

Freethinker

Edited by G. W. FOOTE.

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The One Above.

It used to be a common expression of piety that "the One above sees all." The eye of God was over all his creation. He saw everything, even before it happened. He knew what had been, what was, and what was to be. Being infinite and eternal, there was to him neither past, present, nor future, but one everlasting Now. Of course, this was rather difficult to understand, but that was no real objection to it. The man who believes only what he understands will always have a remarkably slender creed. What is the use of faith if it only endorses the conclusions of reason? It is the triumph of faith to believe the incredible, to embrace the impossible, to reverence the absurd. Many a Christian—old Sir Thomas Browne, for instance—has wished that the mysteries of his religion were still more staggering, in order to draw forth the full powers of his sublimest faculty. This is why the Catholic Church has such a strong and perennial fascination. It makes no compromise with reason, but offers the world a number of supernatural dogmas, which must be accepted by the grace of God in the spirit of faith. Practically, it believes, with the sceptic Hobbes, that religion is like a pill, and that the man who chews it will never swallow it. One of the most magnificent statements of Catholic dogma—which, by the way, is subscribed by the majority of Protestants—is the Athanasian Creed. This was no more the work of Athanasius than it was of the present writer. It was never heard of until centuries after Athanasius closed his long and stormy career, in which he fought like a Trojan against all supporters of the horrid and blasphemous doctrine of the existence of one God. Athanasius was the great protagonist of Trinitarianism, but it was the Catholic Church that formulated the so-called Athanasian Creed. And what does that Creed say? It says that there are three personalities in one deity; that if you divide the substance, or confound the persons, you are eternally lost. You must steer a miraculously straight course between Scylla and Charybdis. But it has the candor to admit that what it tells you to believe, and damns you for not believing, is utterly unintelligible. It says that the Father is incomprehensible, the Son is incomprehensible, and the Holy Ghost is incomprehensible; and superbly adds that yet there are not three incomprehensibles, but one incomprehensible. That is the grand style—the style we like. And it is all so true! We accept every bit of it. We say "Amen!" to it all. The whole thing is incomprehensible, and if you are fond of incomprehensibility you could not be better suited. It is a lovely pillow for Faith to sleep on, while Reason takes a walk in the fresh air and daylight, or strolls in the cool night, under the everlasting stars, that seem to twinkle merrily at human folly, or to calmly rebuke human impertinence, according as you are a humorist or a sober philosopher.

It is only by faith that men believe in the One above. Reason has never been able to reconcile the existence of God with the facts of nature. The apologists of religion, No. 946.

who set about proving the doctrines of Theism, argue very plausibly—however fallaciously—until they come to what is called the problem of evil. There they find themselves in the midst of insuperable difficulties; and, after many comical attempts to extricate themselves, they nearly always give in, and confess that faith must come to their rescue. It is all a mystery, they say; we must wait until we are dead for the solution.

If there were One above who looked down upon the affairs of this world, he would certainly interfere if he possessed a spark of goodness. To begin with, he would contradict the lies that are told of him by his professional priests. They contradict each other, and therefore it is necessary that he should contradict them, if we are to know the truth. In the next place, he would compel them to practise what they preach, and prevent them from grasping wealth, honors, privileges, and powers, at the expense of the dupes whom they first mislead and then plunder. Then he would turn his attention to the malignant disputes and bloody quarrels of his children. He would put down war and bring about the reign of peace. A man who keeps a cat and a dog in the same house does not allow them to scratch and bite each other as they please. He enforces a certain discipline upon them, until they leave each other alone, and find time to contract a mutual respect, or even a certain liking for each other. Why does not God act in the same way? Then, again, God would surely take the various Governments of the world in hand, and make them realise that the arts of diplomacy, and the scuffle of international politics, are mean and contemptible beside the great question of the social welfare of the people. At the present moment there is plenty of opportunity for the One above to exert himself in this direction. The Dreyfus case alone—which involves far more than the fate of one man—calls loudly for his intervention. Witnesses give each other the lie, counsel works against counsel, foreign Governments are even appealed to, and invited to shed light upon the affair; and, after all, it is just possible that injustice will triumph. But the case would end in five minutes if the One above, who sees and knows all, would just step down and tell the truth. Yet this will not happen. God will do as much for the Martyr of the Devil's Island as he does for the rest of us—that is, nothing at all.

We are not exactly quarrelling with God, for the simple reason that we do not believe in his existence. What we are quarrelling with is the doctrine of priestcraft. The black army of faith, all over the world, employ the One above as their grand agent for deluding, defrauding, and terrifying mankind. He is only an idea; but, while people believe in him, he is as good as a reality. Mr. Punch, in the street show, is only a wooden puppet; his manipulator is concealed, and his speech is all done by proxy; yet the illusion is complete to the simplest little children, and their *blasé* elders will watch it half-cheated in spite of knowledge and common sense. Anyhow, there comes the collection at the finish; and in this also the priests resemble the Punch-and-Judy showmen.

G. W. FOOTE.



"The Divine Right of Churches."

UNDER the above heading, the *Church Gazette* of August 5 had a very interesting and suggestive editorial article. The writer, who is, of course, a professed Christian, clearly shows that there are no valid reasons for believing in what is termed "the divine right of Churches." By the term Church he means "neither more nor less than the people who make it, apart from whom it has no existence." That is, a Church is simply a congregation of individuals who meet to worship what they term a Supreme Being. This includes the whole of the Christian bodies, and ignores all such distinctions as Catholic and Protestant, the latter including both the Church of England and Dissenters. Now, why the alleged supernatural should be claimed for such associations it is difficult to understand. They possess nothing, as organisations, that is unique, and they manifest in their operations the same weakness and general failings that pertain to acknowledged human assemblies.

While the *Church Gazette* aims, in the article to which we are referring, to be critical, it does not attempt to explain what is to be understood by the word "divine." This is an unfortunate omission, inasmuch as we are left to individual opinions to learn what the term is supposed to mean. Thus, we have had in ecclesiastical history, and still have in the Churches to-day, varied representations of what "divine" signifies. It is, however, worthy of special note that in all the attempted definitions of the word there is nothing but human ideas expressed. This must necessarily be so in consequence of the inability of anyone to form an adequate conception of anything supernatural. Christians, from their earliest history, have assigned the origin of their faith and their Churches to causes which cannot reasonably be defended. Hence, false notions have been produced and fostered as to the nature and value both of the Churches and their teachings. This is another illustration of the erroneous basis of Christianity, and of the deceptive mode of its promulgation. It never could have been perpetuated upon its merits. It was not only ushered into the world by false pretences, but it has been maintained by false issues and an appeal to the credulity of its votaries. Among its more enthusiastic adherents emotion has suppressed reason, and fiction has taken the place of fact.

Bearing in mind these truths, it is to us exceedingly encouraging to know that its fallacious pretensions are being at last exposed by those within its own fold. The claim of infallibility has been put forward with persistent vehemence, more or less by all the Churches, and yet a more groundless one it would be difficult to discover. In a recent sermon the Rev. Professor George Henslow, M.A., F.L.S., urged this point with great force. He said: "If faith can be degraded into belief, so can belief degenerate into credulity. There may be many illustrations of this, but the one most prominent in religious matters is the credence put on a presumed infallible authority. All men and all churches are fallible, and only too readily fall in error. Fortunately for us Protestants, our English Church has taken the precaution to state this clearly. In the XIXth Article of our religion are these words: 'As the Churches of Jerusalem, of Alexandria, and of Antioch have erred; so also the Church of Rome hath erred not only in their living and manner of ceremonies, but also in matters of Faith.' In composing that Article, the writers could not of course admit that the Reformed Church was then erring too; because, if they recognised errors while framing the Liturgy and Articles, they would not have been inserted. But by implication we must recognise—and the Church cannot refuse the recognition of the possibility of error in her own teaching, as well as in that of others. Our own Church, therefore, here bears her own witness to the fact that the teaching of our Liturgy must not be regarded as necessarily and absolutely infallible, nor even all correct in every sentence. The Roman Church, however, claims an infallibility of interpretation. But this leads inevitably not to faith, however much it may be called by that name, but to credulity. Because, if you start with the assumption that what is told you is and must be infallibly right, you preclude

all necessity for inquiry or thought—you accept without question. You practically give up your conscience to the keeping of the Church, and that is simply blind and culpable credulity. The error is twofold. It is a two-edged sword. On the one hand it makes the Church, composed of fallible men as it is, equal to God alone; and it thus commits the very sin for which the Jews wished to stone Jesus. The world never gave rise to a purely human being who was not liable to err; and a Church, the Pope included, is only a collection of fallible men whom the Holy Spirit has never guaranteed to be infallible. If no one of them cannot help being fallible in intellectual matters, neither can they be so collectively" (*Church Gazette*, August 5).

We have inserted this extract from the rev. Professor's sermon because, coming from a Christian source, it may have greater weight with our opponents than if it emanated from Freethinkers. But to return to the editor of the *Church Gazette*. He also furnishes some strong arguments against the erroneous belief in the "Divine right of Churches." Having examined other reasons for accepting this belief, he says: "We next find ourselves thrown back on what can be judged of this matter from the writings of the Evangelists and the Apostles. When, however, it comes to that, the advocates of Church dictation from above are simply nowhere." And he adds: "But the pages of European history for the last 1,800 years have also their lesson to teach on this subject. History shows us that autocratic Churches have always been persecuting Churches. But it is replied, 'we are far too enlightened to think of persecuting now.' All we know is, they cannot; but if they could, who can assure us that history would not repeat itself? especially since obscurantism, and the 'enlightenment' claimed, make directly opposite ways. Moreover, it is nothing less than a logical outcome of the Divine Right position, that persecution—however bitter—should go along with it. Granting that spiritual interests, and right belief, infinitely transcend in importance all worldly considerations; granting, too, that a Church is quite certain that it holds these right beliefs exclusively, and everyone else is wrong, there is only one possible deduction from these premises—viz., that it is its positive duty, whenever necessary, to enforce such beliefs, and to exterminate error for the benefit of mankind at large. Here, again, history is not silent as to results. It shows us any number of instances where this logical course has been pursued, and has failed to the end; and a few where—as in Spain—it has succeeded—but only to the virtual extinction of the nation itself. That, then, is what Divine Right comes to, when acted out to its rigid conclusion." This is an accurate statement of the logical outcome of the belief that the Churches have a supernatural sanction. Freethinkers can testify to their acts of persecution, and we have ample evidence that, if the Churches possessed their former power, the same malignant treatment of heretics which stained their past history would not be entirely absent at the present day.

If the Churches were guided and controlled by this assumed power from above, and if the alleged Deity were what he is supposed to be, then the possibilities of differences and variations would be, as our religious contemporary observes, inconceivable. But the Churches which profess to be under this "Divine" influence are known to present such differences in too glaring abundance to require dwelling on here; and even if we examine any one of these Churches singly, as concerning its internal sections and component parts, which one of them, we ask, is able to really satisfy the test of complete unity within itself? Except in the case of the Roman Catholic Communion, no such unity is even professed, and even there the profession may simply be taken for what it is worth." Now, the Churches not only differ among themselves as to what are vital truths, but they are in many respects thoroughly in opposition upon other important points. Reading as we do the various religious newspapers, we gather abundant evidence which shows an entire lack of unity among the Churches. Hardly a week passes but that the newspaper representing one Church condemns, in forcible language, the doings of others. Where, then, does the advantage of the boasted "Divine right" come in?

Moreover, if this "Divine right" exist, its influence

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has been evil rather than good; for, while it has failed to produce harmony, it has not prevented the Churches from being the determined foe of science, social progress, education, and mental freedom.

CHARLES WATTS.

The Shibboleth of Great Names.

"Mr. T. A. Edison's scientific researches have profoundly convinced him of the existence of a Supreme Intelligence behind the order of Nature."—(Vide Daily Press.)

It is really astonishing how little it takes to satisfy the Christian world nowadays. Time was when, unless a man professed a firm belief in all the minutiae of Christian dogmas, he was damned both in this world and the next. Scarcely a hundred years ago Deists, Theists, and Unitarians were indiscriminately lumped in with Atheists, and treated accordingly. But during the past century Christianity has been so frequently, so openly, and so fiercely assailed; it has been so driven from position after position, that the faith that once burned men at the stake for differing upon the nature of the Trinity now pats itself on the back if educated men give the most vague and general assent to its teaching. Indeed, it is now quite enough for a prominent man to profess a belief in a kind-of-a-sort-of-a-something, to be snatched at by Christian preachers, and labelled a defender of the faith.

In a sense, this spectacle is—to a Freethinker—far from a cheerless one. When religious teachers spend their time in hunting up Professor This or Professor That in order to obtain a testimonial for God Almighty, there is evidently abroad an uneasy feeling that the old fictions are losing their strength, and need to be supplemented by the weight of sheer personal authority. One would have thought that if God existed, and if he were desirous that men should know of his existence, that his being would have been demonstrated to the meanest understanding, and not require tracking through the complex processes of chemical combinations, as a detective tracks the stereotyped villain through the scenes of an Adelphi drama.

But this, after all, is only an opinion. Meanwhile, one has it impressed upon them every now and again that some scientific man has been asked what he thought about religious beliefs, and has been pleased to pat God Almighty on the back; which fact is duly chronicled for the edification, or mortification, of "infidels" generally. It is, however, noticeable that these gentlemen never interview a scientist who is believed to have sceptical proclivities. No one, for instance, ever interviewed the late Professor Büchner, or the existing Professor Haeckel—one of the greatest of living biologists—in order to obtain their opinion of religious beliefs. The ground is too carefully chosen for that to occur. Someone is selected who is known to be religious—not as a result of his scientific attainments, but simply because he has not altogether outgrown his early and pre-scientific opinions—no risks are run in putting the question, and his answers are duly chronicled in large type in the religious papers.

Some quarter of a century ago the game was played on a large scale by inducing sixty or seventy members of the British Association to sign a document declaring science and Genesis to be in harmony. Of course, the public were not informed that anyone could become a member of the B.A. on payment of a guinea or so, and it would be interesting to find out how many joined for the express purpose of signing the paper. To the general public the British Association was a scientific body, and the main object was to raise the impression that those who signed the document were genuine scientific men—not that the manifesto would have been worth any more if that had really been the case. Still, the object of the move was apparent, and, after all, one falsehood more or less makes little difference in a religious crusade.

The latest victim of the religious journalist is Mr. T. A. Edison, the electrician. An interviewer has drawn from him, we are informed, "an extremely interesting expression of his personal faith." It is rather puzzling to find what there is either remarkable or interesting about the "confession," unless it be that it is interesting

to find a man of brains with any religious belief at all. Unfortunately, we are not so advanced as to render even this much uncommon, although it is a much rarer phenomenon now than of old. Mr. Edison is pleased to observe that he believes in a Supreme Intelligence behind nature, and "no one can study chemistry and see the wonderful way in which certain elements combine with the nicety of the most delicate machine ever devised without coming inevitably to this belief. A thousand facts prove beyond the possibility of doubt that a vast intelligence governs the universe."

No doubt this is interesting enough to those people who have a morbid desire to discover what a great man eats, what is the color of his neckties, or the shape of his collars; but otherwise there is little enough in it. The expression of opinion would have been far more valuable had it been accompanied by a statement of the facts upon which it was based. An opinion without facts is—an opinion, and nothing more; and, opinion for opinion, one man's is as good as another's. That chemical combinations take place is a fact; that there is a "Supreme Intelligence" regulating the combination is an inference, and not only an inference of the flimsiest character, but one that may be affirmed or denied by any ordinary educated man who may never even have seen a chemical experiment in the whole of his life. Once a scientific man has carefully observed a phenomenon and recorded his observations, the facts are public property, and any ordinary educated man may be his equal or superior in drawing inferences from these researches. His opinion gains nothing in strength because of his scientific acquirements.

For the plain fact of the matter is that the whole question of the existence of God lies outside the region of the experimental sciences. Science knows nothing of a God, nothing of a creation, and conducts all its experiments without the remotest reference to a "Supreme Intelligence behind nature" regulating its movements. That certain events occur science knows, and it is its business to discover their sequence and mode of manifestation; that these events have been planned it neither knows nor cares. As Caro says: "Science conducts God with honor to its frontiers, thanking him for his provisional services."

It is curious, too, that although Christians are frantically anxious to flourish the purely personal belief of a scientific man as scientific proof of the existence of God, yet when scientists of the standing of Darwin, or Huxley, or Haeckel affirm that there is no warranty for any such belief, the reply usually is that such matters lie altogether beyond the scope of scientific activity. Thus St. George Mivart says:—

"Physical science occupies itself with.....the co-existences and successions of phenomena, from mathematics and sidereal astronomy to biology and sociology. Theology occupies itself with an asserted noumenal universe, inaccessible to our senses, the collocation of causes in such an invisible world, together with the laws of their action—in short, with the relations of spiritual entities from God down to the human soul."*

That is to say, theology concerns itself with a universe of which we know nothing, with the operation of unknown laws in an unknown world, and the relation of spiritual entities, of which we also know nothing, to a God of whom we know as much. In other words, theology has nothing for its subject-matter, nothing for its end, and claims to rule all else because it is nothing in itself. But if it is illegitimate for scientists to express an opinion, as scientists, against the belief in God, it is equally illegitimate for them to express an opinion on behalf of the belief, and, therefore, the calling in of great names is a pure game of bluff.

But, after all, did Mr. Edison reach his belief in God as a result of his scientific work? Most emphatically not. He had the belief in a God long before he became an electrician; and has retained it in spite of the knowledge afterwards acquired. And not only did he have the belief in a God before, but the belief was of a much stronger and much more definite character than he at present seems to possess. So far as one can see, the effect of his scientific work has been, not to strengthen his religious opinions, but to reduce them to the bare belief in a "Supreme Intelligence."

* Contemporary Evolution, pp. 136-7.

Mr. Edison speaks—with many Theists—of “the great Engineer” who rules the universe. What is the analogical value of the phrase? An engineer works apart from the materials he manipulates; all his actions are determined and conditioned by the materials he finds to hand. Does God work in the same manner, or is he the creator of the forces he afterwards wields? An engineer is called wise or foolish, skilled or unskilled, in proportion as he foresees the results of his work, or as his work carries out his designs. Does Mr. Edison mean that God works in the same manner? Does he believe that God deliberately, and in cold forethought, called the whole process of biologic evolution into existence, knowing from the commencement of the hundreds of thousands of years of animal slaughter and pain and suffering that was to follow? If he believes this, does he also believe that this is the act of a God worthy of the worship of any honest man or woman? Or if he believes that this suffering was not part of God’s plan, but an accidental and unforeseen accompaniment, does he regard this lack of foresight as evidence of a “Supreme Intelligence”? It would be interesting to have Mr. Edison’s opinion upon these points.

It is pleasant to observe that Mr. Edison has so far shaken off religious beliefs as to throw prayer overboard. He regards prayer as an insult to the wisdom of God, because it conveys the suggestion that “you know better how to run things than he does.” The *Christian World* thinks this is a “crude conception” of prayer. Not at all; it is an honest conception—that is all. What is the use of praying unless you wish to tell God something? What is the use of telling him if you believe he already knows all about it? And what is the use of asking God for anything, physical or mental, if the prayer has no influence on his actions? All prayer is of the nature of advice to God Almighty, and the moment it ceases to be that it becomes sheer hypocrisy or self-deception.

And what, finally, is the value of a prominent man’s testimony on any subject? As Clifford pointed out, a man is only an authority so long as he is sane, truthful, and dealing with a subject upon which he may be reasonably supposed to possess information; and, let a man be ever so sane and ever so truthful, what knowledge can he possess of what lies on the other side of the grave, or beyond the world of phenomena? None at all. On these questions the verdict of a savage is as good, or as bad, as that of a civilised philosopher. Where knowledge is wanting, speculation is idle. Above all, granting the above conditions, a man is only an authority in the department he has made his own. As an electrician, Mr. Edison’s opinions may be of weight; I am neither able nor inclined to criticise his opinions in this respect. But on religious matters Mr. Edison’s opinion is of no more weight than that of the man in the street, particularly when one can trace his religious beliefs to the persistence of early beliefs which later knowledge has modified without altogether destroying.

C. COHEN.

The Narratives in Genesis.

(Concluded from page 565.)

As noticed in the last example, those of the early patriarchs who are depicted as righteous men never act contrary to the Mosaic laws, which, it is said, were not given until the time of Moses, while those who do anything not in accordance with those laws are represented as wicked, and are duly punished. The only explanation of this remarkable phenomenon is that the Biblical writers judged of conduct by the religious laws in force in their own days, and dealt with the characters in their stories accordingly. The following are further examples:—

9. Abel’s sacrifice. In this, the first sacrifice mentioned in the Old Testament, we are told that “Cain brought of the fruit of the ground an offering unto the Lord. And Abel, he also brought of the firstlings of his flock, and of the fat thereof” (Genesis iv. 3, 4). It is not stated how the brothers learnt that “the Lord” desired to be conciliated by burnt offerings, though it is plainly implied that they knew the offering of sacrifice to be their bounden duty. It is also implied that Cain ought to

have known that the Lord preferred an offering which contained blood, and that “without the shedding of blood there was no remission of sins.” Next, we are told, “the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering; but unto Cain and to his offering he had not respect.” One would have thought that, as this was the first sacrifice offered by the brothers, “the Lord” might have accepted both, and have informed Cain, as he afterwards did the Israelites, that “when any man of you offereth an oblation unto the Lord ye shall offer your oblation of the cattle, even of the herd and of the flock,” and that “all the firstling males that are born of thy herd and of thy flock thou shalt sanctify unto the Lord thy God” (Leviticus i. 2; Deuteronomy xv. 19). Abel was righteous because he acted in conformity with these commands. He chose a “firstling” of his flock, and did not forget “the fat” (Leviticus i. 12). Cain was wicked because he did not act in accordance with those laws.

10. Noah’s sacrifice. Noah, it is said, after coming out of the Ark, built an altar, and “took of every clean beast and of every clean fowl, and offered burnt offerings on the altar” (Genesis viii. 20). That patriarch is here credited with a knowledge of “clean” and “unclean” animals, though the distinction was not made until several centuries after his time. He is, in fact, represented as making a selection of birds and beasts according to the instructions first given to the Jews in Deuteronomy xiv., and afterwards more fully in Leviticus xi. Hence his offerings gave complete satisfaction; for, we are told, the Lord, in accordance with his promise in Leviticus i. 9, 13, 17, “smelled the sweet savor.”

11. Abraham’s sacrifice. Upon one occasion the Lord, it is stated, commanded Abraham to take a heifer, a she-goat, a ram, a turtle-dove, and a young pigeon, and to prepare them for sacrifice. This Abraham did without asking for instructions. “And he took him all these, and divided them in the midst, and laid each half over against the other; but the birds divided he was careful to keep to the command afterwards given in Leviticus i. 17 respecting turtle-doves and young pigeons. These were not to be “divided asunder like the other animals. If Abraham did not know this, the writer of the story did, so no fault can be found with the great Hebrew patriarch.

12. Tithes to priests. Abraham, we are informed when returning with the spoils taken from Chedorlaomer, was met by Melchizedek, “priest of El Elyon,” to whom he gave “a tenth of all” (Genesis xiv. 18-20). This was done in accordance with the command in Numbers xv. 21, etc., that tithes were to be given to the priests and Levites. When it is borne in mind that Abraham, like all the early patriarchs, offered sacrifice himself, and was his own priest, this giving tithes to another priest can only be explained as a compliance with the Mosaic ritual.

13. Tithes to the Lord. In Genesis xxviii. it is stated that the crafty patriarch, Jacob, made a vow which he promised that, if God would protect him and make him prosperous, he would devote to the Lord a tenth of all which that Deity had given him. This interested vow was made in conformity with Numbers xviii. xxx. 2, etc., and the tithe was promised in accordance with Leviticus xxvii. 32. The latter was a tithe to “the Lord,” and not, as in the preceding case, a tithe to the priests and Levites.

14. Keeping the Lord’s statutes. When “the Lord” upon the occasion when he dined with Abraham, impressed upon his mind to destroy Sodom, he said to himself, “Shall I hide from Abraham that which I do?” The Lord decided that he would not. “For,” said he, “I have known him, to the end that he may command his children, and his household after him, that they may keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment” (Genesis xviii. 19). It is somewhat remarkable that God Yahveh should speak of his own “way” as “the way of the Lord,” though it is not at all astonishing if this pious story-teller had put his own words in the mouth of “the Lord.” Anyhow, that Deity here speaks very much like the writer of Deuteronomy in the following passage (iv. 5-9): “Behold I have taught you statutes and judgments, even as the Lord my God commanded

me.....keep, therefore, and do them.....make them known unto thy children and thy children's children."

Again, the Hebrew deity, after blessing Isaac, is represented as saying to him: "Abraham obeyed my voice, and kept my charge, my commandments, my statutes, and my laws" (Genesis xxvi. 5). Here the inspired writer evidently forgot that no commandments, statutes, nor laws had been given in the time of Abraham. He represents his Lord as speaking in the same terms as he would have employed himself in praising the conduct of a pious Jew of his own day. The Lord, in fact, credits Abraham with as complete a knowledge of the commands and statutes afterwards delivered to the Israelites as he did, later on, in the case of David, of whom he is reported to have said, "whom I chose, because he kept my commandments and my statutes" (1 Kings xi. 34). As a matter of fact, this model king kept very few of the Lord's commands and statutes; for the major part of the ceremonial laws attributed to Moses had not been written in his day.

15. Swearing by the name of Yahveh. When Abraham was about to send his head servant on a certain mission, he said to him: "Swear by Yahveh, the God of heaven and the God of earth, that thou shalt not take a wife for my son of the daughters of the Canaanites" (Genesis xxiv. 3). Here Abraham acted in accordance with the command in Deuteronomy vi. 13: "Thou shalt fear Yahveh thy God, and serve him, and shall swear by his name." There is no intimation that this command was ever to be abrogated; yet, in the New Testament, Jesus, who states that he came not to destroy the law of Moses, is represented as giving new commands relative to oaths (Matthew v. 34, etc.). These commence: "Swear not at all," etc.

16. In the account of some of the exploits of the patriarch Judah (Genesis xxxviii.) we are told that "the daughter of a certain Canaanite" bore him three sons, Er, Onan, and Shelah, and that when the eldest reached manhood "Judah took him a wife for Er, his first born. And Er, Judah's first born, was wicked in the sight of the Lord, and the Lord slew him." After this judgment Judah, with a wonderful foreknowledge of the laws delivered to the Israelites two hundred years later, said to Onan, his second son: "Go in unto thy brother's wife, and perform the duty of an husband's brother unto her." The command of which Judah had such a supernatural prevision is the following: "If brethren dwell together, and one of them die, and have no son.....her husband's brother shall go in unto her.....and perform the duty of an husband's brother unto her" (Deuteronomy xxv. 5). But Onan had also a foreknowledge of the Mosaic laws. He knew (as stated in Deuteronomy xxv. 6) that in such a case "the firstborn which she beareth shall succeed in the name of his brother which is dead, that his name be not blotted out of Israel." And this being so, he refused to perform the duty indicated. Such an utter disregard for the laws of Moses, of course, justly incensed the Lord, and "he slew him also." How Judah and Onan came to have such an accurate knowledge of the Mosaic laws we need not stop to inquire. Sufficient it is to know that the writer of the story was acquainted with them. No other crime can be charged against Onan than the non-compliance with the Mosaic legislation. The offence for which he was punished was only committed once, and must not be confounded with any of the filthy practices mentioned in other parts of the Bible.

17. In the veracious history of Joseph we meet with the following statements: The wife of Potiphar, finding her lord and master "hath brought in an Hebrew unto us to mock us," etc. Later on, when accusing Joseph to her husband, she says: "The Hebrew servant which thou has brought unto us came in unto me to mock me," etc. Pharaoh's butler, speaking to the king, says: "And there was there a young man, an Hebrew, servant of the captain of the guard," etc. (Genesis xxxix. 14, 17; xl. 12).

Now, it is scarcely necessary to say, the expression "an Hebrew" or "a Hebrew servant" presupposes the existence of a Hebrew nation, and clearly implies that the Israelites were at that time a numerous and well-known people, dwelling in a land of their own. According to the Biblical narrative, Potiphar's wife, Potiphar's servants, and Potiphar's master, Pharaoh, had all heard of this nation. Further, Joseph himself,

according to the story, says to Pharaoh's butler: "For, indeed, I was stolen away out of the land of the Hebrews" (Genesis xl. 15). There was no Hebrew nation, it need scarcely be said, in the time of Joseph; there was no "land of the Hebrews" even in the time of Moses, to whom is ascribed the writing of the account. But in the days of the Elohist writer, to whose pen we are indebted for this portion of the story, there were both—a fact which accounts for all that would otherwise be inexplicable. In this case, the inadvertencies of the sacred writer furnish conclusive proof of the fabrication of the story.

Further examples of the fictitious character of the narratives in Genesis can scarcely be needed; but, to place the matter beyond the smallest possibility of doubt, one important historical fact may be noticed. Amongst the list of towns in Canaan captured by Thothmes III. are found the names Jacob-el ("Jacob, the god") and Joseph-el ("Joseph, the god"), the first of which also appears on the later monuments of Rameses II. and Rameses III. In other words, a god named "Jacob" and another named "Joseph" were worshipped in Palestine many centuries before any part of the book of Genesis was written, and a city had been named after each. "Jacob" and "Joseph" were thus Canaanitish deities. It follows, therefore, that the stories related of them are legendary and mythical, and in no way historical. It is significant, too, that the cities specially devoted to the worship of these gods are nowhere mentioned in the Hebrew sacred writings; the legends refer only to the gods themselves, who are represented as god-fearing men and as ancestors of the Israelites. It is to be noted, however, that the name "Jacob" is associated with a city whose name that individual is said to have changed—viz., Beth-el. But this story is, on the face of it, unhistorical. A stranger, living in a land on sufferance, would have no power to change the name of a place. Two versions of the story are given, each flatly contradicting the other, while several times we are told that "the name of the city was Luz at the first." This, again, is untrue; for Bethel and Luz were separate cities (Joshua xvi. 1, 2, etc). It seems most probable, then, that the original name of Bethel was Jacob-el.

ABRACADABRA.

The Average Parson.

OUR objection to him is not that he is senseless; this—as it concerns us not—we can patiently endure. Nor that he is bigoted; this we expect, and have become accustomed to. Nor that he is small-souled, narrow, and hypocritical; all these qualities become him well, sitting easily and gracefully upon him. We protest against him because he is always "carrying on."

To carry on, in one way or another, seems to be the function of his existence, and essential to his health. When he is not doing it in the pulpit, he is at it in the newspapers; when both fail him, he resorts to the social circle, the church meeting, the Sunday-school, or even the street corner. We have known him to disport for half a day upon the kerbstone, carrying on with all his might to whomsoever would endure it.

No sooner does a young sick-faced theologian get safely through his ordination, as a baby finishes teething, than straightway he casts about him for an opportunity to carry on. A pretext is soon found, and he goes at it hammer and tongs; and forty years after you shall find him at the same trick, with as simple a faith, as exalted an expectation, as vigorous an impotence, as the day he began.

His carryings-on are as diverse in kind, as comprehensive in scope, as those of the most versatile negro minstrel. He cuts as many capers in a lifetime as there are stars in heaven or grains of sand in a barrel of sugar. Everything is fish that comes to his net. If a discovery in science is announced, he will execute you an antic upon it before it gets fairly cold. Is a new theory advanced, ten to one while you are trying to get it through your head he will stand on his own and make mouths at it. A great invention provokes him into a whirlwind of flip-flaps absolutely bewildering to the secular eye; while at any exceptional phenomenon of nature, such as an earthquake, he will project himself, frog-like, into an infinity of lofty gymnastic absurdities.

In short, the slightest agitation of the intellectual atmosphere sets your average parson into a tempest of pumping like the jointed ligneous youth attached to the eccentric of a boy's whirligig. His philosophy of life may be boiled down into a single sentence: Carry on and be happy.—*Dod Grile.*

The Colonel and the Veteran.

[The following letter is from an inmate of the State Soldiers' Home at Lafayette, Ind., and is addressed to Mr. C. P. Farrell, Colonel Ingersoll's publisher, Secretary, and brother-in-law. The story it tells is repeated many times in the history of others who applied to Ingersoll for assistance.]

DEAR SIR,—I see from the newspapers that you were private Secretary for Col. Robert Ingersoll. While I am not an Infidel, I admired him as a soldier and a statesman, and sympathise with his wife and children. There is one act of kindness that came under my own observation. It was on the day before he lectured on "The Mistakes of Moses." I was at that time private watchman at the O. and M.R.R. Stores Station, Cincinnati, O.; Morris H. Spillard, agent. I was employed under Spillard, with a lot of others, one of them by the name of James O'Neal or O'Brien.

I was a subscriber for the Cincinnati *Inquirer*, and at noon, when we were waiting and eating our dinner, I read the advertisement of the Colonel's lecture next night at the Grand Opera House. O'Neal asked me if it told where he was stopping. I said, "Yes, at the Burnett House." He then asked me if I would see the platform boss, as he (O'Neal) would like to go and call on the Colonel. We all gave him the laugh, and thought he was crazy; but he said he meant every word of it; that he was a member of Colonel Bob's 11th Illinois Cavalry; that he gave his claim to an agent in Peoria to get him a pension, but never heard from him; and he was sure, if he could see the Colonel, he would help him. So I spoke to Frank Craig, the foreman, and he said it was all right for O'Neal to go. O'Neal never even washed himself, though it was a hot day; but he cleaned himself the best he could with his handkerchief, as he was shovelling middlings and had no coat on. When he arrived at the Burnett House, he asked where the Colonel's room was, and the clerk only laughed at him. At this he got angry, and told the clerk he was in a hurry to get back to his work. The clerk became angry also, and told him to clear out. There happened to be present one of the guests of the hotel, who heard all that passed between them, and he called the clerk down, and told him that he would report him to the proprietor. He then called one of the waiters, and sent O'Neal's name in to the Colonel. An answer came to send him in. This guest was a G.A.R. man, and so was O'Neal, and they both had their buttons on.

I asked Jim what he did when he got in Ingersoll's presence. He said he stood up like a soldier, and gave him the G.A.R. salute; so the Colonel told him to sit down. Then he asked him what company he was in, and who was his captain, and a lot of other questions, to see if he was telling the truth. When he found out that O'Neal was all right, he asked him what he could do for him. Jim told him who had his claim, the Colonel making a note of it and taking the number. Then he asked him if he smoked or drank anything. Jim told him he had not forgotten either of them, so, he said, the Colonel gave him a handful of cigars and a good big drink of whisky, though he himself did not take enough to drown a mosquito or a fly, and asked him if he was married, if he had a family, and if he was working. Jim told him how many he had in his family, that he was working down with me, and that I got him his situation. As he bid him good-bye, Colonel Ingersoll handed him four five-dollar notes and filled his pockets with cigars. I smoked some of them, and they were good. Jim wanted him to take the twenty dollars back, but he refused, so he told him he was going to the reporter of the *Inquirer* and tell him. The Colonel told him he must not do it under any consideration, but for him to watch the papers, and, whenever he saw his name there, to come to where he was stopping, and he would give him that much every time. It was only a few months before O'Neal received a notice to appear for examination, as he was wounded in the leg at Peach Tree Creek, and shortly after that he got his pension and 1,800 dollars arrears.

O'Neal wanted to start a saloon across the street from where he was working, but I would not let him, as he was not fit for such business. I got him to put one thousand dollars in Government Bonds and persuaded him to buy a horse and cart. I also got him on the public streets hauling boulders to the pavers under John Lawrence, street commissioner. I told him to move from where he was living in a back, dirty street in Cincinnati, and to buy new clothes for his wife and children, all of which he did. All this was in Cincinnati, O. I forget the year, but you were with him as his Secretary. I think it was about 1889 or 1890. I was four years in the army with Company A, 10th O.V.I.

Truthseeker (New York).

M. J. PATTON.

Two country pastors had agreed to exchange pulpits on a certain date. One of them made this solemn announcement to his congregation on the Sabbath previous to the event: "I have the pleasure of stating that on next Sunday morning the Rev. X. will preach for you. Let us now sing two verses of hymn No. 489, 'That awful day will surely come.'"

Acid Drops.

DR. PARKER'S pulpit was filled on Sunday by the Rev. J. G. Greenhough, of Leicester, who dwelt on the rush, and fever, and haste of modern life. God, he said, was never in a hurry. He took his time, but he got there at the finish. Look at the Dreyfus case. What horrible suffering that poor victim of injustice had endured. God, however, had not forgotten him. God never forgets. And at last the light has dawned, and justice is being done.

So said this reverend gentleman, and it is one of the finest jokes of the season. Christians have done all the wrong to Dreyfus. They have lied about him, robbed him of reputation, branded him as a traitor, and tortured him for five years in a way that is a scandal to civilisation. Freethinkers like Zola, Clemenceau, Guyot, Mirabeau, and Jaurès have fought against terrible odds for truth and justice. At last they have nearly triumphed, and, when their victory seems near at hand, in comes an English minister and claims all the credit for "God."

Mr. Greenhough has a God who is indeed slow—too slow for anything. One would think that Omniscience and Omnipotence could have vindicated Dreyfus in something less than five years. One would imagine, too, that if he chose to work through human agents he would select true believers instead of sceptics and Atheists. Perhaps it is a new proof of the poet's statement that God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform.

The London County Council seem to us ill-advised in interfering with the sale of literature in the Parks. No doubt the bye-law is sensible and useful in a general way. It would never do to have the Parks turned into markets. But what harm is done by the sale of special periodicals in meetings that are held on the particular spot set aside for them? Meetings are being prosecuted for selling *Justice* in Battersea Park, and now the Secularists have received notice that they must desist from selling Freethought literature in Victoria Park. Of course the strict letter of the law is on the side of the authorities, but as the quiet sale of literature has been winked at so long it is difficult to understand this sudden zeal of suppression.

Mr. Cohen is the Secular lecturer in Victoria Park this morning and afternoon (September 10), and the matter may safely be left in his hands. He has done us the honor of consulting us, and in our judgment a collection is perfectly legitimate under Bye-Law 28, and should be insisted upon. The sale of literature is clearly prohibited under Bye-Law 27, but we agree with Mr. Cohen that it will be well, in the peculiar circumstances of the case, to continue the sale with a view to having the question ventilated in a magistrates' court.

At the end of the tenth century it was generally believed that the end of the world was approaching. Heaps of people sold their possessions for a trifle—the Church, which spread the delusion, being the purchaser—and made tracks for Palestine, where it was thought that Jesus Christ would make his descent from heaven. At that spot the poor dupes imagined they would have the best chance of floating up in glory in the first detachment of emigrants.

That strong belief in the approaching end of the world has never been general since then, in spite of the profitable efforts of gentlemen like Dr. Cumming and Prophet Baxter. Now and then, however, we hear of an instance. The newspapers have just reported the case of a servant-girl, who, believing the universal flare-up was coming off shortly, left a good situation in London and went down to Stokenchurch, Oxfordshire, where her parents reside, with the object of "dying in her own home."

The end of the world craze has broken out in Russia. The peasants in whole villages of Novgorod have commenced to sell their goods, ceased tilling for the winter, and taken strongly to drink. They believe that the world will be burnt to a cinder on November 13, and are apparently preparing on having a good time during the interval. A certain professor Falb has prophesied the catastrophe in a pamphlet which the Government is endeavoring to suppress.

Many American men of God are still going it strongly since the death of Ingersoll, and several pious editors are joining in the sport. One of them has started a variation of the much-old watch story. The editor of the *Teller* (it ought to have a shorter name), published at Lancaster, Wisconsin, declares that Ingersoll once cried out on a platform, before a large audience, "God, I defy thee to take my life." But the *Teller* didn't do it, having probably other business on hand. We doubt this ridiculous yarn will pass into the orthodox *répertoire*, and become as "true as Gospel"—which we believe it is.

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The *Phoenix* is surprised that Ingersoll's "long and vigorous campaign against Christianity produced so little apparent result." We should like to know what our contemporary would expect. Does it imagine that Ingersoll failed because the clergy did not throw up their livings? God Almighty himself couldn't make them do that. The result of Ingersoll's campaign was a change in Christianity. Its worst features have been dropped. The Devil has been sent to a museum, Hell has been so cooled down that it won't boil an egg, and prayers for anything in particular have been discontinued. Yet people say that Ingersoll failed. What, then, is success?

Ingersoll's ideal home is discounted by the Rev. Charles A. Blanchard, President of Wheaton College, Cincinnati. "You say," this reverend person exclaimed, "that he was good to his family—a wild beast loves its cubs." Yes, and in Christian England, and probably in Christian America, a Society is necessary to prevent cruelty to children.

Mr. Tom Mann once thought of taking holy orders. His name is now up in big letters over a public-house in Long-acre. We do not, however, pretend to say what will happen to another Labor representative—Mr. Cornelius C. Sweeney, of Southsea. This gentleman has applied for the job of vicar to the parish church of Spalding, and says he thinks he could do very comfortably on £150 a year. "I may say," he adds, "I have never been ordained to the ministry, being, in fact, a carpenter by trade; but this should not militate, I think, against the success of my candidature, seeing that our dear Master belonged to that extremely useful and honorable calling." Yes, Jesus Christ was a carpenter, but he dropped it in favor of preaching, and Mr. Sweeney wants to follow his Master.

Some one has sent us the thirteenth annual report of the Dublin Home for Starving and Forsaken Cats, in which we notice an extract from the letter of a Carmarthenshire lady, who says: "I cannot forbear corroborating the experience of your correspondent that animals, as a rule, are worse treated in clergymen's families than in any other. My experience is exactly the same, and in one family I could name that of a dignitary of the Church of England." Later on this lady says: "It is a most depressing fact that the clergy, as a rule, are quite indifferent to our efforts."

The Young Men's Christian Association, Exeter Hall, issues a handsomely-printed appeal for fresh members. A long list of "Advantages" are set forth—"Social" coming first and "Spiritual" last. This is characteristic of present-day Christianity.

One of the religious papers prints a story of the conversion of a famous Freethinker—so famous that we never heard of him before—Eugene Réveillard. It appears that he went to bed on July 13, 1878—in what condition is not stated—and was converted during the night by the direct action of the Spirit of God. He found himself repeating the Apostles' Creed, and a light flashed upon his mind when he came to the words: "I believe in the Holy Ghost." Most people find the Holy Ghost a very bewildering personage, but this Frenchman seems to have been differently constructed. He understood the Holy Ghost, and everything else at the same time.

Mr. H. Percy Ward was mobbed the other Sunday after a lecture at Derby. There was no disorder during the lecture, but at the end of the discussion a fanatic cried out: "Let's mob him," and the latent instinct of the average Christian immediately asserted itself, all the more so as the odds were at least twenty to one against the Freethinker. This event has stirred up the indignation of "Citizen," who writes a letter with Mr. Ward. But this gentleman has no sympathy with Mr. Ward, his sympathy is all for the mob who had to undertake the painful task of assaulting the lecturer; and he calls upon the authorities to prevent "Agnostic lecturers" from laying such sad burdens upon the meek and humble Christians of Derby. On the whole, this "Citizen" reminds us of one of Ingersoll's grim sarcasms. That great orator said that, when a Freethinker was burnt alive, his tongue was often cut out, lest he should say something that might hurt the feelings of the gentlemen who were heaping up the faggots.

James Maddick, Scripture reader, Stonehouse, has been committed for trial on the charge of indecently assaulting a little girl of nine years. The child's father said that four months before the prisoner meddled with his daughter, but the chaplain of the Royal Naval Hospital advised him not to prosecute. It should be added that the prisoner leaves his case "with God." A pretty trinity!

Another man of God in trouble. The Rev. William Acraman, vicar of Crich, Derbyshire, has been arrested on "two charges of a grave and serious nature." We need not go into details, which are not quite fit for publication.

George Whithall, of Chobham, committed suicide on his wedding day. In a letter he left for his intended wife he

said: "May the Lord help you out of your trouble." There is no report that the Lord is doing it. George Whithall should have stopped here and helped the lady himself.

We gladly give Mr. Jephson a free insertion of the unconventional "want ad.," which here follows:—

CURATE Wanted for St. John's, Watworth; a man who loves his fellows (11,000 of them, 298 to the acre), and spends more time helping them than fussing about public worship.—Address, Rev. A. W. JEPHSON, Watworth, S.E.

It reminds us of a poem we knew when we were young, about one Abou Ben Adhem, who, failing to impress the recording angel as one who loved the Lord, requested that he would "write him as one that loved his fellow men." And, when the book came to be published, it

— showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

—Star.

The Institute of so-called Journalists has once more distinguished itself in connection with its annual gathering. Special sermons were arranged for, and were delivered to the members by Ian Maclaren, the Bishop of Chester, and Monsignor Nugent. Some of the members seemed to have turned the occasion to account in the way of "copy."

A *Daily Chronicle* correspondent reports from Berlin that one of the German Anti-Semitic leaders proposes agitating against the use of the Old Testament as a religious book in schools. He considers it is a book written by Jews for Jews, and he maintains that the history of the Jewish patriarchs, kings, and prophets forms no part of Christian religious instruction.

A Scottish congregation presented their minister with a sum of money, and sent him off to the Continent for a holiday. A gentleman just back from the Continent met a prominent member of the Church, and said to him, "Oh, by the bye, I met your minister in Germany. He was looking very well; he didn't look as if he needed a rest." "No," said the Church member, very calmly, "it was na' him; it was the congregation that was needin' a rest."

Some interesting letters by the great Cardinal Newman are published in the September number of the *Contemporary Review*. In one of them Newman said that the Elect Society which Jesus Christ left on earth ought to have been marked by simple and absolute holiness; but, in fact, "the history of the Church contains in it the history of great crimes." With regard to the terrible St. Bartholomew Massacre, he said that he thought "such insane acts were prompted by mortal fear." In this way Newman accounted for "Pope Gregory's hasty approbation of so great a crime." This must be gall and wormwood to Catholics like Cardinal Vaughan.

According to Mr. Arthur Mee, in the *Puritan*, the number of Spurgeon's sermons sold since 1855 exceeds the number of Bibles circulated since the beginning of the century. Evidently the famous Baptist was a more popular author than the Holy Ghost.

A coroner's jury at Canning Town has kicked against the prosecution of those honest Christians called Peculiar People in a Christian country. The inquest was over the body of Edith Alice Spingett, aged seventeen months, the child of a laborer. According to the evidence, the parents had done all they could for the infant, short of calling in a doctor. After an absence of two hours, the jury showed no signs of coming to an agreement, and the inquiry had to be adjourned.

Elder James Southgate, one of the witnesses in this case, said: "We go to the Great Physician"—meaning Jesus Christ. But, according to Lord Chief Justice Russell, backed up by three other judges, it is a crime in Christian England to trust to that Great Physician. A parent's duty is to call in a local doctor.

A case in which the Salvation Army is concerned is causing a good deal of excitement at Edmonton. Coroner Langham's court was densely crowded on the occasion of an inquest on two children who had died while in care of Mrs. Mary Packer, a certificated nurse, who obtained most of her infants from the Salvation Army maternity homes. It was stated that no less than eighteen children had died whilst in this lady's care during the last four years.

The Free Church Councils of Kent will have to carry on the Sabbatarian crusade at their own expense, if it is to be carried on at all. Hitherto the Chief Constable of the County has done their dirty work for them, but they are now deprived of his services. The magistrates have inflicted a paltry fine of sixpence on small tradesmen prosecuted for violating the Sabbath, and disallowed costs. This leaves heavy legal expenses to be paid out of the rates, and the Chief Constable has been ordered to "drop it." Prosecutions will now have to be conducted by private individuals.

A colonial gentleman preached in St. Paul's Cathedral on Sunday—the Ven. Archdeacon Rivers, of Brisbane. According to the *Daily News* report, this gentleman said that "The history of the Church was one continuous story of persecution." This struck us, on reading it, as a very candid and very damaging admission. Of course it is strictly and literally true, but we did not expect to hear it said from a conspicuous Church pulpit. But we read on, and soon discovered the explanation. Archdeacon Rivers meant that the Church had been the victim. He talked pathetically of the days of Nero and the Catacombs of Rome; just as though the persecution inflicted by Pagans upon Christians had been anything like, in universality and continuity, to the persecution inflicted by Christians upon heretics and infidels, and even upon one another. These men of God make the poorest of historians. They see everything in the special light of their own interest. Listen to them, and they appear to be poor humble disciples of the meek and lowly Jesus; watch them, and they prove to be the most zealous bigots and the bitterest persecutors.

Mrs. Shutt, a member of the Salford Board of Guardians, is under police protection, in consequence of an assault and threats, which are supposed to result from the part she took in the case of Dean Saffenreuter, who was called upon by the Guardians to resign for "improper conduct."

A Cheshire rector has fallen an easy victim to a swindler. He entered a competition for prizes valued from ten to a hundred pounds. What was required was a suggestion for an appropriate title for a new periodical. He received a letter intimating that he had won the first prize, which would be remitted on receipt of a year's subscription of fifteen shillings to the periodical. This he sent on, but the prize never came, and the matter is now in the hands of the Criminal Investigation Department. Men of God, like other mortals, are "after a bit," and often lose it.

More "Providence" in Japan. Six hundred lives have been lost by the flooding of a copper mine. He doeth all things well.

The *Sydney Bulletin* prints a little picture of two sky-pilots travelling on the road to heaven. "Why is this such a lonely road?" asks one, and the other replies, "Because there's not a damned soul on it."

Hawaii and the Missionaries.

THE story of Hawaii is melancholy reading for the supporters of foreign missions. As in Tahiti, New Zealand, and Tonga, the white heat of conversion burned itself out in less than seventy years. Mr. Blackman quotes the speech of King Kalakaua on his return from a tour round the world. "I have seen the Christian nations, and observed that they are turning away from Jehovah. He represents a waning cause. Shall we Hawaiians take up the worship of a god whom foreigners are discarding? The old gods of Hawaii are good enough for us." Sorcerers and medicine men re-appeared, bound together in societies which obtained the sanction of the native Privy Council; and the deposed queen, if the dark stories circulated by her enemies are to be believed, gave her private sanction to heathen observances. It was not that the people returned to Paganism, but that Paganism dared to come out of hiding. The missionaries had succeeded in building a flimsy superstructure of Christianity which collapsed as soon as the paint wore off. It is the just meed of the missionary-politician who, having made himself the power behind the throne, allows his people to alienate their lands, and become strangers in their own country. The two men who have worked hardest to deprive Hawaii of her independence are the descendants of American missionaries.

—*Pull Mall Gazette.*

God.

What is that Power? Ye mock yourselves and give
A human heart to what ye cannot know:
As if the cause of life could think and live!
'Twere as if man's own work should feel, and show
The hopes, and fears, and thoughts from which they
flow,
And he be like to them. Lo! Plague is free
To waste, Blight, Poison, Earthquake, Hail, and Snow,
Disease, and Want, and worse necessity
Of hate and ill, and Pride, and Fear, and Tyranny.
What is that Power? Some moon-struck sophist stood
Watching the shade from his own soul up-thrown
Fill Heaven and darken Earth, and in such mood
The Form he saw and worshipped was his own,
His likeness in the world's vast mirror shown;
And 'twere an innocent dream, but that a faith
Nursed by fear's dew of poison, grows thereon,
And that men say that Power has chosen Death
On all who scorn its laws, to wreak immortal wrath.

—SHELLEY, *Revolt of Islam.*

Special.

THE Memorandum and Articles of the Freethought Publishing Company, Limited, have been presented for Registration; and, as soon as the Company is legally incorporated—probably in a few days hence—the Prospectus will be forwarded by post to all who have promised to take shares in this enterprise. It will also be inserted in the *Freethinker*. Of course I am sorry that so much time is consumed in preliminaries, but it is quite unavoidable. Next week I shall write at considerable length on the new Company, showing what it may do for Freethought, and why it should be strongly supported by our party.

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. Daviss, 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 E. Vance, 2; Mr. L. Leggett, 2; Mr. R. Alger, 2; Mr. G. Freeman, 2; Mr. T. A. Spivey, 2; Mr. C. Shepherd, 1; Mr. 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; Mr. E. G. H., 1; Mr. Martin Weatherburn, 5; Mr. James Neate, 3; Mrs. Neate, 2; Mr. George Taylor, 2; Mr. H. Poyser, 2; Mr. John Waller, 5; Mr. J. Bullock, 2; Mr. A. F. Bullock, 1; Dr. R. T. Nichols, 10; Mr. J. Keast, 1; Mr. R. Dowding, 2; 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. N. Hayes, 2; Mr. H. Barratt, 5; Mrs. Charlotte S. Giffin, 3; 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, 3; 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; Mr. 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 Ennon, 5; Mr. J. C. Pickett, 2; Mr. Jas. Baker, 1; Mr. J. M. McInnes, 2; Mr. Hugh Irvine, 10; Mr. E. Wilson, 5; Mr. John Proctor, 10; Mr. J. Robinson, 1; Mrs. Mensbier, 5; Mr. E. C. Cooke, 20; Mr. R. F. Mack, 3; Mr. J. Seddon, 1; Mr. Frederick Ryan, 4; Mr. R. F. Garven, 2; Mr. William Barks, 2; Mr. Arthur Button, 5; Mr. J. Garven, 1; Mr. C. Cohen, 2; Mr. C. Pegg, 5; Mrs. M. E. Pegg, 5; Mr. A. E. Elderkin, 1; 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. Banks, 3; Mr. J. Oscar, 1; Mr. Robert Gibbon, 1; Dr. E. B. Foote (New York), 5; Mr. J. Ferguson, 1; Mr. W. J. K. Rider, 2; Mr. Thomas Johnson, 10; Mrs. A. W. Hutty, 2; Blackburn Branch, 2; Mr. James Weston, 5; Mr. David Jones, 3; Mr. E. Jackson, 1; Mr. W. H. Deakin, 2; Mr. R. Slack, 2; Mr. T. Perkins, 1; Mr. William Mitchell, 2; Mr. Henry Trotman, 5; Mr. J. M., 1; Mr. G. H. Williamson, 2; Mr. G. Fryar, 2; Mr. F. S. Finden, 1; Mr. Albert Hecht, 10; Mr. G. A. Lovett, 1; Mr. George Brady, 10; Mr. Thomas Whiteley, 3; Mr. William Hewson, 2; Mr. H. B. Price, 1; Mr. Francis Neale, 1; Mr. J. H. Bain, 1; Mr. T. Shore, 1; Mr. W. McCulloch, 3; Mr. Edwin Lucas, 2; Mr. T. Williams, 2; Mr. J. G. Henderson, 2; Mr. James Waugh, 2; Mr. C. Mascal, 2; Mr. Andrew, 1; Bella and William Secular Society, 5; Mr. Charles Watts, 5; Mr. R. Forder, 5; Mr. A. B. Moss, 2; Mr. W. Heaford, 2; Mr. A. S., 5; Mr. C. Heaton, 1; Mr. W. Mann, 2; Mrs. M. Mann, 2; Mr. H. Good, 3; Mr. E. Self, 2; Mr. C. G. Quinton, 2.—Total, 3,201.

This week's acknowledgments:—

Mr. J. Dunger, 10; Mr. C. M. Handley, 1; Mr. G. Waters, 1; Mr. D. W., 1; Mrs. S. James, 2; Mr. J. Potter, 2; Mr. W. H. Sellors, 1.—Total, 18.

Mr. Foote's Engagements.

Saturday, September 9, Board School, West Stanley; 7.30, "Life, Death, and After."
Sunday, September 10, Royal Assembly Hall, South Shields; 3, "The Meaning of the Dreyfus Case"; 7, "Colonel Ingersoll: Living and Dead."
 September 13, Paisley; 14, Motherwell; 17, Glasgow; 24, London.
 October 1, London; 8, Leicester; 15, Manchester.

To Correspondents.

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

W. B. THOMPSON.—Your copy did not reach us till late on Tuesday, when we were practically made up for going to press. All we can say here is, we are glad to hear that you had such a good time at New Brompton on Sunday, and that Mr. Watts was in such excellent form.

JAMES NEATE.—See paragraphs. There is no reason why your Branch should not join other parties in a protest meeting against the officious action of the County Council in Victoria Park.

A. C. H.—Voltaire's awful phrase, as Mr. Gladstone called it, simply means "Crush the Infamous." Apply to the N.S.S. Secretary, 377 Strand, London, W.C., for the forms you require.

W. S. CLOGG.—Thanks for your letter. The Victoria Park matter is being dealt with. Mr. Cohen is the lecturer there to-day (Sept. 10). We have seen him; his plan of action has our approval, and will doubtless have the support of the local workers, who must trust him and leave the matter entirely in his hands. War cannot be waged without science and discipline.

H. ABRAHAMS.—We think you could do better with continued practice.

H. HUNTER.—Your letter has our attention. More cannot be said here.

GLASGOW READER writes: "Kindly point out that *Damis* is a misprint for *Timocles* on page 563. The sentence should read: '*Timocles* at length puts forward reasons for Theism.' Mr. Cohen writes almost as clearly as the Editor himself."

G. F. DUPLAY.—Unfortunately, your letters are anarchic as well as your views. We cannot ask our readers to puzzle their heads over a writer's meaning.

T. P. W.—Received, and under consideration.

A. POPE.—Your letter would have done good if inserted in the local paper, but is not of special value to our readers, who are already familiar with all your points.

W. P. RYAN.—A controversy founded on a mistake would hardly be profitable. The fault may be ours, but you have certainly misunderstood our meaning. Writing in a Freethought journal, we naturally had a hit at President Kruger's piety and trust in God—which, by the way, he backs up with rifles, heavy guns, and unlimited ammunition. It was not our intention to hint that English statesmen were not pious too, though they do not make such a parade of their piety as President Kruger does. We were not arguing the political question. Yet, if that were raised, we might observe that, while England is bound to respect treaties until they are violated, the Boer government is also bound to respect the clear promises it made when Mr. Gladstone conceded independence to the Transvaal. The fault is distinctly not all on one side. As to our not "firmly denouncing war," we ask what stronger (sane) language we could use than "the frightful crime of an avoidable war"? For the rest, you do us an injustice in quoting the expression "might is right" from our article, without referring to the explanatory words accompanying it in the very same sentence.

W. P. BALL.—Many thanks for cuttings.

S. HOLMAN.—See paragraph. We believe there is a fine field for Freethought propaganda in South Wales.

A. B. MOSS.—Never mind the calumny and persecution. "Saints" must expect it. Get on with your good work. It will bear fruit in due season. And, after all, that is the only thing worth troubling about.

W. COX (Liverpool).—Mr. Foote wrote that he could not visit you till after October. Did you not receive his letter?

T. WILMOT, Camberwell Branch Secretary, reports that good addresses to large audiences have been delivered by Mr. Pack at Brockwell Park and Station-road.

PAPERS RECEIVED.—Isle of Man Times—New York Journal—Liberator—New Century—People's Newspaper—Truthseeker (New York)—Awakener of India—Boston Investigator—Public Opinion—Truthseeker (Bradford)—Shields Gazette—Western Evening Herald—Sydney Bulletin—Mexican Herald—Derby Telegraph—Secular Thought—Yarmouth Mercury—Blue Grass Blade—Free Society—Ethical World—Torch of Reason—Two Worlds—El Libre Pensamiento—Progressive Thinker—English Herald—Manchester Evening News—Crescent—New York Herald.

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.

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

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

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

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.

TYNESIDE Freethinkers will note that Mr. Foote, after a long absence from the district, lectures to-day (Sept. 10) in the Royal Assembly Room, South Shields. This is a large handsome hall, and it should be filled on both occasions. At first it was arranged that Mr. Foote should deliver only one lecture, in the evening, on "Colonel Ingersoll: Living and Dead." But a special request was made that he should lecture in the afternoon on "The Meaning of the Dreyfus Case," and the hall has been secured for that purpose.

A crowded audience assembled at the Athenæum Hall on Sunday evening, when Mr. Foote delivered the opening lecture of the new season on "Colonel Ingersoll: Living and Dead." In spite of the unpleasant warmth of the hall, the evening being rather close, the lecture was listened to for an hour and a-half with the profoundest attention, the frequent applause showing how intensely the audience was interested.

Mr. Foote has received the following letter from Mrs. Farrell (Mrs. Ingersoll's sister), dated from Walston, Dobbs' Ferry, where Ingersoll died: "My dear Mr. Foote,—At the request of Mrs. Ingersoll and her daughters, who are still prostrated with grief, I write to thank you, most sincerely, for your cablegram, your tender letter of sympathy, and your beautiful tribute to Colonel Ingersoll. Mrs. Ingersoll also wishes to convey, through you, to the Freethinkers of England her heartfelt thanks for their loving sympathy and appreciation. She has been deeply touched by the thousands of letters that have come to her from all parts of the world. Again thanking you on behalf of the entire family, I am, very sincerely —Sue M. Farrell."

Mr. Charles Watts had two very successful meetings at New Brompton on Sunday. It was his first appearance on a platform since his illness. This evening (Sept. 10) he lectures at the Athenæum Hall, 73 Tottenham Court-road, London, on "The Secular View of Existence."

Mr. C. Cohen had a very good audience on Sunday in the Royal Assembly Room, South Shields. This evening (Sept. 10) he opens the new season's lecturing in the Camberwell Secular Hall. In the morning and afternoon he lectures in Victoria Park, where the meetings will no doubt be larger than usual, in consequence of the recent action of the authorities with regard to the sale of literature.

Mr. William Heaford delivered two open-air lectures on Sunday at Tonypandy, in South Wales. The afternoon meeting numbered about five hundred persons, and the evening meeting about eight hundred. Both meetings were orderly, and the little opposition offered at the close was easily disposed of by the lecturer. The local Freethinkers are delighted at the success of this experiment.

Mr. A. B. Moss delivered three outdoor lectures on Sunday to fine meetings at Clerkenwell, Peckham, and Mile-end. A good day's work.

London Branches carrying on open-air work are reminded that they can obtain a supply of Mr. Foote's pamphlets for free distribution at such meetings by applying to Miss Vance, N. S. S. Secretary, 377 Strand, W.C. Mr. George Anderson has generously placed another supply at her disposal in this direction.

Mr. F. J. Gould has issued a very attractive program of "Plans" for the Leicester Secular Society during the approaching winter. If he carries out half of them, he will have his hands full enough. Still, we know he is a hard worker, and we have no doubt that he will achieve a good measure of success. We congratulate the Leicester Secular Society on having such a capable and energetic "organiser and Secretary."

The Manchester Branch holds its annual members' meeting to-day (Sept. 10) at 6.30. On the following Sunday the lecture season will be opened by Mr. Cohen.

Editor Ellis, of *Secular Thought*, Toronto, has been holidaying during August, for the first time, he says, in ten years. He found that a rest was absolutely necessary. Had he been a Christian minister, he would have found that out annually.

Mr. A. H. Smith contributes a long and well-written letter to the *Yarmouth Mercury* in answer to the Rev. W. L. Spooner. We wish Freethinkers all over the country would utilise their local press in this way. It brings Freethought to the attention of thousands of Christians, who would otherwise never hear of it except through orthodox channels.

The *People's Newspaper*, Rockhampton, Queensland, says of Ingersoll, in reference to his death: "No man ever preached a better gospel; no man ever preached so brilliantly and so beautifully; and no man ever translated more completely into his daily deeds the gospel that he taught. When he died, there passed from earth one of its wisest, gentlest, grandest men—one whose fame will grow wider and deeper as the world grows wiser and purer."

At the great Chicago memorial meeting a colored minister, the Rev. Reverdy Ransom, praised Ingersoll for his hatred of slavery and his championing of the rights of the black race. "It was he," this colored preacher reminded the meeting, "who took Frederick Douglass to his own house in Peoria when all other doors were turned against him."

A memorial meeting in honor of Colonel Ingersoll was held on Sunday morning, August 7, in the Broadway Theatre, Denver, Colorado. "People high in dignity and authority," says the *Rocky Mountain News*, "learned doctors, intellectual lights of literature, the arts, and sciences, commingled with men whose lives are devoted to trade and the making of money, and with people in humbler walks of life, and paid a tribute of respect to the memory of the greatest Agnostic this age has known. In the great audience were preachers of the gospel and many laymen recognised in life as pillars of the Churches." Governor Thomas, the first speaker, delivered an eloquent tribute to Ingersoll as an orator, a man, and a citizen. He was followed by the Rev. David Utter, a Unitarian minister, and other speakers. Finally the meeting passed two resolutions, one of condolence with the bereaved family and the other describing Ingersoll as "the earnest and most eloquent defender of the rights of man, woman, and child, the most fearless and powerful opponent of superstition, and the advocate of the oppressed against the oppressor."

It is curious that the American Freethought journals have not quoted or noticed the tributes to Ingersoll in the organs of English Freethought. The one exception we have seen is the *Boston Investigator*, which gave an extract from Mr. Watts's article in the *Freethinker* of July 30.

Since the previous paragraph was written a new number of the *Boston Investigator* has arrived, containing reproductions of English tributes to Ingersoll, including our own.

Mr. Foote has just had the pleasure of an interview with a veteran Freethinker, not publicly known to our party, who is arranging to leave £1,000 in his will to the Secular Society, Limited. He has also had an interview with another Freethinker who is arranging to leave the Society a smaller bequest. We hope Freethinkers all over the country will "go and do likewise." Without depriving themselves in any way, they would thus in time make the Society a very powerful organisation.

Mobbed for Lowering the Flag.

McADOO, Penn., August 2.—A wave of religious fever bordering on fanaticism sweeps the mountain towns in this vicinity since the death of Colonel Ingersoll, and daily and nightly discussions on Agnosticism, Atheism, Christianity, and orthodox beliefs have served to excite the people to a very high pitch. The exponents of the Ingersoll doctrine, while not numerous, make up the deficiency in enthusiastic support of their ideas. Among these were James Paige, of Glen City, who, upon learning of the great Agnostic's death the other day, ran up a flag on the village flag pole, and there it has since floated at half-mast as a token of the esteem in which Ingersoll was held. Mr. Paige, some of the people said, was in possession of the devil, while others explained at meetings the falsity of Agnosticism and the great mistake of freethinking.

Parson Joneth Banks denounced all Agnostics in general and the Ingersoll local followers in particular, and advised his auditors to haul down the flag. This evening the anti-Agnostics gathered and made a concerted attack on Mr. Paige's house, and while trying to place the flag at the top of the pole broke it off at the base. Paige was prevented from shooting by the mob, who swooped down upon him, smashed the doors and windows of his house, and would have summarily dealt with the Agnostic but for a few cooler heads, who succeeded in spiriting Paige away. The excitement in the village is intense, and the feeling has spread to neighboring settlements.—*Enquirer*.

Bringing Jehus to Jesus.

Of the making of missions there is no end. From time to time new agencies for the work of religious conversion crop up. Scarcely any section of the community is left untouched. All must be brought within the fold of Christ, and consequently one class after another is separately approached. Yet, considering all the money that is spent, and all the trouble that is taken, is anything commensurate achieved? It is the work of the Lord, and has the advantage of his blessing; but it goes on so slowly that sometimes it must be borne in upon the pious mind that it is the Devil who is "making the running."

Perhaps if, as outsiders, we look into the matter a little more closely, we shall arrive at three conclusions—namely, that, whilst wealthy believers give too little, the missionaries themselves absorb too much, and that the Lord is not half as active as he might be. And then, perhaps, there is the trifling initial fact that the work is all wrong, and, for any real good that is done, might just as well be left alone. Of course, one speaks here of the doctrinal and distinctive features of Christianity, and not of purely ethical teaching, which is a thing quite apart, and suffers from forced connection with theological dogmas and creeds.

If we glance at the list of Christian missions now at work in the vineyard of the Lord, we shall see that the divisions and sub-divisions are so multitudinous that much overlapping occurs. This has led to the suspicion that the personal needs of missionaries, as well as the spiritual requirements of the people, have something to do with the multiplicity. It may not be so; still, the sleek appearance of the average man of God, particularly if he is running some special mission of his own, may strike many observers as one of the strongest arguments he presents, if not for the acceptance, at any rate for the professional preaching, of the truth "as it is in Jesus."

Of these numerous home-missions, those which are directed to "horsey" men have rather a special interest. The material is so unpromising—decidedly and painfully unpromising. We do not wonder that strong appeals for funds are now being made on behalf of the Race-course Missions and the London Cabmen's Mission. Funds must, in these instances, be genuinely needed if any success is to be achieved. To bring the average "cabby," and especially the average "bookie," to Christ can scarcely be less expensive than converting a Jew. When the "bookie" is "stony-broke," and the "cabby" has had his licence endorsed, they may be disposed to listen in sullen silence to fairy-tales about mansions in the sky; but at other and ordinary times they usually express themselves as "not takin' any," which is a respectful negative not always returned to the offer of a drink.

Nevertheless, there are courageous and sanguine evangelists who essay the delicate task of conversion, and who look, and look pretty keenly, to the pious for the necessary financial support. The difficulties to be encountered are, indeed, immense. Whatever the ordinary cabman may tacitly assent to in a religious kind of way, he is not to be balked of exercising those powers of "chaff" in which he is a past-master, when personally addressed and told of his sins by those who visit the cab-ranks and attempt his conversion. This is especially so if spoken to after putting down a fare who has paid him the exact amount due, and no more; or, still worse, if he has just been "bilked." Then the "chaff" becomes a trifle acrimonious, and loafers gather around.

The gentle missionary, as may be imagined, comes badly off in these verbal encounters, scriptural texts being but poor powder and shot against a rattling discharge of the latest cockney wit and slang, not to say absolute profanity. Of course, it is very wrong of men on the ranks to receive the missionaries in this repellent way, to use language which, if partly theological, consists of terms that are misapplied, and to exhibit such little concern about salvation by means of "the blood." But we cannot doubt that at times there is a justification to be found in the way they are approached, and that cabmen, being a tolerably shrewd class, or, as they would term it, "fly," might in many cases prefer that something should be done for their present bodily

comfort and worldly interests, rather than for the ultimate safety of their problematic souls.

And this is really the point at which home-missions go wrong. Cabmen, like many other classes of men—including, it may be, those whom they drive about in their vehicles—are more or less in need of reclamation. But they are not benefited by anything that is done on purely evangelistic lines. There is no good achieved by simply aiming at bringing these Jehus to Jesus. They are none the better for a profession of faith in the mysteries, miracles, and creeds which constitute the stock-in-trade of the missionary, and by him are considered to be all-important, and without which no man may gain eternal life. Honest cabmen will admit that many of their companions on the ranks, and perhaps they themselves, would be all the better for a stricter attention to honest dealing, truthfulness, sobriety, civility, thrift, intellectual occupation (other than studying the latest betting) during their long and dreary waits, and the aiming at less violence and impropriety of speech. There need not be mentioned under the head of honest dealing the delicate subject of "overcharges," because that may be felt by them to be rather a sore point—as it certainly often is by their fares. But, as we have said, there are many virtues by the cultivation of which their moral tone may be improved and their personal interests and happiness advanced.

At the same time, nothing of this is the special and exclusive concern of the evangelistic missionaries. It is not the reason of their existence. What they are appointed and paid for, and what they naturally place as the first object of their endeavors, is to extract a confession of faith in certain cut-and-dried theological doctrines, and to encourage the practice of hymn-singing and prayer. If they add any teaching of a secular and ethical character, they do so, not as Christian evangelists, but as men. Such teaching may be given—and with much better effect because based on a firmer foundation—by those who in no way accept the doctrines which are the essentials of Christianity, distinguishing it from the other systems, religious and philosophical, of the world.

The "cabbies" are no doubt at bottom grateful enough for the interest manifested in them, especially in regard to their shelters. But the comparatively small band who can be induced to join in the religious services arranged for their behoof shows that they have failed to be reached hitherto, and are not likely to be thus reached in the future, notwithstanding the funds subscribed for that purpose.

As some of these funds represent donations from pious old ladies, is it too much to surmise that the venerable donors have been led to hope for the conversion of "cabby" to Christ from the painful experience of having been first overcharged, then profanely sworn at, and generally half frightened out of their lives? And can we be quite sure that, when "cabby" is converted to Christ, he will not extract quite as much by an unctuous profession of piety in cases where, as the song says, "Cabby knows his fare"?

FRANCIS NEALE.

An Old Version.

Some portions of a translation of the Anglo-Saxon Gospel of John and the Psalms, by the late Rev. H. C. Leonard, M.A., are appearing in the *Christian World Pulpit*. Mr. Leonard's version of the Anglo-Saxon Gospel of Mark went into a second edition. "The Good-News after Johannes' Telling" reads rarily. This is a sample from the story of the turning of water into wine: "Then said the Savior's mother to the servants, Do whatsoever he says to you! Truly there were set there six stone water-vats after the Jew's cleaning; each was in two firkins measured, or in three. Then bade the Savior that they fill these vats with water, and they filled them to the brim. Then said the Savior, Draw now, and bear to the lord-elder. And they took it. When the lord-elder tasted the wine that was made of the water, he knew not whence it came: the servants truly knew that drew the water: the lord-elder called the brideman, and said to him: 'Each man giveth first good wine, and, when they be drunken, that which is worse; thou withholdest that good wine till this!' This was the first token that the Savior wrought in Chana of Galilea, and manifested his glory; and his learning-knights believed on him."

A Century of Swindle.

Just published, *The History of the London Missionary Society, 1795-1895*. Two vols. Edition de luxe, 25s.; subscribers net price, or 30s. after May 15. Ordinary edition, 17s. 6d.

THE publishers have not yet favored me with a copy of the above entertaining and instructive work, and, not being either a multimillionaire or an idiot, I have not gone to the expenditure necessary to become the purchaser. One would suppose that the compiler and the publisher expect to sell some, but it is difficult to understand where buyers can come from for such a book.

For the purposes of making copy for comic papers, or to provide the basis of a slashing satire on Carlyle's text, a nation of forty millions mostly fools, the above book might find a few readers—not buyers; but that any sane being could be found to sit down to read one hundred repetitions of the annual Exeter Hall outpouring of gush, no—it is unthinkable, it is impossible; Macaulay's gibe at Guicciardini's history is left in the shade with this new image of endurance.

Old Freethinkers and students of early propagandist work will perhaps recall the battle waged by Mrs. Emma Martin against the London Missionary Society at the time of its jubilee in 1844; which jubilee, by the way, was another bit of a swindle, being a year before its proper time.

One of her pamphlets, now open before me, is entitled *The Missionary Jubilee Panic and the Hypocrite's Prayer, Addressed to the Supporters of Christian Missions*, and gives a very lively account of a Jubilee meeting at Manchester, together with some telling extracts from missionary documents as to the work done among the heathen, and her criticisms on the work.

The missionary society's records of the last fifty years would provide good copy for a similar up-to-date pamphlet, and I am hoping to drop on a copy of the big two volumes in the fourpenny box soon, when I will engage to make some use of them. In the meantime the daily papers have, by the divine interposition of the editor's own special providence, provided a really beautiful proof of the sham of the mission game. Daily papers live on sensation. Last autumn the Christian-American, *versus* the quite as orthodox Christian-Spanish, war was the heaven-sent stop-gap for the silly season; this year it is, "Lo! the poor heathen," and his White Jewell.

Superlatives are always dangerous, and particularly so in connection with Christians and their tactics; but of all the shocking exhibitions of canting, snuffling arrogance, and racial pride, and self-sufficiency, the latest example is almost the record worst.

The jingo imperial organ, the *Daily Mail*, is, of course, an easy first in its ravings over "The Black Scandal" and "The Black Menace."

Soon after the opening of the Savage Africa show, readers of the screamer were one morning treated to a most moving account of a religious service performed by the son of Bishop Colenso, assisted by a native preacher. The gushing reporter recounted, with crocodile tears at the point of his pen, what a moving address was given by the converted savage; but considerably discounted all by the closing admission, "that he could not understand a single word of it"; yet it was, after all, a very moving address. For all he could tell, it might have been a page out of a Zulu directory.

But it is all of a piece with the missionary meetings, magazines, and reports sent home by the missionaries to boom up the subscriptions: "These poor people are of the same dust as we; God made us all brothers." "The poor negro is exactly as good as we, except the color; he is 'God's own image carved in ebony'; and 'the woman, though black, is 'comely.'" And this brings us to the very keystone of the latest outbreak of cant.

Ever since roving Englishmen first began to explore, exploit, and steal in these foreign lands, traveller, trader, official, missionary, all have taken and used the woman of whatever nation or tribe they have been amongst. From books of travel and official reports, evidence can be piled up mountain high to prove these various alliances, and the myriad-hued progeny therefrom. It would be idle to labor the point. Singly or by the harem full; brief as a summer night, or as enduring as life itself; happy as poet's dream, or jammed full of

desperate or sordid tragedy; every possible key in the whole gamut of love and life has been played between white Adonis and tinted Venus. Almost always the Adonis has been the pale face. None has protested; the king came, the woman, the inferior, the slave, had but to obey. His mother, his wife, and his sisters were far away and safe, neither shocked nor threatened.

Now there is a change; there is a new invasion, and here, on his own hearth-stone, the white Adonis is revenged by the ebony God. And let this be borne in mind all the time: if there is anything certain in this connection, it is that it is the man who is invited by the woman.

At the jubilee, when there was an invasion by our fellow subjects from every clime under the sun, every observer could note what was going on. These soldiers were, of course, picked men, physically and mentally; no doubt in every case the very best possible to find. In many cases they were magnificent types of the *genus homo*, and the result, not only among the servant-girls and the colored Tommy Atkins, but also among the officers and the highly-placed dames who so gladly entertained them, was just exactly what under the conditions might have been expected.

In America physiologists and psychologists have noted and reported upon the same feature as affecting the relations of white women and black men; as often as not it is the man who is invited, is seduced, by the woman. Why, then, these screams over Loben? This is a question for Christians and missionary subscribers to answer, and plainly. If these men and women are the degraded beasts some of the screamers would have us believe, why spend blood and treasure on them while we have so many white savages and slaves among us, right here in London, to say nothing of our country districts?

A writer on Egyptian affairs, at the time of the bombardment of Alexandria, stated that propagation between a European and a low-caste Egyptian woman had never been known, and was probably impossible, suggesting thus that the Egyptian was not a human being like the whites. When Tommy Atkins finally made a settlement, that fable, like many others, went overboard. The same game is in the minds of some of our jingoes and Imperialists to-day. Suggest that these colored races are really not quite human beings, and there will be less outcry when we wipe them all out. The trouble is, there would then be no reason to collect money for missions, which would be sad—for the missionaries.

T. S.

To Robert G. Ingersoll.

Not for thee, not for us, those dear days! In oblivion our
lots will be cast
When the future hath built firm and fair on the bulk of a
petrified past.
Yet its edifice hardier shall bide for the boons fraught with
help that we give—
For the wrongs that we cope with and slay, for the lies that
we crush and outlive!

And if record of genius like thine, or of eloquence fiery and
deep,
Shall remain to the centuries regnant from centuries lulled
into sleep,
Then thy memory as music shall float amid actions and aims
yet to be,
And thine influence cling to life's good as the sea-vapors cling
to the sea!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

Church Subscriptions.

The Rev. Dr. Cunningham instructs his congregation that it is not enough to give to the Church what they can spare, but to give and keep giving until they feel it to be a burden and a sacrifice. These, brethren, are the inspired words of one who has a deep and abiding pecuniary interest in what he is talking about. Such a man cannot err, except by asking too little; and empires have risen and perished, islands have sprung from the sea, mountains have burnt their bowels out, and rivers have run dry, since a man of God has committed this error.—*Dod Grile.*

Matthew Arnold.

"The times are ripening for his poetry, which is full of foretastes of the morrow."—AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

THE appearance of Professor Saintsbury's hypercritical monograph on Matthew Arnold is, perhaps, a fitting occasion for renewing our acquaintance with his poetry.

From the very outset of his literary career Arnold showed that he had extraordinary poetic ability. Report spoke highly of his "Newdigate Prize Poem" on the subject of one whose memory was then execrated at Oxford—Oliver Cromwell. The lines form a striking contrast to the Oxford Prize Poems of the time, which were almost invariably either Heber and water or Pope and nonsense, beginning with a sunset, or an invocation, and ending, *de riguer*, with a millennium and the conversion of the Jews.

Strangely enough, Arnold has never been a popular poet. With the exception of "The Forsaken Mermaid" and "Desire," he cannot be said to have gained extensive notice. The bulk of his verse, outside cultured circles, is little known. But his work seems to stand, in a remarkable way, the wear and tear of the years, rather gaining than losing as time goes on. Its admirers, while they avoid an invidious comparison with Tennyson (whose work appeals more powerfully to the average reader), yet whisper among the initiated that in Arnold's exquisite sense of form, in the artistic finish of his verse, in the methods by which he produces his effects, and in his style, they find something which they miss in the honeyed verse and conservative conceits of the late Laureate.

Arnold possessed an exquisite tact, a self-restraint in details, which is only paralleled by the great writers. The want of concentration and suggestiveness has become an abuse in the hands of the banjo-Byrons of our day. They only string beads; Arnold fused metal.

In this respect of restraint, Arnold's poetry merits attention. He is so entirely free from the vice of straining after perpetual metaphor. His use of epithets bears a masculine imprint. For instance:—

Vain is the effort to forget
Some day I shall be cold, I know,
As is the eternal moon-lit snow
Of the high Alps to which I go;
But ah, not yet! not yet!

Awhile let me with thoughts have done;
And as this brimmed uncrinkled Rhine,
And that far purple mountain line,
Lie sweetly in the look divine
Of the slow sinking sun.

Again, what felicitous epithets he employs in the well-known lines to "Marguerite":—

And bade betwixt their shores to be
The unplumbed, salt, estranging sea.

Once more:—

On winter evenings, when the roar
Of the near waves came, sadly grand,
Through the dark, up the drowned sand.

This perfection of style is a very much higher merit than is usually acknowledged. A really good style is like the ocean-water, which is blue upon the surface in proportion to the intensity of the saltness in its depths. Our minor poets not only show us the anemone trembling like a bridal veil, and the wild rose on its spray shaking to the music of the waterfall; they tumble the roses in upon the unfortunate reader until, like Heliogabalus, he is in danger of being smothered. Now, listen to Arnold:—

So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry,
From the wet field, through the next garden trees,
Come with the volleying rain and tossing breeze;
The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I.

No poet ever rhymed more carefully than Tennyson. We believe that in all his writings but three or four false or broken rhymes can be found. Arnold's versification is not less careful, and frequently marvellously musical.

Arnold had too great an admiration for the classical writers to ever have been enamored of the Christian religion. The world in which his favorite Greek writers lived, their views of life and death and necessity, met his instincts and aspirations better than the Christian view of it.

How essentially Arnold's imagination had become

secularised is often seen in his language about death. Thus, in his *Monody* on his friend Clough, he says:—

Bear it from thy loved, sweet Arno vale
(For there thine earth-forgetting eyelids keep
Their morningless and unawakening sleep
Under the flowery and leanders pale).

Partly, perhaps, from the example of Wordsworth, one of his poetical masters, we can trace a calm reliance on nature in nearly every page. This feeling assumes at times tones of passionate intensity:—

Blow, ye winds! lift me with you!
I come to the wild;
Fold closely, O Nature,
Thine arms around thy child.

Ah, calm me, restore me,
And dry up my tears,
On thy high mountain-platform,
Where morn first appears.

Where the white mists for ever
Are spread and upfurled,
In the stir of the forces
Whence issued the world.

Despite his Oxford manner, he was a Freethinker. He was a man of this life and this world. Human loves, joys, sorrows, earthly things, interest him:—

The help in strife
The thousand sweet still joys of such,
As hand in hand face earthly life.

In the highest and noblest sense of the word, he was a Secularist. Although no one understood better the value of reticence in literature, he had his moments of playfulness. He even bantered the Trinity, and he never showed weariness of the pastime of bishop-baiting. He was continually making fun of the Bishop of Gloucester, and of his alleged desire to do something for the honor of the Godhead. Even the divinity which hedges an archbishop had no terrors for this *enfant terrible*. He was all his life girding at the Nonconformist Conscience, and used to quote his own front name with humorous resignation as only an instance of the sort of thing one had to put up with.

Besides his volumes of poetry, Arnold wrote a book upon education. He also produced certain trenchant papers, which do not flatter the national vanity, and some *Essays in Criticism*. In his prose no less than in his poetry he cuts out his thought as if in marble. With a strong, haughty, careless grace, he has expressed his opinions freely on literature and theology. He tells us that Addison's attic elegance often gilds commonplace. Jeremy Taylor is a provincial Bossuet, Burke is Asiatic, Jeffrey is superficial, and Macaulay a rhetorician; John Stuart Mill is logical, but he knows nothing of the grand style; and the Christian Trinity resemble three Lord Shaftesburys. He is, in short, inimitable. In spite of Professor Saintsbury and others of that ilk, Arnold is a writer well worth knowing. A hundred times over, in hours of lassitude and fatigue, we have taken down his volumes. The calm pathos, the sorrowful and wave-like melody, have never palled upon us. There are pages which seem to bathe one's mind in the cool breath that blows from English meadows, or in the scent which exhales from the pines of Switzerland. Rarely has love found a tenderer interpreter, or separation breathed a sweeter sorrow. We find in him qualifications—rare at all times, especially rare in these days—artistic finish, and an absence of sensationalism. He was a poet whose inspiration was kindled at the flame on the altar of Liberty.

MIMNERMUS.

What authority for a future life is there except dogma? Immortality does not reveal itself to the simple reason. It is unknown to human science, and undiscoverable and undemonstrable by it. Except in Scripture, or tradition made authoritative by religious dogma, we have no basis for anything more than a purely fanciful, poetic conception of a future life. No man, of himself, has ever been able to pry into the mystery of death. To the natural eye, when a man is dead that is the end of him. His dead body is buried away to go into noisome corruption. Only in dogmatic assertion, the assertion of the authority of a revelation from God, of a wholly supernatural communication, has anybody any ground for assuming, as the Rev. Mr. Savage assumes, that the dead come to life again in another state of existence; and Mr. Savage, as a Unitarian, rejects all dogma.—*New York Sun*.

The National Secular Society.

REPORT of monthly Executive meeting held at the Society's Offices on Thursday, August 31; the President (Mr. G. W. Foote) in the chair. Present: Messrs. C. Watts, E. Bater, C. Cohen, F. Schaller, G. J. Warren, W. Heaford, J. Neate, T. Thurlow, A. B. Moss, W. Leat, B. Munton, R. Edwards, C. Quinton, T. Wilmot, and the Secretary.

Minutes of last meeting read and confirmed. Monthly cash statement adopted.

Some discussion arose upon the financial position of the Society, and it was resolved that the appeal for the Twentieth Century Fund should be issued at an early date.

New members were enrolled from the Birmingham, South Shields, and East London Branches.

The Secretary reported a highly-successful excursion to Littlehampton.

The total amount of the collection made at the outdoor demonstrations was reported to the meeting, and the President intimated that, as he made no charge for his own services on these occasions, he desired to allot the collections amongst the other speakers. It was then formally moved that this matter be left in the hands of the President, who promised, should his engagements permit, to arrange further meetings in September.

Other minor matters of business were dealt with, and the meeting adjourned. EDITH M. VANCE, *Secretary*.

Book Chat.

POOR Kipling! He hardly deserves the treatment his works have received at the hands of the trustees of that great centre of religious light, the Methodist Church at Crawfordsville, Indiana. The pious and learned trustees have had their attention drawn to Kipling's story, "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," which figured in their library. They were told it was a book "fairly reeking with profanity and the most outrageous slang." On investigation, they were "amazed that such literature should have invaded their Church." They have, therefore, unanimously voted to throw out all this author's works that were in their library.

This is rather hard on Kipling, who, in his *Plain Tales from the Hills*, took great pains to write what he called a "tract" purporting to describe the startling conversion of a disciple of Spencer and Comte. Now that Kipling is voted "profane," the tract should be re-read to discover whether it is not really a burlesque of the productions of Christian Evidence scribes—as a writer in these columns hinted a couple of years ago.

In a charmingly naive fashion, the *Sydney Morning Herald* writes of the new volumes of the Polychrome Bible. It says: "Time and again diligent and pious students of the Scriptures have found themselves nonplussed by statements in the Bible which seem to contradict other statements. The old theory of verbal inspiration was shaken to its foundations, and the reaction was bound to tell against any system of religion founded on this theory. But the Polychrome Bible sets this right. Probably some persons who have devoted attention to the study of literature would understand at the first reading that the books which form the Old Testament were written by a variety of hands. The Polychrome Bible establishes this." Where does the inspiration of the Holy Ghost come in? and how is the Word of God to be discovered in these vari-colored and discordant productions of "a variety of hands"?

It is pleasant to find that the press no longer maintains the conspiracy of silence concerning Freethought books. The *Sun* recently (August 25) devoted three-quarters of a column to a notice of Mr. Mackenzie's *Brimstone Ballads*, and quoted very freely from Mr. Foote's introduction. Naturally the *Sun* did not praise Atheistic verses, but a recognition of one's existence must come before an appreciation of one's qualities.

Reynolds's Newspaper (August 27) also notices Mr. Mackenzie's book, and admits that he "has a fine faculty for making his lines run with a sparkle and a jingle." This is satisfactory as far as it goes, but why on earth does *Reynolds's* go on to say that Mr. Mackenzie "turns into rhyme arguments against superstition and false (*sic*) Christianity, and takes advantage of the absurdities in religions to make them look ridiculous in verse"? We expect a little more backbone in the editor of a Republican paper.

Mr. Cohen's articles on "Pain and Providence," which appeared recently in the *Freethinker*, have been reprinted in pamphlet form. The publisher is R. Forder, and the price one penny. No doubt many will be glad to have these excellent articles by them in a permanent shape.

SUNDAY LECTURE NOTICES, ETC.

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

LONDON.

THE ATHENÆUM HALL (73 Tottenham Court-road, W.): 7.30, C. Watts, "Secular View of Existence."
BRADLAUGH CLUB AND INSTITUTE (36 Newington Green-road, Ball's Pond): 8.30, A Concert.
CAMBERWELL (North Camberwell Hall, 61 New Church-road): 7.30, C. Cohen.
EAST LONDON BRANCH (Swaby's Coffee House, 103 Mile End-road): 8, W. J. Ramsey.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

BATTERSEA PARK GATES: 11.30, F. A. Davies.
BROCKWELL PARK (near Herne-hill Gates): 3.15, J. Rowney.
CAMBERWELL (Station-road): 11.30, J. Rowney.
EDMONTON (corner of Angel-road): 7, A. B. Moss.
HYDE PARK (near Marble Arch): Lectures every week evening at 8. Sunday, at 11.30, A lecture.
HAMPSTEAD HEATH (Jack Straw's Castle): 3.15, A lecture.
HAMMERSMITH (The Grove): 7.15, A lecture.
KILBURN (Glengal-road): 7.15, Stanley Jones.
KINGSLAND (Ridley-road): 11.30, Stanley Jones.
MILE END WASTE: 11.30 and 7, W. J. Ramsey. September 13, at 8, K. P. Edwards.
PECKHAM RYE: 3.15, Stanley Jones.
S. L. E. S. (Peckham Rye): 11.15, A lecture. (Brockwell Park): 3.15, A lecture.
STRATFORD (The Grove): 7, R. P. Edwards.
THE TRIANGLE (Salmon-lane, Limehouse): 11.30, A. B. Moss. September 12, at 8, S. Jones.
VICTORIA PARK (near the Fountain): C. Cohen—11.15, "The Dying of Death"; 3.15, "The Aims of Secularism."
WESTMINSTER (Grosvenor Embankment): 11.30, H. Courtney, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity."

COUNTRY.

CHATHAM SECULAR SOCIETY (Queen's-road, New Brompton): 2.45, Sunday School; 7, H. Snell, "Emile Zola and Freethought."
EDINBURGH (Moulders' Arms, 105 High-street): 7, Mr. Mawaters, "A Defence of Freethought."
GLASGOW (110 Brunswick-street): H. Percy Ward—11.30, "The Impracticability of Socialism"; 2.30, "Man's Reason and God's Revelation"; 6.30, "Ingersoll and his Gospel."
LIVERPOOL (Alexandra Hall, Islington-square): 7, Mr. Hammond, "Theistic Fallacies."
PORTH BRANCH (near the Foundry): W. Heaford—2, "Some Fallacies of Theism"; 5, "The Gospel of Freethought."
SHEFFIELD SECULAR SOCIETY (Hall of Science, Rockingham-street): 7, Mr. Dyson, A lecture. See Saturday's local papers.
SOUTH SHIELDS (Royal Assembly Hall, Mile End-road): G. W. Foote—3, "The Meaning of the Dreyfus Case"; 7, "Colonel R. G. Ingersoll: Living and Dead."

Lecturers' Engagements.

C. COHEN, 17 Osborne-road, High-road, Leyton.—September 10, m. and a., Victoria Park. 17 and 24, Manchester. October 1, Glasgow.

ARTHUR B. MOSS, 44 Credon-road, London, S.E.—September 10, m., Edmonton. 17, m., Battersea; e., Stratford. 24, m., Mile End; e., Stratford.

R. P. EDWARDS, 9 Caxton-road, Shepherd's Bush.—September 10, m., a., and e., Stratford. 17, m., Ridley-road; a., Victoria Park; e., Mile End. 24, m., Limehouse; a., Hampstead; e., Mile End.

E. PACK, 10 Henstridge-place, Ordnance-road, St. John's Wood.—September 10, m., Hyde Park; a., Hampstead Heath; e., Kilburn. 17, m., Mile End. 24, Battersea Park.

H. PERCY WARD, 5 Alexandra-road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.—September 17, Sheffield. 24, Derby. November 5, Birmingham. 12 and 19, Manchester. 26, Birmingham. December 17, Birmingham.

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