cathedral, and "three churches in the Assam district were absolutely levelled to the ground." Bishops, like certain other people should have good memories.

Mr E. T. Hooley, the bankrupt millionaire, gave £500 to

the augmentation of the benefice of Risley, Derbyshire. In consideration for this the Bishop of Southwell consented to the right of patronage to the benefice being transferred from himself to Mr. Hooley. Query, will the advowson be sold with the rest of the bankrupt's estate? Or will Mr. Hooley appoint the next parson to that parish? It is a pretty piece of business in any case.

According to the Rev. J. Hirst Hollowell, secretary of the Northern Counties Education League, who has "personally verified" the case, a Church of England curate taught as follows in a Church school—that is, a school called "voluntary," but really supported almost entirely by the taxpayers. "To be baptised at chapel," the curate taught the children, "is of no use. You must be baptised at 'church.' You cannot say 'Our Father which art in heaven' unless you are baptised at church, for God is not your Father until you are baptised at church." This is bad enough. It is an abominable piece of priestly impudence. But why should any surprise be felt? Church parsons are bound to take up this attitude. If baptism is as good and efficacious outside the Church as inside it, what is the use of the Church? Baptism is "an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace," and Nonconformists go in for it as well as Churchmen. To the Freethinker, baptism is humbug altogether. It is not conceivable that God (if he exist) should be affected in his feelings towards any child by the fact that a mystery-man had, or had not, sprinkled it with so-called holy water, which is only common tap-water after all.

The case of Dr. Charles Oscar Murphy is a good argument for universal civil marriage, leaving everybody to go through whatever religious ceremony he chooses in addition—a matter with which the State has no real concern. Dr. Murphy, who is in practice at Manchester, applied in the Probate Court, before Sir Francis Jeune, for a declaration that his marriage to Martha Price on September 25, 1876, was a lawful marriage. The couple went down on their knees and pledged their troth in what they regarded as the sight of God, and Father Birch told them that this would constitute a valid marriage. In this belief they lived together, and were recognised by the clergy as husband and wife; indeed, they paid Father Birch a fee of £5, and a certificate was issued by Canon Sheehan, bearing Cardinal Vaughan's seal. After all those years Dr. Murphy finds that he was not legally married. He was deceived by his own Church. And this could not have happened if all marriages had to be contracted at a public office, as in France.

Roman Catholics have just been making their annual pilgrimage to Canterbury in honor of St. Thomas à Becket. Father Anselm preached to them in the Church of St. Thomas, and in the course of his sermon said that "Roman Catholics looked to the High Church party for the conversion of England." No doubt the High Church party is doing its best (or worst) in that direction, but it is playing the game too openly and is being found out. England will get rid of its State Church long before the High Church party convert England. Father Anselm is counting his chickens before the eggs are laid.

Mr. John Kensit's conviction for brawling in St. Cuthbert's Church has been quashed at the County of London Sessions. The chairman said that the conviction was perfectly legal, but the "lay" magistrates decided the matter over his head. One result of this judgment is that the vicar of St. Cuthbert's talks about having to employ "muscular Christianity." We may yet see members of the Church of England fighting each other in the State gospel-shops, with hair on the tops of pews and blood on the floors. What a happy family is the household of faith!

Suicide of another Atheist. No, no, we beg pardon; suicide of another clergyman. The Rev. J. J. Twist, rector of Castle Heddingham, Essex, hanged himself in a barn. Here endeth the lesson.

The Bishop of London is not exactly a humorist, but he is sometimes funny. The other day he presented prizes to the pupil teachers of the Central classes of the London Diocesan Board of Education, and in the course of his remarks he referred to the unkind things that had been said about the religious teaching in Church schools. "It was a sad fact," he said, "that anyone should be found to make a statement about which no human being could possibly know anything." Angels and ministers of grace defend us! Do you really mean that, Bishop Creighton? If you do, you are "a sad fact" yourself. You get £10,000 a year for making statements of the kind you condemn. No human being can possibly know anything about heaven and hell, yet you and the rest of the clergy are always making statements about them. A Daniel come to judgment; yes, we say, a Daniel! And the first person he condemns is himself.

Canon Knox-Little told a good story once at a Church

Congress. He said he remembered a lychgate in front of a beautiful church, which had been restored and made very nice. There was painted over the door, "This is the Gate of Heaven," and underneath was the large notice, "Go round the other way."

"Arrested for Publishing Obscene Literature; G. W. Foote in Court." This is a line from the contents-sheet of a certain anti-infidel paper, edited by an ex-gaol-bird. Of course the suggestion to the unwary is that G. W. Foote is the person arrested for obscenity. Two friends have asked us whether it is not actionable. We reply that it would be if we advocated Christianity and the fellow in question advocated Freethought. But what chance is there of a Freethinker getting an honest verdict from a jury against a Christian? None at all that we can see. So we simply leave this fellow to his beastly trade of lying for a living. He cannot do us any real harm, and as for his dupes—well, they are too base and foolish to be pitied.

The Peel Rechabites are in a fury. They wanted a demonstration in Peel Castle, and the Governor replied that they might use the place and take the "gate" for charity, but there must be no speeches for or against teetotalism or anything else. This reply led them to pass a high-flown resolution "condemning" the Governor's action. "But suppose," the *Isle of Man Times* asks, "Mr. G. W. Foote, the great Freethinker, came over here and wanted to address a crowd in Peel Castle? Who would be the first to cry 'Shame!' Would it not be the God-fearing Rechabites of Peel?" What is sauce for the Freethought gander is sauce for the Rechabite goose.

"Labby" has been reading the Thirty-nine Articles, apparently for the first time, and he finds them ambiguous and contradictory. He wants somebody to explain them. What a fine opportunity for Canon Gore! Satisfying "Labby" that the Thirty-nine Articles are intelligible, and perhaps credible, would be a better investment of time than burning incense and dressing like a peacock.

Father Hays, of West Bridgford, has been preaching two special sermons at St. Peter and St. Paul's Catholic Church, New Brighton, on Modern Unbelief. The reverend gentleman, who was in an ultra-Jeremiah vein, declared that "all the powers of darkness were leagued against God and his Christ." But as they have always been so leagued it is hard to see why Father Hays is raising such a hubbub at this particular moment. "The blighting curse of modern unbelief," he continued, "was passing over the fair countries of Europe and bringing death and disease in its train." Really, now! Father Hays is quite a humorist. Modern unbelief, in the form of science, is grappling with disease instead of promoting it; it is also keeping down the death-rate, and considerably raising the average longevity. Disease and death, indeed! Father Hays might as well have said "blood and thunder."

All the Bishops who were in the House of Lords voted against the recognition in England of marriages contracted in the colonies under the Deceased Wife's Sisters Bill. The right reverend fathers-in-God, however, were in a woful minority. Their cause was out-voted by nearly three to one.

Church of England places of worship in London are exempted from local rates for the paving of streets, but Nonconformists have to pay the full amount. As a matter of justice both should pay, but the Nonconformists prefer to make it *neither*, so they are moving the London County Council to give them the same exemption as the Church. And the worst of it is they will very likely get it.

Rev. Emlyn Jenkins, of Barnet Congregational Church, being in want of a fetching subject for a sermon, took "Amusements," and it caught on. The church was crowded, probably by persons after a bit of the subject of the man of God's discourse. The rev. gentleman had a good deal to say about the "degradation" of theatres. He did not positively assert that you couldn't go to the theatre first and heaven afterwards, but he thought it most likely you would go to the other place. The *Stage* reminds him, however, that the clergy don't seem a great moral improvement on actors. Here is one parson sentenced for drunkenness, there another for bigamy, and elsewhere another for an offence which is hardly mentionable in polite society. Let them look to themselves first.

Parson Newman, rector of Hawkrigde, a place with ninety inhabitants, has an income of £625 a year, with a house and twenty acres of glebe land. He also claims to be the owner of one half of the river at a spot called "Tarr Steps," the other half belonging to Sir T. C. Dyke-Acland, who allows anyone to fish except on Sundays. The man of God, however, is more exclusive. He has just proceeded against a chance visitor for trying to catch trout. This gentleman apologised for his mistake, but the man of God was not to be appeased. When the case came before the magistrates it was discharged. So the visitor lost his fish and the parson lost his victim.

Mr. Foote's Engagements.

Sunday, July 17, Athenæum Hall, Tottenham Court-road, London, W. : 7.30, "The Holy Ghost."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALL communications for Mr. Charles Watts should be sent to him at 24 Carminia-road, Balham, S.W. If a reply is required, a stamped and addressed envelope must be enclosed.

T. MOODY.—We will try to publish the statistics you are seeking.

T. HOLSTEAD, applying for membership (with 10s.) in the Secular Society, Limited, promises to give £50 along with others for the Society's printed objects. Mr. J. Umpleby, who promised £50 conditionally, will please note. There ought to be eight more promises to that extent forthcoming. The offer of £1,000 by another generous friend of the movement is meant to attract other offers, and will be cheerfully redeemed if it succeeds in doing so. This is a matter which we shall not labor during the summer heat, when so many are holidaying. We shall recur to it, vigorously, in September. Meanwhile those whom the spirit moves can write to us, and welcome.

G. F. DUPLAY.—Why so much heat? Are you not flying in the face of your own doctrine?

GEORGE DIXON sends 10s. for membership in the Secular Society, Limited. "A happy conception indeed," he says.

W. H. HARRAP.—Wheeler subscription acknowledged in this week's list. Thanks. Certificate of Membership (10s. received) in the Secular Society, Limited, in due course.

T. CLARK.—Shall appear.

GEORGE WALKER (Manchester).—We cannot answer such questions through the post. The law compelling Church attendance was passed in the reign of Elizabeth. It has never been repealed, but it would doubtless be treated as obsolete.

FRANCIS NEALE writes: "I shall be most delighted to become a member of the Secular Society, Limited. Enclosed is my 10s. Nothing so businesslike or so hopeful has ever been proposed in connection with Secular organisation during my twenty-five years' experience of the party. There can be no doubt as to the legality of the scheme. Several gentlemen who, professionally, are 'learned in the law' have not only assured me of its technical safety, but, being with us anti-theologically, are proposing to offer themselves for membership. The statement of objects and aims in the *Freethinker* for June 19 is one that I should like to see reproduced from week to week. In clear and succinct terms it presents all that we immediately desire and can successfully work for."

W. P. BALL.—Much obliged for your weekly batch of useful cuttings.

H. J. ROWDEN.—Let him lie.

C. STOCKER (Liverpool).—Thanks for the cutting. Mr. Foote has already entertained your suggestion that his articles on the Peculiar People should be reprinted in pamphlet form. It shall be done as soon as possible. A few alterations and additions will be necessary. Glad to hear that Liverpool opinion about "the new scheme" is "favorable."

C. H. SMEAD.—We agree with you as to the importance of maintaining the Secular station in Victoria Park. We fancy you are mistaken, however, in supposing that Mr. Cohen will leave London at the end of July. He stays in London, we believe, at least until the end of August.

R. CHAPMAN.—Your note to hand. Shall be glad to receive a detailed answer as soon as possible.

EX-CHRISTIAN.—Kindly send us your name and address, not for publication, unless you desire it, but as a guarantee of good faith.

F. W. SWAIN.—Please send the addresses, as well as the names, of the five Derby friends who mean to join the Secular Society, Limited. The entrance fee should accompany the applications, as the payment is a condition of legal membership. Glad to hear that you expect to get further adhesions, and that the Derby friends "trust such a grand scheme will meet with every success."

JAMES NEATE.—Thanks. See acknowledgment in the list.

J. PARTRIDGE (Birmingham).—Received. Pleased you are joining the Secular Society, Limited. Every Secularist with a spare should do the same.

A. B. MOSS.—Received. Glad to hear you had a large audience at Limehouse.

MARTIN WEATHERBURN, a Northumberland stalwart, sending 10s. for membership in the Secular Society, Limited, writes: "I have examined the Secular Charter, and like its looks. Whether it is a success or not—and I think it cannot but succeed—you deserve the party's very best thanks for undertaking and completing, with so much careful and painstaking work, a machine so well calculated to do the work and guard the rights of the Secular party."

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

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

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

J. BARRY.—Your application for membership, with ten shillings, duly received. Certificate will be forwarded in due course, when the form is settled by the Board and printed.

W. COX.—See "Sugar Plums." It is encouraging to know that the Liverpool friends are "pleased with the Secular Charter," and that "applications will be forwarded in the course of a week or two."

LOUIS ORGAN.—Your letter should do good. Thanks for the reference. We are glad to hear that the Socialists have won in their struggle for the right of free meeting at Oxford; also to learn that you think our "Acid Drops" are "past grand."

W. LAMB.—Thanks for your application, with ten shillings, for membership in the Secular Society, Limited. May your good wishes for the success of the scheme be realised!

COTTONOPOLIS.—Yes, we knew the late Dr. Pankhurst personally. We made his acquaintance in the early seventies, when he was an active member of the Manchester Republican Club in company with the late Dr. Guest. Dr. Pankhurst was a Freethinker, though he never mustered courage enough to avow it publicly. He was a man of very considerable ability, and great fluency of speech, but he did not carry sufficient ballast, and he never "arrived," as the French say. In private he was genial and amiable.

A. T. BARNARD.—Will see for next issue. There are no shares in the Secular Society, Limited. Members pay ten shillings the first year, and five shillings afterwards. That constitutes full membership, with power to elect the Directors and to vote on all business at the General Meetings, either in person or by proxy. It is expected that the Society will derive most of its resources from donations and bequests. Copy of Memorandum and Articles of Association sent.

A. G. LEVETT.—Your indignation is natural, but hunting skunks is a stinking game, and there's no bag at the finish.

ANONYMOUS idiots are warned that their pious messages go into the waste-basket unread. We always look for the name and address first.

E. G. JAMES.—Thanks.

A. H. KISBEE tenders us his "earnest congratulations" on the completion of the Secular Charter, on which "so much ingenuity and thought has been expended." He thinks it "now remains for all good Secularists throughout the country to demonstrate their loyalty to the cause in a practical manner." Therefore, for his own part, though by no means a rich man, he offers to give a sum of £10 on condition that four other London Secularists contribute each a like amount. "This," he says, "will realise the first £50, and thus form a fair nucleus, and may induce future contributions." Will the other four Secularists accept this handsome challenge immediately? We hope to hear from them during the next week.

R. JOHNSON applies for membership (with 10s.) in the Secular Society, Limited, and writes: "I put implicit faith in you to carry the matter through if you are helped by the whole party, as you should be. Those who are always so ready to carp and hinder should step aside now, and let those lead who are capable and willing. You want all the help you can get, and you ought to have it."

A. G. SCOPES.—Much pleased that you are joining the Incorporated Society. Certificate in due course.

N. S. S. BENEVOLENT FUND.—Miss E. M. Vance acknowledges a parcel of clothing from Miss Embleton.

N. S. S. TREASURER'S SCHEME.—Miss Vance acknowledges:—T. Hibbot, 5s.

PAPERS RECEIVED.—Open Court—Freidenker—Stage—Lucifer—Der Arme Teufel—Torch of Reason—Glasgow Weekly Citizen—Independent Pulpit—Discontent—Crescent—Progressive Thinker—Isle of Man Times—Daily Argus—Sydney Bulletin—People's Newspaper—Secular Thought—Oxford Times—Liberator—Record—Truth-seeker—New Century—Chard News.

SUGAR PLUMS.

MR. FOOTE lectured on Sunday evening at the Athenæum Hall on "Purgatory." There was a very good audience considering the summer weather, and the lecture provoked much laughter and applause. Mr. Thurlow, who acted as chairman, spoke in high praise of the new Secular Incorporation, for which he said that "the President" deserved the warmest thanks of every Freethinker.

Mr. Foote occupies the Athenæum Hall platform again this evening. His subject will be "The Holy Ghost." An airy topic for a summer talk.

A hundred members are wanted at once—more if possible—for the Secular Society, Limited. This is a matter to which every real Freethinker should give his serious attention. The President of the National Secular Society has taken great pains to furnish the Freethought party with an instrument by which it can do its work, and hold its funds, with legal security. The first General Meeting of Members will be held in September. Meanwhile it is highly desirable that a good number of members should be enrolled. Written applications for membership should be sent (for the present) direct to Mr. Foote, at 28 Stonecutter-street, accompanied by a remittance for 10s., the entrance fee for the first year.

Mr. Foote intends to organise some more Sunday Freethought Demonstrations in London, in which he will be assisted by Mr. Charles Watts, Mr. C. Cohen, and perhaps other speakers. Demonstrations of this kind were organised

two years ago, and were very successful. They will probably take place on Sunday afternoons. Due announcements will be made in our columns. Hyde Park, Regent's Park, Clerkenwell Green, Victoria Park, Finsbury Park, and Peckham Rye are amongst the places it is intended to visit. Mr. Wilson, who gave ready assistance before, has kindly offered to supply the brake and horses for these new Demonstrations.

The *Boston Investigator* for July 2 begins the publication of a Symposium on the question, "What would you substitute for the Bible as a Moral Guide?" Colonel Ingersoll's contribution comes first, and we are reproducing it in the *Freethinker*. We observe that our Boston contemporary has a poor idea of the men of God who are "helping" the United States army in the field. "The government," it says, "has expended one million dollars for army mules. This does not include the expenditure for army chaplains."

According to the *Investigator*, "George Jacob Holyoake, of England, says that he was the first person to use the word 'jingo,' which he did on March 13, 1876, in a letter to the *London Daily News*." This isn't a point of much importance. Inventing "jingo" is not like inventing the steam engine, the railway locomotive, or the electric telegraph. Still, as a matter of fact, the word "jingo" was in use before Mr. Holyoake was born. During the anti-Russian fever, under "Dizzy's" government, the word was popularised by the "Great Macdermott," who used to sing in the music-halls—

We don't want to fight, but by Jingo if we do,
We've got the ships, we've got the men, and got the money too.

Somebody called the war-fevered gentlemen "Jingoes" in consequence of this popular song, but who that somebody was—that is to say, the first somebody—is hard to decide and scarcely worth deciding. Very often, in these cases, a ready-witted obscurity starts the phrase, and some journalist or public speaker catches it up and gets a cheap reputation for originality. Mr. Holyoake has other laurels to show, and need not worry himself about the authorship of "jingo."

Members and friends of the Liverpool Branch, to the number of about sixty, had a most enjoyable outing to Burton Woods on Sunday. After a drive through a most delightful part of Cheshire, the party arrived at their destination in a temper to appreciate the repast that was awaiting them. This being over, the Secular pilgrims walked through the beautiful woods, and, as the weather was very fine, the hour of departure struck with a note of sadness. It was a red-letter day.

The South Shields friends' picnic in Holywell Dene was a marked success in every way. The weather was on its very best behavior, and the attendance a record. The veteran Thomas Thompson presided over a brief meeting. Captain W. B. Duncan formally presented to our old friend, John Sanderson, a handsome silver watch as a token of regard from his Tyneside friends. The secretary added some remarks from the Freethought position. Mr. White was certainly overworked finding accommodation for so many Sunday pleasure-seekers, but, ably assisted by Mrs. White, contributed largely to the comfort and enjoyment of both members and visitors throughout the day.—R. C.

Secular Thought (Toronto) reproduces "Ess Jay Bee's" verses on "Where was God Almighty?" from the *Freethinker*. We are pleased to see that the Toronto Secular Society is holding its own, and that editor Ellis's Sustentation Fund is fairly well supported. It would be a great loss to Canadian Secularism if his paper were allowed to fail.

Joseph Symes's *Liberator* for June 4 contains several references to the *Freethinker*. The editor notes that we have reproduced one of his articles. Yes, and no doubt our readers much enjoyed it.

Our gallant contemporary, the *New York Truthseeker*, has re-engaged Mr. Watson Heston, at a reduced salary, to furnish it with weekly illustrations. The new series will commence during the present month.

One of our welcome exchanges is the *People's Newspaper*, published at Rockhampton, Queensland, and edited, we believe, by Mr. Wallace Nelson, formerly of Sheffield, who will be still remembered by a good many English Freethinkers. The latest issue of this paper to hand contains a number of notes on the death of Gladstone. The following will interest our readers:—

"GLADSTONE AND BRADLAUGH.

"It appears to me, however, that Gladstone was never really tested in the furnace of sorrow and pain. He married happily. His children all turned out well. No dark shadow crossed his life. He had honor, wealth, fame, power, affection, health. All the good things of life were his in largest measure. I could never feel towards Gladstone as I feel towards poor Charles Bradlaugh. Both, I am convinced,

were great men. But, taking all the circumstances into account, Charles Bradlaugh was the greatest man of the two. Gladstone had the advantage of a university career; Bradlaugh was self-taught. Gladstone had wealthy and influential parents; Bradlaugh's parents were poor and had no influence whatever. Gladstone held popular opinions; Bradlaugh was an arch-heretic. Gladstone's life was one splendid triumph; Bradlaugh's life was one great struggle. Bradlaugh could have done all Gladstone did, but I question whether Gladstone could have struggled as Bradlaugh struggled. Still, both men were great, and both were pure, and it is pleasing to know that they had for each other the profoundest and sincerest esteem. After life's fitful fever may they sleep well. The influence of their splendid lives will remain as a stimulus and an inspiration to generations unborn."

The *Torch of Reason*, published at Silverton, Oregon, is one of our interesting exchanges. It seems more or less the organ of the Secular Church that has been organised out West—which, we understand, is no longer wild and woolly. The June 30 number of this weekly journal opens with a reprint of Mr. W. P. Ball's "An Atheist's Thoughts." This excellent poem nicely fills the front page, and the printer has surrounded it with a pretty border. We note that the Oregon State Secular Union has been holding its Tenth Annual Conference at Wagner.

Another of our welcome exchanges is the *Independent Pulpit*, published monthly at Waco, Texas, and edited by Mr. J. D. Shaw. It always contains some good reading but it reaches us very irregularly. We have just received the May number, which looks a trifle antique. Sometimes we have reproduced an article from our Texas contemporary, and we note that it returns the compliment by reprinting Mr. Foote's articles on "The Doom of Christian Spain."

This number of the *Independent Pulpit* has "May" plain enough on the front, but it seems a mistake, for there is an editorial reference to the death of J. M. Wheeler. Editor Shaw says: "Many of his articles have been copied in these columns, and I cannot suppress a feeling of the deepest sadness at the thought of his sudden removal. I had come to regard him as one of our ablest and most accurate thinkers."

At the end of Editor Shaw's magazine we see the report of his "Emergency Fund," which is "a guarantee to the publisher against any losses and for more effectually extending the circulation." Freethought journals are more numerous in America than they are over here, but they appear to be just as difficult to maintain. We are glad to see that Editor Shaw is fairly well supported.

The Free Press Defence Committee held a public meeting at South-place Institute on Tuesday evening to protest against the prosecution of Mr. George Bedborough for selling a scientific book by Dr. Havelock Ellis. Mr. G. W. Foote, who took the chair, explained that he only did so because no one else was ready. An influential chairman of neutral color would have been preferable. Letters of regret at inability to attend were read from Mr. G. B. Shaw, Mr. J. M. Robertson, Mrs. Mona Caird, and many others. The list of speakers included Mr. William Platt, Mr. Charles Watts, Mr. Bazett, Mr. Peddie, Mr. Turner, and Mrs. Thornton Smith. The resolution proposed was carried unanimously.

WHEELER MEMORIAL FUND.

COLLECTED at Mr. Cohen's lecture in Victoria Park (per James Neate), £1 2s.; T. Yapp, 1s.; B. A. Millechamp, 1s.; S. Barnett, 1s.; Liverpool Branch, £2 10s.; T. Moody, 2s. 6d.; J. D. H. and G. G., 10s.; W. and E. O., 2s. 6d.; W. H. Harrap, 10s.; T. Bradshaw, 2s. 6d.

A Wicked Editor.

One of our exchanges tells this: An editor who died of starvation was being escorted to heaven by an angel who had been sent for that purpose.

"May I look at the other place before I ascend to eternal happiness?" asked the editor.

"Easy."

So they went below, and skirmished around, taking in the sights. The angel lost track of the editor, and went around Hades to hunt him up. He found him by a big furnace fanning himself and gazing with rapture upon a lot of people in the fire. There was a sign on the furnace which read, "Delinquent Subscribers."

"You go on," said the editor; "I am not coming. This is heaven enough for me."

INSTEAD OF THE BIBLE.

[This is Colonel Ingersoll's contribution to a Symposium in the *Boston Investigator* on the question, "What would you substitute for the Bible as a Moral Guide?"]

You ask me what I would "substitute for the Bible as a moral guide."

I know that many people regard the Bible as the only moral guide, and believe that in that book only can be found the true and perfect standard of morality.

There are many good precepts, many wise sayings, and many good regulations and laws in the Bible, and these are mingled with bad precepts, with foolish sayings, with absurd rules and cruel laws.

But we must remember that the Bible is a collection of many books written centuries apart, and that it in part represents the growth and tells in part the history of a people. We must also remember that the writers treat of many subjects. Many of these writers have nothing to say about right or wrong, about vice or virtue.

The book of Genesis has nothing about morality. There is not a line in it calculated to shed light on the path of conduct. No one can call that book a moral guide. It is made up of myth and miracle, of tradition and legend.

In Exodus we have an account of the manner in which Jehovah delivered the Jews from Egyptian bondage.

We now know that the Jews were never enslaved by the Egyptians; that the entire story is a fiction. We know this, because there is not found in Hebrew a word of Egyptian origin, and there is not found in the language of the Egyptians a word of Hebrew origin. This being so, we know that the Hebrews and Egyptians could not have lived together for hundreds of years.

Certainly Exodus was not written to teach morality. In that book you cannot find one word against human slavery. As a matter of fact, Jehovah was a believer in that institution.

The killing of cattle with disease and hail, the murder of the first-born, so that in every house was death, because the King refused to let the Hebrews go, certainly was not moral; it was fiendish. The writer of that book regarded all the people of Egypt, their children, their flocks and herds, as the property of Pharaoh, and these people and these cattle were killed, not because they had done anything wrong, but simply for the purpose of punishing the king. Is it possible to get any morality out of this history?

All the laws found in Exodus, including the Ten Commandments, so far as they are really good and sensible, were at that time in force amongst all the peoples of the world.

Murder is, and always was, a crime, and always will be as long as a majority of people object to being murdered.

Industry always has been, and always will be, the enemy of larceny.

The nature of man is such that he admires the teller of truth and despises the liar. Among all tribes, among all people, truth-telling has been considered a virtue and false swearing or false speaking a vice.

The love of parents for children is natural, and this love is found among all the animals that live. So the love of children for parents is natural, and was not, and cannot be, created by law. Love does not spring from a sense of duty, nor does it bow in obedience to commands.

So men and women are not virtuous because of anything in books or creeds.

All the Ten Commandments that are good were old, were the result of experience. The Commandments that were original with Jehovah were foolish.

The worship of "any other god" could not have been worse than the worship of Jehovah, and nothing could have been more absurd than the sacredness of the Sabbath.

If Commandments had been given against slavery and polygamy, against wars of invasion and extermination, against religious persecution in all its forms, so that the world could be free, so that the brain might be developed and the heart civilised, then we might, with propriety, call such Commandments a moral guide.

Before we can truthfully say that the Ten Commandments constitute a moral guide, we must add and subtract. We must throw away some, and write others in their places.

The Commandments that have a known application here

in this world, and treat of human obligations, are good; the others have no basis in fact or experience.

Many of the regulations found in Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy are good. Many are absurd and cruel.

The entire ceremonial of worship is insane.

Most of the punishments for violations of laws are unphilosophic and brutal. . . . The fact is, that the Pentateuch upholds nearly all crimes, and to call it a moral guide is as absurd as to say that it is merciful or true.

Nothing of a moral nature can be found in Joshua or Judges. These books are filled with crimes, with massacres, and murders. They are about the same as the real history of the Apache Indians.

The story of Ruth is not particularly moral.

In first and second Samuel there is not one word calculated to develop the brain or conscience.

Jehovah murdered seventy thousand Jews because David took a census of the people. David, according to the account, was the guilty one, but only the innocent were killed.

In first and second Kings can be found nothing of ethical value. All the kings who refused to obey the priests were denounced, and all the crowned wretches who assisted the priests were declared to be the favorites of Jehovah. In these books there cannot be found one word in favor of liberty.

There are some good Psalms, and there are some that are infamous. Most of these Psalms are selfish. Many of them are passionate appeals for revenge.

The story of Job shocks the heart of every good man. In this book there is some poetry, some pathos, and some philosophy; but the story of this drama called Job is heartless to the last degree. The children of Job are murdered to settle a little wager between God and the Devil. Afterwards, Job having remained firm, other children are given in the place of the murdered ones. Nothing, however, is done for the children who were murdered.

The book of Esther is utterly absurd, and the only redeeming feature in the book is that the name of Jehovah is not mentioned.

I like the Song of Solomon because it tells of human love, and that is something I can understand. That book, in my judgment, is worth all the ones that go before it, and is a far better moral guide.

There are some wise and merciful Proverbs. Some are selfish, and some are flat and commonplace.

I like the book of Ecclesiastes because there you find some sense, some poetry, and some philosophy. Take away the interpolations, and it is a good book.

Of course, there is nothing in Nehemiah or Ezra to make men better, nothing in Jeremiah or Lamentations calculated to lessen vice, and only a few passages in Isaiah that can be used in a good cause.

In Ezekiel and Daniel we find only ravings of the insane.

In some of the minor prophets there is now and then a good verse, now and then an elevated thought.

You can, by selecting passages from different books, make a very good creed, and by selecting passages from different books you can make a very bad creed.

The trouble is that the spirit of the Old Testament, its disposition, its temperament, is bad, selfish, and cruel. The most fiendish things are commanded, commended, and applauded.

The stories that are told of Joseph, of Elisha, of Daniel and Gideon, and of many others, are hideous, hellish.

On the whole, the Old Testament cannot be considered a moral guide.

Jehovah was not a moral God. He had all the vices, and he lacked all the virtues. He generally carried out his threats, but he never faithfully kept a promise.

At the same time, we must remember that the Old Testament is a natural production, that it was written by savages who were slowly crawling towards the light. We must give them credit for the noble things they said, and we must be charitable enough to excuse their faults, and even their crimes.

I know that many Christians regard the Old Testament as the foundation and the New as the superstructure, and, while many admit that there are faults and mistakes in the Old Testament, they insist that the New is the flower and perfect fruit.

I admit that there are many good things in the New

Testament, and if we take from that book the dogmas of eternal pain, of infinite revenge, of the atonement, of human sacrifice, of the necessity of shedding blood; if we throw away the doctrine of non-resistance, of loving enemies, the idea that prosperity is the result of wickedness, that poverty is a preparation for Paradise; if we throw all these away and take the good, sensible passages, applicable to conduct, then we can make a fairly good moral guide—narrow, but moral.

Of course many important things would be left out. You would have nothing about human rights, nothing in favor of the family, nothing for education, nothing for investigation, for thought and reason; but still you would have a fairly good moral guide.

On the other hand, if you would take the foolish passages, the extreme ones, you could make a creed that would satisfy an insane asylum.

If you take the cruel passages, the verses that inculcate eternal hatred, verses that writhe and hiss like serpents, you can make a creed that would shock the heart of a hyena.

It may be that no book contains better passages than the New Testament; but certainly no book contains worse.

Below the blossom of love you find the thorn of hatred, on the lips that kiss you find the poison of the cobra.

The Bible is not a moral guide.

Any man who follows faithfully all its teachings is an enemy of society, and will probably end his days in a prison or an asylum.

What is morality?

In this world we need certain things. We have many wants. We are exposed to many dangers. We need food, fuel, raiment, and shelter; and besides these wants there is what may be called the hunger of the mind.

We are conditioned beings, and our happiness depends upon conditions. There are certain things that diminish, certain things that increase, well-being. There are certain things that destroy, and there are others that preserve.

Happiness, including its highest forms, is, after all, the only good, and everything the result of which is to produce or secure happiness is good—that is to say, moral. Everything that destroys or diminishes well-being is bad—that is to say, immoral. In other words, all that is good is moral, and all that is bad is immoral.

What, then, is, or can be called, a moral guide? The shortest possible answer is one word—Intelligence.

We want the experience of mankind, the true history of the race. We want the history of intellectual development, of the growth of the ethical, of the idea of justice, of conscience, of charity, of self-denial. We want to know the paths and roads that have been travelled by the human mind.

These facts in general, these histories in outline, the results reached, the conclusions formed, the principles evolved, taken together, would form the best conceivable moral guide.

We cannot depend on what are called "inspired books," or the religions of the world. These religions are based on the supernatural, and according to them we are under obligation to worship and obey some supernatural being or beings. All these religions are inconsistent with intellectual liberty. They are the enemies of thought, of investigation, of mental honesty. They destroy the manliness of man. They promise eternal rewards for belief, for credulity, for what they call faith.

This is not only absurd, but it is immoral.

These religions teach the slave virtues. They make inanimate things holy, and falsehoods sacred. They create artificial crimes. To eat meat on Friday, to enjoy yourself on Sunday, to eat on fast-days, to be happy in Lent, to dispute a priest, to ask for evidence, to deny a creed, to express your sincere thought—all these acts are sins, crimes against some god. To give your honest opinion about Jehovah, Mohammed, or Christ is far worse than to maliciously slander your neighbor. To question or doubt miracles is far worse than to deny known facts. Only the obedient, the credulous, the cringers, the kneelers, the meek, the unquestioning, the true believers, are regarded as moral, as virtuous. It is not enough to be honest, generous, and useful; not enough to be governed by evidence, by facts. In addition to this you must believe. These things are the foes of morality. They subvert all natural conceptions of virtue.

All "inspired books," teaching that what the supernatural

commands is right, and right because commanded, and that what the supernatural prohibits is wrong, and wrong because prohibited, are absurdly unphilosophic.

And all "inspired books," teaching that only those who obey the commands of the supernatural are, or can be, truly virtuous, and that unquestioning faith will be rewarded with eternal joy, are grossly immoral.

Again I say: Intelligence is the only moral guide.

THE LOSS OF THE "BOURGOGNE."

"A terrible disaster occurred at five o'clock on Monday morning (July 4), when the steamship 'La Bourgogne' collided with an English sailing vessel, the 'Cromartyshire,' in a heavy fog, and sank almost immediately. There were over seven hundred on board, and only about two hundred, including thirty (?) of the crew, were saved.....Only one woman was rescued.....The scenes which occurred on board were of the most terrible description. The men fought for places in the boats, forcing the women and children back, and trampling upon them.....Many of those who endeavored to climb on to the boats and rafts were forced back by fiends with knives and other weapons. The crew behaved particularly in a brutal and cowardly fashion."—*Daily Paper.*

I WILL tell you a story of Providence—seven hundred lives in a ship;

Crash! and another was into them, and they were in death's grip.

Of course, 'twas by merciful Providence that the other one didn't sink too;

But listen, I'll tell you what Providence in the whole case had to do.

Seven hundred lives in a vessel, women, and children, and men;

Two hundred were women and children, needing help the most—what then?

Confusion, curses, and blows—and worse—(O hapless lives!)

Men changed to cowards and fiends, with the murderous use of knives!

The weak in the hands of demons are helpless, their prayerful cry

Dies only with their last breath, as these were surely doomed to die;

A mother will strive for her darlings, as only a mother can, But what is a poor weak woman in the merciless power of man?

Seven hundred lives on a sinking ship! but dire is the tale to tell;

The whole world knows the story; some think God know, as well,

When the whelming wave took the weak and brave, while the worst of the cowardly crew,

With many of those who struck the blows, were saved—can such be true?

Five hundred went with the sinking ship! and a woman—aye, only one

Of two hundred women and children, will again behold the sun;

"God's in his heaven; all's right with the world"; but I think a man would have striven

To have saved the brave and the weak and small, with the choice of a God in heaven.

J. A. B.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEISTICAL PLATITUDE VAMPING AND "PROVIDENCE."

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE FREETHINKER."

SIR,—Although preternatural phantasm hatchers are rampant just now, I fear the poverty of the type-case shall bid fair to deprive their reputations of immortality; but as there may be some susceptible individuals occupying a transitional position between Atheism and Theism, and who may therefore incline to give credence to such philsophism, I trust you will extend your courtesy to admit this criticism of your correspondent, Mr. C. Edgley's communication, to your columns.

Dealing generally with the whole communication, I incline to think that the author may be felicitated (or reprehended) on the facility with which he has there reduced fiction-spinning to a definite system. He has dealt first with "Jehovah," shorn him of his "attributes," exhibited him *per se*, and industriously set to work and put them on again. Dealing with Mr. Edgley's comments successively in the order of their occurrence, we have first to face the "attributes-of-God" phantasm. Here your correspondent carefully negates some flimsily-suppositional "attributes" by telling us that "He had neither form nor

sex," which is an unthoughtful and loose statement, although it can be conceived with Mr. Edgley that even a fetish cannot very well have sex if it have no form. Anyhow, if Mr. Edgley is unable to show that some varieties—"allotropic modifications," if he likes—of his Deity have no form and yet have sex—a demonstration which must require some smart juggling with theological fallacies—it is evident he has needlessly complicated a needlessly intricate conception, by his use of the word "sex." Before we leave the complications—if we can get clear of them at all—I must ask your correspondent, since he has made recurrently a gratuitous use of these formulæ, why he uses the terms "he," "himself," and "Jehovah" with the possessive case terminal attached, in the face of his artlessly-frank dictum, pronounced in the same breath, that "He is like magnetism—a power felt, but not seen."

Of course Atheists in general will laughingly acquiesce in the statement that *such* a deity, "I should say, knows neither love nor hatred." But here we have "Jehovah" shorn of all possible attributes, except one, common to energy in every form, and which is obvious—to physicists, at any rate—and raised to the status of an abstract mechanical power, made congruent with magnetic force, and all sequential considerations disregarded with most summary indifference. But, unfortunately, and I say it with all regret, Mr. Edgley has not seen fit to stop here, but goes on in palpable disobedience to the injunction of the proverb, "*Ne sutor supra crepidam*," and accordingly continues: "He thinks and controls." Epitomising, we arrive, now, at the refreshingly-naïve proposition: "Jehovahhas neither form nor sex, but is like magnetism.....*He thinks and controls*" (italics mine). Well, sir, I must confess this is too deep for me. I, for instance, always thought that "Mind," a function of which is thinking, invariably goes "hand-in-hand" with "Matter"—as an attribute, one might say, of certain "organised" forms of matter in the massive form—an essential conception in psychological accordance with the Science of Mind.

Reasoning necessarily from analogy, then, psychology, and consequently scientific Agnosticism, I incline to think must say: "Thinking without 'form' is conceptibly impossible." Consequently, our summarised quotation from Mr. Edgley is absurd. Certainly the conception embodied in it is unrepresented and unnecessary, and that seals its fate as a philosophical hypothesis, or even speculation. The whole extent of these communications of Mr. Edgley is so palpably choke full of fallacies and preposterous premises—psychologically so, philosophically so, and (in the light of Mr. Edgley's last paragraph, for instance) scientifically so, that it is almost impossible, in decent space, to deal adequately with his comments. If the fable of an ancient fictionist, relative to the surreptitious abstraction by "the Lord God" of a rib from an individual in a very deep sleep, ran instead: "And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept; and he took some of his brains," and closed up a Torcellian vacuum "instead thereof," one might account for the ever-present, ever-varying mass of theological phantasmagoria, which suggests a slight modification of the lines of W. S. Gilbert:—

A thing of shreds and patches,
Of legends, tales, and snatches;

and for the cognate deistical or pan-deistical emanations of such quasi-theologians as (to take a contemporaneous example) your correspondent. As it is, there is nothing for it but to wade warily forward. "I am convinced," says your correspondent, "that matter has always existed." So was Aristotle; now-a-days the inference is axiomatic (except among some ignorant superstitionists; but these, of course, are negligible). But he proceeds, still in disobedience to our Latin injunction, "and probably the planets also." The stars, presumably, are too insignificant when compared with the great planets, and visually greater moon, to merit consideration (!). "Jehovah did not create matter, but he has been existent with it for all time." The off-hand assertiveness of this dictum is enough to suggest to a "simple-minded orthodox" theologian a possibility of the previous occurrence of an audience between "Jehovah" and Mr. Edgley on this question. It will appear a bold statement to most, and, to the Atheist, such ignorance, such despairably absolute ignorance of all scientific method, of all mode of logical inference, of all criteria of representative hypothesis, and consequently of all philosophical conception, must appear commensurable only to the efficiency of the trammels of philosophy and theurgical superstition. Your readers will probably be aware that storms do not purify "probably also the sea." These have, of course, rather the converse effect (if any) on the sea. During wind-storms, for instance (irrespective of direction), suspended solid matter will doubtless be mechanically brought in contact with, and be taken up by, the sea water; whereas during heavy rains the effect will be more practical. In this case we shall have any soluble salts, etc., including, of course, all alkalis, and acids wherever exposed to contact—in the atmosphere or on land—dissolved during the rain storm, and ultimately carried to the sea by rivers and streams as (highly diluted) saline and acid solutions. This is, of course how the sea became salt; but any purifying

effect has ceased thousands of years ago at least. As to the spontaneous-heating up of "certain rocks," etc., students, in order to appreciate the "amateurishness" of the idea, must be acquainted with the data and constants, etc., supporting the theories out of which Mr. Edgley thinks he has knocked the bottoms. In reference to another remark of his, I must say scientists write tolerably clearly of their theories, etc., most of which they can by now symbolise by mathematical formulæ, but cannot be expected, when describing advanced hypotheses to "dance to the comprehensions" of the uninitiated and ignorant. With reference to the bad effects of droughts, storms, and diseases being counteracted by good effects—as stated by Mr. Edgley—the fact remains that bad effects are sensibly produced, and, if we admit existence of the controlling, thinking, omnipresent deity of your correspondent, it is right to regard such responsible for resorting to such drastic measures to counteract or control the results of his own handiwork, instead of arranging so that this tinkering with consequences would not be necessary.

Skipping most of Mr. Edgley's communications as irrelevant and speculative, and coming down to the last paragraph of his last letter, we come across an astounding statement—no less, in fact, than that he has, with very simple apparatus evidently, arrived at results in discordance with the second law of motion! But the description is elliptical, and, alas, the results are based on imperfect experiment. If he procures bar magnets of exactly the same strength, and disposes them at exactly equal distances from the iron ball, which must turn about its axis with the *minimum* of friction, he will find on revolving the ball that it will *practically* obey the second law of motion, as given in any text-book on physics, if the magnetic bars be placed in opposite directions, *all* with their north-seeking, or *all* with their south-seeking poles towards the ball. But even if these precautions be not observed, the magnet forces which condition the behavior of the metal sphere must not be confounded with gravitational force; they are easily interpreted by the theory of electro-polar molecules, which also applies to magnetic induction. But all this last is, of course, beside the question, so far as Mr. Edgley is involved.

J. ST. J. HIGGINS.

"JUSTICES' JUSTICE."

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE FREETHINKER."

SIR,—While the question of prison treatment is so prominently before the public, I take the opportunity of suggesting the publication of a record of "Justices' Justice," a sort of black-book of the sentences by which the humaner sense of society is from time to time offended. At present what happens in most cases is this. There is an outcry for a time, perhaps a local appeal or remonstrance, which is almost always unsuccessful; then the unhappy "criminal" is overlooked in the rush of other matters, and is cast away, forgotten and unbefriended, for a long term, or perhaps a life of imprisonment. It is thought that, if some permanent record of long sentences could be periodically sent to the press, much good might result from giving this reminder to the public conscience.

Will not some M.P. move for a return of the names and offences of all convicts now sentenced for fifteen years and over? Is there any reason why the public should be entirely in the dark as to the punishment inflicted in its name?

JOSEPH COLLINSON.

I've been looking through the papers,
Ever since the war began;
Not a paragraph is printed
That I do not closely scan.
I have read of Dewey's exploit
There in old Manila Bay;
I have followed Schley and Sampson,
And the rest from day to day;
I have read of every battle
On the sea and on the land,
And I'm bothered—there is something
That I cannot understand.
Not a son has been delivered
From a death-wound since the start,
By his mother's little Bible
That he wears above his heart.

Obituary.

WE regret to see in the *Chard and Ilminster News* a report of the death of Mr. John Cuff, of Southchard. Our contemporary says that he was "well known and respected in the locality." At the time of his death he was a member of the Chard School Board. He had filled other public offices. His age was sixty-nine. Mr. Cuff was a decided Freethinker. He was one of our correspondents and a subscriber to various enterprises in the movement.

SUNDAY LECTURE NOTICES, ETC.

[Notices of Lectures, etc., must reach us by first post on Tuesday, and be marked "Lecture Notice," if not sent on post-card.]

LONDON.

THE ATHENÆUM HALL (73 Tottenham Court-road, W.): 7.30, G. W. Foote, "The Holy Ghost."
BRADLAUGH CLUB AND INSTITUTE (36 Newington Green-road, Ball's Pond): July 16, at 8.30, Bertha Jeffries Dramatic Co. in "Alone: A Mistaken Story."
WEST LONDON BRANCH (20 Edgware-road, near Marble Arch): Tuesday, at 9, Half-yearly general meeting.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

BETHNAL GREEN BRANCH (Victoria Park, near the fountain): 3.15, Stanley Jones.
CAMBERWELL (Station-road): 11.30, C. Cohen; Peckham Rye: 3.15 and 6.30, C. Cohen.
EAST LONDON BRANCH (Mile End Waste): 11.30, E. Pack; 7, R. P. Edwards. July 20, at 8, C. Cohen.
EDMONTON (corner of Angel-road): 7, Stanley Jones.
FINSBURY PARK (near bandstand): 3.15, H. Snell, "The Priest and the Child."
HAMMERSMITH (The Grove, near S. W. Railway-station): 7, A. B. Moss, "A New Bible."
HYDE PARK (near Marble Arch): A. B. Moss—11.30, "The Wandering Jew"; 3.30, "Bible Prophets."
KILBURN (High-road, corner Victoria-road): 7, A. lecture.
KINGSLAND (Ridley-road): 11.30, E. Calvert, "Miracles and Prophecy as Tests of Truth."
LIMEHOUSE (The Triangle, Salmon-lane): 11.30, W. J. Ramsey. July 19, at 8, C. Cohen.
WESTMINSTER SECULAR SOCIETY (Grosvenor Embankment): 11.30, E. White, "Miracles."

COUNTRY.

DERBY (Central Hall, Market-place): 7.30, G. Harper, "An Hour with the Poets." Half-yearly meeting.
LEICESTER SECULAR HALL (Humberstone Gate): 6.30, Joseph McCabe, "The Flower as a Symbol of Life."
SHEFFIELD SECULAR SOCIETY (Hall of Science, Rockingham-street): Excursion to Wharnclyffe Side. Members and friends meet at 2 o'clock corner of Arundel and Norfolk-streets to go by carriages to Mr. Ewing's farm.
SOUTH SHIELDS (Captain Duncan's Navigation School, Market-place): 7.30, Report of Federation Meeting, etc.

Lecturers' Engagements.

O COHEN, 12 Merchant-street, Bow-road, London.—July 17, m., Camberwell; a. and e., Peckham Rye; 19, Limehouse; 20, Mile End; 24, m., Wood Green; a., Victoria Park; e., Edmonton; 26, Limehouse; 27, Mile End; 31, m., Kingsland; a., Finsbury Park; e., Victoria Park. August 7, m., Camberwell; a. and e., Peckham Rye.

A. B. MOSS, 44 Oredon-road, London, S.E.—July 17, m. and a., Hyde Park; e., Kilburn; 31, m., Camberwell; a., Peckham Rye; e., Camberwell.

T. J. THURLOW, 350 Old Ford-road, London, E.—July 24, e., Mile End Waste.

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.

Works by Colonel R. G. Ingersoll.

SOME MISTAKES OF MOSES. LAST WORDS ON SUICIDE. 2d.
The only complete edition in England. Accurate as Colenso, and fascinating as a novel. 132 pp. 1s. Superior paper, cloth 1s. 6d.
DEFENCE OF FREETHOUGHT. WHY AM I AN AGNOSTIC? Part I. 2d.
A Five Hours' Speech at the Trial of C. B. Reynolds for Blasphemy. 6d.
SHAKESPEARE. 6d
THE GODS. 6d.
THE HOLY BIBLE. 6d.
REPLY TO GLADSTONE. With a Biography by J. M. Wheeler. 4d.
ROME OR REASON? A Reply to Cardinal Manning. 4d.
CRIMES AGAINST CRIMINALS. 3d.
ORATION ON WALT WHITMAN. 8d.
ORATION ON VOLTAIRE. 3d.
ABRAHAM LINCOLN. 3d.
PAINE THE PIONEER. 2d.
HUMANITY'S DEBT TO THOMAS PAINE. 2d.
ERNEST RENAN AND JESUS CHRIST. 2d.
TRUE RELIGION. 2d.
THREE PHILANTHROPISTS. 2d.
LOVE THE REDEEMER. 2d.
IS SUICIDE A SIN? 2d.
GOD AND THE STATE. 2d.
WHY AM I AN AGNOSTIC? Part II. 2d.
FAITH AND FACT. Reply to Dr. Field. 2d.
GOD AND MAN. Second reply to Dr. Field. 2d.
THE DYING CREED. 2d.
THE LIMITS OF TOLERATION. A Discussion with the Hon. F. D. Coudert and Gov. S. L. Woodford. 2d.
THE HOUSEHOLD OF FAITH. 2d.
ART AND MORALITY. 2d.
DO I BLASPHEME? 2d.
THE CLERGY AND COMMON SENSE. 2d.
SOCIAL SALVATION. 2d.
MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE. 2d.
SKULLS. 2d.
THE GREAT MISTAKE. 1d.
LIVE TOPICS. 1d.
MYTH AND MIRACLE. 1d.
REAL BLASPHEMY. 1d.
REPAIRING THE IDOLS. 1d.
CHRIST AND MIRACLES. 1d.
CREEDS & SPIRITUALITY. 1d.

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

Works by the late J. M. Wheeler.

Biographical Dictionary of Freethinkers of All Ages and Nations. Containing the Lives of over 1,600 Men and Women of Light and Leading. Reduced to 5s.
Footsteps of the Past. Essays on Human Evolution in Religion and Custom. 3s.
Bible Studies. Essays on Phallic Worship, Circumcision, Blood Rites, Jewish Sacrifices, Taboos, Ordeals, Witchcraft, Prophets, Song of Solomon, Etc. Cloth illustrated, 2s. 6d.
The Life and Writings of Voltaire. 1s. paper; 2s. cloth, Secular Songs and Freethought Readings. 1s.
The Christian Doctrine of Hell. 2d.
Satan, Witchcraft, and the Bible. 2d.
Types of Religionists. 2d.

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

THE BEDBOROUGH PROSECUTION.

THE ADULT.

HARRY SEYMOUR, *Interim Editor.*

JULY NUMBER READY ON 23RD JUNE.

Contents: To the Breach, Freeman! Henry Seymour—The Prosecution, Lillian Harman—The Question of Children: A Symposium; I, R. B. Kerr; II, Henry Seymour—Monogamy, Variety, and Ideals, B. Braithwaite—Free Speech, William Platt—The Economic Position of Women, Egeria—The Hardwicke Society, J. W. Mason—Etc., etc.

Price 3d., postage 1d.; 51 Arundel-square, N., and R. 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

W. J. Rendell
No. 182,688.

IN RED INK ON EACH BOX, WITHOUT WHICH NONE ARE GENUINE. Higginson's Syringe, with Vertical and Reverse Current, 8s. 6d., 4s. 6d. and 6s. 6d. Dr. Palfrey's Powder, 1s. 2d. Quinine Compound, 1s. 2d. Dr. Allbutt's Quinine Powders, 8s. 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.

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. 128 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 Straus. 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. 6d.
- 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 Breeches—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 clearness 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. Loe. 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.

CHARLES WATTS has resumed Business as Printer and Publisher, and will be glad to hear from old Patrons as well as new ones. All kinds of printing undertaken. Special attention given to Freethought publications. MSS. prepared for press. Address—17 Johnson's-court, Fleet-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, 16s.; stopping, 2s. 6d.; extraction, 1s.; painless by gas, 5s.

APARTMENTS.

MRS. BERRY, The Mount, 86 Central Drive, corner of Read's-road, Blackpool (near Central Station).

GLADSTONE LITERATURE.

Everyone should read

- 1. **Ingersoll's Reply to Gladstone.** Mr. Gladstone himself said that "Colonel Ingersoll writes with a rare and enviable brilliancy." (Postage ½d.) } 4d.
- 2. **The Grand Old Book.** An Exhaustive Answer to Mr. Gladstone's "The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture." By G. W. FOOTE. Post free. } 1s.

The two post free for 1s. 4d.

London : R. FORDER, 28 STONECUTTER-STREET, E.C.

FOR 10/6

Carriage paid

Don't buy this Parcel unless you think it is cheap.

- 1 Lady's Mackintosh, any color
- 1 Lady's Umbrella
- 1 Pair Black Cashmere Hose
- 1 Beautiful Plush Square
- 1 Fine White Apron
- 1 Linen Handkerchief

When you have got it, send it back if you don't think it worth 25s.

Truthseeker post free for twelve months.

Complete set of Mr. Cohen's pamphlets, also a big pile of other literature.

The secret of this Marvellous Offer is that, through the collapse of a big firm of Mackintosh Makers, I have secured 1,000 High-class Mackintoshes at little over the cost of cutting out the garments.

These Ladies' Mackintoshes are a Fashionable Shape with large Caps. The Colors include Black, Navy, Brown, Fawn, Grey, Slate, and various Mixtures. Sizes : Length at back, 52, 54, 56, 58, and 60 inches. Every garment warranted thoroughly waterproof.

I have sold scores of the very same Mackintoshes at 15s. each. They are no rubbish.

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

Just issued, 228 pp., cloth, price 3s. 6d. post free,

A SKETCH OF MORALITY INDEPENDENT OF OBLIGATION OR SANCTION.

By M. GUYAU.

Translated from the French by GERTRUDE KAPTEYN.

Notes on Guyau:—

"It is clear to us, at present, that Guyau's ambition was to reconstruct religion, metaphysics, ethics, and aesthetics by introducing into the study of all these the social factor; and, let it be recognised, in making this attempt he was on the crest of the most advanced wave of the rising scientific thought."—*M. James Sully.*

"The morality which is based on a blind sense of obligation is only a preparation for the morality which is based on insight."—*G. F. Stout.*

A Work which is strongly recommended.

London: Watts & Co., 17 Johnson's-court, Fleet-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.