

# THE Freethinker

Edited by G. W. FOOTE.

VOL. XXV.—No. 44

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1905

PRICE TWOPENCE

*The intellectual energies of cultivated men want directing to the great questions. If there is doubt in any matter, shall we not examine? Instead of that, men shut their thoughts up, and pretend to be orthodox—play at being orthodox.*—ARTHUR HELPS.

## Two Measures.

ENGLAND—we leave Scotland out this time—has been celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the battle of Trafalgar, and incidentally of the death of Nelson. The great admiral met his fate in the hour of his supreme victory. And in this he was signally favored, for it gave him, with all his virtues, and all his failings, a kind of consecration, and saved his reputation from every possible disaster. He did not live to be ignored or forgotten; his breath went out in a blaze of glory; and the splendid last scene in the cockpit of the *Victory* seemed almost designed to endear his memory for ever, for it was "written in star-fire and immortal tears."

I have often thought how happy Shakespeare was in his death. Fancy a doddering old fellow going about, the travesty of his lustier self, and people pointing to the pitiable figure and saying "That is the man who wrote *Hamlet*." For smaller men this is not so tragic; for Shakespeare it would have been a desecration. Death came to him kindly in the plenitude of his powers. He had written his last play in the beautiful Indian summer of his genius, and before the chill of winter came he had passed into his immortality.

Nelson was happy in his death too. His strenuous life—there were strenuous lives before Roosevelt—was crowned and perfected at Trafalgar. According to his lights he was a patriot and a lover of freedom. He really thought that in baffling the pride of Napoleon he was defending the liberties of Europe. He did not see, as we can see, what sort of liberty would be left when the enemies of Napoleon had triumphed. Yet he saw one thing quite clearly. He recognised that lies were told about the French Republicans. He said, indeed, that the Republican officers were (on that side) the only true gentlemen. And this might have taught him much more if his mind had not been so preoccupied.

A great man, after all, is a great man—whatever side he belongs to. Posterity always looks at it in that way. It reckons a great man as a common possession. And it is undeniable that Nelson was a great man. He had that something which places the question beyond dispute. One is not bound to define a great man. Mr. Morley well said that he could not define an elephant, but he knew one when he saw it.

When the admiral of admirals lay dying in the cockpit of the *Victory* he knew that he had done a great stroke for his country, as the matter was then understood, and he fancied that his country would return the compliment. Honors and money he did not want; he would soon be done with all that; but he wanted the nation to take care of Lady Hamilton. He was thinking, not with his head, but with his heart. He had no idea of its impossibility. Yet it

was honorable on his part to think of Lady Hamilton in his last moments. He had loved her well, if not wisely; and it was better to think of her future than of the future of his own immortal soul. He may have erred, but he was a gentleman; and let those who understand the kind of wife that Lady Nelson was to him be the first to cast the stone of final condemnation.

The fact that Nelson was a Christian does not make me feel ungenerously towards him. Charity is due to all—especially the charity of not misunderstanding; and great men are as much entitled to failings as little ones. We are all to be judged, if at all, not by this or that word and act, but by the balance of our lives. Some men, as Ingersoll said, are too consumptive to be vicious—and he added that they often go into the Church; but they are not the proper judges of strong and passionate natures. The shallow little brook, in its crystal purity, should not sneer at the mountain river in the mighty rush of its turbid waters.

Christians can be generous to Nelson because he was a Christian. Bishop Welldon, for instance, preaching on Trafalgar Day, referred to Nelson's "sin," and asked "who has not sinned?" Let us be charitable and forget it, was the burden of his pleading. Good! But how different is the attitude of these preachers when the "sinner" is an "infidel." Then they throw charity to the winds, they give free scope to malice, they show every fact in the worst possible light; and when the facts are insufficient for their malignity they are sometimes not above "lying for the glory of God."

Look at the way in which that dear sweet Christian, the Rev. Dr. Torrey, dealt with the characters of Thomas Paine and Colonel Ingersoll. Not a breath of scandal, in relation to sexual matters, ever fell upon Paine's reputation while he was living. He was libelled when he was dead, and the libel was confuted by "the woman" in an American court of justice. A jury of twelve citizens, drawn at hazard from the inhabitants of the district, branded the story of her dishonor, and therefore of the dead man's dishonor, as a wicked lie. Yet it has been in circulation ever since. Dr. Torrey did not invent it; he merely gave it a fresh advertisement. And when its falsehood is pointed out to him, not only by myself, but by a publicist like Mr. W. T. Stead, Dr. Torrey shuffles and prevaricates, and does anything rather than admit that the "infidel" has been slandered. In the case of Ingersoll his action is just as bad, if not worse; for he sticks to the vile insinuation that Ingersoll strove to promote the circulation of obscene literature in America, in face of the most absolute evidence to the contrary.

It is an old, old story. Christians may steal sheep, and Freethinkers may not look over hedges. That in the Christian is a choleric word which in the Freethinker is flat blasphemy. A thousand blots on a Christian are nothing; one blot on a Freethinker is everything. Well, let it be so—if it must; for it is Christianity that suffers the most from this in the long run. The religion which boasts of charity, and practises the opposite, is getting found out. It has been the most malicious thing in the world. It has lied and robbed and murdered; it has pretended to every virtue and perpetrated every crime.

G. W. FOOTE.

## Free Trade and Religion.

THE alleged prayer of fervent Scotchmen that the Lord may give them a good conceit of themselves is, after all, a human characteristic that is tolerably common. And, in all probability, the fact that it has taken rank as a Scotch characteristic may be more of a testimony to the superior shrewdness of the average Scot than a proof of their possessing a super-abundance of this particular quality. Nor, from the standpoint of "getting on in the world" is it a bad quality. The public is very apt to take one at one's own estimation; and the man who takes himself very seriously, and keeps himself constantly before his public as a great man in this or that direction, is almost certain to establish himself sooner or later. There will be, of course, a few who see the way in which the trick is worked, but the majority will not, and thus the main object will be achieved.

There are numerous examples of how such reputations are built up in all walks of life, but they are more numerous in the religious field than elsewhere. Of these, one of the writers on the staff of the *Christian World*, "J. B.," is a fair, although not the most unpleasant specimen. A knack of seizing hold of current topics and writing a religious essay on them gives his work an air of vitality; a sprinkling of quotations from *too* classic authors—of the kind that one cannot help knowing—provides them with a flavor of learning, while an air of fatherly correction of his own side, and a benevolent patronage of the other, adds the necessary *air* of liberalism to endear them to the average Nonconformist. And so by the aid of a sprinkling of platitude, an air of latitude, and a great deal of attitude, "J. B." is apparently accepted by many as being a really profound thinker on life's deepest problems.

The occasion of the above reflections is an article in the *Christian World*, for October 19, by this writer, on "Protection in Religion." With the conclusion of the article, that there should be absolute free trade in religion I have no quarrel. My only comment would be an expression of the fear lest this expression of a desire for freedom, of judgment and criticism, should only mean, what it has usually meant with a Christian, freedom *within* the limits of Christian belief. Every Freethinker will agree that in intellectual matters at least, protection "destroys the right of access to the best the world offers," it "is for the benefit of the few: Free Trade (in opinion) is for all." Only, once again, it should be pointed out that every church in Christendom, past and present, established and disestablished, has been protectionist to the exact limit of its opportunities, on precisely the ground that the lowest form of Protection takes. All the churches have fought against the free play of opinion in religion, everyone of them has done what it could to prevent its adherents from reading antagonistic literature and listening to antagonistic speeches, and so destroyed "the right of access to the best the world offers." And it has been, at times, candidly admitted that this Protection was practised because the protected article could not hold its own in the open market. All the warnings against the spread of heretical ideas, all the punishments for heresy, embargoes on the sale of literature, and social punishments for Freethought, really mean this: Christianity cannot live in an atmosphere of absolutely free criticism and unfettered thought, and the clergy of all denominations know this as well as we do. And one has to admit that the protective tariffs created by the churches to prevent the free circulation of opinion have met with considerable success. It is hard enough, even under the best conditions, to induce the average man to think outside the customary grooves; but the difficulty is increased a thousand fold when there is added all the costs of legal and social unpleasantness created "for the benefit of the few" and against the interest of the many.

The theory of "J. B." concerning the nature of early Christianity and the conditions of its triumph

is quite idyllic, but it has one—to a Freethinker—serious drawback. It is not in accordance with facts. The early Christian, we are informed, were pure Free Traders. "The gospel met all comers, offering itself on the strength of its inner quality. If the world had anything better, that better, in this free competition would have conquered it. But the best showed itself the best and so came to the top. It stood there with no protection but in the thing it was." The childlike simplicity of the picture is quite touching, while its historical and scientific accuracy is quite Christian. For, in the first place, it is not correct that primitive Christianity was the ideally best, or even the actually best of existing teachings. A clergyman, the Rev. S. Baring Gould, has admitted that in primitive Christianity there was an element of Antinomianism in "virulent activity," and certainly no one who understands the facts will challenge the statement. Men like Marcus Aurelius, who would have been quick enough to acknowledge real goodness, never perceived this aspect of early Christianity. It was only discovered by later generations, the early ones were too busily engaged denouncing each other's delinquencies. True, from one point of view, early Christianity, because it survived, was the fittest; but it was fittest in an environment already corrupted by the influx of degrading superstitions and ignorant beliefs.

Secondly, nothing was further from the minds of the early believers than Free Trade in Religion. So soon as we come across groups of Christians we find them denouncing each other, and punishing heresy by the only method their position then permitted—exclusion. And if early Christianity had practised Free Trade it never would, in all probability, have become the conquering church. It was its alliance with the State that raised it to that position, and the manner in which the Christians used brute force against Pagans, and the eager way in which they petitioned successive Emperors to suppress non-Christian beliefs, shows how much they were in love with free trade in opinion. It is not true that the Church became intolerant because it was allied with the State. The truth is that the State became intolerant because it was allied with the Church. The alliance only served as the occasion for Christianity to make plain its "inner quality" and show "the thing it was."

"J. B." asserts that "Whenever Christianity has gained its genuine triumphs, it has been by the simple, unprotected exhibition of itself..... Its missionary successes have been won by its message, and the men and women it has formed." "Genuine triumphs" is something of a saving clause, but in spite of this a wilder perversion of fact was never penned, and the perversion is the worse because written by a Protestant. Roman Catholicism has always used force to consolidate its victories and very often to gain them. But in the case of Protestantism there is not a single instance where it has established itself as the dominant power without the use of force. "J. B." cannot be ignorant of the fact—it is simply a convenient lapse of memory,—that here in England, Protestantism would certainly never have been established when it was established, but for the forcible suppression of the older faith. It is surely farcical to talk of Protestantism in Scotland, dominated by a man like Knox, who argued over and over again that it was the duty of the civil power to suppress heresy, or in England where the greatest of the Puritans declared "New presbyter was but old priest writ large," as making its way by "the simple, unprotected exhibition of itself."

With quite a devil-may-care air of speaking the truth at all costs, "J. B." points out that Catholics and Anglicans are not the only offenders in this matter. "There are excellent Nonconformists" who while opposing a State Church have within their own borders committed the "amazing heresy of regarding Christian truth as a sickly plant, which can only be reared in a hothouse, secluded from the outer air." The implication is that there are only a few Nonconformists who feel and act in this manner.

The truth is, that it is the very few who do not. Is there a single Nonconformist preacher in the country who believes in allowing his congregation to have free access to all ideas if he can possibly prevent it? If so, I have yet to find out who he is. All of them do what they can to keep Freethought periodicals and books out of public institutions or prevent even newsagents supplying them to the public. Will even "J. B." advocate a really genuine Free Trade in opinion? If so, will he write an article for the *Christian World* advocating the placing of the *Freethinker* in public libraries, and advising his Christian readers to subscribe for a few weeks in order that they may know something of what may be said on the other side? It would really be more beneficial than writing Christian articles for Christian readers and bolstering up beliefs that have nothing but prejudice and the influence of misdirected education to support them.

It is just sheer cant. "J. B." no more believes in Free Trade in opinion than does Dr. Clifford, or the Bishop of London, or the Pope. Each of them does what he can to keep his congregation within a ring fence of well defined ideas. Each of them grabs all he can from the State, and greedily asks for more. And the Nonconformist only shrieks out against State patronage when he feels that some of his rivals are getting more than he. And then his invocation of principle is apt to suggest the moral indignation of a burglar, when the rest of the gang have failed to give him a fair share of the common plunder. And all of them feel that Christianity is a plant that cannot live if it is exposed to the winds of free opinion. What does the fight against every new scientific idea mean but this? What does the fight for religious instruction in the public schools mean, if it does not mean this? With a sure instinct the average Christian feels that the development of knowledge and culture threatens his faith. They nearly all *feel* this. Some *say* it; and others who are not honest enough to say it attempt to blind the people with a mouthing of liberal phrases that are as an idiot's tale, "sound and fury, signifying nothing."

C. COHEN.

### The Categorical Imperative.

THE other day a thoughtful friend asked, "What is the Categorical Imperative about which we hear so much just now?" As is well known, the phrase owes its origin to Kant, one of the most distinguished of German philosophers. Kant believed that we are endowed with two reasons, the *pure*, or theoretical, and the *practical*. As conceived by *pure* reason, the Universe is complete in itself, and there is no room in it for God, free-agency, and a personal soul. As a *critic* Kant was an Atheist. The existence of supernatural beings and forces was utterly inconceivable to him. But as a *theologian*, this strange thinker accepted and taught the doctrines of the personality of God and the immortality of the soul. On *critical* grounds such dogmas were irrational and unbelievable, but on *theological* grounds they were indispensable. Then he invented the *practical* reason as the faculty that necessarily perceived such truths. The moral sense was to him the supreme witness to the Divine Existence. The moral law he regarded as an innate possession of every human being, as a categorical imperative within the soul which it disregarded at its peril. Thus the categorical imperative is a term that signifies the unconditional character of the law of duty. As Professor Haeckel aptly says:—

"The cupola of his great cathedral of faith was crowned by Kant with his curious idol, the famous 'categorical imperative.' According to it, the demand of the universal moral law is unconditional, independent of any regard to actuality or potentiality. It runs: 'Act at all times in such wise that the maxim (or the subjective law of thy will) may hold good as a prin-

ciple of a universal law.' On that theory all normal men would have the same sense of duty."

It is needless to point out that Kant's theory of ethics was nothing else than the dogma of the Church in a new guise. Theology has consistently held the view that the moral law is a gift from God. Conscience is God's messenger within us, the supernatural voice which is never quite silent. On this theory, conscience and nature are never on good terms with each other. Indeed, the one object of conscience is to bend the natural within us, and bring it into subjection to the supernatural.

In opposition to Kant, Schopenhauer maintained that "the moral spring should be a reality and a fact of Nature, whereas Kant seeks it in the subtleties of general ideas, forgetting that reasoning is one thing and virtue another." Schopenhauer tells us that Kant "made the mistake of founding ethics on ideas of obligation and respect, which are meaningless apart from a positive sanction." In another place he characterises the categorical imperative as "a wholly unjustified, baseless, and imaginative assumption."

It is becoming continually more and more clear that Kant was wrong and Schopenhauer right. Man is gradually taking his place as an illustrious member of the animal kingdom. The more he is studied the more natural he appears to be. The difference between him and other animals proves itself to be one of degree merely, and not at all of kind. Whatever attributes he possesses are seen to be present, at least germinally, in all the animals nearest akin to him. Has he the faculty of memory? So have dogs and cats and birds and scores of other animals. Does he think? So do they. Does he sometimes hesitate as to how to act under given circumstances? So do they. Yesterday a sparrow looked into my eyes and wondered whether I was going to allow it to remain on the window sill and give it food. On such points, there is surely no room for any diversity of opinion. But if the animals below us can remember and think and reason, is it not fair to infer that many of them know the difference between right and wrong in conduct? Darwin cites many facts which tend to show that they do. All animals which live in communities conform to certain recognised social rules. They follow leaders, knowing that union is strength and safety. The social instinct is doubtless closely related to the mysterious fact of sex. But once the social instinct was evolved, once the tribal affinities and repulsions began to manifest themselves, the development of a moral sense became a necessity. The animals which live together are miserable when separated, and happier than ever when reunited again. There is a delightful sense of loyalty to one another among them. How quickly they rush to the rescue when comrades are in danger. They are in the habit of befriending one another, and of chastising offenders against the well-being of the tribe.

At first the moral sense was exceedingly feeble; but the nearer man we come the stronger it becomes. Baboons observe social rules. They are loyal to their chief, who approves one kind of conduct and disapproves another. When we cross the border and visit savage man, we find that the dividing line is extremely narrow. We certainly notice an advance in morals, but a comparatively slight one. Here also the sense of right and wrong is wonderfully crude and vague. Right, however, is that which benefits the tribe, and wrong that which injures the tribe. Now, from rudest savagedom to ripest civilisation may appear a long journey; but the various stages in it can easily be discerned, and after all the distance between the two points is not great.

A little while ago there was a silly correspondence in one of our evening papers on the relative merits of white and black people. Many argued that a black man, however well educated and dressed, ought not to be allowed to dine in the same room as white folks, because, *at bottom*, he is still an animal, and talks and behaves like an animal. It occurred to

some of us that those who wrote in that fashion concerning the black man afforded, by so doing, an abundant proof that, *at bottom*, they too are animals. Indeed, it is a scientific truth that, at bottom, we are all animals; and there are occasions in the history of most of us when the animal breaks out with a vengeance. Reversion to type is by no means rare on earth. We cannot conceal our descent. We are full of rudimentary organs and senses, and we cannot permanently hide them. As we have seen, the moral sense itself is an inheritance from our animal ancestry; and we have not improved it so very much either.

Theologians make much of the sense of duty or obligation, speaking of it as an irrefutable evidence of man's divine origin. At other times, they represent conscience as *in us but not of us*. How often does the preacher cry out with vehemence: "That voice within you which says, You ought, or You ought not, is God's, and your first business is to heed it." But that is blind dogmatism, with absolutely nothing to support it. The best reply to it is to be found in these weighty words of Professor Haeckel:—

"The notion of duty, which the categorical imperative represents as a vague *à priori* law implanted in the human mind—a kind of a moral instinct—can, as a matter of fact, be traced to a long series of phyletic modifications of the phronema of the cortex. Duty is a social sense that has been evolved *à posteriori* as a result of the complicated relations of the egoism of individuals and the altruism of the community. The sense of duty, or conscience, is the amenability of the will to the feeling of obligation, which varies very considerably in individuals."

There is a wide-spread impression abroad that Secularists do not believe in conscience. There is a well known Christian dialectician who, whenever he tackles Atheists, invariably begins his attack by asking, "Do you believe in conscience? Do you admit that there is a difference between right and wrong?" under the conviction that belief in conscience necessitates belief in God. But there never was a greater delusion. Secularists are as ardent adherents of conscience as the most orthodox divines. They regard it as possessing supreme authority in social life. The Christian apologist just mentioned launches out into this second question, "Whence came conscience?" The true answer is in the words of Mr. G. W. Foote, "Conscience did not 'come' from anywhere," in the questioner's sense. Conscience is an intellectual faculty by which we distinguish between right and wrong, and no two consciences are exactly alike. The point of chief importance in this connection, however, is that conscience has reference only to our social relationships. It merely tells us what is right and what is wrong in conduct. Good morals are simply those habits of individuals which make for the welfare of the community. If each man lived absolutely by himself he could be neither moral nor immoral. Moral duties are the duties of men in their social character.

This being the scientific view of the moral sense, it follows that it has properly nothing to do with religion, nor religion with it. The moral sense is a product of social life, not a gift from the gods. It is our sole guide to conduct. Nothing is more indisputable than the fact that the ruling motive in life is the love of happiness. Happiness is the grand goal towards which all men are eagerly pressing. But as we are living in a crowd it is essential that we make concessions to one another, or else we shall be tripping one another up in the race and finding, not happiness, but direst misery. Each individual is intensely selfish until he learns that selfishness is a serious barrier to personal pleasure. One of the first prizes won from experience, is the discovery that the struggle for life, to be truly successful, must merge into the struggle for the life of others. If in my mad race for happiness I ride over my neighbors and crush them, they will resent my cruelty and make all the retaliation they can, and consequently I shall miss the mark and suffer loss. In other words I can never attain to genuine happiness at the ex-

pense of other people. Selfishness is therefore a bad moral, the worst thing for the individual himself as well as for the community. Thus good morals are their own justification, and their sanction is in man's own nature. I have heard it alleged that Colonel Ingersoll had no appreciation for the aspirations of the people; but in reading his published works I have come upon many most noble sentences, among which is the following, which deserves to be printed in letters of gold:—

"The object of life is to be happy, the place to be happy is here, the time to be happy is now, the way to be happy is by making others happy."

That is the highest ethical standard ever discovered. That is the only categorical imperative worth talking about. That is what experience has taught us, and there is no gainsaying it.

Let it be observed, however, that no depreciation of self is involved in this doctrine. The Christian doctrine of self-surrender and resignation is utterly unscientific and anti-social. The true teaching exalts self and clothes it with unspeakable dignity. "I celebrate myself, and sing myself," says Walt Whitman; and there is no lovelier or sweeter song in the world. But Whitman proceeds thus: "And what I assume you shall assume, for every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you." Self can realise itself only in society, or can be truly happy only in association with others. George Meredith is equally clear on this point. His mind is concentrated upon the welfare of the next generation:—

"The young generation! ah, there is the child  
Of our souls down the Ages! to bleed for it, proof  
That souls we have."

The individual must by no means be neglected, but the individual can best care for himself by caring for others. My own happiness is indissolubly bound up with the happiness of the community. Thus the most perfect individualism becomes the sanest socialism, and the Categorical Imperative is what Meredith calls the "Conscience of Life."

J. T. LLOYD.

## The Church and Crime.

BEAULIEU ABBEY is situated in one of the most charming parts of the New Forest, for the old monks always chose the best and richest spots of this sinful earth for their habitation; and even if we possessed no other record of this abbacy, the existing remains of the great Cistercian monastery would be sufficient evidence of its wealth and importance. But it is not of its revenues or its architecture of which we wish to speak: its Right of Sanctuary is a point of much greater importance. This ancient Right would seem in these days to be a grievous wrong; but until the seventeenth century it existed in this country in full force and favor; for it was the law that if a person accused of any crime whatsoever (except treason against the Crown or sacrilege against the Church) fled to a church or churchyard, and within forty days after confessed his guilt and abjured the realm, he saved his life, though he was nevertheless attainted, and forfeited all his goods and chattels. There were also places of "perpetual sanctuary" where the fugitive might remain indefinitely, secure from the ordinary operation of the law, and without the necessity of abjuring the realm. Beaulieu Abbey had the right of "perpetual sanctuary," and this right extended to the whole of the estate around it; so that the felon had only to escape across the barren heaths that surrounded the estate, and the instant he stepped on the Abbot's ground he was safe from arrest by catchpole or constable.

The Canon Law, of course, derived its idea of sanctuary from the Cities of Refuge of the Old Testament: but whereas there is no evidence that the Old Testament refugees were ever respected, there is plenty of evidence that the mediæval refugees were a nuisance and a danger to every honest, well-

disposed person; for the sanctuaries became Alsacias, where criminals might herd together, safe from the arm of Justice. Thus the Church's boasted solicitude for the pauper and the criminal had the usual result of creating an additional danger to industry and virtue.

The Abbey of Beaulieu received its Right of Perpetual Sanctuary from Pope Innocent III. It was confirmed by King John, of pious memory; and allowed by succeeding monarchs. But the right came to a sudden end in the reign of His Majesty King Henry VIII., Defender of the Faith; for in the year 1538 Thomas Stevens, the last Abbot, surrendered the lands and revenues. The Abbot seems to have had a poor opinion of his chapter, for he wrote a letter shortly after about "the lewd monks which now, I thank God, I am rid of." The thrifty ecclesiastic took the precaution of letting out the most profitable of the Abbey buildings to his sister before the surrender; so that a substantial part of the income remained in his family; and he enjoyed a royal pension and two preferments for the remaining twelve years of his life, freed from the scandals of the lewd monks against whom he protested.

When the King's commissioners took over Beaulieu they reported "that there were thirty-two sanctuary men there for debt, felony, and murder, who had their houses and land, where they lived with their wives and children. They declared that if sent to other sanctuaries they would be undone, and desired to remain there for their lives, provided no more were admitted." The thrifty ex-abbot also joined his voice to the petition, saying "it would be no profit to the town if they were to leave, for the houses would yield no rent." In the result the sanctuary men were allowed to remain at Beaulieu for the remainder of their lives, and one—Thomas Jeynes, who had slain a man at Christchurch—was granted a pardon. It is to be hoped they behaved themselves, for about the same time we find Lord Audeley writing that the person in charge of the manor should be "a man of great gravity and circumspect, and not base of stomach or faint of heart when need shall require, the place standeth so wildly; and it is a great sanctuary, and boundeth upon a great forest and upon the sea coast, where sanctuary men may do much displeasure if they be not well and substantially looked upon." It is evident, therefore, that sanctuary men were regarded as exceptionally dangerous persons.

In this case the point to be observed is that the village of Beaulieu, at the gates of the great abbey, was *exclusively inhabited* by fugitive felons; for the historic thirty-two were the only people in the place. We see that they had been provided with house and land for themselves and families; and if they were driven out there was no one to pay rent! In other words, there was no place for honest persons there: it was a strictly felon settlement.

All this throws a lurid light upon the conditions of life in the Middle Ages. We have here a powerful corporation openly maintaining a crowd of criminals at its gates, in defiance of the civil law of the realm. The suppression of the monasteries by the first Defender of the Faith would have been quite justifiable, even if it had merely put an end to these Alsacias; and the contemplation of this and similar other ecclesiastical institutions causes us to wonder however ordinary morality managed to survive under the rule of mediæval Christianity.

CHILPERIC.

### The Museum of Relics.

*Translated from "La Raison."*

I WAS advised to go to the feast of St. Cloud in Paris and see the Relic Museum. "It is the best and the most anti-clerical Exhibition to be found. It is given by a certain Doctor, holding two degrees. I can recommend him." On this I turned out on a cold Sunday afternoon, I found him amidst the sighing of organ under the dizzy roundabout and his booth: "Le Musée Scantum-Sanctorium." It is unknown to-day but

it will be popular enough by-and-bye. I had no difficulty in finding what I sought, the crowd, besieging the opening, pointed the way. During a lively, and certainly a very literary prologue, the wise innovator, clothed in red after the fashion of a scarlet monk, invited passers by to enter. "Dear friends my reliquary, so varied, so rich in souvenirs, has caused you to laugh often and I rejoice thereat, the end I sought is attained. Laugh here, but also laugh frankly elsewhere, when the church asks you to venerate under the name of a saint or saints, the rags and tatters which fill their shrines..... The end of all churches is to perpetuate superstitions and live by them, though themselves are free from all faith, even a belief in any god whatever. They make heaven a scare-crow and God a monster, always ready to exterminate his creatures, and in his name, menacing by his thunders, they exploit weak and credulous humanity. Laugh, I say, ridicule will kill those mummeries and juggleries, before which the law has hesitated, even though science and reason have demonstrated their falsity. To perpetuate ignorance, and take away the virility of the intelligence, has been the despicable work of the priest for centuries, no matter if he come from Rome or India. Speaking solely of the Catholic Church, she has one God only, *Gold*. Her inquisitorial power is known. Of old she burnt alive human beings in the name of their Creator, to possess more gold and keep her power. To day she is unable to act in that manner, but she forges an arsenal full of everything destined to falsify human judgment, and drains into her coffers all the silver of those whom the fairs of Notre-Dame—and her relics draw into her nets,—simpletons whom it is necessary to pity and instruct..... It is high time man ceased to adore idols forged by himself, and that he not be affrighted by phantoms draped by clever charlatans, who are not the less dishonest because they wear the Roman purple or the mitre. With that, Amen."

The text of this speech had enough reason to draw me after the laughing and delighted crowd into the booth. M. Gerbeaux in his red gown followed. When we were assembled in the four linen walls we experienced that we were in a strangely absurd bazaar. "Don't be too astonished, Ladies and Gentlemen, when entering my modest museum" said the Doctor *in utroque*. "Human curiosity was never more excusable. I have gathered in these four square yards that which the church has taken centuries to deal out amongst her tabernacles—these most holy relics. Let no one tell you they are not authentic, it is false. These on the contrary are genuine, all others are false. I am no more an impostor than the first curé who comes along. Simply prove to me these relics are not genuine and I retire confused and ashamed. But you cannot and I am content. Now you people who live in the darkness of a lying and brazen Catholicism be satisfied, you have it all naked and ugly such as it is. Behold it all untrue and unclean. From the darkness of her deceits may light come." It costs a penny only. The relics.

Thereon we visited the very amusing relics collected by our Doctor, bowing devoutly as he explained each one, and dotting his remarks with "Credo quia absurdum, Amen!" This absurdity caused us to burst with laughter. We saw in succession, a little of the clay from which Adam was formed; Adam's rib from which God made Eve; the core of the fatal apple; Eve's first apron, the skin of the tempting serpent; Abel's feeding bottle; Cain's pipe; a nail of Noah's ark; a feather of the dove of the ark; a grape from Noah's vine; a brick from the tower of Babel; a tooth of Abraham; fifty-two of Esau's vegetables; two celestial thunder-bolts, one of the trumpets of Jericho; a morsel of the sun which Joshua stayed in its course; the dried soul of Nebuchadnezzar; the stone which slew Goliath; a fragment of the chaste Joseph's mantel; Samson's jaw-bone of an ass; and a lock of his hair; and Dalilha's scissors; eleven of the prophet Jeremiah's tears; a fin-bone of Jonah's whale; two of Gabriel's feathers; a loaf from the remains of the multiplication of fishes; the soap used by Pontius Pilate at the trial of Jesus; the cord with which Judas hanged himself; St. Petronella's tooth-brush; M. Magdalene's comb; the dog collar of St. Roch; the awl of Crispin; the soul of Pope Alexander VI.; the dirt of Blessed Labre; the gridiron of Laurence; seven hairs of the Virgin; the sponge dipped in vinegar and gall; the towel with which Jesus wiped his apostles feet, etc., etc. And while we choked with laughter during that lively promenade, the Doctor explained in his most serene manner the incontestable origin and the mercantile value of his relics. "Here are the fragments of Louis XIV. One is surprised to find these royal ashes so simple to look at, and exactly the same in appearance as those of one Mathurin, a valet to the dogs of the great king. Who could believe it?"

The audience exploded with laughter. It is probable that with his droll and simple exterior this anti-clerical propagandist will have more effect on the masses than all manner of discourses and sermons. "The Roman Catholic Church, and the others, have never had other nourishment than that,"

said M. Gerbeaux, pointing to his amusing bazaar. Truly people may satisfy themselves of the truth of his wise remark. The booth of St. Cloud will visit every public square of Paris. It will establish itself in front of the churches. It will travel through towns and villages, and it will be the clearest, frankest, and most joyous critic of the clerical swindle that has ever been. Turlupin and Gaultier-Garguille traversed the streets of the city, in times past, to tell their joyous truths to the people of France. Tabarin with his "Descent into Hell," fought the good fight on the public places. Another Tabarin has returned to those spots, and with him that fine satire which whips always, and sometimes corrects.

(MISS) E. HOLLAND.

### Acid Drops.

Nelson was a great admiral and a great man. His personality was one of singular fascination. That immortal "Kiss me, Hardy" has melted, and will melt, thousands of hearts. Even his entanglement with Lady Hamilton has never been much of a worry to the generations of his worshipers. But it must be remembered that Nelson was a clergyman's son and a professed Christian, and much is forgiven to those who wear the orthodox colors. Had the great admiral been a Freethinker, the only word we should ever have heard about him from the average man of God would have been "Emma, Emma!"

Sir Henry Irving's last play on earth (they seem to think, some of them, that he will follow his profession in heaven) was Tennyson's *Becket*. In that play the Archbishop is killed in his own cathedral of Canterbury, and as he falls on his knees he exclaims:—

"At the right hand of Power—  
Power and great glory—for thy Church, O Lord—  
Into thy hands, O Lord—into thy hands!"

Those were Becket's last words in the play, and of course they were Irving's last words on the stage. But they were not his last words in the theatre, for he came before the curtain and returned a brief word of thanks to the audience. Then he drove to his hotel, and died there.

It was the veriest accident that Irving's last words on the stage were "Into thy hands, O Lord—into thy hands!" And they were not his words at all, but the words of the character he was enacting. It is the sickening sentimentality which grows up under the shadow of Christianity that transforms the professional utterance into something personal. The *Daily Chronicle* actually turned on one of its office poets, as we suppose, to compose the following acrostic, which had a bold place in the editorial columns:—

"Into Thy hands, O Lord; into Thy hands  
R-eeive Thine own, for now are earth's demands  
V-anquished for aye; its strife and tumults cease.  
I-nto Thy hands, eternal Prince of Peace!  
N-ot e'en a sigh doth linger in thy breast:  
G-reat thy reward, great soul; well earned thy rest."

This is verse, of course, of a sort; for it is in lengths, and it rhymes. But we hope the *Chronicle* doesn't think it poetry.

The Czar's new manifesto proclaiming peace takes the name of God in vain. "God," he says, "has caused our Fatherland to suffer sore trials and blows of fate in a sanguinary war which has afforded manifold proofs of the bravery and courage of our glorious troops in the obstinate struggle against a brave and mighty enemy." This is the way in which the Czar evades the responsibility of his own acts, and those of his advisers, in bringing about the said sanguinary war. And what a change has come over the scene, when the "yellow monkeys" have developed into "a brave and mighty enemy." Later on the Czar hopes his subjects will join him in praying to God for his blessing on the Duma. A good many of his subjects will see him in Hades before they do anything of the kind. "God" has such a habit of being on the wrong side.

Mr. W. T. Stead is in Russia and is staying there in order to recommend the Duma to the Russian Liberals, who seem to have very small belief in it. Mr. Stead is, of course, honest in this matter; he is acting on one of his generous impulses, and we hope his judgment in this case is as sound as his motive. But we have our doubts. Victor Hugo long ago, in that magnificent if amorphous book of his on William Shakespeare, had his doubts on the same subject. "O mowers of the steppes," he said, "arise! Trust to the good

intentions of orthodox czars just enough to take up arms. Hypocrisies and apologies, being traps, are an added danger." Then the great French poet continued: "We live in a time when orators are heard praising the magnanimity of white bears and the tender feelings of panthers. Amnesty, clemency, grandeur of soul; an era of felicity opens; fatherly love is the order of the day; behold all that is already done; it must not be thought that the spirit of the time is not understood; august arms are open; rally still closer round the Emperor; Muscovy is kind-hearted; see how happy the serfs are! the streams are to flow with milk, prosperity, liberty for all; your princes groan, like you, over the past; they are excellent. Come, fear nothing, little ones! All very good; but candidly, we are of those who put no faith in the lachrymal gland of crocodiles."

A Jew named Schwartz fought in the Russian army in East Asia. He went through all the great battles in Manchuria, and was wounded eleven times. Three times he received the St. George's Cross for bravery, one being of gold as a special mark of distinction. He was also awarded the life-saving medal for having rescued an officer from drowning in the Yalu. After the peace he went to visit his parents, and he was expelled from Moscow on the ground of his being a Jew. What a beautiful exhibition of Russian Christianity!

Admiral Togo has been claimed as a Christian. Nearly all the Churches, Catholic and Protestant, declare that he belongs to *them*. Togo himself says nothing. But his actions are an eloquent contradiction. His letter to the Mikado, after smashing the Baltic Fleet, was quite inconsistent with any profession of Christianity. Quite recently he was worshiped at the great Temple of Ise, with the admirals and captains of his staff, and a large number of seamen. The great Admiral's religion seems to be ancestor worship.

Speaking at the Sir Thomas Browne tercentenary at Norwich, on the occasion of the unveiling of a statue of that great prose writer, Lord Avebury remarked that "he had unjustly been accused of incredulity, and even atheism, but he was a sincere member of the Church of England." But that is too easy a way out of the difficulty. Why the late Matthew Arnold was a sincere member of the Church of England; and what did *he* believe in?

"As to Browne's belief in witchcraft," Lord Avebury said, "he could not be blamed for sharing a superstition which was general at the time, and held by Luther, Calvin, and Wesley." Yes, but *why* held by them? Simply because they found it in the Bible. And it is there still.

While speaking of witchcraft we may refer to a very able and outspoken article by Professor A. H. Keane on "The Moral Argument against the Inspiration of the Old Testament" in the current number of the *Hibbert Journal*—an article that might very well have appeared in the *Freethinker*. After quoting the old text (Exodus xxii. 18), "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," and the parallel text in Leviticus xx. 27, Professor Keane says: "Measured by the extent of the harm they have caused, these two short texts must be regarded as the most baneful in the whole range of the 'inspired writing.'" Then he continues:—

"Here is the Divine sanction to which appeal has ever been made, especially by priestly fanatics, in justification of their action in compassing the death of multitudes of hapless victims for crimes which they not only did not but could not commit. But there stand the fateful words which are attributed to the God of Israel, and even now compel Christian theologians to believe in the existence of witches and wizards, who in their hearts they know do not and never did exist. By these indelible texts—oh, what would they give if these two little verses could but be blotted out!—the orthodox interpreters are placed in a cruel position, and in a sense may claim all our sympathy. They have on the one hand to vindicate the veracity of the inspired writer, and on the other to explain away all the unspeakable horrors that in the course of ages have been inflicted on humanity in virtue of those revealed words. If, for instance, it be said that there are no witches, then it follows that the 'lying spirit' has entered into Yahveh himself, while the action of the Churches—of all the Churches—in doing countless innocent people to death, mostly a shockingly cruel death, throughout mediæval times, remains without any justification at all. Logically, the Churches, with the false writings on which they stand, fall to pieces."

This is as strong as anything that has ever appeared in our own columns. Yet the *Hibbert Journal* is a "highly respectable magazine" and the *Freethinker* is a "blasphemous rag." Heigho!

Professor Keane ends this striking article by observing that the Jews drew the picture of Yahveh remarkably like

themselves, with the same passions and the same limited intelligence. "When to this," he says, "is added a distinct moral obliquity of vision, as in the instances above specified, it will be understood how impossible it is for those not to the manner born to accept the early Hebrew records as inspired documents." We wish Professor Keane would repudiate *all* inspired documents. They all get found out in time. Why not shift the lot at once? Whatever good there is in the Bible will remain, for what it is worth.

Talking to the students of the young ladies' seminary at Winona Lake, Ind., a short time ago, Miss Helen Gould (the daughter of Jay) "appealed for a closer and more intelligent reading of the scriptures, and left the impression that the one thing needful is the teaching of the Bible in the schools of the country." So they all have an eye on the public schools as a missionary field. Every faddist wants his or her fad "taught in the public schools." Miss Gould has millions. She can, if she wishes, establish schools for the teaching of the Bible. Let her try it, accepting all applicants, and if her pupils turn out better than secular public school scholars she will have her reward. It is more likely, however, that the outcome would be a great disappointment to her, since Bible reading and religious instruction never improved the character of a single student in a thousand years.—*Truthseeker* (New York).

We answer a Liverpool correspondent this week on the subject of the late Charles Bradlaugh's colossal fortune. Bradlaugh died an Atheist, and orthodox liars have more than suggested that he died a Christian. Charles Bradlaugh died worth nothing from a financial point of view. His business affairs, as proprietor and publisher of the *National Reformer* and other publications, having to be wound up summarily, and such assets being necessarily diminished in value by his death, his business creditors had to a considerable extent to be paid out of the public subscription which was raised for that and other purposes. Bradlaugh, therefore, did not leave a penny to anyone, for the simple and sufficient reason that he had not a penny to leave. The "pile" he made out of his "dupes" was simply a product of charitable Christian imagination. No wonder, then, that it still subsists.

Lies about Freethinkers are so common that we seldom take the trouble to notice them. But they are sometimes rather humorous. One of the latest romantic tales in Christian circles is that Mr. Foote has come into £14,000. We wish this tale were true. Unfortunately it isn't. But a more amusing story reaches us from Glasgow. It appears that a supposed Freethinker, having listened to Christian fables till his head was affected, said that he was not going to the Glasgow Secular Hall to hear Mr. Cohen recently; neither, he said, was he going to hear Mr. Foote. Being asked *why*, he replied: "Oh, they're a couple of wasters—both drinking themselves to death." Those who know Mr. Foote and Mr. Cohen will appreciate the full force of this joke.

The Bishop of London denounces the deliberate regulation of the birth-rate in England as a sin. Poor man! He is always meddling with subjects that are too big for him. Why doesn't he go on preaching the old commonplaces of superstition to the commonplace superstitious people who listen to him? But if he must talk about the population question, he might do worse than think over what Matthew Arnold said about it, before opening his mouth in public. He will find it in the sixth section of *Culture and Anarchy*. After letting the lambent lightning of his wit play around the "Be fruitful and multiply" people, he pulls himself up and addresses them quite seriously. He pictures the misery of the "festering masses" in overcrowded centres of population, and says that "the knowledge how to prevent their accumulating is necessary, even to give their moral life and growth a fair chance." This is what Matthew Arnold says; but Matthew Arnold had brains—and the Bishop of London has some some sort of a substitute.

Mr. F. A. Davies justly points out, in a brief letter to the *Daily Chronicle*, that the Bishop of London, who talks about limiting families as a sin, is a "gentleman who enjoys celibacy on an income of £10,000 a year." A hit, a hit, a palpable hit.

Rev. H. Mercer, of Kow, was away lecturing on behalf of his work among the criminal classes, in connection with the Church Army; and during his absence his home was visited by burglars—perhaps on the principle that one good turn deserves another. They removed some of his valuables, and left him that much nearer the kingdom of heaven. They

also emptied his whiskey decanter and smoked some of his cigars. Of course the Rev. H. Mercer may be a "sinner," but it looks as though he is not a "miserable sinner." We mean when at home.

The citizens of Lahore have held a public meeting to protest against the presentation of a farewell address to Lord Curzon. They say that he called the Hindus "liars" and their Scriptures "lying." As far as the Scriptures are concerned, it appears that Lord Curzon can tell the truth occasionally.

A coroner's inquest was held over the dead body of Daisy Ethel Durton, aged twenty-three, a widow, at Southwark. She was a member of the Christian Scientists' Society, and read their publications till her head was turned, and she put an end to her life by drinking salts of lemon. Dr. R. A. French, one of the witnesses, said that she showed an absolute contempt for his advice. The coroner added that she was evidently suffering from religious mania, and that the Society she belonged to might do a great deal of mischief. So would every form of Bible faith if it were only acted up to. We might remind Dr. French, too, that the Bible shows as much contempt for medical men as ever Mrs. Durton displayed.

Rev. Peter Thompson, speaking at a meeting held to form a London branch of the Methodist Union for Social Service, treated his audience to a list of Labor sympathisers. "George Lansbury," he said, "was almost an Anarchist some years ago, but now is one of the most simple-hearted believers in Christ. Will Crooks prays more, I believe, than I do myself, and seeks the divine guidance in what he does. Will Steadman is sympathetic with us." Well, even if all this be true, there are plenty of Labor leaders outside Christianity in England—while they are nearly all outside Christianity in France, Germany, and Italy. After all, the Rev. Peter Thompson is crowing on rather a small daughill.

The Prince of Wales has gone off on a trip that will occupy the whole of the winter. The diplomatic reason—that is, the false reason—the reason kept up by our Christian politicians—is that he is visiting India for reasons of State; the real reason is that his health wants a lot of attention. On the eve of his departure from England the newspapers all published the following bit of inspired *blague*:—

"The Prince of Wales has sent strict orders regarding the careful observance of the Sabbath, and when their Royal Highnesses are travelling on that day the train will be stopped during the time of divine service."

We suppose this is meant to pacify the Sabbatarians. Well, if it does pacify them, they must be the biggest fools on earth. Sabbath desecration is to go on all day except during the time of worship—perhaps one hour in the twenty-four. It seems to be expected that God Almighty will "wink the other eye" during the twenty-three other hours in the blessed Sabbath.

Religious education was the topic of discussion at a late meeting of the London County Council. In the course of it, Mr. J. T. Taylor, who seems a very pious gentleman, complained of Mr. Graham Wallas, whom he quoted as having said that the noisy section of people who preferred Christian education was in the minority, but that the majority of the people of London were Pagan and that the majority would have to be considered. We hope Mr. Graham Wallas *did* say this, for it does credit to his sense and sincerity. But it badly riled Mr. Taylor, who cried out that "If the Education Committee agreed with this, let them say it in open Council, and not behind the closed door of the Committee room." But the worthy Taylor was taken down a peg or two soon afterwards. It happened in this way. There was a discussion over the draft scheme for the administration of the Grocers' School, Hackney, in which it was proposed that "religious instruction in accordance with the principles of the Christian faith shall be given in the school under regulations to be made from time to time by the governors." The Education Committee recommended that the Board of Education be informed that the Council was of opinion that the sentence should run: "Any religious instruction to be given in the school shall be in accordance with regulations," &c. Mr. Taylor moved the omission of the word "any" and the insertion of the word "the." The motion was rejected, however, by the decisive majority of 70 votes to 25. Mr. Taylor knows now that most of his fellow Councillors are not as mad as he is over the compulsory education of other people's children in Mr. Taylor's religion.

Since the previous paragraph was written we have seen a letter by Mr. J. T. Taylor in a newspaper, stating that it

was not Mr. Graham Wallas, but Mr. Radford, who uttered those dreadful words about Pagan London. We were afraid it was too bold an utterance for the "Progressive" Fabian, who dropped the "secular education" ticket and adopted "Bible reading."

Dr. Clifford has been orating to the Cardiff people on Disestablishment. He called for disestablishment and disendowment as an act of justice. Quite so. But the reverend gentleman should bear in mind that the Free Churches will have to be disestablished and disendowed too. At present they are established, through the religious teaching, in thousands of State schools; and they are endowed by exemption from the rates and taxes—which have to be paid by other institutions, including Secular societies. Yes, disestablishment and disendowment will have to be applied all round.

The *Daily News* is getting on. It printed the following story recently: "A certain clergyman had a most cadaverous, gaunt curate. On one Sunday in each year there was an appeal made for the curate's fund, and, very properly, the vicar spared the curate the task of making any allusion to the fund. But, when he had made a strong appeal for the usual liberal contributions, the vicar most unfortunately turned towards the curate and said, 'The collection will now be taken for that object.' The last two words received an unhappy significance when the congregation gazed at the poor curate!"

This is hard on Church curates. But the *Daily News* has actually printed another joke at the expense of Free Churchers. A little boy swallowed a sixpence, and the neighbors suggested that a certain Methodist minister should be sent for, who was a most successful beggar. "If anyone can get money out of a person," they said, "he can."

A Newcastle-on-Tyne "medium" was caught the other day doing the materialised spirit trick. One of the sitters, armed with a pocket electric lamp, lightened the darkness just in time to show the professional intermediary between men and ghosts dressed up as a spirit form. Those present insisted on having their money returned—and got it. The meeting had been duly opened with prayer and hymns. Of course!

W. H. Smith and Son have lost the bookstall business on the London and North Western and Great Western Railways. Probably the new management of these bookstalls will be no more just to Freethought publications than the old management was; but there is one consolation, it cannot possibly be worse. "Old Morality," as the late W. H. Smith was called, paid great attention to "the exclusion of all pernicious literature." This sounds very nice, but what it meant in practice was that all "advanced" literature was as far as possible stifled. Papers like the *Freethinker* were absolutely boycotted. No doubt the right honorable gentleman could afford to indulge in such bigotry; for he left something like two millions sterling behind him when he took his compulsory flight to heaven. But he would probably have counted the cost if the *Freethinker* had a circulation like the *Times*. According to our experience, bigots are generally thrifty; they don't mind sacrificing a trifle to gratify their personal instincts, if it makes no appreciable difference to their incomes; but when there is a danger of that point being past, it is their common habit to throw the cost upon other people.

A correspondent sends us a typewritten letter from the secretary of a certain "Church business meeting" in a south-west London suburb, to a certain member whose name was struck off the list "for wilful and persistent neglect of the means of grace"—which probably means non-attendance and failure to pay-up. Were this not the fact, it would seem very odd to shut off from "the means of grace" a person who apparently wanted it most of all.

Rev. H. F. Tracey, of Dartmouth, has been cracking jokes at the expense of Dr. Torrey. Incidentally he told the American story about a revivalist who spoke of his very wicked aunt who danced, played cards, and even smoked a cigarette, and finally went to the wrong department of Kingdom-Come. Presently a man in the audience who had enough of it got up to go out. "There is another man going to hell," shouted the revivalist. "All right," said the man, "is there any message for your aunt?"

You ask in what poets can be useful. Simply this—in permeating civilisation with light.—*Victor Hugo*.

## Correspondence.

### KIEL HETERODOXY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "FREETHINKER."

SIR,—No wonder Mr. Standing cries Name! Name! We may expect to find a German ecclesiastic honestly admitting his atheism when the Bishop of London joins the N.S.S. The magazine article which Mr. Standing quotes is singularly misleading in many respects, and I am unaware of any Cathedral, protestant or otherwise in Kiel, where I have spent the last two winters. The principal church *Nikolai Kirche* has for its "Probst," Herr Becker one of the narrowest of clerics, who distinguished himself last Christmas by comparing half his "flock," to "die Schweine wenn ihnen ihr Futter in den Troggegeben wird," etc. The pastor of the garrison church is equally orthodox and courteous, a relative indeed of Hofprediger Rogge, the Kaiser's court chaplain, and himself a *protégé* of Wilhelm II.

On the other hand Professor Baumgarten preaches in the "Aula" or Hall attached to the university at Kiel, and he is as near being a freethinker as a cleric is likely to consider safe. His teaching is very advanced but not more so than that of many of our broad church parsons. Father Ignatius might describe him as an atheist, but he is no more so than Canon Driver—probably Rev. Stewart Headlam would consider him far too orthodox.

Christian socialism is unknown in Kiel, but it contains some fine freethinkers and democrats, it runs socialist daily and weekly newspapers which would as soon print an account of Noah's deluge as fill a column with the clerical inanities to be found in the *Daily News* or *Lloyds* here. Freethought lectures, expositions of Haeckel, etc., are given in the salon of the principal up-town Restaurant, the announcements are exhibited in the windows of the principal shops, especially of the half-dozen excellent booksellers, and the audience is at least half women including a majority of the school teachers of the town.

Kiel is something more than a German War Harbour. It is a socialist stronghold, returning only social democrats to parliament to fight clericalism as well as capitalism. Kiel is also the home of Schölermann, whose translations of Ruskin, etc., have helped to introduce English advanced thought to German readers. I want him to translate Mr. Foote's *Bible Romances*, a work whose tremendous analytical exposure of the old fables would, I believe, commend itself heartily to the Teutonic mind.

G. B.

Thou are judged, O judge, and the sentence has gone forth against thee, O God.

Thy slave that slept is awake; thy slave but slept for a span; Yea, man thy slave shall unmake thee, who made thee lord over man.—*Swinburne*.

I do not give myself up to my fellow-citizens without reserve. I do not give them the power to kill or rob me by plurality of votes. I submit to help them, and to be aided, to do justice, and to receive it.—*Voltaire*.

When, as we advance in life, we see accomplished by others what we in our early days believed it was our mission to attempt, but which we, with many other things, were compelled to relinquish, we have the satisfaction of feeling that *humanity* is the true man, and that the individual can only be happy when he has the courage to recognise in himself a part of the whole.—*Goethe*.

For the conqueror, for the soldier, for the man of material fact, the end of all is six feet of earth; for the man of thought, all begins there. Death is a power. For him who has no activity but that of the mind, the tomb is the elimination of the obstacle. To be dead is to be all-powerful.—*Victor Hugo*.

The late Duke of Cambridge's father had a habit of making responses on his own account during the Church service. "Let us pray," said the clergyman. "By all means," responded the Duke. The clergyman began the prayer for rain. "No good so long as the wind is in the east," muttered the Duke. "Zaccheus stood forth, and said, 'Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor.'" "Too much, too much; don't mind subscribing, but cannot give half," said the Duke. When one of the commandments was read the Duke responded, "Quite right, quite right—but very difficult."



### Mr. Foote's Engagements.

*Sunday*, October 29, Lovaine Hall, St. Mary's-place Newcastle-on-Tyne; at 3, "Infidelity and Immorality"; at 7, "Why the 'Yellow Monkeys' Won: an Object Lesson to Christians."

November 5, Manchester; 12, Liverpool.  
December 3, South Shields; 31, Leicester.

### To Correspondents.

- C. COHEN'S LECTURING ENGAGEMENTS.—Address, 241 High-road, Leyton, Essex.—October 29, Queen's Hall, London. November 5, Birmingham; 26, Manchester. December 3, Birmingham.
- J. T. LLOYD'S LECTURING ENGAGEMENTS.—October 29, Liverpool; November 5, Glasgow; 19, Glasgow; 26, Neath, South Wales; December 3, Forest Gate; 10, Coventry.
- W. NOTHER.—Why waste your time in listening to what "Christian friends" say about the late Charles Bradlaugh? We reply this once, in the hope that you will never trouble yourself in respect to the matter again. Charles Bradlaugh did not "die leaving a lot of money" except in the sense that he left a lot of it behind him in the world, in other people's exchequers. He left no money at all of his own; and his trade debts, in winding up his publishing business summarily, had to be discharged, to a considerable extent, by means of a public subscription. This also answers your second question as to how he "willed the money."
- W. B. PERKINS.—The James Thomson extract we gave last week was from his Memoir of Leopardi, which stands in front of the translated *Essays, Dialogues, and Thoughts*, just published in Routledge's "New Universal Library" at the wonderfully low price of one shilling. The volume is edited by Bertram Dobell, who has performed his difficult labor of love most admirably. We intend to introduce this volume to our readers more fully as soon as possible. Meanwhile we may say that it contains more than four hundred pages of fine reading—some of it the very finest. It should appeal especially to thoughtful Freethinkers.
- E. V. STERRY.—Pleased to hear that the bust of Thomas Paine, which you presented some years ago with one of Voltaire, has been placed upon a pedestal in the entrance hall of the new Carnegie Free Library at Great Yarmouth. Through your agency the visitors to that institution will be able to look upon the "counterfeit presentment" of a *man*—which is more than can always be said in the case of busts in public places.
- C. W. STYRING.—It is good of the vicar of Scarborough to draw attention to the fact that Nelson was "brought up in the Church Catechism." We never saw anything in the Catechism about nautical affairs, so we presume it had nothing to do with his being a great admiral. Perhaps the vicar will explain whether it had anything to do with his entanglement with Lady Hamilton.
- A. GRIMSHAW.—Thanks for your letter. See "Sugar Plums." We hope our health, when you hear us at Liverpool, will be equal to your good wishes.
- W. P. BALL.—Much obliged for cuttings.
- J. F. GARRETT.—The cutting you send us refers to William Hone, who was never "an infidel lecturer." The "blasphemy" he was tried for a century ago before Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough was contained in a political work he published. Christian advocates seem quite incapable of accuracy.
- T. HUNT.—We cannot answer physiological questions in this column. The subject of rudimentary organs is dealt with in Darwin's *Descent of Man*; also in Aveling's *Darwin Made Easy*, which can be obtained from our publishing office, price 6d.
- R. E. HOLDING.—Tuesday morning is too late for paragraphs in this week's issue. It shall be dealt with in our next.
- J. PARTRIDGE.—Glad to hear that 500 signatures were obtained to the memorial at Mr. Foote's lecture in the Birmingham Town Hall on Sunday.
- W. T. PITT.—You say that the attendants at the Birmingham Town Hall all agreed that "considerably over two thousand persons were present at the evening meeting." Very considerably, in our judgment; scrutinising the audience carefully from the platform, we reckoned that it numbered nearly three thousand.
- J. BENNETT.—As our reply does not seem to have reached Mr. Garrett we will repeat the substance of it here. We said that we could not add to our provincial lecturing engagements this side of Christmas, but we should be happy to pay Mountain Ash a visit early in the new year. Thanks for your good wishes, and your hope that we "may be able to bear the strain of our work," which is sometimes rather trying.
- C. LANGLEY.—Pleased to hear from you as a twenty-five years Freethinker. The argument you refer to proceeds on the assumption that there is necessarily an actual counterpart in nature to every idea that can enter the human mind. At this rate, all the fabulous monsters of superstition had a real existence. Don't you see the absurdity of it?
- ANTI-TORREY MISSION FUND.—Frangarry 2s. 6d., A. Cayford 1s., D. Bourne 9d., C. Langley 1s.
- T. ROBERTS.—We do not know where Mr. Lloyd is to lecture at Neath. He is not at our elbow as we write, nor anywhere near it. London, you know, is a very big place.
- A. PARKER.—Sorry we cannot hunt up the date for you, and *Freethinkers* of seventeen or eighteen years ago are not obtainable

now, except by accident. Glad to hear that you find intolerance so decreased in your neighborhood since you first started selling this journal, twenty-three years ago. May you live to sell it, and see a continued improvement, for another twenty-three years; though we hardly fancy we shall be editing it all that time.

W. EMSLEY.—We appreciate your appreciation, and we like people with some enthusiasm in their natures, but your "open letter" to us is far too flattering to be inserted in our own columns. You have enough sagacity to see this on second thoughts. Your wish to see our Shelley articles published in a permanent form may be gratified in the near future.

H. C. WILLIAMS.—Dr. Torrey is a malicious bigot, but is it the proper business of the other man of God (in the paper you send us) to encourage drinking and smoking? Do they need encouraging?

THE SECULAR SOCIETY, LIMITED, office is at 2 Newcastle-street, Farringdon-street, E.C.

THE National Secular Society's office is at 2 Newcastle-street, Farringdon-street, E.C.

LETTERS for the Editor of the *Freethinker* should be addressed to 2 Newcastle-street, Farringdon-street, E.C.

LECTURE NOTICES must reach 2 Newcastle-street, Farringdon-street, E.C., by first post Tuesday, or they will not be inserted.

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

ORDERS for literature should be sent to the Freethought Publishing Company, Limited, 2 Newcastle-street, Farringdon-street, E.C., and not to the Editor.

PERSONS remitting for literature by stamps are specially requested to send *halfpenny stamps*.

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

Mr. Foote lectures at Newcastle-on-Tyne to-day (Oct. 29). It is some years since he lectured there on a Sunday, owing to the difficulty in obtaining halls. Tyneside friends will note that the lectures will be delivered, afternoon and evening, in the Lovaine Hall, St. Mary's-place.

Mr. Foote paid a very highly successful visit to Birmingham on Sunday. The meetings in the Town Hall were the largest that have ever gathered there under the auspices of the Secular party. The afternoon audience was an excellent one—particularly in view of the fine weather which was a natural temptation to a walk in the sunshine. This may account for the fact that the audience seemed rather backward at first, but the people came flocking in during the last ten minutes or so, and in the end they made up the biggest afternoon meeting that Freethought has yet had in Birmingham. The evening audience was a magnificent one; the flood-tide of people surging on to the platform—for every other part of the great building was "full up" except for a few seats at the very top of the big gallery facing the platform, nearly under the roof itself. Many ladies were present, including Miss Alice Baker, the daughter of the late Daniel Baker, the veteran Freethinker whose memory is still fresh in the minds of those who had the privilege of knowing him. The grand old veteran, happily still living, Mr. Ridgway, occupied a seat on the platform at both meetings. Mr. Fathers, the president of the Birmingham Branch, occupied the chair on both occasions. Mr. Foote's lectures were very much applauded; the audiences were sympathetic throughout, and sometimes extremely enthusiastic. Altogether the day's proceedings were another eye-opener for those who talk so fatuously about the decay of Secularism. Naturally the local Committee were delighted and encouraged—and they need all the encouragement they can get just now.

Mr. Fathers introduced the matter dealt with in Mr. Foote's open letter to the Lord Mayor of Birmingham in last week's *Freethinker*. He explained why the familiar feature of the bookstall was missing, and his statement was punctuated with cries of "Shame," "Bigots," "Disgusting," and so forth. Mr. Foote supplemented the chairman's observations and almost every sentence he uttered was loudly cheered. There was defiant laughter when he said that Colonel Ingersoll was good enough for the Congress of the United States to select to deliver a national oration, but was apparently not good enough for the City Council of Birmingham. The joke was really too good. Everybody was immensely tickled with the absurd idea. Mr. Foote appealed to the Lord Mayor to remember that he represented

all sections of the community, and also that the City buildings belonged to the Freethinkers as well as to the Christians of Birmingham. The audience was also asked to let the City Council see that thousands of citizens objected to this bigoted attack upon an unpopular minority, simply because they were a minority. A great approving shout went up from the big meeting when he energetically declared that the majority had no more right to muzzle the minority than the minority had to muzzle the majority.

One of the books found "offensive" by the Estates Committee was Paine's *Age of Reason*. Mr. Foote begged to inform the Committee that most of Paine's conclusions concerning the Bible were now taught by the "Higher Critics," the majority of whom were clergymen, and some of them occupying theological chairs. To try to stop the circulation of the *Age of Reason* was indirectly to condemn Canon Driver, Canon Cheyne, Dean Robinson, Professor Sanday, and many other eminent Christian scholars. With regard to Mr. Blatchford's *God and my Neighbor*, Mr. Foote pointed out that it had been openly sold recently at Mr. Keir Hardie's meeting in the Town Hall. Apparently, therefore, its sale was only "offensive" when the Secularists sold it

Memorial sheets were lying about on Sunday in the Birmingham Town Hall for signatures, requesting the City Council to restore to the Secularists their common right as citizens to the use of the City's schoolrooms. It was odd to see citizens petitioning the City Council to let them use their own buildings. But no other way was open, and we are glad to hear that hundreds of signatures were obtained.

Fifteen hundred copies of last week's *Freethinker* were given away in the street outside the Birmingham Town Hall on Sunday. Had the paper been allowed to be sold inside, as before, three or four hundred copies might have been disposed of. The prohibition of sale, therefore, as it happened, led to the circulation of more than a thousand extra copies of the *Freethinker* in the city. Mr. Foote's open letter to the Lord Mayor will be widely read, and will do a great deal of good. Another open letter may be added to it shortly, and circulated by the myriad in Birmingham in pamphlet form. This would cost something, but we think the necessary amount would be forthcoming. The Freethought party could not allow a battle of this kind, in defence of its vital rights, to languish for want of the sinews of war.

Mr. Lloyd's lecture at Queen's Hall on Sunday evening was a fine one and highly appreciated. The musical program was also much enjoyed. This evening (Oct. 29) Mr. Cohen occupies the Queen's Hall platform again, and this will be the last lecture of the present course. The instrumental artists intend to turn up in strong force, and Miss Jenny Atkinson will sing. No doubt there will be a good attendance.

Mr. H. Percy Ward has been lecturing in the open air every Tuesday evening at Warrington, and attracting large audiences. Of course the weather has become unpropitious for such propaganda, and a few indoor meetings have been held in a hall belonging to the Spiritualists, which have been very successful; but, unfortunately, the Spiritualists have refused to let it to the Secularists any longer. We much regret to hear this—for the Spiritualists' own sake. It is a pity to see them as bigoted as the orthodox Christians. Perhaps they will reconsider the matter, and come to a different decision.

Mr. H. Tucker has written another letter to Dr. C. A. Hingston, the Rev. Dr. Torrey's host during the Plymouth mission. Mr. Tucker points out that Dr. Torrey's statement that the pamphlets distributed by the "infidels" at his mission meetings are "lying" is no answer to their specific allegations. He also points out that Dr. Torrey has not replied to Mr. W. T. Stead's plain and open challenge in the *July Review of Reviews*; and that what is at stake now is not the reputation of Paine and Ingersoll, which has been vindicated, but Dr. Torrey's own reputation as an honest man. This is very much to the point, but we fear the badger will not be drawn, for he knows what will happen if he is.

The Plymouth friends have distributed several thousands of our Torrey pamphlets outside the Torrey-Alexander Mission meetings in the Drill Hall. Another 7,000 copies were dispatched to them a few days ago, and we hear that more are required. We also hear that Dr. Torrey has been stung into alluding to them—in characteristic fashion. They are exciting a great deal of comment in the Three Towns, and Dr. Torrey's ostrich policy, instead of saving him, only gives his fate a touch of ignominy.

## A Tribute to Ingersoll.

BY FRED DOUGLAS, THE NEGRO ORATOR.

(From his Autobiography.)

A DOZEN years ago, or more [1868 or earlier], on one of the frostiest and coldest nights I ever experienced, I delivered a lecture in the town of Elmwood, Illinois, twenty miles distant from Peoria. It was one of those bleak and flinty nights when prairie winds pierce like needles, and a step on the snow sounds like a file on the teeth of a saw. My next appointment after Elmwood was on Monday night, and in order to reach it in time it was necessary to go to Peoria the night previous so as to take an early morning train, and I could only accomplish this by leaving Elmwood after my lecture at midnight, for there was no Sunday train. So a little before the hour at which my train was expected at Elmwood I started for the station with my friend Mr. Brown, the gentleman who had kindly entertained me during my stay. On the way I said to him: "I am going to Peoria with something like a real dread of the place. I expect to be compelled to walk the streets of that city all night to keep from freezing." I told him "that the last time I was there I could obtain no shelter at any hotel and that I feared I should meet a similar exclusion to-night." Mr. Brown was visibly affected by the statement, and for some time was silent. At last, as if suddenly discovering a way out of a painful situation, he said: "I know a man in Peoria, should the hotels be closed against you there, who would gladly open his doors to you—a man who will receive you at any hour of the night, and in any weather—and that man is Robert G. Ingersoll." "Why," said I, "it would not do to disturb a family at such a time as I shall arrive there, on a night so cold as this." "No matter about the hour," he said, "neither he nor his family would be happy if they thought you would be shelterless on such a night. I know Mr. Ingersoll, and that he will be glad to welcome you at midnight or at cock-crow." I became much interested by his description of Mr. Ingersoll. Fortunately I had no occasion for disturbing him or his family. I found quarters at the best hotel in the city for the night. In the morning I resolved to know more of this now famous and noted "Infidel!" I gave him an early call, for I was not so abundant in cash as to refuse hospitality in a strange city when on a mission of goodwill to men. The experiment worked admirably. Mr. Ingersoll was at home, and if I have ever met a man with real living human sunshine in his face, and honest, manly kindness in his voice, I met one who possessed these qualities that morning. I received a welcome from Mr. Ingersoll and his family which would have been a cordial to the bruised heart of any proscribed and storm-beaten stranger, and one which I can never forget or fail to appreciate. Perhaps there were Christian ministers and Christian families in Peoria at that time by whom I might have been received in the same gracious manner. In charity I am bound to say there probably were such ministers and such families, but I am equally bound to say that in my former visits to this place I had failed to find them. Incidents of this character have greatly tended to liberalise my views as to the value of creeds in estimating the character of men. They have brought me to the conclusion that genuine goodness is the same, whether found inside or outside the church, and that to be an "Infidel" no more proves a man to be selfish, mean, and wicked than to be evangelical proves him to be honest, just, and humane.

When you and I behind the Veil are past,  
Oh, but the long, long while the World shall last,  
Which of our Coming and Departure heeds  
As the Sea's self should heed a pebble-cast.

—Omar Khayyam (Fitzgerald's).

Let us discard all that resembles the convent, the barrack the cell, and the straight line. Paraguay minus the Jesuits is Paraguay just the same. To give a new shape to the evil is not a useful task. To remodel the old slavery would be stupid. Let the nations of Europe beware of a despotism made anew from materials which they have themselves supplied. Such a thing, cemented with a special philosophy, might easily endure.—Victor Hugo.

The wild curiosity of our nature to grasp at and anticipate future things, as if we had not enough to do to digest the present.—Montaigne.

The care of funerals, the place of sepulture, the pomp of exequies, are rather consolations to the living than any benefit to the dead.—Saint Augustine.

## Priests and Prophets.

ANY observant reader of the Bible must have noticed that the Old Testament has been composed and compiled in many parts by two very different kinds of men—namely, priests and prophets. Both claim that it is the Lord that spoke through them, though their teaching is diametrically opposed to each other. Both were the holy servants of the Lord; but, from the language used by the prophets about the priests and their holy rites, it is difficult to see how there could be much love and harmony between them.

It would have been very interesting to know what the priests thought and said about the prophets who thundered against them in the name of the Lord, although they and their holy rites had been appointed by the same Lord. One would think the priests would look upon the prophets as enemies, heretics, and blasphemers when they denounced the priests and their rites, both being divinely ordained. But what they thought and said is not recorded, and we can only guess. We know what the priests of to-day would think and say of anyone who denounced them and their office, and the priests of old were men much the same as the priests of to-day.

But the priests of the Bible have much to say about themselves, their office, their rites, their vestments, their dues, and so forth; though in reality it was not the priests' sayings, but the Lord's, if the Bible be true. At first anyone so inclined made himself a priest, to offer sacrifices to the Lord. Abel, Cain, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Noah, and others sacrificed without being ordained priests. Kings were also priests before the Lord selected Aaron and confined the priesthood to his family. A king of Salem, by name Melchisedec, was an extraordinary priest. "And Melchisedec king of Salem brought forth bread and wine: and he was the priest of the most high God" (Gen. xiv. 18). Of this king-priest we read in the New Testament that he was "Without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days, nor end of life" (Heb. vii. 3). Compared with this king of Salem, Jesus is not in it. Jesus had a Ghost for a father and a Jewess called Mary for a mother. He had also two long pedigrees according to Matthew in one and Luke in the other. How he could have two different genealogies is not for us to understand, but to believe, as true Christians do.

In the course of time the office of priest became too important and profitable to be left a common property, and the Lord decided to make it a monopoly in the family of Aaron. Of course, the priest had no hand in the matter; it was all the Lord's doing. After endowing Aaron and his family with the priesthood, it became a great crime for any outsider to attempt to take a part in the service of the temple. "And thou shalt appoint Aaron and his sons, and they shall wait on their priest office: and the stranger that cometh nigh shall be put to death" (Num. iii. 10). This was verified in the case of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, who thought they were as holy as Aaron or any of his family. But they soon found they were mistaken. "The earth opened her mouth and swallowed them up, and their houses and all the men that appertained unto Korah, and all their goods"; "And there came out a fire from the Lord, and consumed the two hundred and fifty men that offered incense" (Num. xvi. 32, 34). Evidently the priests are great favorites with the Lord, and it is an unforgivable sin to do anything against them.

The priests were so awfully sacred and holy that the Lord had to instruct them how to dress, how to cook and feed, how to kill bullocks and lambs, what to do with them after, how to conduct the divine rites in the temple, and many other all-important matters. It would have been a shocking thing to see such heavenly persons in anything, like ordinary profane people. All the priests were sacred and holy; but as the priesthood increased in power and value one naturally became holier than others, and developed into a high priest, who only was holy enough

to enter into the sanctuary once a year, and he only when properly attired with the insignia of his office, and with the Urim and Thummim—whatever they were, as nobody can tell exactly.

Not only were the priests—especially the high priest—fearfully sacred, but the temple and things in the temple were so holy that to go near them, to touch them, or even to look at them was fatal. There was the sanctuary, or holy of holies, where the high priest could only enter once a year. In the sanctuary was the mercy seat, covered by the cherubims, and from between them God gave answers to his people when they consulted him upon important matters. There also was the ark in which the two tables, Aaron's rod, and the pot of manna were kept, and in which God himself was once located. When the ark, with God inside, was taken to the temple of the great god Dagon, Dagon fell on his face before it, and ultimately "the head of Dagon and both the palms of his hands were cut off upon the threshold; only the stump of Dagon was left to him" (Jos. v. 4). The ark was so awfully holy that to touch it by any profane hands was instant death. "Uzza put forth his hand to hold the ark; for the oxen stumbled; and the anger of the Lord was kindled against Uzza, and he smote him, because he put his hand to the ark: and there he died before God" (1 Chron. xiii. 9, 10). But even that pales before another tragedy. "And he smote the men of Beth-Shemesh, because they looked into the ark of the Lord, even he smote of the people fifty thousand and three score and ten men" (1 Sam. vi. 19). It was an awful thing to be anywhere near that holy ark. The holy Levites were the only people holy enough to handle it and carry it with impunity.

Is it not astonishing that even priests could write such twaddle as if it were real facts, truth, and sense? Is it not wonderful that any sane men should attribute such nonsensical absurdities to an infinite God? Is it not amazing that anyone with the smallest amount of common sense should believe such palpable fictions? And is it not more astounding still that educated men in the twentieth century could believe that a book full of such falsehoods is the word of an all-wise and an infinite God? And I would ask seriously, Is it not a crime against humanity to cram the minds of children with such poisonous delusions and falsehoods?

No wonder that the Hebrew prophets thundered their denunciations against the priests. They were more enlightened and more honest than the Christian prophets of to-day. If there is anything serious against them it is the fact that they attributed their own thoughts to God. So did the priests, and so did all the oracles of the world at the time. We cannot expect even prophets to be ahead of their age and time in all things. But what are we to think of the book that declares it was the Lord that spoke through the priests and through the prophets who denounced them? It is a case of the Lord against himself. And that is quite in harmony with the general consistency of the Bible. And the Lord himself owns to it. "And if the prophet be deceived when he hath spoken a thing, I the Lord have deceived that prophet, and I will stretch out my hand upon him, and will destroy him from the midst of my people Israel" (Ezek. xiv. 9). That, and many others like it, is the sort of lesson, in day and Sunday-schools, given to the children when the Bible is placed in their hands as the holy Word of God.

It is difficult to know what to make of the prophets. Some of the priests were prophets as well. And there were two kinds of prophets—some were false and some not. There is another difficulty, for the Lord spoke through the lying prophets as well as through the true ones; and how are we to know which is which? But the priests and prophets must have been a wicked lot, for the Lord thunders against them in a blazing, passionate style: "The priests and the prophets have erred through strong drink, they are swallowed up of wine, they are out of the way through strong drink" (Isaiah xxviii. 7); "His watchmen are blind; they are all ignorant,

they are all dumb dogs, they cannot bark; they are greedy dogs which can never have enough: they all look to their own way, every one for his gain" (Isaiah lvi. 10, 11); "From the prophet even to the priest every one dealeth falsely" (Jer. vi. 13): "Both prophet and priest are profane; yea in my house have I found their wickedness saith the Lord" (Jer. xxiii. 11); "They build up Zion with blood and Jerusalem with iniquity. The priests teach for hire, the prophets divine for money" (Micah iii. 10, 11); "As troops of robbers wait for a man, so the company of priests murder in the way by consent: for they commit lewdness. I have seen an horrible thing in the house of Israel" (Hosea vi. 9, 10); "Her prophets are light and treacherous; her priests have polluted the sanctuary, they have done violence to the law" (Zeph. iii. 4).

There are plenty more of similar denunciations in the Bible. But enough has been quoted to show what the Lord and some of his prophets thought and said about the priests and other prophets. In the priestly parts of the Bible we read that it was the Lord that gave the priestly monopoly to Aaron and the tribe of Levi, instituted the service, ordered the vestments, fixed the endowments, and other things. And the Lord himself claims the same thing. But some of the prophets deny the truth of the statements; and the Lord himself denies their truth as well. Here is the proof: "Thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel: Put your burnt offerings unto your sacrifices, and eat flesh. For I spoke not unto your fathers, nor commanded them in the day that brought them out of the land of Egypt concerning burnt offerings, or sacrifices" (Jer. vii. 21, 22). And the Lord, through some of his prophets, in passionate language, ridiculed and condemned the whole of the priestly ceremonial service of the temple, and declared the Lord had not instituted them, had no delight in them, and would have none of them. "To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me, saith the Lord. I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he goats. Who hath required this at your hand. Bring no more vain oblations: incense is an abomination unto me: the new moon and sabbaths, the calling of assemblies I cannot away with; it is iniquity, even the solemn meeting. Your new moons and appointed feasts my soul hateth; they are a trouble unto me; I am weary to bear them" (Isaiah i. 11-14); "Your burnt offerings are not acceptable, nor your sacrifices sweet unto me" (Jer. vi. 20); "Will the Lord be pleased with thousand of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil?" (Micah vi. 7); "I hate, I despise your feast days, and I will not smell in your solemn assemblies. Though ye offer me burnt offerings and your meat offerings, I will not regard them; neither will I regard the peace offerings of your fat beasts. Take thou away from me the noise of thy songs; for I will not hear the melody of thy viols" (Amos v. 21-23).

It would not be easy to employ stronger or more bitter words against the priests than the quoted ones. The prophets, in their days, must have been agitators against the Church and its services. In a sense they were Freethinkers, for they denied the divine authority claimed by the priests. They must have considered the priesthood an ungodly and an inhuman institution; otherwise they never could have accused them of being liars, drunkards, adulterers, robbers, murderers, and criminals guilty of all sins.

And Jesus, or someone who wrote in his name, must have held similar opinions of the temple and its priests. He did not keep the Sabbath holy, and did not worship according to rule in the temple. Had he been an orthodox Jew the priests would not have persecuted him. He said that he was greater than the temple, and that it had been made a den of thieves. Evidently the Prophet of Nazareth held a low opinion of the temple and its priests.

Is the priesthood any better now than it was in Biblical times? Is it possible, intellectually, to look upon it as a needed and a useful institution to

humanity? Granting that there are many honest, good men among the priests of all sects, does that justify the continuance of the office? If there is less open criminality and immorality among the priests than formerly, does that make the priesthood beneficial to society? Is it not a fact that the improved morals is the effect of education and civilisation, and not of the office? Is there any real need for the priests? Do they effect any good, except to themselves and their families? Are they not a huge load of barren parasites on the shoulders of the toilers? If they were all swept away by a stroke of fate, would the world lose any advantage? Would it not be, instead of a loss, a gain to humanity?

I cannot see that any substantial thing can be said in favor of priestcraft. Priests have always sided with the oppressors against the people, with rare exceptions. They do so now, all over the world. In the past they did nothing to abolish poverty and uplift the masses. They do nothing now, and as a class they never will. They crystallise errors and lies in creeds, and perpetuate superstitions in vested interest. They are a hostile force against knowledge, and a barrier in the way of improvement and progress. Away with them. Destroy them with truth, or change them into something better and more useful.

R. J. DERFEL.

### Book Chat.

MR. BALFOUR is a clever talker, and was easily able to tickle the ears of his Edinburgh audience when he was presented with the freedom of the city. After remarking, in the vein of the author of *Philosophic Doubt*, that Scotland derived very little advantage and glory from the Reformation, and was left behind in the march of civilisation, he pointed out how wonderfully Scotland went ahead after "the union with her sister kingdom." Then he gave a well-chosen list of great Scotsmen, and blandly told his hearers that "the title of Britain to take its rank among the thinking nations of the world was a title it derived rather from those born north of the Tweed than from those south of it." Perhaps it was only personal modesty that induced him to stop there. He might have pointed out that he himself, the present Prime Minister, is a Scotsman; that his Liberal predecessor, Lord Rosebery, is a Scotsman; and that the alternative Liberal Premier, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, is also a Scotsman. And why on earth did he leave out Mr. Andrew Carnegie?

According to Mr. Balfour it is a striking fact that "with the great exception of Berkeley" all British philosophy in the eighteenth century was Scottish philosophy. Well now, Berkeley is indeed a great exception, and Hume may be set against him. But there was another Englishman just before the eighteenth century, the father of modern experiential philosophy, and his name was John Locke. Locke, Berkeley, and Hume we will put together; and we will ask Mr. Balfour what was the real value of "British philosophy" apart from them in the century he selects? And had he come down to the nineteenth century, would he have been able to find two names to balance those of Charles Darwin and Herbert Spencer? In poetry Mr. Balfour mentioned Burns—a great name, and a true poet if ever there was one in the world. But it is a chronological accident that Burns belonged to the eighteenth century. And there is another thing to be said. In Scottish poetry it is Burns first and the rest nowhere. When you mention Burns you are at the end of the catalogue. There is the grand old ballad poetry, of course, but that is quite another matter. We are speaking of individual poets, with a definite and recognised output; and we say, again, that Scotland's one and only great poet is Robert Burns. And, with all his greatness, Robert Burns was not exactly a William Shakespeare. England, indeed, has been particularly rich in poets. The great "Elizabethan" literature is almost entirely English, and we believe that Milton, Dryden, Cowper, Blake, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, Tennyson, and Browning all belong to the "south of the Tweed."

We need not follow Mr. Balfour's "patriotic" cackle to the bitter end. We think it extremely probable that intellect is distributed with much impartiality over Great Britain, and that Scotland and England would be pretty fairly matched. More of one kind of intellect is found here; more

of another kind of intellect is found there; but it is the general balance that has to be considered, and we believe it would work out very equally in proportion to the population. We would even suggest to Mr. Balfour that the racial difference is not between the north of England and the south of Scotland, but between the south of Scotland and the Highlands. But be that as it may, we are strongly of opinion that Mr. Balfour's "patriotic" cackle is not a sign of true culture, but a symptom of the want of it. Self-respecting nations would rather see what they can learn of their neighbors than hold themselves up as "the chosen people." And, after all, as far as Mr. Balfour is personally concerned, there are a good many people who fancy that his real master is an Englishman who resides in Birmingham. We don't say so. Oh dear no! We merely say it is said. And we only quote it as a possible corrective to the right honorable gentleman's exuberant self-satisfaction.

Mr. G. Standring, as publisher, sends us a new edition of the *Elements of Social Science*, a book which has been before the public for fifty years, and has been translated into all the principal European languages. We learn from an Introduction to this edition, signed by Dr. Charles R. Drysdale, that its author, who always preserved his anonymity, was Dr. George Drysdale, son of Sir William Drysdale, Treasurer of the City of Edinburgh. He died on the nineteenth of November last, and his identity is now disclosed. It appears that his principal reason for not placing his name on the title-page was his dread of giving pain to his mother. Dr. George Drysdale's book was the work of an earnest social student and a sincere friend of mankind. From some of his conclusions we have always differed, but we were never foolish enough to imagine that this was any reason why it should not be circulated. The author's knowledge, ability, and good intention entitled him to a hearing. The baser sort of Christian Evidence representatives have sought, with as much absurdity as bigotry, to make the Freethought party responsible for all the views advocated in this book; simply because Freethought booksellers treated it, as they treated other "advanced" works, with intellectual hospitality. But the notion that booksellers must agree with all the teachings in all the books they sell, or that the conductors of public journals must agree with all the teachings in all the books they advertise, is one of those silly notions that it is almost a humiliation to refute, and which only persons besotted with fanaticism could ever entertain. G. W. F.

### Ostra Brama Worota.

THE NARRATIVE OF IVAN STENDELA.

Versified by G. E. W.

THE stars that would dance with the Vistula yet,  
Valse no more as in days when our Poland was free,  
Since the star of her freedom for ever has set  
They are gazing and twinkling derisively.  
And the gleam of the sundown floats red on her wave  
As the blood of our race that ran down to the sea  
When the tyrant had broken the arm of the brave  
That the Priest had unbended to infamy.  
Enough! A tale of Warsaw I relate—  
Of Russian Poland's capital. To-day  
Four Cossacks guard the Holy Mother Gate  
Whence leads the ancient city's western way.  
Two t'ward the old town fail-less vigil share.  
One either side the suburb entry stands,  
And gospodin or moujik entering there  
Must lift his cap with reverential hands  
Before the stone Madonna, where uprise  
The marbled columns o'er her glittering fane.  
'Neath that rich shelter many a noble prize,  
From rich and pow'ful lord or pious dame,  
Pends from the sculptured arm; the draped, still breast.  
For many an answered prayer in fervor lift.  
Is cut and graved the name, the ancestral crest,  
On plinth and pedestal, for some fair gift,  
Thus it befalls that many an addle-pate  
Details the legend through the countryside  
That every prayer is answered, soon or late,  
By the grey statue; and far and wide  
There runs this tale—told as 'twas told to me  
Where the hurrying Vistula slips to the sea.

Ivan, a soldier, tossed by the storm of war;  
Fighting till, wounded, he could fight no more—  
Fallen on such evil days and left at last,  
With his four children and their Georgian mother,  
Face to face with penury—outcast  
Upon the sands of life like many another,  
'Then turned him to the Holy Mother Gate

Day after day, and to the Virgin prayed.

Till one sad night, maddened by careless fate,  
He lifted from the shrine a cross of jade  
Encrust with gems most rich and strangely rare,  
And passed—awhile the Cossack guard looked not,  
Thinking: "Thus will Our Lady hear my prayer,  
Thus will allieve my hard, unhappy lot."

And in the morning, 'ere was lift' the dow,  
Ivan had parted with the priceless thing  
Unto a good accommodating Jew

For the most bare percentage it would bring.  
So for the nonce fierce hunger was assuaged.  
No more his children cried in vain for bread.

What cared he though the priests should be enraged?  
His babes had food—he lift' once more his head.

The cross was missed. A cryer told the tale;  
And patriots whispered 'twas a traitor deed.  
Heaven knows what mountains rise in this sad vale  
From molehills. The Sweschenik then decreed  
A rich reward for timely evidence

Whereby the treasure might be traced and found.  
So Shylock came and took his recompense.  
Poor Ivan was arrested, safe and sound.

The Tzar himself had lately entered there.  
The ruler loved the State that late defied.  
His newly-conquered lands were far more fair—  
Like stolen fruit—than all the realm beside.

It thus befel that on the day of law  
He sat and judged the prisoners. Again  
Ivan appeared; with him the Cossacks four  
Who failed in duty by the Virgin's fane.

"What hast thou to say, Ivan Ivanovitch?  
By this Jew's evidence, given of so pure a breath,  
Thou stand'st accused of sacrilege, a crime for which  
Guilty—thy punishment were worse than death."

"My Emperor,

I am a soldier. I have fought the fight;  
And was accounted not less brave than they  
Who marched with thee—to vict'ry and for the right.

Too full of wounds, my occupation—nay,  
My duty, left me. Hungry, I besought  
The fair Madonna of the Holy Gate.

One night she stooped. A miracle was wrought.  
For as you know, O Tzar! no wish so great,  
No prayer unanswered doth before her fall.  
She gave the cross to me. 'Twas wondrous bliss!  
My prayer was answered. That for me was all.

"Enough!" said Alexander. "And for this,  
Now, by our true faith, thou hast spoken well,  
And, by Our Lady, shalt retain her gift.  
Yet, if again the statue, as you tell,  
Performs such miracles, long be thy shrift  
And far more painful, for thou shalt have earned  
Thy life—in our far mines, I promise thee.  
And now begone." Then to his Cossacks turned:  
"For Ivan's sake this once you too go free;  
But if Our Lady give aught else away  
And you see not the giving—mark me well—  
Unless some miracle our justice stay,  
That night the tocsin tolls your parting knell."

L'ENVOI.

'Tis strange how the tide of all miracle flows  
Till it settles *hard cash* 'neath the parson's nose.  
To him how the balance of justice does lurch!  
If he happens to wake some fine morning in church,  
And finds something of value from no-one knows where,  
He concludes sure as fate 'tis an *answer to prayer*.  
There's not the least doubt 'tis a sanctified *miracle*.  
I can't really help being rather satirical.  
We scarce ever inquire how they came by the chattels;  
But if anything's missed from the altar, Holy Battles!  
They call the police in a way quite hysterical.  
You ne'er hear the last of it. That's *not* a miracle.

### GETTING ON.

Bishop Potter of New York told the following story about a clergyman who lived and preached in a small New England town. This clergyman had taught an old man in his parish to read, and had found him an apt pupil. Calling at the cottage some little time after, he found only the wife at home. "How's John?" asked he. "He is well, thank you," said his wife. "How does he get on with his reading?" "Nicely, sir." "Ah, I suppose he can read his Bible comfortably now?" "Bible sir! Bless you, he was out of the Bible and into the newspapers long ago."

## 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.

QUEEN'S (MINOR) HALL (Langham-place, London, W.): 7.30, C. Cohen, "Christianity at the Bar." Instrumental music at 7.

WEST HAM BRANCH N. S. S. (Liberal Hall, Broadway, Forest Gate, E.): 7.30, W. J. Marshall, "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross."

### OUTDOOR.

BATTERSEA BRANCH N. S. S. (Battersea Park Gates): 11.30, a Lecture.

### COUNTRY.

CARDIFF BRANCH N. S. S. (Maskell's Restaurant, St. Mary-street): Monday, Oct. 30, at 8, Mr. Milton, "On Miracles."

FAIRSWORTH SECULAR SUNDAY SCHOOL (Pole-lane): 6.30, Ernest Evans, "Physical Degeneration and How to Prevent It."

GLASGOW BRANCH N. S. S. (110 Brunswick-street): Joseph McCabe, 12 noon, "The Bible in the School"; 6.30, "The Evolution of Man" (I). With Limelight Illustrations.

GLASGOW RATIONALIST AND ETHICAL ASSOCIATION (319 Sauchiehall-street): Monday, Oct. 3, Rev. J. Parker, "What I am Forced to Believe."

LEICESTER SECULAR SOCIETY (Secular Hall, Humberstone Gate): 6.30, J. M. Robertson, "The Future of War and Peace."

LIVERPOOL BRANCH N. S. S. (Alexandra Hall, Islington-square): John T. Lloyd, 3, "Do We Need a Religion?"; 7, "The Belief in a Future Life and Its Evil Effects." Monday, 8, Social. Note.—Sunday, Nov. 5, a General Meeting of members after evening lecture.

MANCHESTER BRANCH N. S. S. (Rusholme-road, Oxford-road, All Saints): 6.30, C. Willis, "Why People Believe in Spiritualism and Theosophy." With a Seance Display.

NEWCASTLE BRANCH N. S. S. (Lovaine Hall, St. Mary's-place): G. W. Foote, 3, "Infidelity and Immorality"; 7, "Why the 'Yellow Monkeys' Won: an Object Lesson to Christians."

NEWCASTLE RATIONALIST LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY (Lockhart's Cathedral Cafe): Thursday, Nov. 2, at 8, J. S. Clarke, "Shelley."

PORTh BRANCH N. S. S. (Room, Town Hall, Porth): 6.30, P. B. Williams, "Reformers and Reform."

## TRUE MORALITY:

Or, The Theory and Practice of Neo-Malthusianism,

IS, I BELIEVE,

### THE BEST BOOK

ON THIS SUBJECT.

The new Popular Edition, consisting of 176 pages, is now ready.

In order that it may have a large circulation, and to bring it within the reach of the poor, I have decided that the price for a COPY POST FREE SHALL BE ONLY TWOPENCE. A dozen copies, for distribution, may be had post free for a shilling.

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

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

Orders should be sent to the author,

R. HOLMES, HANNEY, WANTAGE, BERKS.

## FLOWERS OF FREETHOUGHT

By G. W. FOOTE.

First Series, cloth . . . . . 2s. 6d.  
Second Series, cloth . . . . . 2s. 6d.

Contains scores of entertaining and informing Essays and Articles on a great variety of Freethought topics.  
THE PIONEER PRESS, 2 Newcastle-street, Farringdon-street, E.C.

## IS THE BIBLE INSPIRED?

This Useful Pamphlet by

Mr. G. W. FOOTE.

Will be forwarded, post free, for

THREE HALFPENCE.

## TO INSURANCE AGENTS.

I WANT TO INSURE MY LIFE FOR  
**£1,000.**  
(ONE THOUSAND POUNDS)

Is there a reader of the  
"FREETHINKER"  
who is Agent for a really good Com-  
pany? If so, send full particulars to  
**J. W. GOTT, Union St., Bradford**

GOING  
LIKE  
PENNY  
CAKES.

1 Pair Pure Wool Blankets.  
1 Pair Large Bed Sheets.  
1 Beautiful White Quilt.  
1 Pair Fine Lace Curtains.  
1 Long Pillow Case.  
1 Pair Short Pillow Cases.  
1 Tin Freeclothing Tea.

All for 21s. Carriage Paid.

SPECIAL LINES:

25s. Overcoats to Measure.

35s. Suits to Measure.

10s. 6d. Bradlaugh Boots.

AGENTS WANTED.

**J. W. GOTT, 2 and 4 Union Street, Bradford**

And at

ST. JAMES'S HALL, MANCHESTER, every Tuesday,  
3 to 8 o'clock.

London Branch,

60 PARK ROAD, PLUMSTEAD, LONDON, S.E.,

## ESSEX HALL, STRAND

Near the Law Courts. Busses from all parts pass almost the door.  
Close to Temple Station (Underground Railway).

A SERIES OF SIX

## LANTERN LECTURES

ON

### PREHISTORIC MAN:

A Sketch of the Ascent of Humanity from the Ape-Stage to  
Civilisation. With more than 250 Illustrations.

WILL BE DELIVERED IN THE ABOVE HALL

On MONDAYS, NOVEMBER 6th, 13th, 20th, and  
27th, and DECEMBER 4th and 11th.

By **JOSEPH McCABE**  
(Translator of Haeckel's Works).

FOR SYLLABUS SEE SMALL BILLS.

DOORS OPEN at 7.30. COMMENCE AT 8.

ADMISSION—1s., 6d., or 3d. Course Tickets (Front Rows, reserved and numbered, 5s.; Body of the Hall, reserved but not numbered, 2s. 6d.) may be had of the R. P. A., Ltd., 5 and 6 Johnson's-court, Fleet-street, E.C. It is important that Course Tickets should be applied for before the evening of the first lecture, especially in the case of the Numbered Reserved Seats.

## Thwaites' Liver Pills.

The Best Family Medicine in the World.

Will cure Liver, Kidney, and all Stomach Diseases effectually.

Good for Heart Troubles and Cardiac Complaints, Female  
Ailments, Anæmia.

1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per Box.

Post free 14 or 33 stamps. Directions with each box.

**G. THWAITES, Herbalist,**

2, Church Row, Stockton-on-Tees, and  
24, Linthorpe Road, Middlesbrough.

THWAITES' LIVER PILLS are not Sugar-coated or got up to deceive, nor factory made, but are made from Herbs by a Herbalist of nearly 40 years' experience in curing disease with Herbs and preparations from them.

# THE SECULAR SOCIETY,

(LIMITED)

Company Limited by Guarantee.

Registered Office—2 NEWCASTLE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Chairman of Board of Directors—MR. G. W. FOOTE.

Secretary—E. M. VANCE (Miss).

This Society was formed in 1898 to afford legal security to the acquisition and application of funds for Secular purposes.

The Memorandum of Association sets forth that the Society's Objects are:—To promote the principle that human conduct should be based upon natural knowledge, and not upon supernatural belief, and that human welfare in this world is the proper end of all thought and action. To promote freedom of inquiry. To promote universal Secular Education. To promote the complete secularisation of the State, etc., etc. And to do all such lawful things as are conducive to such objects. Also to have, hold, receive, and retain any sums of money paid, given, devised, or bequeathed by any person, and to employ the same for any of the purposes of the Society.

The liability of members is limited to £1, in case the Society should ever be wound up and the assets were insufficient to cover liabilities—a most unlikely contingency.

Members pay an entrance fee of ten shillings, and a subsequent yearly subscription of five shillings.

The Society has a considerable number of members, but a much larger number is desirable, and it is hoped that some will be gained amongst those who read this announcement. All who join participate in the control of its business and the trusteeship of its resources. It is expressly provided in the Articles of Association that no member, as such, shall derive any sort of profit from the Society, either by way of dividend, bonus, or interest, or in any way whatever.

The Society's affairs are managed by an elected Board of Directors, consisting of not less than five and not more than twelve members, one-third of whom retire (by ballot) each year,

but are capable of re-election. An Annual General Meeting of members must be held in London, to receive the Report, elect new Directors, and transact any other business that may arise.

Being a duly registered body, the Secular Society, Limited, can receive donations and bequests with absolute security. Those who are in a position to do so are invited to make donations, or to insert a bequest in the Society's favor in their wills. On this point there need not be the slightest apprehension. It is quite impossible to set aside such bequests. The executors have no option but to pay them over in the ordinary course of administration. No objection of any kind has been raised in connection with any of the wills by which the Society has already been benefited.

The Society's solicitors are Messrs. Harper and Battcock, 23 Rood-lane, Fenchurch-street, London, E.C.

*A Form of Bequest.*—The following is a sufficient form of bequest for insertion in the wills of testators:—"I give and bequeath to the Secular Society, Limited, the sum of £— free from Legacy Duty, and I direct that a receipt signed by two members of the Board of the said Society and the Secretary thereof shall be a good discharge to my Executors for the said Legacy."

Friends of the Society who have remembered it in their wills, or who intend to do so, should formally notify the Secretary of the fact, or send a private intimation to the Chairman, who will (if desired) treat it as strictly confidential. This is not necessary, but it is advisable, as wills sometimes get lost or mislaid, and their contents have to be established by competent testimony.

# 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.

The above four useful parts, convenient for the pocket, may be had separately, FOURPENCE EACH, or the whole, bound in one volume, 1s. 6d.; Best Edition, bound in cloth, 2s. 6d.

"This is a volume which we strongly commend to all interested in the study of the Judaic-Christian Scriptures. It is edited by G. W. Foote and W. P. Ball, and Published by the Freethought Publishing Company, 2 Newcastle-street, Farringdon-street, London, E.C., price 1s. 6d. Indeed, we cannot conceive any Christian as having a faith worth regarding unless he has studied this remarkable volume. Teachers in Sunday and elementary schools will find it of special value as an aid to the exposition of the Christian religion from a thoughtful and critical standpoint. It is a perfect army of facts and comparisons. Since 1888 it has been the standard volume of the subject with which it deals, and its popularity is emphasised by the fact that the public have demanded a new edition."—*Reynolds's Newspaper*.

"Under the Ban of the London County Council."

THE POPULAR EDITION

(Revised and Enlarged)

OF

# "BIBLE ROMANCES"

BY

G. W. FOOTE

With a Portrait of the Author

*Reynolds's Newspaper* says:—"Mr. G. W. Foote, chairman of the Secular Society, is well known as a man of exceptional ability. His *Bible Romances* have had a large sale in the original edition. A popular, revised, and enlarged edition, at the price of 6d., has now been published by the Pioneer Press, 2 Newcastle-street, Farringdon-street, London, for the Secular Society. Thus, within the reach of almost everyone, the ripest thought of the leaders of modern opinion are being placed from day to day."

144 Large Double-Column Pages, Good Print, Good Paper

SIXPENCE—NET

(Post Free, 8d)

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

"The Brixton Mission has proved less successful than the Evangelists had hoped."—*Morning Leader*, May 29, 1905.  
 "We had more opposition here. Infidels have been very aggressive in distributing their literature outside the hall."—  
 Mr. J. H. PUTTERILL, Secretary of the Torrey-Alexander Mission. (*Morning Leader*.)

# IMPORTANT PAMPHLETS

BY

**G. W. FOOTE.**

**1. Dr. TORREY AND THE INFIDELS.**

Refuting Dr. Torrey's Slanders on Thomas Paine and Colonel Ingersoll.

**2. GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?**

An Open Letter to Dr. Torrey concerning his Evasions, Shufflings, and suggested Denials.

THESE PAMPHLETS ARE PRINTED FOR "FREE DISTRIBUTION"

Copies have been distributed at Dr. Torrey's Mission Meetings in London, and will be distributed at his Mission Meetings in Plymouth, Oxford, etc. They will also be forwarded to Freethinkers and other persons who wish to read them or are willing to distribute them judiciously. Applications for such supplies should be made to Miss E. M. VANCE, 2 Newcastle-street, London, E.C. Postage or carriage must be paid by consignees, except in special cases, which will be dealt with on their merits.

**SUBSCRIPTIONS TO DEFRAY THE COST ARE INVITED.**

AND SHOULD BE SENT TO MR. G. W. FOOTE, 2 NEWCASTLE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

680 pp., Cloth Gilt, 3s., Post Free.

## THE ELEMENTS OF SOCIAL SCIENCE ;

Or, PHYSICAL, SEXUAL, AND NATURAL RELIGION.

With a Memoir of the Author, the late Dr. GEORGE DRYSDALE,  
 by his brother Dr. Chas. R. DRYSDALE.

The *Weekly Times and Echo* of Oct. 8th, in a leading article, says: "We, who well remember the first appearance of this book [1854], which was published anonymously by Mr. Edward Truelove, were struck at the time by the fearlessness and knowledge of the author. It was a risky thing in those days to advocate the limitation of families, and to write boldly on the terrible maladies—moral and physical—which were sapping the vitals of the nation, and for which mere spiritual anodynes were the only remedies preached by the orthodox."

Publisher: GEORGE STANDRING, 7 & 9 Finsbury Street, London, E.C.

**A WONDERFUL BARGAIN.**

## "THE RIGHTS OF MAN"

BY

**THOMAS PAINE.**

Well Printed on Good Paper, 164 pages,

**WITH A BIOGRAPHY OF PAINE BY J. M. WHEELER.**

**PRICE SIXPENCE.**

Post Free, **EIGHTPENCE.**

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

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY EDITION OF

## THE AGE OF REASON

By **THOMAS PAINE.**

WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION AND ANNOTATIONS BY G. W. FOOTE

Printed on Good Paper, and Published at the

**MARVELLOUSLY LOW PRICE OF SIXPENCE.**

Postage of Single Copies, 2d.

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

Printed and Published by THE FREETHOUGHT PUBLISHING Co., Limited, 2 Newcastle-street, Farringdon-street, London, E.C.