

39

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199

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

More Ingersoll Echoes.

WE are quite right in calling *What is Religion?* the last lecture of Ingersoll's. It was literally and absolutely so. For that reason, if for no other, Freethinkers will always treasure it. Besides, the utterance was so characteristic. Ingersoll's last lecture in New York was on May 14, when he spoke on "Liberty" at the Montauk Theatre. It was for charity—the relief of sick soldiers and destitute families—and 700 dollars was realised.

Ingersoll had been engaged in writing a new lecture for some time before his death. According to one American paper, the title was undecided; according to another, it was to be entitled "Christ." Ingersoll was billed to deliver his lecture on "Superstition" at Saratoga on August 2. On August 14 he was to have lectured in Atlantic City on "The Devil." It appears, however, that he was well aware that the heart trouble from which he suffered was liable to cause his death at any time; and his persistence in his sceptical propaganda will be remembered as significant by Freethinkers.

Some of the American papers say that Ingersoll was not an Atheist. Well, it all depends on what they mean. In his last lecture on *What is Religion?*—how fortunate it was, after all, that this lecture was delivered!—he plainly declared that in his opinion, according to the revelations of modern science, there was no intelligence behind the course of nature. Surely that is about as far as any sane Atheist ever went on the negative side.

It was at Peoria, Illinois, that Ingersoll laid the foundation of his fame; and, according to the *Chicago Daily Tribune*, the news of his death was received there with "universal mourning." "Ingersoll is dead," its Peoria special correspondent said, "are the words on the lips of every one to-night. Not only the jurist and prelate discuss his virtue or what they consider his shortcomings, but the motorman on the electric-car and the newsboy to-night express regret that 'Bob' is dead." On receipt of the news "the flag on the courthouse was swung at half-mast, and arrangements were started for holding a memorial meeting."

Chicago members of Ingersoll's old regiment during the Civil War met at Palmer House at 4 o'clock on the day after his death to pass resolutions on the sad event.

The funeral service over Ingersoll's body was held in the house. "Only two of the friends he knew closest and best," the *World* says, "spoke over his bier, and they only repeated the words of the dead."

For the conveyance of the body to its destination, President Calloway, of the New York Central, placed a special train at the disposal of the family.

George Gray Barnard, the sculptor, secured a death-mask of Ingersoll, and a cast of the entire head. Several photographs were also taken.

The *New York World*, not always friendly to Ingersoll, noted that it rained every day after his death. "There may be a touch of superstition," it said, "in the old saying—'Peaceful the dead that the rain falls on'—which

No. 942.

the Colonel in his life would have laughed at. Nevertheless, in the awful presence of death there must be something comforting in the fact that the heavens have wept ever since the spirit of that great man passed out of its tenement of clay." A very curious "comfort," by the way.

Here is a most affecting passage from the *World*:—"One of the most touching incidents of the day has been the gathering of old servants at the house. From Washington, Chicago, Peoria, and other places where Colonel Ingersoll had pitched his camp or made his home, they came. Many of them, gray-haired and old, retired on a competency years ago, and now have families of their own. Their coming touched the mourning family deeply. It was a tribute greater than that which kings could give. It showed that Ingersoll's fealty to the family altar was no latter-day thing, but bred in the bone, as it were."

The *New York Journal*, while agreeing with the clergy that Ingersoll did "a good deal of harm" by his attacks on Christianity, had to admit, on the other hand, that "his death reveals him to the world as a most lovable character." "We now find," it said, "that thousands of the most notable persons in all walks of life mourn his departure as a personal calamity." After referring to the pathetic refusal of the widow and daughters to tear themselves away from the dead body, and the unwillingness of the grandchildren to go to bed without kissing him good night, the *Journal* concludes: "It is some good done to give to mankind such a spectacle of undying affection."

Even the *Brooklyn Eagle* was constrained to say: "There is a pathos in this scene which will touch every kindly heart."

Some of the American clergy spoke like pious beasts on hearing of Ingersoll's death. F. L. Chapman, president of the Ram's Horn Company, was perhaps the mildest of his censors. He only thought him "the offspring of bigotry and prejudice." Rev. A. R. Thain, editor of the *Advance*, said: "His challenge has been accepted at last." But he admitted that Ingersoll was "on the right side of almost every question except religion." Rev. Peter Moerdyke, pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Chicago, said: "Well, that is the end of the infidel." Rev. Dr. Jacoby, of Moody's church, said: "There are many passages in the Scriptures which lead us to believe that perhaps the great Agnostic fell at the stroke of the Creator. His death is a warning to all men." "Perhaps it is the best thing that Ingersoll is dead," said the Rev. A. D. Traveller, superintendent of the Methodist city missions. Martinelli, the papal delegate, said: "Oh, I believe he knows more now than he professed, and that he can tell whether there is a hell and a devil."

Bishop Fowler, Methodist, to his credit would not join the general chorus against Ingersoll, though he betrayed his animus, perhaps unconsciously, in the simile he used. "I never stick a spear in a dead tiger," he said. Probably he could not bring himself, being a Christian, to say "lion."

Here are some more samples of clerical manners and Christian charity. Rev. Lee Whitmore, South Boston, said of Ingersoll's death: "I wouldn't lose breath over him. He isn't worth it." Rev. W. T. Perin, Boston,



said: "I believe that Robert Ingersoll was a robber. He robbed men of all the comforts of life. His mind was shallow." "Poor Bob Ingersoll," said the Rev. Dr. D. J. Stafford, of St. Patrick's Church, Washington, "I hope he was honest." Rev. Dr. Henry Brann, who wrote an obscure reply to Ingersoll, said: "I considered Ingersoll as a fakir, who traded on his infidelity to make money." Of course no preacher makes money out of Christianity. Rev. Horace Porter, assistant pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, said he did not believe Ingersoll's attacks on the Bible and the Christian faith were sincere. He was "a caviller at things sacred." This reverend gentleman (heaven save the mark!) said that Ingersoll "was the Tom Paine of our day," without perceiving that he paid the dead man a splendid compliment.

Last week we quoted the funniest of orthodox stories about Ingersoll. This week we have to quote the funniest observation. According to the *New York World*, the fame of Ingersoll was mostly due to the Christians who answered him and "carried his name into almost every reading household in America." "Had it been possible," the *World* says, "to ignore him, he would probably not have been known to the majority of his own countrymen." Had it been possible to ignore him! What an expression! It positively reaches imbecility. Even the *World* might see that Ingersoll *could* not be ignored, and that the impossibility of ignoring him is a proof of his intrinsic greatness.

No man alive, the *New York Journal* remarked, could speak as Ingersoll spoke above the bodies of his friends; and the universal and instinctive thought of those who loved the man was, "Oh, if he could only deliver his own eulogy!" "What a peroration," the *Journal* says, "he could make to all the things he has said before!"

The *New York Herald* says of Ingersoll:—"He was a strong enemy and as gentle, kindly a father as ever breathed, loyal in his attachments, reckless of consequences when defending his opinions, and eloquent to the verge of genius.....He will be greatly missed, for a more intrepid champion of what he believed to be right and true cannot easily be found. Most men will declare that he was mistaken in his religious opinions, but all will concede that he fought for them like a true knight."

Ingersoll was the very incarnation of generosity. No man in the whole world's history could have had more of the milk of human kindness. "No one," the *New York Journal* observed, "knows the multitude of his kindly acts, his silent charities, or of the aid and advice he gave to all that sought them. These he regarded as confidences, and even his family and intimates heard little of them."

We have received the *New York Truthseeker* dated July 29. The obituary notice of Ingersoll is presumably from the pen of the editor, Mr. E. M. Macdonald. We extract the following personal passages: "He gave more in charity than any other whose fortune was earned by his own efforts, and nearly all his gifts were private. If he had spent only for himself, he would have died a millionaire, but, large as was his income, his generosity permitted no accumulation of wealth, and his estate may not equal a year's earnings on the lecture platform or at the bar.....Our relations to him were close without being intimate. We were often called upon to marvel at his patience and generosity, beset as he was at all times by those who needed his pecuniary aid; and, judging that the limit of both must be nearly reached, we have made it a point to put no further tax upon them. His contributions to the *Truthseeker* have been literary only."

Amongst the telegrams to the Ingersoll family we notice the following in the *Truthseeker*. Stuart Robson, the actor, said: "A mighty man has fallen, the most conspicuous champion of human liberty since Voltaire." Rev. Minot J. Savage said: "We all send heartfelt sympathy. I am glad he lives. I know he is living now." Eugene V. Debs, the labour leader, said:

"Millions mourn with you in your great bereavement." Admiral Schley said: "Am overwhelmed with your loss." A M. Palmer, the theatrical manager, said: "A flood of tender recollections fills my mind connected with your husband's lovable nature." John Clark Ridpath, the historian, said: "Peaceful be the slumber of the great warrior."

We see from the *Truthseeker* that the President of the National Secular Society's telegram to Mrs. Ingersoll on the death of her husband was duly received. It has the place of honor in the *Truthseeker's* list of the "messages that have flooded the telegraph office near Ingersoll's late home."

Referring to the probable effect of Ingersoll's death upon the progress of the Freethought movement in America, the *New York Truthseeker* says that the cause has suffered a fearful loss, but hopes it is not irretrievable. "Let us believe," it says, "that in the place of him who has fallen will arise a number of earnest, if less brilliant, orators and writers—many doing the work of one—so that the forward movement may not be arrested." We congratulate our contemporary on its brave spirit. A great leader has fallen, but the battle must go on.

The *Chicago Times-Herald*, a journal of high standing, with a reputation for sobriety, publishes the following eulogy on Ingersoll: "A man of picturesque career, an orator possessed of unsurpassed eloquence and rhetorical ability, a lawyer and an impassioned pleader, a politician who never sought public office, a past master in the art of invective, satire, and pathos, a word painter whose equal a century has not produced, a welling fountain of wit and humor, a humanitarian with a soul full of poetry and love for his fellow man, a scholar who challenged the admiration of the learned, a constant friend, enjoyable companion, a loving husband and father, an Agnostic who stirred the religious world as even Voltaire, Paine, or Tyndall could not, a lecturer of international renown, the best beloved and most cordially hated man in Christendom—such a man was Colonel Ingersoll."

A monument to Ingersoll is already decided upon. At the memorial services held at Peoria on the Sunday following his death a committee of fifteen was appointed to take charge of the soliciting of funds and the erection of a monument to his memory in Glen Oak Park.

The American papers make no sort of reference to the statements of Ingersoll's libellers about what they are pleased to call his cowardice during the Civil War. They all say that he carried himself bravely, and that he was taken prisoner in fighting against overwhelming odds, his seven hundred men having to stand the brunt of sweeping charges by ten thousand of the Confederate cavalry.

G. W. FOOTE.

Some Bible Wonders.

GENUINE humor is not a strong point in the Bible, but to make up for this deficiency it abounds in wonders of a most remarkable kind. Orthodox readers of this book generally assume a very solemn face when reading the stories of their so-called sacred volume. To laugh at or to make merry over the contents of the Bible is, we believe, regarded as impious, except when the person who does so is of the clerical profession. We have often heard ministers moved to great hilarity by one of their brethren detailing what he termed the Freethinker's method of finding contradictions in the Bible, which is described as comparing texts that have nothing in common—such, for instance, as: "Judas went out and hanged himself," "Go thou and do likewise"; this making an injunction to commit suicide. We venture to assert that no Freethinker ever did such a stupid thing. This is a specimen of how wickedly and foolishly Bible believers misrepresent Freethinkers. Christians are too fond of trying to raise a laugh at the expense of their opponents, even at the sacrifice of truth and fairplay.

The kind of humor we find in the Bible is, as a rule,

a combination of the wild and fantastical, destitute of facts to give it force. Grotesque and imaginary adventures are therein described in the most solemn forms of speech. There is no indication that those who narrate the "funny" stories are conscious of being "wags," although they describe such droll and ludicrous antics, which must have been enough to make the very angels laugh. In the Old Testament we have a description of a wonderful infinite and eternal being, whom the writers are supposed to have held in the highest reverence as one unlike all others, either in heaven or on earth. Yet he is described as a most marvellous specimen of existence, having neither flesh nor bones, although he is able to walk, talk, laugh, chat with the devil, debate, and speak to fishes. He is also represented as a gardener, a baker, and a sailor. Although he is omnipresent, he sends Cain to Nod, out of his presence, and Jonah went to Tarshish, where the Lord was not. If this were true, it involves the geographical difficulty that both these men went beyond everywhere, which was nowhere. Jonah, we are informed, went by ship to Tarshish; but how Cain reached Nod we are not told. Perhaps he walked to the outside of space. We often hear of strange things at sea; but Jonah fell asleep in a great storm, and when his body was thrown overboard it had a greater effect in quieting the waters than barrels of oil would have to-day. The fact of Jonah having had the Lord to prepare for him a great fish as a house of refuge is unique in the history of ocean travelling. It is said that this remarkable fish was a whale, which it certainly could not have been.

In Bible days there was evidently a short and easy method of destroying the cities of the enemy. No warships and heavy artillery were required. Simply a few trumpets blown by priests caused the walls of Jericho to fall down "flat." What a pity that some of those trumpets are not to be had at the present day! If priests could be found who could blow them as successfully as they were said to have been blown in the time of Joshua, there would be a considerable saving in our military expenditure. Although priests are still fond of blowing their own trumpets, they cannot induce the people to rely upon the efficacy of the sound thereof for warlike purposes. Bible records are to be preached about, not acted upon. Still, the falling of the walls of Jericho was no more wonderful than was the act of the angel of the Lord in smiting "an hundred fourscore and five thousand" Assyrians, "and when they arose early in the morning, behold they were all dead corpses" (2 Kings xix. 35).

To us it seems very wonderful that a ladder should be found which could reach from earth to heaven. Who constructed the ladder is a conundrum, like the German question as to how many angels could stand upon the point of a needle. It must also have been a marvellous sight to have seen Moses fetching water out of a rock with a stick, or Joshua stopping the sun and moon more easily than an engineer could stop the wheels of his machinery by shutting off the steam. It is alleged that Jesus of Nazareth walked on the sea, and went up in the clouds without wings, after having played with hundreds of devils as calmly as an acrobat does with balls and knives. The axe that fell into the water and was rescued only by the aid of Elisha, who made the iron swim, was a performance that would be difficult to enact in these heretical times.

Among the curiosities of animal life we have read of an ox in Rome that was gifted with speech; but the Bible writer endows the proverbially stupid animal with more sense than his master. A speaking ass, and a serpent capable of theological debate, are remarkable animals, second only to their solemn biographers. But those musical beasts referred to in the Revelation of St. John the Divine are, above all, most wonderful with their supply of eyes within, before, and behind. There was no getting the blind side of these, we should imagine. They were at least industrious in their singing, for "they rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, called a chorus, in which the beasts are joined by the elders, and by "ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands" of angels. Even inanimate things were occasionally made, according to the Bible, to perform strange antics. We have heard of volcanoes and earthquakes in our time, but what of the famous earthquake described in

Revelation vi. ? It turned the sun black, the moon red, and made the stars fall like figs from a tree. Every island and mountain was moved out of its place, and the heaven departed like a scroll rolled up. Then St. John portrays a wonderful woman who had the sun for a cloak, twelve stars on her head, and the moon for a footstool. She was a wonder, beyond doubt. A good companion story is also told (Revelation x.) of the opposite sex. It was of an angel who was exceedingly long-limbed, and had a powerful voice, and his habiliments were also of great magnitude. He put one foot on sea and the other on land, and he "lifted up his hand to heaven." He had a face like the sun and feet like pillars of fire, and he roared like a lion. This pair must have been a sight for the gods and a curious picture for mortals.

Another wonderful spectacle was a quartette of angelic performers (Revelation vii.) standing on the corners of our globe and holding in their hands four winds in order that they should not damage the earth, sea, or trees. How the angels managed to catch hold of the winds we are not told; but "All's well that ends well," and if the angels prevented the wind from "blowing anybody any harm," we must be satisfied. Milton and Dante had great powers of vision, but John saw a voice (Revelation i.) and souls of martyrs under the altar. We have heard of a celebrated painter who was frightened at the picture he had painted, but when John saw Alpha and Omega he "fell at his feet as dead." Fortunately, he got over the sight, or we might never have had the account of such a wonder. There is some relief in being told that the Lord was the first and the last. As the Americans say, "we have no use" for any more of those visions whose principal wonders were enough to "fright the isle from her propriety," and make our "hair to stand on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

There are numerous other wonders in the Bible which we have not time at present to notice. If it be said that what has here been narrated should not be taken in a literal sense, we put ourselves under Luther's golden rule of interpretation: "That there is no more than one sense annexed to the words throughout all the books of the Old and New Testament." If any unbeliever insists that there is no sense at all in the Bible wonders, we decline to argue with him, or even to contradict him. We have set forth certain wonders as recorded in "God's word," and it may be that the writers have given their fancies "a local habitation and a name." To us, most of the wonderful stories of the Bible appear like Gratiano's reasons; they speak "an infinite deal of nothing." CHARLES WATTS.

Pain and Providence.

(Concluded from page 500.)

NEITHER on the hypothesis that all things are due to the direct action of deity, nor on that of his operating in accordance with established laws, is the theistic case rendered easier of acceptance. In either case the world remains God's world; it is his handiwork, and he must still be held responsible for all that takes place in it. As Mosheim said in summing up the case against Cudworth: "If, indeed, all its [nature's] operations be performed under the inspiration and instigation of the Deity, itself being destitute of reason or design, all its performances are properly the performances of God himself, by whose power it is prompted and influenced. Whose faults, then, are those which we sometimes see in the universe? Do they not properly belong to the Deity?..... So that, even if we adopt this method, the difficulty which has impelled many to take refuge in mechanical causes remains the same as at first; for what difference is there between supposing that God himself, without the intervention of any other cause, brings to pass all results and events, and imagining that the Deity acts through a certain unintelligent and insensate instrumentality which he constantly guides and governs?"*

Moreover, there is one fundamental flaw in the Theist's case which effectually upsets his whole position. I think

* See note to Cudworth's *Intellectual System*, ii., 607. The whole note, which is too long to quote in full, will well repay consulting.

it was Paley who argued that, in order to prove that the state of the world was an argument against the moral being of God, it would be necessary to show that the life of any animal or species of animals contained, on the whole, more pain than pleasure. The argument that all suffering is goodness in the making, because a more perfect animal may be the outcome, obviously proceeds along the same lines, and is subject to the same criticism. The fallacy in both arguments lies in the assumption that pleasure and pain are things that can be quantitatively calculated, handed on from generation to generation, and a balance struck at the conclusion of the process. Now, this, as a matter of fact, is not so. All suffering and all enjoyment are necessarily individual. Suffering is not increased by extending it over a million instances, nor is it diminished by limiting it to one. My own toothache does not become worse because others have the same pain, nor is it less painful supposing that I am the only sufferer in the universe. By multiplying the number of cases we simply impress the imagination, without adding anything to the nature of the phenomenon. Feeling, pleasant or otherwise, is always an individual affair; and, that being so, it is not the number of cases where pain occurs, nor even the number of painful moments, as compared with pleasurable ones, in an individual's lifetime, that impugns the character of deity, but the bare fact of there being any suffering at all. Suffering is suffering, and nothing but suffering, while it is being experienced, and whether it is followed by pleasure or not does not alter the case in the slightest degree.

Next to this general view of the function of pain in the universe comes what has been called "The fatherly education theory." God treats us as a father does his children, inflicting pain now and again that the child's character may be better for the correction or the suffering. "Pain," says Professor Flint,* "is a stimulus to exertion, and it is only through exertion that the faculties are disciplined and developed." And to the same effect one of the writers in *Lux Mundi* (p. 85) tells us that "The pains and penalties of evil-doing, physical and mental, tend to correct and purify the character; and when we say that men learn wisdom by experience, we mostly mean by experience of something painful." But, as has been pointed out times out of number, there is not the slightest analogy between the pain inflicted on a child by a parent and that inflicted upon humanity by "our divine father." It may be fairly questioned whether even an earthly parent is best developing his child's character by the infliction of pain—many of us would have a very strong opinion to the contrary—but, putting this aside, at least the parent punishes the child not only because he aims at the child's future welfare, but because he sees no better method of accomplishing his purpose. But suppose that a parent had the choice of developing his child's character to the same degree either with or without pain, would he at all hesitate as to which method he would adopt? Clearly in the one case the infliction of pain is the best method that limited power and wisdom sees of reaching its end, while in the other omnipotent wisdom produces by suffering a result that might just as easily have been produced without.

Besides, it is not true that pain always plays a disciplinary part in life, or that character is best developed through pain. First of all, it does not require a very profound intelligence to discover that pain is neither exactly proportioned to the lesson to be taught, nor do those who commit the fault suffer alone the penalty of their wrong-doing. Take a common example. A mother goes out on an errand, and carelessly leaves a lamp within a child's reach. The child upsets the lamp, and the mother returns to find it a mass of charred human flesh. Where is the discipline here? The child cannot gain any lesson from its experience. But the mother? Ah, the mother gains a lesson from the accident, say God's apologists, and herein we see the wisdom of the divine economy. Exactly; God Almighty kills a child by a hideously painful death in order that a mother may learn a lesson in carefulness. Verily, man's ways are not as God's ways—a circumstance for which we should be duly grateful.

Of all the idle, canting, even lying tales told on behalf of a worn-out Deity and selfish priesthood, this

plea of the disciplinary power of suffering is the most nauseous. It is simply not true that the highest development is through pain, or that most of the world's best work is produced as the result of pain. To quote the anonymous author of *Evil and Evolution*: "In all the higher ranges of human faculty, who are the people who develop most rapidly and most fully? Is it they who are impelled by pain? Most emphatically not. Artists and poets and preachers and authors and men of business enterprise in every phase and form, inventors and teachers and musicians, are all of them successful in the development of their faculties, just in proportion as they find themselves in their proper and natural sphere, and are happy in their work." How many homes can any of us count up from our own experience that have been purified through suffering? And, on the other hand, how many can we not count up where the presence of slow, lingering disease, or straitened circumstances, have led to an instability of temper or the formation of habits absolutely fatal to a healthy home life. Which class of children grow to make the better citizens—the class that is neglected or ill-treated by its parents, under-fed, under-clothed, and under-educated, or the class that is carefully watched over, shielded from every pain that loving minds can foresee or loving hands ward off? As a simple matter of fact, the presence of pain and suffering is nearly always fatal to the development of a man's higher nature. The whole tendency of pain is to bruise and break the spirits of those who are subject to it. People no more develop through pain than health comes from disease.

It is useless saying that "If hunger were not painful, infants would not take food. If falling down were not painful, children would not learn to walk upright."* I do not know many mothers who wait until their children are roaring with hunger before giving them food; and our learning to walk is certainly not the result of painful experiences in the shape of falling down. The pain, if anywhere, would accompany the initial attempts at walking rather than the reverse. It is equally ridiculous to argue that suffering is good because it breeds sympathy.† Sympathy with what? With suffering? But if there were no suffering, we could dispense with the sympathy that is due to it; and surely things would have been much better under such conditions. Imagine what would be said to the man who went round burning poor people's homes in order to develop their neighbors' sense of sympathy. On these lines, why punish a man like Jabez Balfour? Did he not by his conduct develop the sympathy of the British public? Do not rack-renting East London landlords perform the same function? Why denounce the Sultan for the murder of Armenian Christians? Why not induce the Government to thank him for having by his conduct aided in the development of the sympathetic feelings of the English people? Christians praise God for the same line of conduct; why should it be right with Jehovah, and wrong with Abdul Hamid?

Another form of this argument meets us in the familiar statement that "Bodily pain sounds the alarm bell of disease in time for its removal."‡ Is this plea any stronger than the others I have been examining? In the first place, it is clear that, for pain to properly fulfil the function of a warning, it should occur *before* the disease is contracted, not afterwards. To afflict people after a fault is committed is a punishment, not a warning. In the second place, if the theory be correct, pain should be present in all cases of disease, and should increase in intensity with the danger of the disease. Is this so? Ask any medical man what amount of warning pain there is in the case of any of the contagious diseases, and he will tell you little or none. It is simply untrue that "bodily pain sounds the alarm bell of disease in time for its removal." The most dangerous diseases usually have painless beginnings; the most harmless may be exceedingly painful. What amount of warning pain is there in the case of a man swallowing a dose of virulent poison? Obviously little in point of duration, and even were there much it can be of little use as a "warning," seeing that the man immediately expires. Is the evil inflicted on the organism by a bad corn or a

* Voysey, *Mystery of Pain, Death, and Sin*, p. 19.

† *Ibid.*, p. 21.

‡ *Lux Mundi*, p. 86.

* *Theism*, p. 247.

toothache at all comparable to the pain endured? Take, again, the case of excessive cold. Here the effect is not to "warn" against danger; it actually acts as an anæsthetic, induces insensibility, leaving the individual with an overpowering desire for a sleep that is bound to terminate fatally; and even when taken in hand, and vigorously rubbed, the pain of returning circulation is such that the man often begs or fights to be released. Here the case is completely reversed. The approach of death is quite painless; the return to full life is accompanied by excruciating agony.

But, after all, no one out of the pulpit believes that pain is a good thing, trusts to it as a sure warning in case of disease, or seeks it as a means of purifying character. Such statements are not the expression of honest conviction consequent on a careful study of facts, but so many specious excuses invented for the purpose of harmonising an unpleasant fact with an unwarrantable theory. Pain and Providence represent, and always must represent, utterly irreconcilable ideas; and the revolt of man from the belief in a Deity who, with full power to order it otherwise, yet prefers to see all the suffering and slaughter of animal life, represents a far greater hope for the future of the race than the presence of those who spend their energies in ridiculous apologies for a Deity who does not exist outside the limits of their own imagination.

C. COHEN.

How Ingersoll Died.

COLONEL ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, orator, author, lecturer, humanitarian, Agnostic, and lawyer, died to-day at his country home, Walston, Dobbs Ferry, N.Y., of heart trouble—*angina pectoris*.

He did not die as he would have chosen to die—slowly, conscious to the last. The end came in the twinkling of an eye—instant transition apparently from good health to death. The smile that started to mantle his features never was finished. He died before his wife could seize his hand.

A few days ago Colonel Ingersoll spoke to his brother-in-law, C. P. Farrell, of Clark Ingersoll, his brother, who died in 1879.

"Do you know," said he, "there is not a day that I don't think of Clark? It was hard to give him up in the prime of manhood, when life's sunshine was full in his face."

They chatted on, and Colonel Ingersoll spoke again, slowly and solemnly:—

"When I was a young man," he said, "I wanted to die suddenly. No lingering for me. But I have changed now. I want to die slowly. I want to be conscious to the last. I hope to know the sensations of approaching death. I have some things I want to say."

SMILE, AND THEN DEATH.

These things were not said, as he did not know death's sensations. A fleeting smile, a slight backward fall of the head, and life was at an end. The great Agnostic was dead at 11:45 a.m.

Though the members of his family were in the house, they had not time to get to his side. Only Mrs. Ingersoll and the housekeeper, Miss Sharkey, who were in the room, were with him. There was nothing they could do, although they tried everything, and the doctors, who came soon afterwards, did likewise.

Colonel Ingersoll went to Dobbs Ferry in May last. Walston is set high on the Hudson Hills, the great stone-turreted house, surrounded by lawns, trees, and flowers, with a sweep of the great river below. Walston belongs to his daughter, Mrs. Walston H. Brown, but all the family lived there in summer with her, and with the Colonel in New York in winter.

For three years Colonel Ingersoll had known he had heart trouble, but it never drove him to his bed or forced him to give up his busy work life. He consulted several specialists, and medicines were prescribed for him which gave him relief during an attack of pain, and he began to feel that the malady was not serious.

But a few weeks ago his trouble grew a little more serious. The attacks of pain became more and more frequent, and more lasting. Pains chased across his chest, and there was a feeling of oppression. No one thought it serious even then—he least of all.

INGERSOLL'S LAST NIGHT.

On Thursday night the family gathered in the billiard-room. There were the Colonel and Mrs. Ingersoll, Mrs. W. B. Parker, her mother, Mrs. Walston H. Brown, and Miss Maud Ingersoll, the daughters, C. P. Farrell and Mrs.

* This aspect of the subject is well worked out in chapters iii. and viii. of W. Cyples' admirable but cumbrously-worded treatise, *The Process of Human Experience*.

Farrell, the latter Mrs. Ingersoll's sister; Miss Eva Farrell, their daughter, and Mr. Brown, the Colonel's son-in-law. It was a merry family, and Colonel Ingersoll was the merriest of all.

He made some difficult shots, and everyone laughed uproariously; but none more loudly than Ingersoll himself.

At 10 p.m. Colonel Ingersoll laid down his cue, and, with Mr. Farrell, he strolled to the piazza and lighted a cigar, taking his seat in the old white rocking-chair in which he sat so many years. He smoked on, and looked at the stars as they glimmered above the tree-tops.

"This is a beautiful world," he said, getting up and starting for his room.

First to come downstairs in the morning was Miss Eva Farrell, who had just come from the room of Colonel Ingersoll and his wife—the big, sunny room in the south-western corner of the great house, overlooking the Hudson a mile below.

"Uncle Bob had a bad night," she said. "He was sick at his stomach, and couldn't take anything except a cup of coffee for his breakfast."

"I hear you had a bad night," said Mr. Farrell, when he saw the Colonel, at 10 a.m.

"Well, not so bad," said Colonel Ingersoll. But the family argued with him, and he decided to call Dr. A. Alexander Smith, his regular physician, who has a summer home at Greenwich, Conn.

MAKES APPOINTMENT WITH DOCTOR.

"Will you be there to-morrow?" asked Colonel Ingersoll, over the telephone, and Dr. Smith said "Yes."

"Then I'll drive over and see you. Is it an appointment?"

Dr. Smith said he would expect him, and told him to keep on taking nitro-glycerine tablets that he had prescribed once in fifteen minutes till the pain subsided.

After his telephone talk Colonel Ingersoll lighted a cigar, and sat down in his favorite chair, while Mr. Farrell went over to the hammock in the corner of the piazza and fell asleep. When he awoke from his doze it was almost 11.30 a.m., and Colonel Ingersoll had arisen from his chair.

"I'm going upstairs for a moment," he said, "and when I come down I can beat you another game of billiards."

Mr. Farrell accepted the challenge, and sat down to wait for the Colonel, who went to his room, where Mrs. Ingersoll was. He sat down in a chair across the room, and smiled at his wife.

"How do you feel?" she asked, and the reply was: "Oh, much better."

"Luncheon is almost ready," she said. "Let me have it sent upstairs for you."

"No," he replied, decidedly; "I don't want anybody to wait on me yet."

Little did they know that these were to be the last words he ever was to utter. He sat in his chair and yawned. His wife noticed his tongue.

"Why," she said, "it's as white as chalk."

Colonel Ingersoll smiled for just the smallest part of a second, then his head fell back. His jaw fell, and his eyes took on the blankness of insensibility.

"He has fainted," cried Mrs. Ingersoll to the housekeeper, Miss Sharkey. She looked; but to her it meant more.

"The Colonel is dying," she cried, running out of the room to arouse the household.

In a moment every member of the family was present. One brought brandy, another a hot foot bath. They all had learned means to avert collapse. They tore off Colonel Ingersoll's coat, took off his shoes and stockings, and put his feet into a hot mustard bath.

Mr. Farrell ran for Dr. L. H. Salisbury, who has a place next door, and Mr. Brown jumped into a grocer's wagon standing at the door, and drove down the hill to the drug store in the village.

He was on his way back again in a minute with a retort of pure oxygen. But he was too late. Dr. Salisbury was there, holding Colonel Ingersoll's pulse and listening for his heart beats.

"The Colonel is dead," he said.

He had died instantly. There was not a twitch of a muscle, not a spasm of pain. The heart simply had ceased to beat. There he sat in his chair, his head fallen back. A smile was frozen on the features.

Drs. Judson and Harbrouck came and applied the oxygen to the Colonel's nostrils. They tried to induce artificial respiration, but it was of no avail. Death had been instantaneous, and science was powerless.

—*Chicago Tribune*, July 22.

The Lambeth Vestry have been discussing the question of burial fees in connection with the Cemetery Committee's report. Mr. Victor Roger took part in the discussion, and remarked that, if people would bury their dead in consecrated ground, they had to pay for it. Quite true; and the pity of it is that they do not have to pay more. That might lead them to consider whether the "privilege" was worth the payment.

Acid Drops.

WHAT an amusing thing is this opposition to certain bullets which England claims the right to use in warfare! The use of such bullets is stigmatised as inhumane. Well, will somebody please invent a *humane* bullet? The truth is, we take it, that war always was, still is, and always will be inhumane. The object of fighting is to kill your enemy or place him on the sick list as quickly as possible. And, for our part, we say that war should be made as destructive as science can render it. There will be an end to it sooner that way. When it means the practical annihilation of both sides, nobody will have the courage to begin.

One can imagine a Conference in the old bow-and-arrows time trying to ban the use of gunpowder and bullets altogether, and protesting against the inhumanity of killing a man at half a mile distance, and with a piece of lead that he couldn't see coming, and couldn't defend himself against if he *did* see it coming. Such a Conference, however, would not have stopped the use of explosives, nor will the Czar's Love Feast stop the use of them now.

The so-called Peace Conference has been little else than a solemn piece of humbug. The czars, emperors, kings, and other rulers of Europe haven't the slightest wish to abolish war. All they want is to prevent its becoming too expensive and too deadly, simply because they see that the increasing cost and murderousness of war will in time put an end to the great military systems.

"Lost—the American Sabbath!" Such is the beginning and the ending of a sensational article in the *Defender*, of Elmira, New York. This pious journal deplores the fact that tradesmen are setting the Sabbatarian law at defiance, and that candy stores, drug stores, ice cream places, and fruit stands are doing more business on the Lord's day than on any other day of the week. Terrible! The Lord God of Sabaoth should interfere, if only to gratify the *Defender* and wipe away its tears.

"The graduating class at Yale voted strongly in favor of compulsory chapel." This is what we read in an American paper, and it shows that religious bigotry is not the exclusive possession of the "effete monarchies of Europe."

Rev. Thomas Price, vicar of Prestatyn, describes the School Board as "the work of the Devil and his crew," and Mr. John Jones, chairman of the Prestatyn Urban District Council, informs him that his language is "vituperative and blasphemous, and unworthy of a clergyman." Well, it is vituperative, and it may be blasphemous; but is it really unworthy of a clergyman?

The *Northern Daily Telegraph* prints a curious article on Ingersoll as "The Spurgeon of Negativism," as the *Spectator* styles him. Our Blackburn contemporary admits that Ingersoll was a great speaker and a good man, but he was wicked enough to attack our contemporary's creed, and our contemporary is quite sure that its own creed is the basis and guarantee of all sound morality. Ingersoll was, therefore, essentially a bad man, for his work was "ruinous" and "cruel." Moreover, as Ingersoll was not merely an Agnostic, who still leaves us "wonder," but an Atheist, who leaves us no "wonder" at all, his teaching was "destructive of every bracing influence." But our contemporary is mistaken on this point. Atheism does not rid the world of "wonder." The wonderful is always with us. It is wonderful, for instance, how our Blackburn contemporary can publish such nonsense.

The Christian Endeavor people in America, who prayed so hard and so vainly for the conversion of Colonel Ingersoll, nevertheless boast the Lord's blessing on their operations. They say they have 55,813 societies, with a total membership of 3,350,000. And their annual report says: "This development is not man-made; it is of God." But, after all, this counting is like that of a stage army, over and over again. The Christian Endeavor people are not fresh converts to Christianity. They belong to various churches, and the upshot of the whole matter is that 3,350,000 of the three hundred million or so of Christians on this planet have put on a fresh badge.

The Spiritualist *Two Worlds* hits out vigorously at the English newspapers on account of their slender notices of the death of Colonel Ingersoll. "Could an appreciation," it asks, "of his grand personality and sterling fighting powers have debased their columns more than the record of a brutal prize-fight? Could a quotation or so from his magnificent lectures have stained their pages more ignominiously than the records of bestial crime so often presented to their readers? Bah! we are disgusted with the hypocrisy which refuses to pen a line to the memory of a great man—the greatest orator we had—while the black ink sprawling

across the pages records bloodthirsty murders and sensational stories of inhuman crime."

That was very ineffectual preaching, says a writer in the *Cornhill*, which was addressed to a gentleman on board when the ferry-boat between Leith and Kinghorn was in great danger. He was advised to trust in Providence. "So I do," he says; "but if once I get on shore, I shall not trouble him again so long as the bridge of Stirling lasts."

In the island of Sanda, in Orkney, "the clergyman of one of the Churches was accustomed to pray during the stormy weather that, as there was likely to be so many shipwrecks, God would think of them, and send some to the poor island of Sanda."

The *Christian World* refers to the recently-published opinion of a well-informed and moderate Churchman that every year fewer really educated men are taking orders. "Both in point of view of breeding and of education, an inferior type of men is being admitted to the ministry of the Anglican Church. These underbred and half-educated young clerics are the men who make the most arrogant and sacerdotal assumptions. The respect they cannot command on any other ground they jealously claim on the ground of their office, which they magnify so ridiculously in their own persons."

A new Messiah has appeared, this time in the famine-stricken province of Samara on the Volga. The famine, which periodically falls upon the land, is not, according to this modern Christ, the result of dry seasons or of faulty systems of agriculture, or of a want of labor on the land, but is visited on the Russian people because they have left the true faith and are wandering after idols. "The chief sin of the people which has brought down the wrath of heaven is that they permit the false prophets to bless them with three instead of with two fingers."

The new Messiah, like he of Galilee, has his following of women. He has selected "ten wise virgins" from the crowd of females who have been attracted by his person and preaching. We may take it for granted that he has not selected the oldest and ugliest. None but the elect are admitted to the religious services, "but it is whispered that they are not edifying, and the sooner the police interfere the better."

The *Boston Investigator*, dealing with the custom of kissing the Bible in courts, gives an extract from the *North Western Christian Advocate* which says that the custom has become practically obsolete in America. "It has been abandoned almost imperceptibly, and chiefly perhaps as the result of the enforcement of sanitary laws for the prevention of the spread of disease.....The time has come in the history of the world when for both sentimental and sanitary reasons the practice of kissing the Bible should be everywhere abolished. It certainly adds nothing to the practical value of the oath, as those who have no regard for their word would have no regard for their oath, even when accompanied by this solemn act, which has become a mere formality."

The comment of our vigorous American contemporary is, that "the poison in the book is worse than the poison on its covers from contamination with foul lips, and it is this fact that will free the world from its influence."

The Rev. J. W. Hill, an American divine, who has been lecturing on the Filipinos, must be a very admirable representative of the so-called "Gospel of Love." He has said "the heathen in Canaan were not comparable with the blood-curdling Spaniards, all things considered, and yet God Almighty ordered his people to exterminate every heathen tribe and take possession of their lands and cities. God's people were not robbing those heathen of their rightful possessions. The earth is the Lord's, and he has a right to disinherit the heathen and blot them from the face of the map of nations, and turn his vineyard over to those who will cultivate it. God intends to shake the nations of the earth until every plant, kingdom, or nation which he hath not planted shall be rooted up."

To these utterances the *Freethought Magazine* adds: "If there be a greater heathen in this world than this Rev. Hill, we would like to know where he is. Such sentiments as Hill utters are blasphemy against humanity. The God he worships is worse than the most bloodthirsty savage we ever read of."

The natives of Burmah are entitled to the credit of being very much in advance of any European nation. Marriage amongst them is devoid of any religious ceremony, being regarded as a partnership affair which is not affected by any theological considerations.

A Russian Jew named Solomon Karpur has been brought up at a London police-court charged with attempted suicide. The newspaper report says: "The accused has had bad health, and recently became a Freethinker, and he has worried

a great deal about it." It does not appear whether it was his bad health or becoming a Freethinker that worried him. There is no reason why it should have been the latter; he could have turned believer again if Freethought was not to his taste. He has been sent to Baroness Hirsch's Home.

The sacrifice of the innocents goes on under the cloak of religion with an impetus which is simply appalling. An advertisement recently appeared from a "refined couple" who would adopt a baby. Then came the sanctimonious bait, "Happy Christian home." This happy Christian home was represented as being in a healthy suburb of Bristol. It was so healthy that one of the four children taken in there died, and the others were in such a condition that three females concerned in keeping on this "Christian home" have been each sent to prison for three months.

There are glimpses of intelligence in the *Church Gazette*, though it has chosen in its latest issue to refer somewhat disrespectfully to the *Freethinker*. A writer in this Broad Church organ, arguing from analogy, says "the existence of much suffering in this life points to, at least, a mixture of similar unhappiness in another state of being under the same sovereign rule." That is exactly the reply of Freethinkers when assured that in another world the evils of the present existence will find their compensation.

The *Christian Age* is pleased to vent a little religious spleen on the death of Colonel Ingersoll. It says that the Colonel was he whom the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage designated the "champion blasphemer of America." Of course it is of no consequence what De Witt may have said. He is himself described, and very accurately too, as the "champion buffoon and religious mountebank of America." His opinion of Ingersoll is not worth considering. It is like his impudence to offer it, after having been kicked around the arena by every Freethinker who has taken any notice of him. He rejoices in the death of Ingersoll, as all the religious bigots do.

It is amusing to learn from the *Christian Age* that De Witt severely handled the Colonel in a series of "brilliant discourses." This is news indeed. But when John Lobb talks of the Colonel's platform style as "brutal and coarse," it is unnecessary to offer any reply. Lobb is a person to be passed by in silence as unworthy of the slightest consideration. His opinion amounts to nothing. Nobody wants to know it, though he offers it very freely.

Lobb is not above deriving any credit he can from the man whom he maligns. So he tells us that it was through a question of Ingersoll that General Lew Wallace first undertook the writing of "Ben Hur," which appeared in the *Christian Age* and elsewhere.

The Ritualistic controversy is assuming serious proportions. At least, we suppose so, when we learn from a Church paper that "only two alternatives present themselves. Either the traitors must be cast out of the Church, or the Church must cease by Disestablishment to misrepresent the faith of the English nation."

Disestablishment does not seem so far off, after all. There is the declaration of Mr. Whiteley, M.P.: "A year ago nothing would have induced me to support Church Disestablishment. To-day I am a strong advocate of it. Further, I am convinced that tens of thousands of Englishmen over the country have had their opinions changed in a similar fashion." Quite true; even after that solemn pronouncement at Lambeth Palace against incense and unnecessary lights.

Mr. Whiteley, in the bitterness of his spirit, has something to say about "the unfairness and ineptitude of the clergy" and their supporters both in and out of Parliament. It is not for us to dispute Mr. Whiteley's word about people with whom he has probably a better acquaintance than we have. Let us assume the "unfairness and ineptitude of the clergy." Mr. Whiteley has made no new discovery. Other testimony points in the same direction.

We already knew that "Oom Paul" was an intensely religious man. Kruger is now compared to one of J. M. Barrie's Auld Licht elders in the *Little Minister*. It is said he has narrow views on religious questions (which we can believe), he takes the Scriptures literally, and "has the lowest opinion of your intelligence if you tell him that the earth is round. He believes that the Bible distinctly proves that the sun actually rises and sets, and that it is quite a delusion to suppose the earth revolves upon its own axis."

In a very self-sufficient way, the secretary of the Central Sunday-closing Association—he has had his name printed in several newspapers, so he need not expect it to be repeated—has written a letter on the "success of Sunday Closing in Wales." Reading between the lines, it is easy to see that this Sunday Closing in Wales is "successful," inasmuch as it satisfies the intolerant demands of the bigoted Puritans of the Principality. But a little longer experience will present a very

different aspect, especially in North Wales, whither tourists mostly direct their steps. There many of the inhabitants depend on visitors, and it is very possible indeed that there will be a serious falling off in that kind of support if this stupid kind of Sabbatarianism continues.

The Imperial Federation, or some members thereof, are about to issue an edition of the New Testament "in its original purity." Apparently they know more about the "original" character of that book than many learned folks who have devoted—perhaps wasted—life-long studies upon it. As might be expected, their method is a mere question of following their own sweet wills, though it is fair to say that they propose to proceed in a distinctly rationalist direction.

They propose to proceed on the principle of the "complete eradication and expunging of all passages relating to the divinity and priesthood and kingship of Jesus Christ, on which, evidently, and without doubt, rests the entire fabric of the Papacy, Mariolatry, the Mass, Atonement, Confession, Indulgences, Infallibility, and other dogmas—with its Idolatrous worship, all which the Ritualists are now trying to introduce and legalise in our Protestant Church. All allusions to the 'eating and drinking of the flesh and blood of Jesus Christ,' propitiatory sacrifice, miracles, and the supernatural, together with all passages inculcating any primacy of Peter, 'the Power of the Keys' given to apostles, and other idolatrous doctrines, which have been interpolated in the Gospels at some very remote period when the original, being exclusively in the hands of the monks, were skilfully manipulated, and then all other copies destroyed that might tell the tale. And from this one manufactured script all the codices and manuscripts have proceeded which we now regard as 'most ancient and genuine and authoritative.'"

De Witt Talmage says it is worse to sleep in church than to smile. Both are dreadful iniquities, no doubt; but what can a poor church-goer do? He is usually bound to do one or the other. De Witt seems to realise that fact in regard to other conventicles than his own, and rather plays it out against his humbler, though perhaps more capable, confrères in the Church of Christ. But he has forgotten another alternative which may apply to his own tabernacle. Persons may walk out in disgust.

The Bible now is safe. The Welsh Union of Llanelly, after hearing a paper on "The Present Aspect of the Higher Criticism," have passed a resolution expressing the belief of the assembly in the supernatural character of the Bible, "without which we cannot see the possibility of accounting satisfactorily for its contents."

In an amusingly naive fashion the Rev. F. R. Hillary, a missionary in Corea, tells the story of his difficulties in converting the natives to Christianity. He says the Corean wants something very simple, "and it is useless to hand him one of the Christian gospels and to tell him to read it, for he is very soon floored, and does not want to have anything more to do with us." Mark Kini, one of the newly-converted Christians at Kanghoa, thus explains the difficulties of an uneducated Corean. Somebody, for instance, gives him the Gospel of St. Matthew in the vernacular. He opens it, and the first thing he sees is the genealogy of Jesus. He begins to read, but cannot understand it. "Abraham?" he muses, "who is Abraham? I don't know. Let us paper the wall with the book!" The Catechism informs him that God has a son, and then he immediately asks if God possesses also a wife. If nobody is at hand to enlighten him, he generally papers the wall with the pages, taking care to put the print inside.

"Will exchange Christian Science treatment for first-class tailoring. Address T, 404, Tribune Office." This advertisement appeared in the *Chicago Tribune*, Sunday, June 18.

A correspondent of a religious weekly is very much concerned over the growing practice of cycling to church on Sunday. He considers the use of the cycle for churchgoing to be "detrimental to the cause of Christ," and tearfully adds that there seems to be "more enthusiasm over the speed of the machine than the worshipping of God or the sermon just preached." Which is not at all unlikely.

In the village of Coveney, Cambs., a curious controversy has arisen. Mr. Chambers, of Cambridge, has constructed a beautiful white marble obelisk inscribed "Peace, Perfect Peace," to be placed over his wife's grave. The rector considers it a heathen survival, and objects to its erection. But what is there heathenish about such a simple inscription as this? There are many hen-pecked husbands who would regard it as a pious pleasure to put up such a memorial over their better halves, the inscription indicating their own happy state of mind.

At the parish church of Wheatley, in Oxfordshire, there was no service or sermon the other Sunday, in consequence of a very singular accident. A driver had been sent to fetch a

clergyman who had undertaken to supply the place of the Vicar, but on arriving in Oxford the driver had quite forgotten the clergyman's name and address, and had to return without him. A newspaper report of the occurrence concludes with the sly observation: "The driver was very much distressed at the mischance; in fact, he seemed to take it a great deal more to heart than did the congregation."

The Crystal Palace had better look to itself if it would avoid absolute financial ruin. The Rev. Walter Hobbs, of West Norwood, says that if the Palace remains open on Sundays it will be severely left alone by Sunday-school choirs and Band of Hope unions. Thus there will be nothing left to it but dog shows, theatrical performances, concerts, athletic sports, fireworks, and the like. Perhaps it could, if it tried, manage to go along on those lines, and let the Sunday-school choirs betake themselves elsewhere.

Joseph Chamberlain, it seems, was once a Sunday-school teacher; but we are told, and can believe, that "his religious instruction was not characterised by any excess of devotional fervor." His interest in theology was assumed. A favorite saying of his was that his religion consisted in doing his duty to his fellow-man, and particularly in alleviating the lot of the poor.

A correspondent of the San Francisco *Chronicle* writes: "While in command of a guard protecting the United States Consulate at Apia, the writer was furnished with a native force of Malietoa warriors, most of whom had been converted. On one of the first Sunday nights these gentle, guileless Christians requested permission, through a missionary, to sing a few hymns. Imagine my surprise and disgust a few days later to see one of these meek and lowly converts, hideously bedaubed with paint, and stripped nearly naked, triumphantly carrying through the streets the head of an enemy (who in this case was said to be his own cousin), as a mark of Christian spirit and brotherly love, the aforesaid head having been severed by the then possessor in a skirmish that morning. Expressing somewhat strongly my surprise to the missionary that one of his flock should so quickly lapse into semi-barbarism, I was told, with an expressive and deprecating shrug of the shoulders, that it was Faa Samoa, and could not be helped. 'But,' I asked, 'do you not tell them that such an atrocity is unchristianlike, and abhorrent to our religion?' 'Oh, yes,' replied Mr. —; 'but they answer by quoting the fifty-first and fifty-fourth verses of the seventeenth chapter of the first Book of Samuel, and ask, with a devout air of truth and triumph, if, as the Scripture says, David, one of God's chosen, did not cut off and exhibit the head of his enemy, the Philistine Goliath, whom he killed in battle?'"

The established Presbytery of Glasgow has just held a meeting, at which a letter was read from the Secretary of the Working-men's Sabbath Protection Association, asking the Presbytery to join them and other religious bodies in sending a memorial and a deputation to the Town Council against the motion of Mr. Shaw Maxwell to open the People's Palace on the Lord's Day.

Of course, the proposal to keep this resort closed on the one day when most of all it should be open met with the hearty support of the "meenisters." The Rev. Mr. Kelly and others strongly urged that there should be "no counter-attraction which would militate against the preaching of the Word." Poor Word, which has to be fenced round with so many protections, and poor preaching, which is so terribly frightened at rival attractions! The Presbytery decided to comply with the request of the so-called Working-men's Association.

In Lapland there is no hesitation in publishing a newspaper on Sunday. The paper is somewhat of a novelty, and does not entail much labor, being written on a single sheet of paper. At present its subscribers number about half-a-dozen.

Mr. Joseph Hatton, in his interesting weekly "Cigarette Papers," pays an eloquent tribute to Colonel Ingersoll, whom he describes as a "very remarkable and lovable man," and of whom he speaks from personal acquaintance. "Ingersoll," he says, "possessed and lived the virtues he extolled. He preached the gospel of love and friendship, the sacredness of the domestic hearth, the duty of patriotism, the respect due to authority. He was a model husband, a devoted father, a sincere friend, and the most genial and intellectual companion any good fellow could desire to have. There was no carping political spirit, no narrow cynicism, no scoffing at the rich to win the good opinion of the poor, nor any self-seeking in Ingersoll's public and private life."

This is all very well; but why does Mr. Hatton, in comparing the characteristics of the Colonel with those of Charles Bradlaugh, offensively allude to "Tom Paine"; and why does he write as if the doctrine of everlasting punishment was peculiarly a feature of the Old Testament, or to be found there at all?

Special.

I AM writing this in the midst of a little holiday at the seaside. While I was in London, and busy with my work, I did not quite know how much I needed rest and change—especially change; but I soon discovered it when I was at leisure in healthier surroundings. Happily I was not at all ill, but simply overwrought; and my old vigor is rapidly returning. As soon as I am back in London I shall have the new Company registered. When that is done those who have favored me with the promises I have acknowledged in the *Freethinker* will be invited to take up their shares legally. Meanwhile the Memorandum and Articles of Association are being prepared by my solicitor, and are in fact nearly ready for signing.

Owing to the bank-holiday interval I have not received my letters from London since Saturday (August 5), and I am writing this late on Tuesday evening (August 8). I am therefore only able to acknowledge this week such promises as reached me by the former date. They do not make a large show, of course, but the list will be proportionately longer next week. At least I venture to think so, in spite of August being the great holiday month of the year, when even Freethinkers are more bent on pleasure than on anything else.

G. W. FOOTE.

P.S.—The following are the promises of support already received, the figure after each name indicating the number of £1 shares:—

Previously acknowledged:—

Mr. George Anderson, 500; A London Friend, 500; Mr. Horace S. Seal, 200; Mr. Fr. Essemann, 100; A Scotch Friend, 50; Mr. S. Hartmann, 30; Messrs. John and James McGlashan, 20; Mr. Richard Johnson, 20; Mr. C. Girtanner, 20; Mr. T. E. Green, 10; Mr. George Dixon, 10; Mr. C. Davis, 10; A Gateshead Friend, 10; Dr. T. R. Allinson, 10; Mr. G. J. Warren, 5; Mr. Joseph Barry, 5; Mr. Jas. Partridge, 5; Mr. A. L. Brame, 5; Mr. S. M. Peacock, 5; Mr. W. H. Spivey, 3; Mr. M. Christopher, 2; Shares to Mr. G. W. Foote (say) 1,000; Mr. Sydney A. Gimson, 25; Mr. W. Hardaker, 20; Mr. Joseph Guy, 15; Mr. B. L. Coleman, 10; Mr. L. Gjemre, 10; Mr. William Bailey, 10; Mr. Peter Gorrie, 10; Mr. R. A. Strange, 10; Mr. G. Langridge, 10; Mr. Richard Green, 5; Mr. A. B., 5; Mr. G. E. Lupton, 5; Mr. J. D. Leggett, 5; Mr. J. H., 5; Mr. T. Ollerenshaw, 3; Dragon, 2; Miss G. M. Vance, 2; Mr. L. Leggett, 2; Mr. R. Alger, 2; Mr. Freeman, 2; Mr. T. A. Spivey, 2; Mr. C. Shepherd, 1; Harold Elliot, 1; Mr. A. G. Lye, 2; Mr. John Sumner, 1; Mr. John Roberts, 3; Mr. J. Maling, 5; Mrs. Mary Ann Button, 5; Mr. David Mitchell, 5; Mr. Jesse Oliver Bates, 10; Mr. James Fulton, 10; Mr. H. A. Cumber, 5; Mr. C. E. Brammer, 5; Mrs. Martha Dye, 5; Mr. G. H., 1; Mrs. Neate, 2; Mr. Martin Weatherburn, 5; Mr. James Neate, 3; Mr. Neate, 2; Mr. George Taylor, 2; Mr. H. F. Bullock, 1; John Waller, 5; Mr. J. Bullock, 2; Mr. A. F. Dowding, 2; Dr. R. T. Nichols, 10; Mr. J. Keast, 1; Mr. R. Richard, 1; Mr. J. G. Thompson, 2; Mr. Albert Smart, 5; Mr. Richard Carroll, 10; Mr. J. M. Day, 1; Mr. W. N. Sweetman, 2; Mrs. D. P. Sweetland, 2; Mr. T. H. Seymour, 10; Mr. C. S. Hayes, 2; Mr. H. Barratt, 5; Mrs. Charlotte S. Giblin, 1; Mr. F. W. Donaldson, 5; Mr. R. Axelly, 2; Mr. F. J. Gould, 1; Mr. J. F. Hampson, 5; Mr. H. Garthwaite, 1; Mr. W. Garthwaite, 1; Mr. C. E. Hall, 5; Mr. George L. Alward, 5; Mr. H. B. Dodds, 2; Mr. T. Hill, 2; Mr. J. G. Dobson, 2; Mr. G. W. Holloway, 4; Mr. Robert Jacob, 10; Mr. A. C. Brown, 1; Mr. W. M. Constant, 2; Mr. G. Parr, 2; Mr. James Davie, 10; Mr. J. W. Dawson, 2; Mr. Peter Dawson, 2; M. A. Lewis, 2; Mr. David Watt, 1; M. H. J., 5; Mr. Luke Vickers, 2; Mr. J. Fish, 1; Mr. S. Holmes, 2; Mr. J. W. Griffiths, 1; Mr. J. T. Embleton, 2; Secular Society Limited, 20; Mr. George Einnson, 5; Mr. J. C. Pickett, 2; Mr. Jas. Baker, 1; Mr. J. M. McInnes, 2; Mr. J. Slyngh, 10; Mr. E. Wilson, 5; Mr. John Proctor, 10; Mr. R. Robinson, 1; Mrs. Mensbier, 5; Mr. E. C. Cooke, 20; Mr. R. F. Mack, 2; Mr. J. Seddon, 1; Mr. Frederick Ryan, 4; Mr. R. F. Mack, 3; Mr. William Barks, 2; Mr. Arthur Button, 5; Mr. J. G. Carr, 1; Mr. C. Cohen, 2; Mr. C. Pegg, 5; Mrs. M. E. Pegg, 5; Mr. A. E. Elderkin, 1. Total, 3,011.

This week's acknowledgments:—

Mr. J. Jones, 5; Mr. T. E. Whitta, 1; Mr. H. F. Sesemann, 20; Mr. B. Dudley, 2; Mr. Joseph Pruett, 10; Mr. J. C. Baines, 3; Mr. J. Oscar, 1; Mr. Robert Gibbon, 5; Dr. E. B. Foote (New York), 5; Mr. J. Ferguson, 1; Mr. W. J. K. Rider, 2.

Mr. Foote's Engagements.

September 3, Athenæum Hall, London ; 10, South Shields.

To Correspondents.

MR. CHARLES WATTS'S LECTURING ENGAGEMENTS.—September 3, New Brompton ; 10 and 17, Athenæum, 73 Tottenham Court-road ; 24, Birmingham. October 1, Sheffield ; 29, Glasgow. November 12, Liverpool.—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.

H. C. SHACKLETON.—We have handed your letter, etc., to Mr. Forder, who will see to the matter.

A. KENT.—The remains of the late Charles Bradlaugh were not cremated but buried at Woking Cemetery.

J. BRICE.—Pleased to hear from an old Freethinker like yourself, but the verse is hardly up to our level for publication.

T. E. WHITTA.—Probably there are others like yourself who may be able to take more shares in the future.

J. JONES.—Pleased to have your opinion that the new Company promises to be "useful and beneficial."

LOUIS LEVINE.—Many thanks for your most welcome batch of American cuttings. You will see that they have been useful.

MUCH correspondence stands over till next week, in consequence of the editor's absence from London.

JOHN GAZEY (Brooklyn).—Your cuttings were timely and useful. Thanks.

R. FRANCIS.—The late C. H. Spurgeon pretty nearly hit the bull's-eye when he said that the divines who prepared the Revised Version of the Bible were strong in Greek, but weak in English. Probably the old Authorised Version will never be supplanted. It is a literary monument in its way.

WILLIE DYSON.—It would have been better if the *Sheffield Independent* had inserted your letter, or at least a part of it. Its reply to you is very lame. But justice to Freethinkers can hardly be expected from newspapers that are ostentatiously in favor of Christianity.

PAPERS RECEIVED.—Truthseeker (New York)—Secular Thought—Public Opinion—Two Worlds—Lucifer—Meriden Morning Record—Ethical World—El Libre Pensamiento—Northern Daily Telegraph—Progressive Thinker—Birmingham Daily Mail—Zoophilist—Boston Investigator.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sugar Plums.

The editor of the *Freethinker* is spending his brief annual holiday—and a much-needed one—at the seaside. Mr. Francis Neale is kindly seeing the paper through the press in the editor's absence. No doubt the readers will pardon any little shortcomings they may notice. Proper provision for all contingencies will be made when the new Company gets under weigh.

The *Two Worlds*, a leading Spiritualist paper, reproduces with acknowledgment the Brief Biography of the late Colonel Ingersoll from the *Freethinker* of July 30.

Mr. J. Harrison, of Meriden, a gentleman we met during our visit to America, sends us a copy of the local *Morning Record* containing his vigorous reply to that journal's sneers and slanders on the occasion of Ingersoll's death. We congratulate Mr. Harrison on his excellent letter.

London Freethinkers will remember the annual excursion to Littlehampton on Sunday, August 27, full particulars of which will be found in our advertisement pages. There ought to be a big gathering of "saints" on this occasion. Messrs. Foote, Watts, Forder, Cohen, and other well-known Freethinkers, intend to join the party.

Mr. Foote will reopen the Athenæum Hall, 73 Tottenham Court-road, on the first Sunday in September (3rd). He will be followed by Mr. Charles Watts, who is to deliver there his first London lectures since his illness—that is to say, for many months.

It is very satisfactory to note that even the broiling hot weather to which we have been treated of late has not had the full effect that might have been expected on the numbers of those attending out-door Secular lectures. A series of lectures are announced for to-day, including two at Brockwell Park, which is becoming a very pleasant rendezvous for Freethinkers of that neighborhood and some distance afield.

The Freethinkers of Porth and Tonypany, we are glad to learn, had a very pleasant outing on Sunday, though our informant does not state the place to which the excursion was made. The weather was beautifully fine, and everything very enjoyable.

Attention is drawn to the meetings in connection with the Secular Schools, Pole-lane, Failsworth, to-day (Sunday, August 13). Mr. C. Cohen delivers two addresses—one in the afternoon on "Evolution and Special Creation," and the other in the evening on "Morality without Religion."

A veteran Freethinker in South Lancashire, having just made his will, has included in it a bequest of £200 to the Secular Society, Limited. He has also directed that he shall be buried without any religious ceremony by Mr. G. W. Foote, who has undertaken to officiate whenever it may be necessary.

Mr. William Steel, banker, of San Raphael, California, recently deceased, inserted the following clause in his will, dated June 7, 1889: "And I make the special request that my body be cremated, and that not one copper coin of the income of my estate be expended upon, or in, any chapel or church, or upon the support or encouragement, directly or indirectly, of any so-called minister of the Gospel, or on missionaries of any sect, for the whole of the tribe of whom I entertain a sincere, well-founded, and unconquerable aversion, because during my lifetime I found that both the men and women preachers did not know about what they were talking."

Ingersoll on the Sabbath.

NOTHING can be more inconsistent than the theories and practice of the Churches about the Sabbath. The cars run on Sundays, and out of the profits hundreds of ministers are supported. The great iron and steel works fill with smoke and fire the Sabbath air, and the proprietors divide the profits with the Churches. The printers of the city are busy Sunday afternoons and evenings, and the presses during the nights, so that the sermons of Sunday can reach the heathen on Monday. The servants of the rich are denied the privileges of the sanctuary. The coachman sits on the box out-doors, while his employer kneels in church, preparing himself for the heavenly chariot. The iceman goes about on the holy day, keeping believers cool, they knowing at the same time that he is making it hot for himself in the world to come. Christians cross the Atlantic, knowing that the ship will pursue its way on the Sabbath. They write letters to their friends knowing that they will be carried, in violation of Jehovah's law, by wicked men. Yet they hate to see a pale-faced sewing-girl enjoying a few hours by the sea; a poor mechanic walking in the fields; or a tired mother watching her children playing on the grass. Nothing ever was, nothing ever will be, more utterly absurd and disgusting than a Puritan Sunday. Nothing ever did make a home more hateful than the strict observance of the Sabbath. It fills the house with hypocrisy and the meanest kind of petty tyranny. The parents look sour and stern, the children sad and sulky. They are compelled to talk upon subjects about which they feel no interest, or to read books that are thought good only because they are stupid.

The Bishop of Honduras has been telling a *Daily News* interviewer of the superstition and credulity of the Catholics in his diocese. In a Nicaraguan cathedral he was shown a massive stone pulpit which had been brought from Rome. The vessel carrying it had been wrecked, but the stone pulpit, having been blest by the Pope, did not sink, but floated to its destination of its own accord. Of course the Protestant bishop laughs at this ridiculous fable. But is it any sillier than the Bible story of an iron axe floating on a river? Superstitionists laugh at other people's miracles, but pull a solemn face over their own. Other people's miracles are lies; their own miracles are gospel.

The Lord and the Long Vacation.

"THANK the Lord, the long Vac. has come!" will in a few days be the heartfelt cry of many a weary lawyer at the Royal Palace of Justice, in front of which that hideous Griffin stands. And the Lord himself may exclaim: "For this relief, much thanks"; being, after all, according to the orthodox theory, more or less at the mercy of his free-willed creatures.

If one should ask why the Lord should be specially interested in the proceedings of the Law Courts—the Supreme Court of Judicature, the Chancery, Queen's Bench, Probate, Divorce, Admiralty, and other divisions—the answer will present itself on a moment's reflection. Nearly every witness who has been called during this long and exceptionally busy term has been sworn on "the Book," preceding his testimony with a "So help me God!" Thus the Lord has found himself called upon in the Courts often by twenty persons at once to help them in the frequently difficult task of speaking the truth.

Whether he has responded to the appeal, and rendered the sought-for assistance, is not quite clear. The results in the way of wholesale lying and tergiversation are pretty much the same as if he had never been supplicated at all. Wherefrom it may be concluded that he was either deaf and indifferent, and disdained to afford any help, or that, having given it, he must in numberless instances be terribly disgusted with that which has followed. Entirely without his permission, and in a way which he is represented as having expressly prohibited, his creatures have associated him with every one of the hundreds of causes that have been heard. No doubt, like the lawyers, he is by this time thoroughly sick of it all, and very glad indeed that it is over until the next term begins.

The judges complain of being over-worked. They are always wanting to "add to their number," as committees are sometimes authorised to do. They manifest distressing signs of fatigue when the Vacation approaches. But what are their labors, confined as they are to one court at a time, compared with those of the Lord, who is invited to lend an ear to all the courts simultaneously? And listen, moreover, to what are very often shocking tales of chicanery, deception, greed, and the lust of the flesh. It may be possible for him, in spite of the frequent revelations in these courts, to lay the flattering unction to his soul that this is the best of all possible worlds, and that its arrangements do credit to the exercise of omniscient and omnipotent powers. That is, however, a point to be argued both in and out of Chambers, and there are several Q.C.'s whom we know—who are now packing up their traps to leave town—who, if they were briefed and fee'd, would have no difficulty in making a very good show of reasoning to the contrary. A lengthened period of observation in the courts is sufficient to give a rude shake to one's confidence in human nature, and to show that the preliminary of an oath is no bar to the vilest of false testimony.

There is a friend of mine whose duty it is to sit from day to day in the Divorce Court and chronicle, as far as decency will permit, dreadful stories of outraged honor and sexual infamy. He hears so much which shocks him, case-hardened as he is, that at the end of the term he leaves his task a cynical, soured man, bereft of faith alike in man's honor and woman's virtue. It is useless to point out to him that he sees but one aspect of marital relationships, and that the worst. He wants to know how much there is of the same character which never comes into court, and his general conclusion is that there is "something rotten in the state of Denmark," and from that opinion he declines to be turned. The Lord, being everywhere, is still more familiar with the details of these cases, and has day after day the additional pleasure of having his Book kissed and his name called upon by some unblushing co-respondent, who immediately proceeds to lie as if he were Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, or St. Peter.

This, it must be confessed, is not very nice for the Maker of all things, and is probably not exactly what he expected when originally he pronounced his handiwork good. The Vacation is, therefore, to be welcomed both in heaven above and on the earth beneath, if only

because it means a temporary cessation of discreditable stories publicly told, and false-swearing upon the book which emphatically says "Swear not at all."

There is good reason to believe that, though the Lord is invoked every time a witness enters the box, he is very often absent from this boasted Palace of Justice. Or, if present, he is in a condition of masterly inactivity just when his intervention is most urgently needed. There is an abundance of law in these Courts, but the supply of justice is limited. The long-purse is usually successful in the end. Poor suitors without means stand very little chance of their wrongs being righted. One would think that a just Deity would be seized with terrible anger when widows and orphans are robbed of their rights with the sanction of what is supposed to be law. But we see no instance of providential interference to prevent these iniquities.

It is as though no God existed, or that, if he exists, he is unable or unwilling to help his creatures in their direst extremities. He is supposed to be concerned in the proceedings of the judges, juries, and witnesses; but there is no evidence that his concern extends beyond that of a quiescent looker-on. Otherwise, it is impossible to understand why so much flagrant injustice is permitted; why false evidence should be received, and wrong verdicts given that very often are never reversed.

It would seem to be a more decent and dignified attitude towards the Deity, if there be one, to refrain from mixing up his name with the quips and quibbles of the law or the sordid contentions of angry suitors. Why should the Deity be dragged into the unsavory atmosphere of the Divorce Court, or, still worse, into the County Court, where some unseemly squabble is proceeding over a paltry account? It cannot be that his introduction contributes in the slightest degree to the elucidation of the truth. In all the Courts the witnesses go prepared with their respective stories, and the kissing of the book does not lead them to vary that which for days, perhaps weeks and months, has been cut and dried in their minds.

What a pity it is that Christians cannot be brought to "treat God as a gentleman," as Mr. G. J. Holyoake once put it. When professed believers systematically treat their Deity with gross discourtesy and irreverence, the question is suggested: Who would really care to be a god?

FRANCIS NEALE.

Theology and Morality.

THEOLOGY is not morality; indeed, it is, too often, immorality. It is concerned with man's relations to the gods in whom he believes; while morals are concerned with man's relations to his fellows. The one looks heavenward, wondering what dues shall be paid the gods to win their smiles or ward off their frowns. In old Rome *sanctitas*, or holiness, was, according to Cicero, "the knowledge of the rites which had to be performed." These done, the gods were expected to do their part. So in new Rome, when the Catholic has attended Mass his share in the contract is ended. Worship and sacrifice, as mere acts towards supernatural beings, may be consonant with any number of lapses in conduct. Morality, on the other hand, looks earthward, and is prompted to action solely by what is due from a man to his fellow-men, or from his fellow-men to him. Its foundation, therefore, is not in supernatural beliefs, but in social instincts. All sin is thus resolved into an anti-social act: a wrong done by man to man.—Edward Clodd, "Pioneers of Evolution," p. 235.

Obituary.

THE Sheffield Secular Society has to mourn the loss of one of its most devoted members, in the person of Thomas Prasad Anderson, who died on July 31, at his brother's residence, 36 Friar's Street, Inverness, aged sixty-eight years. Mr. Anderson had lived many years in Sheffield, and for the last ten he had been a consistent member of the above Society. He was, as one of the Committee, conspicuous by his regular attention in the performance of the duties pertaining to that office, and was also ever ready, in the most earnest manner, to defend the principles of Freethought, so dearly held by him. Mr. Anderson had been ailing some eight or nine months, from disease of the lungs, prior to April last, when he went on a visit to his brother, in the hope of obtaining relief, or alleviation, by breathing the pure air from the Highlands and adjacent sea of his native country, but, unfortunately, to no benefit, probably from the disease being then too far advanced.—W. NELSON.

Crazy Christians.

WHAT kind of government the crazy Christians would institute, and what the state of society would be if left to their own machinations, can best be understood by referring to the state of society and the kind of government which existed when Christians molded society according to the will of a God who looked with equal favor upon acts of mercy and benevolence and acts of cruelty and treachery.

There is nothing more dangerous to the good order of society than the belief that God is the sum of all perfection, and yet sanctions deception, cruelty, and crime.

Now, I want to show the Christian the state of society which existed when the Christian religion was the dominant power, and when all matters of the State were under the control of the Church, and when it was death to any man to dispute ecclesiastical authority. The evidence which I shall adduce is not from infidel authors, but from eminent Christian historians, which I have noted down in studying up the history of the times referred to. It consists of short sayings, quotations, and sentences, every one of which refers to the condition of society when the Church was not only the power behind the throne, but the throne itself. Following are some of the statements which may be taken as an index to the condition of society above referred to: "Merchandise of the souls of men." "The clergy are sealed to irreclaimable profligacy." "Those who withheld tithes were considered worse than adulterers, murderers, and blasphemers." "Hells of vice uncovered in the monasteries." "All offices of the State in the hands of the clergy." "Thieves and assassins of every sort laughed at justice." "Crimes of every sort increased with fearful rapidity." "Judges received bribes and extorted them." "Perjury was a universal vice." "Life and property were left in perpetual insecurity by the numerous and ferocious bands of robbers." (All Christians.) "Men and women sold like cattle at the fairs." "The most revolting forms of licentiousness among the leading classes." "The Tower again echoed with the clanking of chains." "The rack and the stake once more claimed their victims." "Beating the pulpit for madness." "The ale-house their preaching-place." "The power of the clergy rested on the ignorance of the people." "There be no servant who shall not pay somewhat of his wages [to the Church]; none so poor a beggar that he shall not pay somewhat." "The parson keeps a pigeon-house to pick up somewhat at the sowing and at the harvest." "The parson shaveth, the vicar starveth, the parish priest pulleth, the friar scrapeth, the pardoner pareth, and we only lack the butcher to pull off our skins." "Wring their purses and make them drop as long as there is a penny in them." "Bribery was the rule in the courts of justice." "Whipped, imprisoned, and burned at the stake." "In less than ten years there perished in prison, by torture and at the stake, nearly four hundred persons." "It was a cardinal doctrine that the State could not deal with 'God's elect.'" "A Churchman could not be tried by the State even for treason." "The right of sanctuary was maintained—that is, harboring fugitives from justice. Once within the sacred precincts of church or abbey, they could defy the law and all its ministers. Thieves, robbers, murderers, and villains of the darkest dye looked securely out from the church during the day, and issued out at night to murder and plunder, which plunder was divided with those who had a more permanent abode in the sacred residence."

Such was the condition of society after Christians had ruled for a thousand years, when there were none to molest or oppose them. Such was the legitimate result of a firm belief in a God, created by half-civilised people, who had no conception of justice or human obligations, and an attempt to govern society by rules deduced from a supposed revelation of this half-civilised God. At first blush Christians will say that they do not favor such a state of society, and yet they advocate measures which would ultimately produce the same result. They are already trying to put God into the Constitution. This might be a great accommodation to God, but would a theocracy be the best kind of

government for the people? Then they want Christ acknowledged as the supreme ruler of the country. I shall object to this unless he gets "the regular nomination." To promote good morals, they want prayers and Bible-reading in the schools. They have all along been clamoring for a puritanical Sabbath. Would not most Christians think that it would be better for all, especially the young, to attend church on Sunday? And would not compulsory laws follow? Do not all Christians think that they ought to honor God and regard with holy reverence his story-book? And would they not pass laws making it a criminal offence to treat either differently from what Christians might dictate? Would not these laws be so construed as to mulct any man who is inimical to the Church? Would not the rank and file of Christians favor either and all of these measures to-day? Would they not think it the duty of every man to pay the minister and contribute to the support of the gospel? When these measures are incorporated into the laws of the country, there would remain the liberty to belong to the Church, and that would be about all the liberty that an American citizen could boast of. It is already the boast of the Church that "when it has the power it has the right." These measures would not all be reached in a day, but if there was no opposition one would follow another in quick succession.

The condition of society which has been described was the legitimate outgrowth of the Christian religion. This must be taken as a fair inference; for is it not a fact that the people were under the supreme control of the Christian religion for more than a thousand years? And a more loathsome condition of society is not recorded in the annals of history. To deny the existence of God or to doubt his "holy" word was to be doomed to the stake. No crime was too atrocious to be committed by a Christian; no act so dastardly as not to be sanctioned by the clergy; no form of iniquity, according to Christian authority, which was not shielded by the Church. Christians vied with each other in acts of cruelty and villainy. There was no protection to life, reputation, or property. While all observed the law of the Church, all broke the great law of humanity. The more devout, the more beastly. The more they sang praises to God, the worse they treated their fellow beings. The more Christianity, the less humanity. They prayed and pilfered. The clergy rioted and rotted; Church dignitaries rolled in luxury and indulged in the most disgusting licentiousness. Such was the character of men, according to Christian historians, who were governed by God and his book. Few Christians will yield the right of Freethought to an Atheist. Freethinkers have no rights which a Christian is bound to respect; yet they are entitled to all the rights and privileges of other citizens. Christians do not concede to Infidels the same right to reject the scriptures that they have to accept them. Throughout the history of the Church Christians have exacted privileges and immunities which they were unwilling to concede to others.

Free governments can only rest upon the equality of man; consequently no free government can exist under Christian rule. "God's chosen" have always trampled upon the rights of those who disagreed with them. If Christians ever get control of the government, those outside of the Church will fare as they did under puritanical rule. The rights of men will be determined by the Christian idea of the will of a slaveholding, man-killing, wine-drinking, tainted meat-selling god.

—JOHN PECK, in the "Truthseeker."

No power in the universe quells the wrath of the elements, contending against each other and against man with destructive violence; no command from on high checks the devastating fury of storm, water, or burning sun; no call wakes the dead from their sleep; no angel lets the prisoner out of his dungeon; no hand stretched out from the clouds reaches bread to the hungry nor drink to the thirsty; no sign from heaven grants supernatural knowledge; no light from above gives comfort or solace to the despairing soul. "Nature," says Feuerbach, "answers neither the questions nor the complaints of man; she inexorably flings him back upon himself." And even Luther found himself compelled to say in his ingenuous way: "For we see by experience that God does not take care of this temporal life."—Büchler.

The End of the World.

(BY THE LATE J. M. WHEELER.)

AMID the contentions of the primitive Christians there was one subject upon which they were agreed. It was that the end of the world and the day of judgment were at hand. Jesus is reported as declaring in the most emphatic way that there were those standing round him who should not taste of death until they saw the Son of Man coming in his kingdom (Matt. xvi. 28). Immediately after the tribulation attending the destruction of Jerusalem the sun was to be darkened and the stars to fall from heaven. "Verily, I say unto you, that this generation shall not pass till all these things be done. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away" (Matt. xxiv. 29; Mark xiii. 24-31). Peter, in his first preaching, declared that the last days had come (Acts ii. 16, 17). Paul tells the Thessalonians that "the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air" (1 Thess. iv. 16, 17). James says: "Be patient therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord"; "Behold the judge standeth before the door" (v. 7-9). John says: "Little children, it is the last time: and as ye have heard that Antichrist shall come, even now are there many antichrists; whereby we know that it is the last time" (ii. 18). The same thought pervades the Revelation, to show "things which must shortly come to pass" (i. 1), for "the time is at hand" (v. 3), and the book ends with the declaration, "Surely I come quickly."

The destruction of Jerusalem and the excitement it engendered contributed to swell the expectation of the end of the world. This belief, which a little previously to the time of Jesus had been promulgated in the Jewish book of Enoch (which Jude, v. 14, erroneously ascribes to "the seventh from Adam"), was doubtless the most efficient cause of the spread of the Gospel. Among the Pagans even the Stoics had taught that the world would be destroyed by successive conflagrations at destined periods, when all would be reabsorbed in deity. Ovid, writing a little before the Christian era, tells how Jove

Remembered in the fates a time when fire
Should to the battlements of heaven aspire,
And all his blazing worlds above should burn,
And all the inferior globe to cinders turn.

The early Christians confidently expected the catastrophe in the lifetime of the apostles, and it was firmly believed that John, who lasted longest, would tarry till Christ came. When he died and was buried at Ephesus, faith must have had a shock, but it still declared that John was not dead, but sleeping, and that the ground above his grave heaved with his breathing. In the second century Papias confidently cited the words of Christ himself in support of the doctrine of the Millennium, when every genuine believer would have abundance of cake and wine. But the doctrine of Christ's speedy coming was falling into the background, and the book of Revelation into disrepute.

St. Augustine tells us that the year 365 was designated as the fatal one—a calculation suggested, no doubt, by the number of days in the year. It, of course, passed over without Christ putting in an appearance, and the belief again fell in abeyance until Pope Gregory the Great found it profitable to put it forward. It was, however, at the close of the tenth century that the most widespread expectation of the end of the world occurred. About the year 960 one Bernard, a hermit, boldly proclaimed the assurance that the end of the thousandth year would bring the beginning of the end. The clergy adopted the doctrine, and the pulpits resounded with it. Every shooting star furnished occasion for a sermon on the approaching day of judgment. When an eclipse of the sun or moon happened to be visible the cities were deserted, their miserable inhabitants flying to caverns for refuge. In their terror men cast their riches and land-titles at the feet of the priests to buy from them, as accepted mediators, God's pardon before the last trumpet's call and the Judge's appearing. Buildings of every kind were suffered to fall into decay, and many noble edifices were deliberately destroyed. In the year 999 the pilgrims proceeding eastward towards Jerusalem,

where it was imagined Christ would descend, were compared to a desolating army. A thunderstorm set the whole army on their knees in mid march. Much property and many lives were lost, but "the only lasting effect of this stupendous panic was the augmentation of the temporal prosperity of the Church." In the succeeding ages numerous prophets appeared who received but too much honor in their own countries. In France, Pierre Jean, a Beghard, fixed 1335 as the date of the consummation of all things. Arnold, in Spain, fixed 1345. During the plague of the Black Death, 1347-50, it was widely believed that the end was at hand. Undeterred by the failure of former prophets, the Anabaptists, and other sects which followed in the wake of the Reformation, declared that the overthrow of the papal antichrist would precede the end of all things. Our great poet Milton closes his work on "Reformation in England" with an invocation to "the eternal and shortly-expected king." Yet his most sacred majesty, Charles II., turned up instead. As late as 1866 all Yorkshire was thrown into a ferment by the discovery at Leeds of an egg with the words, "Christ is coming," written on its shell with corrosive ink. In our own time the class from whom the Salvation Army is recruited receive predictions of the speedy coming of the long-delayed Christ not only with favor, but with avidity—

For faith, fanatic faith, once wedded fast
To fond delusions, hugs them to the last.

One of the most thriving religionists of the day is the editor of the *Christian Herald*, author of "Louis Napoleon, the Destined Monarch of the World"; and hosts of others find their account in preying upon the terror of "the great day of wrath." Surely a review of the falsification of the prophets from Jesus downwards, and a consideration of the anxiety, anguish, and insanity caused by belief in the speedy end of the world, whose stability underlies all human projects, should animate Freethinkers to destroy the superstitious belief in the book upon whose authority the delusion has been founded and supported.

The Gospel on the Sands.

DURING the late Session of Parliament a Select Committee of the House of Commons had a somewhat serious question to tackle. With the aid of counsel on both sides, and some evidence, they approached the matter in their customary spirit—i.e., one of severe judicial impartiality; and they disposed of it in their usual way—i.e., they forgot everything that had been said by all the parties, and came to a decision strictly in accordance with their own personal predilections. No one can find fault with this: it is the only compensation the four or five unfortunate hon. members have for sitting there through many weary hours, when they had much rather, and perhaps had better, be far, far away.

The question they had to decide was whether the Rhyl Urban District Council should have powers to regulate their own foreshore in regard to religious services, lectures, and sermons. The accounts given of the outrageous performances of a certain "Influence-slayer" who has now disappeared into duration vile, and of a Protestant fanatic who is still in evidence, seemed to justify the application of the District Council.

There was no question as to interference with the right of free public speech, because the Council proposed to allocate a more distant portion of the sands to these frantic orators, whose main object seemed to be centred in causing a breach of the peace, and still more in taking up a big collection. True, it was said on their behalf that the place proposed to be allotted to them was so far out from the shore that they would be in imminent danger of being washed away by the in-coming tide! At which the Committee-room roared.

The Committee, not being particularly pious, eventually decided upon a clause which, though favorable to the Rhyl authority, was in the nature of a compromise, and so that matter has ended.

But why, as the learned counsel for the Rhyl authority urged, should visitors to a seaside resort,

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who go there presumably for peace and quietude, be disturbed and driven away from the best portions of the beach by "having sermons shouted under their noses"? No such liberty is allowed in London to preachers and lecturers of any creed or no creed at all. Even seaside visitors of strong religious inclinations object, and rightly so, to the annoying usurpation of the most agreeable portions of the sands by hot-Gospellers, who make the whole atmosphere around them obnoxious and pestiferous, in spite of the plentiful supply of ozone.

Yet, after all, there is something in keeping, in the natural order of things, in this preaching of Christianity on the sands. A shifty-shaky, ever-changing, unsound soil is all that can be expected by propaganda of the kind. It partakes of the character of the doctrines preached. The man in the parable, who built his house on sand, is the prototype of the believer who bases his faith on a religion which changes its aspects and is shaken in its foundation almost from day to day.

Of course, it is not at all likely that any good is effected by these Evangelistic "buskers," except in regard to their own pockets. They are but poor rivals to the nigger minstrels, legerdemain artistes, serio-comic vocalists, and Punch and Judy shows, who generally attract the larger audiences, and who are themselves very often somewhat of a nuisance. They do not, however, endeavor to stir up fanatical strife where all should be peaceful pleasure. And these itinerants, though they take round the hat, do so on the merit of their own performances, and not, as the zealots do, in the name of "Christ and Him crucified," being sure that they would never receive anything on any other ground.

If the Rhyl authorities have really ordered the fanatical disturbers of seaside repose a good way out from the shore, it would be interesting to sit at a window on the parade and watch and wait for the incoming tide.

F. N.

Soudanese Morality.

The following story from the Soudan is told by an agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society named Stephanos. It shows that the "savages" are not quite as savage as their Christian slaughterers have painted them: "To-day I came across the Kadi, who was with the Emir Yakoub, one of the Khalifa's famous captains. This Kadi is a judge of the Mohammedan law—a man great in years, small in mercy—a notable oppressor. On one occasion a slave of the Emir's, married and with four children, had no food whatever to give them. Seeing his family starve, he went out, stole a lamb that he found straying, and slaughtered it. Two days later the owner heard that the Emir's slave was he who had stolen the lamb. So he went to the Emir and said: 'Thy slave has stolen my lamb.' The slave was called. 'Didst thou steal this man's lamb?' said the Emir. 'Yea, I stole the lamb,' replied the slave. 'Wherefore didst thou steal? Theft is forbidden.' The slave made answer: 'I and my family were starving—we had not eaten for four days—so I stole the lamb, and we ate it.' When the Emir heard this he had compassion on his slave, and said to the owner of the lamb: 'What is the price of the lamb?' And he answered: 'Four pieces of silver.' Then the Emir gave the money, and said to the slave: 'See thou steal no more.' But the cruel Kadi said: 'Thou shalt not go out hence until God's demand has been paid also.' The poor slave said: 'O, my Lord, the Emir has forgiven me; do thou also forgive me!' The Kadi answered: 'The Emir has forgiven thee what was due to him; but I do not forgive thee, because thou art indebted to God.' He was a thief; and the penalty due was to lose a hand. So the hand of the slave was cut off. To-day the Kadi is a beggar in desperate poverty, received by none, detested by all."

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

A Biblical Museum.

THE Christian Evidence Manufacturing Society beg to announce that having, with the aid of the Society of Biblical Archæology and the Palestine Exploration Company, collected a large number of ancient Hebrew relics confirmatory of Holy Writ, they intend to open an Exhibition of the same for the edification of the Christian public and the confusion of sceptics. The following extracts from their voluminous catalogue of nearly eight hundred pages will afford some idea of the important character of this vast and priceless collection:—

- (1) A piece of clay left over at Adam's creation.
- (23) A pulpit made from the forbidden tree.
- (51) Adam's first coat, with the outfitter's name, Jah and Co., on the collar.
- (53) A pair of slippers worked by Eve for her first visitor, who was fond of strolling in her garden in the cool of the day, to ease his feet on the gravel paths, and prevent his disturbing Adam's after-dinner nap.
- (119) Methusaleh's tombstone, with the original inscription still decipherable by the eye of faith.
- (128) The original plan of Noah's Ark, with sections showing the method of ventilation and sewerage.
- (151) Several Dead Sea fish preserved with salt from Mrs. Lot.
- (190) A rung of Jacob's ladder.
- (205) Joseph's fancy coat, with his initials on the left sleeve.
- (237) Mrs. Potiphar's dressing-gown.
- (310) Moses' shoes which he took off at the burning bush, with a sprig from the bush itself.
- (335) Aaron's blooming rod.
- (341) Specimens of the third plague, preserved by Pharaoh's Lord Chamberlain in a glass ball, with a *finger* cut on the outer surface, supposed to refer to Exodus viii. 19.
- (392) One of Pharaoh's chariot wheels, recovered at great expense, after six years' dredging, from the Red Sea.
- (409) The left hind leg of Aaron's golden calf.
- (422) A pot, supposed to be the one that contained manna and was deposited in the Ark.
- (429) An elastic suit of clothes worn by Joshua from boyhood to maturity, during the wandering in the wilderness. Great efforts have been made to find Caleb's suit, but without success. Joshua's suit can be tried on; it fits all comers, short or tall, fat or lean.
- (450) A feather from the left wing of the Archangel Gabriel, together with the spade he used in burying Moses.
- (492) A photograph of what Moses saw in the clift of the rock.
- (507) A bottle of anointing oil, with Aaron's trade mark on the label.
- (542) One of the ram's horns that blew down the walls of Jericho.
- (611) The saddle of Balaam's ass.
- (709) The ox-goad with which Shamgar slew six hundred Philistines.
- (905) The jawbone of an ass, recognised by the Pope of Rome and the Archbishop of Canterbury as the one employed by Samson.
- (1104) Elisha's wig and Elijah's mantle, well fumigated.
- (1271) Mummy of a cat, formerly the property of the Witch at Endor.
- (1592) Jonah's fare, deposited by the captain in the museum of Joppa, and recently discovered by Professor Sheman.
- (1915) A thermometer used in registering the heat endured by Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego.
- (2104) A portion of Ezekiel's dinner.
- (3796) A feeding-bottle used by the infant Jesus.
- (3999) A snuff-box made from the barren fig-tree.
- (4090) A barrel of pickled pork, from the Gadarean swine.
- (5911) The dish from which Jesus ate his last supper, with a list of the company, and a bill of fare.
- (6114) The rope with which Jesus committed suicide.
- (7196) A spur of the cock that crowed at Peter.
- (8272) A needle used by Paul in tent-making.
- (8310) The axe of the Apostles.
- (8380) The shutter on which Ananias and Sapphira were carried out.
- (9004) One of John's seven candlesticks.
- (10740) A fossil cherubim, with four heads and one hundred and twenty-six eyes.

The Committee beg to assure the public that all these articles, as well as the rest of the collection, have been fully authenticated by unimpeachable evidence; and, in order to anticipate the objections of cavillers, they beg to add that they decline to discuss the genuineness of an Exhibition which is guaranteed by the highest and most respectable authorities.

In the eyes of science all miracles are alike; they are the outcome of an ill-regulated fancy, combined with an utter ignorance of the laws of nature.—*Büchner*.

"Do right, and fear nothing," was the word of Stoicism.

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.): Closed during August.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

BATTERSEA PARK GATES: 11.30, A lecture.
 BROCKWELL PARK (near Herne-hill Gates): 3.15 and 6.30, R. P. Edwards.
 CAMBERWELL (Station-road): 11.30, S. E. Easton.
 HYDE PARK (near Marble Arch): Lectures every week evening at 8. Sunday, at 11.30, E. Pack.
 HAMPSTEAD HEATH (Jack Straw's Castle): 3.15, E. Pack.
 KILBURN (corner of Brondesbury-road): 7.15, E. Pack.
 MILE END WASTE: 11.30, R. P. Edwards; 7, S. Jones. August 16, at 8, C. Cohen.
 PECKHAM RYE: 3.15, S. E. Easton.
 STRATFORD (The Grove): 7, F. A. Davies, "The Meaning of Secularism."
 S. L. E. S. (Peckham Rye): 11.15, A lecture. (Brockwell Park): 3.15, A lecture.
 VICTORIA PARK (near the Fountain): 3.15, W. Heaford; 6.30, A lecture.
 THE TRIANGLE (Salmon-lane, Limehouse): 11.30, W. J. Ramsey; August 15, at 8, C. Cohen.

COUNTRY.

FAILSWORTH (Secular Schools, Pole-lane): C. Cohen—2.45, Evolution and Special Creation"; 6.30, "Morality without Religion." Tea provided.
 LIVERPOOL (Alexandra Hall, Islington-square): The hall will be closed during August.
 MANCHESTER SECULAR HALL (Rusholme-road, All Saints): Closed for Summer Season.
 PORTH BRANCH (Tonyandy, 100 Primrose-street): 6, "Shelley's Queen Mab."
 SHEFFIELD SECULAR SOCIETY (Hall of Science, Rockingham-street): 7, Willie Dyson, "The Government of Doles."

Lecturers' Engagements.

C. COHEN, 17 Osborne-road, High-road, Leyton.—August 13, Failsforth. 15, Limehouse. 16, Mile End. 20, m., Mile End; a., Victoria Park; e., Edmonton. 22, Limehouse. 27, m., Ridley-road; a., Peckham; e., Brockwell Park. 29, Limehouse. 30, Mile End.
 R. P. EDWARDS, 52 Bramley-road, Notting-hill.—August 13, a. and e., Brockwell Park.
 E. PACK, 10 Henstridge-place, Ordnance-road, St. John's Wood.—August 13, m., Hyde Park; a., Hampstead Heath; e., Kilburn. 20, Battersea Park. 27, Mile End.
 H. PERCY WARD, 5 Alexandra-road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.—September 3, Northampton.

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FRIENDS,

Having only ten minutes in which to catch the post, so that this message can get into the next issue, I am compelled to put it into the form of a letter, as that takes much less time than thinking out some fancy way of setting up type to draw attention. The Summer Season is practically over. I have a lot of stock left in suitings, which must be cleared. It makes my heart ache to do it, but I am giving an offer that even the keenest bargain hunter cannot resist. Although the loss will be tremendous for me, I am going to make up all my GOOD CLOTHS which have been sold at from 45s. to 50s. at one uniform price to clear—27s. 6d. for Lounge Suit to measure, or 30s. for Shooting or Morning Suit to Measure, and Trousers 8s. 6d. Every garment will be cut to customers' special measures, well-trimmed, and made up smart and strong, and will be sent carriage paid. Stock includes Blacks, Blues, Browns, Fawns, and Greys in both checks and mixtures, smooth or rough cloths, so fill Self-Measurement form below, and state color you require, and when you get the Suit you will weep tears of joy. If you do not like the value I give you, I will return your money in full, and allow you to keep the Suit. (I challenge the world to test me on this point.)

Next, I am making up a parcel which makes the ladies say all kinds of nice things about me. It consists of 1 Pair of All-wool Blankets, 1 Pair large Bed Sheets, 1 Beautiful Quilt, 1 Lady's Umbrella, 1 Pair fine Lace Curtains, 1 Flowered Cushioned Square, 1 White Apron, and 1lb Free Clothing Tea.

This week I have been writing to every Labor and Reform Club in the United Kingdom of which I could get the address, asking the Secretary to get his Committee to consider the advisability of starting to sell my Free Clothing Tea, for which I allow a good commission, and, if the profits are put to the funds of the organisation, a good working capital is easily realised. I sell this tea at a loss to advertise my clothing, which I think will do me more good than paying for posters to put upon the hoardings. Will all my friends who see this, and who are connected with any club or organisation, do me the favor of mentioning the matter to their Secretary, also informing him that I will gladly send a large free sample of the tea, with full conditions of agency? Tea need not be paid for till sold, and if anyone is dissatisfied with it, money is refunded, even if tea is used. Hoping to hear from you soon,

Yours very truly,

J. W. GOTT.

Self-Measurement Form.

Table with columns for COAT, TROUSERS, and VEST, and rows for various measurements like Length of Waist, Round Chest, etc.

