

# THE Freethinker

Edited by G. W. FOOTE.

VOL. XXIII.—No. 84

SUNDAY, AUGUST 23, 1903

PRICE TWOPENCE

*This is a gloomy day, with ceaseless rain. My head is bursting, my heart is broken.*

*The air is thick and heavy, the sky black as ink. A genuine day of death and burial.*

*How often there recurs to my mind that exclamation of Schopenhauer, at the spectacle of human iniquity:*

*"If God created the world, I would not be God."*

—CAPTAIN DREYFUS, *Diary on the Devil's Island*, December 3, 1895.

## Semi-Superstition.

*The Past, the Present, and the Future.* By Martin R. Smith.  
London: Longmans, Green, & Co. (2s. net).

UNDER this comprehensive title—which includes all that was, is, and is to come—Mr. Smith presents us with a little treatise on religion. It is written plainly and with obvious sincerity, which is certainly a merit in present-day religious discussions; but it contains nothing new or striking, and we only make it the subject of this article because it seems to us so typical of a widespread and pathetic sentimentality amongst people who see through Christianity, and yet fail to see that any other form of religion must be fundamentally just as unreasonable. For the truth is that you cannot have a reasonable religion—using that word in the common meaning of supernaturalism. All such religion is a matter of faith; and faith and reason are two things that never did mix, and never will. Those who attempt the mixture only succeed in making themselves ridiculous. There are some who actually pick and choose miracles, and fancy they are exercising their intelligence, while they are only gratifying their personal or inherited prepossessions. A moment's real reflection would show them that all miracles are equally possible; that it is as easy to create an elephant as to create a fly, that it is as easy to multiply a few loaves and fishes to feed the whole world as to feed five thousand people, that it was as easy for Jonah to swallow the whale as for the whale to swallow Jonah, and that it was as easy to part the waters of the Red Sea asunder and let the Jews march between sea-walls (with the fishes looking at them) as to bring up a special east wind causing a remarkably low tide and a surprisingly wide expanse of seashore.

Mr. Smith is one of these half-and-half superstitionists; or, if he prefers the term, religionists—the connotation being precisely the same in both cases. He rejects Revelation as "mere assertion and hearsay," yet he believes in Inspiration as "the natural influence of the Divine Spirit upon the minds of men, beautifying their thoughts, elevating their language, and thus intensifying their power over the minds and imaginations of their fellow-men." Just as though there were an essential difference between the two ideas, or as though one were more realisable than the other! He argues excellently against the divinity of Jesus, and boldly says that his teaching would make the world "tenfold worse" than it is. Yet he proceeds to expound a creed of his own, which is pure conjecture from beginning to end, as indeed he half confesses before he has done. He brands the doctrine of everlasting hell as a blasphemous infamy; yet in face of all the cruelties,

miseries, and degradations of the world he talks of "the ever-present love of the Divine Father." Just as though hell hereafter were any worse than hell here, or as though there were any torture in the former that was not borrowed from the latter!

We are presented by Mr. Smith with the old doctrine of reincarnation—though we believe he never uses the word. The general features of his theory, he says, are "believed by many millions of Buddhists now living on earth." But how does that make it more credible? And why are the Brahmans excluded?

Mr. Smith regards this world as an elementary spirit-school. Having passed through it we digest what we have learnt, and start again in another world. It is a trifling detail, beneath Mr. Smith's notice, that the passage of many through this world is too short to learn anything. Some die a few years old, some a few months old, and some a few days old. What becomes of *them*? Do they go to another elementary spirit-school, and stay longer; or do they try back in this world, where their first appearance was such a failure?

The scholastic process is explained by Mr. Smith as follows:—

"Man's spirit, on leaving earth-life, returns to its spirit-home, and to the real, natural conditions of spirit-life, carrying with it the success or failure of its recent earth-life as new and valuable experience; with its release from the body, it should regain the powers of untrammelled spirit, and may thus be able to look back with renewed memory upon the long vista of its past lives, trace the upward steps of its career, and, with the higher knowledge of God which must be natural to spirit-life, recognise and adore the love that has appointed its trials and temptations and with wise purpose permitted its failures."

These "shoulds" and "mays" and "musts" are not facts, but fancies. If you ask Mr. Smith for proofs, he has none. All he can reply is that his belief is in harmony with the love and justice of God; which is merely justifying one assumption by another.

But let us look at this love and justice of God. Mr. Smith starts all right:—

"We are surely, then, justified in saying that God made men *as they are*, good, bad, and indifferent, and therefore that God, and God alone, is primarily responsible for the sin and suffering of the world."

But there is a trick in that "primarily." It is a hole in the sentence through which it all runs out. This is apparent from the following on the next page:—

"God is responsible for the conditions of life, He is not so for the use men make of these conditions in the exercise of the certain freedom of will which He has given to them. If an earthly father has given to his son all the education, precept and good example that is in his power, we do not hold him to blame for the subsequent aberrations and misconduct of his son, and if we can use our common-sense in one case why not in the other? What sane man can hold God to blame for his own misconduct?"

What a mass of confusion and fallacy is here! Can we conceive of one being *giving* another being freedom of will? And what is a "certain" freedom of will—or, as Mr. Smith expresses it later on, a "large measure of free will"? Surely the will must be free or necessitated. There are some things that do not admit of a compromise. A woman cannot be partially chaste. Moreover, it is perfectly clear, if you take the trouble to think it out, that whatever



power God delegates to man is exercised by God's permission and according to God's foreknowledge; so that it is God who is really acting all the time, through however many agencies, and God who has to bear the entire responsibility. Nor is this conclusion at all qualified by that inept reference to "an earthly father." The analogy is merely verbal. An earthly father begets his son in hope, but not in certitude; he has to leave a lot to chance; and, if he does his best for his son afterwards, no more can be asked of him. God's best, however, by the terms of the case, is not relative, but absolute. When he creates a man he knows exactly what he is doing and what will come of it. He knows whether he is creating a philosopher or a fool, a saint or a sinner, a hero or a coward, a blessing or a curse to all concerned. And that knowledge radically changes the whole problem. Which, indeed, has been perceived by the more logical Godites, who have accepted predestination, and answered complaints by asserting the potter's right to do as he pleased with his clay.

There is much truth in what Mr. Smith says about death. It is not in itself a curse, as the world goes; for the world is adjusted to it, and beautiful flowers grow over graves. But there are many worse things than death. There are hunger, disease, agony, and despair; ruined bodies, racked brains, and broken hearts. How are these harmonised with the love and justice of God? Mr. Smith says they are incidents in our moral education! True, very little progress is made in a single lifetime; the process "must be very slow," but "God is patient." Yes, indeed! God has been conducting the moral education of the human race for countless thousands of years, yet, as Mr. Smith admits, man is "even now too often but little raised above the brutes." Yes, a patient educator! What he wants, apparently, is knowledge and power.

Mr. Smith's last chapter only shows that the belief in a future life is the beginning and the end of all religion. While admitting that the future is as "unknown and unknowable" as the past, that "both are shrouded in impenetrable mystery," and that we "possess *not one scrap of evidence*" (the italics are his own) upon the subject of "a higher life after death," he discourses about it with great confidence and fluency; taking refuge from criticism by declaring that the belief is "absolutely innate," being revealed to "each man privately" by the Creator." But this is not true in our own case, and we have no means of knowing whether it is true in Mr. Smith's.

G. W. FOOTE.

### God and Man.

In the beginning man made gods. And man saw the gods he had made, and said: "Lo, these are great and powerful and revengeful; therefore let us abase ourselves before them, lest they, jealous of our strength and knowledge, should crush us out of existence." And man did so; and for generations all that was best and noblest in human nature bowed before the myths it had fashioned, until subservience, credulity, and superstition became fixed characteristics of man, which civilisation could only gradually modify, and has not yet succeeded in destroying.

This is the truth that stands out with growing distinctness as science reads more clearly the riddle of human nature. In the beginnings of civilisation the gods are born of vague fears and strong desires. Man reads himself into the non-understood forces of nature. The gods are everywhere, ruling all and terrorising all. The gods represent the first stage of that attempt to understand nature which culminates in a Newton, a Lyell, and a Darwin. Had man never been able to reason, he would have been without gods. Possessing reason, gods are amongst its earliest products. It was thinking that brought them into existence; it is thinking that sweeps them into oblivion.

In the earlier stages the gods are all cruel, brutal, and revengeful. They represent the worship of force

in its most repellant form. It is the larger and grosser forces that primarily strike the human mind hardest, and which are first personified. The perception of the more subtle forces comes later; that of the domestic and higher human qualities later still. The Greek and Roman mythologies show us the personification of æsthetic, civic, and domestic qualities. Christianity takes us back once more to the worship of the less developed qualities. For, in spite of all that has been said by Christian preachers of the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God, early Christianity is far more a deification of crude power than aught else. If the Christian Deity is pictured as a father, it is a parent of a typically Asiatic model—one against whom the child has no rights and no independence. The arts and sciences have no place in the Christian Pantheon. God is all-powerful. He does with us as a potter does with his clay; if we are rounded into a handsome vessel we may feel pleased, but we have no right to be angry if the result is otherwise. The message of early Christianity was that God is all-powerful and man all-criminal. We deserve damnation, whether we get it or not; and it may be fairly held that, at the side of the Greek and Roman polytheism, which gave at least a place to the higher human qualities, the Christian creed, with its ignoring of the æsthetic and intellectual qualities, and its assertion of the contemptibility of man, was a distinct retrogression.

A large part of human history—more and more as we get further back—is overshadowed by the gods. They have absorbed a large share of human attention and energy, and upon them man has lavished some of his choicest products. The gods have had magnificent temples built to their honor, while man himself lived in hovels. They have received the service of art and literature. Man has gone even further, and on countless altars has sacrificed his own flesh and blood, in the hopes of averting the anger of the gods. He has tortured, impoverished, and emasculated himself for his gods. He has maintained huge armies of men in their interest, and starved himself for their support. What has he received in return?

So far as anyone knows, absolutely nothing. There is not a single one of the beneficial forces that go to make up our civilisation that has come from the gods, or that owe their origin to man's religious beliefs. The lightning that flashed the anger of God forced man upon his knees and kept him in terror. The lightning that has put off the livery of the gods becomes the servant of man, and carries a message round the globe at the bidding of a child. The disease that came as the agent of the gods, chastising man for his sins, took its tribute year by year, and found man too terror-stricken to resist its ravages. Disease, as the result of knowable and controllable forces, finds man prepared to fight it; it yields more and more to his attack, and we have now learned to laugh at outbreaks that sent our ancestors half mad with terror.

So with every branch of knowledge, and with all aspects of life. As man has learned to shake off the power of the gods he has grown in strength and in capacity for happiness. But each step of his development has marked a struggle with deity somewhere. The physics of Newton destroyed the subordinate gods whom Kepler thought kept the planets in their orbits. The geology of Lyell destroyed the deity who moulded the earth in the hollow of his hand. The biology of Darwin killed the god who fashioned animals as a sculptor might figures, and placed them in conditions that were best for them. And the sociology of Buckle and his successors is fast killing the deity who watches over human society, guiding its destiny and controlling its actions. Every scientific discovery has killed a god somewhere or other; every invention is as the tombstone of a dead deity.

It is sometimes said that the gods have done much for art. The ground for the assertion is that artistic creations have often taken a religious form. Nothing could be more absurd than this. That, for some time, painting and architecture took on, to a considerable extent, religious forms, is undeniable. But there is



surely little to the credit of the Christian Church in the fact that under its rule civilisation had become so corrupt that the artist found his principal patron in the ecclesiastic—although one need only study the history of the Christian clergy, as painted by their friends, to see how fit they were to appreciate art in its loftiest forms. The truth is, however, that the *form* taken by art is almost an exclusively economic phenomenon. The artist paints that for which there is a public. Given a religious environment, his subjects are naturally of a religious type; just as with a military environment his subjects are of a military type. The finest literature has never been religious, and chiefly for the reason that literature could not be utilised to enslave the people. It is not true that the Christian Church has encouraged art; as a matter of fact, it did much to destroy the conditions that made sane, healthy art possible. The only truth about the claim is that the Roman Church, in virtue of its power and wealth, has been able to offer the artist a market for his wares, and also has been strong enough to prevent subjects taking a too pronounced anti-religious character.

Every step of human progress, I have said, has involved a fight between man and his gods. And this is but a popular way of saying that man is all along engaged in fighting himself. For the struggle between religion and science, between civilisation and superstition, or between conservatism and progress, are only so many phases of a contest between two stages of culture. The creative age of religion, as Comte rightly saw, is that of fetishism. Beyond that, man does not *create* gods; he modifies and refashions those already existing. The result is that, except in very early stages, the gods represent a lower stage of culture than their worshippers. The Greeks and Romans had no god in their pantheons that were the equal of Socrates or of Marcus Aurelius, and there were always better men in Christian societies than the god they bowed to. The gods are thus concrete expressions of a lower stage of culture than that actually existent, and the consequence is a struggle between the crystalised expression of man's knowledge of nature as it was, and his knowledge as it is.

Current religions do not spring out of current knowledge, nor were they fashioned to meet current needs. They were all born of speculations long since exploded, of ideas that are no longer held even by the most religious among us. The flat earth, the solid heaven, the god-sent disease, the natural forces that were the very motions of deity, all these beliefs are now rejected, we have only the superstructure that was built upon these rejected premises. It is this simple fact that makes *all* religions essentially and unalterably retrogressive. They are all so many attempts to rule the present by the past. Science studies the past that we may improve upon it; religion that we may perpetuate its control. There is no finality with science, and there is no progress with religion. Every new discovery gives science a new strength; every new discovery spells for religion a fresh source of weakness.

The struggle between man and his gods is not, therefore, an incidental one, even in human development, but an essential portion of the process. In his extremely suggestive works, *Physics and Politics*, Mr. Walter Bagshot pointed out that the first great need of uncivilised man was the formation of certain habits and customs that permitted that amount of coherence and co-operation necessary for social life. And once having acquired these habits and customs, the next great task was to break them—a step more difficult than even their formation. It is the same with religions. Man's first intelligible account of natural happenings takes the form of the personification of non-living forces. And once this account of things is given it bars the road to other accounts of a more accurate character. For the future the gods—man-made though they be—block the way. Wherever man turns he sees their threatening forms and hears the sound of their anger. In this stage the strength needed is not to keep these customs intact,

but to break them. And when with the growth of a priesthood these beliefs come to serve as the guarantee of vested interests, the whole power of the social and political State is exerted for their protection.

Necessarily, therefore, the fight for progress is a fight against the all-embracing power of the gods. Long and stern as this fight has been, its tendency is in the one direction. Step by step the gods have been driven back; and each step of their retreat has made the ultimate triumph of man more certain.

C. COHEN.

## From Christian Pulpit to Secular Platform.

BY RICHARD TREVOR.

### VIII.—THE REIGN OF EMOTIONALISM.

WHEN a man of an ardent temperament discovers that the position he occupies is intellectually weak and indefensible, he is almost sure to fall back on emotionalism. That was the temptation that came to me, and to which I readily yielded. With what infinite relish I kept repeating to myself Matthew Arnold's famous saying: "The true meaning of religion is, not simply *morality*, but *morality touched by emotion*." During this second period of my religious history, my theology assumed a purely sentimental form, and pretended to deal with *facts* as distinguished from *theories*. Dogmas no longer appealed to me as true, although I had not the temerity to reject them as false; but the great facts which the dogmas endeavored to imprison within the stone walls of scientific definitions appeared more vital and precious than ever to me, and I hugged them with kindling affection. There were doctrines which it was my delight to hold up to ridicule and scorn; but there were others on which I was silent, because I did not understand them. Among these was the doctrine of the Trinity. It was wholly inexplicable to me that three infinite persons constituted but one God. Indeed, there was something positively repulsive in the idea, calmly held and seriously championed by many learned doctors, that the second infinite person was eternally born of the first, and that the third eternally proceeded, without either birth or creation, from the other two. Face-to-face with such inscrutable mysteries, I emotionally clung to the sweet Bible-verse, "*God is love*." I was equally incapable of comprehending the Immaculate Conception and Virgin Birth of Christ, or the mystical union of the Divine and Human Natures in the constitution of his theanthropic person, which was no longer merely the second person in the Trinity, but a kind of new person miraculously brought into existence through the Incarnation. No theologian on earth ever pretended to understand that strange doctrine; and yet it found a place in every standard work on theology. Not one of the twenty different theories of the Atonement commended itself to my reason, although some of them were more acceptable than others; and so I contented myself with proclaiming the living fact that lay behind them all. To me Christ was the visible image of the living God, and his only mission in the world was to reveal the Divine love.

Towards miracles, as such, I maintained a sceptical attitude. With Huxley, I fully admitted their possibility, but was not clearly convinced that a single genuine miracle had ever happened; nor could I appreciate the ground on which Christian apologists rejected all miracles except those recorded in the Bible. Consequently, I never preached on the subject, nor did anxious inquirers privately press me to give an opinion on it. I knew what evidential value the majority of theologians attached to the miraculous, and what emphasis was laid on the assertion that the proof from miracles was the only proof on which we could absolutely rely in the refutation of the arguments of unbelief. Archbishop Whately was confident that all Catholic miracles would turn out



to be impostures, or capable of a natural explanation, "but that Bible-miracles would stand sifting by a London special jury, or by a committee of scientific men." Dean Mansel argued that "if the reality of miracles as facts is denied, the whole system of Christian belief with its evidences, all Christianity, in short, so far as it has any title to that name, so far as it has any special relation to the person or the teaching of Christ, is overthrown at the same time." Mozley, Westcott, and Farrar expressed themselves to the same effect. But while fully aware of the theological contention that "miracles and the supernatural contents of Christianity must stand or fall together," still I somehow felt that it was a fallacy and could not stand. But what was I to do with the Resurrection of Christ, which was universally regarded as the corner stone of the Christian Religion? If I denied the miraculous, how could I believe that Christ rose from the dead? Must I not exclaim, in the poet's mournful words,—

Far hence he lies  
In the lorn Syrian town,  
And on his grave, with shining eyes,  
The Syrian stars look down?

But if I denied that Christ rose again, how could I, for a moment longer, be a Christian minister? Well, I must confess that I took refuge in a mean and cowardly subterfuge. I contended, with a few others, that Christ's Resurrection was to be understood poetically and spiritually, not literally and mechanically. I deluded myself into believing that the Apostle Paul, also, accepted and interpreted the doctrine in precisely the same way. I think it was Clough, in his exquisite poem, in two parts, entitled *Easter Day*, who first suggested the subterfuge to me. What a spiritual resurrection signified, it would have been most difficult to explain; but the belief in it was emotional, and consequently did not require to have its contents too minutely described. I was satisfied with merely *feeling* that somehow and somewhere Christ still lived. It was a degrading, soul-killing subterfuge, though I knew it not at the time; but it enabled me to imagine and feel that I was a believer when in reality I was not.

To the more thoughtful and intelligent people such preaching lacked precision, definiteness, and clearness, and the preacher was severely censured by them. But with the people as a whole I never lost touch. I was capable of rising to such an exceptionally high pitch of fervor that I never failed to secure the sympathy and support of the crowd. Besides, the presence of a crowd had such a magical and transforming effect upon me that my natural enthusiasm more than doubled its power. The dormant fire in my constitution was fanned into white and furious heat; and if I ever spoke with convincing effect it was because I so deeply *felt* what I said. Argumentatively I may have been deplorably weak and vulnerable; but emotionally I was gloriously strong and unassailable. And it is incontrovertible that a miscellaneous, popular assembly responds much more quickly and heartily to sentiment or feeling than to logic. Earnestness, accompanied by kindling eloquence, is infinitely more convincing to a multitude than the most perfect and lucid argument ever framed.

Towards the close of the period under consideration, I was, to all intents and purposes, nothing but an emotional and superficial expounder of the Christian Religion. To my intellect, Christianity was almost painfully false, but to my heart, it was irresistibly true. On week days I was frequently a rampant Agnostic or Atheist, but on Sundays and in the pulpit always a red-hot believer. It was a pitiable condition, in the extreme, to be in; but there was then absolutely no help for it. I did my utmost to keep under and silence the intellect, in which endeavor I occasionally succeeded; and I did it in the name and for the sake of what I verily believed to be a higher and nobler faculty. Words can never tell what soul-agonies I endured, what cruel crises I passed through, and to what self-loathing I more than once subjected myself. What kept me going

was the conviction that somehow the highest and best in my nature still witnessed to the blessed reality of Revealed Religion; and on Sundays, as I stood face-to-face with crowded congregations, this conviction completely swayed my whole being.

But the worst has yet to come, and must have a whole chapter to itself. Arnoldism will never work, except disastrously. The public has never been able to appreciate the fine distinction between literature and dogma. On the contrary, the public is perpetually reducing poetry to prose, and treating literature itself as if it were dogma. A follower of Arnold in the pulpit cannot fail sooner or later to commit suicide. He puts one meaning into a word, a literary and poetical one, and his hearers, another; and he cannot but be aware of the fact. The consequence is that he degenerates into a miserable play-actor, a process I shall describe in the next chapter.

(To be continued.)

## Mark Twain on Christian Science.

### ITS BOOK AND ANGEL.

UNDER protection of these preliminaries [that all people regard all other people insane], I suppose I may now repeat without offence that the Christian Scientist is insane. I mean no discourtesy, and I am not charring—nor even imagining—that he is insaner than the rest of the human race. I think he is more picturesquely insane than some of us. At the same time, I am quite sure that in one important and splendid particular he is much saner than is the vast bulk of the race.

Why is he insane? I told you before; it is because his opinions are not ours. I know of no other reason, and I do not need any other; it is the only way we have of discovering insanity when it is not violent. It is merely the picturesqueness of his insanity that makes it more interesting than my kind or yours. For instance, consider his "little book;" the "little book" exposed in the sky eighteen centuries ago by the flaming angel of the Apocalypse, and handed down in our day to Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy of New Hampshire, and translated by her, word for word, into English (with help of a polisher), and now published and distributed in hundreds of editions by her at a clear profit per volume above cost of 700 per cent.—a profit which distinctly belongs to the angel of the Apocalypse, and let him collect it if he can; a "little book" which the C. S. very frequently calls by just that name, and always enclosed in quotation marks to keep its high origin exultantly in mind; a "little book" which "explains" and reconstructs and new-paints and decorates the Bible, and puts a mansard roof on it and a lightning-rod and all the other modern improvements; a "little book" which for the present affects to travel in yoke with the Bible and be friendly to it, and within half a century will hitch the Bible in the rear and thenceforth travel tandem, itself in the lead, in the coming great march of Christian Science through the Protestant dominions of the planet.

Perhaps I am putting the tandem arrangement too far away; perhaps five years might be nearer the mark than fifty; for a lady told me last night that in the Christian Science Mosque in Boston she noticed some things which seem to me to promise a shortening of the interval. On one side there was a display of texts from the New Testament, signed with the Savior's initials, "J. C."; and on the opposite side a display of texts from the "little book," signed—with the author's mere initials? No—signed with Mary Baker G. Eddy's name *in full*. Perhaps the Angel of the Apocalypse likes this kind of piracy. I made this remark lightly to a Christian Scientist this morning, but he did not receive it lightly; he said it was jesting upon holy things; he said there was no piracy, for the angel did not compose the book, he only brought it—"God composed it."

I could have retorted that it was a case of piracy just the same; that the displayed texts should be signed with the author's initials, and that to sign them with the translator's train of names was another case of "jesting upon holy things." However, I did not say those things, for this Scientist is a large person, and although by his own doctrine we have no substance, but are fictions and unrealities, I knew he could hit me an imaginary blow which would furnish me an imaginary pain that could last me a week. The lady said that in that Mosque there were two pulpits; in one of them was a man with the former Bible, in the other a woman with Mrs. Eddy's Apocalyptic Annex; and



from these books the man and the woman were reading verse and verse about.

"Hungry ones throng to hear the Bible read in connection with the text-book of Christian Science, *Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures*, by Mary Baker G. Eddy. These are our only preachers. They are the word of God" (*Christian Science Journal*, October, 1898).

Are these things picturesque? My lady informant told me that in a chapel of the Mosque there was a picture or image of Mrs. Eddy, and that before it burns a never-extinguished light. Is that picturesque? How long do you think it will be before the Christian Scientist will be worshipping that picture or image and praying to it? How long do you think it will be before it is claimed that Mrs. Eddy is a Redeemer, a Christ, and Christ's equal? Already her army of disciples speak of her reverently as "Our Mother." How long will it be before they place her on the steps of the throne beside the Virgin—and, later, a step higher? First, Mary the Virgin and Mary the Matron; later, with a change precedence, Mary the Matron and Mary the Virgin. Let the artist get ready with his canvas and his brushes; the new Renaissance is on its way, and there will be money in altar-canvases—a thousand times as much as the Popes and their Church ever spent on their Old Masters; for their riches were poverty as compared with what is going to pour into the treasure-chest of the Christian Scientist Papacy by-and-bye; let us not doubt it. We will examine the financial outlook presently and see what it promises. A favorite subject of the new Old Master will be the first verse of the twelfth chapter of Revelation—a verse which Mrs. Eddy says (in her Annex to the Scriptures) has "one distinctive feature which has special reference to the present age"—and to *her*, as is rather pointedly indicated:—

"And there appeared a great wonder in heaven; a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet," etc.

The woman clothed with the sun will be a portrait of Mrs. Eddy.

### The Tale of Butterby's Kid.

OLD man Butterby hated Bob,  
And Bob, he equally hated him,  
And as each was onto his shooting job,  
It seemed that someone's show was slim.  
For from Butterby's ranch to Bob's home place  
Was a mile or so, and that was all;  
So the boys all said, as they viewed the case:  
"I reckon the Coroner'll get a call."

Well, Bob and Butterby met one day—  
'Twas a thing, of course, they were bound to do—  
And each of them put a tree in his way,  
And then, you bet, the bullets flew.  
Bob's arm stuck out, and he got a ball  
Right where its passage was bound to hurt,  
And old man Butterby had a call  
From a bullet that injured the side of his shirt.

But they stuck to their trees as if they were glued,  
And they hurled some names that are not in the books.  
"Come out!" said Bob, and his tone was rude.  
"You dassent," said Butterby; "dern your looks!"  
And the air was full of bullets and flings,  
And adjectives dire of a red-hot brand,  
And they knew that Death on his misty wings  
Was waiting about to take a hand.

"Come out," cried Bob, "you cowardly cur!"  
For his shoulder burned and his thoughts were hot—  
A laugh rang out where the bushes were,  
And into the open there strayed a tot.  
A wee little tot with curly hair,  
And eyes with dreams in their blue depths hid,  
The fairest thing on the mountain there,  
And her laughter was sweet—it was Butterby's kid.

Her eyes met Bob's, and she laughed again  
As she toddled straight to the tree where he stood.  
"I've lost my dolly," she said, "but, zen,  
I dess 'at oo'll find it; I 'spose 'at oo could."  
Bob kissed the babe, and he left the tree.  
"Shoot if you please," he cried, "dern you!"  
There's a job right here that is callin' me."  
Said Butterby then: "I'm damned if I do!"

There is peace to-day on Butterby's hill,  
There is peace in the home and the heart of Bob,  
And the sounds of strife are hushed and still,  
And the Coroner yet is minus a job.  
I don't go much on cussing and such,  
But I hope the angel the record hid,  
Of Butterby's oath; or, with gentle touch,  
Wrote only: "Forgiven because of the kid."

—ALFRED J. WATERHOUSE.

### Acid Drops.

The King prorogued Parliament by proxy, the Lord Chancellor reading His Majesty's speech, which was a rare political joke. We don't suppose a single word in it was the King's own. He had to bless the Education Act, amongst other things, just because the Church and Tory party are in power; and of course he would have to curse it if the Chapel and Liberal party got into power and upset it. The King's final sentence was quite amusing—although the humor was probably unconscious. "I pray," he said, "that the results of your labors may be assured by the protection and blessing of Almighty God." When the Lord Chancellor was reading these words the King was holidaying at Marienbad. He must have done the praying there. And perhaps he is still at it.

Almighty God—if such a being exist—may trouble his head, or whatever he does his thinking with, very little about King Edward or his Parliament. Perhaps it would only be a waste of time if he acted otherwise. Colonel Ingersoll once said that people prayed for things that were really impossible; for instance, he heard the chaplain asking God to give Congress wisdom.

The vast importance of the present Education struggle is our justification for referring to it so frequently. We have tried to make it clear to all our readers, who are only a handful out of the whole population of England, but may nevertheless exercise a considerable influence as voluntary propagandists.

Let us now put the whole matter in a nutshell. Churchmen and Catholics want denominational Christian teaching at the public expense. Nonconformists want undenominational Christian teaching at the public expense. Non-Christians want no religious teaching at the public expense.

To the Non-Christians, all Catholics, Churchmen, and Nonconformists belong to one camp—the camp of those who fight for general public money to defray the cost of teaching particular private beliefs. The quarrel these people have amongst themselves is a purely domestic one. It has no interest at all to the Non-Christians, except as an episode in the history of a great struggle between the bigoted past and the free-minded future.

We repeat that the essential line of cleavage is between the Non-Christians and the Christians. When it comes to the sticking-place this is obvious enough. Here is the *Westminster Gazette*, for instance, a Liberal and enlightened paper generally speaking, but on the side of State religion when it is cornered and compelled to state its preference; with the implied addendum that any form of religion is better than none at all—even Thuggism, perhaps, or the worship of Mumbo Jumbo; who, by the way, bears a considerable likeness to old Jehovah. The *Westminster* is quite alarmed at the new by-law of the Education Department, which should practically allow parents to withdraw their children, not only from religious education, but from school while the religious education is being given. Our contemporary thinks this would be a "great disaster, since it would deprive large numbers of children, whose parents profess no definite creed, of the only moral or spiritual influence which enters into their lives." Here you have the bland assumption that parents who profess no definite creed have no moral influence over their children. Stated in this way, our contemporary's position is too absurd for serious discussion.

The *Westminster* is so anxious to get hold of other people's children, with a view to indoctrinating them with its own religion, that it actually proposes that all Denominations should be allowed to enter the public schools and teach their own children during the "religious" hour, and that "the existing undenominational teaching should still continue to be a regular part of the school curriculum" for all the rest of the children. Those who are not caught by the denominational fishing-rods are to be swept in by the undenominational nets. And this is to be done in the public schools, at the public expense; that is to say, partly at the expense of people who regard both denominational and undenominational Christian teaching as a waste of time and a serious moral perversion.

One thing emerges very clearly from the *Westminster's* proposals. We have said again and again that this Education struggle is at bottom a purely professional one between the Church and Nonconformist men of God. Except when they are stirred up by these men of God, the great multitude of English parents do not care a straw about the matter. This is virtually admitted by the *Westminster*, for it argues that the children must be taught religion in their parents'



despite. We are also glad to note the same admission from the pen of Dr. Macnamara. In reply to the argument that the new by-law "tends to secularise the schools," he says that will be as the parents wish; the matter is one for them and not for other persons. "And upon my life," Dr. Macnamara continues, "I have heard so much taradiddle talked about the burning anxiety of the working-class parents to secure this or that form of religious instruction for their children that really I should like a little experiment tried. I should like the people of a given area to be informed of the nature of the new by-law by way of a circular couched in those simple terms which Mr. Acland used in 1892 in explaining to parents far and wide the privileges of Free Education then placed at their disposal. I should then like to examine six months after the register of attendance at religious instruction within the schools of the area in question. I rather fancy some of those who represent the English working-class parent as ready to make any sacrifice to secure 'definite dogmatic teaching' for his children would have their eyes considerably opened."

Dr. Macnamara's suggestion is very much to the point. The men of God profess to be very anxious that children should be taught the religion of their parents. Very well, then; let them hand the matter over to the parents—and see what comes of it! We know what would come of it; and so do they.

Passive Resisters had a rare beanfeast at Highgate. They cheered each other in Court, and Dr. Clifford's entrance was greeted with an outburst of applause. Those who could not gain entrance sang "Oh! let us be joyful" outside, and had to be dispersed by the police. This is Nonconformist politics.

Mr. A. G. Hales, who is "doing" the naval manoeuvres for the *Daily News*, finds a new descriptive phrase for the chaplain of a battleship—namely, "the aide-de-camp of the Almighty." We wonder at this bit of blasphemy appearing in Mr. Cadbury's organ. Besides, aide-de-camp is not a naval term. Mr. Hales should have called the chaplain the Almighty's lieutenant.

London breathes again. The Rev. R. J. Campbell is back from America. We hope he has brought the summer with him—and some better sermons.

It is often said that there are Catholic journalists on the press of this country who are little but Jesuits in disguise; and really the following paragraph, culled from the *Daily Mail*, might lend plausibility to this assertion:—"To-day is the great festival of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, and a strict Catholic holiday throughout the Church. The institution of this feast is commonly ascribed to a date in the seventh century, but the calendar preserved in St. Andrew's Abbey, Villeneuve (near Avignon), of the year 890, contains the entry: 'Die XV. Augusti, Assumptio Sanctae Mariac,' showing that the doctrine of the Assumption is of a much anterior date than is frequently supposed."

Such a trick could only be played on ignorant readers. Scholars would smile at that preserved calendar dating back as far as 890 and the Lord knows how much farther; and in an Abbey too—as though there were Abbeys in the fourth century! But the mob, the great gullible mob, will believe anything. That is why Christianity lives so long.

The three "Wycliffe preachers" sentenced to one month's imprisonment in Lancaster Gaol were released after nine days' incarceration as first-class misdemeanants. It is difficult to understand why they were imprisoned at all. The chief constable spoke of them as "firebrands," but that was only his personal opinion, and we believe there is no law against "firebrands" on the English statute-book. When their case was reopened, it was stated that no reference was made in their addresses to the Church of Rome. So, so? Is that how the wind is blowing? Is it to be a crime in England to say anything against the Great Lying Church? We have come to a pretty pass, if this is the case.

On the authority of some outlandish Bishop, the *Daily News* reports that "Inquiry concerning the Christian religion" is growing remarkably in Japan. What, only "inquiry," after all these years? What a magnificent result!

Mr. Hall Caine is never so comic as when he takes himself most seriously. He has just been presiding over a Free Church Convention at Douglas, and stating that "Nonconformity is the backbone of Great Britain." Mr. Caine is an odd authority on backbone.

*La Croix*, the fighting organ of the Assumptionists, and one of the most rabid of the French reactionary organs, has received the new Pope's blessing. It raised a subscription of 10,000 francs for him within forty-eight hours of his election. That "fetched" him. "I have for some time," he says, "known and loved *La Croix*. I bless with all my heart its director and his editorial staff, his office servants and printers, its readers and their families in every part of France." This is a very liberal benediction; but we suppose any number can be had at the same price.

We do not vouch for the statement in the newspapers—though we might find little difficulty in believing it—that bags of hoarded money have been discovered in the Vatican since the death of Leo XIII. These will come handy for Pius X.

The new Pope does not appear to be as tough as his predecessor. He has already fainted at a public performance. It is said that his heart is weak. Perhaps the Lord will give him a new one.

A most significant indication of the times is the general insistence that the new Pope is not a gentleman, but of "humble" origin. This is a total change of wind. The last Popes have been irritatingly noble. Leo XIII. compiled a genealogy of his house, and, when a young man, contrived to get himself into the College of Noble Ecclesiastics. Yet it turns out he was no more noble than Sarto is. We have been having accounts of his nephews, "Count" this and the "Marquis" that, when at the last moment another nephew appears who bluntly refuses to be called "Count," and protests they are all nothing but commonplace countrymen—pig-breeders, of all things!

This noble craze has been carried to so contemptible an extent within the Romanist sect that even Cardinal Newman, the son of a brewer, was so snobbish and so shoddy as to establish a school exclusively for "nobles" in Birmingham—the city of the artisan—and compelled the richer members of his middle-class congregation to send their sons to Oscott College. Leo XIII. went further, and knighted his valet, making him Sir Pio Centro, K.S.G.—Knight of the Order of St. Gregory. This order is established to recognise distinguished services to the Catholic Church, and is generally given to rich tradesmen who have expended money for Church purposes. The decoration costs about sixty-five pounds; but we know of one or two who would be very amazed to find they had been induced to part with that sum only to rank with a flunkie whose business was to shave the "donor" of the honor.

Women will have a Romance; consequently the famous Paris newspaper correspondent, Mrs. Crawford, has invented a French actress—"Judith"—with whom the late Pope was in love, and had had painted as "Our Lady of Mount Carmel"—who was a very seaside "Lady" indeed—and she asserts that "the last conscious look of this old, old priest" was at that pictorial image.

One would imagine that such a character as Leo XIII., if only from his extreme age and singular avoidance of scandals, might have been spared the insult of the attachments of such imbecile fictions to his memory. But nothing is venerable to erotic mania. Now this foolish "Judith" tale has been started it will grow, and in a few years we shall have Sardou writing a sensational drama, founded on the tragic career of the ill-fated daughter of Leo XIII. and "Judith," the ætherial Jewish tragedienne, after the manner in which he has just invented bewildering bastards for Robespierre and Dante.

So much of the jewellery presented to the late Pope was spurious that he kept a special room in which to store it, which he called "The Temple of False Gods"; but the great thumb ring he wore as successor of "The Fisherman" must have been genuine, as it was worth stealing, and was drawn off his hand by one of the indescribably holy princes of the Church who took farewell of him in his last moments.

Now, no one is so thin-skinned as a Roman Catholic. Mr. Treo has recently put a Pope on the stage, but the known unreason of Romanists led him to use, as an advertisement, a kind of announcement by Cardinal Vaughan's official paper that the representation was inoffensive. A play containing one of the French Popes at Avignon was recently written for Drury Lane Theatre, but before it was produced the Pope, being a reprehensible person, had to be lowered in dignity and became a cardinal, although this took all point from the great scene of the drama. But what would Papists have done had Sardou represented a cardinal stealing "The Ring of the Fisherman" off a dying Pope's hand as he kissed it to



take an eternal farewell? There would have been such a howl in the theatre and throughout the world, at the atrocious and faustical slander, that neither play, author, nor actors would be heard of again. Yet such a scene would be but a realistic representation of the actual fact of the detail of a Pope's death agony. This is revolting enough; but the dying Pope's last hours were occupied by dreads of such robberies, and of the loss to his family of his personal effects during the pillage of his private apartments, which he knew would take place on his decease.

The Conclave was not altogether a dull affair. It was possible to spend a cheerful evening there. One old gentleman, a German, had the forethought to bring a grand piano; while two Spaniards came provided with guitars. An American had a good stock of whiskey and soda—and his rocking chair—while a Pole had stocked himself with twenty-four bottles of Tokay. Nor was this all; when Chopin, Berlioz, and Beethoven and Wagner became monotonous, and the Yankee yarns flagged and the Spanish guitars ceased to thrum and tingle, there were the humors of a parrot which the German had insisted on bringing to supply the "unknown tongues" should the whiskey, Tokay, and the Holy Ghost fail to provide them.

The founder of the Catholic Boys' Brigade, Father Segesser, a week or two ago gave an account of the condition of Catholic boys in regard to their church. He said: "If the priests would search the registers of their schools they would find 'the results of such a test are simply appalling.' From fifty to seventy-five per cent. of the children who leave school do not become good Catholics. As examples he gave one school where out of fifty-one, only twelve 'were in any sense in touch with the Church.'" In another, out of ninety-six leaving school forty-two were lost, notwithstanding that a Lads' Brigade was established in the parish; and in another district, where an average of a hundred leave school each year, only forty or fifty boys in all practice their religion. This, our readers will see, on the assumption that the boys stay at school until fourteen, and are to be regarded as boys until eighteen, gives less than fifty for four hundred—less than one in eight. This gentleman further says that only thirty per cent. of adults attend Mass, and that they are losing their children by hundreds.

Father Segesser does not take one point into consideration, however; which point is that in many mis-called "Catholic" schools the majority, and in some, practically *all* the children are Protestants who have been forced into them by the magistrates. These naturally are lost to "the Church" when free from compulsion. Some may, of course, return to the Protestant bodies from which they have been stolen; but the result of cramming them with Romanism, obviously is to produce a rapidly increasing proportion of the population who have been under both Romanist and Protestant influences, and have adopted neither Church.

Ten thousand people paid fifty-four thousand dollars to see Jeffries and Corbett knock each other about in Christian America. Yet evangelists are exported from America to convert the heathen on this side of the Atlantic. Would it not be wise to send Messrs. Torrey and Alexander back to the States? Torrey might try to convert Jeffries—who is the son of a clergyman, to begin with—and Alexander might tackle Corbett.

This pair of American soul-savers are due in Liverpool the first week in September. A strong local committee is "preparing the ground" for the mission, under the chairmanship of Mr. Charles McArthur, M.P.; and we read that a choir of 900 voices has been organised in readiness for Mr. Alexander's conductorship. It would be a miracle, in these circumstances, if the extra-special soul-savers did not draw big crowds. It would also be something like a miracle if they made any impression on the vice and crime of Liverpool.

Mr. Tim Healey questioned Mr. Brodrick in the House of Commons as to the blessing of a regiment's colors during the King's late visit to Cork. It appears that in the case of Irish regiments the Roman Catholic Church is usually invited to take the consecration, while the Anglican chaplain shares somehow or other in the ceremony on behalf of the soldiers who are Protestants. The Catholic Bishop of Cork however, after offering to perform the ceremony himself, backed out of the job altogether, and forbade any of his priests to officiate, on realising that he was to be assisted by a Protestant heretic. Such a squabble, over such an object, is extremely comical.

The brief autobiography of the late Mr. Robert Wallace, M.P., contains the following episode of his early history as a Free Church minister. Referring to one of his church officers,

Mr. Wallace says: "I used to ask him for the addresses of the people whom I thought of visiting, and in one case, after telling me where So-and-so's residence was, he added that he was a 'deistical kind o' buddy, and he wad na advise me to countenance him.' It was in the best style of Protestant authority. I took my own way, however, and found the 'deistical' one a man of sigular modesty and intelligence. One night my Most Orthodox Beadle—I mean church officer—came to me with a melting tale of his family misfortunes, and begged me to lend him £5 for a fortnight. I let him have the money. That night he and his made a 'moonlight flitting,' no marble tells us whither. I have never seen or heard of him or my £5 since."

Major-General Egerton, in command in Somaliland, telegraphed for "three Parson pumps." The War Office sent him three chaplains—Church of England, Presbyterian, and Roman Catholic. We suppose they have to "pump" religion into the troops.

The over-estimated and absurdly-puffed Tolstoy has just written "An Appeal to Politicians" in the *Paris Revue*, in which, after the usual jeremiad on existing institutions, he winds up with the contention "that the religious conception of life is the sole effective weapon for securing true liberty." This would be doubtless conclusive if any one in the world knew what *the* religious conception of life is. Tolstoy says it is absolute non-resistance. The churches in England and America are teaching boys and lads that it is exhibited in learning how to shoot with rifles and to be adept with the bayonet. It is but a few days ago a Brahmin—whose "religious conception of life" is at least as authentic as Earl Tolstoy's—was grumbling to us at the tyranny which prevented him becoming a volunteer. It should never be overlooked that the Levites, the Assassins, the Templars, and the Thugs and Inquisitors were all organised to carry out *the* religious conception of life. And, notwithstanding the Sermon on the Mount, the religious conception of life Jesus gave his hearers was a tyranny in which they were to make all the tribes of the earth "mourn" and "all the kindreds of the earth wail because of him. Even so. Amen!"

"Providence" has been favoring the Island of Martinique again. This time a five-hours' cyclone wrecked a number of vessels and rendered 5,000 people homeless.

During the recent activity of Vesuvius the people of Naples displayed their superstition by crowding into the churches to pray for help. They forgot that the people crowded into the churches of St. Pierre during the eruption of Mont Pelée—and were all killed.

"Providence" pays no more regard to gospel-shops than to other buildings. The spire of Etton Church, near Peterborough, was seriously damaged by lightning recently. No damage seems to have occurred to any profane structure in the immediate vicinity.

According to English law there are still "Acts of God"—and they are all mischievous. That is the reason, perhaps, why this personage did not do anything to prevent the awful tragedy on the Paris Metropolitan Railway.

Germain Nouveau was a poet of promise many years ago. He suddenly disappeared, and was never heard of again until quite recently, when he turned up in Paris and obtained a small grant from the Society of Men of Letters. It appears that in the long-ago he came to the conclusion that poetry was sinful, and that the only holy life was total renunciation; so he threw his government clerkship and his manuscripts aside, and became a street beggar. Clad in rags, he sat for years by the porch of Aix Cathedral, and lived on the scanty alms he received from the passers-by. From this post he was ejected for violently upbraiding an old lady whom he thought too gaudily dressed for the House of God. Then he started to walk to Paris. He has now taken up his abode in the Quartier Mouffetard, where he lives happily amongst the mendicants. Such is the story of a man of great talent, if not of genius, ruined by superstition.

Some thirty years ago a religious recluse died at Saroff, in Russia. He lived a very austere life, and expired in the full odor of sanctity. His body was buried in the church of his monastery, but it was not destined to rest there for ever. He has lately been created a Saint, being known as St. Seraphim; and his remains have just been removed to a new marble tomb in the Uspensky Cathedral at Saroff. All the Russian royal family, including the Czar and Czarina, with a vast concourse of some 300,000 pilgrims, assisted at this transference of bones and dust. The ceremony was of the most pompous description, and the cedar-wood coffin was borne by the Czar and his imperial relatives through crowds



of kneeling and ecstatic worshippers. Thus does superstition, and the Church which works it and lives by it, exact a tribute of respect and support from the occupants of thrones; and thus, in turn, are the occupants of thrones supported in their positions by the power of superstition.

Eleven and a half tons of votive candles were sold to the pilgrims at the St. Seraphim function. Miracles have been wrought too; the blind have recovered their sight, the lame and paralysed the use of their limbs, and the deaf and dumb their hearing and speech. It is the old, old story! What happened in Palestine happens in Russia and elsewhere. Wherever faith is warm we find miracles. They are not the proofs, but the results, of faith. Whether they are new or old, it is all the same. "Such tricks hath strong imagination"—as Shakespeare says.

What an illogical person is the Protestant! He sneers and laughs at present-day miracles under the auspices of the Roman Catholic and Greek Churches. Poor man! He does not reflect that the ancient miracles of his own faith belong to the very same category as the modern miracles of the faiths he despises. He does not understand that he only believes the Bible miracles because he was taught to do so in his childhood, and that he disbelieves all other miracles for precisely the same reason. To a man who really thinks the miraculous cure of maladies is the same yesterday, today, and for ever—and east, west, north, and south.

A London evening paper, which has just been taking religious education in public schools under its protection, quotes a gruesome story of a duel to the death between a full-grown panther and a bear, in which the former was worsted; the bear walking away little the worse for the encounter, while the panther lay dead, with his head badly mauled and crushed, and his neck bitten clean through. "It is in this simple and effective manner," our contemporary says, "the strongest destroying the strong, that in the jungle the social question has been solved throughout the æons." Yet our contemporary is quite prepared to make a solemn affidavit that the Almighty and Omniscient Creator of the beasts and the jungle is positively overflowing with benevolence.

Mr. G. J. Holyoake writes on "Rationalist Propaganda" in the *Free Thought Magazine* (Chicago). We are happy to see that Rationalism, which he did not invent, is in his opinion making far greater progress than Secularism, which it is said he did invent. It is a pity, however, that, in writing on this highly respectable as well as flourishing movement, Mr. Holyoake should do a sad injustice to the memory of a Christian poet; particularly as he leaves it to an organ of Secularism to supply the correction. "We may apply without his regret," Mr. Holyoake says, "the lines of Herbert to the day of Reason:—

Oh day, so clear, so calm, so bright,  
Bridal of the earth and sky,  
None need mourn for thee to-night  
For thou shalt never die."

We hope Rationalism is not always going to be as loose as this in matters of literature. What saintly George Herbert really wrote was this:—

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
The bridal of the earth and sky,  
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;  
For thou must die.

This is poetry and melody. Mr. Holyoake's quotation is neither.

The Russian authorities—most honorable Christians, of course—are so annoyed at the part played by leading Zionists in exposing the outrages on the Jews at Kischineff that they have prohibited Zionist meetings and collections for the Zionist movement. We may judge from this how much sincerity there is in the regrets that the Russian authorities have been obliged to express on account of the Kischineff infamy. These regrets were simply extorted by the force of civilised public opinion. There was nothing spontaneous about them.

Doctor Paul Valentin, the newspapers say, is starting a "School of Happiness" in Paris. Has this gentleman solved the vexed question of what happiness is? All sorts of notions of it are current. Some people are happy in eating, and some in fasting; some in wearing "swell" clothes, and others in dressing anyhow; some in marriage, and others in bachelorhood; some in drinking, and others in tectotalism; some in town, and others in the country; some in working, and others in loafing; some in getting money, and others in spending it; some in reading books,

and others in never opening them. Is it not proverbial that one man's meat is another man's poison? On the whole, it seems probable that if Dr. Valentin has to define happiness before teaching it he will never open that school.

The late Cardinal Vaughan's estate realised only a few hundred pounds. This has been contrasted with the colossal wealth left by some dignitaries of the Church of England. But is this quite fair? Catholic priests have no families, and are thus without the chief incentive to amassing personal property. They amass plenty of property for their Church, however; and this is to their advantage while they are living. On the whole, if you look deep enough, it is probably six on the one side to half-a-dozen on the other.

A Washington manicure girl makes this statement about hand-squeezing, as it prevails in her calling: "Then there are the ministers. Really, of all the hand-squeezers, I believe the ministers are—well, perhaps not the worst—as bad as any of the others, even including the married men. I have two or three ministers who come to me every week, and they invariably squeeze my hand, and make what they think are pretty remarks about how soft it is. I treat them like the rest, and get their half-dollars—and sometimes more." If the manicure girl gets away from the parson with no damage but a squeezed hand, she is to be congratulated on her luck.—*Truthseeker* (New York).

In a breach of promise case at the Birmingham Assizes, the defendant said it had been revealed to him in a vision that he was not responsible for the plaintiff's condition. The judge called this "rubbish," and we do not quarrel with the description. But does not something of the very same kind underlie the story of the miraculous birth of Jesus Christ? It was not revealed in a vision to Joseph that he was *not* the father of Jesus, for he knew that already; but it was revealed to him who *was* the father—which is a decided improvement.

*The Zoophilist*, edited by Mr. Stephen Coleridge, is one of our exchanges. It carries on a vigorous crusade against vivisection, and in this it has our sympathy. It is a somewhat funny paper, though, in the matter of its reviews. Here are two sentences from two different reviews in the same number:—

(1) The modern conception of our duty to animals is the outcome of an ethical teaching which did not emanate from the Churches of any creed.

(2) We did not require to read the opening chapter of this work to discover that vivisection has for its inseparable companions materialism and atheism.

We invite the editor of the *Zoophilist* to explain how these two extracts are to be harmonised. We also invite him to justify the second extract or apologise for it. We believe he knows it is a villainous absurdity.

The Ecclesiastical Commissioners, who control only a fraction of the revenues enjoyed by the Church of England, have now an annual income of a million and a quarter, of which £220,000 comes from London and Middlesex in the shape of ground and house rents. Some of the property is said to be not of the most fragrant character. But all is fish that comes to the ecclesiastical net.

Young men of the Mandans, a tribe of American Indians, stand upon the roof of a hut from sunrise to sunset, vociferously commanding the rain to fall or cease, according to requirements. Meanwhile the medicine-men perform their hocus-pocus inside. The young men who fail retire in disgrace; the lucky ones become medicine-men themselves. This is a good idea. Our own curates might stand on the roof and call upon the summer to put in an appearance. If they failed they should lose their jobs and stipends.

John Richard Melville, alias Richard Morris, alias David Hawse, is doing four months in Northampton Gaol for stealing an overcoat and obtaining food and lodgings by fraud. The Sunday previous to his arrest, it is said, he preached in a Wesleyan chapel near Leicester. Presumably, on that occasion, he sported the stolen overcoat.

The latest Stockport scandal is particularly unsavory. William Cruise Webb, a lay reader and police-court missionary—being also the son of a clergyman—has been found by the magistrates to be the father of the illegitimate child of Mary Jane Whittingham, a girl who has been partly paralysed from birth, whose limbs are deformed, who cannot walk and has to be wheeled about the town in a movable chair. According to the girl's evidence, the defendant read the Bible to her during his lustful visits. It is only fair to add that he has given notice of appeal.



## Mr. Foote's Lecturing Engagements.

September 27, Manchester.

### To Correspondents.

- C. COHEN'S LECTURING ENGAGEMENTS.—Address, 241 High-road, Leyton.—Aug. 23, afternoon and evening, Victoria Park.
- W. H. (Rochdale)—We do not intend to advertise the paper you mention. We must draw the line somewhere. Thanks, all the same. Mr. Blatchford is quite right; the wonders of the death of Jesus in the Gospels are *not* recorded, or alluded to, by any profane historian or scientist. Let whoever asserts the contrary produce the passage. We are pleased to hear that *Supernatural Religion* has been added to your local Free Library.
- N. MACINTYRE.—Thanks. See "Sugar Plums."
- HACKNEY SAINT.—Always glad to receive useful cuttings. We cannot explain the "smile" you refer to.
- S. GETRAB.—Evidently the same lady.
- F. BUTLIN.—No doubt you think your letter very convincing, but it is a dreadful hodge-podge. The only definite point in it is your statement that the Bible does not teach everlasting punishment. Well, the Churches all say that it does, and we agree with them. Read the twenty-fifth of Matthew.
- A. T. RICHARDSON.—Charles Lamb was certainly a Freethinker. He rejected orthodox Christianity. Perhaps it would be safe to call him a Deist. Substantially he was of the same religion as Thomas Paine. His position as a writer is finally established. No prose of the nineteenth century is more assured of immortality than his. The world will tire of Carlyle long before it tires of Lamb. And no man of sense and feeling could hesitate in deciding which was the nobler character.
- OLD SUBSCRIBER.—An index to the *Freethinker* is, as you say, a desideratum; but much labor, and some expense, would be needed to make it an adequate one; and we are afraid that the demand would not be sufficient to cover the cost of the supply. What you say is doubtless true, that a host of valuable and interesting things lie practically buried in the back volumes of this journal.
- F. HELLIAR.—Your letter was too late for the notice you desired in last week's *Freethinker*. It was also addressed to the wrong person. Surely you know the name of the editor of this journal.
- W. P. BALL.—Thanks again for your welcome cuttings.
- G. J.—Pleased to hear you find the outspoken letter of Mr. J. O. Bales, of Gloucester, so refreshing. We wish it could make some impression on Messrs. Smith and Sons and other wholesale newsagents. The trade boycott of the *Freethinker* is really very serious, and has been increased, rather than diminished, during the past year.
- HACKNEY SAINT.—Telepathy is a much-talked-of subject, but we are not aware of any really scientific grounds for a definite opinion upon it. You must take this as our answer. We cannot undertake to reply to such questions through the post.
- DUMFRIES.—We do not see anything in Mr. Birrell's article calling for comment in our pages. Thanks, all the same.
- H. BARBER.—The verses shall appear. Thanks. Nothing could be more impudent than the assumption that any domestic virtue is bound up with the fate of Christianity.
- A. L. BRAINE.—Thanks. See "Acid Drops."
- G. CROOKSON.—If the Rev. F. Ballard says, as you report, that Darwin became an Agnostic when he was suffering from senile decay, he is simply an impudent fool. Darwin was an unbeliever in Christianity from the age of forty, and was an Agnostic while producing great works that have revolutionised human thought. Full details may be found in our pamphlet, *Darwin on God*.
- LINSBURY PARK.—We much regret to hear of the death of Mr. Quay, a member of the N. S. S. Executive, and one of the Society's vice-presidents. He was as modest and quiet as he was zealous and faithful. Those who knew him will long remember his genial presence.
- 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.
- PERSONS remitting for literature by stamps are specially requested to send *halfpenny stamps*, which are most useful in the Free-thought 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.

As the holiday season is not yet over we venture to remind our readers again of the good they might do by circulating copies of the *Freethinker* and the *Pioneer* where they happen to be recreating. In travelling, especially, it is often not difficult to introduce these journals to liberal-minded strangers. We have known many cases in which persons have had the *Freethinker* brought to their notice quite accidentally, and have become regular and zealous subscribers for years afterwards. Sow the seed! Some of it is sure to spring up.

Mr. James Neate, the Bethnal Green Branch secretary, understands that Mr. Lobb, who was referred to in Mr. Cohen's article last week, takes exception to some of our young co-worker's observations, and intends to be in Victoria Park to-day (Aug. 23) to question Mr. Cohen upon them. We hope this is true. If it be so, Mr. Cohen's meetings should be exceptionally interesting.

A number of bound volumes of the *National Reformer* (the late Charles Bradlaugh's organ) have been added to the Reference Department of the Public Library in New Bridge-street, Newcastle-on-Tyne. We should like to hear next that they have been well-thumbed. We mean by the new readers, of course.

The Truthseeker Company, 28 Lafayette-place, New York, have done good service to the cause of Freethought in publishing Mr. John E. Remsburg's book, *The Bible*. The book is well arranged and indexed, and, while containing the essentials of the latest scholarly criticism, is yet written in a bright and readable form. Mr. Remsburg insists more on such manifest absurdities as imagining an author could write of events occurring some centuries after his death than on etymological criticisms, which, though absolutely convincing to scholars, do not appeal so strongly to "the man in the street." After the divisions dealing with the authenticity and credibility of the book, Mr. Remsburg proceeds to impeach its morality, thus completely demolishing its claim to be made the basis of ethical teaching in our schools. Insisting particularly on the injustice to women which is inculcated throughout the book, he quotes Mr. G. W. Foote's prophetic remark that "it will yet be the proud boast of woman that she never contributed a line to the Bible." That Mr. Remsburg writes with a good deal of quiet humor may be gathered from a paragraph in his preface. He says of the facts presented in his volume: "Divines enjoying high honors and *large salaries* may be cognizant of them without endangering their faith, but the humbler ministers *who receive small pay* and the laity *who support the church* [the italics are not his] are liable to have their faith impaired by a knowledge of them." This is not hard to understand. The work can be obtained in England from the Freethought Publishing Co., price 5s.

Dr. G. B. Clark, in last week's *Reynolds*, made the following reference to the Nonconformists and Secular Education: "To my mind the Nonconformists are as much to blame as the Government for the present trouble. They want what they call undenominational religious education in the schools, regardless that it is as unjust to compel Freethinkers, Jews, or Unitarians, or even Catholics or Anglicans, to pay for instruction by the State of that which they consider to be wrong or harmful, as it is to compel Baptists and Wesleyans to pay for the teaching of the Church catechism. A little more of the bitter experience of the last year and it may perhaps dawn upon the Nonconformist conscience that the only solution of the difficulty which is at the same time honorable and logical is the refusal of the State to give any religious instruction in the schools at all—the true province of the State being secular only."

Mr. Ernest A. Vizetelly, the English translator of Zola, writes a spirited letter to the *Westminster Gazette* on the religious-education proposals which we deal with in this week's "Acid Drops." Our readers will be pleased to see the following extract from Mr. Vizetelly's letter:—

"Without entering into the view which you appear to take, that no moral principles can be inculcated in a child unless it be subjected to a course of religious teaching, I would submit that if you are entitled to your opinions we (the Freethinkers) are also entitled to ours. And if beneath your recent suggestions there lies an attempt to bring about peace between Anglicans and Nonconformists by uniting them in an indirect persecution of us, perhaps you will have the frankness to say so. We hold that our views deserve as much respect as those of any of the religious sects. We claim equal rights with Romanists, Anglicans, Nonconformists, Jews, and so forth; and it is only natural, therefore, that we should deeply resent



any suggestion of coercing us in this matter of undenominational religious teaching.

"For all the parties concerned, it is well that the position should be plainly defined. We, like others, are electors; and, while granting that the next General Election will turn chiefly on the suggested fiscal changes, everybody, yourself included, knows that the religious difficulty, will also influence it. For one like myself it will be the foremost of all questions. As some Church people know, we can be as fervent, as tenacious, as absolute in our views as any of them; and our numbers are by no means so small as you appear to imagine—perhaps because we are not for ever beating the big drum. But even were we very few, the question of our right would remain the same, and our influence would still make itself felt in some degree in the forthcoming General Election. Everything indicates that the contest will be a very keen one. In many constituencies even a few votes may decide the victory, and those who think as I do will refuse theirs to any candidate who does not recognise the parent's right to withdraw his children from all religious instruction whatever. And if the coercion of Freethinkers is to be one of the watchwords of the Liberal Party (of which you are one of the chief exponents) we shall know how to treat the Liberal candidates; for even if our views should coincide in other respects, this question, for us, passes first of all."

The *Westminster Gazette* replies: "Of course we would give Freethinkers the right of withdrawal."

Mr. Ernest Pack has printed and is circulating an account of his recent prosecution for "disorderly conduct" by the Leeds police. He appears to have put Amos Mason, the superintendent having the case in hand, through a damaging cross-examination. The superintendent's ignorance was simply amazing. He seems to have known nothing except that Mr. Pack should be punished—probably for his opinions; a view which the Stipendiary Magistrate had neither the power nor the wish to endorse.

The *Haltwhistle Echo* prints an excellent letter from "Fairplay" correcting a Christian correspondent for using the expression "Blatant Atheism." We are glad to see such letters appearing in the provincial press. May they multiply!

The *English Mechanic*, an admirable weekly, which has just passed its two-thousandth number, and is apparently still "going strong," has lately been publishing a correspondence on "Miracles," in which the Freethought side has been well maintained. Some of the more orthodox correspondents object to such discussions in a scientific publication. But this is all nonsense—as the editor evidently thinks; for if science is not concerned with the question of miracles, what on earth can it be concerned with outside plain bread-and-butter subjects? Some of the Christian correspondents betray the illogicality and ill temper of their tribe. It is good to note, however, that the heterodox correspondents are all good-humored.

We are glad to see this correspondence in the *English Mechanic*. It will be of great service to liberality of thought, and an eye-opener to many other persons as to the spread of Freethought views.

In last week's number, dated August 14, the editor of the *English Mechanic* adds a note of his own to this correspondence; and it is so pertinent and illuminating that we venture to reproduce it *in extenso* :—

"Very few correspondents have paid the slightest attention to our notice last week, and the result is many letters have gone to the wastepaper-basket, and several that appear have been more or less severely cut down. We have given Mr. Tweedale more latitude—perhaps unfairly, but he and all others must stick to the point next week or we cannot insert. And, to correspondents generally, may we suggest that there is really not much need to attack others' statements, unless actual corrections of facts are necessary? Readers as a whole like to know what A, B, and C think; but they are profoundly indifferent to what A thinks about what B or C thinks. Forgetfulness of that sometimes betrays some of our best correspondents into personalities which are occasionally offensive, and always perfectly useless as far as argument goes."

"Mr. Tweedale" mentioned in this editorial note is a Christian minister. He twaddles on at great length in a God Almighty style, as though he were in the pulpit. We like to see this long-winded, infallible gentleman rapped over the knuckles and called to order.

The South Shields and Newcastle friends held a very successful picnic at Holywell Dene on Sunday, August 9. Strong contingents travelled by brake and train, with no worse discomfort than a rather high wind. An excellent tea was provided by Mrs. Talbot, Silver Hill. Games, music, and dancing followed, with brief speeches by Messrs. Bow, Spedding, and Mitchell. There were other interesting features of the outing, and old and young all agreed that they had a "good time."

### The Tabernacle of the Congregation.—III.

THERE is but one more passage in the book of Judges that can have any connection with the alleged existence of the Tabernacle of the Congregation. This is the paragraph in which reference is made to "a feast of the Lord from year to year in Shiloh," at which "the daughters of Shiloh came out to dance in the dances" (xxi. 19-24). It is evident from this statement that there must have been some kind of a "house of god" at Shiloh, with, of course, a resident priest in charge. But this is very different from the stately tabernacle described in Exodus, not to mention the large army of priests and Levites supposed to be engaged in its service. In the Mosaic ritual there was no feast at which the young women of the district were to come out and dance near the tabernacle; that kind of festival existed only amongst the Canaanites.

Leaving the book of Judges, we come to the First Book of Samuel, and, in the first chapter, we find that there really was a building sacred to Yahveh in Shiloh. Here we have an account of a certain man named Elkanah of "the hill country of Ephraim"—the same district in which Mical had a Levite to minister before his images—who "went up out of his city from year to year to worship and to sacrifice unto the Lord of hosts in Shiloh." The building in Shiloh dedicated to Yahveh is mentioned five times in the narrative—viz., "the house of the Lord" (i. 7), "the temple of the Lord" (i. 9), "the house of the Lord" (i. 24), "the temple of the Lord" (iii. 3), "the house of the Lord" (iii. 15). The words translated "house" and "temple" are *bayith* and *hekal*, and both are applied, later on, to Solomon's temple (1 Kings vi. 1-5; vii. 21, 50, etc.), as well as to any permanent building. The Tabernacle of the Congregation, however, is named *ohel moed*, the word *ohel* being simply a common name for "tent." The term *hekal* is nowhere used in the Pentateuch; while the word translated "sanctuary," which is also applied to the tabernacle in Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers, is not found in the historical books—that is to say, in Judges, Samuel, or Kings. In short, there is not the slightest doubt that the "house of the Lord" in Shiloh was not a tent or a tabernacle. Moreover, the only attendants of the Lord's house in Shiloh were "Eli the priest" and his sons Hophni and Phinehas. There was no high priest, and no army of Levites. It would also appear that the two sons of Eli attended only to the sacrifices, leaving the entire care of Yahveh's house to the old man.

Returning to the history, we are told that the pious Elkanah had two wives, one of whom, Hannah, was childless, and very sad in consequence. On coming to Shiloh on this occasion Hannah bethought herself to pray to the Lord for a son, and she "vowed a vow" that, if her request were granted, she would devote the son to the Lord "all the days of his life." While this good woman prayed, "Eli the priest sat upon his seat by the door-post of the temple of the Lord," and watched all that went on amongst the assembled worshippers. When the feast was over, Hannah went home comforted, and in due time gave birth to a son, whom she named Samuel ("heard by God"); and, when the child was about two years old, she took him up to Shiloh, in fulfilment of her vow, and presented him to Eli for the service of the house of the Lord. And here we have a clear indication of the character of the "house of the Lord" at Shiloh.

Assuming the existence of the grand Mosaic Tabernacle and the Levitical priesthood, Eli, upon hearing the mother's offer, would naturally decline to receive the child. We can imagine him, in refusing to take charge of the infant, saying something like the following: "Really, my good woman, I am truly astonished. How you came to have such an idea I cannot in the least conceive. Your motives are, no doubt, eminently praiseworthy, but I really



cannot receive your child. You surely must know—every Israelite knows—that only those of the tribe of Levi are allowed to minister in the Lord's tabernacle; yet you and your husband are of the tribe of Ephraim. Moreover, you ought to know—everyone in Shiloh knows—that no children are permitted to take part in the service of the tabernacle. The Lord has himself commanded that only men shall serve in his sanctuary, and even those who are of the tribe of Levi are not allowed to enter upon their duties until they are thirty years of age. My dear lady, everyone for miles round knows that there are too many engaged in the service of the tabernacle already—so many, in fact, that they have to minister in companies, one after the other, for a week only at a time. Cast your eyes round, and you will see in Shiloh hundreds of priests and thousands of Levites loafing about, all waiting their turn to officiate. I must ask you, then, Mrs. Elkanah, to take your baby home: it requires a nurse, and we have no nurses here."

Eli the priest, it is scarcely necessary to say, made no such objections. There was no Tabernacle of the Congregation in Shiloh "in those days," and no priests or Levites save himself and his two sons; and the latter, apparently, had nothing to do with the care of the "house of the Lord." Under these circumstances the old priest received the child as an assistant, and "Samuel did minister before the Lord, being a child, girded with a linen ephod. Moreover, his mother made him a little robe, and brought it to him from year to year, when she came up with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice." Thus, instead of a large army of priests and Levites, we find the house or temple of the Lord in Shiloh left to the care of an old man and a very young child.

As time went on, the child "grew before the Lord," and at length became of an age to receive a revelation from God. The story of the "call" of Samuel we may set down as an ancient legend recorded simply to increase the fame of that prophet of Yahveh; but the glimpse we obtain of the management of the "house of the Lord" is obviously of a more historical character. We are told that "the child Samuel ministered unto the Lord before Eli," and that one night "when Eli was laid down in his place and the lamp of God was not yet gone out, and Samuel was laid down to sleep in the temple of the Lord, where the ark of God was"—that the legendary calling took place. We are told also that "Samuel lay until the morning, and opened the doors of the house of the Lord." Now, the writer of this ancient narrative, though he superstitiously believed that the Lord descended from heaven, and came and called Samuel in a human voice—"and the Lord came, and stood, and called as at other times, Samuel, Samuel"—the writer must at least have known what the "house of the Lord" in those days was like; and this is all I take as history from this portion of the narrative. The house or temple of Yahveh at Shiloh, then, was evidently an ordinary house in which Eli and Samuel lived and slept. In a darkened room (probably the principal one, on the ground floor) was the Lord's "ark of wood," the chamber being lighted by a lamp. Eli, a very old man, retired early, leaving Samuel alone in the room that contained the ark, in which (the room, not the ark) the latter slept. Sufficient oil was put into the lamp to burn until nightfall, after which it went out. In the morning Samuel opened the doors of the sacred chamber, and filled and lit the lamp; the temple was then open, and ready for Eli, in case anyone wished to consult the Lord concerning the success of some important undertaking.

Where, now, is the grand Tabernacle, with a whole tribe of priests and Levites engaged in its service? Where, also, is the great high priest, the head of this salvation army? Not in Shiloh, most certainly. The writer of the narrative, beyond all doubt, knew nothing of the great tabernacle described in the Levitical code. According to that code, too, the Holy Place, in which the priests only were allowed to enter, was lighted by a seven-branched golden

candlestick or lamp, which was never to be allowed to go out. It was the duty of the officiating priests to keep it always burning (Ex. xxvii. 20, 21).

If we believe the lying book of Chronicles, there were in attendance at the Tabernacle in the time of David (that is, two generations later, and before the temple of Solomon was built) no less than 38,000 Levites above thirty years of age. Of these 24,000 were "to oversee the work of the house of the Lord," 6,000 were "officers and judges," 4,000 were "door-keepers," and 4,000 "praised the Lord" upon instruments of music (1 Chron. xxiii. 3-5). Moreover, the priests, the descendants of Aaron, are stated to have been then so numerous that David had to divide them into twenty-four courses, who "executed the priests' office in rotation" (1 Chron. xxiv.). If these statements were true, there would have been at least about half the before-mentioned numbers in the time of Eli and Samuel. Where, then, were all these priests, overseers, officers, judges, players on musical instruments, and door-keepers? The case is even worse than that in which the hundred dogs in the garden were reduced by close questioning to "our dog and another one." The old man, Eli, and the child Samuel represented the whole 38,000 Levites; the two sons of Eli stood for the twenty-four companies of priests who attended to the sacrifices.

Before proceeding farther it becomes necessary to say that the book of Samuel, like the book of Judges, is not free from interpolations, and that one of these interpolated passages occurs in the story of Eli. In order to show more clearly the character of this passage I have placed it within brackets below, and have quoted the same paragraph (1 Sam. ii. 22-23) from the Septuagint, a translation made from the Hebrew some time before the commencement of the Christian era.

## HEBREW.

"Now Eli was very old; and he heard all that his sons did unto all Israel [and how that they lay with the women that assembled at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation]. And he said unto them, Why do ye such things? for I hear of your evil dealings from all this people."

## SEPTUAGINT.

"And Heli was very old, and he heard what his sons did to the children of Israel. And he said to them, Why do ye according to this thing, which I hear from the mouth of all the people of the Lord?"

It will be seen from the foregoing paragraphs that the words within brackets are not found in the Septuagint; that is to say, the passage was not in the Hebrew MSS. when the Greek translation was made, but was inserted at some later date. We know how very careful the Jews were in copying what they believed to be the word of God; we may therefore be quite certain that the passage is a late interpolation. The malpractices of Eli's two sons are mentioned in a previous paragraph (v. 15-17), and had to do with the priests' portion of the voluntary sacrifices, the result being that men who had been accustomed to the ancient mode of procedure now "abhorred the offering of the Lord." This was the "sin" which was "very great before the Lord," and for which Eli reprov'd his sons.

Again, the little Bethel at Shiloh, as already stated, is mentioned five times, and is called either "house of the Lord" or "temple of the Lord"—in other words, a solid permanent building. Had it been a structure of the nature of a tent or tabernacle, the writer of the account would, of course, have so named it. He might, for instance, have used the term *ohel* (a tent), or *mishkan* (a tabernacle or dwelling-place), or *sok* or *sukkah* (a booth or covering); as we have seen, he employs none of these names. Furthermore, if we admit the interpolated passage, we have a tabernacle only in name and a tabernacle without its regular attendants—the army of priests and Levites. But, as already stated, there can be no doubt whatever as to the passage being a late addition to the more ancient Hebrew text.

ABRACADABRA.



## Correspondence.

## A FOOLISH PRACTICE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE FREETHINKER."

SIR,—Will you allow me to draw attention to what I consider a very foolish proceeding on the part of some—principally the younger—members of the N.S.S. and other sympathisers with our Freethought propaganda? It is the way in which they—unintentionally, no doubt—act the jackal for our opponents of the C.E.S. and other religious tub-thumpers.

My own experience on a Sunday morning lately is typical of what frequently occurs at our outdoor stations. I was lecturing at Mile End Waste, and had a really good audience, evidently well interested in the lecture, when some of our misguided young friends went to the C.E.S. meeting adjoining our own, and began "guying" the speaker on their platform. He, of course, in some measure provoked interruption by indulging in the usual diatribes against all and sundry, the Freethinkers, which constitute the stock-in-trade of the C.E.S. lecturers. But the immediate result of this short-sighted action of the young Freethinkers in question was that the C.E.S. lecturer retorted upon them, there were mutual recriminations, and my audience at once began to melt away like a snow-bank before the sun.

Now, Sir, we all know that the dirty-mouthed blather-skites who slander us from the C.E.S. platforms do not care a button whether anyone believes them or not. Their sole concern is to get or keep people away from our meetings, and it is really too bad that our own men should not have the sense to understand that they are simply playing their game by helping them to do so.

I would suggest that, in order to check this absurd practice—which is by no means peculiar to Mile End Waste—the chairmen at our various outdoor stations might usefully allude to the matter on Sunday next, and point out to our over-zealous but thoughtless young friends that a far better way of assisting our propaganda is to treat with contempt the propaganda and lecturers of the C.E.S.

EDWARD B. ROSE.

## "SUMMER FOODS."

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE FREETHINKER."

SIR,—The letter of Rationalist last week was so absurd in detail it is scarcely worthy of notice; but, seeing that an ounce of experience is worth a pound of theory, I would like to corroborate the letter of the "Physician" by a little personal testimony. I have been a vegetarian for nearly six years with the following results: On a meat diet I found four meals a day necessary, now I only take two; one at 12.30 and the other at 6.30. On a meat diet I had a love for ale and spirits, since I became a vegetarian I have scarcely ever tasted either. I used to feel cold keenly, and wore a thick singlet winter and summer, now I neither feel troubled by heat or cold, and only wear a thin cotton shirt in summer, and a thin woollen one in winter. On a meat diet I had a gross, dirty feeling, and felt no inclination to take exercise, I weighed then 12½ stone, now I have a cleanly feeling, have an inclination to run, find walking much too slow, and now weigh 11½ stone. Mentally, I feel much the same improvement as physically. I do not say I am any nearer being a genius, but cerebration seems much easier now than formerly. From my own experience, and that of many others, I believe that food reform lies at the base of the mental, moral and physical improvement of the race. We are charged with having no great men in our ranks; that Spencer, for instance, and many others have tried vegetarianism, and found they could not live on it and do the great work they had in hand. Be that as it may, we are convinced that if no giants are to be produced by our diet, yet "the elevation of the race at once," will begin directly it is adopted.

Your correspondent errs when he assumes that all vegetarians are "saturated with superstitions," and "not so clear headed as the man in the street." "The man in the street." Poor fellow! Where was he during the war and the last election? Clear headed forsooth! Many vegetarians are Atheists. I am one, and know of many others. Why not strive to become Freethinkers all round. We have been brought up in sartorial superstitions and dietetic superstitions, which want abolishing quite as much as the great superstition which the *Freethinker* has waged such splendid war against for years.

Let "Rationalist" tak a thocht and mend.

GEORGE WALLACE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE FREETHINKER."

SIR,—The letter of "Rationalist" calls for a few comments. It may be amusing, but certainly it is misleading. As a vegetarian whose shanks are not lean and bony, to wit,

I was rather sorry to see this shallow fellow permitted to dominate so much space in the *Freethinker*. Vegetarians, like our corpse-loving Rationalist friends, are, no doubt, a mixed people as regards superstition. One who may be an Atheist will even meet with the vegetarian press boycott; but that is not peculiar to them. My experience is that the higher grade of intellectual people one meets the less flesh they devour, and the reverse with non-intellectual. As a proof, "Rationalist" can search, and he will find that in localities where a higher caste of the community flourish, there are the societies for mental culture, including Vegetarian Societies. On the other hand, in what we denominate the lower-class districts, few or no Vegetarian Societies exist. "Rationalist" is irrational in dancing from the tropics to the Arctic regions, although a physician who probably is as great an authority as our R. has demonstrated the possibility of vegetable diet being suitable for Arctic life. As regards the British Isles, I have managed this last fourteen years to keep about thirteen stone, and still remain an Atheist, wearing the same size headgear, and am foolish enough to believe that improvement of mind and body has resulted. But I am afraid that, after reading "Rationalist's" esoteric cogitations, the dreadful result of my folly will become apparent, and I shall set to eating dead sheep, etc. Then clear-headedness will result, though my clear skin will go. Consequently you may logically conclude that I shall be taking my first communion shortly.

One more word, Sir. Your correspondent says: "It will be a bad day when the working man will live on sixpence a day." My word, what a profound prophecy! How many working millions now live on that, or less? Poor fellow; he must have a large interest in the Smithfield Market.

CLEAR SKIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE FREETHINKER."

SIR,—As a reader of your interesting paper, I crave a little space to give my experience of the vegetarian diet—in my case continued for nearly two-thirds of my life, and I am now just turned sixty.

Your readers are more logical than the bulk of the readers of other papers, so they will see the benefit of a form of diet which is simplicity itself, and saves much unnecessary slavery at the cooking-stove. The vegetarian enjoys his Sunday or other holiday because he finds his simple food wherever he goes; he is not anxious about his dinner spoiling because it may be overdone.

"Rationalist" admits that it is good for the Tropics, but experience tells me that it is equally good for winters, such as we have here or in Canada. I have passed through the coldest winters, and have always obtained sufficient caloric from a free use of olive, or other vegetable, oil, wholemeal bread, oatmeal, the pulses, and fruits. I wear but one coat in the lowest temperature, I am never thirsty, and when out with "mixed feeders" do not suffer from thirst as they do. I can still walk forty miles per day, not only with ease, but with much pleasure. It is not a "fad," but, according to science, the structure of man, Baron Cuvier says, proves that he belongs to the frugivorous section of the great order of the mammalia. Your correspondent says: "Our concern is simply the improvement of the mind and body of man." Well, vegetarianism makes for both; man is what he eats. Some of the most remarkable men and women of the past and present have lived and live in this rational and natural manner. Professor Newman lived to be quite old; was it in spite of, or because of, being President of the Vegetarian Society? Much has been said about the "crime" of living on sixpence a day. If this was the way the workers would live—and they could all, because many do—their money would be liberated to be spent upon the liberal arts, and life would be refined. When workmen live in this way, they will become independent of the vulgar capitalist; they will be able to buy the large concerns and become partners in their own businesses, instead of mere wage-slaves.

I must not trespass further on your space, but for more information any that like may apply to the Secretary of the Vegetarian Society, Manchester, and he will send literature free to any address.

W. H. TAYLOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE FREETHINKER."

SIR,—Certainly vegetarians have for their object a better standard of physical and mental elevation. The vegetarian is a martyr for his opinions. Why shouldn't he be? Supposing the practice of vegetarianism cured you of a disease that you had suffered from for years, wouldn't it be a proof to you that it is a good thing? Neither would it suit the British Isles. I say it would. I have tried it, and found it most satisfactory. Certainly, there is the tendency to go to extremes. The converts who try bread and fruit, fruit and nuts, no animal products, etc., usually fail. You must take a good supply of nourishing food or you cannot work well.



"Rationalist" seems to think the vegetarian's only aim in life is "How to live on sixpence a day." I think it is a good work to teach people how to nourish their bodies properly. Most poor people spend about twice the amount of money they need to feed themselves and families; even then a large number look as if they might have been living on the supposed vegetarian diet—fruit, vegetables, and water—simply because they don't understand food values and the fundamental rules of health. Vegetarians are thinking people; therefore they must be less superstitious and more clear-headed than the man in the street.

It is quite evident your correspondent knows practically nothing of the subject he writes against.

A. C. HOWARD.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE FREETHINKER."

SIR,—Like the sincere religionist of whom your Rationalist correspondent speaks, he himself seems to be illogical in most of his assertions. If he has studied science at all, and accepts the theory of evolution, he must grant that a non-flesh diet is the natural one for human beings. As for the comparison between the vegetarian martyr and the sincere religionist, I may say that my own vegetarianism commenced about the same time as my emancipation from the Christian superstition. It seems peculiar that opponents of the diet always seem so much concerned about the poor Esquimaux; but, leaving them to look after themselves for the present, I certainly think the reformed dietary healthier and better for the mental and physical well-being than the old-fashioned mixed diet—very mixed indeed; so much so that you seldom know what you are eating. Now, what is the diet of the average man, such as I should think "Rationalist" is? Why, practically the same in summer as winter: beef, mutton, and pork. I think, if he looks around him, he will find that the general health of vegetarians is better than the average; also that they can get along without the help of the doctor. If the present mode of living is the best for mankind, how is it we want so many doctors, quack doctors, patent medicines, and all kinds of drugs and stimulants? Vegetarians certainly do not take them.

Now, take my own case, for instance. Nine years ago I was a young martyr to rheumatism, and bid fair to become a chronic sufferer. I was persuaded to give it a trial. Since then I have kept it at bay, enjoyed the best of health, fatigue at a discount, not afraid of the weather, and have enjoyed life to the full. Would "Rationalist" say that I am narrow-minded or a martyr for my opinion?

ANOTHER RATIONALIST.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE FREETHINKER."

SIR,—Re the recent letters that have appeared in this journal on Vegetarianism, I should like to state that during the past twelve months I have given the "vegetarian" diet a thorough trial, and I am pleased to say that I find it excellent.

Previous to this I lived on an ordinary mixed diet and, although regarding vegetarians as somewhat of a "faddy" turn of mind, I resolved to give it a fair trial. I did not give up flesh eating simply, but studied it scientifically, and eschewed everything harmful to the human organisation, as advocated by Dr. Allinson.

I am pleased to say that although my occupation demands a large amount of physical exertion I eat less, have better health, and always feel fresh and ready for work, even after meals, and my brain much clearer and capable of greater power of thought than it was previously.

Having been thus far benefited I shall always advocate a non-flesh diet, and will always keep "religion" out of it. Having been a Freethinker myself for many years, I have run across many Freethinkers who are also vegetarians, and I will venture to say that all vegetarians who have studied the matter from a common-sense standpoint are Freethinkers also. Hoping you may find room for the insertion of this letter.

HENRY TESSIER.

#### WHAT IS A FREETHINKER?

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE FREETHINKER."

SIR,—I have lately become a convert from Christianity to Freethought. I have, of course, not reached this stage at one bound. At one time I called myself an Agnostic, but not an Atheist. This was, however, owing to a misconception of the term. I was under the erroneous impression that an Atheist was one who said "there is no God"; but I have learned that no rational Atheist defines his Atheism in this manner. I am not sure but that I had some absurd fancy that immorality was connected with Atheism. Since reaching this final stage I have had a few arguments on religious matters with my Christian friends. One friend argued that as I was a Determinist I could not legitimately

call myself a Freethinker. I replied that a Freethinker was not a Free-will-thinker, and that the prefix, free, had an entirely different meaning in these cases; that a Freethinker was one who was free from superstition or supernaturalism. This, however, did not seem to satisfy him, and I shall be glad if you can aid me in a more lucid definition by which I may convince him of my consistency.

I was greatly pleased with your article on "Ghosts," and should be glad to read an article from your pen on Astrology. I enclose my card.

TYRO.

[Tyro's answer was correct enough. To say that you are a free thinker has nothing to do with any theory of the will. It simply means that you bow to no priestly or legal or conventional authority in matters of opinion. Historically, the term Freethinker was applied to the English Deists from the time of Anthony Collins. It has come to signify one who rejects all religious dogmas.—EDITOR.]

#### THE VALUE OF PRAYER.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE FREETHINKER."

SIR,—At Ipswich on Saturday last, a little girl, five years old, was run over by a baker's cart and her legs fractured. Her father, a Zionist, believing in the efficacy of prayer refuses to call in a doctor, as he and his fellow believers are praying to their God (who is, no doubt, still engaged on the gigantic work of numbering the hairs of our heads) for the poor little sufferer. Meanwhile, feeling amongst the local Christians runs high against the father. Some say he ought to be horsewhipped; others, he ought to have three months imprisonment. Perhaps he deserves both. Still, to me this seems somewhat inconsistent, as I seem to have read somewhere in the "Glad Tidings" "in my name they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover," "by faith ye can remove a mountain," and numberless other inspired passages of the same kind. Will some minister tell us if Christians do really believe these promises, or do they repeat them Sunday after Sunday like so many parrots?

ARTHUR K. DOUGHTY.

#### Obituary.

On Saturday last (Aug. 15), at Finchley Cemetery, were laid to rest the remains of that good stalwart in the Free-thought cause, Edward W. Quay. Our comrade was well known to most of the London Freethinkers as a consistent and hard-working member of the Finsbury Branch of the N.S.S., of which he was president. In recognition of his long and arduous work in our cause, both in connection with the Finsbury Branch and at the old Hall of Science, friend Quay was in 1895, elected a vice-president of the Society. "Ted," as he was affectionately called by most of those who knew him, may be said to have literally died in harness, since, after acting as chairman at Clerkenwell Green on the previous Sunday morning, he went home, and, feeling unwell, laid down on his bed, and two or three hours later was found to have died in his sleep. He was fifty-four years of age. The funeral was attended by Miss E. M. Vance, representing the Executive, Mr. and Mrs. Leat, Messrs. E. Bater, S. Samuells, Garroway, G. H. Baker, W. Caisey, and several other members of the West London and Finsbury Branches of the Society, and by the undersigned, who spoke a few appropriate words at the graveside.—E. B. ROSE.

#### Happiness v. Misery.

"Life is a curse, and we wish we had done with it!"  
 (Ay, little pessimists, well you may, too!)  
 "Life is a boon, and brings 'oceans' of fun with it!"  
 Are you quite certain that none's meant for you?  
 Pessimist, pessimist, don't be an ass;  
 Pound into powder your bit of smoked glass;  
 Look at the world through a rose-colored square—  
 "Not the same place!" we shall hear you declare.  
 "Beautiful, very!"  
 "Let us be merry!"  
 "Every one of our 'crosses' we'll bury!"

What do you say? "You will stick to your gloominess?"  
 (Hark to them, optimists, hark ye, and smile!)  
 "Earth is a wilderness shrouded with 'tomb-iness'?"  
 (Pity them, comrades, 'tis only the bile!)  
 Pessimist, pessimist, pray do not preach;  
 Nothing worth learning to us can you teach.  
 Grumble in whispers, and don't make a fuss,  
 This world is good enough—plenty—for us.  
 A fig for the story,  
 Ancient and hoary:—  
 Life is for misery—afterwards, Glory!

JOHN YOUNG.



**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.****OUTDOOR**

BETHNAL GREEN BRANCH N.S.S. (Victoria Park, near the Fountain): 3.15 and 6.15, Mr. Cohen, two Special Lectures.

CAMBERWELL BRANCH N. S. S.: Station-road, 11.30, F. A. Davies. Brockwell Park, 3.15, E. B. Rose; 6, F. A. Davies.

EAST LONDON BRANCH N. S. S. (Mile End Waste): 11.30, E. B. Rose.

FINSBURY BRANCH N. S. S. (Clerkenwell-green): 11.30, F. A. Davies.

KINGSLAND BRANCH N.S.S. (corner of Ridley-road, Dalston): 11.30, G. Parsons, "Secularism Triumphant"; Newington Green, 7.15, G. Parsons, "Is Christianity True?"

STRATFORD GROVE: 7, a Lecture.

WEST LONDON BRANCH N.S.S. (Hyde Park, near Marble Arch): 11.30; Hammersmith Broadway, 7.30, R. P. Edwards.

**COUNTRY.**

ARMLEY (The Park): Monday, 24, at 6.30, Ernest Pack, "The Sermon on the Mount."

BIRKENHEAD (Park Gates): Thursday and Friday, 27 and 28, at 7.45, H. Percy Ward.

BRADFORD (Covered Market): Saturday, 29, at 6.30, Ernest Pack, "Ghosts."

BRADFORD (Town Hall Square): 11, Ernest Pack, "Moses the Showman."

HALIFAX (George's-square): Tuesday, 25, at 6.30, Ernest Pack, "Why I Reject Christianity."

Huddersfield (Market Cross): Wednesday, 26, at 6.30, Ernest Pack, "Moses the Showman."

KEIGHLEY (Skipton-road): Thursday, 27, at 6.30, Ernest Pack, "Bible Beauties."

LEEDS (Woodhouse Moor): 3, Ernest Pack, "The Sermon on the Mount"; 6.30, "Why I Reject Christianity."

LIVERPOOL BRANCH N. S. S. (Wellington Column): at 3, H. Percy Ward; (Islington Square): at 7, H. Percy Ward; Monday, 24 (Edge Hill Church): at 7.45, H. Percy Ward.

SHEFFIELD SECULAR SOCIETY (Hall of Science, Rockingham-street): at 7, G. Berrisford, "The Bible Creation Story." Admission free.

SHIPLEY (Market-place): Friday, 29, at 6.30, Ernest Pack, "St. John's Nightmare."

SOUTH SHIELDS (Captain Duncan's Navigation School, Market-place): 7.30, Business meeting.

THE QUESTION OF THE DAY.

THE BOOK EVERYONE IS ASKING FOR.

**Protection or Free Trade**

By HENRY GEORGE.

Special Reprint. Authorised Shilling Edition. 360 Pages. Large Print.

Half Price, Sixpence. Postage 2½d.

The Pioneer Press, 2 Newcastle-st., Farringdon-st., London, E.C.

**HEALTH WITHOUT DRUGS.**

DIABETES, TONSILLITIS, DYSPEPSIA, Etc., CURED BY DIET ALONE.

C. S. CARR, M.D., Editor of the popular American monthly, *Medical Talk* (Columbus, Ohio, U.S.A.), writes: "With your diet you can do more for the world than any medical journal can with drugs. I am sure of that. Keep on with your good work. We are certainly going in the same direction."

1. SUITABLE FOOD; OR, THE SCIENCE OF LONG LIFE. 7d.
2. HINTS FOR SELF-DIAGNOSIS. Directions by which the diseased and ugly can be made healthy and good-looking. 1s.
3. VITAL AND NON-VITAL FOODS. Foods are given for the aspiring who wish to do their work more efficiently, also foods which induce or increase certain complaints. 1s.
4. DIETETIC WAY TO HEALTH AND BEAUTY. 2d., by post 2½d.
5. WHAT SHALL WE DRINK? 2d., by post 2½d.
6. THE CRUX OF FOOD REFORM. How to Select, Proportion, and Combine Foods in Common Use to Suit the Individual's Need in Sickness and in Health. 2d., by post 2½d.
7. A NUT AND FRUIT DIETARY FOR BRAIN-WORKERS. By post 2d½.
8. DENSMORE versus LEPPLE. 2d., by post 2½d.
9. SEXUALITY AND VITALITY. The average person sacrifices his vital powers on the altar of his passions. Cause and cure given. 4d., by post 4½d.

The Freethought Publishing Co., Ltd., 2 Newcastle-street, Farringdon-street, London, E.C.

**SUMMER SALE  
WONDERFUL BARGAINS****20 SPECIAL PARCELS**

- Lot 1—1 Suit Length, any color, 1 pair Boots, and 1 Umbrella.  
 Lot 2—1 Suit, any color, give chest measure, height, and length inside leg.  
 Lot 3—1 Costume Length, any color, 1 Fur Necklet, 1 Umbrella, 1 pair of Boots.  
 Lot 4—1 Fashionable Lady's Mackintosh, any color, 1 Gold-mounted Umbrella.  
 Lot 5—1 Gent.'s Chesterfield Mackintosh, any color, usual price, 30s.  
 Lot 6—1 Finest Black Worsted, Vicuna, or Serge Suit Length.  
 Lot 7—3 High-class Trousers Lengths, all Pure Wool.  
 Lot 8—2 Pairs Trousers, to measure, West-end cut, and material the best.  
 Lot 9—50 yards really good Flannelette, in 3 different patterns.  
 Lot 10—11 yards tip-top Velveteen, any color, and linings for a dress.  
 Lot 11—Blankets, Sheets, Quilt, and Tablecloth.  
 Lot 12—2 Nightdresses, 2 Chemises, 2 Knickers, 2 pairs Bloomers, 1 Umbrella, 1 fur.  
 Lot 13—1 pair Gent.'s Boots, 1 pair Lady's Boots, and 1 Gent.'s and 1 Lady's Umbrella.  
 Lot 14—2 very fine All-Wool Dress Lengths, any color.  
 Lot 15—2 Boys' Suits to fit boys up to 10 years old, and 2 pairs Boots.  
 Lot 16—40s. worth of Oddments, state requirements.  
 Lot 17—1 Dress Length, 1 pair Shoes, 1 pair Corsets, 1 Umbrella, 1 Fur.  
 Lot 18—1 Gent.'s Overcoat, any color, give chest and sleeve lengths.  
 Lot 19—1 Bundle of Remnants for Boys' Suits, 15 yards.  
 Lot 20—1 Bundle of Remnants for Girls' Dresses, 30 yards.

Price 21s. each

J. W. GOTT, 2 & 4 UNION-STREET, BRADFORD.

**THE BEST BOOK**

ON NEO-MALTHUSIANISM IS, I BELIEVE,

**TRUE MORALITY, or THE THEORY and PRACTICE OF NEO-MALTHUSIANISM.**

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

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

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

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

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

Orders should be sent to the author,

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

THE SAFEST AND MOST EFFECTUAL CURE FOR INFLAMMATION OF THE EYES.

**Thwaites' Celandine Lotion.**

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

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

G. THWAITES,  
HERBALIST, 3 CHURCH ROW, STOCKTON-ON-TEES.



**SOME WORKS BY G. W. FOOTE.**

- Atheism and Morality. 2d.  
 Bible and Beer. Showing the absurdity of basing Teetotalism on Christian Scriptures. 4d.  
 Bible God, The. 2d.  
 Bible Handbook for Freethinkers and Inquiring Christians. New edition, revised. Cloth, 2s. 6d.; paper, 1s. 6d.  
 Bible Heroes. New edition. Cloth, 2s. 6d.; paper, each part, 1s.  
 Bible Romances. New edition, revised. Cloth, 2s.; paper, 1s.  
 Book of God in the Light of the Higher Criticism. Cloth, 2s.; paper, 1s.  
 Christianity and Progress. A Reply to the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone. 1d.  
 Christianity and Secularism. Four Nights' Public Debate with the Rev. Dr. James McCann. Cloth 1s. 6d.; paper, 1s.  
 Comic Sermons and Other Fantasias. Paper, 8d.  
 Crimes of Christianity. Cloth, 2s. 6d.  
 Darwin on God. 6d.  
 Defence of Free Speech, A. Three Hours' Address to the Jury before Lord Coleridge. 4d.  
 Dropping the Devil. 2d.  
 Dying Atheist, The. 1d.  
 Flowers of Freethought. First series, cloth, 2s. 6d.; Second series, cloth, 2s. 6d.  
 God Save The King. An English Republican's Coronation Notes. 2d.  
 Grand Old Book, The. A Reply to the Grand Old Man. Cloth, 1s. 6d.; paper, 1s.  
 Hall of Science Libel Case. 3d.  
 Hugh Price Hughes, "Atheist Shoemaker." 1d.  
 Impossible Creed, The. An Open Letter to Bishop Magee on the Sermon on the Mount. 2d.  
 Infidel Death-Beds. Cloth, 1s. 3d.; paper, 8d.  
 Ingersollism Defended Against Archdeacon Farrar. 2d.  
 Interview With the Devil. 1d.  
 Is Socialism Sound? Four Nights' Public Debate with Annie Besant. Cloth 2s.; paper, 1s.  
 Is the Bible Inspired? A Criticism of *Lux Mundi*. 1d.  
 John Morley as a Freethinker. 2d.  
 Legal Eight Hours. 6d.  
 Letters to Jesus Christ. 4d.  
 Letters to the Clergy. 1s.  
 Lie in Five Chapters. Hugh Price Hughes' Converted Atheist. 1d.  
 Mrs. Besant's Theosophy. A Candid Criticism. 2d.  
 My Resurrection. A Missing Chapter from the Gospel of Matthew. 2d.  
 New Cagliostro, The. An Open Letter to Madame Blavatsky. 2d.  
 Peculiar People. An Open Letter to Mr. Justice Wills. 1d.  
 Philosophy of Secularism. 3d.  
 Reminiscences of Charles Bradlaugh. 6d.  
 Rome or Atheism? The Great Alternative. 3d.  
 Royal Paupers. 2d.  
 Salvation Syrup: or, Light on Darkest England. A Reply to General Booth. 2d.  
 Secularism and Theosophy. A Rejoinder to Mrs. Besant. 2d.

- Shadow of the Sword. A Moral and Statistical Essay on War. 2d.  
 Sign of the Cross, The. A Candid Criticism of Mr. Wilson Barrett's Play. 6d.  
 Theism or Atheism. Public Debate between G. W. Foote and the Rev. W. T. Lee. Neatly bound, 1s.  
 The Jewish Life of Christ. Being the *Sepher Toldoth Jeshu*, or Book of the Generation of Jesus. Paper, 6d.  
 The Passing of Jesus. 2d.  
 Was Jesus Insane? 1d.  
 What is Agnosticism? 3d.  
 What Was Christ? 2d.  
 Who Was the Father of Jesus? 2d.  
 Will Christ Save Us? 6d.

Works by

**THE LATE R. G. INGERSOLL**

- Art and Morality. 2d.  
 Christ and Miracles. 1d.  
 Creeds and Spirituality. 1d.  
 Crimes against Criminals. 3d.  
 Do I Blaspheme? 2d.  
 Ernest Renan. 2d.  
 Faith and Fact. Reply to Rev. Dr. Field. 2d.  
 God and Man. Second Reply to Dr. Field. 2d.  
 God and the State. 2d.  
 House of Death. Being Funeral Oration and Addresses on various occasions. 1s.  
 Last Words on Suicide. 2d.  
 Live Topics. 1d.  
 Love the Redeemer. A Reply to Count Tolstoy's "Kreutzer Sonata." 2d.  
 Marriage and Divorce. An Agnostic's View. 2d.  
 Myth and Miracle. 1d.  
 Oration on Lincoln. 3d.  
 Oration on the Gods. 6d.  
 Oration on Voltaire. 3d.  
 Paine the Pioneer. 2d.  
 Real Blasphemy. 1d.  
 Reply to Gladstone. With Biography by J. M. Wheeler. 4d.  
 Rome or Reason? A Reply to Cardinal Manning. 4d.  
 Shakespeare. A Lecture. 6d.  
 Skulls. 2d.  
 Social Salvation. 2d.  
 Some Mistakes of Moses. Only Complete Edition in England. 136 pp. Cloth, 2s. 6d.; paper, 1s.  
 Ditto. Abridged edition. 16 pp. 1d.  
 Suicide a Sin. 2d.  
 Superstition. 6d.  
 The Christian Religion. 3d.  
 The Coming Civilization. 3d.  
 The Dying Creed. 2d.  
 The Foundations of Faith. 3d.  
 The Ghosts. 3d.  
 The Holy Bible. A Lecture. 6d.  
 The Household of Faith. 2d.  
 The Limits of Toleration. A Discussion with the Hon. F. D. Courdert and Gov. S. L. Woodford. 2d.  
 The Three Philanthropists. 2d.  
 What Is Religion? (Col. Ingersoll's last Lecture) 2d.

All the above Works are Published by and may be obtained from

THE FREETHOUGHT PUBLISHING CO., LTD., 2 NEWCASTLE ST., FARRINGDON ST., E.C.1



# The Pioneer

A POPULAR PROPAGANDIST ORGAN  
OF  
ADVANCED IDEAS.

THE AUGUST NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Dead Pope  
France and Peace  
Passive Resistance  
Baillies and Professors  
Holy Russia  
Death of Mr. Henley  
The Religious Mind  
Letting Out the Cat

Sky Pilots  
Aristocratic Impudence  
The King in Ireland  
Millionaires' Cigars  
Temperance Legislation  
The Buchanan Memorial  
Down With Cremation  
Marital Love

Ingersoll on the Damned  
The Irish Land Bill  
Nonconformist Bunkum  
Mr. Bernard Shaw Retires  
The Starving Masses  
Another Labor Victory  
Questions for Women  
Voltaire's Genius

PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE PIONEER PRESS, 2 NEWCASTLE STREET, FARRINGDON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

## THE BIBLE HANDBOOK

FOR  
FREETHINKERS AND INQUIRING CHRISTIANS

EDITED BY

G. W. FOOTE AND W. P. BALL

A New Edition, Revised, and Handsomely Printed

CONTENTS:

Part I.—Bible Contradictions. Part II.—Bible Absurdities. Part III.—Bible Atrocities.  
Part IV.—Bible Immoralities, Indecencies, Obscenities, Broken Promises, and Unfulfilled Prophecies.

*Cheap Edition, in paper covers, 1s. 6d.; Best Edition, bound in cloth, 2s. 6d.*

THE FREETHOUGHT PUBLISHING CO., LTD., 2 NEWCASTLE ST., FARRINGDON ST., E.C.

## A Further Consignment from America

NOT OTHERWISE OBTAINABLE

### VOLTAIRE'S ROMANCES

*"Voltaire was the greatest man of his country, and did more to free the human race than any other of the sons of men."*

**CHINESE CATECHISM.** Dialogues between a disciple of Confucius and a Chinese Prince, before the Christian era. *Paper covers 1s., postage 2d.*

**IGNORANT PHILOSOPHER, The.** Containing portraits of René Descartes and Benedict Spinoza.—As entertaining as a French Comedy. *Paper covers 1s., postage, 2d.*

**LETTERS ON THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.** With comments on the writings of the most eminent authors who have been accused of attacking Christianity. *Paper covers 1s., postage 2d.*

**MAN OF FORTY CROWNS.** Dialogues on National Poverty; Adventures with a Carmelite, etc. *Illustrated. Paper covers 1s., postage 2d.*

**MICROMEGAS.** A Voyage to Planet Saturn. By a native of Sirius; and Twelve others. *Illustrated. Paper covers 1s., postage 2d.*

**PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY.** With portraits of The Empress Catherine and of Voltaire. *Paper covers 1s., postage 2d.*

**POCKET THEOLOGY.** Witty and Sarcastic Definitions of Theological Terms. *Paper covers 1s., postage 2d.*

**THE SAGE AND THE ATHEIST.** The Princess of Babylon. Adventures of a Young Englishman, etc. *Illustrated. Paper covers 1s., postage 2d.*

**ZADIG: or, Fate.** The White Bull; The Blind of One Eye, etc. *Illustrated. Paper covers 1s., postage 2d.*

When ordering, a second choice should be given, to prevent disappointment

No Freethinker should be without these:—

**Answers to Christian Questions.** By D. M. BENNETT. A Reply to most of the questions usually asked by a church-member who is told for the first time that the Bible is untrue. *Paper 1s., post 1½d.*

**Sabbath Breaking.** By JOHN E. REMSBERG. Giving the origin of Sabbath ideas, examining Sunday arguments, and showing that there is no scriptural authority for the observance of the day; also showing that the Christian "Fathers" did not specially regard the day and that the Reformers opposed its adoption by the Church. A book brimful of good reasons why the Sunday laws should be repealed. *Paper 1s., post 1½d.*

*Published in America. Obtainable from the Freethought Publishing Company, 2 Newcastle-st., London, E.C.*