

Freethinker

Edited by G. W. FOOTE.

VOL. XXII.—No. 4.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 26, 1902.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

The Collapse of Atheism.

AMERICAN journalism has some admirable features. It has also its defects. One of them is the occasional supply in one issue of a lot of short snip-snap articles by more or less distinguished persons. What these distinguished persons have to say on such occasions is often not worth reading. The newspaper is simply trading on their names and reputations; and they, presumably, are simply turning an honest penny by the least expenditure of brains and labor.

We have been favored with a copy of the *Minneapolis Tribune* for Sunday, December 29, which contains a page of "Views of Distinguished Writers on Questions of the Day." Sarah Grand's turn—to use a music hall phrase, and it seems fairly appropriate here—is on the eternal woman question. Jules Verne's turn is scientific prophecy about airships and phonography. Edwin Markham's turn is on "Poetry, Present and Future"—he having not very much to do with it in either aspect. Then comes the turn of F. Marion Crawford, the novelist, on "The Collapse of Atheism." We suppose a novelist was chosen in order to have something romantic on this subject; and, from this point of view, the writer has earned his cheque. He is as romantic as any of the absurd authors that were thrown out of the window in the introduction to *Don Quixote*. Mr. Crawford has imagination, if he has nothing else; and if one had to judge him exclusively from this article, one would feel inclined to say that he certainly *had* nothing else.

Mr. Crawford opens with the sapient remark that no "new religion" has yet arisen in the Twentieth Century—which is one year old. He does not mention that one new religion has been buried. The funeral took place at the Old Bailey in London, when "Swami" and "Horos" were sentenced to seven and fifteen years' penal servitude. But let us take Mr. Crawford's point. It is this. The "new religions" of the nineteenth century were "so many protests against a school of thought which dared to call itself 'reason,' and which has lost credit of late." This school called itself by various names, but its proper name was "Scientific Atheism." It had its day, and it has gone to the dogs. Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, Clifford, and Büchner are all dead; Spencer and Haeckel are both old men, and ought to be dead too, if they only knew their duty; and the world of thought is now more sanely represented by the *Minneapolis Tribune* and Mr. F. Marion Crawford. Who shall say, then, that evolution is not justified of her children?

We venture to suggest, however, that Mr. Crawford is mistaken in supposing that the Scientific Atheism he talks about was laboring all the time, and laboring in vain, for the "discovery of a demonstrable prime cause." Atheists have not usually troubled themselves about a First Great Cause. They have left it to the theologians, who have done it ample justice; that is, they have discussed it endlessly in terms of its own unintelligibility. Atheists—and we know more about

them than Mr. Crawford does—leave metaphysics to those who prefer moonshine to daylight. All their knowledge is relative, and they honestly say so. They believe that persons who talk about the absolute talk absolute nonsense. When a barnacle on an Atlantic liner understands navigation, something may be said for the human speculators on infinity.

Mr. Crawford is good enough to admit that the "Scientific Atheists" of the nineteenth century did a grand work. They did not destroy religion, because it is indestructible; but they labored with such titanic strength that they constructed the "broad military roads of modern science," along which the "men of to-day are marching steadily" to a scientific something else. There is now a "truce between religion and science," and a "mutual understanding that neither will disturb the other." Such a truce, we may say, as obtains in the prize-ring between rounds. The mutual understanding prevails until the umpire calls "Time!" And then the slogging recommences.

There is an unconscious felicity in Mr. Crawford's language. He says there is a "truce" between religion and science. That is, an interval in the fighting. But there is no *treaty*, and there never will be one. Whenever religion and science lie down permanently together, it will be like the repose of the lion and the lamb in the modern version of the old prophecy. One will be inside the other.

Mr. Crawford has mistaken a temporary reaction that has fallen upon the whole civilised world for a permanent conquest of religion and the permanent collapse of Freethought. He may live to learn that there is no *real* collapse. Freethought may mark time now and then, but it does not go back. Such intervals of rest have occurred before. They are not defeats. The interval in which the Oxford movement sprang up in England was one of the darkest, but presently came the new era of splendid combat and illustrious protagonists. It is a curious point in chronology that Bradlaugh in England and Ingersoll in America were both born in the night of that reaction. Between 1815 and 1840 was the worst period. Two babies were ushered into the world in the early thirties, who were destined to become the great orators of an undreamed-of propaganda.

Darwin was something greater than a great orator. He was a great original thinker, who associated his name with a new direction of the human mind. He called himself an Agnostic, but he admitted that his Agnosticism was very like what others called Atheism. What on earth, then, is the meaning of Mr. Crawford's reference to Darwin? We are told that he was "already beyond the limitations of 'scientific Atheism' when he wrote his *Earthworms*." This is somewhat cryptic. We beg Mr. Crawford to explain—not Darwin, but himself. What we want to know is this. Why is Darwin's book on *Earthworms* selected as the repository of his latest and best thoughts on religion? Is it meant that he found God underground, like Hamlet's "Old Mole"? G. W. FOOTE.

Morality: Its Secular Sanction.

THE term morality represents the principle which regulates the noblest conduct of the human race. By its sanction is meant the reason why an ethical life should be adhered to. According to Secularism, utility is the best test of correct conduct. A moral man is one who does his best to produce and maintain a well-organised state of society, and who avoids, as far as possible, the performance of any acts which he knows would injure himself or others. An act, to be useful, must tend to influence for good the conduct of individuals and society in general. Moreover, ethical actions should proceed from the best of motives. In the opinion of Leslie Stephen, "in all developed moral systems the morality of an action implies the morality of the agent." It is the same thing to say, "This is a good action," as to say, "A good man would act thus." To make this clear, Leslie Stephen continues:—

"A thoroughly honest man is so far a good man. He is a man who cannot be induced to steal by any temptation. But a great many people act honestly in most cases who are not above all temptation. They don't steal when they are certain of detection, or when they see a policeman looking on. Therefore, mere abstinence from stealing may prove honesty, or it may prove only dislike to imprisonment. In the last case, I should not call the action good; I should say that it is simply prudential. It results from a neutral quality—from a dislike to certain consequences, which is equally characteristic of good men and bad men. I should only praise a man for honesty in cases in which, for any reason, it was in his power to steal without fear of such consequences, and in which he, nevertheless, refrained from stealing. We might then say that he disliked stealing for its own sake; that from regard to his neighbor, or a feeling of self-respect, or some other good motive, he was spontaneously and genuinely honest."

Here we have stated the objection to popular theological sanctions of morality. In most cases, orthodox believers abstain from wrong-doing for "prudential" reasons. When they refrain from lying, they do so because they fear punishment in some other world. Now, the Secular sanction says lying is wrong, because it tends to destroy that confidence between man and man which is really necessary to the stability of the commonwealth. The same may be said in reference to all the other weaknesses and vices which "flesh is heir to." The real ethical sanction consists in practising truth, honesty, sobriety, sincerity, etc., because of their intrinsic value in promoting the moral status of society. Further, this Secular sanction requires the avoidance of wrongdoing, for the important reason that such conduct is antagonistic to the best interests both of individuals and of the community at large.

The generally-accepted test of Christian conduct is set forth by Paley in his definition of virtue, which is, doing good in obedience to the will of God, and for the sake of everlasting happiness beyond the grave. The great defect in this definition is that it limits virtue to believers in the Bible and in an eternal future, thus ignoring the conduct of the vast majority of mankind who have no knowledge or belief in the Christian faith. Besides, what the will of God is, and what the supposed eternal future may consist of, are problems which Christians themselves cannot solve. Before it can reasonably be asserted that obeying the will of God is doing good, it must be shown what that will is. But here is the difficulty: Who can say what it is? Further, when and where was it revealed, and who is authorised to interpret it? The Bible ascribes many wills to its God, and those wills are both absurd and contradictory. Moreover, it should not be overlooked that some of the most objectionable practices of professed Christians, as recorded in history, have been claimed as being in harmony with God's will. In proof of this, it is only necessary to refer to the curse of slavery, the brutalities of war, and the injustice of persecution for differences of opinion, all of which were carried on upon the supposition that what was done accorded with the will of God.

The fact is that the teachings of the Bible are only of value in the light of experience. From the past we learn what their influence has been upon the conduct of men, and at present their worth is tested by their

capability of contributing to the improvement and happiness of the human family. This is really what old writers termed "the touchstone," the test by which we can decide what is useful and worthy of perpetuation. For conduct to secure the assent and admiration of men who are guided by reason and experience, it must be shown that both are based upon what is useful in enhancing the welfare of the commonwealth. No creed or doctrine can possibly compensate for the absence of this very necessary condition. The comprehensive character of the principle of utility is stated by Bentham, who says:—

"By the principle of utility is meant that principle which approves or disapproves of every action whatever, according to the tendency which it appears to have to augment or diminish the happiness of the party whose interest is in question; or, what is the same thing, in other words, to promote or oppose that happiness. I say of every action whatever; and, therefore, not only of every action of a private individual, but of every measure of Government."

It is by this definition that the doctrine of utility must be judged. It has been objected to this view that the utility of an action is not always present to the mind of the actor as a motive to conduct. Possibly this may be so, but the measure of approval by others will be the usefulness of the action performed; a useless act can have no moral result. The Utilitarian sanction for morality does not involve us in the perplexities of theology; it only requires the power to observe and compare and estimate results. A multitude can approve a good action, while only a few can define abstract goodness. Useful work, like useful knowledge, proves its own value.

Although to us utility appears a simple test of the acts and institutions of men, there are persons who construe the term as representing only what is not ornamental. It has also been urged that, by accepting the principle of utility, we should banish all the art and beauty which the head and hand of genius have given to the world. This is a palpable error, for it is a great mistake to suppose that the idea of the beautiful in art or nature can be destroyed by the application of the principle of utility. The error arises in giving a limited meaning to the term, as though man's wants consisted only in reference to food and clothes. The necessities and comforts of the body are, of course, useful, but they by no means exclude the requirements of the mind. Improvement in the construction of our homes and town, in addition to providing mere shelter, must be appreciated by every one of sense and taste. The main objection to the sanction of utility is the result of forming a low, vulgar conception of its real meaning. The cultivation of love, friendship, and sympathy is as useful for the happiness of society as the satisfaction of its physical needs. The final question based upon utility is: What is it that the general good of society requires? The answer to this involves the right to life, property, freedom, and to all else that is essential to the well-being of man, woman, and child. This was the view held by the ancients, who defined a commonwealth as commonweal.

Bentham, in his earliest writings, mentions that his zeal upon this subject was increased by reading Dr. Priestley's phrase: "The greatest happiness of the greatest number." He says: "I then saw delineated for the first time a plain as well as a true standard for whatever is right or wrong, useful, useless, or mischievous in human conduct, whether in the field of morals or politics." In all Bentham's writings this is the leading pervading principle. It does not prescribe a creed, or give a plan for the conduct of life; but it furnishes a method of forming a judgment upon both. It is following the scientific method—experiment and observation—which contributes so greatly to the progress of science. If this were properly applied to morals, the same beneficial results would doubtless follow. Principles to be useful must enlighten the human mind, promote the unity of mankind, stimulate the cultivation of all that is best in man's nature, and consolidate the welfare of society by an appeal to reason and intellectual discrimination. This is the philosophy of Secularism, whose sanction is its value to augment the happiness of one and all.

CHARLES WATTS.

The Study of Religion.—II.

MUCH debateable matter is naturally raised by Dr. Jastrow in the attempt to frame a definition of religion that will withstand scrutiny. As he points out, the necessity of finding such a definition is almost a modern phenomenon. So long as the Christian religion was the religion of practically the whole of the European peoples, a definition of religion was extremely easy to frame. True religion was Christianity as defined in its official creeds, and all others were false. But as the knowledge of these outside religions grew greater, so it became evident that these outside creeds must sooner or later be admitted into the family circle, and that some definition must be framed which would cover those elements held in common by all creeds.

The difficulty of reaching such a definition has been intensified by the circumstance that people of the most discordant and contradictory opinions have used the word as covering almost any general theory of life held by them. One defines religion as being a sense of dependence, another as the belief in the government of the world by a supreme intelligence, another as consisting in a perception of the infinite, and so on, almost indefinitely. None of these definitions are really comprehensive enough. They all take later and special forms of religion rather than religion as a whole. A mere sense of dependence is not enough to constitute religion, and even if it were it would not cover all its forms; the savage certainly does not suppose the world to be governed by a supreme intelligence, and, as he is not a metaphysician or a theosophist, he does not speculate upon the infinite or any other of the metaphysical subtleties spun by modern philosophers, who usually have before their minds only the higher religions of the civilised world.

For many reasons, too, it is to be regretted that people persist in describing rules of life or ideals of conduct as constituting their "religion." Of course a man may, if he thinks fits, define religion as Paine did, or, with Mr. Frederic Harrison, as "the complex synthesis of heart, intellect, and moral energy, resulting in a practical scheme of personal and social duty." But it will be obvious that this definition cannot cover all forms of religious manifestation, and, as a matter of fact, does not accurately describe religion at all, but only a certain social ideal masquerading under the old name. A religion that eliminates the supernatural is dangerously like a vertebrate minus the spinal column. Belief in the supernatural is the very essence of religion, and when this is eliminated it is far better to drop the old term altogether than to continue its use, and thus perpetuate all its evil associations and connotations. The tyranny of words over thought is surely great enough without our consciously adding to it by describing new conceptions of life and its duties in the old phraseology.

A truly scientific definition of religion is necessarily bound up with the question of the origin of religion. One who believes religion to be the expression of some mysteriously-begotten "faculty," or of some primitive revelation, will inevitably define it in a different way from such as treat it as the outcome of man's primitive and ill-informed reasonings concerning natural phenomena. Dr. Jastrow's chapter dealing with this subject is, perhaps, the least satisfactory in the book. The theories of both Mr. Spencer and Mr. Tylor are rejected as inadequate and largely untrue—although the author does not seem to be aware that the substantial accuracy of the Spencerian position has been conceded by Mr. Tylor—and, finally, a position is reached not much unlike that of Professor Max Müller, and not at all stronger.

So far as the dispute between the religionist and the non-religionist is concerned, it really matters little whether the Spencerian or the early Tylorian position is the more accurate. Probably the truth will be found in a synthesis of both views, and a recognition of the truth that myths arise in more ways than one, and that so much is haphazard in savage life that a great many customs do not admit of any explanation being offered at all. But, as Tylor says, "The divisions which have separated the great religions of the world into intolerant and hostile sects are, for the most part, superficial in

comparison with the deepest of all religious schisms—that which divides Animism from Materialism"; and in a similar manner one may contend that, as both these thinkers are agreed that religions find their origin in human error and ignorance, the question of the priority of certain stages of religious evolution may be counted as quite subordinate. Both agree on this point, which is rapidly becoming the general position on the subject; and this agreement is obviously fatal to religion as commonly understood.

It may be noted, however, that Dr. Jastrow, in dealing with Dr. Tylor and Mr. Spencer, is scarcely fair to either writer. His objection to Tylor's Animism seems to be that that theory would assume an amount of thinking that could not be supposed to exist among men of the rudest and most uncivilised description. But to picture Animism as being a theory of things arrived at by long reflection as, for example, Darwin reached the conception of Natural Selection, seems to me to altogether misconceive the manner in which primitive beliefs, and even a great number of modern beliefs, are formed. The part that conscious reflection plays in civilised times is generally exaggerated, and it is exaggerated to a much greater extent when the subject is primitive man. At most the conscious is but a ripple on the huge ocean of the unconscious. Careful analysis would show that the greater portion of our beliefs are formed unconsciously, and that what we are chiefly conscious of is their expression only. And I think it may fairly be assumed that what takes place with savages is not the conscious elaboration of a belief to fit a number of facts that have been carefully collected, but rather the unconscious formation of a belief as the result of the steady and insistent pressure of the same class of experiences. And when Dr. Jastrow further states that, "if man was without religion before the animistic theory presented itself to his mind, animism by itself would not have led to the rise of religion," he seems to me to be altogether begging the question at issue. For the ascription of intelligence to natural forces is of the very essence of religion. If men had never pictured nature as alive, and if they had never given reality to dreams and shadows, and thus given birth to the conception of soul, then it seems tolerably certain that religion would not have been either. To say that animism *would not* give rise to religion, when the question at issue is whether animism is not the raw material of all religion, is a piece of useless dogmatism.

It is not quite *inaccurate* for Dr. Jastrow to say of Mr. Spencer's theory that it supposes all deities to be the spirits of ancestors, that "the awe inspired by death and the fear created by the dead" give birth to religion; but it is a sadly *inadequate* way of putting the theory. For Mr. Spencer shows, with the aid of evidence collected from all parts of the world, and so cumulative in character as to be almost wearisome, that not the fear of death only, but the phenomena of dreams, epilepsy, catalepsy, reflection of shadows, etc., all combine to produce the conviction that there is something in each individual which can leave the body and return to it at will, and then traces with the same detailed evidence the various stages of development, from the disembodied "double" to deity. It is obviously unfair, therefore, to criticise Spencer as though fear of the dead was the only factor involved, and then to conclude that "a natural reverence for the dead, manifesting itself by a care for their resting-place, and periodic visits to the site of burial, must be distinguished from ancestor-worship."

What is meant by a "natural reverence" for the dead? The higher animals have it not. And, as man is a product of evolution, and has slowly emerged from the animal world as a whole, some explanation must surely be sought for this reverence for the dead, "care for their resting-place, and periodic visits to the site of burial." Why should this ever have been done at all? It is useless answering by the stupefying phrase, "natural reverence"; the most "unnatural" thing is "natural" in ultimate analysis. It is the reverence, the fear, the visits, etc., that need explanation; and the only explanation of any scientific value we have is that offered by the two thinkers whose theories are dismissed as unsatisfactory.

Dr. Jastrow's own view of the origin of religion is that it must be sought in "the bringing into play of

man's power to obtain a perception of the infinite through the impression which the multitudinous phenomena of the universe as a whole make upon him." This formula can hardly be called an improvement upon that of Professor Max Müller, and it is open to exactly the same objections. So long as we fix our attention upon later and comparatively civilised religions it is easy to speak of man possessing a "yearning for the infinite," or an "apprehension" of the "infinite." But no one who bears steadily in mind the conditions of savage life and the characteristics of the uncivilised mind can find any such theory acceptable. It is significant that those who adopt such theories are for the most part those whose studies have been confined to the life and literature of the higher races of mankind. Those who have studied the lower races with the higher take a much different view. To them it is plain that religion does not take its origin in metaphysics, but in physics. There is no problem of spiritual forces, or hungering for the unseen, or longing for the infinite, to be studied. Uncivilised life is practical, not mystical; and primitive man is engaged in the task of trying to win over to his side powers and forces that are likely to prove hostile to his interests, and not in the least concerned in elaborating a system of philosophy. And it is certainly strange that, while we are forbidden to seek the origin of religion in the direction indicated by Mr. Tylor, because it "assumes a quality of reasoning which transcends the horizon of primitive man," yet we may seek it in "an apprehension of the infinite"—a conception which, in all probability, never enters the savage mind at all.

What Dr. Jastrow declares to be the beginning of religion is, as a matter of fact, its end. Religions only become mystical when they are on the point of extinction. At its origin religious beliefs are concerned solely with questions of personal, or at most tribal, convenience. There is no need to account for religion by any mythical "faculty" or "innate" religious principle, with those who probe deeply enough, and who keep their minds sufficiently free from prejudice to benefit from their researches. Religions are, as I have already pointed out, nothing but the attempts which early man, in the absence of adequate knowledge, makes to account for the phenomena around him. By an irresistible law of mental activity he reads his own feelings and desires into the world around him. He fashions deities in his own image, and, later, creates heavens in the likeness of human society. Religion is, in brief, early science. It is man's earliest attempt to grapple with purely physical problems. Religion alters its character in subsequent ages; but that is only when more accurate information demonstrates the weakness of the earlier hypotheses, and some excuses or apologies need to be fashioned in its defence. C. COHEN.

(To be concluded.)

Eliza Cook.

My parents for some time resided near the house in which Eliza Cook lived. As a boy I remember having the well-known authoress pointed out to me. She was then at the meridian of her reputation, and I well recollect the awe with which I used to look at the lady, whom I then regarded as being scarcely the inferior of the immortal Shakespeare. The whirligig of time has brought its revenge. Eliza Cook is now well nigh forgotten, and some people, not wholly illiterate, have been known to admit that they could only regard her once tremendous reputation with a feeling closely akin to stupefaction. Their bewilderment is not inexcusable. The genius of Tennyson and of Browning, as of Shelley and Keats before them, dawned slowly on the general reader. But Eliza Cook's books ran into new editions as swiftly as novels by Marie Corelli.

To the Puritan middle class poetry is, and ever has been, a vain thing and a perilous. Their favorite conception of a poet is that of a dishevelled and generally inebriate destroyer of souls. But in Eliza Cook was found the writer for whom Philistia had waited so long. Her work was evidently poetry, for it was broken into separate lines, and the pietism was sufficiently flavored

to suit the frequenters of Exeter Hall. The people who admired her writings must have been dead to verbal music and the magic of cunningly-woven words. They liked sermons, and she supplied them. They liked optimism, pietistic platitudes, and sometimes they liked absolute nonsense. And all these things they found in the works of Eliza Cook.

The date of Eliza Cook's birth was 1818, three years after "Bloody Waterloo," her father being a rich Southwark merchant. She began when quite young to write for newspapers and magazines, including the *Weekly Dispatch*, founded by her uncle, Alderman Harmer. In 1838 she produced her first volume of verse. This volume opened with *Melaia*, a romantic poem, telling how an elderly gentleman induced a haughty sculptor to fashion the likeness of his noble dog because the hound had been more faithful than his wife. It has a very tawdry ring to our ears to-day, but it was immensely popular then. With this came the romaunt of *Tracey de Vere and Hubert Gray*, the story of the rich young heir who formed a friendship for the lowly herdsman's son. Reading it now, one is struck with the extraordinary stilted language which delighted our ancestors. It describes how—

Tracy de Vere hath high-born mates
Invited to share his play,
But none are half so dear to him
As the lowly Hubert Gray.

Old Dobbin was one of those songs which stirred a very large proportion of the hearts of the middle-class England. It contains such lines as the following:—

Oh! we prized him like life, and a heart-breaking sob
Ever burst when they threatened to sell our dear Dob.

Songs addressed to birds and beasts, wild and tame, were popular then, and of these terrible poetic excursions into natural history the *Song of the Ostrich* is surely the most remarkable. This garrulous bird admits that he does not

Warble in a foreign land,

but who, all the same, calls for

A song for the bird whose feathers wave
O'er the christening font and the fresh-made grave.

"The Song of the Carrion Crow," in the same series, has in it a stronger dramatic touch. Eliza Cook's second volume, *Diamond Dust*, appeared in 1864, the year in which the veteran writer received a Government pension of £100 a year. In the interim, from 1849 to 1854, she produced and edited that once popular periodical, *Eliza Cook's Journal*, which only ill-health obliged her to relinquish. Her poems, as shown by the number of editions printed, attained enormous popularity. Some of her songs, such as "The Land of My Birth," and that singular example of thoroughly sincere bathos, "The Old Arm-chair," became as familiar as household words. For years a large public eagerly swallowed her poetic platitudes, and admired her delightful command over the resources of doggerel. The latter-day critics make no mention of "Great Eliza," though Matthew Arnold has a characteristic gibe at "the Poet of the Bourgeoisie," whose songs "would give more delight to a Dissenting minister at the graveside than would the words of the Litany."

It must be said that she has passed out of the public mind for many a day past, and survives only in second-hand copies as a guide to the serious student of the poetic literature of the last century.

Yet it would be unfair to let her pass from us quite as a minor poetaster. When she threw aside her affected tragic vein, whither no man might follow her, she could write with something like real charm. A little poem, "When I Wore Red Shoes," shows what she might have done had she known her real strength. People who rashly look upon poor Eliza Cook as a polite prig in petticoats may see her as she saw her self:—

When hair and sash-ends used to fly,
And I wore red shoes,
How they used to flit and shine
O'er the chalky zig-zag line,
As with Taglioni tread
I moved when "Hop-Scotch" maps were spread!
Sock and buskin—out upon them!
Let the crook-back Richards don them:
I remember wearing socks
That gave severer tragic shocks.

That was a fame by no means fickle—
A fame I had no chance to lose
When I acted "Little Pickle"
Stamping in red shoes.

At times she could be almost as Anacreontic as Tom Moore, whom she playfully banters in the lines beginning:—

St. Patrick's Day! St. Patrick's Day!
Oh! thou tormenting Irish lay,
I've got thee buzzing in my brain,
And cannot turn thee out again.

I take up Burke in hopes to chase
The plaguing phantom from its place;
But all in vain—attention wavers
From classic Tom to triplet quavers.
An "essay" on the great "Sublime"
Sounds strangely set in six-eight time.
Down goes the book; read how I may,
The words will flow to Patrick's Day.

There is a strong echo of Moore, too, in *Young Kathleen*, whose lover sighs—

Soon, soon, will the green grass above me be springing,
And maidens shall come to my grave with a sigh;
They shall strew the dark willow, and tell in their singing
That the sons of old Erin can love till they die.

These are much better examples of her real ability than such didactic and gloomy songs as *The Spirit of Gold* and *The Spirit of Poverty*, which savor somewhat of the opening of a glorified pantomime.

Eliza Cook was fond of the drama; witness her lines to Charlotte Cushman. It is, however, in her lighter moods, such as *Grandfather's Stick* and *Roadside Rhymes*, that the modern reader will be captivated. But had she written nothing but these, she would never have held the long ears of the asses of Exeter Hall, who would have voted her a mere trifler. Not very long ago America lost her most popular writer, "a person of the name of Roe." The favor which the reverend gentleman's stories enjoyed in the great Republic, compared with the greatest dead and living masters of fiction, was remarked upon with wonder, and even with sarcasm, in England. Was this wise? Considering the popularity of Eliza Cook among our immediate ancestors, and of Marie Corelli among ourselves, were we entitled to sneer at "the person of the name of Roe"?

One thing at least can be said for Eliza Cook—she never claimed to be a great artist. She gushed and maundered without undue assumption to the end of her days. She only claimed "the sympathy and support of the people, and wished for no more gilded laurel." She writes in the same passage of the free response to her "simple effusions," and adds: "I am very happy in the assurance afforded me through that response of many ears and hearts being as open to the whistle of the woodland robin as they are to the pæan of the cloud-piercing skylark." This characteristic metaphor expresses her attitude and her ambition. She was a gentle, kind-hearted singer, with more sympathy than style, who sang for "the people," and for many a long day they listened to her voice. It was all she asked for. MIMNERMUS.

The Bible Creation Story.—II.

WE come now to the Christian perversions of the inspired narrative. This planet, according to the Bible statements, was "created" only about 6,000 years ago; but geology proves that it must have been in existence for millions, if not hundreds of millions, of years. The latter fact having been established beyond all question, Christian reconcilers now tell us that an interval embracing a long period of time is to be understood between the first sentence in the narrative—"In the beginning Elohim created the heaven and the earth"—and the story which follows. They further tell us that all the elements of which the universe is now composed were created "in the beginning," and that the subsequent work of the six days (which, they assert, were not days, but long geological ages) consisted merely in shaping and placing everything in its present position. This interpretation is, no doubt, very ingenious; but, unfortunately for the interpreters, there is no Scripture authority of any kind, either in the inspired narrative itself or in any other portion of Holy Writ, which lends

it any support whatever. Such interpretation is, in fact, nothing less than misrepresentation, and the reason for this perversion of the narrative is obvious: the cosmogony of Genesis must in some way be brought into harmony with science.

Now, in examining the Bible story, the only questions to be considered are these: What were the writer's ideas upon the subject? and, What is the meaning which he evidently intended to convey? No Christian advocate, however eminent or pious, has the right to credit the inspired story-teller with a knowledge of scientific facts unknown in his day, which knowledge, moreover, the narrator's own words prove him to have not possessed.

The sacred writer commences, as we have seen, by saying: "In the beginning Elohim created the heaven and the earth." Now this sentence, it must be plain to every reader, is simply introductory (say, like the heading of a chapter) to the narrative which follows. It is a short statement of what the writer is about to relate in detail. A similar example may be found in Gen. xxxv. 9, where we read: "And God appeared unto Jacob again when he came from Paddan-aram, and blessed him." Having this stated, the writer proceeds to describe more particularly what that wily patriarch's God said and did in blessing him. It is perfectly clear that we are not to understand two appearances of the Almighty to Jacob, and two benedictions, on that occasion. So in the Creation story: the narrator first states in general terms that "Elohim created the heaven and the earth," and then he proceeds to give a full and particular account of the creative process and the order followed in the creation. This will at once be apparent if we remove the introductory first sentence; we have then a story without a beginning. That this is the correct view becomes further evident from what is said of the sky or "heaven."

With regard to the creation of this form of matter, it is to be noticed that, though the writer states in his introductory sentence that Elohim "created the heaven and the earth," we find from the detailed narrative which follows that this "heaven" was not in existence until the second day:—

"And Elohim said, Let there be a firmament.....And Elohim made the firmament.....And Elohim called the firmament *heaven*. And there was evening, and there was morning, a second day."

Now, it is perfectly clear from the foregoing that the firmament or "heaven" was, according to the story, first called into existence on the second day of creation. How otherwise could the Creator command it to come into being on that day, if he knew that he had created it ages before "in the beginning"? There cannot, then, be the slightest doubt—at least, in the mind of any Rationalist—that the first sentence (verse 1) is, as stated, merely an introduction to the account which follows. Christian reconcilers are, however, *not* rational persons—that is, so far as the Bible is concerned. In the matter under discussion, they point out that the Hebrew verbs in the two passages are not the same: in the first verse, the "heaven" is stated to have been "created" (*bara*); in the later passage it is said only to have been "made" (*asah*). This means, say these harmonisers, that all the elements which constitute "the heaven" were created or brought into existence in "the beginning," and that the work of the second day (which they contend was that of a later age) was merely the fashioning and placing this previously-made heaven into the position it now occupies. In the same way, they tell us, the sun, moon, and stars were "created" in "the beginning," and were only afterwards located on the fourth day. The plea offered in justification of this second misrepresentation is that the celestial bodies, though not named in verse 1, must have been created at the time therein mentioned, because they now form part of what is popularly called "the heavens." The real reason for these perversions is, of course, obvious.

As a matter of fact, however, the narrative in Genesis has no such meaning. The author knew nothing about the elements of which the universe is composed, nor did he trouble his head about materials. When he said that a certain object was "created," or that some other form of matter was "made," he meant one and the same thing—viz., that the object mentioned was then brought

into existence for the first time. Without going now into the exact significations of *bara* and *asah*, it will be sufficient here to say that the inspired romancer employed the two words interchangeably. This will be plainly seen from the following passages:—

Gen. i. 1: "In the beginning Elohim *created* the heaven and the earth."

Gen. i. 7: "And Elohim *made* the firmament.....And Elohim called the firmament heaven."

Gen. i. 16: "And Elohim *made* the two great lights" (*i.e.*, the sun and moon).

Gen. i. 21: "And Elohim *created* the great sea-monsters.....and [he *created*] every winged fowl after its kind."

Gen. i. 25: "And Elohim *made* the beast of the earth,and everything that creepeth upon the ground."

Gen. i. 26: "And Elohim said, Let us *make* man in our image."

Gen. i. 27: "And Elohim *created* man in his own image."

Gen. i. 31: "And Elohim saw every thing that he had *made*, and behold it was very good."

Gen. v. 1: "In the day that Elohim *created* man, in the likeness of Elohim *made* he him; male and female *created* he them."

It will thus be seen that Elohim *made* the firmament, *made* the sun and moon, and *made* beasts and creeping things; but he *created* the sea-monsters and fishes, *created* the fowls of the air, and *created* man. According to our Bible reconcilers, the word "create" signifies to originate or make something out of nothing, while the word "make" means merely to form or shape out of pre-existing materials. If this be the case, it follows that the fishes, the birds, and man, which are stated in the narrative to have been "created," were not fashioned out of matter then existing, but the material of which they were composed was called into existence on the fifth and sixth days of creation. But we were told by these reconcilers that all the world-stuffs from which everything in the universe was "made" during the six days of creation was brought into existence in "the beginning," the contention being based upon the interpretation given to the word "created" in the first verse. This apologetic interpretation is thus proved to be incorrect. Moreover, we find from the second chapter of Genesis that two out of the three classes of the animal kingdom which are said to have been "created"—the birds and man—were not created at all (that is, in the reconciler's sense), but were "formed" out of the dust of the ground. It thus becomes clear that the author of the story employed the word "created" to denote "made," "formed," or "fashioned," irrespective of whether material was used in the making or not. It is also clear that the apologetic contention respecting the word "created" in verse 1 is a gross perversion of the Bible text, besides being ridiculously one-sided; for we are asked to believe that that word signifies "to originate" in the introductory sentence, but not in any other part of the narrative.

Returning, now, to the creation of the firmament, or heaven, it is to be noticed that the Bible writer is at pains to define what Elohim is represented as calling into existence. He first mentions the name which denotes the nature of the thing created, and afterwards gives its proper name. The light, after being "made," was called Day, and the darkness was called Night; the dry land was named Earth, and the waters, when collected together, were named Seas. So, also, the firmament, when made, was called "Heaven," or, more properly, "Heavens"—for the word has a plural termination. Thus the Firmament and the Heavens were but two names for the same thing. There is, of course, some difference in the meaning of the words. The firmament (Heb., *rakia*) signifies an expanse, or something spread out; hence "the sky." The heavens (Heb., *shamayim*) means "the heights," or something lofty; hence, also, "the sky." In Psalm civ. 2 both meanings are implied: "Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain." In Psalm xix. 1 the two names are employed as synonymous terms. The full name, however, appears to be the two words combined—"the expanse of the heavens" (Gen. i. 14).

We can now effectually dispose of the Christian misrepresentation with regard to a vast interval of time being implied between "the beginning" and the six days of creation. For, since the words "created" and "made" are used as interchangeable terms to denote

the calling something into existence, and since the firmament, or heaven, is stated by the writer to have been "made" only on the second day, it follows incontestably that the opening sentence—"In the beginning Elohim created the heaven and the earth"—is merely an introduction to the narrative which follows. The writer's meaning is perfectly plain: the whole six days of creation took place "in the beginning." This is what he states, and this is what he meant.

ABRACADABRA.

I'm Saved—From a Fate Like That.

A RANTER shouted, "Are you saved?"

I answered, "Saved from what?"

"From everlasting Hell," he raved,

"Your answer shows you're not.

You'll never go to Heaven," said he;

Said I, "I tell you flat

I'm saved, thank God, if God there be,

I'm saved—from a fate like that."

"All unbelievers will be damned,"

Said Christ to His picked eleven.

But read in the Book with crammers crammed

The fate of the "saved" in Heaven:

With golden chains enchained, enslaved,

Entombed in a golden "flat."

If God there be, thank God, I'm saved,

I'm saved—from a fate like that.

They wear a robe of spotless white,

A kind of a shirt, it seems,

Like earthly mortals wear at night

In bed, in the "land of dreams."

A golden crown! Well, it won't suit me,

I'm used to a "bowler" hat;

I'm saved, thank God, if God there be,

I'm saved—from a fate like that.

A leather-lunged and throated throng,

A cringing, crawling crew,

Sing "Holy, holy" all day long

In praise of a jealous Jew,

In praise of the Dad who doomed to die

The Son that He begat.

I shan't be there to cringe and lie;

I'm saved—from a fate like that.

Ten thousand times ten thousand, and

Ten thousand millions more,

Compose the Hallelujah Band

On the Hallelujah shore.

Ten thousand devils! Jahveh's Band

Would drown the total strains

From a thousand thousand "Empires" and

A million "Drury Lanes."

What joy! to be in Kingdom Come

And listen to the "flats" and "sharps"

Of the untaught fools and knaves who strum

On the Hallelujah harps;

To keep on sitting to the same old tune

When a million years you've sat!

Thank God, I'm damned, a fair "gone coon,"

I'm saved—from a fate like that.

The place has "jasper walls," and yet

They never can stand the shocks;

The strains of the Heavenly Band, I bet,

Would shiver the very rocks.

Perhaps they'll fall, the "jasper walls,"

And crush the angels flat;

I shan't be there to hear their squalls;

I'm saved—from a fate like that.

ESS JAY BEE.

Tears in themselves have no color, that they may the better reflect the past life of our soul; and this reflection becomes our chastisement or our reward. There is but one thing that can never turn into suffering, and that is the good we have done. When we lose one we love, our bitterest tears are called forth by the memory of hours when we loved not enough. If we always had smiled on the one who is gone, there would be no despair in our grief, and some sweetness would cling to our tears.—*Maeterlinck*.

Acid Drops.

"GENERAL" BOOTH has to suffer another defection in his own family. His daughter, Mrs. Booth-Clibborn, and her husband have left the Salvation Army and joined Old Dowie, the Chicago "Elijah." It is said that they are strong believers in "faith-healing." Well, it will take a good deal of that remedy, we imagine, to cure poor old Booth's broken heart, if this sort of thing continues.

An authoritative statement on this subject has been made through the press by Commissioner G. A. Pollard, Chancellor of the Salvation Army. It appears that "grave differences" on matters of doctrine have existed for twelve months past between General Booth and Mr. and Mrs. Booth-Clibborn. They desired to teach in the Salvation Army the doctrines of Old Dowie, and particularly his views on faith-healing. The General, however, who has a harder head than the rest of his family, could not sanction the notions that "all sickness is sin, it is wicked to be ill, and the body has been redeemed as much as the soul." The result was that the Booths handed in their resignation, which was accepted. Only half-a-dozen or so of Salvationists are seceding with them. The real loss to the Army is a personal one. Every defection on the part of General Booth's family is a serious matter, for the Salvation Army has always been a family affair. The name of Booth has been the one principle of unity, after the personality and business capacity of the General himself. It seems more and more probable, therefore, that the Salvation Army will split into pieces soon after his death, and go to ruin faster than the Empire of Alexander.

Commissioner Booth-Clibborn is reported to have written a letter in Old Dowie's weekly paper, in which he asserts his belief that the all-there head of the Zionist Church is the prophet Elijah reincarnated, and hails him as the herald of the millennial dawn. This sort of thing shows what tame-rabbit brains these Salvationists have. Some of them have a little common business capacity. They know, for instance, how to take up a collection so as to get the last possible half-penny out of the crowd. But when it comes to thinking, in the proper sense of the word, the best of them are simply nowhere. They prove themselves poor weak credulous fools. Those who believe that Old Dowie is a new edition of Elijah are capable of believing anything.

Old Dowie's *Leaves of Healing*, containing the letter from Mr. Booth-Clibborn, has now reached England. "I take it," the Salvationist seceder says, "that you come in the spirit and power of Elijah, and as the Herald of the Second Coming, the Baptist of the Millennial Dawn!" But this is a mistake. Old Dowie does not come in the spirit and power of Elijah. He *is* Elijah. At least, he says so; and for all we know, he is. Anyhow, he is hairy enough. Elijah of old could not have had a finer beard. We shrink from pushing the analogy further.

Mr. Booth-Clibborn's letter shows him to be a thorough-going crank—in spite of his wife's declaration that he is signally marked out by the Lord for a great spiritual work. "My life," he says, "has been nine times attempted." Well, that is far too vague for consideration. He is more precise, however, in another instance. "I have been condemned to death by the Nihilists," he says, "under the seal of their Paris centre." This is very absurd. Why should the Nihilists trouble about Mr. Booth-Clibborn? What can it matter to them whether he lives or dies? He must be suffering from swelled head. He, poor man, fancies himself as important as a Czar or an American President.

Sinclair Rowland, otherwise Villiers, who was arrested at Cambridge, and died within an hour of his being taken to the police-station, is presumably the "Dr. De Villiers" who ran the so-called University Press and published Dr. Havelock Ellis's work on *Sexual Perversion*, which was condemned as "obscene" in the prosecution of Mr. George Bedborough. Several other persons were arrested at the same time, and, as their case is *sub judice*, we refrain from any special criticism for the present. We think it necessary to say, however, that the police always require careful watching in such matters. When they say that "large quantities of indecent prints have been found in the house," they may simply mean, in fact, that they seized a number of publications more or less like Dr. Ellis's, and not what is usually meant by the phrase, "indecent prints." It is very unpleasant, of course, to have to devote any attention whatever to proceedings of this kind, but it is well to keep one's eyes wide open to detect any infringement of the right of free publication that may be covered by loud talk about "indecent." We are the very last, we hope, to think of rescuing the purveyors of really obscene things; let them pay the penalty when they are caught; but the police must not be allowed, under the pretence of putting down obscenity, to carry on a war against opinions.

The Sunday tramcars are still running at Edinburgh, and

the men of God are still raging against them. The Rev. Alexander Aitken accuses the Company of being actuated by a most dishonorable motive—namely, the "sordid one of getting out of pecuniary difficulties by making money." But how on earth is such a Company to get out of its pecuniary difficulties *except* by making money? And will the Rev. Alexander Aitken explain what he himself preaches for?

Another man of God, the Rev. David Robb, of Leith, admitted that "many church-going people used the cars," but he believed they would take "free rides in the small-pox vans." Perhaps so. The preacher ought to know them better than we do.

Mr. W. St. Chad Boscawen sends a stinging letter to the *Daily News* on the Rev. Dr. Horton's address on Oriental discoveries corroborating the Bible. We venture to reproduce a part of this severe exposure: "In regard to the Exodus, Dr. Horton has some curious evidence, derived from the discovery of Pithon by M. Naville, not Professor Petrie. Bricks are found made with straw, with reeds, and, more wonderful still, without either—*ergo*, these must be the bricks made by the Hebrew people. In the name of common sense, why? Are all the strawless bricks in Egypt of Hebrew manufacture? Another curious piece of corroboration is (No. 6) that regarding the first-born of Menephtah. In the Museum at Berlin is a statue of Menephtah, with his son on the throne with him. A son of his died; therefore, it must be the son on the throne, his first-born, who died of the plague. It is unfortunate that the figure on the Berlin statue is a younger son, and not Seti II., who succeeded him, and who was associated with his father in his lifetime. Once a stock argument for authenticity was the fact that the body of Menephtah had not been found, therefore it must be in the Red Sea. The mummy has now been found in the tomb of Amenophis II., and is in the Museum at Gizeh. With regard to the Exodus, it is curious to note the confusion caused by the direct mention of the Israelites—in an Egyptian monument of this age. The stipe of Menephtah describes no triumphal deliverance, but 'the destruction of the seed or race' of the people of Israel. Moreover, the inscription indicates that this people were then in Southern Palestine, or in its immediate vicinity. A still more serious difficulty occurs when we find Assyriologists like Niebhur and others agreeing with Colonel Conder in identifying the Khabiri of the Tel el Amazna with the Hebrews, thus placing them in Palestine in B.C. 1450. I cannot here refer to the absurd use the Tel el Amazna letters have been put by those writers of Bible handbooks. Anyone who has read the Palestine letters will see how crude and void of any literary method they are, and to make them the basis of proving the existence of libraries and schools in Canaan is absurd. As to the story of Melchizedek, what bearing can the documents, written four or five centuries after, have on the subject? Abdi was appointed by 'the arm of the great King,' and there is no indication that he was a priest, except so far as all kings in the East were ex-officio priests. No one is a greater believer than myself in the immense value of Oriental discoveries to the Biblical student; but until some kind of judgment is introduced into Biblical archæology, and a clear distinction is made between evidence and illustration, it will continue to be the unscientific product it now is. It must be borne in mind that, of all the ancient peoples of the East, the Jews alone possess no early contemporaneous archæological record, and all evidence must come from without."

"Providence" did not come to the aid of William Day, aged sixty, an Evangelist, who was found drowned at Teddington Lock. Deceased had a Mission Hall in Seckers-street, Waterloo, but he also travelled about soul-saving. Latterly he had complained of pains in the head. The jury returned a verdict of "Suicide during temporary insanity."

According to the writer of "Among the Churches" in the *Daily News*, the "power of the Churches" has been "signally confirmed at Chatham." A local minister of religion, by means of "scathing letters" in the press, started a successful crusade against "certain public-houses which were used for other purposes than those for which they were licensed." After a considerable struggle the licences have been taken away from these houses, and "the unfortunate women have been offered a new and happier life in another town"—whatever that may mean, and we suspect it means very little. Whether the town of Chatham will be any the more moral for this action is at least doubtful. The social causes of sexual immorality still remain in full force. But, in any case, it is difficult to see why ministers of religion should play the part of amateur policemen. If their business is not to administer spiritual remedies to diseased human nature, but to keep the town in order by legal agencies, they should frankly leave off their white chokers and wear a blue collar with a number on it. Nothing is more certain than that spiritual and legal functions can never be combined. The judge's sermon to the man he is consigning to penal servitude is always a gratuitous impertinence, and the same may be said of the legal harrying of sinners by ministers of

religion. We suggest that the writer of "Among the Churches" should think this matter over again. Second thoughts may damp the ardor of his jubilation.

Three petrified monkeys were sold the other day at Stevens' auction rooms in London for forty-six guineas. They were found in a cave near Cronstadt, in the Orange River Colony, where they had apparently taken refuge from a storm. But the water rose and drowned them; and, the cave being in a limestone formation, their bodies were preserved—to point a moral, if not to adorn a tale. For the mother monkey still in the stone has her arms round her babe as if to shield it from danger. Strong is love, stronger than death; many waters cannot quench it. And love begins, and morality begins with it, below the human race. There is more philosophy, if you only draw it out, in that stone monkey-mother with her stone monkey-babe than in the live body (and "soul" too) of that hasty clerical reformer at Chatham.

Church parsons were never deficient in what Cobbett used to call "face." We are not surprised, therefore, at the audacity of the resolution passed by the recent Conference of Church of England representatives on the Education question. "That in view," it ran, "of the serious financial condition of Voluntary schools in connection with the Church of England, such financial aid ought to be given from public funds, whether central or local, which will, notwithstanding the constantly-increasing cost of elementary education, enable the Denominational schools to be maintained in the highest state of efficiency." This is nothing less than an impudent demand that the State should find as much money for Church schools as the parsons say is wanted. In other words, the State shall pay for the teaching, and the Church shall choose the teachers. This is "face" with a vengeance.

The Nonconformists, in their own way, have just as much "face" as the Churchmen in regard to this Education question; and, in one sense, they are a great deal worse, because they have ratted from their principles. They profess to be against all State patronage of religion, and yet they fight tooth and nail for State religion in the public schools; the reason being, as Lord Salisbury told them, that the religion taught there is just what suits Nonconformists. No wonder that the Evangelical Free Churches all over the country are passing resolutions in their own interest. Here is a sample from an open Conference organised by the King's Lynn Council: "That all schools desiring aid from public money be truly national, not denominational; and, therefore, that no religious teaching be given in such schools, save in accordance with the Conscience Clause (Sec 7) and the Cowper-Temple Clause (Sec. 14) of the Education Act, 1870." The trick in this resolution, and in all like it, is the abuse of the word "denominational." Church of England is denominational, Wesleyan is denominational, Baptist is denominational; and so on, to the end of the long list of sects of the only true religion. But it is pretended, or at least assumed, that "Christian" is *not* denominational. Of course it is so when there are so many Atheists, Agnostics, Secularists, Freethinkers, and Jews in England, and so many different religions within the pale of the British Empire.

This "Voluntary" dodge should be exposed on every possible occasion. The Archbishop of Canterbury has the hardihood to assert that the "Voluntary" schools are "mainly maintained" by subscriptions. But what are the facts? According to the latest Return of the Board of Education, the total income of the "Voluntary" schools in England and Wales is £5,547,817 7s. 5d. This was made up as follows:—

Government Grants	£4,374,347 5s. 9d.
School Pence	£184,813 7s. 5d.
Endowments, sale of books, and "other sources"	£216,966 11s. 7d.
Voluntary Contributions	£771,690 2s. 8d.

Thirteen per cent. is hardly the "main" part of any quantity. What the Archbishop would probably say he meant—if he were pressed hard in a corner—is that this £771,690 2s. 8d. was the chief part of the cost of maintaining the school buildings. Meanwhile he plays the ambiguity for all it is worth.

Mr. Labouchere goes for John Kensit in *Truth*. He maintains that the great self-elected Protestant reformer is a disseminator of filthy literature, and that he ought to be prosecuted by the City Police. One book addressed to boys is specially singled out for denunciation. Having never seen any of these publications, we are quite unable to express an opinion concerning them; but if, as we have heard, the book addressed to boys is a warning against the Confessional, we scarcely think Mr. Labouchere would be justified in condemning it, unless it is couched in needlessly offensive language.

The Bishop of Stepney has visited a "dossing" establishment and addressed the inmates in a very familiar style, even calling himself a "pal"—if the *Westminster Gazette* does not

misrepresent him. No doubt this was great condescension. How much real good-fellowship was in it we are unable to determine. Perhaps the dossers' episcopal pal might reflect, in some lucid interval, that there is something rotten in a state of society in which well-paid soul-savers and starving dossers co-exist to emphasise each other; and that the casual condescensions of a church dignitary are no cure for a grave social disease.

"He who prays most thinks least." That is how a London School Board boy hit the bull's-eye in commenting on the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican. The *Daily Telegraph* assumes that the boy was confused. Well, there was a wonderful deal of method in his confusion.

Another boy in the seventh standard wrote: "I understand Christ's words, 'Hang all the law and the prophets,' as Christ's dislike of the law and prophets." "Hang all the law and the prophets" is distinctly good. Many have felt it who never said it. "There were other answers of a similar character," the School Board report states, "hinting that the prophets ought to have been hung." Thus does the sprightly juvenile mind read humor, however unconsciously, into the solemn old Book of Books.

Nicholas II., Czar of all the Russias, is a religious man. Some people would call him superstitious. And, after all, where is the difference? He wears a ring, in which a piece of "the true Cross" is inserted. This jewel was once at the Vatican, and was given to a former Czar for diplomatic reasons. Nicholas II. will not travel without it knowingly. Some years ago, travelling from St. Petersburg to Moscow, he discovered that he had forgotten it. The train was stopped, and the Czar would not resume his journey until the ring was brought by a special messenger. "The true Cross" means the Cross on which Jesus was crucified. This holy timber was "discovered" three hundred years after the Crucifixion, no one having heard of it in the meantime. Bits of it were chipped off and sold to the faithful. As long as the money lasted the cross held out. There were bits enough in Europe to build a ship, if they were formed into planks. The Czar has one of those bits. He treasures it, but how the priests must laugh!

More "Providence" in Mexico. Six hundred people killed by an earthquake at Chilpancingo. For his mercy endureth for ever.

A well-known bishop (the *Daily Telegraph* says) was addicted to a common species of selfishness. He would get into a train compartment, litter the seats with his belongings, and say "the seats are occupied" when anyone approached the door. On one occasion a stranger looked his amazement at this obvious sophistry, and the prelate smilingly explained, "I said 'occupied,' not 'engaged.'"

The Rev. Charles Voysey, minister of the Theistic Church, Piccadilly, was long ago a Church of England curate. He therefore took "holy orders" and was "ordained." That is to say, a Bishop, by assumed right of apostolic succession, imparted to him the Holy Ghost. Having once had possession of that divine power or influence, Mr. Voysey did not lose it by leaving the Church of England. "At this very moment," he rightly says, "I am still in possession of any such supernatural powers as were then conferred upon me." Consequently he remains an apostle of Christ—if he ever was one; and, according to the Prayer-book, he is authorised to pronounce to Christ's people, being penitent, the absolution and remission of their sins. But to know what their sins are he must take their confessions. Mr. Voysey, however, denounces auricular confession. Of course we agree with him in the denunciation. At the same time, it must be admitted that the High Church party are logically justified in upholding it. Evangelicals who oppose confession overlook the plain language of the Prayer-book.

Mgr. Paul Guerin's trial at Chateauroux has disclosed a number of startling facts. This prelate of the Catholic Church has liabilities amounting to no less than £178,000. Numbers of credulous persons seem to have confided their money to him for investment, most of them being in humble positions. Probably they thought that if he could secure them good seats in heaven he could secure them good dividends on earth. They have found out their mistake on one point. Will it shake their certainty on the other?

Why does the *Daily Telegraph*, in relation to the Galway case, express its belief that "the precedents supplied by the Bradlaugh case have been considered irregular by the highest authorities"? There are no such precedents. The resolutions excluding Charles Bradlaugh from the House of Commons were expunged by order of the House—when it recovered its senses. Those resolutions, therefore, do not exist; unless a man exists when he is dead and buried.

Mr. Foote's Engagements.

Sunday, January 26, Secular Hall, Rusholme-road, Manchester :
11, "The Way to Peace, and Lord Rosebery's Programme"; 3,
"Tolstoy on Christianity, Sex, and Marriage"; 6.30, "Good
without God, and Happiness without Heaven."

February 2, Birmingham; 9, 16, and 23, Athenæum Hall.

March 2, Glasgow.

To Correspondents.

CHARLES WATTS'S LECTURING ENGAGEMENTS.—January 26,
Porth, South Wales. February 9, Camberwell; 23, Liver-
pool. April 20, Glasgow.—Address, 24 Carminia-road,
Balham, London, S.W.

C. COHEN'S LECTURING ENGAGEMENTS.—January 26, Glasgow.
February 2, Athenæum Hall, London; 9, Liverpool; 16, Brad-
ford.—Address, 241 High-road, Leyton.

W. P. BALL.—Many thanks for cuttings.

J. E. BROADBENT.—All right. No doubt you are acting for the
best. We hope the fresh effort at Oldham will soon be effec-
tive.

J. F. MOLE, a Christian, sends us a cutting about the American
Boy Preacher, of whom we said that we had been hearing
nothing. This correspondent jubilates. No less than 600
persons were converted under the Boy Preacher at Shoreditch
Tabernacle. Very likely! But how many of them had been
converted before—and would need to be converted again?

J. BARRY.—We have already referred to Captain Burrows's reve-
lation of infamies in the Congo Free State. We do not know
what the Belgian Freethinkers are doing in the matter. You
must not suppose that they are numerous and powerful enough
to control the public policy of Belgium, both at home and
abroad.

J. J. writes: "I am an old man now, some would say very old,
as I am in my eighty-sixth year—but happily in very good health
and tranquillity of mind, which I regard as the natural result of
my Freethought views, now of fully sixty years' standing."
This correspondent is invited to send us the further letter which
he hesitates to trouble us with because our time is so occupied.
We should have to be supernaturally busy not to find time to
read with pleasure any communication from such a veteran
Freethinker.

ANONYMOUS.—Thanks for the cutting. The editor of *Reynolds'*
is entitled to his opinion that "Jesus was one of the greatest
moral teachers the world has known." This is a free
country—up to a point; and freedom means the right to be
wrong—if you choose. Still, we should like to see a single
saying of Jesus quoted that would stand the test of a rational
criticism, or that anyone thinks of practising outside a work-
house or a lunatic asylum.

D. FRANKEL.—It is useless for us to continue "urging" people to
attend the meetings. You must attract them. A difficult thing,
perhaps, but the only effective one.

W. H. MORRISH.—Thanks. See acknowledgments. Hope you
keep in health.

WEST LONDONER.—Why trouble yourself about the gossip of
pothouse scandal-mongers? You might have easily satisfied
yourself on one point. Looking over the past six numbers of
the *Freethinker*, just out of curiosity, we find that the editor
has written an average of ten columns a week with his own
pen. This is exclusive of the Darwin articles.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "I find great difficulty in getting the
Freethinker through my newsagents. When I came to this
district about seven years ago my newsagent was a Wesleyan
local preacher. He objected 'on principle' to get your paper,
but I noticed that he sold the *Police Budget* and all that class
of periodical. The next was a man who would supply what-
ever his customers wanted. But he said there was a lot of
trouble attending it. My present newsagent, a broad-minded
man, seems to experience the same difficulty. Can you throw
any light on this?" All we can say is that the *Freethinker* is
published regularly enough, and that there is no difficulty in
obtaining it at our publishing office. Some wholesale agents,
however, will not deal with the *Freethinker* at all, and others
do not mind throwing obstacles in the way of its circulation.
The local newsagent should insist on being supplied properly.

F. YOUNG says: "If your readers will turn to the letter of Mr.
Alcock appearing in your issue of January 19, taking the third
paragraph, and striking out the word 'few' in the second
line, and inserting the word 'priestcraft' instead of 'Free-
thinker' in the third line, they will find it one of the truest
utterances ever breathed by man."

THE FRANCIS NEALE FUND.—W. Murray, 2s.; Four Admirers,
6s.; T. Jones, 5s.; W. Robinson, 5s.; W. H. Hawkes, 1s.; J. J.,
£1; W. Thomas, 1s.; D. Morgan, 1s.; T. Williams, 1s.; G.
Lewis, 1s.; J. Egnon, 1s.; T. Evans, 6d.; G. Harlow, £1; J.
Milner, 7s. 6d.; R. Gibbon, 2s.; A. J. Fincken, 4s.; Mr. and
Mrs. Bowman, 5s.

H. PERCY WARD.—Your letter and postcard arrive as we are
going to press. The postmark on both is "Ja 21."

J. ELLIS, secretary of the Liverpool Branch, writes: "You will
doubtless give some note to the grand success of Mr. Foote's
evening lecture. It was exhilarating to be present."

We regret to state, in reply to several correspondents, that Mr.
Francis Neale has had to undergo an operation in the Infirmary,
and that in any case it must be some time before he can leave
there. We hope for the best, as he does, but, unfortunately,
he is in a very weak condition. Mrs. Neale is still confined to
her bed at home, though she is able to sit up in it occasionally.
Our friends are asked to be as generous as they can in regard
to the Francis Neale Fund.

W. SMITH.—Sorry we cannot deal with the matter this week,
but will devote a paragraph (or more) to it in our next.

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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sugar Plums.

MR. FOOTE had a most enthusiastic reception on Sunday at
Liverpool. Even the morning audience was a record one,
and there was an unprecedented crush in the evening. Our
veteran friend Mr. Ross took the chair in the morning, and
Mr. Hammond, the Branch president, in the afternoon and
evening. Both alluded, amidst ringing cheers, to the
fortunate way Mr. Foote had pulled through the troubles
viciously forced upon him. A very pleasant feature of the
evening program was the admirable singing of a lady
member before and after the lecture. We are glad to say
that the Liverpool Branch is full of hope and fight, that it
has a fine program of lectures and "socials" for the rest of
the winter, and that Sunday's great success has brushed
away any lingering apprehensions in the minds of the most
pessimistic.

Mr. Foote delivers three lectures to-day (Jan. 26) in the
Secular Hall, Manchester. He hopes to meet a strong rally
of his South Lancashire friends.

We understand that Mr. Watts lectured again at Bradford
on Sunday, instead of at Bolton as announced. Particulars,
however, have not reached us. Mr. Watts delivers three
lectures to-day (Jan. 26) in the Town Hall, Porth, South
Wales. It is nearly thirty years since his previous visit to
South Wales, when he debated with the Rev. T. D. Mathias.

Mr. C. Cohen delivers three lectures to-day (Jan. 26) in the
Secular Hall, Glasgow. His subjects should attract good
meetings. The local "saints" ought all to do their best to
encourage this able and eloquent young advocate, who is
devoting his life to a cause that can never be very profitable
financially. By encouragement we mean seeing that all
ways, including judicious private advertising, are taken to
secure him the large audiences he deserves.

Mr. W. Heaford's lecture at the Athenæum Hall on Sunday
evening was an excellent one. All were agreed on that point.
Unfortunately the audience was not as large as it should have
been. We hope there will be a better attendance this evening
(Jan. 26), when "Chilperic" will lecture on "The Creation."
We don't know the line he will take, but the subject is a wide
one, and "Chilperic" has learning, skill, and a pretty wit of
his own. He is sure to be very interesting.

The Annual Meeting of the East London Branch of the
N. S. S. takes place on Sunday afternoon, February 2, at 3.30.
The business is important, including the election of a new
secretary in place of Mr. Franckel, who is unfortunately
unable to continue in that position. Tea will be provided
at sixpence after the meeting for those who wish to remain
for the evening lecture by Mr. Moss.

The Freethought Publishing Company is offering some
good "Bargains," which will be found advertised on the
fifteenth and sixteenth pages of this week's *Freethinker*. A
large number of Freethinkers ought to jump at them. Those

who are fairly well provided with the Company's publications will probably see several things they would like to purchase. Some may be tempted to get a parcel on such favorable terms for the sake of circulating the contents among their friends and acquaintances. This would be an effective propagandist effort at a feasible cost. We hope to hear that there has been a run on these bargains.

The Parish Clerk.

ELIJAH GREEN is eighty-four ;
A crusty veteran grim and hoar ;
And he has been the parish clerk,
In years about three score.

A wiry, thin, and soulless man,
As mean a one as God could plan ;
And blessed with brains that show as much
Intelligence as bran.

Nor yet endowed with common sense,
Or other gifts of consequence.
In fact, he is a model of
Sublimest innocence.

But, being clerk, depend that he,
Tied to no arduous industry,
Has kept with care a thing or two
Deep in his memory.

Having enjoyed such local fame,
That in the "tea and blanket" game
He may have "copt" as much as he
Earned at the stocking frame.

Nor was he seen to spend a sou ;
Still, no one in the village knew
The old clerk to refuse a drink,
Or other residue.

'Tis false to say he has no pride ;
There are things 'Lijah can't abide ;
He couldn't respect a common man,
No matter how he tried.

To dig the graves and ring the bell
Are things the old man can do well ;
And as for cackle—his old jaw
Is without parallel !

Each passer by the door he'll greet—
His side window looks down the street ;
And when he's out the old girl stands
As vigilant and fleet.

But deem him still an honest man,
Still ten years past the mortal span ;
He is the very model of
The spiritual plan.

The parson's beaver of old style—
Too large for him ; and when that tile
Deepens the gloom upon his face,
He's never known to smile.

Mechanically round the church,
Dusting the organ, pews, and perch ;
Mechanically round his eye
Reproves the yokel's mirth.

Mechanically, too, he goes,
Lighting the lamps on noiseless toes ;
Mechanically, too, he chimes
Ah-men, until the close.

Maybe sometimes within him surge,
When listening to the usual dirge,
Some thoughts about God's paradise,
Or hell's eternal scourge.

His mind can grasp the scheme entire.
What more could such a babe desire ?
What if his voice be cracked, he'll join
That everlasting choir.

Imagine, then, the parchment face,
Of wrinkles minus any trace ;
With shining eyes, and hair ! and teeth !!
And sweet angelic grace !!!

That dry, ill-flavored wizened fruit !
The product of a festering root
Sapped by the slough of gluttony,
Decayed, and dissolute.

A. S. V.

To be gay is not to be happy, nor will he who is happy always be gay. It is only the little ephemeral pleasures that forever are smiling ; and they die away as they smile. But some loftiness once obtained, lasting happiness becomes no less grave than majestic sorrow.—*Maeterlinck.*

The Infamy of the Twentieth Century.

An Address delivered before the Congress of the American Secular Union by

L. K. WASHBURN

(*Editor of the "Boston Investigator"*).

II.

WE need to understand that every dogma of the Christian Church derives its authority from the faith that the Bible is the word of God. And, more than this, we need to understand that nearly every infamous institution and practice which the progress of mankind has corrected and overturned were defended with Bible-texts.

I know not all the crimes and cruelties of men which may justly be laid to the notion that God has done no wrong and commanded no evil, as reported in the Old and New Testaments ; but I do know that the blackest deeds committed by human beings and the cruellest wrongs inflicted upon humanity were inspired by what the Christian Church has taught and teaches to-day as the word of God.

Notwithstanding the fact that slavery has been abolished wherever the Bible is read, and the fact that witchcraft has been shown to have been a delusion in every land where men and women were punished and killed as wizards and witches, the verses in the Bible which made slavery the work of God and witchcraft the work of the Devil have not been removed from that volume called "holy" ; and yet these verses have been condemned by the world's civilisation as the cruellest, foulest, blackest lines to be found in any book read by man.

I want to condemn in the strongest words at my command the practice of calling the Bible the word of God. This book is the worst counterfeit in circulation to-day. The men who put the divine stamp upon this book were guilty of a most outrageous iniquity ; but the men who, from cowardice or cupidity, allow that stamp to remain upon it in the face of facts, in the face of reason, in the face of truth, should be branded with the brand of shame and dishonor. We cannot use the weapons in public which the Bible furnishes us against its own character. We would be called indecent for reading the evidence of the Bible's indecency before a public audience, and yet, behold the pious spectacle of millions of pure women, of good mothers, holding up this book as God's sacred word to man ! See the treasure poured into the laps of ministers to prevent this idol from being knocked off of its throne.

We are told that the old book stands, in spite of the attacks of infidels and the poisoned arrows of the higher criticism. It does not stand by its own strength. It stands because 100,000 men are paid to hold it up.

When I refer to some atrocious act of God, as reported in the Bible, some good Christian brother or sister tells me that this idea of God is outgrown, that I am behind the times, and that I am engaged in fighting windmills, and so forth. I do not know whether I am engaged in fighting windmills or windbags, honest Christians or hypocrites. If some ideas of God which we find in the Old Testament are outgrown, I would like to know which ones are not outgrown.

What I want to know is, What part of the Bible is divine if all of it is not ? Christians are evidently ashamed of some of the acts of their God.

Some people are calling—I might almost say clamoring—for an expurgated Bible. They want to rub out the evidence of the divine imbecility, of the divine cruelty, of the divine wickedness. But we protest against altering a single text of this book. Let every word stand, and let the God worshipped by Christians be judged by his own record.

The so-called "higher criticism" is trying to give us a Bible which shall be God's word revised by clergymen. Think of having to edit the manuscript of God before it can safely be read by man ! We protest against the whole business of revision or alteration of the Christian Scriptures. The Freethinkers of the world occupy the vantage-ground of criticism in this matter, and they do not purpose to abandon it. They will not compromise. They demand complete and

unconditional surrender of the dogma that the Bible is the word of God. Nothing else will satisfy them, and nothing else will answer the demands of honesty and truth. Let us begin a new crusade, a new anti-slavery movement, and never cease our work until the foolish superstition that the Bible is divine be dethroned. Nothing good in this book can be harmed.

All we ask is that the truth shall be told about it, and not a lie. *There is no word of God in any book upon this earth*, and to teach children that the Bible is God's word is to plant a falsehood in their minds.

I do not say that there is not a high morality inculcated in the Christian Scriptures, but I do say that there is a low morality taught therein. The Bible is not declared divine on account of its ethical teachings, but because it purports to tell what God has said and done.

The man behind the pulpit is the fellow that we are after, and we must force him to show his hand. Let us make the Christian minister confess to the world that he is preaching a dead god, or a living one who is unworthy the respect and loyalty of decent men and women. If a minister tells me that "God is love," I want him to prove it. If he tells me that the Lord God of the Old Testament is a God of love, I tell him to his face that he states a falsehood and he knows it. Now, then, the question for us to consider is this: If the Christian does not find his God in the Bible, where does he find him?

We wish it distinctly understood that this fight is not of our making. For hundreds of years the Christian Church has declared that the Bible is the word of God, and that this book contains the divine revelation to man. The Christian Church must defend this declaration. If it has the evidence to sustain its assertion, we wish to see it. I challenge the Christian Church to prove its declaration, and I do not hesitate to say that it cannot do it.

If the Bible be a record of God's doings, we want nothing to do with God; if it be a record of what ignorant men thought of God, then let it be so understood and leave the book to its fate.

We are sometimes urged by men who call themselves "liberal Christians" to view the Bible from the modern standpoint. There is only one standpoint from which to view the Bible, and that is from an honest standpoint. There is no way of saving the divine character of this book. What we condemn in man we cannot forgive in God.

Would Christians at the beginning of this twentieth century like to have it understood that the Bible is the work and word of the God whom they worship? That question must be answered. If they are willing to put themselves on record in the affirmative to that question, are they aware what their answer means; what kind of a being it makes of their God? Do Christians in the beginning of this twentieth century wish it understood that they worship the God who made man out of the dust of the ground and woman out of man's rib-bone; that they worship the God who walked about on the earth, and talked with men, women, and snakes; who got mad and poured rain upon the world which he had created until the tide of death rose above the highest mountain-peak and bore upon its white waves only the white faces of the dead; who made coats of skin to hide the nakedness of Adam and Eve; who built homes for Hebrew midwives; who told Abraham to lie and the Israelites to kill? We are ready to show that the Bible says that God did these things. Is this the Christian's God?

In Sunday-schools children are taught that the Bible is a holy book, a good book, a truthful book. What is good enough to be taught on Sundays ought to be good enough to be taught on week-days. Why do not our colleges have professors who shall teach Moses instead of Lyell and Darwin; who shall teach that the earth is only a few thousand years old, and that God made it in six days?

In the Bible we frequently find such language as this: "And God said"; "The Lord God spake"; "The Lord God commanded"; "The Lord God formed," made, sent away, did thus and so, all of which conveys the idea that God once comported himself very much as a man. If God could talk when Moses and Aaron and Joshua were alive, why cannot he do so to-day? What is the matter with him?

In the eleventh chapter of Numbers we read that the Israelites complained of their lot, and the Lord's anger was kindled against them, and the fire of the Lord burnt among them and consumed many of the people.

In the fifteenth chapter of Numbers we read that a man was found gathering sticks on the Sabbath. The Lord said: The man shall be put to death; all the congregation shall stone him. The congregation obeyed the Lord, and the man was stoned with stones, and he died.

In the sixteenth chapter of Numbers we read that a fire came out of the Lord and burned up two hundred and fifty men for offering incense.

In the twenty-fifth chapter of Numbers we read that the Lord told Moses to take all the heads of the people and hang them up in the sun, and also that he commanded Moses to "vex the Midianites and smite them."

In the thirty-first chapter of Numbers we read that Moses, by the command of the Lord, went to war with the Midianites and slew all the males. Any person who can read the whole of this chapter and retain any respect for the Lord mentioned therein, for Moses, or for the Israelites, must have lost all regard for everything decent or honorable.

It is unnecessary to refer to any other deeds and commands of the Lord God. A man who would do or order others to do these things would deserve, and probably receive, the execration of his race.

What we desire to know is, whether Christians in the beginning of this twentieth century wish it to be understood that they worship this God of the Bible, this God who commanded and performed deeds which would make a Hottentot blush with shame. If God did not say and do those things, what is the meaning of language? If God did not say and do these things, who did? I hold that teaching the dogma of the Bible's divinity is the infamy of the twentieth century. I know of no dogma that deserves a swifter death than this. It has filled the mind with hypocrisy and the earth with slaves. This dogma makes God a brute and his word a reproach and a shame.

On every Christian pulpit lies a book called "the Holy Bible." This title is an inheritance from the past which rewarded impostors and killed honest men. There was a time when to deny the divinity of the Christian Scriptures meant imprisonment or death.

To-day we ask: What makes the Bible holy? What is there in it that is sacred above all other literature? Can anybody tell? Does anybody know? Is it all holy alike, or is some of it a little shady on the side of holiness? Is the "Song of Solomon" just as holy as the Gospel of John? Has Ezekiel as much of the gold of sacredness as Job? Is Genesis any more or less divine than John's "Revelation"? Is it the miracles, the poetry, the morality, the prophecies, the epistles, the biographies, the proverbs, the psalms, the narratives—is it one or all of these that makes the Bible holy?

It is not letting any cat out of the bag to say publicly that many Christians privately confess that parts of the Bible ought to be deodorised, and that moral sanitation requires this book to be kept under lock and key. It is probably true that the best-preserved book in the Christian home is the family Bible. Is the Bible holy because it says so on the cover? If I had not been told that the Bible was holy, I never would have guessed it from reading it. What is there holy in the story of Noah getting intoxicated and cursing one of his sons with the dark curse of slavery? What is there holy in the story of Abraham and Sarah; or of Lot and his daughters; or of Jacob and his flocks; or of Rachel and her father's gods; or of Joseph and Potiphar's wife; or of David and Bathsheba; or of any of the other foolish and obscene stories of this book? I should like to have some Christian minister tell me what there is in Genesis, in Numbers, in Judges, in Kings, or in Chronicles that is holy. What makes the Bible sacred? Is it the contents of the book? I want some Christian minister to show me just one verse in the Bible that is holy. I want to see how it looks, wherein it differs from a passage in Shakespeare or Byron. Can the holiness of a verse be seen by the naked eye of common sense, or is it only discernible under the microscope of faith? I bought in the city of Boston, in 1872, a book. On the title-page were these

words: "The Holy Bible, containing the Old and New Testaments." I wish to state that that book is the most obscene and immoral book in my library. I am more ashamed of it than of any volume that I own. The title of that book is a lie, and the contents of it are protected by a falsehood. I consider that there is no more disreputable business being carried on to-day than teaching that the Bible is holy and the word of God.

It is time to summon Christian ministers into the court of honesty and truth, and ask them to show cause why they should not be condemned for teaching falsehoods, and for upholding and maintaining an imposition in passing off the Bible as the word of God.

Book Chat.

"NOT one man in a thousand has either strength of mind or goodness of heart to be an Atheist. I repeat it. Not one man in ten thousand has goodness of heart or strength of mind to be an Atheist." It was not a small man who said that. The speaker was the great Samuel Taylor Coleridge—one of the richest geniuses we have had since Shakespeare. You will find it in his *Table Talk*, of which Bohn's edition is most accessible; and, to be precise, on page 313. The editor of this edition is the Rev. T. Ashe, of St. John's College, Cambridge; and, as he lets the aforesaid utterance pass without challenge, there is no need to reconsider the nonsensical objection raised by the late Rev. Brewin Grant. Besides, there is really nothing in this utterance to cause the least amazement to anyone who has read Coleridge with a reasonable amount of understanding.

Grand as Coleridge's genius was, he suffered all his life from a certain constitutional laxity of fibre. He turned out a great deal of work, and the annotations he is known to have written on the margins of the books he read would have been a considerable task for most men. But he was quite incapable of continuous and concentrated labor. Nature stamped intellect on his brow, and put the splendor of poetry in his eye, and perversely scrawled indolence in soft lines around his mouth and chin. The result was that he illuminated the world, not with a steady light like Shakespeare, but in magical corruscations and magnificent flashes. And that saying of his about Atheism was a spirt from the central fire. Coleridge was a Christian, but not an ordinary Christian. He had read too much, and thought too much. Some of the best men he knew—Lamb, for instance—had the least assured faith. It was not lack of brains, and want of heart, that made men doubt the existence of God, but sleepless intellect that would not be lulled by orthodox opiates, and quivering sympathy that not only saw, but felt, the miseries of mankind.

There are references to Coleridge in some interesting letters from Southey to his friend, Mary Barber—afterwards Mrs. Slade—now published for the first time by Mr. Harold Spencer Scott in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Southey was a man of equable temperament. He went on working steadily until he wore his brain out, and died at last of sheer exhaustion. It was pitiable to see him walk in his library and touch the backs of books he could no longer read. During his time he turned out an unprecedented number of pages. Histories, biographies, essays, and even epics, flowed from his industrious pen. His prose was always good, but it never had the electric touch of genius; his verse was good too, but none of it had the subtle flavor of immortality. He was just the antipodes of Coleridge. No wonder, therefore, that he wrote: "I feel more than ever admiration and astonishment at his intellect, and more than ever grief and indignation at all that is coupled with it." But the grief was gratuitous, and the indignation was absurd. It is a waste of feeling to be indignant at a man's being what nature has made him. Southey's indignation would only have been sensible if he had expressed it to the Creator.

Coleridge seems to have had a fit of eating and drinking upon him when he was living with Southey at Greta Hall, Keswick, after his return from Malta in 1806. "If he does not sleep at night," Southey wrote, "he gets up for cold meat and spirits and water." It was enough—the prosier companion said—to kill a man or fatten him. Coleridge got fat. Which was another offence, for Southey was always lean. Then again, when the man with the astonishing intellect was not eating and drinking, he was talking. "His mouth," the dear friend wrote, "seems incapable of being at rest." Yes, but Southey did not know his luck. He had the richest talker in England in the same house with him, and he could only complain of the infliction. It was the well-cultivated temperate zone complaining of the lavish luxuriance of the tropics. Southey little thought the time would come when his name would be preserved chiefly as the friend of that man with the restless mouth—and of a few other men of genius, like Wordsworth and Landor.

Just as I had finished that last sentence I lifted my face from the paper I was writing on, and my gaze fell upon a thin whitey-brown volume which had been lying on my desk for some time. "Well now," I said to myself, "I have for a good while meant to say something about that slender book. Why not say it now? I will."

Mr. Bertram Dobell's name has been in the newspapers lately. The authorities have selected him for attack amongst all the booksellers in Charing Cross-road. They have summoned him for having an unobstructive display of cheap volumes outside his shop—in the fine old immemorial fashion. Thus the public hears of Mr. Dobell for the first time, but he has long been known to lovers of good literature as one who has many precious things to sell; as one, too, who loves the insides of such things as much as he is interested in their exteriors. To a select circle he is known as the friend and devoted editor and publisher of the late James Thomson ("B.V."), the poet of pessimism, the author of *The City of Dreadful Night*. It is not surprising that Mr. Dobell should write verses himself. How many he has written we know not, but he has printed eighty-eight pages of them "for private circulation only," and one of the seventy-five copies came into our hands with the author's "respects and good wishes."

Some day or other Mr. Dobell will probably be tempted by the good opinions of his friends to blossom forth as a published poet. Meanwhile they will regard this private volume as a personal acquaintance, though they may be pleased to lose it as such for the sake of a wider circle of readers. The following is quoted not as by any means the best verse in the book, but as showing that the writer *thinks*—which is not too common a virtue with a good many versifiers:—

We grieve for vanished joys of yore,
We grieve for friends that are no more,
We grieve for husbands, children, wives,
Whose loss leaves bare and bleak our lives:
We grieve for health and vigor lost,
We grieve for age's torpid frost;
But most, when dead are minds and hearts,
We grieve that power to grieve departs.

Here is a sonnet "To a Devotee":—

Rise from your knees, sick-thoughted sufferer!
Prayer doth but serve to emasculate the soul,
To morbid thoughts holding it prisoner,
And sinking it in ever-deeper dole.
Mistrust of self is cowardice at best,
Prayer unavailing adds but to your pain:
'Tis active work, not passive prayer, makes blest,
Your sins the figment of a brooding brain.
Stand up and be no more a suppliant slave:
Is God a Ghenziz Khan or Tamerlane?
All nature thunders forth one precept brave—
Courage alone the prize of life shall gain.
Weakness above all else the fates despise,
The fearless-hearted only are the wise.

Mr. Dobell is able to work in the humorous as well as in the serious vein. "The Rhymer's Petition to the Critic" is capital. The poor bard supplicates every insult rather than being called "A Minor Poet." "A

Poet's Grievance" is an excellent study of a Fleet-street loafer, an unappreciated genius, and a borrower of half-crowns. It suggests that the author might achieve higher success in dramatic than in lyric compositions. We merely say *suggests*, because a writer, like other mortals, follows his own bent; and advice is one of the most useless things in the world.

G. W. F.

Correspondence.

THE PUZZLE OF THE INFINITE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE FREETHINKER."

SIR,—I thank "Head Master" for his testimony to the correctness of the solution I gave of the problem of Achilles and the tortoise. As, however, he finds himself unable to accept a further illustration of mine, namely, that $9 = 1$ exactly, I beg to offer him the proof I learned of my mathematical master some forty years ago. By an ingenious piece of subtraction the recurring decimal is eliminated from one side of an equation, thus:—

$$\begin{array}{r} 10 \text{ times } \overset{\cdot}{9} = 9.9999 \text{ for ever} \\ \quad \quad \quad \overset{\cdot}{9} = \quad .9999 \text{ for ever} \\ \hline 9 \text{ times } \overset{\cdot}{9} = 9.0 \end{array}$$

Dividing both sides by nine—
 $\overset{\cdot}{9} = 1$

Another way of showing the same fact may be put thus:—

$$\begin{array}{r} \frac{1}{3} = .3333 \text{ for ever} \\ \frac{1}{3} \times 3 = .3333 \text{ for ever} \times 3 \\ 1 = .9999 \text{ for ever} \end{array}$$

The mental difficulty is that, imagine as many figures as we may, the quantity represented is always slightly less than one. But the figures are to be repeated for ever, and the difference diminishes infinitely, so that it is less than the least possible quantity. That which is less than the least possible quantity is simply nothing. So that the difference between decimal nine repeating and one is nothing. Of course, if we stop anywhere short of infinity, the quantity is less than one. But we have no right to stop short of infinity, because the meaning of the dot over the 9 is that the 9 is to be repeated for ever.

In laying down their rule for converting repeating decimals into vulgar fractions (according to which rule $9 = \frac{9}{9} = 1$) the arithmeticians are absolutely correct, and not merely approximately so.

The fact that decimal nine recurring equals exactly one seems absurd or paradoxical; but it is precisely this feature of the case which makes it a fitting illustration of the difficulty which attends the acceptance of certain puzzling, but nevertheless demonstrable, truths.

W. P. BALL.

A QUESTION OF CRITICISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE FREETHINKER."

SIR,—I am duly thankful for the gratitude of "Sirius," although I cannot see the force of his criticism. Whatever shades of meaning may lurk within his somewhat cryptic sentences, I gather that my passing reference to Poe's excesses has strangely excited him. Sometimes he becomes quite unmannerly, hints that I write "patronisingly" about my "betters," indulges in general fulmination against my "smatterers in literature," "prurient curiosity," "incompetent and malicious critiques," "ignorant verdicts," and so on, and so forth.

I am not going to discuss the alcoholism of Poe, and I would not lift a finger to prove that he drank more than was good for him; although I would do much, if it were possible, to prove the opposite. I have too great an admiration for the subject of my article to dwell upon what, after all, was only a foible. People are generally most tolerant towards weaknesses they do not share; and it is possibly because I have no fondness for stimulants myself that I see nothing very reprehensible in those who have.

The sneer at critics who "write patronisingly about their betters" is really too silly for words. As if excellence were absolute!—as if the sun were innocent of spots! Probably Steintz could have checkmated Shakespeare, and Napoleon would hardly have risked a bout with Fitzsimmons. It does not follow that, because I cannot paint like Millais, I may not form a just opinion of his work. The fact that "Sirius" writes poor English himself need not prevent his appreciation of Poe.

Literary criticism, according to "Sirius," should confine itself to "expounding the beauties of the poets" without regard to the biographical factors in their development. Fancy "expounding" the poetry of *A Midsummer Night's*

Dream! I should as soon think of expounding the perfume of a rose.

It is hardly necessary to add that I was never so foolish as to attribute any man's genius to alcohol. But poets are men to be appraised, not gods to be uncritically adored. It is not only proper, but necessary, in estimating their worth, to consider the passions that dominated their lives and gave an inevitable color to their genius.

E. R. WOODWARD.

Too Good to be True.

It is related that on the last tour of President McKinley in the South, Andrew Carnegie was in the party, and all were asked to attend a negro church in Thomasville, Ga., where a very fervid colored minister officiated.

The old pastor preached a sermon right at the white folks, and his description of the poverty of the church was so impressive that when the deacons passed the contribution boxes around Mr. Carnegie intercepted one and dropped a 50-dollar bill in the box.

The old preacher counted their contents. When he had finished he placed a handful of small change on one side and a crisp greenback on the other. Clearing his throat, he said:—

"Breddern, we has been greatly blessed by dish yer contribution. We has heah fo' dollahs an' fo'ty cents; dat is good; an' if de fifty-dollah bill put in by de white gemman wid de gray whiskers is also good, we is blessed a whole lot moah." And he looked suspiciously at the giver of libraries and campaign funds.—*Des Moines Leader.*

Who is the Owner?

Who owns this house, my lord or I?

He in whose name the title runs,
Or I, who keep it swept and clean,
And open to the winds and sun?
He who is absent year by year
On some far business of his own,
Or I who tend it roof to sill,
With fond, ungrudging flesh and bone?
What if it prove a fable, all
This rumor of an absent lord,
And I should find myself in truth
Owner and master of the board?
O friends, no landlord in the world
Could love the place so well as I!
Love is the owner of the house
And all the lands of destiny.

—Bliss Carman.

A Case of "Quits."

Clerical customer (arousing himself from nap in barber's chair)—"All through, eh?"

Barber—"Yes, sir; quite some time ago."

Clerical customer—"Indeed! Then I must have been indulging in a quiet nap."

Barber—"You surely have, sir."

Clerical customer—"It was certainly very kind of you not to awaken me; the rest has done me good, and I am very thankful to you for what was really a very refreshing sleep."

Barber—"Don't mention it, sir. It's only a fair return; I attended service at your church last Sunday."

—*Boston Courier.*

The Rugged Puritan.

Having cast the supposed witch into the pond, they regarded her with deep anxiety.

"Ha! she sinks!" cried the stern magistrates, after a moment. "She drowns. She is therefore innocent!"

But a murmur ran through the rabble.

"Nay," quoth these. "Let us not acquit her on merely circumstantial evidence!"

For these rugged Puritans would be just, even though they thereby seemed to discredit a venerable and venerated custom.

I make ye an offer,
Ye gods; hear the scoffer;
The scheme will not hurt you.
If ye will find goodness I will find virtue.
Though I am your creature,
And child of your nature,
I have pride still unbended,
And blood undescended,
Some free independence,
And my own descendants.
I cannot toil blindly,
Though ye behave kindly,
And I swear by the rood
I will be slave to no God.

—Thoreau.

SUNDAY LECTURE NOTICES, etc.

LONDON.

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

THE ATHENÆUM HALL (73 Tottenham Court-road, W.): 7.30, "Chilperic," "The Creation."
NORTH CAMBERWELL HALL (61 New Church-road): 7.30, J. M. Robertson, "The War and the Settlement."
EAST LONDON BRANCH N. S. S. (Stanley Temperance Bar, 7 High-street, Stepney): 7, W. Heaford, "Religion and Revenge."
EAST LONDON ETHICAL SOCIETY (Bromley Vestry Hall, Bow-road): 7, Stanton Coit, "Hereditary and Human Progress."
SOUTH LONDON ETHICAL SOCIETY (Surrey Masonic Hall): 7, W. Sanders, "Class Consciousness."
WEST LONDON ETHICAL SOCIETY (Kensington Town Hall, ante-room, first floor): 11.15, G. E. O'Dell, "Asceticism of Mrs. Craigie and Mr. G. Moore."
WEST LONDON BRANCH N. S. S. (Hyde Park): Lectures every Thursday at 7.30 p.m.; Sundays at 11.30 a.m.
BATTERSEA PARK GATES: 11.30, W. J. Ramsey.

COUNTRY.

BRADFORD (Bradlaugh Club and Institute, 17 Little Horton-lane): Paine Birthday Anniversary—5, Tea; 7, A. B. Wakefield, "Thomas Paine."
CHATHAM SECULAR SOCIETY (Queen's-road, New Brompton): 2.45, Sunday-school.
GLASGOW (110 Brunswick-street): C. Cohen—11, "Social Evolution and the Struggle for Existence"; 2.30, "What is Man's Chance of a Future Life?" 6.30, "The Passing of the Gods."
HULL (No. 2 Room, Friendly Societies' Hall, Albion-street): 7, W. H. Bailey, "The Romance and Reality of Socialism."
LIVERPOOL (Alexandra Hall, Islington-square): 7, J. Hammond, "Socialism and Religion."
MANCHESTER (Secular Hall, Rusholme-road): G. W. Foote—11, "The Way to Peace, and Lord Rosebery's Programme"; 3, "Tolstoy on Christianity, Sex, and Marriage"; 6.30, "Good without God, and Happiness without Heaven." Tea at 5.
PORTH (Town Hall): C. Watts: 11, "Agnosticism and Theism; Which?"; 2.30, "What Does the World Owe to Christianity?" 6.30, "Secularism: Its Necessity and Superiority."
SHEFFIELD SECULAR SOCIETY (Hall of Science, Rockingham-street): Hospital Sunday—7, Extra Special Musical and other Recitals, kindly proffered by numerous ladies and gentlemen. Collection for local hospitals.
SOUTH SHIELDS (Capt. Duncan's Navigation Schools, Market-place): 7, "Facts and Fancies."

H. PERCY WARD, 1 Victoria-chambers, 17 Little Horton-lane, Bradford.—January 29 and 30, Debate at Preston. February 2, Sheffield. March 16, Liverpool.

In stout paper covers, 1s.; cloth, 2s.

THE BOOK OF GOD

In the Light of the Higher Criticism.

With Special Reference to DEAN FARRAR'S *New Apology*.

By G. W. FOOTE.

Contents:—Introduction—The Bible Canon—The Bible and Science—Miracles and Witchcraft—The Bible and Free-thought—Morals and Manners—Political and Social Progress—Inspiration—The Testimony of Jesus—The Bible and the Church of England—An Oriental Book—Fictitious Supremacy.

"Mr. Foote is a good writer—as good as there is anywhere. He possesses an excellent literary style, and what he has to say on any subject is sure to be interesting and improving. His criticism of Dean Farrar's answers fully justifies the purpose for which it was written."—*Truthseeker* (New York).

"A volume we strongly recommend..... Ought to be in the hands of every earnest and sincere inquirer."—*Reynolds's Newspaper*.

"I have read with great pleasure your *Book of God*. You have shown with perfect clearness the absurdity of Dean Farrar's position. I congratulate you on your book. It will do great good, because it is filled with the best of sense expressed with force and beauty."—*Col. R. G. Ingersoll*.

London: The Freethought Publishing Company, Limited,
1 Stationers' Hall Court, London, E.C.

Recently Published, 24 pp. in cover, price 3d. (with a valuable Appendix),

Spiritualism a Delusion: its Fallacies Exposed.

By CHARLES WATTS.

London: The Freethought Publishing Company, Limited,
1 Stationers' Hall Court, E.C.

SALE

Get some Bedding, and get it CHEAP.

LOOK AT THIS PARCEL FOR

21s.

- 1 Pair Pure Wool Blankets.
- 1 Pair Large Twilled Bed Sheets.
- 1 Magnificent Counterpane.
- 1 Long Pillow Case.
- 2 Short Pillow Cases.
- 1 Full-size Bed-tick.
- 1 large sample Free-clothing Tea.

Nowhere in the world except here can you get a parcel like this at the money. We make a Special Line of these goods, and must clear the Stock at this remarkably low price before the Summer Goods arrive.

We cannot supply these Parcels to Agents except at the above price.

THREE LINES we are Clearing at
18s. each.

- No. 1.—A Man's Lounge Suit, any color.
- No. 2.—A Man's Double or Single-breasted Overcoat.
- No. 3.—A Suit Length of Cloth and a Pair of Best Sunday Boots.

State your height and weight, also give chest measure over vest and length inside leg. We guarantee more than satisfaction.

These THREE LOTS are cheap at 30s. each.

J. W. GOTT, 2 & 4 Union-street, Bradford.

THE BEST BOOK

ON NEO-MALTHUSIANISM IS, I BELIEVE,

TRUE MORALITY, OR THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF NEO-MALTHUSIANISM.

By J. R. HOLMES, M.M.L., M.V.S., M.N.S.S.

160 pages, with portrait and autograph, bound in cloth, gilt lettered. Price 1s., post free.

In order to bring the information within the reach of the poor, the most important parts of the book are issued in a pamphlet of 112 pages at ONE PENNY, post free 2d. Copies of the pamphlet for distribution 1s. a dozen post free.

The *National Reformer* of September 4, 1892, says: "Mr. Holmes' pamphlet..... is an almost unexceptional statement of the Neo-Malthusian theory and practice..... and throughout appeals to moral feeling..... The special value of Mr. Holmes's service to the Neo-Malthusian cause and to human well-being generally is just his combination in his pamphlet of a plain statement of the physical and moral need for family limitation with a plain account of the means by which it can be secured, and an offer to all concerned of the requisites at the lowest possible prices."

The Council of the Malthusian League, Dr. Drysdale, Dr. Allbutt, and others, have also spoken of it in very high terms.

Orders should be sent to the author,

J. R. HOLMES, HANNEY, WANTAGE, BERKS.

The Safest and Most Effectual Cure for Inflammation of the Eyes is

Thwaites' Celandine Lotion.

Cures inflammation in a few hours. Neglected or badly doctored cases. 3 or 4 days is sufficient time to cure any case. For Sore and Inflamed Eyelids. Nothing to equal the Lotion for Dimness of Sight. Will remove Skin or Film that sometimes grows on the Eye. As the eye is one of the most sensitive organs of the body, it needs the most careful treatment.

Cullpeper says in his Herbal Book that if the virtues of Celandine were generally known it would spoil the spectacle-makers' trade. 1s. 1½d. per bottle, with directions; by post 14 stamps.

G. THWAITES, Herbalist, 2 Church-row, Stockton-on-Tees.

BARGAINS.

CLEARANCE SALE OF SURPLUS STOCK,
To make room for New Publications.

THE FREETHOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY (LIMITED)

OFFERS THE FOLLOWING LIST AT A GREAT REDUCTION,
NAMELY:—

HALF-CROWN PARCELS	30 per cent. DISCOUNT off Published Price.
FIVE-SHILLING PARCELS	40 " " " "
TEN-SHILLING PARCELS	50 " " " "

(ALL GARRIAGE PAID.)

Purchasers of TWENTY-SHILLING PARCELS will receive, in addition, one copy (according to selection) of either of the following books:—Foote's **THE BOOK OF GOD**; Foote's **FLOWERS OF FREETHOUGHT**, Second Series; Foote's **CRIMES OF CHRISTIANITY**; Ingersoll's **MISTAKES OF MOSES**; Paine's **AGE OF REASON**, in cloth; **THE BIBLE HANDBOOK**.

EVERY ORDER MUST BE ACCOMPANIED BY A REMITTANCE.

SURPLUS LIST.

	Paper.	Cloth.
AVELING, DR. E.— Darwin Made Easy	0 6	1 0
BESANT, ANNIE.— Essays on Socialism	0 6	—
BENTHAM, JEREMY.— Church of England Catechism Examined. A masterly work which narrowly escaped prosecution. With Introduction by J. M. WHEELER	—	1 0
— Utilitarianism	0 3	—
BACON, LORD.— Pagan Mythology ; or, the Wisdom of the Ancients	0 6	—
COLLINS, ANTHONY.— Free Will and Necessity. Reprinted from 1715 edition, with Biography by J. M. WHEELER, and Preface and Annotations by G. W. FOOTE. Huxley says that "Collins writes with wonderful power and closeness of reasoning"	1 0	2 0
FOOTE, G. W.— A Defence of Free Speech. Three hours' Address to the Jury before Lord Coleridge. With special Preface and many Footnotes	0 4	—
— Atheism and Morality	0 2	—
— Bible and Beer. Showing the absurdity of basing Teetotalism on Christian Scriptures. Careful, thorough, and accurate. Freethinkers should keep this pamphlet by them	0 4	—
— Bible God, The	0 2	—
— Christianity and Secularism. Four Nights' Public Debate with the Rev. Dr. James McCann	1 0	1 6
— Comic Sermons and Other Fantasias. A Sermon on Summer—A Mad Sermon—A Sermon on Sin—A Bishop in the Workhouse—A Christmas Sermon—Christmas Eve in Heaven—Bishop Trimmer's Sunday Diary—The Judge and the Devil—Satan and Michael—The First Christmas—Adam's Breeches—The Fall of Eve—Joshua at Jericho—A Baby God—Sermon on Judas Iscariot	0 8	—
— Darwin on God	0 6	—
— Dying Atheist, The (A Story)	0 1	—
— Grand Old Book, The. A Reply to the Grand Old Man. An Exhaustive Answer to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone's <i>Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture</i>	1 0	1 6
— Infidel Death-Beds. Second edition, much enlarged	0 8	1 3
— Interview with the Devil	0 1	—
— Is Socialism Sound? Four Nights' Public Debate with Annie Besant	1 0	2 0
— Is the Bible Inspired? A Criticism of <i>Lux Mundi</i>	0 1	—
— Ingersollism Defended Against Archdeacon Farrar	0 2	—
— Impossible Creed, The. An Open Letter to Bishop Magee on the Sermon on the Mount	0 2	—
— John Morley as a Freethinker	0 2	—
— Letters to the Clergy. 128 pp.	1 0	—
— Letters to Jesus Christ	0 4	—
— Mrs. Besant's Theosophy. A Candid Criticism	0 2	—
— My Resurrection. A Missing Chapter from the Gospel of Matthew	0 2	—
— Philosophy of Secularism	0 3	—
— Rome or Atheism? The Great Alternative	0 3	—
— Reminiscences of Charles Bradlaugh	0 6	—

[See next page.]

[See previous page.]

LIST OF BARGAINS (Continued).

	Paper.	Cloth.
FOOTE, G. W.— Secularism and Theosophy. A Rejoinder to Mrs. Besant ...	0 2	—
— Sign of the Cross, The. A Candid Criticism of Mr. Wilson Barrett's Play ...	0 6	—
— Salvation Syrup; or, Light on Darkest England. A Reply to General Booth ...	0 2	—
— Theism or Atheism. Public Debate between G. W. Foote and the Rev. W. T. Lee. Verbatim Report, revised by both disputants. Well printed and neatly bound ...	1 0	—
— The Jewish Life of Christ. Being the <i>Sepher Toldoth Jeshu</i> , or Book of the Generation of Jesus. Edited, with an Historical Preface and Voluminous Notes, by G. W. Foote and J. M. Wheeler ...	0 6	1 0
— Was Jesus Insane? A Searching Inquiry into the Mental Condition of the Prophet of Nazareth ...	0 1	—
— Who Was the Father of Jesus? ...	0 2	—
— What was Christ? ...	0 2	—
— Will Christ Save Us? ...	0 6	—
FEUERBACH, LUDWIG.— The Essence of Religion. God the Image of Man—Man's Dependence upon Nature the Last and only Source of Religion. "No one has demonstrated and explained the purely human origin of the idea of God better than Ludwig Feuerbach."— <i>Büchner</i>	1 0	—
GILES, REV. DR.— Apostolic Records. Reduced to ...	—	3 0
HUME, DAVID.— On Miracles. With Appendix, etc. By J. M. WHEELER ...	0 3	—
— On Suicide. With Historical and Critical Introduction by G. W. FOOTE ...	0 2	—
— Mortality of the Soul ...	0 2	—
— Liberty and Necessity. An Argument against Free Will ...	0 4	—
INGERSOLL, COL.— Art and Morality ...	0 2	—
— Christ and Miracles ...	0 1	—
— Creeds and Spirituality ...	0 1	—
— Crimes Against Criminals ...	0 3	—
— Do I Blaspheme? ...	0 2	—
— Ernest Renan ...	0 2	—
— Faith and Fact. Reply to Rev. Dr. Field ...	0 2	—
— God and Man. Second Reply to Dr. Field ...	0 2	—
— God and the State ...	0 2	—
— House of Death. Being Funeral Orations and Addresses on various occasions ...	1 0	—
— Humanity's Debt to Paine ...	0 2	—
— Live Topics ...	0 1	—
— Love the Redeemer. A Reply to Count Tolstoi's <i>Kreutzer Sonata</i> ...	0 2	—
— Myth and Miracle ...	0 1	—
— Oration on Voltaire ...	0 3	—
— Oration on Lincoln ...	0 3	—
— Oration on the Gods ...	0 6	—
— Oration on Walt Whitman ...	0 3	—
— Paine the Pioneer ...	0 2	—
— Real Blasphemy ...	0 1	—
— Skulls ...	0 2	—
— Social Salvation ...	0 2	—
— Superstition ...	0 6	—
— The Three Philanthropists ...	0 2	—
— The Great Mistake ...	0 1	—
— The Hope of the Future ...	0 1	—
— The Foundations of Faith ...	0 3	—
— The Coming Civilisation ...	0 3	—
— The Household of Faith ...	0 2	—
— The Limits of Toleration. A Discussion with the Hon. F. D. Coudert and Gov. S. L. Woodford ...	0 2	—
— The Ghosts ...	0 3	—
— The Christian Religion ...	0 3	—
NEWMAN, CHARLES ROBERT.— Essays in Rationalism. With Preface by G. J. HOLYOAKE and Biographical Sketch by J. M. WHEELER ...	—	1 6
PAINE, THOMAS.— Miscellaneous Theological Works ...	1 0	—
SHELLEY, PERCY B.— On Blasphemy. Being his Letter to Lord Ellenborough occasioned by the sentence he passed on Mr. D. I. Eaton as publisher of the third part of Paine's <i>Age of Reason</i> ...	0 2	—
SCOTT, THOMAS.— The English Life of Jesus ...	—	2 6
THOMSON, JAMES ("B. V.")— Satires and Profanities. New edition ...	1 0	—
WHEELER, J. M.— Footsteps of the Past ...	—	3 0
— Voltaire: His Life and Writings ...	0 6	—
WATSON, W. J. S.— John Wilkes and William Cobbett ...	—	2 6
WILLIS, DR. R.— Servetus and Calvin ...	—	2 6

Catalogue Post Free.

THE FREETHOUGHT PUBLISHING Co., LTD., 1 STATIONERS' HALL COURT, LONDON, E.C.