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## Kruger's Dream.—II.

It is not our intention to go through the whole history of the Transvaal during the past twenty-three years. Still, we shall go back to 1877-8, in justice to England, which has no doubt often acted wrongly, but not quite as wrongly, perhaps, as some of her severest critics represent. The annexation of the Transvaal by Sir Theophilus Shepstone was done without the firing of a shot. The country was in a terrible state of disorganisation; the Treasury was empty, except for the sum of £128,6d.; the Government £1 bluebacks were selling at 1s., and the salaries of civil servants were all in arrears; and, what was still worse, the Transvaal was menaced by two powerful native chiefs, one of whom, the famous Cetewayo, commanded at least 30,000 warriors. Well, the British government took over the country, paid its debts, laid the basis of its prosperity, and, at the cost of much money and many lives, broke the power of Cetewayo and Secocoeni—not the least assistance being rendered by the Boers in the warfare, although it is quite certain that Cetewayo, at any rate, simply wanted to fight them, and had no sort of quarrel with the British except on account of their interference. In one sense, of course, the annexation of the Transvaal was a political crime; but, in another sense, it was just the kind of thing that expanding empires have always been doing, and have often had to do. At any rate, it seems to have saved the country from anarchy, and it was largely acquiesced in by even the official Boers. Joubert protested and threw up his post, but Kruger accepted office under the British occupation, and only resigned at last because he was refused an increase of salary. When the Boers rebelled, as they had a perfect right to, they began by what was very much like an act of treachery. Then they invaded Natal, precisely as they have done recently, so that this policy of theirs is an old one. They defeated Sir George Colley at Laing's Nek, Ingogo, and Majuba. This General was not a great commander, but he had very few men; even at Majuba his force only numbered 64 soldiers. It was therefore by no means a big battle. Lord Rosebery has called it merely a skirmish. Sir Evelyn Wood came up with much larger forces, and Frederick Roberts was soon after these at the head of 10,000 men. It was Mr. Gladstone who ended the war. Not another blow was struck after Majuba. An armistice was arranged, and the Transvaal was given back to the Boers by the Treaty of 1881. Mr. Gladstone, in the opinion of his friends, acted magnanimously; in the opinion of his enemies he acted with

pusillanimity. Probably his motives were mixed. But, in any case, the settlement was wise and just in the circumstances. It was not given to Mr. Gladstone to be a prophet. He could not foresee that the situation contained the secret germs of future trouble. No one knew that the Boers would henceforth look upon Britishers as weak and contemptible. No one knew that the hidden gold and diamonds in the Transvaal would attract crowds of immigrants, until at length the Boers would be largely outnumbered by the Outlanders—that is, the "foreign" white population.

The Boer victories over the small forces under Sir George Colley seem to have filled them with a lasting sense of their military prowess. They appear to have felt ever since that they could beat British soldiers at any time they chose. President Kruger, unless he is much belied, has often expressed his contempt for our "army," upon which word he has been accustomed to lay a scornful emphasis. And this feeling was intensified by the easy capture of Dr. Jameson's raiders. This was as much a "fluke" as the older victories. But the Boers did not look at it in that light; as they saw it, it confirmed their view of their own invincibility. Moreover, they are extremely pious folk. Their one book is the Bible, and they read it attentively. Like our own Puritan forefathers, they are fonder of the Old Testament than of the New Testament. They devoutly believe in Providence. They see the finger of God in public events; and, like all superstitionists, they see it most clearly when the events tend to their interest and flatter their vanity. No doubt the great majority of them—simple, Bible-reading farmers, dwelling in isolation—really accept the religious ideals of President Kruger's speeches, and imagine themselves to be favored and protected by the God who made the ancient Jews his chosen people, and confirmed them in their occupation of the land of Canaan.

President Kruger is probably quite pious himself, but a long official life must have qualified his piety to a certain extent. He has been President of the Transvaal ever since 1882. No one has been able to oust him. He is a striking personality, but he has had to practise the arts of the politician. We see no reason in the nature of things why the common laws of political action, and the common motives of political ambition, should not obtain in the Transvaal as they obtain (for instance) in England. We believe it is a profound mistake to regard President Kruger as a plain, unsophisticated, pious Dutchman, whose sole object is to govern a community of poor farmers and to keep them from being swamped by outsiders. Small as is the Transvaal population, his post is worth £7,000 a year—that is, £2,000 more than the salary of the Prime Minister of the greatest empire in the world. The Secret Service Money of the Transvaal may be all honestly spent, but it is nearly double the Secret Service Money of the British Empire, and must necessarily offer great temptations to those who administer it. Bear in mind, too, that the Salary List of the Transvaal government, according to the 1899 Budget,

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is no less than £1,216,394. Mr. J. P. Fitzpatrick, in his extremely able and interesting book, *The Transvaal From Within*, calculates that this sum amounts to £40 per annum for the total male Boer population. Fancy a government whose officials receive salaries equal in the gross to a contribution of £40 by every male in the country! Evidently the Boer officials are standing up for something besides their country's independence. The fact is, the Boer officials receive this money, but it is not paid by the Boer farmers. It is paid, for the most part, by the Outlanders. Their industry supplies the means for paying these salaries, for buying guns, rifles, and ammunition, for building fortifications, for carrying on negotiations with European powers, and for subventioning European organs of "public opinion." President Kruger's budget last year showed an income of £4,087,852. When the Boer Government began in 1881 it had an income of £33,442. What an amazing difference! Now that four millions is not spent on the Outlanders, from whom it is principally raised. President Kruger has even refused to pay out of that money for their children's education, although he pays readily enough out of it for the education of the Boer children. The money is chiefly used for purely Boer purposes. And it is a colossal sum for the government of such a small population. In the nature of things it could hardly help producing some kind of mischief. But the chief mischief—that is, from the British point of view—is that these tremendous resources have ministered to what we call President Kruger's dream. And what that is we shall try to show in our next article.

G. W. FOOTE.

(To be concluded.)

## The Sanctions For Right-Doing.

THE term "sanctions" is here used in the sense of its being an authority or a justification of the performance of certain actions. By "right-doing" I mean that our conduct shall be such that it shall be beneficial both to the individual and to the community. To this explanation it is presumed there will be no objection. Most persons who seriously think upon the subject will, no doubt, be able to distinguish right from wrong, but the difficulty with many is *why* are certain actions right, and others the very reverse. The popular notion is that there is no trustworthy sanction for right-doing apart from religious teaching. It is through clinging to this notion that a large section of the community has been induced to oppose the exclusion of religious teaching from our Board schools. Such individuals seem to forget that there are reasons for proper actions based on natural requirements, irrespective of any of the many existing religious faiths.

A gentleman, about whose intellectual abilities there can be no doubt, has just written to me soliciting a consideration of, and an answer to, the following questions: (1) If morals be taught in the Board school, what is to be the basis on which the morals taught are to be founded—theology, science, or nature? (2) Who or what is to determine what is right or what is wrong? (3) On what authority would you enforce any system of ethics? (4) May not the moral code or system of ethics differ in different countries, or even in different communities? If so, how could any moral code be enforced in a school supported by the inhabitants, say, of London, the population of which is composed of people of all nationalities and religions? (5) If theology, religion, and morals be not taught in the Board school, how are children to be taught right and wrong if their parents neither allow them to attend church, nor by example and precept teach their children religion or morality? My correspondent admits: "If a community professing different religious faiths, or no religious faith whatever, be compulsorily rated for the maintenance of a public school which the children are compelled to attend, then nothing

should be taught in that school in the form of *theological* religion, but the teaching should be strictly secular. With this statement we fully agree, as it is the cardinal principle upon which the promoters of purely secular education base their advocacy. The five questions submitted above shall now be noticed seriatim.

1. The basis of morals is to be found in a scientific interpretation of that part of nature termed *humanity*. The incentive to moral action is the desire to augment personal and general happiness; and the reward for right-doing is the recognition that our conduct has increased harmony, comfort, and justice among our fellow-creatures. That theology is not necessary to the production of these results is proved by the fact that they have been brought about largely by men and women who were total disbelievers in all phases of theology. If the basis of morals here suggested be denied, it will be for those who urge the denial to furnish some other source of moral action. Cultivation of reason, aided by experience, has ever proved the surest guide as to what is right and what is wrong.

2. What is right is determined by the effect of any particular course of conduct upon the community. Of course, this necessitates that actions must have been originally performed before their results would be definitely known. But this fact need not concern us of the present age. We have the experience of centuries to guide us as to which is the best course of life to adopt to enhance the well-being of society. For instance, we know that the practice of truth, honesty, and temperance, and the honorable treatment of others, comprise conduct that is beneficial to one and to all. The obligation to carry out these virtues is imposed upon us by the requirements of society. For example, we ought to be truthful because lying and deceit tend to destroy that confidence between man and man which has been discovered to be essential in establishing and maintaining the stability of the commonwealth. We should avoid laziness for the reason that industry is not only necessary to health, but is also an absolute requisite to all progress. We require to be honest, inasmuch as to rob others of what fairly belongs to them is unjust, and is an act which we should object to have performed against ourselves. It is quite true some persons may refuse to do right, but, if they do, they must suffer the consequence. This is one reason why men should be moral, inasmuch as the fact of being so brings its own reward. It not only secures immunity from suffering, and adds to the healthfulness of society, but it exalts those who obey the moral law in the estimation of the real noblemen of nature. A man of honor—one whose word is his bond, who practises virtue in his daily life—wins the respect and confidence of all who know him, and he thereby sets an example that it will be useful to emulate; and he at the same time acquires for himself a tranquility of mind known only to the consistent devotee of human goodness.

3. This has been really answered in my reply to the previous question. The "authority" for ethical culture is, that it produces excellence both in individuals and in nations. It may here be repeated that to do right is a duty we owe to society as well as to ourselves. In virtue alone are to be found those elements that ennoble character and exalt a nation. The unselfish knowledge of the obligations of life, have hitherto been too much confined to the few, while the many have neglected to strive to realise the highest advantages of existence. The cause of this misfortune is not difficult to discover. It is apparent in the radical evil underlying the whole of the theological creeds of Christendom—namely, an objection to concentrate attention on the present life, apart from considerations of any existence "hereafter." The hope of reformers is in the purification of the masses from the shams and evils of theological creeds and dogmas; we want earnestness and candor to take the place of the apathy and hypocrisy which have so long held sway. Then real goodness will illuminate the hearts of men, and virtue will shed its lustre upon the emancipated humanity of the world.

4. No one, probably, will deny that various conflicting ideas of right and wrong exist in our midst. The fact, however, does not exempt people from the duty of considering in every case what is the right course to adopt to secure the welfare of the community in which

they live. Upon the advisability or practising the essentials enumerated in my reply to question two there would, it may be fairly supposed, exist no difference of opinion among civilised communities. While admitting the general divergence of opinion that prevails amongst individuals and nations as to what is morally right, we accept the standard given in the Roman law, which is capable of universal application so far as human conduct is concerned. That standard or basis is, "That the welfare of the people is the supreme law." But what will contribute to such welfare will depend upon the tastes, habits, and local requirements of the people where the law is accepted and carried out.

5. I have yet to learn that there is any objection to morality, if properly understood, being taught in the Board schools. What is objected to is the mixing up of morality with religion, and thereby giving morals a false sanction, and introducing into our system of education elements of discord which rob the instruction given of its intrinsic value. All secular instruction that tends to prepare children for good citizenship is moral, and this can be taught without any theology or religion. Possibly there are parents who do not allow their children to attend church, and who never teach them by "example and precept" moral lessons. Such parents, fortunately, are few and far between, and are too often the victims of a bad environment, which has contaminated their natures both before and after birth. The remedy, in my opinion, lies in the endeavor to surround these persons with better conditions, and to impress upon them the duty they owe to their children and to society in general. My experience, however, is that parents who keep their offspring from church and religious instruction take care to impart to their young minds, both by "example and precept," moral lessons and a knowledge of what is right and wrong. Moreover, I have found that the very people who are indifferent about educational influences at home are those who send their children to church.

CHARLES WATTS.

### Religion and War.

"The Roman Empire far more nearly succeeded in giving unity of life, culture, government, and intercourse to the entire body of civilised men—European, Asiatic, and African—than we, in our wildest dreams, could ever imagine possible to-day.....  
 "A common unity for Christian Europe is infinitely less conceivable now, eighteen hundred years after Christ, than it was for pre-Christian Europe. It is Christian Europe which gives us the spectacle of race divided against race by implacable enmities.....  
 "Racial differences grow more intense, and let us note it is Christianity itself which tends to sharpen them."—CANON SCOTT HOLLAND.

THREE months ago the Peace Conference was the constant theme of Christian pulpiteers. One of the worst, the most brutal, and one of the most Christian governments in Europe had invited the nations to discuss what was practically a proposal for the conducting of war upon a less expensive scale than is at present the case. Fanned by the energetic Mr. Stead, whose sentiment is usually a long way ahead of his reason, the British public fell to discussing universal peace as though its advent were but a matter of days or weeks. Christian preachers naturally made the most of the opportunity. It mattered little to them that the nations to be represented at the Conference were Christian, or that the greatest obstacle to general disarmament was the universal distrust between them; nor did it matter to them that the supreme skill in slaughter belongs to-day to the Christian nations of the world have any apparent influence on their utterances. Peace was in the air, and ministers of religion were quick to pipe the tune that pleased for the time being.

A few weeks have rolled by, and all is changed. A small republic, composed of people to whom the Bible is the supreme guide in life, is at war with a nation which boasts that the Bible is "the source of England's greatness." Each claims to be children of the same mother, and the healthiness of the maternal training is evidenced by their fronting each other armed with the deadliest weapons that modern ingenuity can produce, each calling upon the same Deity to witness the righteousness of its quarrel, and each willing to trace

the finger of Providence in whatever success may crown its efforts.

To the lay mind the situation is, to say the least of it, puzzling. If Christianity is a religion of peace, why this warlike preparation and almost constant warfare with Christian nations? Must not the spectacle of two peoples sharing the same faith, worshipping the same God, and yet resorting to this crude and brutal method of settling their differences—must not this sight shake one's faith in the existence of an all-wise and all-powerful Deity who directs and governs the destinies of individuals and nations? This reflection must certainly strike the mind of more than one believer, and the clerical attempt to remove this difficulty does but expose more clearly the weakness of the religious position. For now the whole position has altered, and, instead of the Christian clergy preaching that "War is Hell" and thoroughly un-Christian, those who speak upon the subject are for the most part endeavoring to show that war is only one of the means by which an over-ruling Providence wisely develops the character of man.

It need hardly be said that the only reason for believing that war is one of the divine methods of benefiting the race is, that the Theistic hypothesis demands it. As all that takes place must be by the will or connivance of God, and as preachers are bound to discern goodness in all his actions, therefore, as one clergyman frankly puts it, "we cannot speak of war as immoral without impeaching the entire method of human progress and the Providence that ordained it." Well, but suppose we feel inclined to face facts, and do impeach the method of progress and "the Providence that ordained it"—what then? Is not a method of progress that results in such frightful waste and bloodshed as human history discloses open to an impeachment? Of course, from the standpoint of the Atheist or the Agnostic, nature being non-intelligent, it is idle either to praise or to blame; we have simply to observe facts, and to act accordingly. But from the point of view of nature being the designed product of an all-wise, all-powerful Being, then we are warranted in criticising the production, and blaming or praising as human suffering is inflicted or avoided.

It is said by one writer that "the battle shock has, under Providence, been one of the great educators of the human race." Every civilised nation, we are further assured, has won its liberties and its manhood through war. Where there existed a number of petty tribes warring together there now exist great states, governed from a single centre. "In India thousands of natives live and thrive under the Pax Britannica for every one that has fallen before our arms.....The slaughter of Omdurman will mean a repopulated Soudan."

Well, suppose we were to grant all this as perfectly true—and that I am far from doing—what conclusion could a believer in God legitimately draw from such a position? This, and this only: That a God who might have produced a healthy human nature without war deliberately preferred that all improvement in character, "most of the heroisms" of life, should come only from a process that leaves behind it burning homes, devastated countries, and the murdered or mutilated bodies of men, often of women and children as well. Imagine one's feelings towards a being who deliberately designed that all happiness should be spun from the woof of pain, all heroism from the suffering and degradation of others, rather than have chosen another method by which this might have been averted? And, above all, think of the hollow mockery of offering to the women of England or of the Transvaal, who are mourning the deaths of husbands, sons, or brothers, the plea that it is this condition of things that has been "one of the great educators of the human race."

But is even this plea, revolting as it is, sound? Personally, I have no hesitation in saying that the argument that war, as war, is a school in which human nature is made better and nobler, is as false as an argument can well be. Occasions there may be when war is rendered a stern necessity, and to that extent we may admit that there are times when it is more honorable than peace, just as using physical violence against a street bully who is caught thrashing a woman may be more honorable than to pass calmly by leaving the outrage unnoticed. But to argue that, because there are occasions when war is inevitable and its avoidance

dishonorable, therefore it is to warfare that we owe our liberties, our manhood, and our heroisms, is equal to saying that, because there are times when a person displays his manhood by punching a ruffian's head, therefore the school of Fitzsimmons, Corbett, and Company is the best training ground for a lofty character.

In plain truth, it is war that represents one of the great retarding forces of civilisation. Savage tribes that live in a state of perpetual warfare usually show anything but desirable social types. Some amount of mental keenness warfare may develop; but it is usually more than compensated for by the qualities of cunning, acquisitiveness, and disregard for the rights of others that warfare always develops. The virtue that is of most value in a soldier—blind obedience to the orders of superiors, without regard to their moral nature—is of all qualities the one that stands most in the way of social development. What purifying effect has war had upon Russia, or Poland, or Spain? Who that has followed recent events in France will contend that militarism has had a favorable influence upon the character of Frenchmen? Yet I do not doubt that, if needs were, Frenchmen would be as ready as ever to pour out their blood in defence of their country. What has the Swiss character lost through not being a war-like people? The Boers themselves are not a war-like people, as that phrase is usually understood; and yet experience is showing that they are ready enough to fight in defence of what they conceive to be their rights, and brave enough in doing so.

The truth is that war, as such, does not breed a higher type of character, in any real sense of the term. Many high-minded men may join in warfare, but I much doubt if any were ever made high-minded by it. Let anyone try and place themselves in thought upon a battle-field; let them try and realise the sickening spectacle of men and animals being mown down like grass, with mangled bodies and gaping, streaming wounds on all sides, with the groans and shrieks and curses of wounded men on every hand, with thousands of men facing each other with the red light of murder in their eyes; follow up the track of army over burning or ruined homes; note the orphaned children and widowed mothers; try and realise the horrible anguish endured as the result of a single war, and then ask seriously if these things can possibly make for a higher type of character. Callousness to the horrors of war, carelessness to its dangers, may come from frequent contact with it; but heroism!—there is far more heroism in the picture of a mother in an East-end slum working her life out inch by inch at a badly-paid unhealthy occupation that her children may have bread, than in all the wars that were ever waged to gratify the ambitions of rulers or the cupidity of commercial enterprise. I am far from denying, as I have already said, that there may be times when war is inevitable. Savagery is extinct in none of us; it is a question of degree with all. But, at least, let us cease talking of war as a school of character. Let us face the fact that war is always an evil, even though it be sometimes the lesser of two. It takes something away from character rather than adds something to it. It arrests social development, obstructs civilisations, reawakens the savage latent in all, and renders that awakening the more to be dreaded because of the deadlier weapons of destruction science has placed within reach of all.

It is impossible to justify war upon any such plea as the one I have been criticising. The fact is the Christian preacher finds himself in a dilemma. In the days when it was believed that God would interfere to protect the innocent the trial by battle had some reason for its existence. Nowadays we do not believe anything of the kind; man's moral sense, his intelligence, rejects any such idea. We see that whether an army wins a battle or not is a question of which side possesses the better discipline, the more superior weapons, the greater strategy, and the longer purse, and not of the righteousness of its cause. Naturally, the preacher is anxious to justify God's way to man; hence, the harping upon the familiar string that war is one of God's methods of elevating the human character. It will not do. It is a plea that deceives none who think out the matter clearly; I doubt if it always deceives those who use it.

And there is one final difficulty that faces the religious advocate. In spite of its songs of peace, religion has

always been a prolific cause of war. The worst and bloodiest wars the world has ever seen have been those that were animated and nourished by religious hatred. In this matter Christianity, unfortunately, does not stand alone; but it occupies a very prominent position. In all the wars that have been waged of recent years Christianity, with rare exceptions, has either been actively assisting or maintaining a cowardly silence. It is only in line with its usual tactics that now, when the country is actually at war, and when those who have the courage to speak are doing what they can to modify the war fever, Christian preachers should stand forward as apologists for an institution that acts as one of the greatest obstacles to civilisation and to the complete humanising of man.

C. COHEN.

## What would Satan Do?

THE Devil is said to be dead. Some say that he never existed. Yet he lives in Milton's majestic lines, and is not to be eliminated from the Bible. He is never mentioned in polite society, it is true. People in purple and fine linen do not like to hear of him. They prefer to regard him as non-existent, chiefly on account of his residence, which is hell. Heaven, that comes to them on the same authority, they accept, because the idea is comforting. Jesus they tolerate as they would any harmless historical imbecile. Still, there is the fact that the synoptic Satan must be accepted by those who accept the synoptic Christ. If one is mythical, so is the other. Matthew and Luke were not above mentioning the Devil as an actual living personality. Let us quote a little passage from the Book which is nominally so much believed in, but in reality is so little read:—

"Then was Jesus led up of the spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the Devil. And when he had fasted forty days and forty nights, he was afterwards an hungred.

"And when the tempter came to him, he said: If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread. But he answered, and said: It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.....

"Again, the Devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and showeth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory thereof.....

"Then the Devil leaveth him, and, behold, angels came and ministered unto him" (Matt. iv. 1, 5).

Is there any doubt that the Evangelists had a distinct belief in Satan as a living, moving personality? Is there a shade of suspicion that they regarded him as anything but an actual individual being, just as much as was Jesus, with whom this recorded conversation took place? You can't make fish of one and flesh of the other. The Churches who attempt to explain away the Devil, whilst retaining a belief in Christ, are guilty of barefaced humbug. Their own Book is against them. All their attempts to wriggle away from its plain meaning are absurdly vain.

We don't propose to allow the Devil to be shelved in this disrespectful fashion. He deserves better than to be so unceremoniously dismissed. And as the question has been asked in some million of copies of a trashy religious work, What would Jesus do? we now propose to ask, What would Satan do?

Let us imagine Apollyon taking a cursory glance at present events. We will not do him the injustice of supposing that he accepts his information from lying ha'penny evening rags. The great rival of God acquires his knowledge first-hand—from actual observation. What must he think? What would he do if he came bodily amongst us now, as Jesus and he were said to have done centuries ago, when Satan "personality conducted" the Messiah to the top of that exceeding high mountain, where together they saw the kingdoms of the world and the glory thereof?

Imagine Satan looking now at Kruger's little kingdom and all the destruction and desolation therein. Imagine him gazing at the spectacle afforded by these loving Boer and British Christians, co-worshippers of the most High, joint inheritors of the kingdom of Heaven, engaged in a bloody struggle—slaying each other with all the ferocity of maddened tigers, and bringing to the butchery all the deadly weapons and methods

of modern warfare. What might Satan be expected to do? Can we not almost hear his shrieks of mocking laughter? Can we not picture him "holding both his sides"? Can we not realise his fierce and fiendish joy at this outcome of centuries of Christian teaching and Christian prayer? The Czar's Love Feast has been, indeed, followed by the Devil's Beano, and it would be a cruel thing to grudge his Satanic Majesty a particle of that triumphant delight the situation so abundantly affords him.

Perhaps his thoughts revert to that time when he and the Prince of Peace stood together on the pinnacle of the temple, and, afterwards, on that exceeding high mountain. Perhaps he is tempted to tauntingly inquire of his old companion and rival: Where is your gospel of peace and goodwill now? On that memorable occasion Jesus, with holy hauteur, exclaimed: "Get thee behind me, Satan." It is Christ now who has to take the back seat. The Devil is very much to the fore. He has "got his own back" now, as he has many a time since the twain foregathered at Jerusalem.

With great glee Satan must have heard the prayers for peace—more or less hypocritical—which were offered up for some months prior to the Boers' ultimatum. He knew how fruitless they would be—how very much disfavorably many people would have been had they been appointed many people would have been had they been and that the two sets of Christians would fly at each other's throats. Intensely amusing, as examples of human folly and deceit, must have been all those idle petitions that ascended to the skies, to the accompaniment of sword-sharpening and rifle-cleaning. Satan, we may be sure, would not for a trifle have missed such a treat of pious hypocrisy and cant, so truly characteristic of the Christian Pharisee, whether Briton or Boer.

And now the prayers of the belligerents for the defeat of each other must be further provocative of Satan's sardonic mirth. The Lord will be obliged to turn his face from one or the other of these two sets of supplicants, and might offend both, if they were not sufficiently stupid to forget their prayers when the time comes to face the results. Whether as mere spectator or as the actual instigator of present events, the Devil has an immense field for mocking gibe and infernal glee. We shall not be far wrong in surmising that, if he has any wish at all, it is that these fighting Christians may continue their conflict till they have, like the Kilkenny cats, practically exterminated each other. The whole affair is such a delicious object lesson in the beneficent influence of Bible-worship and Christian teaching in promoting peace and restraining national aggressiveness, and most of all is it a charming object lesson in the efficacy and utility of prayer.

FRANCIS NEALE.

"The Bible is the Secret of -----."

Last week a prominent Christian in the godly city of Hull denounced Oom Paul Kruger as "the greatest hypocrite of the century." Of course no one will give the aforesaid prominent Christian any particular credit for this bold conception. Scores of people up and down the country have been saying very much the same thing in equally elegant language. We are not even concerned to question the accuracy of the definition. We merely venture to observe that, when one Christian passes judgment upon a fellow Christian in phrases of this order, he very obviously exposes himself to a charge of deficiency of taste.

The ordinary English Christian, who can express himself in such unmeasured terms as these, has clearly, in the heat of his temper, forgotten of what manner of man he is speaking. Oom Paul Kruger, it is well he should be reminded, is a prince amongst Christians. He is a man of God, powerful in prayer, and a valiant defender of the Protestant faith. He is a sincere and earnest follower of Jesus Christ, and a preacher of his Gospel. But, highest of all, he is a simple and dogmatic believer in that Sacred Volume which alone is able to make men wise unto salvation, which alone is our Bulwark, our Lamp, our Guide, our Defence. Oom Paul Kruger stands by the Bible.

Oom Paul Kruger is, moreover, a man fairly representative

of the community over which he presides. The Boers, as a people, have an unaffected belief in Holy Writ. Naturally, then, we, as another bibliolatrous nation, ought to extend to them the right hand of Christian fellowship. Not only do we fail in this our duty, but we fling the hardest of hard names at the people of this Republic, and at their elected Head. Why is this? Why does so much bad blood exist where only peace and amity should prevail? Ostensibly, the friction is attributed to a certain franchise question, but we are most of us far-sighted enough to discern that the actual cause lies under the surface. The real issue is, that Englishmen are keen to gain possession of the gold-fields of the Transvaal. This is why the very men who would otherwise sanctimoniously greet Kruger and his subjects as "brothers in Christ," now dub them with such tender epithets as "hypocrite" and the like. Well may the apostolic writer aver, to the shame of all modern Christians, that "the love of money is the root of all evil."

It is a sorry spectacle to witness one Bible-worshipping nation at war with another Bible-worshipping nation. It is a sorer fact to know that each party to the conflict accuses the other of bad faith, hypocrisy, and want of principle. But the sorriest reflection of all is brought about by the boast of our side that the Bible is the secret of our national greatness. Suffer me to explain my meaning.

In the utterances of the British Jingo two leading notes are distinguishable. One has reference to the generosity, the rectitude, the patience—in a word, the greatness—of the English; the other voices the meanness, the treachery, the spitefulness—in a word, the littleness—of the Boers. We are none of us ignorant of the secret of England's greatness. It is, as we have stated, no other than the Bible. But what are we to say of the littleness of our adversaries? If Bible-homage is to be adopted as the criterion of national worth, we, as a people, must take rank after the Boers. Beyond all question, their simple trust in the inspired Word of God is more intense than that of Englishmen. Are we, then, to infer that the Bible is at once the secret of the greatness of the British Empire and the littleness of the Transvaal Republic? God forbid. Perhaps some hireling of the society which has its palatial headquarters in Queen Victoria-street will kindly vouchsafe a reply. Like Goethe, we ask for "More light."

G. DAWSON BAKER.

Death of Mr. Grant Allen.

MR. GRANT ALLEN's death, at the comparatively early age of fifty-one, removes an interesting figure from English literature. He was born at Alwington, near Kingston, Ontario, on February 24, 1848. His father was a clergyman and a notable scholar. Mr. Allen himself, however, had no taste for the pulpit, and no belief in what is generally known as religion. He travelled a good deal in his time, and his mind and work were as versatile as his experience. It cannot be said that he was particularly original. He was an enthusiastic disciple of Darwin and Spencer, in spite of whom he became an ardent Socialist. He wrote on many subjects—on practical science, on evolution, on sociology, on literature, and on religion. Perhaps his Guide Book work paid him best, and there is a sarcasm in the fact. He was the author of several novels—most of them pot-boilers. One of them was of a different character. It contained a part of his social evangel. It was called *The Woman Who Did*. We reviewed it at considerable length in the *Freethinker* at the time of its first publication, and were obliged to pass upon it an unfavorable judgment. The most curious feature of the book was that it answered itself, though the author never seemed to see it. A much better and far more important work was his *Evolution of the Idea of God*. It was reviewed in our columns by the late J. M. Wheeler. The book is a bulky one, and costs no less than twenty shillings nett. It is not, perhaps, as original as Mr. Allen thought it was; but it was capable, painstaking, honest, and really thorough. Even on the point as to whether Jesus Christ ever existed as a real person, Mr. Allen expressed sincere doubts; and it takes some courage to do that. On the whole, it must be said that he was a true soldier of progress, although he was not exactly admirable when he scolded the public for not letting him be honest. The public lets every man be honest—at his own risk. It was the risk that Mr. Allen did not like. Nevertheless, he put his thought, in his own way, into some books and many articles, and distinctly helped forward the progressive movement of his age.

## Acid Drops.

WHEN piety meets piety then comes the tug of war. President Kruger has told the Boers that God is fighting with them against the British. But the noble Viscount Cross is of a very different opinion. Speaking at Abingdon the other day, he said that "Mr. Kruger must be made to feel that there is a Power above him, and I believe that God is on our side." This is exquisitely funny. The poor deity is kicked about from side to side like a football. And the cream of the joke is that he makes no complaint. He bears it all with the most perfect serenity—we might almost say submission. Nobody knows on which side he really is until the finish. Then he always "pals" in with the winner.

Perhaps the very funniest thing about this war in South Africa is the annexation of British territory (by proclamation) on the part of President Steyn and President Kruger. If the Almighty inspires them, he must be sadly lacking in a sense of humor, unless it is one of his subtle jokes.

Lord Halifax, the lay leader of the High Church party, recommends the clergy belonging to the English Church Union to "announce a solemn 'Requiem' for the souls of our soldiers who have fought so well for England, and died so bravely in South Africa." No doubt it will be very consoling to Tommy Atkins to know that, if he is killed in South Africa, the stay-at-home, comfortable clergymen will pray for his improved prospects in the next world—wherever that is; but it would probably be still more consoling if he knew beforehand that his wife or his poor old mother in England would get a "bob" a day for certain in this world when he had to leave it. But prayers are a lot cheaper than pensions, and Tommy will most likely have to take the "Requiem" and make the most of it.

Lord Halifax, by the way, is quite impartial, as he can well afford to be, in this "Requiem" suggestion. He advises that prayers should be offered up, not only for our own dead soldiers, but also "for the souls of their fallen foes." We hope the Boers will be duly grateful. Those of them who are left when the war is over should send Lord Halifax an illuminated address. N.B.—This is no reference to the fate of the dead on either side.

One of the features of the war is that men holding the same religious beliefs are engaged in fighting each other. "For the first time," says the *Methodist Recorder*, "since the Civil War in America, the Methodist household is divided against itself. This war means Methodist against Methodist."

The *Recorder* mentions that whilst among the Natal volunteers, the Mounted Police, and the Cape Rifles, there are many members of the Methodist Church, "many of the burghers of the armies of both Republics, but especially in that of the Orange Free State, are members of the Methodist Society, are class leaders and local preachers, our friends and comrades in the Kingdom of Jesus Christ!"

Well may the *Christian World* ask: "Why is it that, with peace and goodwill as our ideal and heart's desire, we front the world sword in hand, and fill it with our battle-cry?" According to that journal, English people seem to be peculiarly, in this matter of war, the children of destiny. And it piously remarks that this fact is "a deep mystery." It is no mystery. It is only inconsistency, and nothing of that kind need surprise us in connection with Christianity.

The "Dopper" Boer seems to have been very much improved by Christianity. The *Church Times* describes him as "in every fibre a slave-owner," and it adds: "His Calvinistic theology leads him to suppose that the native races have been placed at his absolute disposition by the Almighty, to use or abuse as animals with no rights—to exterminate, if need be, as the Amalekite or the Canaanite. The cruelty and the lust of which the native has been the victim and the witness have not disposed him favorably towards the white man's faith. And for this cruelty there has been no redress, not even the barest justice. The Boer flogs the Kafir to death, as he insults the Outlander, with the knowledge that, if he is sentenced to fine or imprisonment, the fine will not be collected or the punishment exacted."

"Providence" ought to do something to establish the tottering faith of Mr. William Redmond. Speaking in the House of Commons, he said that "he could never again have the same faith and confidence in the mercy and dispensation of Providence which he had hitherto had if the Boers were overborne by British arms." The House of Commons laughed and laughed again at the Irishman's simple—or was it assumed?—piety. Most of the members know its absurdity.

Mr. William Redmond posed as a pietist nearly eighteen years ago, when he called the Home Secretary's attention to a certain "blasphemous" paper called the *Freethinker*. At that time he represented a few dozen people. All the voters

in his constituency could have ridden in two or three omnibuses. Yet he had the impudence to ask for the suppression of a paper which had thousands of readers.

Mr. Gibson Bowles, in the House of Commons, described the Boers as "stolid, simple, God-fearing, and straight-shooting peasants." This provoked loud laughter. No wonder Sir W. Lawson complained that "religion was rapidly losing all power over this nation."

Strange war news from South Africa! The newspaper report that the Rev. Oliver Carney, a Wesleyan minister, has been commandeered by the Free State, and is compelled to carry arms. We shouldn't like to be near him when he is shooting. He is more likely to kill a neighbor in the ranks than one of "the enemy," like the duellest who shot both the seconds and never touched his opponent.

"Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me" (Psalm I. 15). A very comforting promise, but how is it going to be fulfilled amidst present events? The Lord was appealed to before the war began. We know the result. The actual combatants are now probably too busy to address him in set terms. They would be great fools if they stopped to do anything so silly. But their relatives and friends at home in England and in the Transvaal are supplicating the Throne of Grace. Prayers are ascending to him alike from Boer homesteads and British households. What is he going to do?

Already the slaughter list is a large one. Every day it grows larger. What is the Lord, who so far seems to have done nothing, proposing to do later on? In the meantime, he is receiving thanks which seem at once undeserved and undesirable. The *Vienna Journal* says: "The British may in the end subdue their weaker foe; but, thank God, there will be thousands of desolate homes in England before this is accomplished." A very pretty kind of thankfulness, worthy of believers in God.

"Some hundreds of British women"—so the editor of the *Woman's Weekly* wrote to Lady Symons—prayed for the recovery of General Symons. About twenty-four hours afterwards he died.

The Primate of the Irish (Protestant) Church, addressing the Armagh Diocesan Synod, said he was "inclined to think that God, who, in the scheme of his universe, had included the earthquake and pestilence and storm, might be the Lord of Hosts and the God of Battle also." Certainly. Why not? The God of Nature is just as cruel as the most savage superstitionists. Mill pointed out that the worst things done by man against man are done daily and habitually by nature against the whole human race. The bloodiest battle is nothing to the ravage of consumption. The women who die in child-birth are far more numerous than the men who are killed in war.

How the world is given to hypocrisy! A large number of "leading men" in the United States, most of them Christians, have petitioned President McKinley to offer his services as mediator between Great Britain and the Transvaal Republic. This is all very well in its way, but look at the quarter it comes from. President McKinley's Government has 65,000 men engaged in fighting the Philippine Republicans. Why don't these "leading men" in the United States ask for a mediator in that quarrel? Philanthropy should begin at home.

A New York Methodist Episcopal minister, the Rev. P. M. Walters, exclaims, "Bless God for Dewey, bless God for Dewey's men, bless God for Dewey's shot and shell." We wonder if this reverend gentleman signed that petition to President McKinley.

Charles Henry Beales, a Nottingham youth, is in trouble. He took to firing a pistol in the streets. A policeman saw him fire a shot deliberately behind some girls, wounding one of them in the ear. Fortunately, the bullet went through the lobe of the girl's ear, instead of penetrating her head. The plea put forward in court was, that he was only larking. Wilford church, and the vicar was present to give him an excellent character. Nevertheless, the magistrates committed him for trial at the Quarter Sessions.

An American Protestant organ, the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, has made the discovery that "the doctrine of love, which Ingersoll taught, is really Christianity of the highest type. No doubt this is the reason why the clergy loved him so."

Rev. E. A. Phillips, rector of Swalecliffe, Kent, tried to recover damages against Mr. E. J. Pont, farmer and former church-warden, for libel. Several witnesses testified to having seen the reverend gentleman dreadfully drunk. Result—Verdict for the defendant.

Commissioner Ridsell, of the Salvation Army, sees daylight through the Transvaal question. He says that "the only real solution is salvation." But the Boers think they have got it. Commissioner Ridsell will find it hard, just now, to give them any more of it. He will have to try his hand on Tommy Atkins. That's safest, anyhow.

Bishop Ryle, of Liverpool, resigns at last. He has been a type of hard-headed, practical, and profitable Protestantism. During his time he has had three wives, whom he can hardly hope to meet in heaven—at least together. He has enjoyed a good income and made the most of this world, however he may fare in the next. He takes his old age, and his patriarchal beard, into a dignified retirement. The remnant of his days will be spent in comfortably preparing for the kingdom of heaven.

It will be remembered that Bishop Ryle contradicted the announcement of his retirement several times during recent months. But bishops accept their office with a lie in their mouths. They say they don't want to be made bishops, though all the time they do, and have done, perhaps, for many years before the chance presents itself. Dr. Ryle is careful to take a retiring pension of £1,400 a year. The beauty of it is, that it will come out of the stipend of his successor. The new bishop will probably not object, for he will still have £2,800, and liberty to pray for long life to his predecessor, whose death will bring him the balance.

The *Record* says: "In view of the grave condition of the Church, it is of paramount importance that Bishop Ryle's successor should be a man like-minded to himself. For this purpose, prayers should be offered for those with whom the appointment rests that they may be guided aright."

Dear, dear, more prayers! This time over the selection of a bishop. The Lord, long-suffering as he is, must be worried to death. If there ever was a "dead cert" in this life, it is that the Lord will leave the appointment to the other Lord—Salisbury, who may be pretty confidently expected to disappoint the *Record's* desire, prayers notwithstanding.

The number of students for the ministry has fallen from 299 to 287 in connection with the Presbyterian Church in the United States. The best brains fell off long ago, and now the inferior brains are falling off too. By-and-by the very best will give the Church the cold shoulder. Parsons will then have to be imported from heaven—or elsewhere.

Laymen in revolt. A Bridlington layman has told the York Diocesan Conference that long services are a weariness of the flesh. True, my lord, too true. He suggests that morning service should be divided so that people who cannot attend the whole service can enter or leave at a certain time.

The people "who cannot" are obviously those who don't want to; but why should they not have the privilege suggested? It is the next best thing, in the parson's eye, to not going to church at all. A little goes a long way in respect of a dreary service followed by a prosy sermon.

Anyhow, this proposal opens up possibilities. Why shouldn't the services be arranged on the short turn system—the shorter, of course, the better? A time-table might be prepared showing the various sections of the service. And the time for the sermon should be specially marked up, so as to enable church-goers to know when they might with the greater willingness retire or stay away. The anthem in churches where there is really good singing should have the best position on the program, just as the ballet *divertissement* or the lion comique is well placed at the music-halls. There might also be an arrangement, in compact dioceses, whereby favorite clerics might drive round in their broughams and do a turn at this church and then the other.

The imagination, once let loose upon all these possibilities, may run riot. We may begin to think, for instance, of church bars, or church smoke-rooms and libraries—after the fashion of the House of Commons—wherein the word may be given: "The Litany is on," or the "Rev. Aloysius Candlestick is up!" whereupon everyone will be expected to rush out to cry in chorus, "Good Lord deliver us," or to hear the pulpit oratory in which the Ritualistic vicar slays his vacillating bishop.

The *Quiver* has been discussing the very absurd question of what would happen if all the inhabitants of the British Isles were seized with a desire to attend a place of worship. It calculates that 25,000,000 would be crowded out. Well, to be sure. But why doesn't the *Quiver* take up a few other questions of an equally sensible and practical kind? Why not discuss the question: If all the inhabitants of the British Isles were seized with insanity, how many could be accommodated in the existing lunatic asylums? Or, if all the regular subscribers to the *Quiver* had an atom of sense, how many copies of that interesting magazine would be sold?

When the saints fall out we are apt to hear the truth. And the matters in dispute in the particular case before us have a special interest now that we are confronted with the present curious mixture of Bibles and bayonets, rifles and religion, the Lord Jesus Christ and Maxim guns. The Clewer Sisterhood, it seems, obtained permission from Lord Lansdowne, the Secretary of War, to visit the military barracks throughout the Home District. These depots are a little denuded just now—but no matter. The Rev. Arthur Robins, D.D., who has been for twenty-six years Acting Chaplain to the Church of England troops, has protested strongly against the invasion of the Sisters, but in vain.

That's it. These semi-military men of God are not so much concerned about the dissemination of Christianity itself as the propagation of their own particular doctrines. The soldiers, he says, do not want the Sisters. But do they want *him*? The *Record* perceives in the mission of the Sisters a "cleverly-planned campaign by the Romanising party to capture the religious teaching in the Army." The Tommy Atkinses who are left at home are probably inclined to cry, "A plague on both your houses!" Anyhow, we are told that £50 of the canteen money has to be handed over annually to these "teachers of sacerdotalism"—the Clewer Sisterhood. Meanwhile, the Rev. Robins is going about tearing his hair.

A religious weekly, describing Dr. Parker's preaching at the City Temple, says the "habit of note-taking amongst his hearers is on the increase, as if people feared to forget the golden words."

It would, indeed, be a pity if we lost any of Dr. Parker's golden words—or even his swear words. He himself takes good care that the golden ones shall be preserved in a form which is possibly profitable to him now, though whether posterity will care to have them is quite another matter. Here are some of his latest golden words: "He that is now called an Agnostic was beforetime called a blind man. I prefer the before-time description. It seems to get nearer the truth. I never knew a blind fellow-creature who was proud. But who ever knew a humble Agnostic?"

We know a Christian preacher whom no one would accuse of humility or modesty—a preacher who, in his spiritual intoxication, sees things that are not, and whose vision is, therefore, the very last thing to be envied. It pleases him to suggest that Agnostics are blind. At least they can see enough to reject his pronouncements and pretensions—and that is where his trouble comes in.

From an excited letter to a Dublin contemporary, republished in the *Christian*, it appears that, at the recent Church Conference in Ireland, the Holy Scriptures were dealt with by several of the clerical speakers in the light of the "Higher Criticism." The single speaker, we are told, who "dared to stand up clearly for God's word felt himself looked down upon as a fossil; and, whilst statements of the most destructive criticism were being made, our two Archbishops, and I doubt not a large number of others who did not agree with these views, by their presence and silence gave consent."

The Medical Officer of the Abercarn District Council draws attention to the "highly dangerous local custom of holding a prayer meeting in the house where a patient has died, it may be, from infectious disease." He mentions an instance where twenty or thirty children were allowed to see an infected corpse, with the result that at least four of them were infected.

Anent certain feeble pulpit utterances, the *Church Gazette* quotes the following apology by the Bishop of Stepney in his sermon to the medical profession at St. Paul's Cathedral: "Did the doctors make enough allowance for practical difficulties in teaching? They went into some country church, and heard some simple explanation of the Gospel. It touched none of their difficulties, and they made up their minds that the parson of the place was a man behind the times. But if they would give him their confidence, he would only too gladly give them 'strong meat for men' instead of 'milk for babes.'"

The *Church Gazette* asks: "But is this largely the case, as a matter of fact? The writer's personal experiences during thirty years' acquaintance with the clergy certainly no wise support it, but quite the contrary."

The prospects of a re-union between the Church and Non-conformity seem likely to be very much improved by the *Methodist Times*. A mad-headed writer—is it Price Hughes?—in that journal says that the real difficulties in the way are "the unbridled snobbery and crass ignorance" of the Church. The average Anglican "loves to live in a dense fog of ecclesiastical self-satisfaction." This is probably quite true, but to say it is a curious method of bringing about unity. If we read this nice "derangement of epitaphs" again, we shall see that they are quite as applicable to Dissenters as to Anglicans.

But is it not rather ill-timed to talk about Christian unity just now, when we are reading the war telegrams about the fighting Christians in South Africa?

Last week we referred to the edifying burial dispute at Kettlebaston, in which the rector displayed himself as an arrogant, bigoted ass. The matter has since found its way into the Police Court, where evidence was given that an aggrieved Dissenter went to the church, taking with him a drain disinfectant or tester, which he uncorked during a celebration of the Holy Communion by the rector. As the offensive odor from the bottle filled the church, the Rev. Theodore Becket, a Baptist minister, was heard to ask: "Is it incense?" The Bench fined the man with the tester £5 and £3 15s. 6d. costs. A charge against the Baptist minister was dismissed.

Clement Scott, dramatic critic and pietist, seems a very unfortunate person. He leaves England because his feelings are outraged, and no sooner has he settled himself in the United States than he is shocked once more.

He has been to see the dramatised version of Zangwill's *Children of the Ghetto*, and he found "a piece with one fine dramatic movement sandwiched between a somewhat silly farce and an occasionally blasphemous pantomime." The audience "apparently approved of comic allusions to the Messiah, the Paschal Lamb, the Passover, and other sacred things, which gave me a shock of horror." Poor Scott; he may have to pack up and move still further on.

Reporting the cremation at Woking of Grant Allen's remains, the *Chronicle* says: "There was no religious service, no chanting of hymns, no invocation of any creed, no appeal to any doctrine—only a eulogy by Mr. Frederic Harrison, and then committal to the flames." Among the wreaths resting on the coffin was one from Mr. and Mrs. Richard Le Gallienne, which bore the following inscription:—

Perchance a little light will come with morning,  
Perchance I shall but sleep.

We were "informed" by several persons, who seemed to think they knew, that the writer of "Our Handbook" in the *Referee* was Mr. Grant Allen. We always said it wasn't, and when asked "Why?" we replied, "Because it can't be." Neither the style nor the ideas were those of Mr. Allen. Since his death it has been authoritatively announced that he was *not* the writer of "Our Handbook."

The gentleman who does write "Our Handbook" spoke last week of the late Colonel Ingersoll's "characteristic cocksureness." Any candid friend of this writer would tell him that he is a thousand times more cocksure than Ingersoll was. Ingersoll's attitude was never that of cocksureness. No one ever carried on an argument as much as he did by means of questions, unless it was Socrates. And he was constantly saying, "We don't know," and declaring that it was better to confess our ignorance than to pretend to a knowledge which we do not possess.

The Rev. C. H. Wainwright, vicar of Christ Church, has been opposing the Sunday concerts at Blackpool. He appeared at the Sessions and objected to the granting of Sunday concert licences. He said that Madame Albani was announced as coming to sing on Sunday, and if she was licensed he did not see why the niggers were not allowed. Being asked by counsel for the Winter Gardens whether no one must follow his employment on Sunday, the reverend gentleman replied: "Only fish-dealers." Whereupon counsel retorted, "And parsons."

It is reported that the book on Cardinal Newman's Catholic life, which was left behind by Mr. Purcell, the biographer of Cardinal Manning, has been withdrawn. The reason is said to be that the Catholic Church doesn't want to suffer from fresh exposures. Cardinal Manning's biography was an eye-opener in more senses than one. Mr. Purcell labored under the mistaken notion that it was his duty to tell the truth. As a Catholic, he should have known better.

Dr. Leyds says the Boers will fight to the last man for liberty. It is certain, however, that *he* won't be the last man. He will stay at Brussels.

Old Moore's Almanack sometimes makes a hit. Of course, this is not surprising when we consider that there are 365 days in every year. To make a lucky guess for one day, or one month, is not at all miraculous. Old Moore was, however, wonderfully "on the spot" with a prediction for the end of September. It ought to have been in October, but that is near enough for a prophet. "Great excitement," he predicted, "will be caused throughout the land by news contained in a telegram to the Press of a splendid victory gained by our troops abroad. As usual, alas! the number of officers picked off seems to be far in advance of the average. Our

rank and file will suffer great loss. The joy caused by the victory will be overshadowed. A beloved life will be in danger, and the result will be waited with breathless interest." This is curiously near, in point of detail, to the battle of Dundee and the fate of General Symons. How many Old Testament prophecies are as accurate? Is it not clear that Old Moore can put in a good claim to "inspiration"?

A strong and emphatic protest was recently forwarded to one of the English bishops. It was only one of the shoals of similar documents which pour into the episcopal letter-box, but the unconscious humor of a typist rendered this particular bishop's position more entirely incomprehensible than any yet ascribed to spiritual rulers. The protest commenced "To the Right Reverend Rather-in-God, A.B.," &c.

A choir boy of the parish church of Holbeach, Lincolnshire, recently set out to see the world. As a preliminary, he stole some money belonging to his uncle, and then took a ticket to London, where he enjoyed himself immensely. The restraints of religion having thus proved ineffective in his case, he has been sent to a reformatory for three years.

Several good stories about clerics are told in the Rev. C. H. Grundy's article in the *Temple Magazine*. One is of the vicar of a church not far from Brockley who solemnly announced that the collection next Sunday would be for "the Propagation of Jews in Foreign Parts." Another is of a preacher who threw up both his big fat hands in the pulpit, and exclaimed: "Pause, my brethren, pause!"

Bishop Thorold, we are told, once found himself face to face with a pillar obstructing his view of the congregation. On returning to the vestry, he said very quietly: "There are some advantages in preaching to a pulpit. It does not yawn, it does not blow its nose, and it does not take out its watch."

The *Literary World* says that "the Bible is the most interesting book in the world, but not as it is still too commonly handled." After setting forth the difference between the "Higher" and the "Lower" Criticism, the *L.W.* asks: "Has not the Higher Criticism robbed us? It has in one direction. We can no longer regard the stories of the Hebrew patriarchs as historically true in more than mere outline."

Quite so; but why talk of robbery in this connection? Such a use of the term is pure cant and nonsense. To elicit the truth is not to rob, but to render a distinct service. No one need be sorry to learn that the Old Testament stories are mostly fable.

A Protestant revival was recently initiated at Pachino, a city in the south-east of Sicily. The Romish priests first endeavored to dissuade people from attending the gatherings. Finding this of no avail, they proceeded to ring the church bell, with a view to disturb the speakers. But they rang so vigorously that the bell cracked and fell to pieces! The accident is regarded as an intervention of Providence.

The Sabbatarian Party on the London School Board have been very properly defeated. In future the Board schools in London will be available for public meetings on Sundays as well as on week days. For this step in the right direction the public are indebted to Mr. Macnamara. The Church party are terribly chagrined at being no longer able to keep the ratepayers out of their own schools.

Some of the Sabbatarians seemed to be afraid that this "concession" might lead to the schools being used on Sunday for dancing. Well, and why not? One need not be so dreadfully alarmed at even that possibility.

The Rev. W. J. Stobart, vicar of St. Augustine's, Bermondsey, is a bit of a humorist. His first little joke was to deduct 1s. 3d. from a tradesman's account on the ground that he was entitled to 5 per cent. discount. The tradesman then sued him in the County-court for that sum. Plaintiff: He was called on the rev. gent. did not appear. Plaintiff: He was sitting next to me a short while ago, and offered to toss me whether he should pay me or not. (Laughter.) Judge Addison: That would not have been a bad way of settling this case, perhaps. (Laughter.) Plaintiff (surprised): Yes, but a reverend gentleman offering to toss! (Loud laughter.) Judge Addison: Judgment for the plaintiff, with costs.

The financial proceedings of the Rev. F. W. King, who recently officiated at the Old Parish Church, Colne, during the vacation of the Rector, the Rev. William Clifford, occupied the Colne County Court for some time last week. False pretences were alleged against the rev. gentleman, and orders for payment of various kinds were made upon him. An application for commitment failed. The Rev. F. W. King appears to be the author of a work entitled *Our Empty Churches*. By his treatment of tradesmen and other inhabitants of Colne he seems to have supplied in himself sufficient reasons for at least one empty church.

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### Mr. Foote's Engagements.

Sunday, November 5, Athenæum Hall, London, W.: 7.30, "A Search for the Soul."  
 November 12, Birmingham; 26, Camberwell.

### To Correspondents.

Mr. CHARLES WATTS'S LECTURING ENGAGEMENTS.—November 5, Aberdeen; 6 and 7, Dundee; 12, Liverpool; 19, Camberwell. December 10, Manchester; 11, Bolton; 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.

ALTCAR.—The "future work" referred to in the *Prophet of Nazareth* was never published, and probably never written.

THOMAS WILLIAMS.—Received and having attention. Thanks for your good wishes.

EMMA BRADLAUGH.—Pleased to have your good letter, and also to hear that we may hope to see you sometimes at the Athenæum Hall.

G. J. WARREN.—Your lecture notice arrived too late last week. Tuesday morning's post is really the latest for such things. Recollect, too, that post cards are more frequently delayed than letters.

C. E.—You can easily obtain Paine's *Age of Reason* from Mr. Forder, 28 Stonecutter-street, E.C. He will also supply you with *Bible Contradictions*, price 4d. Send to him direct.

NATIONAL SECULAR SOCIETY.—Miss Vance acknowledges:—*General Fund*: Manchester Branch, £3 12s. 6d.; S. Swale, 5s.; Dr. Cox, 5s. *Benevolent Fund*: Parcel of useful clothing from W. M.

THE TOM MCCARTHY FUND.—We have received:—G. W. Foote, 10s.; Mr. and Mrs. James Neate, 5s.; Victoria Park collection, 4s.

S. HARTMANN, N. S. S. Treasurer, 21 Australian-avenue, E.C., acknowledges the following for the Tom McCarthy Fund:—N. S. S. Executive, £1 1s.; F. Deane, 10s.; S. Hartmann, 10s.; J. C. Burrows, 2s. 6d.; T. Dunbar, E. M. V., 1s.

JAMES NEATE.—It reached us too late for acknowledgment last week. There must have been a delay in the post.

WILL COOPER.—We are obliged to you for your sympathetic letter, but the matter is hardly worth recurring to.

EDITH J. HALL.—Many thanks. Everything costs its price, even free discussion; but it is best, after all, to keep an open platform.

Dr. E. B. FOOTE (New York).—Received with thanks. You will hear shortly.

H. W. (Bradford).—Carefully written letters to the local press are of great service to the cause.

B. S.—There is nothing to show where the letter you send appeared.

PAPERS RECEIVED.—The Nottingham Daily Guardian—Secular Thought—People's Newspaper—De Vrije Gedachte—Sydney Bulletin—Isle of Man Times—Public Opinion—The Liberator—Crescent—Torch of Reason—Truthseeker (Bradford)—Truth-seeker (New York)—Blue Grass Blade—Progressive Thinker—Literary Guide—Boston Investigator—Freidenker—Newcastle Daily Leader—Two Worlds.

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.

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

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

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

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

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.

Will anyone who contends that organisms were specially designed assert that they could not have been so designed as to prevent suffering? And if he admits that they could have been made so as to prevent suffering, will he assert that the creator preferred so making them as to inflict suffering?—Spencer.

### Special.

THE Board of Directors of the Freethought Publishing Company, Limited, allotted 344 fresh Shares at their meeting on Monday. This is very encouraging. It ought also to stimulate those who are still holding back. At the risk of being wearisome, I venture to press this matter again upon their attention. The present opportunity is a splendid one, and every real Freethinker will—at least, he should—endeavor to make the most of it. All who can help, and their number is considerable, should do so as soon as possible. We are still looking round for suitable premises for the Company. We want to be housed without too much delay; but, at the same time, we don't mean to hurry into a bad bargain. Naturally, we shall act with a view to our resources, as well as with a view to our requirements. It is evident, therefore, that everyone who wishes well to this fine enterprise should apply for Shares, according to his means, and apply for them promptly.

G. W. FOOTE.

### Sugar Plums.

Mr. FOOTE lectured to a good audience at the Athenæum Hall on Sunday evening, his subject being "The Dream of God." Some questions were asked after the lecture, and one gentleman offered discussion. Mr. Foote occupies the same platform again this evening (Nov. 5). His subject will be "A Search for the Soul."

Mr. Charles Watts had an enthusiastic reception last Sunday in Glasgow, where he lectured three times. This was his first visit to Scotland since his late severe illness. His lecture on Colonel Ingersoll "caught on," and was most sympathetically received. Mr. Watts reports that the Glasgow Branch of the N. S. S. is in a really flourishing condition, and that its members are doing good propagandist work. Under the auspices of the Branch Mr. Watts is lecturing all this week in the outlying districts of Glasgow. At the conclusion of his Scotch tour he will report in these columns as to the work he has done since leaving London on October 28.

To-day, Sunday, November 5, Mr. Watts lectures in Aberdeen, and on the following two evenings in Dundee.

The Annual Members' Meeting of the Secular Society, Limited, takes place at the Manchester Hotel, Aldersgate-street, London, E.C., on Wednesday evening, November 15, at eight o'clock. Mr. Foote, as Chairman of the Board of Directors, will preside. The business will be to receive and consider the Directors' Report and the statement of accounts and Balance-sheet; and to elect four Directors to fill the vacancies caused by the retirement (through ballot) of Miss Annie Brown and Messrs. Watts, Moss, and Warren. The Board consists of not more than twelve members, one-third of whom have to retire annually by ballot, but the retiring members are eligible for re-election. One of the retiring Directors, on this occasion, will not be nominated again. Miss Annie Brown finds herself unable to attend the Board meetings, and does not wish to fill the place of a working member.

A curious thing happened in the ballot at the last Board meeting. Three of the four retiring papers fell to the names of members who were absent. Had the fourth fallen in the same way too, it would have looked so odd as almost to necessitate another ballot. But one of the retiring papers fell to the name of Mr. Charles Watts, who was present; so the matter was all right, though it narrowly escaped being otherwise.

This ballot has to take place every year, and every Director has to face the chance of having to stand for re-election; which is better than the retirement of a definite one-third annually. By *better*, we mean that the arrangement operates as an ideal check on all the members; and, at the same time, it preserves a continuity in policy and management.

The Camberwell Branch has had no less than 112 outdoor lectures delivered under its auspices during the season which has just closed. Indoor lectures are now resumed in the Secular Hall. At the recent annual meeting Mr. Victor Roger was re-elected president of the Branch, and Mr. Wilmot secretary—in both cases an excellent choice.

Just as the Camberwell Branch was closing its outdoor lectures permission came from the London County Council for the sale of literature at its lectures in Brockwell Park. This permission was given in reply to an application. No doubt other Branches of the N.S.S. will make a similar application in due course, and no doubt they will receive a similar permission. On the whole, this is a very sensible arrangement. It is right that the sale of literature should be confined to the meeting. Nobody in his senses can complain of that. It would never do to turn the Parks into markets.

Mr. Ben Cooper, of the London County Council, writing to Mr. Hammond, of the East London Ethical Society, says that he raised the question of the sale of literature before the Parks Committee, and that "it was decided to instruct the officers to issue permits to Societies or persons applying, unless there is serious objection to applicants."

Mr. Andrew Lang, in the *Daily News*, paid a handsome tribute to the late Mr. Grant Allen. After referring to his many accomplishments, Mr. Lang continued:—"Mr. Allen was the most modest, urbane, and kindly of companions; in conduct 'a sad good Christian,' despite his definite lack of theological opinions."

After a recent Ethical lecture by Sir Frederick Pollock, an auditor asked for "some rules by which I can order my life." "I can only say," Sir Frederick replied, "that if you do not find the common rules of morality, plus the entire contents of the Statute Book, sufficient guidance for the ordinary purposes of life, you must be a very exacting person."

## Christian Inconsistency and the War.

DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY, in a specially contributed article to the *Umpire*, on "The Ethics of War," says:—

"It does seem worth while to ask why creed and practice should be so far asunder as we find them at this present hour. The faith which is publicly professed by the most warlike and self-assertive races of the world is literally one of non-resistance. 'But I say unto you: that ye resist not evil.' There it is, in unmistakable plainness; not to be dodged, not to be explained away. Whilst words carry their own meaning, there is no possible paltering with the sense of that injunction. There is no pretence that the context weakens it. The context emphasises it, enforces it, drives it home. The nine Beatitudes breathe its spirit, and that alone. And in face of all this we are invited to believe that the Gospel Rifleman is a conceivable entity. Men of blameless private life, and of loftiest public aspiration—bishops, suffragans, archdeacons, canons, deans, with their no less learned and no less pious fellow-workers in the great Nonconforming bodies—are all welded in one heat of patriotic fervor, and the Christian who will not pray for the success of the British arms in the Transvaal will do well not to make any public protest of abstinence."

Mr. Murray then proceeds to argue that we are not necessarily a nation of hypocrites, any more than we are a nation of logicians. The truth is, he says, that the State creed is a "counsel of perfection," and a counsel of perfection is something altogether too good to be reduced to practice. But is the non-resistance of evil a counsel of perfection? Is not the very converse an imperative duty? What would become of the world if evil were not resisted? What is the great complaint of all reformers? Is it not their despair that the majority of people are too apathetic in the resistance of injustice, oppression, wrong, and all that may be comprised in the term evil? The first part of Mr. Murray's article is excellent; the latter part so obviously illogical that one doubts whether he is convinced by it himself.

### How to Help Us.

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

## Characteristics of St. Luke.

Two of the most important documents in the New Testament are attributed to St. Luke, these documents being the third Gospel and the Acts of the Apostles. We know not who this Luke was, and no one can tell us. To us he is merely a name, and nothing more. That name—a familiar contraction of the Roman Lucanus—tells us of Luke's Roman connections; and all through his writings we perceive the Roman, and none else. The historian of Jesus Christ and his Apostles ought to have been a Jew, ought to have been at home in Palestine, and ought to have had first-hand knowledge of the matters he was recording. But Luke had none of these things. He only claimed to have "traced the course of all things accurately from the first"; but his accuracy does not seem to have been continued when he came to write these things down; for, on comparison with Matthew and Mark, it is evident that he has taken serious liberties with his facts in the life of Christ; and comparison with Galatians proves him to have been inaccurate in his statements about the career of Paul. Luke's writings, in fact, were intended for edification. His object was to confirm the believer in the faith; and the truthfulness of his narrative was quite a secondary consideration. Hence we are not presented with an accurate sketch of the Apostles, but with an idealised portraiture, drawn according to the ideas of St. Luke.

Several traits of the writer bring out his remarkable ignorance of Jewish affairs. A Jew, or one thoroughly acquainted with the cult of Judaism, would have known that there could only be one high priest at a time. Yet Luke dates the ministry of Christ "in the high priesthood of Annas and Caiaphas," whom he apparently thought were joint pontiffs, holding office together after the style of the Roman consuls. Neither would a Grecian Jew have thought it necessary to explain that the feast of unleavened bread was called the Passover. These little touches betray to us that Luke was a Gentile of the Gentiles, entirely out of sympathy with Jewish thought and Jewish customs.

The way in which Luke mentions places shows us that he was essentially a Roman. If a Londoner were writing a book of travels, he would be careful to explain that Charlottenburg was the south-western suburb of Berlin; but he would not dream of indicating the relative positions of Hyde Park and Primrose Hill. When, therefore, we find Luke careful to define the situation of localities round Jerusalem, while he mentions places in the vicinity of Rome without a word of explanation, it is evident that he was familiar with Rome; but Jerusalem was to him a foreign city, to be described and made clear. He is careful to inform us that Nazareth and Capernaum are cities of Galilee; that Bethlehem and Arimathea are cities of Judea. He tells us where Bethphage and Bethany were situated, and the exact distance of Emmaus and Olivet from Jerusalem. But when he has to deal with Rome the case is quite different. The Forum of Appius and the Three Taverns are mentioned as a measure of the distance to which the brethren came out of Rome to meet Paul. There is not an atom of explanation as to where these places were. The Forum Appii and the Three Taverns were perfectly familiar to him as an inhabitant of Rome, and it never occurred to him to offer a word of explanation about them. It is the same with the cities of Asia Minor, and even of Greece, as compared with places in Italy or Sicily. St. Luke informs us that Philippi was a city of Macedonia, the chief in its district, and a Roman colony. We are given particular information about the levity of the inhabitants of Athens. But Syracuse, Rhegium, and Puteoli come in as a perfect matter of course. Luke was so familiar with them himself that he thought everyone else must know them quite as well as he. Therefore we see that Luke must have been a native of the city of Rome, familiar with the Roman district, but considering the towns of Greece, Asia Minor, and Palestine as unfamiliar places requiring elucidation to himself and his readers. We say "readers" advisedly. The Gospel and the Acts are dedicated to "Theophilus." It is true that Theophilus was a Greek proper name, but it is absurd to maintain that Luke went to the trouble of composing

these two elaborate works for the sole benefit of a single person. *Theophilus* means simply "lover of God," and must be taken as a general term for the whole circle that Luke had in view. When an author of the present day addresses himself to his "dear Reader," he is understood to refer to everybody in general, and nobody in particular; and no one is so foolish as to assert that, because *Reader* happens to be an English surname, the author is addressing himself to some particular person named Reader. If commentators had only kept this cardinal fact in view, they would have spared themselves a great deal of nonsensical speculation.

We have seen that Luke writes from the point of view of an inhabitant of Rome. But that is not all. He has a great partiality for Roman names. The other evangelists mention no Roman but Pontius Pilatus. Luke brings in Tiberius and Quirinus. The Acts of the Apostles fairly bristles with Roman names, even among Greek and Syrian populations, where Romans would be far scarcer in the first century than Englishmen in India at the present day. Then, again, the Roman soldier is perpetually marching across the scene, and again and again the Roman centurion comes forward as the friend or convert to the faith. For Luke never makes Jesus or the Apostles bother themselves about the common soldiers. They never convert anybody of a lower rank than a centurion. There is Peter's friend, Cornelius, who is represented as a prototype of General Gordon, spending his time in prayer instead of attending to his military duties; and there is Paul's friend, Julius, who played his part on the voyage to Italy.

But, further than that, Luke even invests Paul with the status of a Roman citizen! At Philippi, Paul, as an injured Roman, censures the magistrates, and stalks off the stage with an air of offended dignity. At Jerusalem, Paul prevents his flagellation, and claims the inviolability of a Roman citizen. At Cesarea he exercises the highest privilege of his citizenship, and "appeals unto Cæsar." Thus much for the narrative of St. Luke. But when we pass to Paul's own epistles all is changed. Paul himself never claims to be enshrouded in the awful majesty of the Roman name. Five times from the Jews he received forty stripes save one; and he also came into collision with the Roman lictors, for, he says, "thrice was I beaten with rods"! So far from being shielded by the *Lex Porcia*, which declared it unlawful to beat a Roman citizen, Paul describes himself as having been treated like a slave or a barbarian. If Paul had really held the citizenship, and had been flogged in defiance of its best known laws, here was the place to mention the fact in order to lighten the picture and enlarge the circle of his sufferings; for Paul was not the man to hide his light under a bushel. If Paul himself was not aware that his beatings with rods infringed his privileges as a Roman citizen, then it is evident that Luke is romancing when he makes Paul declare his citizenship to his adversaries.

While we are upon this subject, another point may be mentioned, although it has no immediate bearing upon the writings of St. Luke. Not only did the Porcian law defend the citizen from torture, but it also exempted him from capital punishment. A Roman citizen could not be executed; he could only be banished. Consequently, if Paul were a Roman citizen, and if he were convicted of any crime against the State, he could only have been banished to some remote part of the empire for a greater or a lesser period; and he would probably die a natural and obscure death. The Acts end abruptly with Paul's second year in Rome. Either Luke's information ceased, or he never continued his history. Christianity suffered martyrdom, just as it represented all the other apostles and early dignitaries to have suffered; but we have no authentic record of his death. The poet informs us very truly that—

Commentators each dark passage shun,  
And hold their farthing rushlights to the sun.

And, accordingly, orthodox writers consistently ignore this point when dwelling on Paul's citizenship.

However, to return to St. Luke. We see that, even on his own confession, he gained his information at secondhand. We see that he writes entirely as a Roman from the Italian point of view; and his personality colors his writings so strongly that they cannot be considered as giving us any photographic view of the early

history of the Church, but they can only be artificial and idealised compositions reflecting the ideas of a later age. This being the case, we need not enlarge upon the utter hollowness of ecclesiastical pretensions, founded upon no better warranty than such sophisticated narratives put forward by irresponsible historians.

CHILPERIC.

### The Devil and the Balloon.

THERE was a very amusing interruption recently to some experiments in Rome to the Balloon Corps of the Italian Army. According to the *Western Daily Mercury*, a sudden gust of wind swept away the balloon, made of silk, and the soldiers holding to it by ropes had to let them go for fear of being carried off by the balloon, which at once rose and made for the hillside district. Towards evening it came to earth at the village of Palombaro, and then its troubles really began. The whole population of the neighborhood ran to meet the beautiful, silvery, shining balloon, and soon took it a prisoner. To their great astonishment, the women and maidens at Palombaro discovered that the balloon was made of pure silk, and, naturally, they all sought to get as large a piece of it as possible to make into dresses. But, despite all their efforts the simple-minded peasants

#### COULD NOT EMPTY THE BALLOON,

which, with every puff of wind, bounded hither and thither, and threatened finally to escape from them into the clouds. The matter became serious, and at last a rumor ran among the crowd that the balloon was a monster escaped from hell, and that the devil was hiding inside it. How to get rid of the devil was the next question. "That will be simple enough," said a crafty peasant; "let us drag the balloon into the church. If the devil really is inside, he will then have to come out of the balloon of his own accord, since no devil can remain inside a church." No sooner said than done. The balloon was dragged to the church, and the large entrance door was thrown open; but the unwieldy "monster" resisted all efforts to cram it through the church door. Then arose a squabble amongst the peasants. Some of them maintained that the balloon was too huge, while others said that the devil was the cause of their failure to force the balloon through the door, because he resisted with all his strength the efforts being made to make him enter the church by force. A final attempt was made, and by dint of pushing, squeezing, and dragging the balloon it was got inside the church. Such treatment had naturally damaged the silk, and in places it was somewhat torn. In

#### THE CHURCH ALL WAS DARKNESS.

Some candles were at once brought, as the villagers desired to observe closely the demeanor of the suspicious balloon inside their church. One especially inquisitive peasant went up quite close to the balloon and held a candle to the silk at a part from which there was a small escape of gas. All at once a bluish flame sprang from the balloon; then came in quick succession a fearful roar, a terrible stench, and loud cries for help, as the people, half-suffocated, and many of them singing, ran blindly from the church. Pale and trembling from their fright, the good folks of Palombaro assembled on the square in front of the church. Of course, nearly all of them had seen the devil, as, with a blue flame and a fearful stench, he had escaped from the balloon and out of the church. When the smell had passed away, in the course of half an hour, a couple of foolhardy young men ventured to enter the church again. There were no evident signs that the liberated devil had wrought any great havoc. But the beautiful silk, from which the fair sex of Palombaro had intended to make fine raiment, was utterly destroyed, and lay black and charred on the flagstones.

### Miss Emma Bradlaugh Fund.

OUR readers will be pleased to learn that the total amount collected for this Fund, and acknowledged from time to time in the *Freethinker*, amounted to £28 16s. 6d. Some portion of this was spent by Miss Vance and Mr. Forder in ministering to Miss Bradlaugh's immediate needs, and the balance, a cheque for £21, was handed to her by the N. S. S. Treasurer, Mr. Hartmann, and will, we trust, be of service in future rainy days. We are glad to know that the sister of our late leader is relieved from the pressure of immediate want, and Miss Bradlaugh herself says that the timely help is doubly grateful to her because it comes from "her brother's friends," and is, she feels, an expression of regard and admiration for him.

Like the wife of Ulysses, who undid at night what her industrious fingers had wrought by day, nature amuses herself with an eternal building up and destroying, the beginning of which is like its end and the end like the beginning.—*Büchner*.

### Heart-Cry of Ingersoll's Family.

HAVING been with Mrs. Ingersoll and her two daughters alone in the room with their great dead, I feel that, as an old friend of theirs and of Colonel Ingersoll, it is only right and just that I should say one thing to the public which, perhaps, no one else may say.

In the various newspaper reports the kind and gentle tone towards these three women has been most conspicuous. The evident fairness of intent towards the great Agnostic in all these hundreds of newspaper articles has, I know, been deeply appreciated by these three sorrowing women; but several of the papers have spoken of their sorrow as the harder for them to bear "because they are without hope," or "because they have not the consolation of a certain religious belief," or have in some way indicated that their passionate grief has been the greater for the reason that the Colonel and they were Agnostics.

This is wholly misleading, and I know that I am doing what they would wish done in saying this as strongly as I may to the public.

Mrs. Ingersoll and her daughters believe that if there is another life, a higher one, no one who ever lived in all the world in any age is surer of a royal welcome and a lofty place in that better life than is Robert Ingersoll. They believe with him that, if "immortality is true, it is a fact in nature," and not an adjunct of any creed. They believe with him that the longing for another life is the blossom of affection when face to face with death; that it is the star of hope which human love has set in its own sky, and yearned for with so passionate a desire as at last to believe, and finally to say, "I know!"

It is a mistake to suppose that these three women have ever had one slightest pang of fear for him, one little doubt, one smallest touch of anxiety. It is for themselves they mourn, and cannot be comforted. It is that they want him—here, now, always. In striving to comfort them, I said: "But you have everything to comfort you, everything. Think how few in all the world have had so much left at such a time."

With her arms about me, and tears streaming down her eyes, Eva, his married daughter, smiled through her tears, and sobbed out: "O yes, dear, I know; I know we have absolutely everything—but him. We want him! What is the world without him? We cannot give him up—we loved him so!"

Always just that. The simple human heart-cry, the need to keep within the reach of loving arms, the touch of adoring lips, the object of their devotion.

"I want to do something for him," sobbed Maud, the daughter who had for years been his constant companion in his travels (even to and from his law-office). She stood beside his body fanning him, touching his hand, arranging flowers about him, and her cry was of her need to serve him yet again, to do something for him. "I want to do something for him, and after to-morrow I cannot even do these little things, nor touch or see him."

Then the sad-eyed widow of the great musician, Anton Seidl, was brought into the room, and the character of those three stricken women (which illustrates the atmosphere of Robert Ingersoll's home-life) blossomed out in another beauty. Anton Seidl had been Colonel Ingersoll's dear friend. He had died so short a time ago, and almost as suddenly. Colonel Ingersoll and his family had done everything in their power to comfort and to help his wife, who had been left absolutely alone in a strange land, and now she had come from the mountains in her widow's weeds to weep with them. Instantly their thought was for her.

"Your health is not good. You are not strong. You should not have tried to come. It was so good of you to come, but it is too much for you." She had brought a box of roses. Hundreds of dollars' worth of flowers were sent there by known and unknown friends, but "I will put this rose of yours here beside his hand. He loved you, and he so pitied you when you lost him."

Sitting by the window, with both hands in mine, hands only less cold than those of the dead, on that hot July day, Mrs. Ingersoll talked of what they were about deciding to do as a last tribute. No other words than his own could be worthy of him—to be said above him.

"They came from his heart when he spoke them for his brother. Do you think anything could be better to be said for him?" Nothing.

"And his own thoughts on immortality, and the last poem that he wrote, these things will represent him better than the words of anyone else. We feel sure of that. We cannot think yet. It is so terrible to have to give him up; but that much seems clear, that his own words are best. Yes, he shall be cremated. At first we thought we could not. But it is for the best—don't you think so?" Indeed, yes.

"I could never, never, put him into the ground and, and, shut him out of the home. We shall bring him back here. The urn shall be our shrine. He will be with us—at home. No, I could never shut the door and—leave outside."

Perhaps nothing will better illustrate the universality of Colonel Ingersoll's kindness than does the following little incident.

When I left the home of Mrs. Ingersoll their coachman had been ordered to drive me the two miles to Dobbs Ferry, where I was to take a train. Thinking I was the only person he was to drive to the station, the coachman came to the door with only a T cart.

All day an old man had sat about in the lower hall and verandas. He had come from Paterson, N. J. He had not prepared for the expense of riding farther than to the station at Dobbs Ferry, and so he walked those weary two miles up the hill to the great house where the man he so loved and admired lay dead.

I thought he might like to ride to the station with me, and so asked him, and he accepted gratefully.

"He was the greatest man in all America, and not in another hundred years will there be his equal," said the old man sadly.

"You're right sir," said the coachman, with whom he was sitting. "There was just one side to Colonel Ingersoll, and that side was all good. The whole family is the same way—good to everybody, and so loving among themselves that I'm terrible afraid this is a-going to kill her. Did you know him much, sir?"

The old man shook his head gently. "You see it was this way. I knew him a good deal better than he knew me. I've read every word he ever wrote, and you see I was eighty years old my last birthday, and I says to myself, 'I'm going to treat myself to-day. I'm going to New York and call on Colonel Ingersoll. And I did. When I went in he was in a private room, but I told a man in the outside office that I was eighty years old, and I had come to New York to treat myself to a sight, and maybe a handshake, of the greatest man in the whole world. Well, he went in and told the Colonel, and he came right out laughing and held out both hands to me, and he says: 'So you're eighty years old to-day.' It is your birthday. Well, sir, you're my guest for the day."

"That's him! That's just like him! O, you can't find anybody else like him! Just good and kind to everybody always," said the coachman proudly.

"Well, sir, he took me home and I met her, too. It was a great day for me. He had me lunch with him in his library, and if I'd been his own brother he couldn't have treated me finer."

"That's him! You can't tell me!" Both voices trembled now, but the old man struggled bravely on.

"He says to me: 'When I'm eighty, if I am as well looking a man as you are, I'll be proud. You come and spend my eightieth birthday with me. Sure, now,' he says, laughing. I asked him how long that would be, and he said fourteen years, and I says: 'Fourteen years is a good while on top of eighty, so I don't know as I can promise, but I'll come if I can be carried.' Then he says: 'No. I'll do better than that. You come every birthday of your own, just as long as you live. Consider yourself engaged to me, every one,' he says."

"That's just like him! And he meant it, too. O, there never was anybody like him, never! If"—broke in the coachman.

But the old man went on sadly: "That was only less than a year ago, and so, though my next birthday hadn't got around yet, I just felt that I had an engagement to see him one more time anyhow, so I just came to-day."

—New York Journal.

HELEN H. GARDNER.

### Obituary.

I HAVE to record the sudden death on October 19 of Mr. Thomas Joy, aged 62 years, of Denton-street, Bradford. He had for fully thirty years been Atheist and Freethinker. There was no cringing in his Atheism; it kept no terms with superstition; it made war, and meant it. He was a most strenuous defender of Mr. Charles Bradlaugh during his Parliamentary career; he was a great admirer of Mr. G. W. Foote, and brought prominently before the audiences at Laycock's Temperance Hotel, Bradford, some of the finest articles in the *Freethinker*. I much regret the death of so fine a man.—W. KAY.

The neglect of duty characteristic of the deity said to govern in the affairs of this world is notorious, but we believe the following to be the first official recognition of it. The item is from the *Kansas City World*: "The town has been suffering for a month past in the eyes of the state fire marshal because of the report of a fire made to the state fire marshal by one of the selectmen. A house was struck by lightning, and the selectman wrote it down as due 'to the carelessness of the Lord and a thunderstorm.' This report was accepted, and nothing more would have been heard of the matter had not certain newspapers found the original paper. It is now proposed to hold a town meeting, so that the citizens may vote as to whether or not the selectmen be instructed to withdraw their official report as to the cause of the fire."—*Truthseeker*.

War Correspondence.

[SPECIAL TO THE "FREETHINKER."]

By wireless telegraphy and 'grams without cables, we are enabled to present two important dispatches—one not yet delivered, the reply already on the way. Also a third transmitted by the International Mahatma Agency, very much Limited. Each discovered and deciphered in the diaphragm of a Fleet-street Chi-iker by the Röntgen X rays. All rights reserved.

(1) KRUGER TO CHRIST. (A week ago.)

"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? Voortrekkers in boschveld—my people and I now smitten by Verdome Rooineks. Kerel Chamberlain, the screwy-baas, throwing Rooibages upon us. Hell and tommy—Atkins. What price this for a door-log? Shall we chuck it? What ho! Does she bump? Reply paid. Selah!"

(2) ANGEL GABRIEL TO KRUGER.

"I am directed to acknowledge the receipt of your message of the other instant. I am instructed to say that the Celestial Intelligence Department is very much engaged at the present moment. But your communication—No. 25,500,007—shall receive due attention. Kindly mention number in future communications. "GABRIEL (ANGEL)."

(3) ANGEL GABRIEL TO KRUGER.

(Private and Confidential.)

"You old fool! Why can't you leave us alone? Two of the bosses are just now considering the Special War Prayer issued by the Archbishops of the Church of England. They are sitting inside each other on the throne that you read of in Revelation. The Prayer issued by Canterbury and York is addressed to the 'Lord of Hosts.' But he is now fast asleep. He leaves everything to the two others. He only takes on bazaars, consecrations, baptisms, and occasionally weddings, when they have the decency to solemnize themselves in the West-end. Latterly, he has been much pestered with widows and orphans, and people who are afraid of being made widows or orphans, as the case may be. But really you can't relieve everyone that comes. We have so many calls on us. It's quite heart-breaking to find so much distress about; and with so many, what can you do?"

"As to your little affair in the Transvaal, it has, *entre nous*, given us no end of trouble in heaven. We hardly know what to do, though we propose to give you a little lift, almost immediately. You see you are an old friend, and so is that old bear, Temple, and we wouldn't for several solar spheres offend the Prince of Wales. I ventured to mention your name the other night to a very High Personage here. 'Hang it all,' he says, 'why isn't he a Dervish?' You know how short-tempered he is. He is the most unforgiving of the three. Have any of your 'Doppers' been chipping him? Anyway, there is a lot in what he said. Yes, my dear Kruger, if you had only been a Dervish, and all your followers Dervishes, you wouldn't have given us half the trouble. We could have left you to be slain off the reel, and no bones about it—except those that you left on the field."

"But, certainly, you have some claim on us, and then there's Stead. He is a bit of a *persona grata* up here—in fact, we have his throne already reserved, or, to be more precise, he has long ago selected it for himself. Strictly between ourselves, I think you had better cave in, notwithstanding a few initial victories. We have a small throne in the north-east of heaven that we proposed to keep for Lipton if he had won the Cup. But you can have it, if you'll stop this squabble, which will only end in one way, whatever successes you may achieve at the commencement. Its continuance gives rise to so much unbecomingly comment on the part of the ungodly.—Yours for ever and ever, "GABRIEL."

(4) KRUGER TO THE ANGEL GABRIEL.

"After the victory which has just attended our arms, I see that the Lord has not forsaken me, and I propose to go on. "KRUGER."

"Hot as Hell."

SUCH is the striking heading under which a correspondence on unbelief and eternal punishment is proceeding in the *Shipley Express and Airedale News*. Mr. George Watson, of Bradford, contributes an excellent letter, from which we extract the following: "In the first place, man, as a finite being, can only commit finite offences, and, therefore, does not merit infinite punishment. A finite offence calls for a finite punishment; an infinite offence—if it were possible to commit such an offence—would merit infinite punishment. In the second place, a man who commits a crime is punished, either physically or mentally, in this life, and it is not, and would not be, just to punish a man a second time after already being chastised. In the third place, the man who conscientiously rejects Christ as his Savior is as much worthy of heaven as the man who conscientiously accepts Christ. They both follow, as a necessity, the dictates of their reason and conscience. In the fourth place, justice does not consist in forgiving and rewarding the man who repents, and damning the man who does not repent. A man, whether he repents or does not repent, has to be punished in proportion to the enormity of the crime which he perpetrates. The act of repentance does not subtract one iota from the malignancy and enormity of the crime. In the fifth place, the majority of our social reformers, living or dead, the majority of the influential men who protested against slavery—which I might say is sanctioned by Jehovah in the Old Testament—the majority of our greatest philosophers, scientists, poets, etc., have rejected Christianity, and it is ridiculous to suppose that the only reward for their self-sacrificing labor is eternal torture. It is a libel on some of the greatest men and women who have ever lived. In conclusion, if your correspondent set himself the task of helping to raise the intellectual standard of the lower classes, or assisted in helping onward some useful reform, he would do a great deal more good, and less evil to humanity, than spending his time trying to terrorise those people who happen to disagree with him on theological or religious conceptions."

MR. LECKY's new work, *The Map of Life: Conduct and Character* (Longmans), contains one passage which is worth quoting as illustrating the inconsistency of Christian practice with Christian precept. He says: "We should hardly write over the Savings Bank, 'Take no thought for the morrow, for the morrow will take thought for itself,' or over the Bank of England, 'Lay not up for yourselves treasure upon earth,' 'How hardly shall a rich man enter into the kingdom of God'; or over the Foreign Office, or the Law Court, or the prison, 'Resist not evil,' 'He that smiteth thee on the right cheek turn him the other also,' 'He that taketh away thy coat let him have thy cloak also.' Can it be said that the whole force and meaning of such words is represented by an industrial society in which the formation of habits of constant providence, with the object of averting poverty or increasing comfort, is deemed one of the first of duties and a main element and measure of social progress; in which the indiscriminate charity which encourages mendicancy and discourages habits of forethought and thrift is far more seriously condemned than an industrial system based on the keenest, the most deadly, and often the most malevolent competition; in which wealth is universally sought, and universally esteemed a good and not an evil, provided only it is honestly obtained, and wisely and generously used; in which, although wanton aggression and a violent and quarrelsome temper are no doubt condemned, it is esteemed the duty of every good citizen to protect his rights whenever they are unjustly infringed; in which war and the preparation for war kindle the most passionate enthusiasm and absorb a vast proportion of the energies of Christendom, and in which no Government could remain a week in power if it did not promptly resent the smallest insult to the national flag?"

SUNDAY LECTURE NOTICES, ETC.

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

LONDON.

- THE ATHENÆUM HALL (73 Tottenham Court-road, W.): 7.30, G. W. Foote, "In Search for the Soul."
- BRADLAUGH CLUB AND INSTITUTE (36 Newington Green-road, Ball's Pond): 8.30, A lecture.
- CAMBERWELL (North Camberwell Hall, 61 New Church-road): 7.30, A lecture.
- EAST LONDON ETHICAL SOCIETY (78 Libra-road, Old Ford): 7, H. Snell, "Settled Standards of Morality."
- SOUTH LONDON ETHICAL SOCIETY (Masonic Hall, Camberwell New-road): 7, Dr. Washington Sullivan, "The Three Great Phases of Western Religion—(2) The Protestant."
- WEST LONDON ETHICAL SOCIETY (Empress Rooms, Royal Palace Hotel, High-street, Kensington, W.): 11, Dr. Stanton Coit, "The Failure of Democracy."

The ascetic who teaches us to despise happiness and exalt self-sacrifice has no reason to give us for the asceticism he practises, save the hedonist reason that, in his opinion, it will result in the long run in a surplus of pleasure. And his opinion is mistaken; that is all the difference. Once induce him to believe and understand that the universe is not governed by an omnipotent fiend who "sends yin to heaven and ten to hell a' for his glory"—and he ceases to be an ascetic; he becomes a hedonist [a devotee of pleasure]. Do we not know it well, all we of the new faith, who were nourished in the old, and abandoned it perforce when we found it at last wholly lacking in historic, philosophic, and ethical basis?—Grant Allen.

## COUNTRY.

BIRMINGHAM BRANCH (Prince of Wales Assembly Rooms): H. Percy Ward—11, "Should the Land be Nationalised?" 7, "The Madness of War."

CHATHAM SECULAR SOCIETY (Queen's-road, New Brompton): 2.45, Sunday School. C. Cohen—11.30, "Morality without Religion"; 7, "The Origin of God; if there is any."

EDINBURGH (Moulders' Hall, 105 High-street): 6.30, A. Paul, "The Holy Harem."

GLASGOW (110 Brunswick-street): 12, Discussion Class; 6.30, Social Meeting.

LEICESTER SECULAR SOCIETY (Humberstone-gate): 6.30, F. J. Gould, "Voltaire."

LIVERPOOL (Alexandra Hall, Islington-square): 7, Mr. Bergmann, B.Sc., will lecture.

SHEFFIELD SECULAR SOCIETY (Hall of Science, Rockingham-street): M. D. O'Brien, "The Boers: Who are they, and what do they want?"

SOUTH SHIELDS (Captain Duncan's Navigation Schools, Market-place): 7.30, D. R. Bow, "The Transvaal War: Are we in the Right?"

## Lecturers' Engagements.

C. COHEN, 17 Osborne-road, High-road, Leyton.—November 5, Chatham. 12, Sheffield. 19 and 26, Athenæum, Tottenham Court-road.

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## APPLICATION FORM FOR ORDINARY SHARES.

TO THE DIRECTORS OF THE FREETHOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY, Limited.

GENTLEMEN,—Having paid to the Company's Secretary the sum of £....., being a deposit of 2s. 6d. per Share on application for..... Shares of £1 each in the above-named Company, I request you to allot me that number of Shares, and I agree to accept the same or any smaller number that may be allotted to me, subject to the Memorandum and Articles of Association, and upon the terms of the Company's Prospectus; and I authorise you to place my name on the Register of Members in respect of the Shares so allotted to me, and I agree to pay the further instalments upon such allotted Shares as the same shall become due, as required by the said Prospectus. In the event of my not receiving an allotment, the amount to be returned in full.

Name (in full).....

Address .....

Description..... Date.....

All Cheques, etc., to be made payable to the Company, and crossed.