

# THE Freethinker

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*He who will not reason, is a bigot; he who cannot, is a fool; and he who does not, is a slave.*

—SIR WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

## The Emerson Centenary.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON was born on May 25, 1803. His long life closed on April 27, 1882. Twenty-one years have elapsed since then, and his principal work was done long before his death. But he is read now by more persons than when he was living. He was not for a day, but for generations. He has taken his place as a classic. Few will dispute that he is America's greatest voice to the world. He had a message to deliver, and it was the strangest message to come from the land of the almighty dollar. Where the race for wealth is keenest and perhaps most reckless, arose the most eloquent and persuasive prophet of the higher life. It is one of those contrasts in which Nature displays her deep humor as well as her infinite variety.

Charlotte Bronte called Ruskin the high priest of the ideal. Emerson may be called the high priest of the spiritual. We use this word in his own sense—not the fantastic sense of the churches. The intellectual is one, and the moral is one, and the spiritual is a blending of the two. Not a mere mechanical mixture like oxygen and nitrogen in the atmosphere, but a more subtle mixture, like the chemical combination of oxygen and hydrogen in water—resulting in a new product.

Emerson had plenty of intellect, although it was not his chief speciality. He was a man of many interests, of wide reading, of far-flashing vision, and profound reflection. It is said that he was not a consistent thinker. Certainly he never pursued a theme from firstly to seventeenthly. He may have lacked the logic of the schools, but he had a higher logic. Pleasant and fruitful were his diversions from the regular track, but he always returned to it. His gyrations were wide, and to some eyes perplexing, but his own eye was always fixed with eagle power on the central truth of his exposition.

There was poetry enough in Emerson's mind to give him a great wealth of illustration. A poet, in the stricter sense of the term, he was not, except occasionally. Poetical matter exists in his verses, but there is rarely a finished poem. Sometimes a magical outburst kindles our expectation, but we are soon disappointed. Perhaps the explanation is that he was deficient in the constructive faculty, and was more critical than creative.

Emerson's real speciality was the devotion of his fine intellect to the service of the loftiest ethics. It is in ethical appeal that he is always greatest, most distinctive, and most stimulating. Nor is this a matter of astonishment. Was it not the finest of the fine sayings of Vauvenargues that great thoughts spring from the heart?

Thomas Paine said that miracles were absurdities, that it was impossible to prove them, that they in turn proved nothing, and that they degraded the deity to the level of a showman. This is an admirable criticism. But it is carried a step farther by Emerson. He invokes the moral law. "To aim to

convert a man by miracles," he exclaims, "is a profanation of the soul."

Many learned and weighty and solemn disquisitions have been penned on Reason and Faith, on the rights of the individual mind and the claims of authority, on intellectual audacity and the sentiment of reverence. Emerson sums up all in one splendid sentence. "Nothing is at last sacred," he says, "but the integrity of your own soul."

Emerson did not lose all the effect of his early religious training, although it was in the broadest Unitarian school. He continued to speak of prayer. But he sublimated it into a conscious tension of the mind before the idea of beneficence. He invoked the moral law once more against the common conception. "Prayer as a means to effect a private end," he said, "is meanness and theft."

Beautiful things have been written on friendship, and wise things that are not exactly beautiful, such as Bacon's statement that one use of a friend is that he can say for you what you cannot very well say for yourself. Jeremy Taylor wrote almost divinely on the subject. Emerson wrote quite divinely. He stripped away everything adventitious; he disclosed the naked essence of friendship; and again it was by a flash of ethical insight. "A friend," he said, "is a person with whom I may be sincere."

There are two big volumes on *Cosmic Philosophy* by an American evolutionist—Professor Fiske. We read them many years ago. All we recollect of them is the section dealing with the prolonged infancy of human beings, and the transcendent importance of this fact in the development of the race. It is the key to the primary secret of moral culture. But this truth was perceived intuitively by Emerson. He expressed it poetically, and there is no need to quarrel with him for borrowing his imagery from the teachings of the faith he had abandoned. "Infancy," he said, "is the perpetual Messiah, which comes into the arms of fallen men, and pleads with them to return to paradise."

Emerson's personal appeal was naturally to the individual soul. As he quaintly said, souls are not saved in bundles. Let men be as gregarious as they may, and let social organisation be carried to its highest pitch, the fact remains that each man is finally himself, an inviolable individuality. The recognition of this is one of the charms of Emerson's writings, and one of the secrets of their power. He addresses *you*. He holds your hand, looks into your eyes, and from the depths of his own nature he speaks to the depths of yours. He calls upon you to be yourself, to conserve your own spiritual health; not as a policy of egotism, but because it is only sound individuals that can compose a sound society. He smiles at the reformers who have not reformed themselves. "Society gains nothing," he says, "whilst a man, not himself renovated, attempts to renovate things around him." A real man, and not an imitation, is necessary to every bit of true work in the world. "Every revolution was first a thought in one man's mind.....Every reform was once a private opinion.....To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men—that is genius.....A man, a personal ascendancy, is the only great phenomenon. When nature has work to be done, she creates a genius to do it."

Emerson had no belief in the mechanical view of society. He saw that civilised men are really governed by ideas. Progress was only possible by working on the humanity in each man. Improving his circumstances, and trusting merely to that, has again and again brought disappointment and disgust. A pig remains a pig even in a parlor. What most men want is more moral life. They are not so much malignant as deficient. Man cannot be uplifted in spite of himself. The task can only be accomplished with his own co-operation. "By new infusions of the spirit by which he is made and directed," Emerson says, "can he be remade and reinforced."

Like every great moralist, Emerson dwelt on the virtue of simplicity. "How," he exclaimed in a famous passage, "does nature deify us with a few and cheap elements! Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous." "Our expense," he said, "is almost all for conformity. It is for cake that we run in debt." Will you follow the world in all its wild fancies, and all its mad creeds, which are but "a disease of the intellect"? Do nothing of the kind. Let the world follow you. "If a single man," as Emerson says, "plant himself indomitably on his instincts, and there abide, the huge world will come round to him."

Emerson's inherited religious sentiments did not pervert his ethical philosophy. He was an evolutionist before Darwin, and a causationist from beginning to end. "Cause and effect," he said, "are two sides of one fact." There are no penalties in nature, but it is full of consequences. These are subjective as well as objective. The worst effect of wrong-doing is its effect on the wrong-doer. He debases himself by his own lies and cowardice; he corrupts himself by his own crimes and vices. "Crime and punishment," Emerson says, "grow out of one stem. Punishment is a fruit that unsuspected ripens within the flower of the pleasure which concealed it."

There was no namby-pambyism in Emerson. His was not the narrow timid morality of the class-room and the Sunday-school. He never aimed at cultivating man into forgetfulness of his aboriginal strength. He did not wish to see a society of ninnies and prigs. Very clear was his warning on this point:—

"Nature, as we know her, is no saint. The lights of the church, the ascetics, the Gentoos and corn-eaters, she does not distinguish by any favor. She comes eating and drinking and sinning. Her darlings, the great, the strong, the beautiful, are not children of our law, do not come out of the Sunday School, nor weigh their food, nor punctually keep the commandments."

The only thing that nature honors in the long run is strength. All the beauty and virtue not founded on that is hectic and unwholesome, and rapidly on its way to the cemetery.

G. W. FOOTE.

(To be concluded.)

## St. Louis.

CASTLES on cliffs, haughtily overlooking green vales; barons who rode in plumes to war, or levelled the lance in the tournament, or carried the hooded falcon to the fields; ill-fed serfs who bent over the soil, toiling like ugly Calibans; industrious *roturiers* who rented small areas of land or pursued their craft; churches, whose arched windows flung shafts of color on altar and priest and worshippers, and whose carved doorways presented the history of the world from Adam to the Judgment Day—such were the features of France five or six centuries ago. In this France of the Middle Ages—this France of the Feudal spirit, of sublime cathedrals, of frowning castles—was born King Louis IX., otherwise known as Saint Louis. He was but a boy of eleven when he first wore the crown of France, and he reigned forty-four years

(1226-1270). He was trained in the strictest habits of religion; he prayed, he fasted, he read devout books; he lived, indeed, the life of a monk. We might almost have expected him to turn out a prig; but nature had been kind in the making of him, and he developed into a gentleman, beloved by the common people, and afterwards canonised by the Church as a Saint.

As soon as he began to conduct affairs, it was clear that he acted up to his best conceptions of justice. He kept as peaceable as he could with the English King, Henry III., who had but a poor allowance of common sense. The Pope and the Emperor of Germany were continually at daggers drawn; but Louis would take sides with neither. The supreme desire of his heart was to go on a Crusade, and, for the sake of Christ and Christ's sepulchre, beat the Turks out of Palestine. He went (as much of the Crusading riff-raff did not go) with a pure motive—as pure as the motive that made Washington fight for America, or Garrison strive for the abolition of negro-slavery, or Zola work for the acquittal of Dreyfus. The French fleet sailed for Egypt in 1248, the King's idea being to seize Egypt as a basis of operations for an advance on Jerusalem. The good King had no genius for war. He was passively brave, rather than active, in a campaign. The Frenchmen were astounded by the Greek fire which the Saracens threw into the Christian camp. Louis lay down at each explosion, exclaiming, "Lord Jesus Christ, preserve me and preserve my people!" Plague broke out among the soldiers of the Cross in consequence of poor food and insanitary conditions; for hygiene pays no deference to crosses. The Crusaders were in confusion; massacre followed; King Louis, who lay ill, was taken captive with his nobles. No harm came to him; he was set at liberty on payment of an immense ransom.

When the news of the failure in Egypt reached France, a kind of madness seized the people. A band of 30,000 shepherds and laborers tramped the country for hundreds of miles, under the leadership of an old man who called himself the Master of Hungary. Apparently he was touched by one of those obscure heresies (such as that of the Albigenses) which agitated the Middle Ages, and which, after all, may have been more useful to the world than the listless orthodoxy of the faithful. The old prophet preached against the riches and priestcraft of Rome. He also had a superstition of his own, for he declared that Mary and the angels had sent him to gather the people together and save King Louis. The movement melted away; the leader was slain; and another proof was recorded in the pages of history that religious devotion may go to utter waste for want of the guiding principle of reason. It is one of the ironies of medieval Europe that madness and good intentions so often went together.

King Louis lingered under Eastern skies for several years, hoping to make a journey to Christ's sepulchre. He ought to have attended to his country. Yet we must remember that, in his estimation, his duty to the Sepulchre was not less urgent than his duty to his people. At length he returned, and, for eighteen years, governed France firmly and mercifully. Private wars between the barons were diminished. The judicial duel was abolished—that bad old custom of making plaintiff and defendant fight out a law suit by physical force, leaving God to defend the right. God missed the splendid opportunity of rebuking this stupidity. Louis encouraged those who had grievances to appeal to him personally. At Vincennes, near Paris, stood an old oak-tree, under which he was accustomed to sit and administer justice. At this time, a passion for the study of law possessed the mind of thousands. All the *bourgeois* people who could afford it sent their sons to study the ancient Roman laws at the Universities of Bologna, Orleans, etc. There is something pathetic in the sight of these eager young men travelling long distances from home to learn the jurisprudence of the grand republic. The heart of the people in the Middle Ages was yearning for a solid basis on which

to rest political life; and they sought it in the ideas and ideals of the stalwart men of old Rome. Some of the law-students found work as advocates at the Court of King Louis, and were gradually incorporated into the royal *parlement*. They were the beginning of the Third Estate, the first faint signs of the democracy that was to come. Louis compiled a code of laws, reformed the coinage, and made each great landholder repair the roads of his domain. It has been thought regrettable that Louis should have retained the practice of torturing prisoners. It was regrettable, but we have to remember that this brutal expedient was kept up in Christian Europe for centuries after his time. And let us not omit to give Louis credit for standing out against clericalism when it interfered with the rights of the secular State.

The priests claimed the power to excommunicate all whom they judged guilty of certain offences, and to call in the aid of the civil officers to carry out their bans. Louis, orthodox and pietist as he was, planted himself in front of the proud Church, and said: "No, the State must revise all clerical sentences; the final appeal must be to the King." That was the spirit of civic liberty, and worthy of the country that was to give us the Revolution.

In his personal habits, Louis was methodical and strict. By night and day he observed regular times of prayer; even if he were on horseback, the devotions were not neglected! Each Friday he shut himself in a chamber with a confessor, who scourged him with a whip of three cords. He kept rigid watch over his food and drink lest he should take too much joy in living. Yet he maintained a good humor with the world: he was not a man of sour temper. He visited the sick, consoled widows, and with his own hands gave meals to beggars. His modesty was such that when a woman mockingly said to him, "You King of France! You are more fit to be King of the monks!" Louis stopped the ushers who were about to bundle the rude person out, and replied with a smile, "You say truly that I am not worthy to be King; and, if it had pleased God, he could indeed have chosen a better man to govern this kingdom." And he ordered that the woman should not be sent away without a gift.

The end of his life was all of a piece with the rest of his career. He set out on another Crusade. Sailing with a large fleet to the coast of Tunis, he landed his army. The Moors would not give battle. The Christians, exposed to the sultry sun and to sand-storms, fell fast with the plague. Louis himself was attacked by mortal sickness. He asked to be laid on a bed of ashes in token of humility. To his son at his bedside he delivered the charge of his beloved realm of France; and, joining his hands, he prayed that his soldiers might not fall into the hands of the enemy. And so he died; and twenty-seven years later, his name was added to the list of the Catholic Saints.

There are two ways in which we may regard the Middle Ages. We may think of the intellectual backwardness of Europe, and the many superstitions that blurred the mind of Christendom, and we may say the Middle Ages were the Dark Ages, and we should say rightly. But there is another point of view. We may recall the immense self-sacrifice, the entire earnestness in following an ideal, which made Louis, and other men and women of the period, such heroic figures morally. We may recall how willingly (foolishly in one sense, yet how willingly) and how bravely they laid down their lives for what they believed to be a supremely noble object, as in the Crusades. When we think of these moral qualities, we cannot term the Middle Ages dark. We shall hope that, to the stronger judgment and deeper knowledge of the modern age, we may be able to join the sincerity, purpose, and courage of the days of St. Louis. Crusaders are still demanded by the distress of the times. We do not want warriors to save an empty tomb. We want warriors who will save the living prisoners—prisoners of ignorance; prisoners of bad environment; prisoners of low and paltry conceptions of life. If we look about the

villages and towns of the civilised world to-day, we shall see countless old people, pining children, weak women, ill-nourished laborers; we shall see vast nations of sufferers waiting to be helped by our sympathy, our efforts, our ideas, our politics. In this great struggle we shall win, if we use the resources of modern science and modern Freethought in the spirit of Saint Louis.

F. J. GOULD.

### Mr. J. R. Campbell on Christian Experience.

TWO or three weeks ago I devoted an article to the examination of a sermon by the Rev. R. J. Campbell. This gentleman has been elected to the place vacated by the death of Dr. Parker, and his intellectual attainments are being boomed for all they are worth—and more than they are worth—by a certain section of the dissenting world. I gave reasons in the article referred to for thinking that Mr. Campbell's mental powers were not by any means of an unusually high order, but were rather of the common evangelistic type, a type that has lately come to the front in the religious world, largely owing to the dearth of men of marked intellectual quality. In this respect Mr. Campbell's case is interesting. He is a sociological phenomenon, and for this reason is worthy of notice. A couple of centuries ago, poor as the Churches were then, Mr. Campbell would have occupied the position of a very ordinary preacher, much liked, in all probability, within a small circle, but unknown beyond. Two centuries have, however, wrought a great change. The best intellects have drifted, and are drifting, away from the Churches and from Christianity. Men of great ability find their openings in the world of politics, of science, or of literature. Theology is left to smaller men, with the result that those who would have been kept in a subordinate position in an earlier generation, now find themselves to the front, and mistake the absence of real intellectual leadership as a proof of their mental superiority.

From this point of view, and from this only, so far as I can see, Mr. Campbell's sermons, while he is so much in evidence, are worthy of a little attention. It will at least help Freethinkers to appreciate the strength of the intellectual forces against which they have to fight. Besides, it may be said that *one* sermon is hardly a fair test. One may be "off color," and the illustration selected be so far unfortunate. We will, therefore, examine number two, and as this one has been delivered on the second Sunday morning of Mr. Campbell's regular ministry at the City Temple, it may be fairly assumed that we have him pretty nearly at his best.

Mr. Campbell entitles his sermon "The Evidential Power of Christian Experience"; and, as this particular topic crops up in nearly every one of his sermons that has come under my notice, it is evidently a favorite subject. What Mr. Campbell means by his title is apparently this: Taking the two texts, "God is Love" and "The Father Himself Loveth You," he asserts that "the power behind phenomena" stands in the relation of a loving parent to us all, and that Christians believe this—first, because Jesus said so, and, secondly, because their own experience endorses it. Now experience, provided it be of the right kind—provided, that is, that it is an experience in which all can share, is good testimony. But, as a matter of fact, what Mr. Campbell calls experience is not experience at all, but an interpretation of it; and, while no one is concerned to question that Christians do pass through some sort of an experience, one is warranted in questioning the interpretations that various Christians place upon it.

Let us look at the matter a little closer. People have come to Mr. Campbell, as they have to other preachers, and told him of the profound influence Jesus has had on their lives. They have been buoyed up during trouble, strengthened during temptation, and generally kept up to the mark—by Jesus. This is what Mr. Campbell calls "Christian experience,"

"the testimony of a Christ that speaks now," and this is what he cites as proof of a story that is either historical or nothing. Now I, for one, do not doubt for a moment that the people who have thus spoken to Mr. Campbell honestly believe what they say, nor do I doubt, either, that their interpretation of the cause of their feelings is wholly wrong. How on earth can any person tell that any comfort he has derived, on either of the occasions instanced, has come from Jesus? All that he is good evidence for is the existence of a feeling; as to the *cause* of that feeling his evidence is, in all probability, quite worthless. The same feelings which are attributed by the Christian may be attributed by a second person to the influence of Mohammed, by a third to the influence of some special social or religious theory. It is wholly and simply a question of expressing our emotion in terms of the intellectual conviction that lies nearest to hand.

How can this kind of testimony be evidence for the historical truth of Christianity? Mr. Campbell says: "If ever there is a fact in history that is well testified by its results it is the resurrection of Jesus Christ." I know, of course, that Mr. Campbell is not alone in making this statement—absurdity is not the exclusive prerogative of the City Temple; but, in the name of all that is reasonable, how can anybody's *feelings* in 1903 establish the historical accuracy of an alleged event over nineteen centuries ago? Surely Mr. Campbell must be able to see that these "results" are only the expression of Christian feelings in terms of an idea that Christians already possess. But it is the idea itself that is called into question, and to appeal to this as proof of the historical truth of the story upon which the idea is built is the very height of absurdity. It is expressions and arguments (?) such as these used by Mr. Campbell which make one wonder whether Christian ministers while in the pulpit are destitute of reason, or are speaking with a tongue in their cheek.

So much on the general question. Now let us take Mr. Campbell's detailed proof of his text. He tells us that the question of what is the nature of "the power behind phenomena" is a serious question, and "if the power behind phenomena has not become vocal in Jesus Christ, then it has never spoken at all. There is no doubt about the alternative." This is a piece of sheer Christian dogmatism and bigotry at the outset. How does Mr. Campbell know—assuming there is a God—that this power has not spoken through teachers other than Jesus? The Mohammedans say he has; the Zoroastrians say he has; other creeds say he has. Mr. Campbell says: No; Jesus or nothing; and then comes the "There is no doubt about the alternative," as though it is the summing up of a syllogism of quite faultless structure. Very striking, no doubt, from the pulpit of the City Temple; but from all other points of view simply grotesque in its foolishness.

Mr. Campbell next favors his hearers with an aside that throws some little light upon his own mental calibre. It is a matter of amazement to him, he says, that so many people should argue in favor of the "pessimistic view of the universe." In illustration of this he cites from a letter he received, in which the writer wishes "that preachers would be frank and face the fact, and confess that they do not know any more than other people know. No one ought to stand up in the pulpit and speak with certitude when all the while he is trembling lest he be mistaken, like the rest of us."

Mr. Campbell calls this an expression of "the pessimistic view of the universe"! But this is not pessimism at all; it is a straightforward counsel of common honesty; the simple advice that, when knowledge is wanting, dogmatic statements should be avoided. And Mr. Campbell calls this advice to be honest *pessimism*. This is, perhaps, the one original thing I have yet seen in Mr. Campbell's sermons; but it strikes one as hardly adequate repayment for all the booming he is getting.

Getting on to the main track again, Mr. Campbell, with the oblique vision of the professional preacher,

proceeds to prove his text, "God is love," not by furnishing proofs, but by pointing to the awful consequences of not believing it to be true. The first is that perhaps God is careless—he "cares no more about the wail of a little child than he does about the hiss of a serpent"; and he asks: "Do you think that humanity can, with equanimity and with anything short of moral suicide, face a belief in such a God as that?"

Mr. Campbell evidently thinks a bare statement sufficient, for we are not favored with any reason for believing that God *does* care. It would have been rather interesting to see what proofs Mr. Campbell could have adduced to prove that God did care more for the wail of a child than the hiss of a serpent. I do not say he could *not* give these proofs, for a man who can see pessimism in the advice to be honest, must be allowed considerable philosophical latitude, but I do say that so far as I am concerned, I cannot see that God cares any more for the one than the other. There *are* thousands of children that die annually for want of a little protecting care; there is no denying that, and there are thousands of others who live on with their minds and bodies scarred and maimed so that life becomes anything but an unalloyed pleasure. That certainly does not *look* as though God cared very much for the child. And if a little child wandered away into an Indian jungle, and encountered a serpent of the larger varieties in search of a meal, it would seem, judging by results, that God did pay more attention to gratifying the hissing of the one than assuaging the wail of the other. Still, I speak only as I know, or, as Mr. Campbell would say, under the blighting influence of pessimism.

But why should this view land us in moral suicide? Suppose God does not care for the wail of a little child, does that mean that parents are to follow his example? Or does Mr. Campbell mean that the only reason a parent has for attending to his children is that he believes God is helping him at the task? It is impossible to say with certainty what he means; perhaps he does not *mean* anything, but is just airing one of his many pulpit platitudes, careful only that they shall have a full religious flavor, but careless whether there is any reason behind them or not.

Mr. Campbell has another alternative, which he warns us is worse than the other. This is, that perhaps God does care, but only for certain distant ends; he uses us "like counters in the game. When He has done with us He will fling us aside like autumn leaves dropped from the tree." He has a reason for not believing this. Here it is. "God, amongst other things, made your mother. At the same moment he might have made a sea-dragon. The one is gracious and beautiful, and the other is a fierce and terrible object. Which is the God, do you think? The God like the serpent, or the God like the mother?.....Your mother came from the total of mysterious things, and your God, the God who is being.....purpose.....power.....but not love, made her." And his conclusion is that, if God is not love, then in making a mother God has made something superior to himself, which, to Mr. Campbell, is a veritable *reductio ad absurdum*—and this is the only approach to an argument in his sermon.

Well, I do not quite know what Mr. Campbell's sea-dragon is like—his zoology is nearly as wonderful as his philosophy—but it seems to me tolerably plain that *if* God made one then he made the other. The creation of a "sea-dragon" is as difficult as the creation of a woman; and, after all, if Mr. Campbell will condescend to look at facts, God *has* spent a much longer period making "dragons" and other animals than he has making human mothers, and a much larger portion of organic history has been occupied with the former than with the latter. So that really, if we are warranted in drawing any inference at all from this dragon-and-mother argument, it is that God resembles both, with perhaps a larger dash of the dragon. Besides, it is an unfortunate fact that all mothers are not "gracious and beautiful." I admit that the exceptions are,

happily, rare; but still they exist, and must be faced as facts, especially by those who come under Mr. Campbell's classification of pessimists. Anyway, what does Mr. Campbell make of the exceptions? He doesn't notice them. It is part of his case not to. What he prefers to do is to select a fact here and there that suits his theory, and ignore all others that clash with it. A convenient policy, but not a "pessimistic" one.

A final word on Mr. Campbell's *reductio ad absurdum*, that if we believe that God is *not* love then we assert that "the creature surpasses the Creator." The absurdity is not quite so patent as Mr. Campbell imagines. If he considers he will discover that, so far as we know, it is the general law of inorganic and organic evolution that the inferior shall give rise to the superior, not the reverse. Man is at the head of the animal world; but it is now a demonstrated fact that man has been evolved from forms of life far below him in the animal scale; whereas, on Mr. Campbell's theory, it should have been the other way about. And, were Mr. Campbell to look into the matter, he would probably be surprised—perhaps, as a preacher, disgusted—to discover how much the disposition of the "gracious and beautiful mother" owes to the brutal and unreasoning sexual instinct of the lower animal world. If there is any meaning in evolution at all, it is that the so-called higher is produced by the so-called lower, the "creature surpasses the Creator."

So ends the argumentative portion of Mr. Campbell's sermon. There is much more, consisting of a wearisome repetition of texts and assertions that "deep down in my heart" is the feeling that God is love, into which I do not purpose following him. Mr. Campbell's heart is a matter for a physician to deal with—I am only concerned with the state of his head; and, unless the reporters wilfully misrepresent him, there is need for attention there. Mr. Campbell has come to London amid a loud flourish of trumpets and much newspaper puffing, and under such conditions one is sorely tempted to see whether all this puffing and praising is deserved. I have been tempted, and have fallen; but whether there is any great profit in the task I must honestly confess to be in some doubt.

C. COHEN.

### The Bible Society's Plea.

A REPRESENTATIVE named F. Klickmann, writing on behalf of the British and Foreign Bible Society of London, requests notice of the Bible Society's work, and offers a lengthy summary. The Bible Society, which claims to have distributed 180 millions of Bibles complete or in parts—either in King James's version or in translations based upon that version—is indeed a remarkable agent for the dissemination of discredited superstitions. As the parish of Australia still contains many superstition-ridden people, I hasten to add that this condemnation of the Bible is endorsed by the new *Encyclopædia Biblica*, a work edited and written by professed Christians, who have been unable longer to shut their eyes to the mass of evidence which convicts the Bible Society's panacea of being the receptacle of a thousand falsities and absurdities uttered in the name of God. Some of the errors in the Bible were so gross and obvious that a few years ago a committee of Christian scholars prepared a Revised Version, which is certainly entitled (if any version is) to be regarded as the canon of Scripture. Nevertheless, the British and Foreign Bible Society keeps hundreds of translators at work busily preparing King James's version for "the heathen." In other words, when the Truth, as ascertained by the highest scholarship of the Christian Church, is in its hands, it deliberately continues to circulate Lies. And in this policy of suppression the Bible Society is imitated by the Christian clergy everywhere. From worship of a garbled version of the garbled Bible the transition is easy to the worship of *The Garden of the Soul*—the Roman Catholic devotional book concerning which Mary Cleary, a witness in a London court recently, declared "This is my Bible," and upon which, as well as upon the Bible, she was sworn.

#### THE BIBLE BURNING AT SUVA.

Considering the absolute mendacity of the assertion that the Bible is other than a tissue of tribal traditions and theological fables, tintured with Hebrew poetry and idealistic piety, it may be doubted whether the Roman Catholic Church

does ill in discouraging its use by all but "persons of discretion." The burning of New Testaments in Fiji is a proof that sectarian strife and animosity still exist, and should still be denounced. But if all the 180 millions of Bibles that the Bible Society has circulated were burned to-morrow, the progress of knowledge probably would be increased rather than lessened. At every step one meets ignorant people who still cling fondly to the notion of the verbal inspiration of the Bible, in blind defiance of the fact that the theory of verbal or even textual inspiration of the whole book has long ago been abandoned by the heads of the Church they belong to. All over the world Christian divines, who feel it incumbent upon them to defend the citadel of their faith against the assaults of critical science, are discussing the evidence of the Fall, the evidence of the divinity of Jesus, the authenticity of the Gospels; and are yielding shred after shred of belief to the resistless onset of testimony accumulated against them. Rarely does a whisper of the conflict and the submission come to Australia. The devotees of the creeds continue hearing from the pulpit, and believing from the pew, doctrines of Scriptural infallibility that were exploded fifty years ago; that have been given up long ago by intelligent Christians elsewhere. It matters little to the Fijians whether they go to their death in one creed or another: they continue to go. Religious tyranny and governmental slavery are fast weeding them out of existence—in the blessed name of civilisation. The native population of the Fijian islands is estimated at one-third less than it was twenty-five years ago: very soon we shall be celebrating the funeral of the Last of the Fijians. The story is the same throughout the South Sea islands—a story of depopulation and racial death. Thus, in its endeavors to give every "heathen" a Bible, the Bible Society is being met half-way. Every year there are more Bibles; every year there are fewer "heathen."

FROM SUVA TO BERLIN.

While Australian Protestants rage because the "Word of God" is committed to the flames in Suva, Professor Delitzsch, a famous Assyriologist of Berlin University, is confirming to the German Kaiser, by the indisputable evidence of inscriptions from the ruins of Babylon, that "there is no greater mistake of the human mind than the belief that the Bible is a personal revelation of God." Delitzsch's discoveries, indeed, only buttress well-known facts. It is a commonplace of religious history that the Hebrews took many of the leading tenets of their religious belief and worship from the Babylonians and Akkadians they dwelt among. The Sabbath was an Akkadian institution long before the date of Moses. The Hebrew god, Jehovah, was merely a local god, identical with the Babylonian Jah or Jahveh. Professor Delitzsch, in adding, by the light of later exploration, that the law of Moses and the Ten Commandments were taken from a Babylonian source, simply adds fuel to the flame which is burning up the essentials of Christian belief. And there is no possible debate about the evidence which is the basis of these allegations. In a dozen European museums you can see the Assyrian tablets, read the translations by eminent scholars of their inscriptions preserved for upwards of 6,000 years, and see the origin of Biblical legends in Assyrian scriptures and paintings. As a body of doctrine, as a system of morals, Christianity will doubtless linger long. As an explanation of the universe, as a God-inspired revelation, it is already dead, whatever its disinclination to lie down. The British and Foreign Bible Society may continue for many a year to circulate as the Word of God the account of the dogmas, observances, and traditions which the Hebrews borrowed frankly from an Assyrian source. The Society's business of transferring myths from the "heathen" of six thousand years ago to the "heathen" of to-day, is a fresh illustration of the permanence of that human cycle. Nevertheless, Christianity must follow the other supernatural religions to oblivion. "The dim and shadowy outlines of the superhuman deity fade slowly away from before us; and as the mist of his presence floats aside, we perceive with greater and greater clearness the shape of a yet grander and nobler figure—of Him who made all Gods and shall unmake them. From the dim dawn of history, and from the inmost depth of every soul, the face of our father Man looks out upon us with the fire of eternal youth in his eyes, and says, 'Before Jehovah was, I am!'"

—Sydney Bulletin.

A. G. S.

The happiest heart is childlike,  
It never grows quite old;  
It sees the sunset splendor  
As it saw the dawning's gold.  
It has the gift for gladness,  
Its dreams die not away—  
Oh, what a foolish happy heart,  
The worldlier people say.

—Ripley D. Saunders.

## Acid Drops.

It does not appear that Jesus Christ ever had more than one ride in his life, and that was on a jackass. His modern apostles ride more frequently—and more luxuriously. The Rev. R. J. Campbell's old Brighton congregation have presented him with a brougham. Perhaps they think that, as Dr. Parker had one, his successor ought to have one too. Mr. Campbell does not dispute their opinion.

The principal speaker at the annual meeting of the London Missionary Society was the Rev. R. J. Campbell—Dr. Parker's successor at the City Temple. According to this gentleman Christians take far too little interest in foreign missions. He deliberately stated that he did not believe those who said missionaries did more harm than good—as if anybody expected him to believe them! Look at what had been done in South Africa; look how the drink demon had been kept out of Khama's country! In this vein Mr. Campbell recited the triumphs of Christianity in different parts of the world. Yet all around the spot where he was speaking the drink demon was in a glorious state of activity, and people were living in back streets and slums under conditions that would drive savages frantic. Some recollection of this, indeed, appears to have flashed across Mr. Campbell's mind; for he admitted that "the statistics of the *Daily News* and Mr. Charles Booth might seem depressing." Nevertheless he said he was "convinced that the cause of Christianity was never more hopeful." Why, certainly. Mr. Campbell would be convinced of that in any circumstances. No one supposes he would ever cry stinking fish.

Mr. Campbell brought down the house with his peroration, in which he declared that "the best things done in the nineteenth century in the name of humanity had been done in the power of the Cross." Every student of social reform knows the falsehood of this declaration. It is easy enough to show historically that nearly every work of progress has been started by infidels and heretics, and only patronised by the Christian Churches when they found there was something in it; in other words, when they thought their patronage would be profitable.

One of the speakers at the London Missionary Society meeting was Lieutenant-Colonel Seton Churchill. This gentleman rather indiscreetly told a story which was not without instruction. A Kaffir who saw some English soldiers worshipping, and was told they wanted to go to heaven, asked "Why England not annex heaven?" We will do the City Temple crowd the justice of saying that they greeted this story with roars of laughter. It hit them right under the fifth rib, and knocked them into forgetfulness and sincerity. For a moment they were unable to withhold their real view of the character and objects of British missionary enterprise. Converting the heathen to Christ, and annexing their land to the British Empire, are parts of one and the same process.

At another City Temple missionary meeting a curious bit of truth was let out in an unguarded moment by the Rev. F. W. Walker, of New Guinea. He stated that a native had come to him and said, "Me good fellow now; me sing plenty; me no work." Such was *his* view of Christianity, and it is really not far off the Sermon on the Mount. But it is not Mr. Walker's view. "The Church of Christ," he said, "must teach the native that he had a duty to develop the great resources of the country for the benefit of the world." Which means, of course, that the missionary has commercial friends whose interests he is bound to consider. There is nothing in the Gospels about developing the resources of New Guinea or any other country.

New Guinea, by the way, affords a good object-lesson in the practical benefits of Christian morality. Before the missionaries went there theft was absolutely unknown. The natives never fastened their doors. Anyone who wanted to borrow anything just walked in and took it. And as this went on all round, it was perfectly impartial; everybody was satisfied, and the social harmony was never broken. But the missionaries soon changed all that. The very first thing a convert did was to get a lock and key and fasten up his own "property." As a heathen he trusted all his neighbors; as a Christian he trusted none of them. And, to tell the truth, none of them trusted him.

At a recent meeting in Exeter Hall the Rev. George Freeman, Baptist minister, of Westbourne-grove, told "a funny story which convulsed the audience with laughter." It was

a negro story about the meaning of "a phenomenon." Many years ago a version of it appeared in the *Freethinker*. We are glad to see our old jokes contributing to the gaiety of religious assemblies.

The *Daily News* religious census for the City of London throws no sort of light upon the ratio between population and church attendance, for the majority of the worshippers come from Greater London. It is perfectly ridiculous, therefore, to put the City of London at the top of the list. The Church of England 10,561 attendances includes the St. Paul's Cathedral figures of 2,337. The Nonconformist case is still worse. The total is 8,048; but no less than 7,008 is credited to the City Temple, and the congregation there is drawn from all parts of the metropolis. Take away St. Paul's Cathedral and the City Temple, and the remaining figures show—Church of England, 8,124; Nonconformist, 1,040. Once more the Church of England comes out an easy first in the competition.

The *Daily News* includes the South-place Ethical Society (374) amongst the Religious bodies. Are we to congratulate the "worshippers" in Dr. Conway's old establishment?

The National Liberal Federation is in favor of a "national system of education based on popular control and freed from religious tests and sectarian influences." Unfortunately this is only claptrap. The Federation really means that the Christian sects should control public education with an equality of advantage. This is not freedom; it is an arrangement of privilege. This is not honesty; it is an understanding amongst thieves.

The battle between Church and State still rages in France, and the following is an illustration—from a letter by Mrs. Crawford, the Paris correspondent of the *Daily News*:—"The parish church of Aubervilliers, a north-east working district of the capital, was the scene of an uproar yesterday. Yesterday being the festival of the parish, a High Mass took place, and for some days past the parish priest had given out that the sermon was to be delivered by Father Coube. This Jesuit became notorious four years ago on account of a sermon in which he appealed to the army to put the Dreyfusards to the sword just like mere Hittites or Jebuzites. This was one of the cases of clerical insolence that caused the tremendous wave of anti-clericalism now sweeping over France. Father Coube alleges he has been released from his vows as a Jesuit, but the Clericals themselves regard this as a pious fraud, and the Government so little believes it that it has to-day stopped the salary of the Aubervilliers parish priest for illegally lending his pulpit (State property) to an interloper."

A passage in the Annual Report of the Hertfordshire Congregational Union throws some light upon the humanising power of the Gospel in England. "There were," said the report, "villages where the landlord was so infatuated with the sacred rights of the Established Church that he would not grant a site for chapel buildings; there were farms that were never on any consideration let to a Dissenter; and there were districts where the people were too poor or too indifferent to concern themselves about any form of religion. It was no light matter to be a Nonconformist in the rural parishes of England; it might mean serious loss even in a small town. If they spent their Sundays at the public-house, or walking in the fields, or reading the newspapers, no harm would come to them; but if they ventured to attend chapel they incurred the displeasure of the squire and the rector, and that might mean loss of employment." We are quite prepared to believe in the substantial accuracy of this, but we are also convinced that any other sect that happened to be in the majority would behave in precisely the same manner. The difficulties experienced by Secularists who wish to rent a hall for the delivery of Freethought lectures is a proof of this. It is all evidence of how much Christianity does to raise up artificial barriers between people who might otherwise be living in amity, and consequently the obstruction it offers to rational progress.

The Rev. Harry Guinness, according to a religious paper, told a "thrilling" story at a railway mission meeting a few days ago. At an East-end mission "a woman in the audience attracted him"—not by any means the first preacher who has gone through the same experience. This particular woman, however, was the daughter of a Secularist; she had never been to church, and "scarcely knew the name of Jesus"—quite a remarkable Secularist in her way. She came to the mission each night, and one morning "realised a Providence." For three years she carried a knife to kill a certain woman. On this particular morning something said, Leave the knife at home. She did so, and

an hour later found the woman sitting in a tramcar. Result, she was converted, and gave the knife to Dr. Guinness. This veracious gentleman then took the knife into Victoria Park, and argued with the Secularists, producing the weapon. "They had no explanation to offer."

A most remarkable story, and so convincing. Secularists who never hear the name of Jesus are quite common. The name is never mentioned in Freethought journals or at Freethought meetings, which accounts for this portion of the story. Women carrying knives in their bosoms for three years, with the object of committing murder, are quite common—in boys' romances or Adelphi dramas. Producing a knife to prove the story true is quite a Christian argument. The only point we are at all dubious on is Dr. Guinness's statement that he brought that knife to Victoria Park and argued with the Secularists. Mr. Cohen, who is often there, never heard of it; none of the Secularists who run the platform there ever heard of it. We should much like to know when this occurred. Meanwhile we would venture to suggest to Dr. Guinness that it is quite a mistake to ever give a definite name or place when telling a story of this description. It is likely to give the whole game away. Dr. Guinness's father is at the head of a missionary training college, so that probably this story is only a sort of preliminary canter in the art of drawing up missionary reports, where the tales are quite as dramatic, and quite as truthful.

Discussing the statistics of London Church attendants, the Rev. R. F. Horton says that the fact of one out of ten people attending church or chapel gives him "an unexpected pleasure." Well, if Mr. Horton is pleased with this result after all these centuries of Christian influence and teaching, he must be an individual remarkably easy to please.

The same gentleman remarks that "among thinking people in Germany and amongst those who think in England, who are fewer, Ernst Haeckel is regarded rather as a subject for apology than a subject for admiration." This is, indeed, news. We had always been under the impression that there were few names in the world of biological science that stood higher than Professor Haeckel's. Certainly some of the chief scientific workers of the last thirty years have paid a tribute of respect and admiration to his work. But now a Bible-banging Hampstead preacher discovers that he is a subject for apology among "thinking people." We should dearly like to know the names of some of these thinkers. We have a suspicion that they would all be found within some church or other; and not to be appreciated by the majority of this class of "thinkers" is in its way a testimony of good work well done. The Rev. R. F. Horton on Professor Haeckel! It sounds like "General Booth on Herbert Spencer."

In these days it is quite refreshing to come across a bit of Christian teaching of the good old-fashioned type. For this reason we hasten to record a remark made by the Moderator of the English Presbyterian Synod. In his annual address, this gentleman reminded his hearers that it was their duty to "expose the criminality of the present Socialistic program." This "criminality" turns out to be the belief in "mere social efforts" to regenerate society. Socialism may be right as an economic theory, or it may be wrong; but it leaves out Jesus, and therefore it is "criminal." Christianity has, after all, some life in it yet. The Moderator must quite regret the time when "criminals" like "Nunquam" and his friends could be kept under lock and key, if not put out of the way altogether.

Mr. Eugene Macdonald, the able editor of our American contemporary the *Truthseeker* (New York), has been asked if he knows anything of Messrs. Torrey and Alexander, the infidel-slayers who are "reviving" at present in Great Britain. He replies that he never heard of these gentlemen before. "If they slew any infidels over here," he says, "they kept it very quiet."

Someone has sent us a copy of the *Christian Herald* (Prophet Baxter's paper) containing the report of a sermon by Dr. R. A. Torrey on "There is a God." We have read it through, and we say it is about the poorest stuff we ever wasted our time upon. There is no need to import preachers of this calibre from America. The British native supply is quite adequate.

Dr. Torrey soon flings about the word "fool." He says that the man who denies God's existence "because he does not wish to believe in it, is a fool." This is not true. Such a man is not a fool, but an impossibility. The idea of a man believing or disbelieving just what he wants to believe or

disbelieve, and for no other reason, is worthy of Bedlam. This wonderful revivalist, who saves souls but cannot talk sense, has not mastered the elementary principles of psychology. If he had he would know that opinions are not formed by the will but by the intelligence.

The stupid old watch argument is trotted out by Dr. Torrey, just as if there were any analogy between a production of art and a production of nature. It is simply absurd to say that we *infer* a watch to have been made because it bears signs of intelligent construction. We *know* that watches are made. A savage who never saw a watch before would probably take it to be something alive; indeed, there are such cases on record. Dean Swift was certainly a far greater philosopher than Dr. Torrey. When the Lilliputians capture Gulliver they make an inventory of his personal effects, and this is their report on his watch:—"Out of the right fob hung a great silver chain, with a wonderful kind of engine at the bottom. We directed him to draw out whatever was fastened to that chain; which appeared to be a globe, half silver, and half of some transparent metal: for on the transparent side we saw certain strange figures, circularly drawn, and thought we could touch them, till we found our fingers stopped by that lucid substance. He put this engine to our ears, which made an incessant noise, like that of a water-mill. And we conjecture, it is *either some unknown animal, or the god that he worships.*" (The italics are ours.)

This Yankee revivalist and infidel-slayer bids Evolution go to the devil. "I formerly believed it," he says, "thoroughly accepted it, but I gave it up, not for theological but for scientific reasons, because it was absolutely unprovable. There is no single proof of the hypothesis of evolution." That settles it. Evangelist Torrey is one too many for the Darwins, Haeckels, Huxleys, Tyndalls, and Spencers. What is the use of their asserting anything when he denies it? How can Evolution stand when the great Torrey shakes his head at it—and all that therein is?

If we took this gentleman seriously, we should ask Dr. Dallinger what he thinks of such a soul-saver being patronised by the Free Churches in our great cities. Dr. Dallinger, who is a Wesleyan, is also a biologist. Only the other day he said that Darwinism had been accepted by all educated and intelligent Christians. In the light of that statement, what is his opinion of Dr. Torrey?

Dr. Torrey is a dogmatist; and Douglas Jerrold said that dogmatism was puppyism grown to maturity. The notion that he can possibly be wrong never enters his head. The idea that anyone can differ from him and be honest cannot penetrate his intelligence. Here is an illustration. "It is absolutely impossible," he says, "for any man to sit down before the Four Gospels with an unbiassed and honest mind, determined to find out the truth, and come to any other conclusion than that their record is substantially accurate." With one toss of his tongue he spits "dishonesty" on all the great sceptical critics of the New Testament, from Strauss down to Martineau, and from Bauer down even to the editors and contributors of the *Biblia Sacra*. A vast procession of distinguished scholars and not one "unbiassed and honest mind" amongst them! Dr. Torrey is evidently suffering from the disease known as "swelled head." But that seems to make him all the more acceptable to the average Christian of this country. For the truth is that there are no such bumptious people on earth as the disciples of the gospel of humility.

The City Temple midday sermon on Thursday, May 14, was devoted to the subject of Passive Resistance. According to the report, Mr. Campbell's discourse was punctuated with "cheers," "applause," and "loud applause." It was more like a political meeting than an assembly in "the House of God." Mr. Campbell declared his readiness to go to prison if necessary. He would pay the people's rate but not the priests' rate. That part of the Education Bill would have to be obtained as it might be by the rate collector—perhaps by a distraint on Mr. Campbell's new brougham. But we hope it will never come to that. We should be sorry to see Mr. Campbell reduced to the necessity of going about on foot.

Passive Resistance, in the shape of refusing to pay rates and taxes, is a game that all sorts and conditions of objectors can play at. Mr. Campbell sees this—for he is not exactly a fool—and he tries to evade the difficulty. "It was said," he observed, "that if they did this, then all sorts of people in years to come would be adopting the same course. But in the present instance the moral sense of the country was

with them, and it would not be with the Anarchist." Now it appears to us that this is an absurd, as well as a contemptible, argument. It implies that passive resistance is only right when it is offered by a crowd, and that if a few stand upon their own judgment and conscience they are simply vulgar disturbers of the public peace. There is no appeal to principle in this argument. The reference to the "moral sense of the country" only means that Mr. Campbell feels he is going with a multitude.

Dr. Clifford has another scream in the *Daily News* over the wrongs of Nonconformists. Of the Education Bill for London he says that, "It excludes from head-teacherships in a department of the State in London over 1,500 teachers, unless they will avow a particular creed and serve a particular Church." Let us look into this a little, and see what honesty there is in it.

These 1,500 teachers are presumably Nonconformists, and they will presumably be excluded from head-teacherships by the Church party. This is sad, very sad. But it is, after all, only a development of the policy which Dr. Clifford and his friends have maintained since 1870. Churchmen and Nonconformists got together on School Boards; they agreed upon a Common Christianity that suited themselves, and they forced it upon the teachers as well as the pupils in the Board schools. Any teacher who had conscientious objections to giving such religious instruction to his pupils was soon given to understand that he must never expect promotion. However able he might be, he was doomed to mark time for the rest of his career. Several such cases came under our notice, and there is the well-known case of Mr. F. J. Gould. As a London School Board teacher, and the possessor of a conscience, he felt obliged to explain that he could not give the religious lesson in the orthodox manner that was expected of him. He was therefore "relieved" from that duty. But from that moment he was marked as "impossible," and he could never have risen a step higher if he had served the Board for twenty years. Eventually his position became intolerable, and he had to turn to a more independent occupation.

Dr. Clifford and his friends did not, to our knowledge, so much as whisper a protest against the "exclusion from head-teacherships" of men like Mr. Gould. What did it matter? These men were only "infidels." But what a noise when the excluded men are Nonconformists! Then it is a question of justice, liberty, and the elementary rights of citizenship. This is what Dr. Clifford shouts with fog-horn eloquence. For our part, we are unable to agree with him; to us it is a case of the engineer being hoist with his own petard; and we rather enjoy his contortions. We hope, indeed, that he will suffer enough to make him more sympathetic, considerate, and sincere.

Mr. Israel Zangwill is right in emphasising the recent horrible butchery of the Jews by Russian Christians. These things ought not to be forgotten. They are a fresh count in the indictment of the bloodiest faith in the world. Speaking at a crowded meeting of Jews in Shoreditch Town Hall, under the presidency of Sir Francis Montefiore, on May 16, Mr. Zangwill said that amid all the pother, cackling, and wrangling over the Jewish question came like a bomb the terrible news of the Kischineff butchery to tell them that the Jewish question was just where it was in the Middle Ages. The papers had reported enough of the murder of men and the mutilation of women and the dashing of children from high windows, nor was it denied that the merchant Gilanter, who defended his children with a revolver, had his eyes and tongue torn out. But even the non-Russian papers had not told them the almost unnameable horrors that reached him from the spot, such as the dipping of linen rags in Jewish blood to make red flags, and atrocities committed on Jewesses which he dared not describe.

Mr. Zangwill *dare* not describe these atrocities, but he *ought* to describe them. Reticence, in such a case, is a sacrifice of humanity on the altar of decorum. Let the civilised world know the truth—and the truth means *the facts*. It does not shock enough to speak of cruelty. Relate the cruelties. It does not shock enough to speak of outrage. Describe the outrages. Tell the worst at once. Harrow up the souls of decent men and women. Only thus will you hasten the day of relief.

Here are some details of this Kischineff massacre from the *St. Petersburg Novosti*: "Cases of most brutal mutilations of corpses have been confirmed. The following have been communicated to us by Dr. N. A. Doroschewski, doctor at the district hospital: The Jewess, Lura Fonarschi, had two nails driven into her nostrils, which penetrated through her

skull. She died of the wound. The Jew, Lys, had the joints of his hands and feet torn asunder. The Jew, Charifor, had his lips cut off, and his tongue and throat pulled out with pincers. The Jew, Selzer, had an ear cut off, and received twelve wounds on his head. He went mad, and is now in a hospital. A Jewish woman, who was expecting her confinement, was held down on a chair whilst others rained blows on her with a stick. In the Zirowski-street little children were dashed into the street from windows two storeys high. Besides this, several little girls were outraged, dying in the hands of their torturers. The corpse of a little child was found which had been torn in two. In the Jewish hospital there are more than a hundred wounded, amongst them about thirty who will be crippled for life."

The London County Council adopted the sensible plan of setting aside a certain space in the Parks for lectures and meetings. In view of recent prosecutions and imprisonments in Liverpool, a proposal has been made to the City Council to allocate open spaces within the city for the purposes of public meetings. We regret to notice that this wise policy was strongly opposed by the Nationalist members, on the ground that it would give a free license to Protestant agitators to level insults at Roman Catholics in the public streets. By sixty-two votes to thirty it was resolved to postpone consideration of the matter until December. In other words, there is to be no right of open-air public meeting in Liverpool, out of deference to the hothouse susceptibilities of Roman Catholics. This is a very strange state of things in a Protestant country. It seems pretty well time that the impudent bigotry of Irish Catholics in some English cities met with a decisive check. What is wanted is fair play all round, and the wisdom and justice of this must be taught—forcibly if necessary—to Protestants and Catholics alike.

Dr. Jessop, of Scarning, made an appeal for the brightening of rural existence; and a lady provided him with several thousand pounds to build a village hall and model cottages. Charming! But the snake of religious bigotry has entered into this little paradise. A respectable Nonconformist working man applied for a tenancy, and was refused on the ground that the "generous foundress" wished that all the cottages should be "occupied by members of the Church of England." How true it is, as Swift said, that most people have religion enough to make them hate each other.

The Free Churches (as they call themselves) are working the Hyde Park demonstration very cleverly. No doubt they find all the money, to begin with. They have also persuaded various "Progressive" organisations that the Nonconformist side in the Education struggle is the side of absolute freedom and justice. Even the London Trades Council has been imposed upon in this way, and its co-operation secured. All sorts of Trades Unions are joining in: The Metropolitan Radical Federation and the National Democratic League are going to swell the crowd. All of them are taken in by the "popular control" dodge. It would never do for the Free Churches to say that the real fight is whether Church religion or Nonconformist religion shall be taught to the children in the public schools; so they pretend that "popular control" is the point at issue—just as though the London County Council and the London Borough Councils were not as "popular" in their origin as the London School Board. What a reflection it is on the intelligence of the "Progressives" that they should be taken in by this bit of transparent sophistry! Why have they not the sense to see that all the discord, all the quarreling, and all the bitter blood is simply and solely the result of admitting religion into State institutions, from which it should always be rigorously excluded? Take religion away, and the Church parson and the Dissenting minister would have no interest left in Education. That the "Progressives" cannot see this, or will not see it, shows a lamentable want of brains or courage. And the worst of it is that their best men, like John Burns, are as bad as the rest on this matter.

This demonstration will take place before the nominal date of this week's *Freethinker*, but after our actual date of publication. We daresay it will be a big affair. It would be astonishing if all the chapels in London could not send a multitude to blacken the grass in Hyde Park. But what a sight the platforms will be. Men of the people check by jowl with men of God! Red ties mixed up with white chokers! The clergy still say they believe in the existence of the Devil. How he must enjoy himself on this occasion! And how Hades will ring with laughter when he goes home and relates his experience! He will probably say that the "Progressives" are as simple as sheep, and that the Dissenters are as cunning as—himself.



## Mr. Foote's Lecturing Engagements.

(All Engagements suspended for the present.)

### To Correspondents.

- C. COHEN'S LECTURING ENGAGEMENTS.—Address, 241 High-road, Leyton.
- BIRKENHEAD.—We never met Mr. Aked, the Liverpool preacher, and do not know that we have ever seen him. We have heard some of his sermons described as "liberal," and he is reported to have a certain passion for social reform. We regret to hear that he has been stricken down for three months with lung trouble, and will have to spend at least another three months in nursing himself back to health in some part of the world selected by his doctor. Had Mr. Foote been able to follow a course like that last year he would probably not have broken down again this year.
- AN AMERICAN FRIEND writes to us from North Cambridge, Massachusetts: "For some years I have read with particular interest and profit what you have had to say in the *Freethinker* on literary matters. As you doubtless know the centenary of Ralph Waldo Emerson occurs on the twenty-fifth of May of this year. Will it not be possible for you to say something in the *Freethinker* on Emerson—on his work, his personality, and his style? I should be much interested to read an estimate of the man from your pen."
- T. UNDERWOOD.—We believe Sir William Drummond's *Edipus Judaicus* has long been out of print. The last edition we know of was published by Reeves & Turner, in 1866. You might be able to obtain a copy second-hand, though it is not often met with in catalogues or bookshops. The *Academical Questions*, a work highly praised by Shelley, is excessively rare. It was published in quarto by Cadell & Davies in 1805. We have both the works in our own library. From the latter, which is written with great power and elegance, we select a motto for this week's *Freethinker*; your queries having turned our attention that way.
- HACKNEY SAINT.—We have dealt with the Nonconformist "martyr" policy in our "Acid Drops." We don't think Mr. Blatchford has changed his religious opinions since he wrote *Britain for the British*. What he has done is to publish them. Thanks for the cuttings. Mr. Foote is slowly improving.
- E. POMEROY.—We agree with a good deal in the circular you enclose. But is it a point of wisdom to neglect present opportunities? Universal compulsory education is now the law in all the leading nations of the world. To make the best of it, at any rate while it exists, seems a sensible policy.
- F. GILRUTH writes: "I notice in the *Freethinker* of May 17 a proposed collection of Mr. Foote's writings. I beg to hope that the proposal will be carried out, and herewith authorise you to put my name down as a subscriber. I would also take this opportunity of saying how much I appreciate the 'Dresden' Ingersoll, which I got through your agency. It is the gem of my library; in fact, it is a library of itself."
- W. CALDER (Aberdeen).—We very much regret to hear of your daughter's death, especially from such a trying disorder—though we can well believe that she bore her sufferings with "heroic fortitude." She was indeed a bonnie lassie when we saw her in your company some years ago, and we understand the extent of your bereavement. Thanks for your kind inquiries. Yes, we are getting better, though slowly. We want some of Carnegie's dollars for a few months. Was it not Lord Rosebery who said that the one indisputable advantage of wealth was at a time of sickness? Money buys rest and ease, change and fresh air, sunshine and health. Yes, there's a lot in money, when you really want it.
- SATIRE.—Glad to have your letter; also to know that you have derived help from our writings. You must expect some insolence in arguing with the orthodox. It is a gain, however, if you get them to listen at all. So don't be discouraged. With regard to the *Pioneer*, of course it could be made a great deal "warmer," but we thought it might be useful on its present lines as a "feeler."
- D. McLEOD.—Thanks for the cuttings, though they will have to be dealt with, as far as possible, next week; there being already a press of matter for this week's *Freethinker*. Sorry you and your friends were disappointed by Mr. Foote's illness preventing him from lecturing at Liverpool on May 10. Perhaps, as you hope, you may hear him in the near, or not far distant, future.
- J. F. DEWAR (Edinburgh).—Glad to hear we shall have the pleasure of seeing you at the South Shields Conference. We hope to see other Scottish friends also—particularly from Glasgow. We note, as you request, that a cheap return ticket from Edinburgh to Newcastle, can be obtained for 8s. on the North British Railway—available from Friday to Wednesday (May 29 to June 3).
- MISS VANCE acknowledges the following Subscriptions (N. S. S.) per Mr. J. F. Dewar, Edinburgh: Mr. Robertson, 1s., Dewar, 2s., McGregor, 2s. 6d., Halliday, 1s., Young, 1s., Berry, 1s., Fisher, 2s. 6d., G. Robertson, 1s., Croughton, 1s., Rennie, 1s.
- J. DAVIDSON.—(1) Pleased to hear you are "delighted" to know that a collection of Mr. Foote's essays is contemplated; though we fear your compliments are a great deal too flattering. (2) What you say about Paul may be quite true. There is a growing opinion that he is as mythical as his Master.
- A. NOTLEY considers the front article in last week's *Freethinker* worth three times the price of the paper. He wishes the Editor and all his associates long life, health, and happiness. He also asks how many copies of this journal are circulated weekly. Well, we have never published the figures, and we will not begin just now.
- T. ROBERTSON.—Glad to hear you are coming to South Shields, and shall be delighted to meet you there. Are any other Glasgow "saints" coming?
- W. P. MURRAY.—But was not "Jadi" poking fun all the time? The *Morning Leader* men know very well that Atheism is not dead, and that it is not true that "there are no Atheists left."
- JAMES POLLITT.—Too late for "Plums." We are glad to hear the Fallsworth Secular Sunday services on Sunday were so successful. Thanks for your good wishes.
- R. M. DESMOULINS.—We do not quite understand your question.
- F. S. EDWARDS.—Will try to say a word on it next week. We daresay you feel rather lonely in such a place.
- H. HUHNS.—Pleased to have your kind letter. Our health is improving, and we hope to re-establish it thoroughly by the autumn. "Dropping out for a few months" is not as easy as it sounds. One cannot drop out of the expense of living.
- ERNEST CHAPMAN.—It is impossible to help you in the way suggested. Having read the books and pamphlets you refer to, you must try to express your own views in your own way. Make the attempt. You will probably succeed better than you expect.
- PAPERS RECEIVED.—Two Worlds—Progressive Thinker—Public Opinion (New York)—Examiner (Texas)—Open Court (Chicago)—Freethought Magazine (Chicago)—Newtownards Chronicle—Daylight—Boston Investigator—Freidenker—Truthseeker (New York)—Crescent—Morning Leader.
- THE National Secular Society's office is at 2 Newcastle-street, Farringdon-street, E.C., where all letters should be addressed to Miss Vance.
- THE SECULAR SOCIETY, LIMITED, office is at 2 Newcastle-street, Farringdon-street, E.C.
- LETTERS for the Editor of the *Freethinker* should be addressed to 2 Newcastle-street, Farringdon-street, E.C.
- LECTURE NOTICES must reach 2 Newcastle-street, Farringdon-street, E.C., by first post Tuesday, or they will not be inserted.
- FRIENDS who send us newspapers would enhance the favor by marking the passages to which they wish us to call attention.
- ORDERS for literature should be sent to the Freethought Publishing Company, Limited, 2 Newcastle-street, Farringdon-street, E.C., and not to the Editor.
- PERSONS remitting for literature by stamps are specially requested to send *halfpenny stamps*, which are most useful in the Freethought Publishing Company's business.
- THE *Freethinker* will be forwarded direct from the publishing office, post free, at the following rates, prepaid:—One year, 10s. 6d.; half year, 5s. 3d.; three months, 2s. 8d.
- SCALE OF ADVERTISEMENTS: Thirty words, 1s. 6d.; every succeeding ten words, 6d. *Displayed Advertisements*:—One inch, 4s. 6d.; half column, £1 2s. 6d.; column, £2 5s. Special terms for repetitions

## Sugar Plums.

The National Secular Society's Annual Conference takes place at South Shields on Whit-Sunday. The large Assembly Room, capable of holding 2,000 people, has been engaged for the public meeting in the evening, which will be addressed by Messrs. Foote, Cohen, Davies, Peacock, and other speakers. The business meetings of the Conference, morning and afternoon, will be held in a smaller hall in the same building. A committee room is also available for Saturday afternoon and evening for the reception of delegates and visitors. The Assembly Hall overlooks the main thoroughfare, Ocean-road, but the entrance is in Stanhope-street, Mile-end-road. This should be noted.

A half-crown luncheon and a shilling tea are being arranged for at the Royal Hotel, which is in connection with the Hall; the Hotel entrance being in Ocean-road. Delegates and visitors who desire tickets for either luncheon or tea, or both, should communicate as early as possible with the secretary, Mr. E. Chapman, 32 James Mather-terrace, South Shields.

This is our last opportunity to make any useful appeal to the Branches, members, and friends of the N. S. S. all over the country. We hope they will do their best to make this Conference a great success. There are many reasons why they should do so. Those who take the trouble to come to South Shields will, in all probability, hear a pleasant announcement from Mr. Foote as to the immediate future of the Secular movement.

Mr. Foote's new pamphlet, *God Save the King*, is getting well into circulation. It should do good as an indirect propagandist effort. We hope it will fall into the hands of many persons who are free from the monarchical superstition. It might help to free them from other superstitions as well.

We are glad to know that there is some prospect of the Catholic Church being disestablished in France, and we hope the Freethinkers will continue their agitation for the complete separation of religion from the State until they win a great victory. But we should be very sorry if they lost their temper and fell into the vices of their adversaries. According to a Reuter telegram a party of Freethinkers went to the Belleville Church, in Paris, on Sunday afternoon, and interrupted the preacher with cries of "Enough," which caused a disturbance and led to personal conflicts. Perhaps, after all, they were not simply Freethinkers, but militant Socialists. The telegrams from Paris just now seem to use Freethinker and Socialist as interchangeable terms. But this is a mistake. All Socialists are not Freethinkers, and all Freethinkers are not Socialists. This is true in France just as it is in England.

*Daylight* (Norwich) has a first-rate satirical article on Gipsy Smith, the evangelist. Our contemporary reminds fathers with growing sons that they should not overlook the soul-saving business. "Exceptional mental gifts," it says, "are not requisite. A son unfit for peg-making or clothes-prop hawking, may shine in the pulpit."

The *Freethought Magazine* (Chicago) is an excellent monthly publication edited by Mr. H. L. Green. The May number contains some very interesting items. Judge C. B. Waite translates the correspondence that passed between M. Berthelot, the great scientist, and the National Association of the Freethinkers of France, which proffered him its Honorary Presidency. The Association's letter was signed by four representatives, including Ferdinand Buisson, perhaps the highest authority in France on education, and Victor Charbonnel, the ex-priest, and editor of *La Raison*. M. Berthelot accepted the position he was requested to take—"happy if my name can be perhaps of some utility for the defence of principles to which my life is consecrated." Another article is by Mrs. Josephine K. Henry on "Gladstone's Place in History." She does not take a high view of the Grand Old Man, but thinks he really belonged to the seventeenth rather than the nineteenth century. Perhaps the most important article is one by Thomas Whitney on the "Teaching of China's Founder of Religion"—a scholarly and able piece of writing reprinted from the *Des Moines Daily Capital*. It praises Confucianism at the expense of Christianity. How odd it is to see this article followed by an editorial on "Dowie's Coming Invasion of New York." The magazine, indeed, opens with a full-page portrait of Old Dowie. Editor Green has not turned Dowieite, of course, but he seems to have been tickled by a civil letter from one of Dowie's associates, and he says that the boss of Zion Church (and City) is a gentleman, anyhow. Which may be true, without justifying his being given the place of honor in the *Freethought Magazine*.

The May number of *The Open Court* (Chicago) contains a fine portrait of Emerson, and a very interesting article on "The Ministry of Emerson" by Dr. Moncure D. Conway. Referring to Emerson's lecturing after he resigned his Unitarian pulpit, Mr. Conway says: "Emerson then went about among us diffusing all the ethical sunshine and soft rains, and carrying the gentlest pruning knife, as if in a flower garden, and rejoicing over every bud that peeped out. He never said anything to us about the service of God: it was man that needed service. Nor did he talk about Christ or immortality. Whenever I hear in Handel's *Messiah* the gracious theme, 'He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, and gently carry them that are with young,' there arises the face of that man whose far-reaching words found us in our several solitudes and led us away from our homes and creeds." "O my friend and father," Mr. Conway concludes, "even amid the vanishing away of some fair visions and hopes raised in my youth by thee, I realise that life had been worth living if only because of my never-ending happiness in knowing thee, and receiving inspiration and joy from teachings that left me no envy of those who gathered around any haloed prophet in the Past!"

There is a curious misprint, by the way, in Mr. Conway's article. He speaks of having read some of Emerson's evolutionary utterances before the Royal Institution of Great Britain in 1833. Mr. Conway was a baby then. He was born in 1832, and did not come to England until 1863. For rather more than twenty years he was minister of South-place Institute.

## To Those It Concerns.

SOME months ago I heard quite accidentally that a project was on foot for a testimonial to one of my co-workers. Some time afterwards I learnt that it was not on foot at all, that it had never really stood up, and that it did not seem very likely to do so without exterior assistance. Still, it was no business of mine; if the projectors did not think it necessary or advisable to approach me, I could easily afford to hold my tongue. Presently, however, a certain fact upset this state of things. It was my regard for the co-worker in question. This sentiment induced me to go out of my way, to forget what looked like a slight on me and the N.S.S. Executive, and to exert a little useful pressure in the right direction.

It was the Liverpool Branch that started the idea of a testimonial to Mr. Cohen. It circularised the other Branches early in February, obtained some replies, and did nothing more. When I was lecturing at Glasgow the matter was introduced to me by Mr. T. Robertson. I gave him my opinion frankly, and I believe he communicated in consequence with the Liverpool Branch. Several weeks later the Branch wrote to me for my "views." I stated them in a long and careful letter. This was to be replied to week after week, but I waited in vain; and feeling, at last, that Mr. Cohen's name and interests were being trifled with, however unintentionally, I thought it only fair to hasten the matter to a crisis. Eventually, acting on a not very business-like communication from Liverpool, the N.S.S. Executive advised the Branch to remit the matter to headquarters. This was done, and the Executive asked me to take charge of the appeal. I consented to do so, only stipulating that a Treasurer for the Fund should be appointed. This gentleman is Mr. Victor Roger, 111 Kennington-road, London, S.E.

I have made the foregoing statement, not to quarrel or find fault with the Liverpool Branch, but to explain my own position. I wish to show that I did not originate this project; indeed, if I had been consulted at the beginning I should have suggested waiting for a more favorable opportunity. I could not make that suggestion, however, in the existing circumstances. Considerable publicity had been given to the project, and to drop it would have been offensive.

Mr. Cohen is still a young man, with plenty of life (I hope) before him. The word "Testimonial" is generally associated with a more advanced age and longer services; though it remains to be seen whether a better term can be substituted. I look at the matter in this way. Mr. Cohen has been working for the Freethought movement for several years. He has devoted himself to it entirely, and has therefore to live by his earnings as as a propagandist. I know how difficult that is. I am certain he cannot do it. He will be tempted sooner or later, for the sake of his wife and family, to add to his income by other occupation. This may prevent his giving the best of his time and energy to the work of Freethought. And it is to guard against this danger that I believe the Freethought party should make him a substantial present just now.

Mr. Cohen wishes to remain in the movement as much as we want to keep him there. But a hand-to-mouth existence has its sadness and its perils. It is well to have something for an hour of special necessity. To provide this will show our appreciation of Mr. Cohen's past and our hope for his future. Personally, I have always found him ready to work, and unexacting financially. That is another reason why this appeal should elicit a prompt and generous response. I have only to add that remittances can be forwarded to me for acknowledgment before being passed over to the Treasurer.

G. W. FOOTE.

## Edgar Saltus.

"I would rather have written *Salammbô* than have built the Brooklyn Bridge. It was more difficult, and it will last longer."  
—EDGAR SALTUS.

How pleasant it is for cultured persons to have a resident scapegoat always on hand to be "damned for the sins they're not inclined to." Whether the expiatory person enjoys it so much, is no matter. Not even by innuendo would we call Edgar Saltus a beast, for the frankly brutal epithet that, after all, is a scientifically accurate description of every human being, is apt to be taken in a very narrow sense. But when the shocked virtue of one of Mr. Mudie's or Messrs. Smith and Sons' chaste readers utters squeaks of prudery at the chance mention of Edgar Saltus's name, one is apt to be defeated by the outcry of Philistine pruriency. The easy and welcome white lie of a superior smile is the only argument worth trying.

To hear tea-table tattle over the noisome scandals of the day, or to see modest dames grappling with the flabby expanse of a daily paper in which the latest diagnosis of the pathology of the divorce court is brought to light, is not a pleasant sight. That which an editor of a daily paper, whose cheek one would fancy had lost the first bloom of maiden modesty, puts in the less accessible columns of his journal, they open boldly and study in the pure environment of a British home. This sight, common as vice itself, is an inversion of the homage vice pays to virtue, and is nearly akin to a tribute paid by virtue to vice. So long as the record is true of ascertained circumstances touching living people, modesty is not outraged by the recital. But a master of fiction, who would fain present his puppets as sentient mortals, must emasculate them and etherialise them until they are mere shadows. So far as we can recollect, the boycott has been applied to only one other living author—George Moore. Emile Zola was only excluded in his English translations, but this was, possibly, merely an artistic protest at the transliteration, so that prosody, not prudery, was the real cause.

Edgar Saltus is an American author only in the sense that Henry James is an American, and no more. He is a man of cosmopolitan culture and sympathies. With Thomas Paine he would say, "The world is my country," and he cannot arbitrarily be described as anything else than a writer in English. He assuredly calls for a need of recognition equal, at least, to that accorded to Maeterlinck, Sudermann, D'Annunzio, Louys, and others, for whom so many British altars have flamed in worship.

Edgar Saltus began his literary career with a book on Balzac. It is brief, bright, and imbued with the spirit of the master. A year later he completed his work on *The Philosophy of Disenchantment*, a most remarkable exposition of the teachings of Schopenhauer, Hartmann, Leopardi, and other pessimistic thinkers. This was followed by a most brilliant and illuminating piece of writing, *The Anatomy of Negation*. Throughout the book the style is sustained, light is combined with depth, the matter is as remarkable as the manner. The prefatory note informs us that—

"The accompanying pages are intended to convey a tableau of anti-Theism from Kapila to Leconte de Lisle. The anti-Theistic tendencies of England and America have been treated by other writers, in the present volume; therefore, that branch of the subject is not discussed. To avoid misconception, it may be added that no attempt has been made to prove anything."

In a note to a later addition he says that—

"In brief, it was the writer's endeavor to divest his reader of one or two idle pre-occupations, and to leave him serene in spirit, and of better cheer than before."

As a commentary on the subtle irony of the preceding remarks, we quote the following paragraph, which is as daring and as eloquent as Ingersoll:—

"The Orient is asleep in the ashes of her gods. The star of Ormuzd has burned out in the skies. On the

banks of her sacred seas, Greece, hushed for evermore, rests on the divine limbs of her white immortals. In the sepulchre of the pale Nazarene, humanity guards its last divinity. Every promise is unfulfilled. There is no light save perchance in death. One torture more, one more throb of the heart, and after it nothing. The grave opens, a little flesh falls in, and the weeds of forgetfulness, which soon hide the tomb, grow eternally above its vanities. And still the voice of the living, of the just and of the unjust, of kings, of felons, and of beasts, will be raised unsilenced, until humanity, unsatisfied as before, and yet impatient for the peace which life has disturbed, is tossed at last, with its shattered globe and forgotten gods, to fertilise the furrows of space where worlds ferment."

The man who could write like this was endowed, in no small measure, with the blood-royal of literature. In one of his later novels, a principal character is made to say: "I would rather have written *Salammbô* than have built the Brooklyn Bridge. It was more difficult, and it will last longer." This characteristic remark presents his ambition in a sentence. In his work, *Mary Magdalen*, he has produced the most successful and daring "reconquest of antiquity" that has been attempted in English. *Mary Magdalen* is not a sensational novel for the railway train. It is nothing to do with pastime. It is merely a piece of literature. Edgar Saltus has reconstructed a scriptural legend, just as Flaubert presented a story of ancient Carthage in his *Salammbô*. He has treated the story with exceptional freedom, with power, with poetry, and with tragic dignity. He frequently touches the sublime, he never approaches the ridiculous. There is no hysteria—a rare thing with contemporary writers.

Edgar Saltus, perhaps unwittingly, has made a partial use of De Quincey's view of Judas Iscariot. Presenting an idea that the betrayal was brought about by the desire of Judas to prove to the world that Jesus was omnipotent, Edgar Saltus has combined this idea with a perfectly original idea that Judas was in love with Mary Magdalen. The book is, like the original story, a work of fiction, but it has, unlike the former, at least the merit of being a thing of beauty.

All Edgar Saltus's novels seem destined to provoke readers to violent action. *Mr. Incon's Misadventure*, *The Truth about Tristram Varick*, *Eden*, *A Transaction in Hearts*, *The Pace that Kills*, *A Transient Guest*, *Madam Sapphira*, to mention but a few, form a collection which almost merits the claim of Edgar Saltus to be considered the English Balzac. His enemies, and, like most strongly individual artists he has many, delight in referring to his indebtedness to Balzac. Their malice is proof that they dread Saltus's success, and shudder lest the dear milk-and-water novel of the circulating libraries should be found an insipid cup beside the stronger liquid brewed by the disciple of Flaubert and Balzac.

Edgar Saltus has proved his poetic temperament in multitudinous passages of impassioned prose. He has, however, presented his readers, in a little book, *Love and Life*, with a few experiments in verse. The following sonnet, charged with personal feeling, is a fair example of his style:—

In swift and sudden dreams each night I greet  
The host of friends that in my heart I bear;  
I chat in paradox with Baudelaire,  
I talk with Gautier of the obsolete—  
My absinthe and De Musset's brandy meet.  
And by some special favor here and there,  
Now with Elaine and now with Guinevere  
I pass the day in some serene retreat.  
Heine's malicious eyes have gazed in mine,  
And I have sat at Leopardi's feet,  
And once I heard the lute-strung songs divine  
That Sappho and the Lesbian girls repeat,  
But yet what night have I not sought in vain  
To meet and muse with Emerson again?

A many-sided man. His nationality has given him a characteristic energy. He has shown us that the brutal Anglo-Saxon can compete successfully with the admired foreigner. He has been writing for eighteen years, he may continue to do so for eighteen more. We may yet hope to see his claims recognised, and his ultimate place among our leading

writers freely conceded. In what rank of that group he should come it were futile to ask now. If the position we should choose prove to be far above the one which Time will decide, it is at least with honest belief in the vigor of his work, and no blind liking that ignores its shortcoming.

Edgar Saltus is a philosopher, a poet, a critic, a novelist, and that rare thing in our populous world of laborious scribblers, a really fine writer of English.

MIMNERMUS.

#### Moses and the Pentateuch.—IV.

9. ONE of the many circumstances which point to the non-Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch is the frequent reference in those books to Canaan and the Canaanites. In Gen. xl. 15 the mythical patriarch Joseph is represented as saying to one of Pharaoh's servants: "For indeed I was stolen away out of the land of the Hebrews." This Biblical story is, of course, pure fiction. There was no "land of the Hebrews" at the time this patriarch is said to have lived; there was no "land of the Hebrews" even in the time of Moses. It is perfectly clear, then, that this passage could not have been written by the last-named individual, nor in the age in which he is supposed to have lived.

Next, the following passages in which reference is made to the Canaanites being in the land could not have been written by Moses.

Gen. xii. 6.—"And the Canaanite was then in the land."

Gen. xiii. 7.—"And the Canaanite and the Perizzite dwelled then in the land."

The phrase "then in the land" plainly implies that in the writer's days the Canaanites were no longer in possession of Palestine, or at least of that portion occupied in later times by the Hebrew tribes. The expression could not, in fact, be employed until the state of things described in the passage no longer existed, and this was not until centuries after the time of Moses. The historian, Geoffrey of Monmouth, who lived in the reign of Stephen, might, in relating events in the time of Alfred the Great, very well say that "the Danes were then in the land"; but no historian writing when that people overran the kingdom, could by any possibility make use of such an expression. Not until after they had been expelled or exterminated could such a statement be made.

But that the authors of the Pentateuch lived and wrote long after the Israelites were in possession of Canaan is proved by the following references to the expulsion of the Canaanites:—

Lev. xviii. 24, 28.—"Defile not ye yourselves in any of these things: for in all these the nations were defiled which I cast out before you.....that the land vomit not you out also, when ye defile it, as it vomited out the nation that was before you."

Deut. ii. 12.—"The Horites also dwelt in Seir aforetime, but the children of Esau succeeded them; and they destroyed them from before them, and dwelt in their stead, as Israel did unto the land of his possession which the Lord gave unto them."

These passages could not have been written before the Canaanites had been exterminated or subjugated, which was not until the Israelites had been long settled in Canaan. The writers do not use prophetic language; they inadvertently refer to an accomplished fact, or what they believed from tradition to be fact. The Canaanites had been expelled from the territory occupied by the Israelites at the time the foregoing passages were written; consequently, Moses could not have made the statement here ascribed to him.

10. An expression which is of frequent occurrence in the Pentateuch, as well as in many of the other Old Testament books—viz., "unto this day"—denotes a writer later than the time of Moses. Thus, in 2 Kings, xvii. 41, we read: "So these nations feared Yahveh, and served their graven images; their children likewise, and their children's children,

as did their fathers, so do they unto this day." Here the words italicised refer to the time when the Second book of Kings was compiled from older writings—which was not earlier than the reign of Evil-merodach (B.C. 562-560). Coming to the "books of Moses" we find it stated:—

"So Moses the servant of the Lord died there in the land of Moab.....but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day" (Deut. xxxiv. 5-6).

No one is likely to contend that this last passage was written by Moses. Neither, again, was the following penned by that law-giver:—

"Jair the son of Manasseh took all the region of Argob unto the border of the Geshurites and the Maachathites, and called them, even Bashan, after his own name Havvoth-Jair [*i.e.*, "the towns of Jair"] unto this day" (Deut. iii. 14).

The conquest of these cities, like the building of those occupied by the tribes of Reuben and Gad, could not have been undertaken until after the death of Moses. Furthermore, the Jair mentioned in the foregoing passage is evidently the same individual as the Jair who is represented as living in the period of the Judges.

"And after him arose Jair, the Gileadite and he judged Israel twenty and two years. And he had thirty sons that rode on thirty ass colts, and they had thirty cities, which are called Havvoth-Jair unto this day" (Judg. x. 3-4).

Here we have proof that the phrase "unto this day" in the Pentateuch refers to a date long after the first settlement of the Israelites in Canaan; for, of course, the expression in both passages refers to the same later period. Similarly, the following passages were not written by Moses:—

Gen. xix. 37.—"The same is the father of the Moabites unto this day."

Gen. xxxv. 20.—"And Jacob set up a pillar upon her grave: the same is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day."

Deut. iii. 8.—"And we took the land at that time out of the hand of the two kings of the Amorites."

In the last example the two kings referred to (Sihon and Og) had only just been defeated; consequently Moses, in addressing the Israelites, could not have uttered the words attributed to him. On the other hand, the writer of Deuteronomy, looking back to a time long past—to the ancient days in which Moses was supposed to have lived—naturally, though inadvertently, made use of the expression "at that time."

11. In the first book of Samuel (chap. ix.) we have an account of Saul, before he was made king, seeking his father's asses. After a fruitless search for three days, Saul and his servant decided to consult a "man of God." Coming to a certain city, "they found young maidens going out to draw water, and said unto them, Is the seer here?" Directed by these damsels, "Saul drew near to Samuel in the gate, and said, Tell me, I pray thee, where the seer's house is? And Samuel answered Saul, and said, I am the seer" (11-19). In verse 9 we have an editorial note explaining why Saul inquired, not for a "prophet" (*nabi*), but for a "seer" (*roek*).

"Beforetime in Israel, when a man went to inquire of God, thus he said, Come and let us go to the seer: for he that is now called a prophet, was beforetime called a seer."

Samuel the seer and Gad the seer both lived in the time of David; the former before David was king, and the latter after David had reigned many years. Nathan the prophet lived later than either, for he assisted in the anointing of Solomon (1 Kings i. 34). It would thus appear that the word "prophet" first came to be used in the latter part of the reign of David, though we find the more ancient appellation "seer" still employed in later times (see Amos vii. 12; Micah iii. 7; 2 Kings xvii. 13; Isa. xxx. 10; etc.). In any case, the latter name, which was the only one known in the time of Moses, is never once used in the five books ascribed to that lawgiver. In every instance the word "prophet" is employed. We may say, then, that the following passages were not written by Moses:—

Gen. xx. 7.—"Now therefore restore the man's wife; for he is a prophet."

Exod. vii. 1.—“Aaron thy brother shall be thy prophet.”

Num. xi. 29.—“Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets.”

Deut. xiii. 1.—“If there arise in the midst of thee a prophet or a dreamer of dreams,” etc.

Deut. xviii. 15.—“The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a prophet,” etc.

We shall, of course, be told that the word “prophet” in the foregoing and other passages is an emendation by a later editor, who, in every instance, altered “seer” into “prophet.” If this be so, why did this editor allow the more ancient name to stand in the book of Samuel and elsewhere? The truth appears to be that no such alterations were made, but that the books of Samuel and Kings, and some of the minor Prophets, are many centuries older than the five books attributed to Moses. The first-named books contain a good deal of genuine Jewish history; the “books of Moses” are pure fiction, and of a much later date. The writers of the latter books employed the terms in use in their days—which fact accounts for this and many other anomalies.

12. The authors of the Pentateuch, as we have seen, had a perfect knowledge both of the names and positions of the cities in Canaan and of the line of kings that reigned in the kingdom of Judah. It is not astonishing, then, that we should find in the “books of Moses” several undoubted references to the temple built by king Solomon. The following is an example:—

“But when ye go over Jordan, and dwell in the land which the Lord your God causeth you to inherit..... then it shall come to pass that *the place which the Lord your God shall choose, to cause his name to dwell there*, thither shall ye bring all that I command you; your burnt offerings, and your sacrifices, your tithes, and the heave offering of your hand.....Take heed to thyself that thou offer not thy burnt offerings in every place that thou seest.....But unto *the place which the Lord your God shall choose out of all your tribes to put his name there*; even unto *his habitation* shall ye seek, and thither thou shalt come” (Deut. xii. 10, 11, 13, 5. See also Deut. xiv. 23-25; xv. 20; xvi. 2-6; xvii. 8-10; etc.).

After fraudulently placing the foregoing command in the mouth of Moses, the writer could not, of course, mention the temple by name. There is not the slightest doubt, however, that the sanctuary at Jerusalem—and that only—is referred to. This was the place which, in later times, the Lord chose out of all the tribes to “put his name there,” as will be seen from the following passages:—

“Rehoboam.....reigned seventeen years in Jerusalem, *the city which the Lord had chosen out of all the tribes of Israel to put his name there*” (1 Kings xiv. 21). Manasseh “set the graven images of Asherah that he had made in the house, of which the Lord said to David, and to Solomon his son, *In this house, and in Jerusalem, which I have chosen out of all the tribes of Israel, will I put my name for ever*” (2 Kings xxi. 7).

It is perfectly clear from the foregoing and many other passages (Micah i. 2-3, etc.) that the place in which the Lord should choose to dwell and plant his name was the temple at Jerusalem. From the last passage quoted, too, it is evident that the Hebrew Deity had no idea of having such a place before the time of David. It was this model king who first conceived the idea of building a permanent structure as an abiding place for the ark. The Lord approved the plan, but not the man; David therefore prepared the materials, and his son Solomon built the house. Furthermore, Jerusalem was in the hands of the Canaanites until the time of David. It is plain, then, that all the passages in Deuteronomy in which the temple is referred to could not have been written before the time when the Hebrew God's name and dwelling-place had been set up in Jerusalem—that is to say, not earlier than the reign of king Solomon.

Christian apologists and Bible reconcilers will, no doubt, contend that the references under this head are to the grand Tabernacle or Tent of Meeting, said to have been made by Moses in accordance with directions received from God on Mount Sinai—which

Tabernacle is stated to have been afterwards set up in Shiloh (Josh. xviii. 1). To this I need only say, for the present, that the great Tabernacle so minutely described in the book of Exodus was never set up in Canaan, and is, in fact, a purely imaginary structure. The temple at Jerusalem, on the other hand, is historical, whether built by Solomon or not—and so, also, is the “Ark of the covenant.”

ABRACADABRA.

### Obituary.

ON Sunday death robbed us of our old friend and member, Mr. W. Smithyman. For months he had suffered intense agony from that terrible disease, cancer. With the certain knowledge he would never recover, and enduring the pain he did, he remained steadfast to his principles, and his interest in the work of our movement never flagged. At his express wish he will have a Secular funeral at Wollaston Cemetery, near Stourbridge, and Mr. Cohen (also at his request) will speak at his grave. He wished little said of himself, but something on the principles and objects of the Society. This Branch will lose a good friend and the movement a firm supporter.—J. PARTRIDGE, Sec. (Birmingham).

### Adulterated Science; or, Knowledge *plus* Religion.

Lord Kelvin says that Science shows  
Presumptions for “creation,”  
Though thoughtful thinking overthrows  
His *incomplete* illation.

While fondly letting Reason form  
His data for illation,  
He slight the syllogistic norm,  
And shirks the implication.

The mind that thinks of aught must think—  
To obviate confusion—  
On scientific lines, nor shrink  
From logical conclusion.

If Reason's fit to argue God  
From items that are *grateful*,  
To bar the converse would be odd  
From items that are *hateful*.

To “see” and *praise* “design” that's *good*,  
Nor “see” and *blame*, when *vicious*,  
Suggests a mind in mystic mood,  
Or worse—the thing's suspicious!

If Reason can appraise the Good,  
To weigh the Ill 'tis equal;  
If Good, then Ill, is understood  
In genesis and sequel.

Now, Good and Ill are facts, and he  
Who reasons well will either  
Express a God—if God there be—  
In terms of *both*, or *neither*.

Though Kelvin knows the word “create”  
Is *useless* and *unmeaning*,  
He *uses* it to indicate  
The way his thoughts are leaning!

The pious seldom pause to weigh  
Their thoughts and words and phrases,  
And so the most they write, or say,  
Amuses and amazes.

G. L. MACKENZIE.

The Rev. Frank M. Hungate, of Painesville, Ohio, has been sentenced to five years' imprisonment for performing a criminal operation upon his housekeeper, Phoebe McGowan, aged eighteen. Being a very eloquent pulpit orator, Mr. Hungate made a very affecting appeal before sentence was passed.—A case of uncommon rascality seems to be that of the Rev. Ralph H. Baldwin, formerly of this city, but now holding down a job at preaching in the West, who is being sued for divorce. He married two women and deserted them both. The kind of a man the Gospel made of Mr. Baldwin is revealed in a letter the second woman wrote to the first, wherein she describes her marriage and subsequent desertion in a strange city, being left without money or friends, and with nothing to eat. Probably Mr. Baldwin will be asked to resign his pastorate, but no one can prevent him from continuing to be a good Christian.—*Truthseeker* (New York).

## SUNDAY LECTURE NOTICES, etc.

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

### LONDON.

CAMBERWELL SECULAR HALL (61 New Church Road, Camberwell): 7.30, *Conversazione*.

SOUTH LONDON ETHICAL SOCIETY (Masonic Hall, Camberwell New-road): 7, Dr. Stanton Coit, "A New Religion for the People."

WEST LONDON ETHICAL SOCIETY (Kensington Town Hall, High-street): Dr. Stanton Coit, "Emerson."

### OUTDOOR.

BETHNAL GREEN BRANCH N.S.S. (Victoria Park, near the fountain): 3.15, Mr. Cohen, "The Farce of Christian Democracy." Collection in aid of the Penrhyn Quarrymen.

CAMBERWELL BRANCH N.S.S.: Station-road, 11.30, G. Green: Brockwell Park, 3.15, E. B. Rose.

EAST LONDON BRANCH N.S.S. (Mile End Waste): 11.30, W. J. Ramsey, "Salvation."

FINSBURY BRANCH N.S.S. (Clerkenwell-green): 11.30, R. P. Edwards.

KINGSLAND BRANCH N.S.S. (corner of Ridley-road, Dalston): C. Cohen.

STRATFORD GROVE: 7, G. Parsons, "Christianity in its Coffin."

WEST LONDON BRANCH N.S.S. (Hyde Park, near Marble Arch): 11.30, F. A. Davies; Hammersmith Broadway, 7.30, F. A. Davies.

### COUNTRY.

CHATHAM SECULAR SOCIETY (Queen's-road, New Brompton): 7, R. P. Edwards, "Christian Evidences Up to Date."

GLASGOW (110 Brunswick-street): 12 noon, Business Meeting of Members.

LEEDS (Gladstone Hall, Kilbeck-street, New Wortley): H. Percy Ward, 11, "The Gospel of Secularism"; 3, "The Dream of Heaven and the Nightmare of Hell"; 7, "Why I Left the Wesleyan Pulpit."

LIVERPOOL (Alexandra Hall, Islington-square): 7, Annual Meeting.

MANCHESTER SECULAR HALL (Rusholme-road, All Saints): J. M. Robertson, 3, "The Church and Education"; 6.30, "Christianity and the Sword."

SHEFFIELD SECULAR SOCIETY (Hall of Science, Rockingham-street): Charles Watts, 3, "Labor, the Churches, and the Working Classes"; 7, "Difficulties of Christian Belief: A Reply to the Rev. Frank Ballard."

SOUTH SHIELDS (Captain Duncan's Navigation School, Market-place): 7, Important Meeting—Conference Agenda, etc.

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