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PRICE TWOPENCE.

Prayers for the Dead.

POOR Dr. Temple! He seems to have put his foot in it this time with a vengeance. Ever since he issued that Form of Intercession for the forces in South Africa he has had a perfect hornets' nest around his ears. Not only has the Evangelical section of his own Church turned upon him to sting him, but the multitudinous Nonconformist sects have eagerly joined in the attack. The *Rock* has led the way with an appropriately stony-hearted indifference to his feelings. The *Record* has followed with death-dealing dart, and at the tails of these two waspish leaders of Protestant opinion have swarmed a cloud of smaller, but equally angry, gadflies. The *Christian Age*, with marvellous up-to-dateness, publishes a portrait of the arch-traitor to Protestant principles, so that none of its readers may be without means of personally identifying the man who has wrought this evil in Israel. The portrait, it is true, looks like an old block that has been raked up from a heap that did duty twenty years ago. The Primate is represented as he looked when he was at least thirty years younger. A smile, such as few have seen in recent times, illumines his rugged, hard-set features. It is a smile—there is no doubt about that—and it seems to convey an amused defiance and a light disdain for the denunciatory letter-press by which it now happens to be surrounded. Whether he has been similarly smiling during the last few weeks is open to serious doubt. He has been so pestered with remonstrating memorials and epistles, to many of which it has been necessary to equivocally reply, that the probability is he is more savage and bearish now than ever. Prayers for the dead, indeed! If anybody wants any prayers just now, surely it is none other than his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. Still, he has the consolation of £15,000 a year and two palaces to live in, and, so circumstanced, even a blunt and none-too-amiable an old gentleman may put up with a great deal of harsh criticism.

The funny thing is that in all this agitation no one seems to trouble about Dr. Temple's coadjutors in treachery, the Archbishop of York and the Duke of Devonshire. They were *particeps criminis* in this appalling approach to Rome. They drew up, or, at any rate, they sanctioned, the Form of Intercession which was issued to the Church. Ebor is practically passed over, and, as for the Duke, it seems to be assumed that, when the distinguished trio foregathered, he was in his customary lethargic state, and about as harmlessly inactive as the man who goes to sleep during the sermon.

The Primate has so far sought to conciliate his assailants that he admits it would be inexpedient to insert in the Prayer Book any prayer for the dead which is different to the forms already there. But he urges that the present is a special and exceptional occasion. "There are now hundreds of sorrowing souls grieving over the sudden loss of friends and relations dearly loved." True; and if any of these friends and relations believe that a set form of prayer offered in the Churches will do their lost ones any good, why should not the Primate, with Ebor the cipher and Devonshire the somnolent, accommodate them with a carefully-drawn, cut-and-dried supplication? The wife deprived of her husband, the parents of their son, the maiden of her lover, may in their agony of bereavement cry aloud to Heaven, and pour out their hearts in the broken,

spontaneous accents of uncontrollable grief. But, then, is it not much better that the intercession for the souls of the slain should be made in terms prescribed by two Archbishops and a Duke? Could Heaven fail to readily lend an ear when approached in the words of dignitaries so exalted as these? Then, too, there is the effect to be considered of thousands of assembled worshippers joining, as with one cry, in a volume of intercessory appeal? These are features which may suggest themselves to believers as being favorable to the use of the Form of Intercession—apart, of course, from its possible tendency to introduce a phase of Romanism into the Church.

The chief question, however, is, What is the use of any kind of prayer for the dead? Of what use in the way of preservation of life were prayers to these dead ones when living? From the commencement of the war many relatives and friends were, to use the words of Dr. Temple, "praying for them daily, and pouring out their affection in their prayers." Of what avail were these appeals? Let us consider the kinds of prayer which have been offered since the point when the war became imminent. In the first place, there were prayers that hostilities would be averted. What was the answer? Next, there were innumerable prayers for the safety of those who had gone to the front and were personally engaged in the conflict—public prayers in the churches and private prayers by relatives and friends. Yet we have a considerable death-roll which is daily increasing. There were prayers for British victories. Until recently we have mainly sustained defeats. There were, and are, prayers for the early cessation of the war and the proclamation of peace. But the war drags on. With what kind of confidence can those who prayed for their kith and kin when living pray for them again now that they are dead? We can imagine them doing so with a sort of hopeless perseverance. There is something inexpressibly pathetic in a persistency which must be marked by so much despair. But what assurance can there be that the God who did not save in this life will act differently in another? It is easy enough for the spiritual medicine-man to assure the mourners that their lost ones are safe in some other existence—or, in all probability, will be safe if sufficiently prayed for. But, as we see in the fact of their violent deaths, this priest-made doctrine of prayer has already received one rude shock, and may therefore suffer another. The cleric may easily promise salvation hereafter, but he cannot disguise the fact that the prayed-for soldier has lost his life, all supplications for his safety notwithstanding. The credit of the cleric is secure enough in relation to the future of the dead. No one can contradict him. He can only be asked what knowledge he more than anyone else possesses. His pronouncements as to a hereafter can only be judged by the assurances he may have given as to something which has already happened here and now. If his vaunted nostrum of prayer has failed once—and, though he does not claim any certainty as to the result, he, at any rate, so strongly recommends it as to induce people to believe in it—it may fail again. And if the first failure does not prove him a cheat, it is a good reason for folks being chary of reposing confidence in him afterwards.

The so-called consolations of religion in the hour of death and during the long, sad days of bereavement are but a tax upon human credulity—a make-believe readily enough accepted at the time when grief has dethroned reason, and any straw is eagerly clutched at.

In that finely-written Freethought novel, *The Days of his Vanity*, Mr. Sydney Grundy, the playwright, describes a death-bed scene, and the poor, futile efforts of the clergyman to comfort and strengthen the awe-stricken sorrowers standing at the bedside.

"As the poor, weak phrases of the clergyman fell upon the ear, and the forlorn prayers and ghostly hopes fell chill upon the heart, how artificial and unsubstantial the proceeding seemed beside the great and solemn reality which was before them! Ernest had never felt so poignantly before how powerless religion is before supreme calamities. In the great distress of the human heart there is a fierce, intense reality which makes us feel the poorness and conventionality of the creeds we have so easily subscribed to and the beliefs we have so carelessly inherited. There is nothing which so ruthlessly demands a reason for the faith that is in a man as a great grief. It asks and will not be denied. We search and search, as we have never searched before; and lo! to our despair, in our sore need, it is not to be found. For grief is not to be satisfied with texts and generalities. The bitterness wears by-and-by away, the intensity of the reality wears off and our beliefs return; but in our need they fail us. There was not one who stood around that bed, or knelt beside it, who did not feel their miserable unreality. Even the clergyman's own heart was conscious of it. But we cling to them—we cling to them. We dare not face the awful cruelty of nature. We turn our heads away, and will not acknowledge it. We clutch at shadows in our agony."

Of what use are prayers for the dead if there is no immortality—that is, in the theological meaning of the term—and who can advance any reason for a belief in that doctrine which is not transparently fallacious? One would like to quote on this subject a number of fine passages from the above-mentioned work. In the mouth of one of the characters of the story, a young surgeon, Mr. Grundy, places an array of arguments against the so-called proofs of a sentient existence hereafter. The belief of the world he dismisses as no kind of argument. The world once believed the sun went round the earth. The world once worshipped idols. How many fallacies have once been the belief of the world? As to the universal feeling of mankind, our feelings are generally wrong. There is nothing on earth so little to be trusted and so liable to lead us astray as our feelings. Our wish is father to our faith. We want to be immortal, and so we think we are. The soul is said to be indestructible. But what is the soul? No man can say; but all science indicates that it is a property of matter, like the sight or smell. The inequalities and injustices on earth do not suggest that there will be any life in which they will be righted. No future life can justify injustice here. It might compensate the victim; but what is compensation but a rude device of man's? It seems hard that we shall never meet again the ones we love. "But even if there were a future life, the notion that we should be sure to meet our friends in it is childish. Seeing that the future world would necessarily be peopled by all the generations of men who have ever lived in this, and all the myriads of other worlds that may exist in space, and seeing what an utter chance it is whom we meet here, and how little care nature takes about the people among whom we are cast, it is absurd to think of meeting those we wish to meet, supposing we had the means of recognising them."

If we claim, continues Mr. Grundy's mouthpiece, for it is obvious that these are the author's own opinions—if we claim a future life for ourselves, we cannot pretend to deny it to dogs and horses, and the brute world generally. It is the merest self-conceit in man to think that there is anything in him essentially distinct from them. All our knowledge shows that man is only their superior in degree. There seems nothing dreadful in denying *them* a future life, and yet they suffer more injustice at the hands of man than ever man does at the hands of nature. Are we quite satisfied that the "sure and certain hope" of immortality is not an ignominious fear of death? Why should man desire to live for ever, with no reason for supposing that his future life will be ordained on any better principles than this? Who is man that he should live for all eternity? and why should that eternity be made to gratify his feelings which are changing every day? The end of nature is not man's delight. What cares

she for his life, or any life? In her luxuriance she makes and takes away a million lives for one that she lets grow. What is life to her?

Such is a rapid summary of the reasonings on immortality in Mr. Grundy's work; and, if any apology is needed for giving it here, it is to be found in a special article in last week's *Christian World*, headed "The Communion of the Dead," and written *apropos* of Dr. Temple's Form of Intercession. The summary traverses by anticipation much that is advanced by the *Christian World* contributor. Amongst other assertions that writer says the surest argument against annihilation is "human nature's own revolt. Kant found here the foundation of his doctrine of immortality, and it was a good one." But does not our daily observation show that human nature in the bulk revolts at death in the flesh here and now? Is not mankind in general terrified at the idea of an earthly end? Yet that death comes all the same, whether we revolt at it or not. The writer says: "The sceptics are good witnesses in this matter. Voltaire, amid a hundred wild sallies, held to God and to a future. Tom Paine tilted hard at Christianity, but believed in a life to come." It is true that Voltaire and Paine—or "Tom" Paine, as this vulgar, as well as silly, writer calls him—believed in a future life; but what are we to think of the disingenuousness that goes back long over a century to find Freethinkers who may be played off as if they were typical representatives of the scepticism of to-day?

FRANCIS NEALE.

Easter: What Does it Mean?

It is difficult to determine the precise origin of the term "Easter." Some writers have traced it to the Saxon worship of the imaginary goddess, Eastre. The Hebrews called it "pascha," which means to skip or pass over. Others, again, maintain that it signifies to rise, thus associating the day with the alleged resurrection of Christ. In ancient times it was called "the great day," because it governed all other moveable dates or feasts. We are told that at Nice, in 353, it was decided that Easter day should follow the first full moon after March 21. Before the reign of Edward VI., offerings or oblations supplied the revenues of the Church. They were collected on four days of the year, of which Easter was the first after Christmas. But in 1540 it was enacted that such offerings should be paid at Easter only; hence the term "Easter dues," which were recoverable before two Justices of the Peace. Old English chronicles tell us that kings and nobles regarded Easter as great a festival as modern Christians consider Christmas. Immense preparations were made for it, and large sums of money were spent on its celebration. Although many early writers have differed as to which is the right period to keep Easter, that fixed at Nice in the fourth century is generally accepted as the correct one.

Professor Stewart wrote: "The existence of the Church, and especially the early institution of the Lord's Day and of Easter Day, are proofs of the nature and strength of primitive belief as to the resurrection." To this we reply that the resurrection was not a recognised doctrine of the Church until the second century. But suppose it were, it would not follow that, because the Church believed it, therefore it was true. The Roman Catholics dedicated their Church to the "Holy Virgin"; but is that evidence that Mary was a virgin? There is St. Peter's at Rome, although it is a disputed point that Peter ever went to Rome. As to the term "Lord's Day," Tertullian (A.D. 200) is the first writer who applied it to the resurrection, and we can find no evidence that the two were associated prior to that time. The Professor ought to know that the "Lord's Day" has no reference to the day when Christ is said to have risen. Many conflicting opinions have been given as to the meaning of the "Lord's day." It has been thought to refer to "the Gospel dispensation," to "the Day of Judgment," to "the first day of the week"; but, so far as it can be applied to anything, it is to the Bible Sabbath, which is Saturday, the seventh day of the week, and this was not the day of the supposed resurrection.

There can be no reasonable doubt but that Easter, like

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many other festivals of modern Christians, was derived from Paganism, in whose mythology it is easily traced, from the time of Hesiod to that of Ovid. Julius Firmicus and other Christians have seen in the Adonia, or feasts of Adonis, a sort of diabolic anticipation of the doctrine of the resurrection. Syrians, Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans were all believers in this doctrine as connected with some one or other of their deities. Osiris especially may be said to have prefigured Jesus, as students of Egyptology know that it was supposed that Osiris lived, died, was buried, and rose again from the dead. In Chambers's *Encyclopædia* (article "Easter") it is said: "With her usual policy the Church endeavored to give a Christian significance to such of the rites as could not be rooted out; and in this case the conversion was practically easy." Christian exponents have a reckless habit of connecting certain events together as if they bore the relation to each other of cause and effect, when, in reality, there is no such relation between them. To claim that the resurrection was a fact because the Church believed it, and because the "Lord's Day" and Easter have become recognised institutions, is the very height of theological assumption. There is not a shadow of legitimate evidence to support such a claim.

Orthodox Christians profess to look upon Easter as the most important time in the history of their religion, for the reason that the supposed resurrection of Christ is the foundation-stone, not only of their Church, but also of Christianity itself. St. Paul appears to have made a point of this, although there is no evidence that he had any personal knowledge of the resurrection. Yet he staked the truth of the entire Christian system upon the reality of this one event. Here are his words: "And if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain." "What advantageth it me if the dead rise not? Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die." (1 Cor. xv. 14, 32). This is really the most irrational and selfish test that was ever submitted to prove the validity of any claim. It makes the usefulness of Christianity to depend, not upon its ethical value, but upon a theological dogma. The utter selfishness of the test is apparent, for it puts personal gain before all considerations of general good. Supposing the belief in the resurrection were absolutely ignored, mankind would still have their duties to perform, and should not, thereby, lack necessary consolation in the battle of life. There would still be hearts to gladden, homes to make happy, and characters to improve and elevate. The faith that makes the sunshine of existence, the recognition of duty, and the cultivation of virtue to depend upon the belief in a "risen Christ" is low and grovelling in the extreme, and thoroughly opposed to the secular view of the nature and capabilities of the human race. In this dogma of the resurrection we have the very citadel and stronghold of orthodox superstition. Let us, however, frankly avow that we have nothing to gain from the idle contemplation of "Christ the first fruits" of the grave, since, when the last page in our history is written, and the book of life is closed to us on earth, all our potentialities for goodwill have departed. Henceforth man will only be a memory, either for good or for evil, according to the life he has led. "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," so runs the decree which we cannot alter or avert. "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well." We cannot understand how anyone can wish to call in question this well-earned rest, except, indeed, he really possess the "sure and certain" knowledge of a blissful other life.

No doubt the strongest evidence that can be produced in favor of the Resurrection doctrine is to be found in the New Testament—in fact, apart from this source of information, there is really no trustworthy evidence at all. And even in the New Testament the testimony is so doubtful and contradictory that it would not be received to-day as evidence in any court of law. The late Professor Mivart, perceiving how poor the evidence was in favor of the resurrection, although a Christian, wrote thus:—

"As everybody knows, each of the four evangelists gives a graphic account of the visit to the sepulchre; though only one of these can be accurate, seeing that no two of them agree. This and some other reasons have suggested to critics that the whole of these histories of the first Easter morning may be legendary only, and the suspicion is strengthened by the fact that the earliest

writings in the New Testament—the Pauline epistles—are utterly silent with respect to them. It would certainly be very strange, if St. Paul did know of this visit to the empty tomb, that he should have failed to add so extremely valuable a testimony to the others he adduces in favor of the belief that the Lord had truly risen!"

Apart from the contradictory nature of the Gospel accounts of the resurrection, the incidents of the event, as given in the New Testament, are so improbable that reason stands aghast at their absurdity. For instance, Christ is represented as eluding the Roman guard and every living person when making his escape from the tomb, and reappearing in the city of Galilee. It shakes one's credulity to imagine that, after it had been prophesied that Christ would rise from the grave on a certain day, not a solitary person attended to witness the resurrection. It is worthy of note that it is not stated anywhere in the New Testament that any person alleged that he saw Christ alive in the flesh after his death. It is only recorded that "he was seen." If this were true, those who saw him have left no testimony to that effect. Even the allegation that he was "seen of the twelve" is very doubtful, inasmuch as Judas was dead and Matthias was not chosen till after the Ascension. True, we are told by St. Paul, "last of all he was seen of me"; but that was only in a vision, and the value of the statement as evidence can be readily tested by reading the first three verses of 2 Corinthians, chapter xii. Moreover, it is strange, if Jesus did rise from the grave and went among his friends, that they should fail to recognise him. When he appeared to the eleven in Galilee, "some doubted" that he was Christ. Others, when told that he was alive, "believed not." Some supposed him to be a spirit, and Mary Magdalene thought he was the gardener.

It is difficult to conceive that anyone can really believe that Jesus, a man of flesh and blood like ourselves, was killed, buried, and subsequently appeared in the middle of a room when the door was shut. Yet Christians have to believe that this happened to Christ if they accept the story of the Resurrection as truth. The fact is, the account is as incredible to-day as it was deemed by many when it first appeared. Hence, it is more reasonable to regard Easter as the commemoration of only the story of an event, and not of the event itself.

CHARLES WATTS.

Martineau's "Study of Religion."

(Continued from page 211.)

IN building up his Theistic position, Dr. Martineau enters a much-needed protest against writers of the type of Mr. John Fiske, who, while denying the right of anyone to attribute "purpose" to nature, and repudiating the ordinary form of the argument from design, yet speaks of the whole scheme of nature as being teleological, of "the glorious consummation" towards which all things move, and professes to find in nature an "ever-present God," of whom natural "laws" are so many expressions. He has little difficulty in demonstrating that either Mr. Fiske must give up the idea of God altogether, or else admit the full force of the Theistic position as laid down by Paley and his school. It is clearly futile to hold that all that can be known is phenomena and their relations, to fall foul of Theists for asserting purpose in nature, and then turn round and tell us that "each single act of natural selection had a teleological meaning," and that evolution "hit the mark at which natural theology had unsuccessfully aimed."*

Mr. Fiske's explanation of the difference between his position and that of Paley is: "The universe is not a machine, but an organism, with an indwelling principle of life. It was not made, but it has grown. . . . Paley's simile of the watch is no longer applicable to such a world as this. It must be replaced by the simile of the flower."† But in what manner is the simile of the flower superior to that of the watch? What substantial difference is there between saying that there is an intelligence that has fashioned each part of the universe to fit

* *Idea of God*, p. 161.

† *Ibid.*, p. 131.

in with every other part, and saying that there is an intelligence that fashioned the *materials* of the universe, and endowed them with qualities of which present conditions are the result? In other words, does it matter *where* we place the design so long as we place it somewhere? The position is the same, and it contains the same fundamental fallacy of reading into nature human wills and wishes and desires.

Dr. Martineau is quite correct in insisting that Mr. Fiske is "only annotating and illustrating Paley," not confuting him. His own Theism he seeks to establish by evidence drawn from two directions—from "the principle of causality," and from "the higher level of the experiences of our moral nature." We shall see in this and in a final article how this is done.

Although stated with a certain air of originality, Dr. Martineau's treatment of "the principle of causality" simply amounts to the old method of an attempt to identify all force with will force, and all causation with consciousness. To do this it is necessary, of course, to reject the conception of cause as laid down by Hume, Mill, and most modern teachers of scientific method. According to these, all that is meant, scientifically, by the term "cause" is the sum of the conditions that produce a given result. We trace their sequence and relation, and whenever the existence of certain conditions is followed by a given result—and the result is never present save when preceded by such conditions—we say they are related in terms of cause and effect.* This, however, does not agree with Dr. Martineau's conception of causation; it cannot be, he asserts, that the statement of the invariableness of a relation constitutes all that we can know of causation, because we still seek to know why one thing should happen rather than another. For example: "What is the cause of my black eye? Do you say a stone hitting my face? But stones do not hit men's faces indiscriminately. What determined the stone's course in that direction rather than in any other?" In other words, "We cannot get out of believing that there is power passing out of one phenomenon into the other.... To the full idea of cause it is essential that there be permanent power passing through phenomena."

Of course, it is always easy to ask "Why?" and the end of all such questioning was well shown by Spinoza in the following passage:—

"If a stone falls from a roof on to someone's head, and kills him, they (the Theists) will demonstrate that the stone fell in order to kill the man; for, if it had not by God's will fallen with that object, how could so many circumstances (and there are often many concurrent circumstances) have all happened together by chance? Perhaps you will answer that the event is due to the facts that the wind was blowing and the man happened to be walking that way. 'But why,' they will insist, 'was the wind blowing, and why was the man at that very time walking that way?' If you again answer that the wind had then sprung up because the sea had begun to be agitated the day before, and that the man had been invited by a friend, they will again insist: 'But why was the sea agitated, and why was the man invited at that time?' So they will pursue their question from cause to cause, till at last you take refuge in the will of God—in other words, the sanctuary of ignorance."[†]

It is for this "sanctuary of ignorance" that Dr. Martineau is clearly steering, and his reasoning is carefully marshalled with a view to that end. All that one need say, however, to the concluding portion of the sentence I have quoted is that science is not primarily concerned with "what we want to know," but with what we *can* know; neither is it the business of science to frame formulas that will fit in with the mental requirements of any individual, but to teach all to adjust their mental formulas to the knowledge at our disposal. All that Dr. Martineau can mean by "the full idea of cause" is the idea of cause as it exists in his mind; and as it is the validity of his conception of cause that is called into question, it will hardly do to produce it as evidence.

* I have no space to enter into a detailed exposition of the meaning of "cause"; but for those who would care to follow the matter further I would recommend for reading Jevons's *Principles of Science*, ii., pp. 253-270, Pearson's *Grammar of Science*, Ch. H. Stallo's *Concepts of Modern Physics*, Introd. and pp. 183-5, and G. H. Lewes's *Problems of Life and Mind*, vol. ii., problem 5.

[†] *Ethics*, Appendix to Part I.

Dr. Martineau's conception of causation constitutes the kernel of his Theism; and it will be as well, therefore, to say a few words more concerning it. From such a phrase as "We cannot get out of believing that there is power passing from one phenomenon into the other," it is evident that cause and effect are regarded by him as two distinct things, the former of which produces the latter as a mechanic produces a manufactured article. What Dr. Martineau regards as two *things* is really two aspects of the same thing. Water—an effect—is not a distinct thing from oxygen and hydrogen, its cause; water is the appearance assumed by O. and H., when brought into combination under definite conditions. The same will be found in all cases of cause and effect. The cause is the effect in solution, so to speak; the effect is the cause precipitated. Consequently it is absurd to talk of "power passing from one phenomenon into the other" as the essence of causation; no such thing occurs. All that we have to do to formulate the cause of any phenomenon is to state *all* the conditions necessary for its existence, and when we have done that we have done all that is possible or necessary.

Having created the confusion for the special purpose of applying his own remedy as a cure, we are next told that the "one only cause of whose mode of action we have immediate knowledge" is our own will. We know by "inner intuition" that "will" is the cause of our own actions, and know also that the force by which our actions are resisted in the outside world is of exactly the same character. Natural forces are, therefore, "so many distinct permanent volitions..... originating in the will, which is the Supreme First and Enduring Cause." It is the old method of philosophical Theism, although paraded with an air of novelty, and its weaknesses are apparent when the language in which it is clothed is rendered clear and understandable.

In the first place, we have no "immediate knowledge" that our actions are caused by an entity, "will." All that we certainly know is, that *we act*; the precise causes of action are always more or less obscure; but, in proportion as we know more of their nature, it is made clear that, instead of human actions being due to some self-directing agent, they are only links in a long chain of sequents and antecedents that stretch back far beyond the life of any individual. My "inner intuition" tells me nothing whatever of the influence of heredity, of physical conditions, of nervous states, etc., in determining conduct; indeed, in the majority of cases, it is in defiance of our "inner intuition" that such knowledge is established. "Will," as we know it—that is, as a conscious motive determining action—is the peculiar property of sentient existence; and, while there is every reason for attributing will to other human beings on the ground that their actions fall under the same category as my own, to regard all the forces of nature as products of volition is to look for a phenomenon apart from all the conditions that determine its existence.

I emphatically deny the existence in man of any innate and unquestionable intuition informing us of either the real causes of our own actions or the real nature of natural forces. I quite admit the tendency in human beings at one stage of mental development to picture the universe as alive, and this is asserted by Mr. Armstrong with an amusing unconsciousness of its real significance. He says: "The individual infant and the infant race alike show this intuition in its pure and unadulterated clearness. The baby striking its fist against the table, and the savage battling against the storm, alike realise that they are met and antagonised by that which is *living*." Exactly; but one might reasonably have hoped that, in view of the researches into primitive psychology that have been carried on during the past fifty years, both Dr. Martineau and his disciples might have thought better than to have brought these facts forward as any evidence for their beliefs. Both savage and baby commit the familiar mistake of translating the universe in terms of themselves; but this is an error from which the race is gradually delivered by the growth of scientific knowledge, and the child by the instruction received from his teachers. From one point of view the error is inevitable, and its existence is the real root of these ideas which Dr. Martineau attempts to show is the result of scientific or philosophic investigation into nature.

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What we find in certain stages of the intellectual development of man is that, whenever the real causes of phenomena are unknown, he falls back upon the conception of living agencies. This was the case with comets, which, in the fourteenth century, were regarded as messengers from God, "shaking plague and pestilence from their hair." Living agencies were feigned even by Kepler to account for the planets keeping to their orbits, but disappeared when Galileo's principle of terrestrial gravitation was extended to the whole universe of matter. Universally the "aliveness" of natural forces has disappeared before the growth of sound science; and if Dr. Martineau now places life and volition at their root instead of in their concrete expression, it is because human intelligence no longer admits of the cruder view of the matter. At any rate, one does not usually judge the validity of modern conceptions by an appeal to the reasonings of primitive mankind, but the reverse. We reject the assumptions of primitive mankind because they are not in harmony with modern knowledge. Dr. Martineau is simply trying to reverse the process. He is one of the last great representatives of a vanishing view of the world, and the graceful language in which he clothes his views may well be taken as the swan's song of a dying cause.

I have spent so long on this matter, at the risk of wearying my readers, because, as I have said, it is the kernel of Dr. Martineau's position. His attempt to prove that the "constitution of the world and its inhabitants looks as if they were the production of will," with his remarks on the argument from man's moral nature and its bearing on the question of a future life, I shall discuss in my next, and concluding, article.

C. COHEN.

(To be concluded.)

God, Where Art Thou?

No man knows God. The divine being is not a fact included within our knowledge. The divine existence is not susceptible of proof. Knowledge and science, demonstration and proof, can neither affirm nor deny the existence of God. The telescope reveals magnitude, but not infinitude. The microscope discloses the minute, but not the infinitely small. The figures on the black-board demonstrate the theorem, but their sum and conclusion is not God. The law that proves the revolution and habit of one planet is applicable to all the planets, and the mind says "Infinite." It has taken refuge in a word; it has hidden its ignorance under a term. Unable to account for the universe, the mind of man makes a bold assumption, and says God created the world. It does not know; it cannot tell; it must have a supposition to start with, and it says God created the world. Man, to explain himself, to account for his intuitions, his moral sense, and his aspirations, says God is, and man is, made in his likeness. Man does not know that; it has never been revealed nor discovered; it is simply an utterance like the other, compelled by the laws of thinking; it is an hypothesis, and only that. According to the fable, God walked in the cool of the garden, and cried: "Adam, where art thou?" In all the ages of man upon the earth this infinite being has been walking in the mystery, in the darkness, and man has been crying, "God, where art thou?"

In all the ages of man upon the earth there has come from the silence no voice. The infinite has never said: "Here I am; I am God." It is easily within the reach of the imagination that the infinite might have revealed himself. Having all things at his command, and knowing of all events before they were, possessing infinite intelligence and power, the infinite surely might have devised some plan of self-revelation, but did not. He remained silent; he continued to be unknown. He did not see fit to reply to the crying of the human world, and there is nothing left but for us to conclude that the infinite preferred to remain unknown. We had no choice in the matter; the responsibility is not upon us. We did not decide the question whether or not God should be known to this world; that silence was self-imposed. The reverent mind will respect that silence.

Since the infinite has withheld any revelation of himself, any assumed revelation is impious. Since the

infinite has withheld any revelation of himself, the utmost blasphemy is that of man or institution or book that claims to be a revelation of him. The Bible does not reveal God. Think of the book the infinite might have written; think of the work of an infinite intelligence, the genius, the imagination, the divine power to utter words, the ability to make the language of the lip an exact reproduction of the thrilled and throbbing heart—the perfect union and blend between the lip and the brain!

I almost wish God had written a book; and, if he had, does anyone suppose there could have been a moment's doubt about its divine origin? Nobody doubts now that Shakespeare was a genius; nobody ever doubted that Homer was a master of epic poetry; but God's work would have made Shakespeare's and Homer's books primers.

It seems to me a ghastly sarcasm, the soul and heart of irreligion, to call a book God's word. If God had written a book, there would not have been any historical discrepancies; the statements referring to the laws of the world, the planets and their revolutions, and other related scientific facts, would have been accurate, and the author of it, if he had been elected to the House of Representatives, might have been permitted to take his seat. If he had written it, it would not have upheld slavery nor countenanced concubinage or polygamy. The Bible is not a revelation of God, and everything that has been claimed as a revelation of God has, by its pitiable failure, shown the wisdom of the non-revealing God. They say the Church is a divine institution, the ground and pillar of truth, the only place in the world that God thinks good enough for him to dwell in. As a matter of fact, the Church in every age has had all the wickedness, all the corruption, all the meanness that belonged to the age in which it lived; it never was any better than the moral average of the generation to which it belonged. To speak of it as a revelation of God—well, it enables one to understand why, in this human world, there is such an intense prejudice against God.

They speak of God's "call," God's ordainment. There is a sort of revelation of God. The increase in the membership of the Church since 1898 has been a little less than one per cent., but the increase in the number of churches has been still less, yet the increase in the number of ministers—that is, in the "called," in God's anointed—has been ten times greater than the increase in the number of pulpits. Now, what is the legitimate inference—that God calls ten men where there is only a place for one? Here is a fact to be borne in mind, that it has always been the habit of men to assume the name of God to give prominence and power to their call.

Religion has always been a coward; it has never dared to stand and win or lose upon the strength of its own appeal to the intelligence and moral sense of men. It has sought the prestige that comes of an assumed sanctimoniousness and special favoritism with God. If a man appears to-day and says, "I have a mission from the Almighty God, I have a message from God," he is promptly and at once, and by all classes, set down as a crank; and yet all the old institutions and all the preachers are making the same claim. It makes God so small, so little, that we pity the poor infinite. Think of speaking of God's book, of God's church, of God's anointed, of God's ordinance! Think of it! Is God a sectarian? To what denomination does he belong? Was he baptised by immersion or sprinkled in his infancy, or after he had arrived at the age of an adult? Does anybody down in his heart believe it? Suppose that you had a book that you believed God had written, what would you care about the higher criticism or the lower criticism? What about the discovery of science or the theories of the evolutionists? Would not a man, if he believed it, stand in the face of all science, all discovery, all criticism, and resist with a smile of indifference every attack? Let all the world be the liar, let all science be confounded—this is God's book. Every letter, every word, and the punctuation marks are inspired.

If a set of men believed God had especially called them, what would be their attitude? If they had a mission from the highest, a message for the salvation of men, what would they care for the music, the

upholstering of the Church, the frescoing of the walls, the fine building, the elegant and comfortable surroundings—what of that? They would think of the lack of comfort in hell, and plead with men to escape it.

If God has an institution in this world, it ought to be supreme. Every organisation of men ought to be subjected to it. If the Infinite had exercised his wisdom and had put an organisation here, then all the other organisations, principalities, and powers among men ought to bow down to it—every one of them. The Catholic Church says it is such an institution. They have raised up and cast down thrones. They have a leader crowned with a triple crown—the ecclesiastical, the spiritual, and temporal authority. They had the power once; some think they expect to have it again, and are trying to have it; but whether that is true or not, the position is consistent. If the Church is God's organised power, and the only one in the world, it ought to be supreme.

The other day a company of ministers went before the police board, and engaged in a simian performance. One of the ministers, in the course of the interview, as reported, said: "We are not here as ministers; we are here as citizens." Think of it, a man called by God, anointed, and set apart as an emissary and representative of the Infinite, of the Everlasting, choosing to lay down the dignity of that great position, and stand just as an ordinary man, as a citizen. If I was the infinite governor of this world, and had a representative who threw down the robes of authority and dignity that I had put on him, I would recall him and cancel his commission by telegraph.

We like honesty, consistency, and if the called are all that word implies, let them stand to it and for it. If I thought I stood here as the representative of God—my imagination stops right there.

—*Truthseeker* (New York).

J. E. ROBERTS.

Acid Drops.

LORD KITCHENER is reported as being little sanguine of the speedy termination of this distressing war in South Africa. He is represented as saying that if he had the Boer troops under his command, and a country so splendidly formed by nature for defence, he would undertake to keep the enemy out of Pretoria for two years. If this report be true, the prospect in South Africa is not reassuring. It seems to us that the Lord has a great opportunity, but, judging from past experience, he will most likely miss it. He might restore peace on honorable, just, and wise terms, if he only chose to exert himself. Up to date, however, he is quite inactive; and we are inclined to echo Carlyle's saying to Froude that "God does nothing now." Query—Did he ever do anything?

Dr. St. George Mivart's body has been temporarily deposited in the Catacombs under the chapel in the unconsecrated ground of Kensal Green Cemetery. The authorities of the Roman Catholic Church, holding that he died a heretic, under the ban of inhibition of the Church sacraments, declined to take part in the funeral or to allow the customary rites. The funeral was therefore private and without ceremony. It is reported, however, that Dr. Mivart's relatives are still hopeful that the Church authorities will relent, in which case the body would be removed from the Catacombs and formally interred. For our part, we hope the Church authorities will not relent. It would be absurd and hypocritical to pretend that Dr. Mivart was really a Roman Catholic, when he was not even a Christian.

What does it matter to the dead heretic whether a Catholic priest did or did not talk inspired nonsense over his coffin? How can it possibly concern him whether he is loved or hated by the Church, which for many years he served only too faithfully? He is in the hands of God or Nature, and we have only the priests' word for it that they are influential with either. One thinks of the great grave scene in *Hamlet*, where Laertes revolts at the idea of poor Ophelia's being buried with maimed rights. "Must there no more be done?" he asks; and the priest tells him "No," for she drowned herself and died the death of a suicide. Whereupon the mighty dramatist, lord of every emotion of the human heart, puts that magnificent outburst of unsophisticated feeling into the mouth of the grief-distracted brother, whose love for his sister seems to have been the one strong and honest passion of his nature:—

Lay her i' the earth!

And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be
Where thou liest howling.

That would be the way to address Cardinal Vaughan, if anybody could speak like Shakespeare. But who can? That grand passage, so little in compass, could hardly be studied too much as a lesson in poetry and composition. It looks so simple, yet it is a miracle of art; not labored art, but art as natural and spontaneous as the gush of a fountain or the song of a bird. And the last two words are of such splendid, audacious perfection that we feel at once the sovereign hand of the unapproachable Master.

Miss Olga Nethersole has been acquitted by a New York jury. The "purity" people had her prosecuted for acting an "obscene" play, as they called *Sappho*, which is founded on Daudet's novel. Daudet's son Léon, having been interviewed by a *Daily News* representative on the subject, indignantly denies that his father was an "immoral" writer. "Thousands of times," he says, "my father has said to me and to other writers that the author has a cure of souls, that his profession is a sacerdoce, a priesthood, and the greater his popularity the greater is his responsibility. What is happening now in America would, were he living, wound him to the heart. He was the model of husbands and fathers. He had a horror of irregular life." Daudet dedicated *Sappho*, "For my sons, when they reach the age of twenty," and a father does not dedicate immorality to his own children; although, of course, there are books which ought not to be put into the hands of children, notwithstanding that men and women may read them with advantage.

The Bible, by the way, is one of these books. Men and women may read it with more or less profit as old-world literature, but it is a shameful thing to place it unreservedly in the hands of boys and girls. There are crude, brutal, dirty, and lascivious passages in it which no modern author, except of the cryptic species, would dare to write even for adults. Yet the "purity" people, who object to *Sappho* because it holds the mirror up to vice for men and women, have their minds thoroughly steeped in the Bible, and fancy it is just the very book for children to read, with a view to their education in modesty and refinement.

We have just been looking over the annual report of the United Christian Evidence Brigade, which saves souls and blackguards freethinkers in Limehouse. Most of this report deals with the row over the *Freethinker* in the West Ham Library, in which row the U. C. E. B. boasts of having played a distinguished part, and it "humbly thanks our great Father" for the result. These soldiers of the Lord, who hate all freedom, except as they choose to define and allow it, affect to regard the *Freethinker* as "indecent." Of course it is nothing of the kind, and they are well aware of the fact. But the cream of the joke is that these pious warriors are devoted friends of the Bible, and want everybody to read it, irrespective of age or sex; although they must know that it contains scores of passages which could not possibly be reproduced in the *Freethinker*, even if we were disposed to soil our pages with such feculence.

How amusing it is to watch the wriggings of women who want all possible rights for their sex, yet do not want to be suspected of opposition to the Bible, in which their sex is usually treated with consummate disdain. St. Paul told women to keep silence in the churches, and this has generally been considered as a bar to female preachers in the pulpit. Not so, however, says Miss C. S. Brenner in the April *Puritan*; what Paul really meant was a warning to "some chattering, senseless women in the church at Corinth to hold their tongues during the sermon." This is, perhaps, a clever and ladylike explanation. But it won't hold water for a minute. Miss Brenner overlooks Paul's exclamation, "I suffer not a woman to teach." That shows what he meant by their keeping silence in the church.

Stands Scotland where it did? Well, not quite, but pretty nearly, at least in the matter of Sabbatarianism. Dundee Town Council, by seventeen votes to eight, has refused to allow even "sacred" music to be played in the public parks on Sundays. An offer was made to supply the music free, and it must have been a great temptation to Scotch city fathers; but, although they naturally love good bargains, the Dundee seventeen held out manfully against the temptation, and championed the holy cause of the blessed Sabbath. No doubt the Lord will remember them when he comes into his kingdom.

The New York *Truthseeker* says that Baroness Malcolm, of England, who died a year ago, willed 25,000 dollars to the trustees of the Theosophical Society of America; but, as there are two such Societies, each claiming to be the original and genuine one, it looks as though the Baroness's astral part will have to intervene and decide which organization was meant to be the recipient of her bequest.

That little great man, Mr. Kensit, addressed a meeting at Doncaster the other evening on the idolatry and superstition indulged in at a certain local church. He called upon the Archbishop of York to drive away the "blasphemous fable

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and dangerous deceit" of the Mass, and to clear out the graven images and illegal ornaments. During his address he was constantly interrupted by one person present who insisted on propounding questions that, to say the least of them, seemed a little irrelevant. The mystery was explained at the end when the disturber, being privately interrogated, said he was an old soldier, and he understood it was a "pro-Boer" meeting!

Kensit's friends state that the wicked Ritualists are constantly putting about the false report that his meetings are "pro-Boer" arrangements. Consequently, great burly fellows turn up, and, as they do not consider it any part of their duty to listen to what the speaker is talking about, the Wickliffites are placed in imminent danger of having their heads cracked, or of suffering various kinds of personal indignity.

Here is a good story from the front. The Rev. William C. Burgess, Wesleyan chaplain with General Gatacre's force, applied to a certain officer for a marquee in which to hold services. "Of course you shall have a marquee," replied the gallant major, "for the Anglican chaplain has one, and if you don't get one too you'll be fighting like blazes!"

Some mounted Cape soldiers were passing Salt River on their way to Maitland camp. Suddenly one of their horses dropped dead on the road. An old Dutchman, who was standing by, observed in delighted tones: "Ah, that shows the finger of God." The irate soldier replied: "That may be the finger of God, but this is the hand of man"; and he emphasised his words by knocking the astonished Dutchman down with his fist.

Two Irishwomen, who had sons at the front, were comparing notes. One asked the other how her boys were doing. "Oh, grandly," was the reply. "They are as happy as they can be begorra, shooting Protestants all day long!"
—*Cape Argus*.

"I am sure the Boers will win, because God is on their side," said the mother. "What then," said her observant little girl, "have they commandeered him?"

As an example of the interest that school children are taking in the war, the *British Weekly* publishes the following from a correspondent: "In our Sabbath class the other day, on asking what river is meant in the hymn, 'Shall we gather at the river?' the answer came from a girl of six or seven years: 'The Modder.'"

Apropos of the India-paper Bible bound in Khaki, weighing only four ounces, and prepared by the Oxford University Press for distribution amongst our soldiers and sailors at the war, the *Academy* prints the following pointed lines:—

We thank Thee that Thy Holy Writ
Is so adaptable a guide
That none need go away from it
With any doubt unsatisfied,
For every course some sanction is,
If not in John, in Genesis.

Yet this we ask in mood profound,
Direct our Tommies when they con
Thy Book of Books in khaki bound
(Which also cheers the Boers on);
Lest any foe be left alive,
Keep them from Matthew's chapter five.

The Sabbatarian bigots of the City of London Common Council have made another vain attempt to stop the opening on Sunday afternoons of the Guildhall Art Gallery. They were led by two very "common" Councillors, Mr. Wood and Mr. Lile. The new City Knight, Alderman and Sheriff Treloar, was, however, too strong for them, and carried a resolution for the opening of the Gallery, by forty-nine votes to thirty-seven.

Sunday trading prosecutions have been reduced to a pretty stage of absurdity in Hull. According to the *Morning Leader*, last year no fewer than 4,069 prosecutions were successfully instituted by the police. The Corporation has benefitted to the extent of £1,000 in fines imposed in that period.

It seems that the offending tradespeople take the fine of 5s. as a kind of weekly tax. They don't trouble to attend the Court, but send the money, and open their shops the same as usual on the following Sunday, and are content to be summoned again. One tradesman paid £13 in fines in the year at the rate of 5s. a week.

The traders who are summoned are mostly little tobacconists, newsagents, sweetstuff dealers, sellers of fried fish, and other delectables. Even the Hebrews, who keep their Sabbath on Saturday, are not spared if they work on the Christian Sunday. And this is the way in which it is sought to impress people—small shopkeepers and their customers—with the sanctity of the Lord's Day.

"A pretty botheration"—to use the words of a Paris correspondent—has been raised by the British exhibitors at the Paris Exhibition. They don't wish to open their stalls on Sundays for Sabbatarian or other reasons. And they don't like to close, because Sunday is the one day of all others on which good business may be done. Moreover, all the other and rival sections will be open.

The British exhibitors can hardly lay claim to sympathy. In the first place, they should have inquired about this matter before they undertook to exhibit. It was a question that might naturally have suggested itself. If they have acted blindly, they must put up with the consequences, which are either the loss of the day's business or the engagement on extra help.

In view of the appeal which will be shortly heard on the question of a seven days' licence for the sale of intoxicating drink at the Crystal Palace, the Archbishop of Canterbury has written a letter to the Rev. Canon Coles, vicar of Upper Norwood. The Primate says: "I shall be glad if you succeed in preventing the grant of a seven days' licence. It is mischievous to the last degree that so admirable a place of entertainment should be turned into a great temptation."

But where does the "great temptation" come in? A six days' licence is offered to the Palace, and drink has already been sold there on at least six days of the week. Notwithstanding that fact, the Palace is, according to the Primate himself, an "admirable place of entertainment." Why should the sale on the seventh day make it less admirable, except in the view of those who are actuated by Sabbatarian prejudices?

Logically, the Archbishop should object to the sale of intoxicants on any day at all. That, no doubt, he would do; and it is a pity that he and the licensing authorities do not try it on. There would then be a fine storm of public indignation.

Lord Portsmouth and the Bishop of Bristol are having a very edifying squabble. The question at issue is whether the Bishop did not suggest to a vicar that he should "most cordially invite children to come to confession." The Bishop's denial places the vicar in an unfortunate position, for the latter thus addressed a children's confirmation class at Clifton:—"And so, my dear children, you need never fear that anything you say will ever pass beyond the priest's mouth. I am happy to tell you that the Bishop of the Diocese is quite in agreement with me in this matter. He said to me, 'My dear Vicar, invite them most cordially to come to confession; it will be such a help to them, so invite them. Only remember, you must not compel them to come, but invite them.'"

Commenting on statements in a letter from the Bishop dealing with this matter, Lord Portsmouth sums up the situation thus: "The Bishop is deliberately of opinion that a clergyman should prostitute the occasion for confirmation by holding indecent and prurient conversations with the candidates."

That's a nice kind of thing for a Bishop to recommend. Shame on such a Bishop!

To mark their "contempt" for Justice Darling's unwarrantable dictation, which was a sort of interference with the freedom of the press that cannot be too promptly or too strongly resented, the members of the Birmingham Press Club have elected Mr. Howard A. Gray, of the *Daily Argus*, their president for the ensuing year.

The *British Weekly*, which mentions the fact, makes some stinging editorial comments on the vagaries of some of our judges past and present. Of living judges it says: "We have often heard barristers say that some of them are unfit for their position." Of dead judges, it mentions the well-known case of a man who, though once of brilliant abilities, lost the balance of his powers, and was obviously not in control of his faculties in his later work. Another judge in a high position was accustomed to sleep soundly when cases were being tried before him. "We have ourselves often witnessed him in a heavy slumber while business was going on in his Court..... There have been several cases in recent times when judges were deaf, not partially deaf, but so deaf that they were incapable of hearing evidence and speakers. We remember passing two days hearing a case tried before such a judge, and it was quite evident that, barring an occasional sentence, the judge heard nothing of what was going on."

It is really a very serious matter that, apparently for the sake of the salary, judges who have long outlived their powers, and even ordinary faculties, should cling to the Bench, instead of gracefully retiring on a pension. It is monstrous that the personal rights and liberties of individuals, and it may be the freedom of the press, should be subject to the caprice of these senile incapables.

Justice Darling, to whom, by the way, the nickname of "Little Tich" is sure to stick, is a comparatively young judge, which fact may account for his indiscretion. But there are one or two present occupants of the Bench who might well follow Mr. Justice North into the retirement that he recently, though none too early, sought. In his case it was not so much old age as sheer pigheadedness that made everybody glad to see the back of him.

The Rev. C. Sheldon, who recently showed, not how Jesus would edit a newspaper, but rather how the ass that Jesus rode on into Jerusalem would conduct a daily sheet, is about to visit this country. Here is a description of him from the *British Weekly*: "In the pulpit he is diffident and ill at ease. His speech is confused in sound. In reading he mumbles his words. Even when giving out the hymns he does not enunciate clearly; and his prayer, accompanied by a nervous twitching of the closed eyes, leaves an impression of a soul wrestling with the unseen. He has not inherited or acquired any of the arts of a public speaker. His spoken words are hesitating and occasionally confused, but his thoughts are admirably lucid, and he has an endless supply of ideas." There is more description about, for instance, the "resolution of the bull-dog in his massive jaw," and his "sturdy legs"; but the above is perhaps enough.

Churchmen who lament the denial of a religious census apparently forget, says the *Daily Chronicle*, that such a census in this country, as in the United States, must almost be purely farcical. In the United States, for example, we learn from the census that the Baptists number about 4,443,628, made up of thirteen distinct kinds. Amongst these are the "Six Principle," the "Separate," the "United," and the "Old-Two-seen in the Spirit Predestination Baptists." We also have the "River Brethren," the "Old Order," or "Yorkers," and the "United Zion's children." There are four different branches of Lutherans. The Methodists are of no less than seventeen kinds. There is almost a countless host of "miscellaneous" sects, including Christian Scientists, Christian Catholics, and Spiritualists.

In short, adds the *Daily Chronicle*, the religious census in America is a revelation of the weakness of Christian organisation. It might also have added that this diversity of irreconcilable belief often, on the most vital points, is a clear proof that Christianity is of purely human origin.

The death of William Jones, who was hanged the other day at Beaumont, Texas, and is now in bliss, was of the most edifying description. Jones spent the morning hours in the company of his pastor, and a refreshing season of prayer was enjoyed. On the scaffold he spoke for fifteen minutes in vindication of the truths of Christianity, admonishing his hearers against continuing in their unbelief, and closed the exercises with prayer. His remarks might have been extended but for the interference of the rope. Jones killed his wife about a year ago by cutting her throat, and has since experienced much remorse, owing to the fact that she died unprepared. Perhaps he was ignorant of the assurance afforded in such cases by the words of Rev. Jonathan Edwards, who, being asked, "Can the believing husband in heaven be happy with his unbelieving wife in hell?" replied: "I tell you yea. Such will be his sense of justice that it will increase rather than diminish his bliss."—*Truthseeker* (New York).

Judge Desnoyers, at Montreal, has fined Niciphore Pelletier and Alphonse Pelletier, editors and proprietors of *La Petite Revue*, 100 dollars each for blasphemous libel. Here is a sample of the judge's talk from the bench, as printed in the *Montreal Gazette*:—"The article is written in terms calculated to cause any respectable person to blush, no matter to what creed he may belong. The most sacred things are therein turned into ridicule; sarcasm appears in each phrase in the most impious form. The religion of Jesus Christ is a school of morals and truth. The libel in question strives to make it pass for the school of lust and falsehood. The priesthood is therein outrageously insulted; the most venerable remembrances of the redemption are therein cynically compared with the most vulgar objects. The author exaggerates and disfigures traditions and facts so as to mock at them with greater ease; and all that in a manner altogether out of place in the form of a dialogue with a shameless and repulsive maid-servant, with the only object of insulting the faith of Christians. It is a crime which the law in olden times would have punished with the heaviest penalties."

"Insulting the faith of Christians." That is a crime wherever the Christians rule the roost. You never hear them propose to punish anybody for "insulting the belief of Freethinkers." It is always heads they win and tails we lose.

Juvenile endeavors to grasp religious "truths" are usually very amusing. A correspondent of the *Yorkshire Post* says that at a recent school examination one instruction on the paper was: "Explain the words, 'Thy will be done.'" To this a juvenile replied: "You will be done on earth as it is in Heaven."

The late Bishop Walsham How, in his recently-published *Jottings*, states that a promising pupil, being asked what a deacon was, replied: "A deacon is a thing you pile on the top of a hill, and set fire to it." More amusing, perhaps, is the story of the child who, when asked what he knew about Solomon, said: "He was very fond of animals." Being asked further what made him think so, he replied: "Because he had three hundred porcupines!"

Somebody writes to the *Christian* suggesting that public and private prayers should be offered more frequently for journalists, that, as guides of public opinion, they may be endowed with wisdom and a love of righteousness. Yes, they will stand a good deal of praying for. Perhaps it would be just as well to commence with editors of religious prints, and pray that they may be endowed with such a love of truth as will prevent them publishing lying stories about "infidels." We don't expect much from any such prayer, for the Lord himself is hardly equal to stopping these inventions.

What price this as an example of "reading into" the Bible what is not there? Recently, Father Bernard Vaughan, of the Jesuit Church of the Holy Name in Manchester, threw out a challenge to the Rev. Dr. Horton. He defied the latter to cite the Biblical law or commandment which makes betting essentially sinful. A fair point for decision, and much interest was excited by the challenge, though it does not appear that the contestants put down any stakes. Dr. Horton duly came up to the scratch. He said he could do it, and the odds in his favor went up like wildfire. His friends were ready to back him for all they were worth. People who had put their bit on Vaughan began to edge. The merry "pencilers" made a book on it—or, if they didn't, they might have done.

The event came off the other Sunday night. Many of "the fancy" were present. The Dissenting pet came up smiling. After a little preliminary sparring, he landed a fair clinker on Bernard's jaw. The commandment against betting, he said, was, "Thou shalt not steal." A dead silence for a few minutes ensued, and then "the fancy" fled. They have since declared that, "for a fair knock out, that wins it."

How on earth Dr. Horton could read such a meaning into the eighth commandment is a perfect prize puzzle. He says betting is "robbery by mutual arrangement." What nonsense! If there is mutual arrangement, there can be no robbery. You don't want counsel's opinion on that. Dr. Horton had better try again, though he can't expect the bets to be off.

Zola has, we learn, recently been compared in the way of eulogy to an old Hebrew prophet. That is a rather doubtful compliment. As, however, it is a devout Jew who makes the comparison, it is evidently well meant.

There is hope for Genesis, as an inspired book, after all. The curator of the Royal Museum of Turin has been lecturing to the Victoria Institute. He began his lecture with these impressive words: "After having been for thirty-five years at the School of Practical Mineralogy and Geology, I proclaim that I have not met with a single fact which has in the slightest degree clashed with inspired writ." That settles it.

But we observe that this witness to Bible-inspiration is the "curator," and has been for the thirty-five years at the School of Mineralogy and Geology. One would like to know what his duties were at that institution. Dusting the fossils and seeing that none of them were "sneaked"?

Gertrude Grey, in the *Sunday Magazine*, sings the praises of Lord Roberts as a Christian. According to this lady, it was his Christianity that prompted him to "go wheresoever his Queen and country might direct," even to South Africa, where he had just lost his son in the war. But what nonsense this is! Lord Roberts was in active service, and had to go where he was ordered. Even if he had any real choice in the matter, we fail to see why Christianity was needed to prompt him to do his duty. He would doubtless have accepted the South African command all the same, had he been a Freethinker.

Lord Roberts is a teetotaller, and has done much for the cause of temperance in the army—where, by the way, in spite of the chaplains, it was very necessary. This also is attributed to his Christianity. Just as though there were a single word in favor of teetotalism in the New Testament! We beg to remind Miss (or Mrs.) Gertrude Grey that Jesus Christ was most decidedly *not* a teetotaller. He came eating and drinking. He was a friend of "wine-bibbers" amongst other sinners. His very first miracle, according to John, was turning a huge quantity of water into wine at a wedding, in order to keep up the festivities after the guests were "well drunken." In these circumstances, it is perfectly monstrous to credit Christianity with Lord Roberts's efforts as a temperance reformer.

Mr. Foote's Engagements.

Sunday, April 15, The Athenæum Hall, London, W.C.; 7.30.
 "The Resurrection of Jesus Christ." Followed by Debate with
 the Rev. J. J. B. Coles.
 April 22, Camberwell; 29, Liverpool.

To Correspondents.

MR. CHARLES WATTS'S LECTURING ENGAGEMENTS.—April 22, New Brompton; 29, The Athenæum Hall, London. May 6, Athenæum Hall, London; 27, Bradford.—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.

"UNIT" writes:—"As a regular peruser and enjoyer of your paper, you will pardon my suggesting that you should write more on matters purely literary for the benefit of your readers in general. About a year ago you had a series of reviews of old English classics. Could you not commence something similar? By the way, what do you think of Dickens? I would like to have your opinion, as he is a favorite of mine, and he is unfashionable just now." In reply to this correspondent, we beg to say that it is our intention to provide more literary articles for our readers in the immediate future. We have been very busy in other directions; for instance, organising the Secular Society, Limited, and the Freethought Publishing Company, Limited; but we are now looking forward to a period of greater pen activity. With regard to Dickens, we don't think he is unfashionable in the widest sense of the word. His writings still have an immense sale, although he is sneered at too cheaply by "esoteric" writers without a hundredth part of his power and fecundity.

M. W. ROBERTS.—We regret to hear of your trouble over the *Freethinker*. The last issue should certainly have reached you long before Sunday, when your letter was written. We advise you to subscribe in future through the Freethought Publishing Company's office direct.

T. HOLSTEAD.—Very well, we will keep it, as you suggest. Hope you are all right now, and that you will be able to come up to the Conference in London on Whit-Sunday.

A. J. H.—Sorry you have taken the trouble in vain, but if the publishers of such books cannot send us copies they must go without reviews. This neglect is often mere insolence, and ought to be resented, at least on the lines of common business etiquette.

GEORGE PORTER.—You are slightly behind date this time. There is not to be a religious census; the Government did not support the proposal.

A. L. R. (Liverpool)—You need not apologise for making the request. Mr. Foote will be pleased to deliver his lecture on "Is Dr. Mivart in Hell?" at Liverpool. We are very glad to hear from you as a recent convert from Roman Catholicism, and to know that you are so interested in the *Freethinker*.

E. VETTERLEIN.—We have written you on the matter.

W. P. BALL.—Many thanks for your ever-welcome cuttings. C. HYLTON.—Much obliged for your friendly suggestion; but, as you will see in another column, the Freethought Publishing Company has at length obtained premises.

J. MEIS (Newcastle).—We regret to hear you have had such trouble in getting (or rather in *not* getting) a *Freethinker* contents-sheet. Two copies shall be sent you weekly from the Freethought Publishing Company's office. Kindly advise us if they should ever fail to arrive.

H. E. LONG.—We hardly care for another article on George Eliot at present, following right on the heels of the one by "Mimmermus."

T. WILMOT.—Subject for April 22 forwarded. For the other matter see paragraph.

JAS. ROBERTSON.—Inserted with some revision.

MIMNERMUS.—Duly received, and will appear in our next issue. Thanks. We are pleased to have your sympathy. You have made a pretty accurate guess at the inner mystery of recent troubles.

PAPERS RECEIVED.—Liberator—People's Newspaper—Isle of Man Times—Sydney Bulletin—De Vrije Gedachte—Secular Thought—The Progressive Thinker—Two Worlds—De Arme Teufel—Boston Investigator—The Ethical World—Torch of Reason—Freidenker—La Tribu—Truthseeker (New York).
 The National Secular Society's office is at 1 Stationers' Hall Court, Ludgate Hill, E.C., where all letters should be addressed to Miss Vance.

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

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

LETTERS for the Editor of the *Freethinker* should be addressed to 1 Stationers' Hall Court, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

LECTURE NOTICES must reach 1 Stationers' Hall Court, Ludgate Hill, E.C., by first post Tuesday, or they will not be inserted.

ORDERS for literature should be sent to the Freethought Publishing Company, Limited, 1 Stationers' Hall Court, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

Special.

THE Freethought Publishing Company, Limited, is at length in a position to transact its own business on its own premises. We have secured a shop and offices in the heart of the London publishing district. In that respect we are better situated than we should have been in the otherwise more suitable premises which we lost through the autocratic bigotry of the Duke of Bedford's steward. Our address is No. 1 Stationers' Hall Court. This is a turning on the left as you go up Ludgate Hill. It is near the top of that famous steep thoroughfare, and therefore close to the biggest church in London—St. Paul's Cathedral; which will be an excellent reminder of the work we have to do in opposing (and exposing) the great Christian superstition.

A little further up the Court, which is a short one, leading into Paternoster Row, is the well-known house of Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., probably the largest distributing firm in the publishing trade. Our little Company is consequently side-by-side with a gigantic one. We cannot hope to rival its immense operations, but we shall do our best to follow the same business methods. Orders for all the Company's publications should be sent direct to this new address, and will be attended to with punctuality. The only direction needed on the envelope is—Freethought Publishing Company, 1 Stationers' Hall Court, London, E.C.

It has already been intimated that it was almost a matter of life or death for the Company to get into its own premises and sell its own publications. I may now add that it was *quite* a matter of life or death. The Company was placed in a perfectly impossible position, and this new departure was more than advisable—it was absolutely necessary. The only alternative was sheer ruin, and that at no distant date. This can be amply demonstrated by documentary evidence, if the demonstration should ever be requisite. But we have no desire to stir up an unpleasant matter publicly, and we prefer to maintain silence unless it becomes the greater of two evils.

I shall esteem it a personal favor if my friends in all parts of the country will make a special effort on behalf of the *Freethinker* just at present. For instance, the weekly contents-sheet will henceforth be sent to newsagents and other persons direct from the Company's shop. Now it has come to our knowledge that many names have dropped out of this list. Will the active well-wishers of the *Freethinker*, therefore, kindly send us at once the names and addresses of newsagents who are willing to display the contents-sheet if it is posted to them? We intend to make it more artistic and attractive in appearance as soon as we are settled down in our new quarters. We shall also advertise the *Freethinker* in various ways. An effort was made in this direction some months ago, but it would have been folly to continue it in the circumstances; now, however, that the road is clear and safe it will be pursued with vigor. One means of advertising will be a neat handbill; another will be a series of bright Tracts. By distributing these judiciously our friends will help to promote the circulation of the paper, and also, by the way, the spread of Freethought principles.

There will be a good deal more to say later on. For the moment I only say what is indispensable.

My readers will please note that *my address* henceforth

will be the same as the Company's. All communications for me personally, or as editor of the *Freethinker*, or in any other capacity, must be addressed to me at 1 Stationers' Hall Court, E.C. This will also be the address of the National Secular Society, and of the Secular Society, Limited.

Let me, in conclusion, invite Freethinkers to pay a visit to the Company's shop at their convenience. It is being fitted up as rapidly as possible, and there will be a good display of books and pamphlets inside (as well as in the window), which they can look at leisurely and comfortably, in another part of the shop than that which is open for "the trade." Those who desire to see me at any time will please inform Miss Vance, who will ascertain whether I am accessible. This applies particularly to friends from the provinces or abroad.

G. W. FOOTE.

Sugar Plums.

THERE was a further improved audience at the Athenæum Hall on Sunday evening, when Mr. Foote lectured on "Is Dr. Mivart in Hell?" Miss Vance occupied the chair. The lecture appeared to be highly appreciated. When questions and discussion were invited, one gentleman rose and said he had heard Mr. Foote lecture more than twenty years ago at Manchester, and, after an absence of twenty years in Australia, he was delighted to have the opportunity of hearing him again. What he wanted to ask was this: Would Mr. Foote be likely to visit Australia at any time? The Freethinkers out there were very anxious to see and hear him. Another gentleman asked if it was fair to charge Catholics in general with the bigotry of a Cardinal Vaughan. These questions being answered, a clerical gentleman offered some opposition. He spoke very nicely and courteously, and was suitably answered.

In the course of his remarks he said that the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ were the basis of real Christianity; whereupon Mr. Foote remarked that he was lecturing there again on the following Sunday, and it was his intention to lecture on the reasonable subject of that very "basis." If, therefore, the reverend gentleman would attend, he should have ample time afforded him for discussion. Subsequently this gentleman agreed to accept the invitation. His card bears the name of the Rev. J. J. B. Coles. He has held a public discussion with Mrs. Besant on Theosophy.

Mr. Foote will lecture this evening (April 15) at the Athenæum Hall for half-an-hour on "The Resurrection of Jesus Christ." The Rev. J. J. B. Coles will then reply in a speech of the same length. Each disputant will have two subsequent speeches of fifteen and ten minutes respectively. This will bring the proceedings within the limit of two hours. No doubt the hall will be crowded.

After the lecture at the Athenæum Hall on Sunday evening a good collection was taken up on behalf of the N. S. S. Finsbury Branch, which carries on open-air work on Clerkenwell Green, one of the poorest parts of London. The Branch committee are all working people with slender incomes, and cannot find the requisite funds themselves. The collection on Sunday will relieve them from all apprehension as to the immediate future.

Mr. Charles Watts lectured last Sunday evening at Camberwell to a good audience. Judging from the frequent and hearty applause, his treatment of "Can a Scientist be a Christian?" was well appreciated. Mr. Victor Roger, of course, made an excellent chairman. At the conclusion of the lecture several questions were asked, and a member of the Christian Evidence Society spoke in opposition.

The Camberwell Branch holds a social gathering, including a ball, on Good Friday. On Sunday (April 15) it reopens its outdoor lecture-stations at Station-road, Peckham Rye, and Brockwell Park. South London Freethinkers will please note. They might also note that Mr. Foote will visit Camberwell on Sunday evening, April 22, lecturing in the Secular Hall.

We are glad to learn from the *Truthseeker* that the Paine Monument at New Rochelle, although threatened, is not likely to suffer. The Lees, who owned the farm on which it stood—Paine's old farm—were friendly to the great man's memory; but now they are dead the monument will have to

be removed. Dr. E. B. Foote, of Larchmont, is heading a movement to create a Paine park near New Rochelle, and there is a likelihood of the undertaking being a success.

The New York *Truthseeker* refers to this journal as "the excellent and ever-improving *Freethinker* of London."

The Manchester Secular Hall Company, Limited, holds its Annual General Meeting at the Hall, Rusholme-road, on Sunday, April 22, at 3 p.m., to receive report and accounts and elect Directors and an Auditor. Mr. W. Paine and Mr. Hargreaves are the retiring Directors, and are eligible for re-election.

"Tyndall, with whom I was so happy as to be very intimate, always avowed himself a Materialist." So writes Professor Goldwin Smith in the *New York Sun*.

The *Liberator* (Melbourne) says: "Mr. Foote, according to the *Freethinker*, January 7, does not give up the hope of seeing Mr. Symes in England again. We are very much obliged to our old friend, and will say that Mr. Symes is not quite in despair over that subject, although the obstacles are large and numerous. Still, he will not break his heart over it, nor is he in a hurry to leave savage, priest-ridden Melbourne, where he is so much needed."

Mr. Symes certainly does seem to be wanted in Melbourne, although we should like to see him in England; for the Melbourne Public Library has six times positively refused to have Grant Allen's *Evolution of the Idea of God* upon its shelves.

Readers of the *Freethinker* will probably note the absence of an article from the editor in this week's issue. Mr. Foote is extremely busy in many ways just at present. But he will be adequately represented in our next.

Feasting-Fasters and Fasting-Feasters.

A CHRISTIAN fasts on Friday prior to Easter;
He has no beef or mutton on his dish;
And yet he's not a faster, but a feaster—
He fills himself with cold cross-buns and fish.

A fearful thing it is to be a Christian;
You have to swallow buns as hard as horn;
Enough to ruin anyone's digestion,
And make one sorry Christ was ever born!

When Jesus fasted He abstained from eating—
A genuine faster was the Son of God;
The Christians' fast is spurious and cheating—
A big square meal of buns and salted cod.

If Christ could see them, He'd be flabbergasted;
He'd curse the fish, to say the very least;
He never used to use it when He fasted,
He only used it when He used to feast.

Five thousand tramps, whose skulls were slightly
fractured,
Were fasting in a desert—nearly dead;
So Jesus Christ some victuals manufactured;
They "broke" their fast by eating fish and bread.

Good Friday past, then comes the Feast of Easter,
Which celebrates the Resurrection "game";
The Christian "faster" then becomes a "feaster"—
The difference is only in the name;

Except in this respect, that in addition
To eating fish and "spuds" and buns and eggs,
And sundry other things, he has permission
To swallow "sirloins," "shoulders," "ribs," and
"legs."

All Christians keep the feast, from prince to peasant;
The latter's "feast" is like the former's "fast,"
Excepting that it isn't half so pleasant—
Dry bread without the fish is his repast!

ESS JAY BULL.

The Humanitarian League held its ninth annual meeting on Thursday, April 5. In moving the adoption of the report, Dr. W. D. Morrison paid a high tribute to the work done by Mr. Collinson in connection with Mr. Wharton's preposterous Flogging Bill, which was defeated by an overwhelming majority, and a resolution was adopted urging the Home Secretary to introduce a measure for the abolition of repeated floggings, in accordance with the views expressed in the recent Parliamentary debate by himself and his predecessors. The report of the League shows a steady increase of membership and a continued activity in the several departments, especially as regards the prison system, cruel sports, and the barbarities connected with dress and diet.

The Jesuits and the Mohammedans.

By DR. ARTHUR PFUNGST.*

VICTOR CHARBONNEL, well known to the world as the Abbé Charbonnel, who tried to convene a Parliament of Religion at Paris, but failed and then left the Roman Church, publishes in a recent number of the *Revue des Revues* an interesting article on the origin of the Jesuit order, in which he gathers good evidence that Loyola founded this most powerful Roman Catholic institution upon a Mohammedan pattern. That Loyola had many connections with Mussulmans, both in Spain and Jerusalem, is well known, for he was even suspected of having a secret inclination for Islam, and had to justify his conduct before a court of inquisition.

The arguments upon which the Abbé Charbonnel bases his contention consist mainly in the similarity between Mohammedan religious societies and the regulations of the Jesuit order.

At the time of Loyola we know of two Mohammedan religious societies in Spain—the Kadryas and the Kadelyas, the latter so called because they were founded by Sid Abdel Kader. The members of this congregation are called *Sufis*, or *Kuans*—i.e., brethren; they are subject to the *Uerd*—i.e., rule. They have a *Dikr*—i.e., common prayer, which must be repeated several thousand times a day, and serves them as a means of mutual recognition. They are absolutely subject to a *sheik*, who governs the whole congregation. They live in *Zanias*—i.e., monasteries, governed by *mokaddems*, or abbots.

The reception of a novice among the Kadryas consists in an apprenticeship of at least a year and a day, in which the novice learns by heart all the rules of the order, and practises the virtues which are expected of him. Thirty to forty days of perfect isolation are required, during which time the novice is not allowed to speak except with his superior. He must demand in writing what he needs, and is not allowed to take more nourishment than is absolutely necessary for the sustenance of life. The time of sleep is also limited, and is strictly submitted to rule. The novice's employment consists of prayers, meditations, and the reading of sacred books. Unless he be reading, the novice must "close his eyes to illumine his heart." In the same way the Jesuits expect a retirement of thirty to forty days, in which the first week is devoted to a purification of the soul. Light is permitted only for reading and eating. The novice is forbidden to laugh, and must speak to his superior only, who regulates his fasts and vigils. His meditations are limited to such subjects as death, hell, etc. The result of these spiritual exercises is the same both with the Kadryas and the Jesuits—a mental condition which prepares the mind for hallucinations.

The similarity between the rules of the two orders can be traced in detail. The regulations of the Kadryas prescribe: "If a novice is of a common nature, it is advisable to let him proceed by degrees, and only easy prayers should be imposed upon him." The Jesuit rule reads: "If the leader of exercises notices that his disciple shows only inferior natural faculties, it is advisable to impress upon him only lighter exercises."

The same regulations exist among both the Mohammedans and the Jesuits for the repetition of some definite prayers. Even the attitude in prayer is prescribed. The Mussulman Kuan must "raise his eyes in praying, and gaze at one single definite point without swerving"—a method which was known to the Arabians as the best way of self-hypnotisation. The same is literally prescribed for the Jesuit exercises. The Kuans pray in cadences, utilising inspiration and expiration, and pronouncing some sacred word while breathing, then devoting the time of exhaling to meditation thereon. Between the various acts of breathing, no more than one single word must be uttered. In the same way the Jesuits know in their prayers one method which is called "the third way of praying"; and is praying according to the rhythm of breathing as prescribed in the regulations of the Kadryas. And it is stated in the

latter that a truly faithful Kuan "will see, and hear, and feel, and smell, and taste" the object of his meditations. These words remind the reader of one of the Jesuit exercises in which it is said that "Hell shall be meditated upon from the point of view of the five senses: first, I see with the eyes of imagination the enormous flames and the souls of the condemned entirely surrounded with fire; secondly, I hear with the aid of imagination the shouts and cries and blasphemies of the condemned against Jesus Christ and his saints; thirdly, I imagine that I breathe the fumes of sulphur and the odor of the pit or of fetid matter; fourthly, I imagine I see bitterness, tears, sadness, the gnawing worm of conscience; and, fifthly, I touch the flames of vengeance and imagine vividly how the souls of the condemned burn."

The Kuans pass through various forms of perfection, and their books say that there are four methods of immersion in God. There are seven signs of true penitence; forty ways of the truly faithful to God; sixty-four ways of becoming estranged from orthodoxy; five prayers of the prophet or rules of orthodoxy. In the book of Jesuit exercises we read: "There are four rules to make a good choice; three ways of prayer; eight rules to distinguish between good and evil angels; three degrees of humility; eighteen rules of orthodoxy." The Kuans are subject to five probations: first, to serve the poor; secondly, a pilgrimage to the tomb of the prophet or of their founder; thirdly, to serve for one thousand and one days as a menial or day laborer; fourthly, to explain the Koran to the people; and, fifthly, to preach with solemnity. The Jesuits have exactly the same probations: to serve for a month some poor patient; to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem or some other holy place; to serve as a menial in the monastery; to educate children and country folks in the rules of Christianity; and to practise the great sermon. Obviously, the parallelism is complete.

The inner organisation exhibits the same similarity. The old Christian orders are based upon the principle of brotherhood. The law is the same for all. A novice, once received, is a member of the order, and has a right to elect his superior, and can be elected himself. Mussulman societies, however, are graded by hierarchical degrees and dignities, and the brethren are despotically and arbitrarily governed, while the whole organisation and its activity remain secret. This is one of the main characteristics of the Jesuits, who in addition possess, exactly as do the Kuans, lay members devoted to carrying out, and mostly in secret, the political commands of their superiors. All these features are too similar not to be derived from Mohammedanism, and are utterly unknown in more ancient Christian orders.

The authority of the superiors is absolute among the Jesuits as well as among the Kuans. The sheik can use his authority as it pleases him, and no one is permitted to object. This also is the rule of the Jesuit order. "The general can act just as it pleases him; one is bound to obey and to respect him as the vicar of Jesus Christ." The entire congregation of the Jesuits convenes only once, after the death of a general for the selection of a successor. The general is "the rule incarnate" of the society; "he alone applies it, he alone can abrogate it." The Kuans allow their sheik to dispose of all the property and possessions of their order. It is the same with the Jesuits. The eighth general congregation has specially declared that he has the right to alter "the intentions of the benefactors, to retain their donations without complying with the conditions under which they were given, whenever he deems them too burdensome upon the society, and whenever it may be done without causing offence, or without alienating the benefactors, if still alive" (Degree 41).

The Kuans are pledged to absolute obedience, and must see in their superior the beloved man of God. They are not permitted to reason for themselves.

The Jesuits demand in the same way the renunciation of the judgment of their members, and a suppression of their reason. In his relation to his superiors every single Jesuit should be, as the formulation declares, "Forthwith as a corpse (*perinde ac cadaver*)"; and it is strange that this very word, so characteristic of the Jesuit order, is found in the Moslem book of rules, which is older than Loyola's "Exercises." We read in

* Extracted from the *Frankfurter Zeitung* of November 21, 1899.

Rinn's *Marabuts and Kuans* that the book of rules of the sheik Si Soossi declares: "Thou shalt be in the hands of thy sheik as a corpse in the hands of an undertaker (literally 'a washer of corpses')." In the "Exercises" we read: "Those who live in obedience must allow themselves to be guided by their superiors, as a corpse would allow himself to be turned and twisted in all directions." Even the famous motto of the Jesuits, *Ad majorem Dei gloriam*, appears to be of Mohammedan origin.

According to the Abbé Charbonnel, the spirit and the aim of the Kuans and the Jesuits are the same. The spirit of these organisations is an absolute theocracy, the aim a spiritual government over all worldly affairs. A specialty of the Kuans is their method of assassination, and the disposing of adversaries through the murderer's dagger. Charbonnel abstains from drawing further parallels, saying: "We do not mean to make odious comparisons, but we should, in this place, consider that the Jesuits have frequently justified political assassination." And he adds that this is one of the points which led to the expulsion of the Jesuits in almost all the states of Europe, and caused Pope Clement XVIII. to abolish the order.

The salient results, according to Charbonnel, are the same in both societies—the Mohammedan Kuans and the Christian Jesuits. He says: "Wherever among the nations Kuanism or Jesuitism penetrated races, political parties, and religions; wherever their spirit was impressed upon them, we find the same corruption, the same fettering of all energy, the same shadows of death. The whole Orient is dead, Uruguay and Paraguay are dead, the republics of South America are dead; Cuba and the Philippines are taken away, otherwise they would be dead too; Spain is dead. All these countries were the possessions of the Sufis or the Kuans, of the clergy and the monks. The dreary work of the sheiks and of the monastic generals has been complemented everywhere through the assistance of real soldiers!

Abbé Charbonnel claims that he abstains from giving his own opinions on the subject, and only allows facts of history to speak. The book appears at an important juncture of events, for the battle between Jesuitism and Republicanism is at present at its height, and no one can foretell what the final result of the struggle will be.

—*Open Court* (Chicago).

The Bosh of Booth.

Commandant Booth has declared that, though the "General" and himself both believe in the Georgian theory of land-value-taxation, that "magnificent message to humanity" was delivered too late! Same old cant! The Booths might be the upholders of a centuries-old ecclesiastical system, so ready are they to throw the weight of ecclesiasticism on the side of "vested interests." The simple truth is that half the popular support given to the Salvation Army has been in the hope that it would challenge the iniquitous social wrongs based on false political notions. Instead of which, the Army's system becomes, day by day, a weightier menace to reform all the world over, for the reason that the great donations, which the Army can't do without, come from the *bourgeois* rich. Thus, already in Government a cross between autocracy and a family oligarchy, it has become in constitution and administration anti-social and destructive of the sense and obligation of citizenship. Hundreds of avowed Socialists and Radicals have been excluded from membership because of political opinions, and the "General" even recently proclaimed that "Socialism is of the devil." The typical rich-man supporter whom Booth beslobbers in the "Life of Mrs. Booth" is Cory, of Cardiff, who, during the coal-miners' strike, declared that, as the coal-owners could afford a spell, but not the miners, "the mines should all be laid idle to give the men a lesson." The time is almost ripe for simultaneous Government investigation all over the British dominions into the economic methods and results of the Salvation Army. If all is square, the Army need not object to having its absolute fairness and honesty publicly demonstrated.—*Sydney Bulletin*.

Margaret, Queen of Navarre, maketh mention of a young prince whom, although she name him not expressly, yet his greatness hath made him sufficiently known, who, going about an amorous assignation, and to lie with an advocate's wife of Paris, his way lying alongst a church, he did never pass by so holy a place, whether it were in going or coming from his lechery and cuckolding labor, but would make his prayers unto God, to be his help and furtherance.—*Montaigne*.

Buried Alive.

THE following account, under the heading of "A Solemn Ceremony," appeared in the *Westminster Gazette* of Friday, April 6, from the pen of a correspondent:—

"To the casual observer, no less than to the devout Roman Catholic, no ceremony could be more impressive than that of the 'clothing' of a novice for the Carmelite order of nuns, one of the strictest orders to which a young girl can devote her whole life and service. Yesterday afternoon this ceremony took place in all its solemnity at the Carmelite Convent at Notting Hill, when Miss Mabel Clive, daughter of the late General Clive, and cousin of the present Lord Denbigh, entered the novitiate after having duly served her six months as a postulant. The convent chapel was made lovely for the occasion with innumerable flowers on both altars, lilies of the valley, arums, and red anemones crowding every available space between the tall lighted candles. The chapel itself was filled with people interested in the intending novice, who had spent the early part of the day receiving her friends in the parlor and having her last talks with the relations whom she will never see again unseparated by a double and spiked iron grille. At half-past two she entered the chapel, leaning on the arm of her brother, and arrayed as a bride in a dress of white *moire*, with a wreath of orange blossoms in her hair, a tulle veil turned back from her face and a piece of natural orange blossoms fastened in her waistband. In her hand she carried a tall lighted candle, and so she proceeded to the sanctuary steps, where she knelt, whilst faintly beyond the grille rose the voices of the nuns, who in a sort of monotone prayed for the new-comer. Then followed a sermon by Father Maturin, who preached from the text, 'Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God.'

"After the sermon there was a long pause, broken at last by the procession of priests wending their way to the west door to meet Bishop Brindle and to conduct him to the altar, where he was vested in cope and mitre, all white and gold, and studded with jewels. Thus vested, the Bishop, accompanied by the priests, walked down the chapel and out by the door, followed by Miss Clive, who still leaned on her brother's arm. Down the steps they went right down to the door of the convent, which was opened by all the nuns of the community, veiled so that their faces were hid, who welcomed the novice with psalms, and thus received her into their midst. The door was closed behind her and fastened with bolts and bars; and so she was cut off from the world.

"Then once again to the chapel, where the Bishop met the novice at the grille. Her form could just be seen by the light of the taper she still held in her hands. 'What do you ask of me?' the Bishop inquires. 'That you receive me into this community of the nuns of Mount Carmel,' she answers. 'Do you come of your own accord?' 'Yes, and for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ.' Then the novice is taken away, to return later in her habit, to have her hair cut off, and her veil blessed and put on her head. All this is seen faintly behind the grille; and then, with further prayers and psalms, the ceremony is ended, when everyone flocks round to the visitors' grille to see their friend in her new dress, and to have a last word with her before they go."

Obituary.

ONE may have no desire to publish the sad news of their bereavement, but public calumny is so vile when speaking of Freethinkers that it may, and I think does, prove helpful to others to know that all over the country men and women calmly and peacefully pass from us upheld by the dignity which follows the acceptance of Atheistical convictions. On April 3 my brother Edward, after a long and very painful illness, joined the majority. For months he knew he was nearing the end, and often spoke of the repose from suffering which it would afford. He was conscious to the last. His end was undimmed by any dark ray of his early theological teaching. The torch of Freethought burnt supreme. During life he was a quiet, yet none the less an effective, worker. Character always tells. He was one whose works are more chronicled; to do so would be in opposition to his wishes. On April 6 he was interred in the Grays Cemetery. Mr. Hobart impressively read Austin Holyoake's *Secular Service* for the dead.—F. GOODWIN.

ANOTHER of the Old Guard gone! Mr. William Macwaters, president of the Edinburgh Secular Society, died on Sunday, April 1, aged seventy-eight. The funeral took place on the following Wednesday at North Merchiston Cemetery. One of the local papers notes that "an unusual feature seen at Edinburgh funerals was the attendance of a number of ladies walking behind the hearse." The deceased was a Freethinker as far back as the days of Robert Owen. He was universally respected. His widow has for some time acted as secretary to the Society, and has the sympathy of its members in her bereavement.—JAS. ROBERTSON.

Joseph Symes on "Taste."

I HAVE seen one or two Freethought journals written with "taste"—a mysterious element, gift, or grace my critics say I do not possess. Well, those journals are good for their purpose—to edify the genial personages who never come in contact with the rougher and more energetic elements of life; but they are quite useless to the masses. As for their attacks upon superstition, they are about as effective as firing lavender water, eau de cologne, and soft-scented soap at the Rock of Gibraltar. Such bombardments merely amuse the enemy, and really strengthen his position. The gunners engaged would be very sorry to offend either party, especially the enemy, because it shows such a shocking want of taste, you know, to give offence to people of respectability, no matter what cheats and swindlers they may be. But—well, Mr. Sutherland will probably never understand me. What then? Let him do all the good he may in his own fashion and sphere. I will continue to write for those intelligent and inquiring people who have little leisure for deep and wide-reaching study. I wish them to understand me; and I wish them to see that I am performing no farce, but that I am engaged in the most deadly warfare with the worst cheats ever known, the clergy. An earnest man cannot turn aside in the midst of a fierce battle to pay much attention to a diletante set of soldiers anxious for nothing so much as to exhibit their taste.

Taste never cut canals, constructed railways, made discoveries in science, struck fetters from slaves, paralysed tyrants or destroyed tyranny, broke the power of the priest or rescued the weak from the hell religion kindled for them. Those who produced the great Reformation movement, which culminated in the sixteenth century, were not apostles of taste. Luther, Zwingli, and Co. are not, I think, held up as models in that department of life. They were hard hitters. So were Cromwell and Co., so were those who won for us the freedom of the press and of the platform. Except in the fine arts and in stylish life, we do not expect taste to play a leading part. The great flood of human life has the same taste as a mighty river—it flows at all rates and in all styles, rushes in rapids, plunges in cataracts, lingers along the levels, lifts and carries mud, rolls boulders and pebbles, sweeps along gravel, undermines and brings down its banks, erodes and scoops its channel, overflows the surrounding low lands and whirls, and hurries thousands of trees and branches to the sea. Taste! "Life is real, life is earnest," earnest as the Mississippi or as the tremendous breakers on a stormy coast, earnest as the volcano or as the earthquake. The real man can no more be regulated by conventional etiquette than those grand phenomena of Nature can be swayed by a magician's wand. The strong man is "a law unto himself," gentle as a child to weakness and imbecility, scornful to all shams, mocking and laughing to the absurd and ridiculous, and fierce as a whirlwind to the spiritual cheats and tyrants. What else should he be? What else is his function in life? There are things to be destroyed, and he must destroy them. Step aside, please.

Fortunately for my peace, I do not expect recognition, or even toleration. There are Freethought journals about that never mention me. Taste, you know. I am such a shocking man. The said journals praise up to the skies my predecessors who adopted my methods before me. There is nothing so narrow—Euclid's breathless line not excepted—as some well-known Freethinkers—so they call themselves! Let a man dare to depart from their narrow groove or venture to use weapons they fear to handle, and their dislike to that man is unbounded. I left some of them in England, and found several of them here, the late Judge Higinbotham being the most prominent and most typical. I had ventured farther ahead in Freethought than he! and dared to declare it! That was enough. His dislike of me was unbounded. One expects this miraculous narrowness in Christians, but I never suspected it in Freethinkers until it forced itself upon my notice. Higinbotham would gladly have sent me to prison for my want of taste, if the jury had not rendered that impossible; and there are several prominent "Freethinkers," both in England and here, who would be glad to see me disposed of in some way, merely because I am not in their leading strings. I do not grumble with them. Narrowness must be narrow. A hair's breadth can never equal the breadth of an oak. When properly civilised we shall recognise all workers in a common cause, and not fight each other because our methods, weapons, and explosives differ. If a man has lyddite, let him use it; if he has nothing but ginger-pop, encourage him to fire off that.—*Liberator (Melbourne)*.

The Bishop of Coventry, who compared Birmingham Secularists to burglars, has been publicly accused of disingenuousness at a meeting of the Birmingham School Board, of which he is a loose-tongued and unscrupulous member. He resented the accusation, of course. But the "disingenuousness"—a stronger term might have been fittingly used—was completely proved. A hot discussion ensued, but the word was not withdrawn.

Mr. Save-His-Soul-alive, O!

(Dedicated, without permission, to the Rev. Ebenezer Grimes and the Rev. Habakkuk Sinfulman, of Little Bethel.)

ONCE he was wicked, and jolly, and stout,
Now he is pious, and gloomy, and thin;
And he wanders restlessly, moaning out—
"I am lost, I am dead in sin."

And he calls this "conversion"—the infinite ass!
Converted! yes, since so he desires;
As a tree from its growing life in the grass,
Into fuel to feed church fires.

He is one of "God's vessels" now that he is cracked;
For he pleadeth well that his spirit depraved,
Eternally lost ere it knew the sweet fact,
By knowing it now may be saved!

So the world in its self-complacent way
Concludes, "If this driveller be as he paints,
We, who are hearty in work and in play,
Are surely unconscious saints."

If this bathos of lunatic selfishness,
Solely concerned for its own precious soul,
Be sanctified virtue, the Devil us bless!
We would rather serve him, on the whole!

Through this mighty ocean, which heaves and raves,
We carry, as well as we can, our life;
Holding it up from the hungry waves
Only by sleepless strife.

The wind howls loud, and the billows run high,
Our little skiff strains, and quivers, and reels;
This fool doth nothing but croak and cry,
Quaking from head to heels.

The timbers, in fact, are not too sound;
The shore's far off, and the chart-marks dim;
And this coward shrieking his "Oh! I am drowned!"
Will upset us all with him.

Nay, already his Bedlamite antics and fits,
With the storms confusioning deaf and blind,
Have frightened out of their feminine wits
The half of our womankind.

He is drunk from some damned illicit still
Of mental blue-ruin long scores above proof;
A dastard must drown his sense in a swill
When Hope goes a little aloof.

Would Hope, with her frank, bright smile, embrace
Such a maudlin, whimpering wretch, do you think?
She turns, with disgust in her blooming face,
From his thick breath, hot with drink.

Can he fancy that Providence placed him here
To drivel out measures of lachrymal brine,
When it rains hard half the days in the year,
"And the sea's too deep for our line"?

Or are sighs and groanings needed to swell
This great dead wind, whose pitiless blasts,
With enormous swoop and savage yell,
Come clutching our poor slim masts?

To think that a fellow should launch to fight,
In the name of Heaven, against Hell and Sin,
Croaking in such a delirious fright,
As if the Devil must win.

—JAMES THOMSON ("B.V.").

"Jesus Christ" Sheldon.

W. T. Raymond, of Topeka, writes: "Five years ago there was in Topeka an old soldier crippled up with rheumatism. He had a family of five little girls, four to sixteen years old. This old man had been engaged in the drug business in Kansas for twenty-three years, and has always borne a good reputation. Rev. C. M. Sheldon conspired with one T. S. Hand, son-in-law of the great prohibitionist, A. B. Whiting, to get this old druggist (Fred. Holler by name) into trouble. So they proceeded to his store, and there persuaded him to sell them four bottles of beer, contrary to the peace and dignity of the Rev. C. M. Sheldon and the State of Kansas. The Rev. Sheldon took the beer, set it on his pulpit, and preached a long sermon over it. He had the old druggist arrested, tried, and convicted; his business was ruined, his little girls were thrown on their own resources, and the old man was sentenced to thirty days in the county jail, while Rev. C. M. Sheldon paraded up and down Kansas Avenue on his bicycle, proclaiming throughout the length and breadth of the Holy City of Topeka, 'What a great man am I!' At the request of J. K. Hudson and Frank P. MacLennan, sinful editors, Governor Lewelling pardoned this poor old man, who is now merely existing, awaiting for Gabriel to blow his trumpet, while the Rev. C. M. Sheldon is enjoying the luxuries of the millionaire from revenues from religion. This is no idle dream, but a matter of Court record in Shawnee County."—*Boston Investigator*.

SUNDAY LECTURE NOTICES, ETC.

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

LONDON.

THE ATHENÆUM HALL (73 Tottenham Court-road, W.): 7.30, G. W. Foote, "The Resurrection of Jesus Christ." CAMBERWELL (North Camberwell Hall, 61 New Church-road): 7.30, C. Cohen, "The Perils of Patriotism." Good Friday, Ball. SOUTH LONDON ETHICAL SOCIETY (Masonic Hall, Camberwell New-road): 7, J. M. Robertson, "The Ethics of Tennyson."

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

STATION-ROAD (Camberwell): 11.30, E. Pack. PECKHAM RYE: 3.15, C. Cohen. MILE END WASTE: 11.30, W. J. Ramsey, "I come not to send peace among ye, but a sword." VICTORIA PARK (near the Fountain): 3.15, F. A. Davies. WEST HAM BRANCH (Stratford Grove): 7.30, W. Ramsey, "Glad Tidings of Great Joy." HYDE PARK (near Marble Arch): 11.30, R. P. Edwards.

COUNTRY

GLASGOW (110 Brunswick-street): Easter holidays. No meeting. MANCHESTER SECULAR HALL (Rusholme-road, All Saints): Easter Sunday. Closed. SHEFFIELD SECULAR SOCIETY (Hall of Science, Rockingham-street): 7, Extra Pleasant Sunday evening—musical and other recitals, etc. STOCKTON: H. P. Ward—11 (at the Market Cross), "Hell, and How to Get There"; 3 and 7 (in the Assembly-room, Yarm-lane)—3, "Christianity before Christ"; 7, "Why I am an Atheist."

Lecturers' Engagements.

C. COHEN, 17 Osborne-road, High-road, Leyton.—April 15, a., Peckham; e., Camberwell. 22, Pontypridd. 24, Cardiff.

ARTHUR B. MOSS, 44 Credon-road, London, S.E.—April 27, m., Mile End; a., Victoria Park; e., Stratford. May 6, m., Camberwell; a., Brockwell Park. 13, a., Peckham Rye; e., Brockwell Park. June 17, e., Stratford. 24, m., Camberwell; a., Peckham Rye.

H. PERCY WARD, 2 Leamington-place, George-street, Balsall Heath, Birmingham.—April 15, Stockton-on-Tees; 29, Birmingham.

F. A. DAVIES, 65 Lion-street, S.E.—April 15, a., Victoria Park. 29, m., Camberwell; a., Brockwell Park. May 6, m., Clerkenwell Green; a., Finsbury Park. 13, m., Hyde Park; e., Kilburn. 20, a., Peckham Rye; e., Brockwell Park. 27, m., Westminster.

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