

THE Freethinkers' MAGAZINE.

H. L. GREEN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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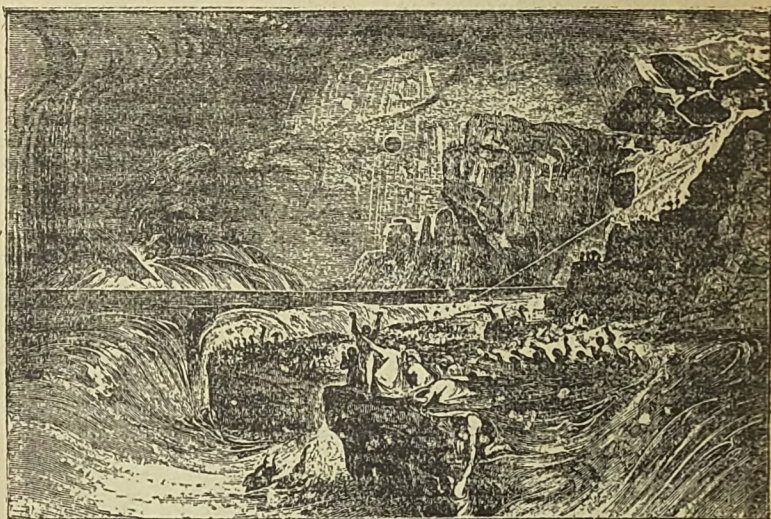
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THE MYTH OF THE GREAT DELUGE



TESTIMONIALS.


"It is the most complete and overwhelming refutation of the Bible story of a Deluge that I have ever read. It is as much superior to Denton's as Denton's was better than the ordinary tracts and pamphlets that were in circulation before his appeared. It is especially valuable for its numerous and accurate quotations, with chapter and page carefully given, from the best modern scientific authors—Darwin, Wallace, Marsh, Allen, etc.—*B. F. Underwood.*

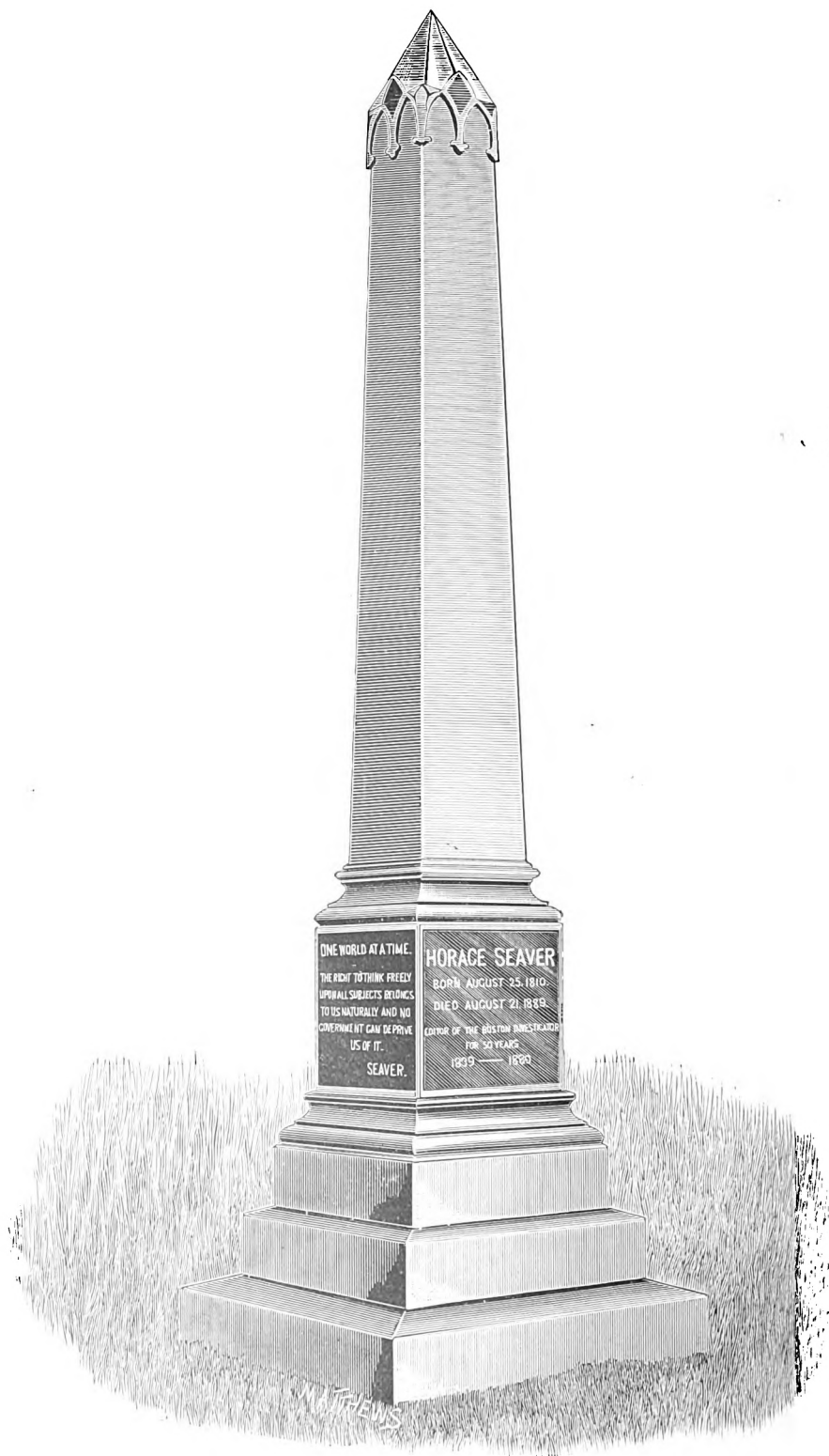
No creation; no Eden; no Adam; no rib; no Eve; no Fall; no Babel; no Flood; no Noah; no repeopling; no Hebrews in Egypt; no Exodus. These are myths as transparent and as provable as Munchausen! Yet if they are not history there is no bottom to the Hebrew and Christian Religions. If one of these legendary myths seems more absurd than the others, it is because it is examined last, and if one is exposed, they all go. Those stories are a chain no stronger than the weakest link. Mr. McCann has done well, therefore, in showing up the Deluge Myth in the most thorough and amusing manner. To read it is to be astonished at the possibilities of religious credulity.—*T. B. Wakeman.*

Mr. McCann, in his deeply interesting "Myth of the Great Deluge," has rendered a great service to the cause of truth. The universal Deluge of the Bible, although a natural impossibility, is recognized as having been a reality by all the creeds of Christendom which bottom down on the doctrine of the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures. Mr. McCann's dynamite bomb has blown that fallacy into atoms.—*A. B. Bradford.*

It strikes me as being a very valuable contribution to Liberal literature. It contains some big facts, natural history, astronomy, biology, and all the "ologies" and "onomies" are drawn upon to refute the more than childish story of the Deluge. Every Liberal should know by heart the facts here collected. With great industry and excellent judgment the author has quoted many leading scientific authorities bearing on the question which settles it forever. It is a childish, foolish story, but so long as theologians keep on repeating it, it will be necessary, and in order, to continue to refute it. The little work is therefore timely and in place. It ought to meet with a very large sale.—*C. P. Farrell.*

If any one living to-day believes, from the bottom of his heart, that there was once a great Deluge that destroyed everything on the face of the earth but one family, and that rather poor stock, I am sorry for him. Let that one, whomsoever he be, read this pamphlet of thirty-two pages by James M. McCann, and he will wonder how it was he has been fooled so long. Mr. McCann has made a careful research, and gives facts and figures—facts well authenticated and figures that do not lie. All of which show that the whole thing about the Deluge as told in the Bible is a wholesale myth and nothing more. Read the little pamphlet, then circulate it by the thousands and let the people see what idiots they have been to swallow such an idle tale.—*Susan H. Wixon.*

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THE HORACE SEEVER MONUMENT.

THE FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE.

APRIL (E. M.) 291.

LIFE AND CAREER OF CHARLES BRADLAUGH, M. P.

BY GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

I.

[When Mr. Bradlaugh's illness began, he had arranged to speak at the Hall of Science, London (where he habitually lectured.) Mr. Holyoake was asked to speak for him. When the day came Mr. Bradlaugh was dead and Mr. Holyoake spoke on his Life and Character. The editor of the *Bradford Observer* requested Mr. Holyoake to furnish him with a paper on Mr. Bradlaugh, which was sent to Bradford by telegraph, on the night of his death. At a Bradlaugh Memorial Meeting—after the American manner—convened by Mr. Foote, Mr. Holyoake spoke with others. We now insert a complete sketch of Mr. Bradlaugh, including what Mr. Holyoake wrote and said on these occasions, which we requested Mr. Holyoake to contribute to the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE.—EDITOR.]

THE world is poorer by the loss of a leader of Freethought whose name was known and well regarded throughout Europe and America.

By the death of Charles Bradlaugh, a singular figure, of which no nation in Europe presents the like, has passed from the sphere of public action. Instances are not wanting of men from the useful classes—we will not say the "lower classes"—making their way to the national Parliament, but no man has fought his way there so persistently, and under disadvantages so great, as Mr. Bradlaugh did. He was a propagandist as well as a politician, and he was the greatest fighting propagandist of his time. The 'East End' (he was a London East End man) has produced no man so notorious and so national, so original and so impressive.

Charles Bradlaugh was born in Haxton, on the twenty-sixth of September, 1833, one year after the first English Parliamentary Reform Bill, when political progress was in the air. But there was little of it in his family. He was brought up as a Churchman, and, like his brother, might have remained of that persuasion, had it not been for the meanness and bitter-mindedness of his pastor, the Rev. John Graham Packer, incumbent of St. Peter's, Hackney Road. Young Bradlaugh became one of the Sunday-school teachers, and was selected to be presented for confirmation as a youth calculated to do Mr. Packer credit. Bradlaugh's father was a lawyer's clerk and the son had law in his blood, and when he had the Thirty-nine Articles and the four Gospels put into his hands to prepare himself for the bishop's blessing, the legal faculty of comparison and critical examination came into play. Young Bradlaugh found discrepancies and sought explanations from his pastor. The Packer mind disapproved the "questioning spirit," and wrote to his father denouncing his son as "atheistically"—minded, and suspended him three months from his office as teacher. The suspended teacher never returned. In those days open ground, known as Bonner's Fields, were frequented by Freethought preachers, whose pulpits were the hillocks, and from them the suspended school-teacher heard views new to him. He joined in the open-air discussions, but it was as a Christian defender. Mr. T. Savage, a rugged, honest, aggressive, vigorous speaker was one of his ablest opponents, and a discussion was arraigned to take place between young Bradlaugh and Savage on "The Inspiration of the Bible." This led eventually to Bradlaugh changing to the Freethinking side. At the same time he became a teetotaler, of which he informed Mr. Packer, who regarded this as a further proof of his "Infidel tendencies." He was then employed as an errand boy at the law office where his father had been all his life a clerk. Mr. Packer went there, and afterwards informed Bradlaugh that "his employers gave him three days to change his opinions or lose his situation." This summary mode of conversion neither suited Bradlaugh's convictions nor his spirit, and he left his place, and finding matters hostile in his own home, he left that also, to meet what fortune he might in an uninviting world.

For a time he lived in the house of the widow and daughters of Richard Carlile, whose name and career he came both to honor

and imitate. Among other resources, he set up as a coal merchant, but as he had neither coal, nor horse, nor cart, nor money, nor credit, he could only take orders from such persons as would pay him in advance. Of course he made small progress, and that was ended by his principal customer discovering that he was atheistic. She was a baker's wife, who said she would have no more of his coals, as "she should be afraid her bread would smell of brimstone." It was then thought by his friends that, as he had fluency, sense, and boldness, he might succeed as a lecturer. It will interest many, to see what was the beginning of his splendid career on the platform, to copy the only little handbill in existence. Only a few weeks before his death, looking over an old diary, which I had not opened for forty-one years, I found the bill, of which I inclose you the fac-simile. It is Bradlaugh's first placard:

LECTURE HALL,

PHILPOT ST., (3 DOORS FROM COMMERCIAL ROAD).

A LECTURE

WILL BE DELIVERED BY

CHARLES BRADLAUGH, JUN.,

On Friday, October the 10th, 1850,

SUBJECT:

Past, Present, and Future of Theology.

MR. GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE,

Editor of the "Reasoner,"

WILL TAKE THE CHAIR AT EIGHT O'CLOCK PRECISELY.

A Collection will be made after the Lecture for the benefit of C. Bradlaugh, victim of the Rev. J. G. Packer, of St. Peter's, Hackney Road.

Being his first public friend I was asked to take the chair for him. Bradlaugh's subject was a pretty extensive one for the first

lecture of a youth of seventeen, who looked more like fourteen as he stood up in a youth's round jacket; but he spoke with readiness, confidence and promise. Two months later, being £4 10s. in debt, he enlisted at Charing Cross into an East Indian regiment, the 50th Foot, ultimately changing to the 7th Dragoon Guards. The bounty, which was important in his eyes, £6 10s., enabled him to acquit himself of debt, and to be the possessor of a capital of £2 (ten dollars). After service in Ireland for three years he bought himself out with a small legacy left him by an aunt. When he returned to England his personal prospects were not much brighter than when he left. He found Secularism in the field. My six nights' debate upon it with Rev. Berwin Grant had just been held, and 45,000 copies, at half a crown, had been sold in religious circles. Secular societies existed all over the country.

In the meantime Mr. Bradlaugh had to seek employment. An excellent character, which he had from the colonel of his regiment, did not help him to get any business engagement. At length he called on Mr. Thomas Rogers, a solicitor in Fenchurch street, asking for a clerk's place. There was no vacancy. Turning to leave, Mr. Rogers said: "I want an errand boy, and if you know of one you may send him." "What salary would you give the errand boy?" Bradlaugh promptly asked. "Ten shillings," was the answer. "Then I'll take it." And he did, and in a few months was intrusted with the common law department of the office. Thus the ex-guardsman, twenty years of age and six feet in height, took the place of an errand boy again. Few things were more honorable in Mr. Bradlaugh's career than this readiness to accept any office in which by honest work he could maintain himself. He had learned something of French when in Mrs. Carlile's family. His soldier's kit contained a small Greek lexicon and an Arabic vocabulary. He never lost opportunity of self-improvement. An errand boy in a lawyer's office, so equipped by experience and study, soon found his way upwards, and acquired that knowledge of law which enabled him to acquit himself with distinction in so many courts, and made him a sound and prudent adviser in Constitutional agitation.

It need not be told how he eventually devoted himself to polemical controversy and political agitation. There is knowledge of that in every town, on every moor and park and hall in

Great Britain, in every law court, and in Parliament. Paul himself never fought with so many beasts at Ephesus or elsewhere as Bradlaugh encountered. Yelled at, stoned, beaten, trampled upon by infuriated mobs, few other men could have lived in such malevolent turbulence, nor lived so long after it. Nor would he, had he not possessed an iron constitution. His soldier's training had made him master of the art of defense. His courage was as splendid as his overmastering strength. A powerful voice, a powerful arm, made him a master of assemblies and a formidable assailant in conflict. Like the old Spartan, of whom Plutarch speaks, Bradlaugh never "asked, *How many* enemies are there? but, *Where* are they?" In 1855 Lord Robert Grosvenor brought in a bill in the House of Commons for regulating the Sunday trading of the poor. He made no war on the rich man's turbot at his club, nor upon the horses and equipages of the nobility, nor the bishop's. The gentleman's thoroughbred might break the Sabbath, but Lord Robert would solemnize the donkey. White-bait might find their way to perdition on Sunday, but periwinkles should have another day of grace. This insolent interference with the humble conveniences of the poor was not to the costermonger's mind, and he came up from the East End with his donkey, determined to drive through the park side by side with the equipages of his "betters." London at large turned out to see the new show, and mainly to take the part of the poor. The police attempted to prevent a meeting in Hyde Park. Mr. Bradlaugh having studied Sir R. Mayne's proclamation prohibiting the meeting in the park, and believing it to be illegal, tested it as few men could be found to do. When others fled before a charge of police he stood his ground and seized in each hand the truncheons of two policemen, disarmed them, and threatened to knock down a third policeman with one of the truncheons if he approached. This feat brought him great popularity, and he was carried off the field on the shoulders of admirers. Before the Royal Commission which inquired into the affair, he offered to dismount a policeman from his horse then and there in the street, when his word was doubted by a horse policeman who was present, but who did not accept the challenge.

When Mr. Bradlaugh was in the army and stationed at Ballincollig, a right of way was stopped, and finding, upon investigation, that the person who stopped it had no right to do it, he took with

him some soldiers and villagers and pulled up the gate and wrote on the remains, "Pulled up by Charles Bradlaugh," giving the name of his barracks and the regiment. This was emblematic of his whole career. He pulled up obstructions in the way of freedom wherever he found them.

After his return to England and again became busied with Freethought affairs, he found that some workmen in the East End had built themselves a Lecture Hall on freehold ground, before they secured a legal conveyance of it, and the freeholder claimed it as his own. As he would listen to no reasonable terms, Bradlaugh assembled them and others in good number, and in one night pulled the whole building down and carried away every brick and plank, and the next morning the fraudulent freeholder found only bare ground on which the hall had stood which he coveted.

When lectures by him were prohibited in Devonport tumults arose. A master sweep who held a field lent it to him. He was prevented from speaking there. He then announced that he would address the people of Devonport. They assembled, the police also, when Bradlaugh took the audience to the shore, where stepping on to a vessel he had hired, spoke from it. His strong voice enabled him to be heard from sea to land. The audience stood on Devonport land and the speaker had moored his craft in Saltash waters, where the Devonport police had no jurisdiction, and the whole body of them stood impotent, baffled and amazed. Had we a secular Raphael, that scene would be as picturesque on canvas as Christ on the sea with his disciples about. Besides strategy in war is more dramatic than a miracle in peace. The same audacity in resource afterwards reappeared in the conflicts in the House of Commons. The lines which apply to few, may be applied to Bradlaugh :

His schemes of war were sudden, unforeseen,
Inexplicable both to friend and foe.
It seemed as if some momentary spleen
Inspired the project and impelled the blow.

And most his fortune and success were seen
With means the most inadequate and low,
Most master of himself and least encumbered,
When overmatched, entangled and outnumbered.

(To be Continued.)

THE EVOLUTION OF THE DEVIL.

BY HENRY FRANK.

CHAPTER II.—WITCHCRAFT.

WE have seen in the previous chapter how, among the most degraded of the human races (the Australians), the superstitious belief in demons prevailed, causing them to think that all evils were directly attributable to infesting evil powers operating through sorcerers and necromancers upon their chosen victims. Let it not be supposed, however, that so crude and barbarous a notion prevailed only among the aborigines of undeveloped islands. The same ideas, with the very same superstitious consequences, were prevalent in the early Christian ages and were taught with emphatic authority by the Primitive Fathers. Here is a passage from Tertulian (Apol. I: 23) bearing upon the point and reiterating the very Australian superstition which we recounted in the previous chapter:

“But how from certain angels, corrupted of their own will, a more corrupt race of demons proceeded is made known in the Holy Scriptures. Their work is the overthrow of man. Wherefore they inflict upon the body both sickness and many severe accidents, and on the soul, perforce, sudden strange extravagances. Their own subtle and slight nature furnisheth to them means of approaching either part of man. [How similar this notion to that of the Australian *boyl-ya* above described!] Much is permitted to the power of spirits, as when some, working evil in the air, blighted the fruit or grain, and when the atmosphere, tainted in some secret way, poureth over the earth its pestilential vapors. * * * By dwelling in the air and being near the stars they are able to know the threatenings of the skies. They are sorcerers also as regards the cure of sickness. They first inflict the disease and then prescribe the remedy.”

To say the least, Tertullian's demons are a very precious set of spirits; they have a heart—they kill you first and then they weep, then straightway they hasten to revive you. But how similar are such actions to those attributed to the Christian's God, who first damns you to hell, then repents and sends his only son to die for you that you may live forever.

The prevalence of the notion of evils arising from invisible, intelligent agents, gives a strong coloring to Moncure Daniel Conway's idea that demons were but the personifications of the different kinds of human sufferings. "We find in the *demons* in which men have believed a complete catalogue of the obstacles with which they have had to contend in the long struggle for existence. In the *devils* we discover equally the history of the moral and religious struggles through which priesthood and churches have had to pass. And the relative extent of this or that particular class of demons or devils, and the intensity of belief in any class, as shown in the survivals from it, will be found to reflect pretty faithfully the degree to which the special evil represented by it afflicted primitive man, as attested by other branches of prehistoric investigation." On the basis of this theory he classifies demons created out of the following twelve causes of human pain and suffering: (1) Hunger; (2) Excessive heat; (3) Excessive cold; (4) Destructive elements and physical convulsions; (5) Destructive animals; (6) Human enemies; (7) The barrenness of the earth—rock, desert, etc.; (8) Obstacles, as rivers or mountains; (9) Illusions, seductive, mysterious and invisible agents; (10) Darkness (especially when unusual), dreams, nightmare; (11) Disease; (12) Death.

Thus far we have seen that in these primitive ages the conception of demons was prevalent; but the idea of devils, much less of a Personal Principle of Evil, whose powers vied with those of the Principle of Light, was, as yet, undeveloped. "The early demons had no moral character, not any more than the man-eating tiger. There is no outburst of moral indignation when Indra slays Vritra, and Apollo's face is serene when his dart pierces the Python. It required a much higher development of the moral sentiment to give rise to the conceptions of the devil."

But before we enter directly upon an examination of the origin of the real devil, who is, by the way, a very late creation in the process of human thought, let us examine the second atrocious and degrading consequence of a popular belief in the Monster of Evil. Happy were we if we could confine all the woe-producing arts and inventions consequent on a belief in personal devils, or a Supreme Devil, to an age where only primitive ignorance prevailed and where the trumpeted triumphs of a more exalted civilization had not yet penetrated. But it becomes our

unpleasant duty to show how a stubborn adherence to this pernicious superstition caused ages of woe and degradation to the nations which enjoyed even the spell of Christian chimes and read the exalted passages of the Christian scriptures.

The popular belief in demons, of course, gave birth to the belief in ghosts. From the earliest ages this belief has prevailed. We find that even those most primitive of people, the Stone-folk, believed that when a human being died, his spirit lived on. Not only that his spirit lived, but that his ghost still continued to inhabit the earth, and perhaps even engaged in the practices to which it was wont while in the flesh. This is beautifully evidenced by that touching aboriginal custom of placing food and hunting utensils in the grave, that the ghost might be furnished with its necessary equipment for occupation in the unseen world. But Charles Francis Keary reminds us of a still more ancient conception or possible intention involved in this rite in the following passage:

“It was deemed that for a while the dead man lingered about the funeral mound; thus soon after death the man's ghost might be seen, but not (generally) long after death. Along with the earliest traces of human burial we find tokens of the custom of placing food and drink with the dead body. The object of this might have been to furnish the ghost with means to begin his journey to the underground kingdom and so to *hasten his departure* from among the living; for it is certain that there was nothing of which the primitive man stood more in dread than the appearance of a ghost. In the remains of the second Stone-age, we find proofs that the departed were pacified with such like gifts as food and drink. * * To prevent these apparitions * * they strewed the ground at the grave's mouth with sharp stones and broken pieces of pottery, as if they thought a ghost might have his feet cut, and by fear of that be prevented from returning to his old haunts.”—*Outlines of Primitive Belief*.

But the superstitious belief in ghosts soon gave rise, very naturally, even in the earliest ages, to the belief that inter-communication was possible between the living and the dead. This fact is palpably evidenced by all the poems and fables of antiquity. We need but recall the stories narrated in the Iliad, the Odyssey, in the epics of Virgil and Dante, to remember how familiar and constant the conversation between the departed and

the living was in those ages believed to have been. From the popular belief in evil spirits, the step is very slight which leads on to the dark domain of witchcraft and necromancy. We cannot thoroughly understand all the evil consequences of a belief in a Personal Devil and his hired invisible imps and compacted earthly sorcerers, unless we fully and fairly face this most repulsive of all historical facts. When we recall the horrors of that Inquisition which instituted the most barbarous system of punishment recorded in the annals of history for a class of too often innocent and feeble offenders, it ought sufficiently to convince us all that a belief in a personal devil, or in devils many, in defiance of all scientific investigation, has never produced one iota of good, but has simply resulted in the most revolting and disastrous consequences to the human race.

When Angela de Labarète, a noble lady, was in 1275 burned at Toulouse as a sorceress, the atrocious murder was but the first of a long series instigated by the prevalent superstition, exceeding in number in one country in Europe and in a single century (if Gibbon can be trusted) *all the martyrs of the ten Roman persecutions*.

What, then, was the idea at the bottom of this terrible superstition? It was simply this: That the devil ran a kingdom on his own account. That he had legions of minor devils under his control. That he had succeeded in seducing a whole army of weak and aged women into his service, and caused them to compease with him for regular labors at his command, and that these poor women had actually become the tools and agents of his wily toils. Directly this idea had seized the human mind, every misfortune or disaster that befell a community was at once attributed to these poor, unfortunate, defenseless women. What is worse, always the feeble, the aged, the diseased and decrepit were marked out as the victims of plutonic powers, and these exhausted and undefended women were put to all imaginable tortures to compel them to confess to crimes they had never committed. Yonder sits an aged grandma nodding over her knitting in the chimney corner. The cry of fire startles the air of night. The red demon plies his traffic to its deadly end, and the swath of the conflagration spreads far and wide. The aged grandma is stricken with fright and hysteria as the devouring flames approach her. Immediately she is seized and accused

with being in secret compact with the devil, is dragged before the courts and caused to writhe with every conceivable torture until she confesses to an imagined devotion to an imaginary prince of evil, and then gladly welcomes death, the issue of her forced confession.

So pervaded was the very atmosphere with the dense fog of superstition that all the light of legitimate evidence or scientific research had been utterly banished from the age. Accusation was at once accepted as proof, suspicion as guilt. To expose the exasperating puerility of the whole procedure, observe the following example of an accused and condemned, but innocent, victim. She is charged with turning herself into a cat. And what august proof is forthcoming to establish so unnatural an act, so puerile an accusation? A certain gentleman (who, by the way, was a preacher) testifies that he tore off the foreleg of this bewitched cat and behold the leg at once assumed the shape and form of the very woman accused of this most hellish deed! To make the proof doubly sure, four other men (who likewise—strange coincidence—were “gentlemen of the cloth”) swore that they were witnesses of the deed themselves and saw the cat leg suddenly transform itself into the personage of the victimized woman! The Church, of course, became the staunchest defender and conservator of this monstrous superstition. Persecutions followed by the scores, the hundreds, the thousands. Instruments of torture, of such diabolical devices as only the most developed inventive geniuses could conceive, were manufactured and made to do their deadly work. One infernal machine, some specimens of which are still preserved in the British museums; consists of a gagging device which was thrust down the throat of the victim, with sharp prongs projecting towards the cheeks. Around the neck an iron collar was fastened in which there was a ring to chain the victim to a staple in the wall of her cell. Thus secured, watchers and wakers were put over her to keep her awake night and day for weeks at a time, without food or assistance, till the poor victim, tortured, writhing, bleeding, exhausted, dying, would confess to anything for a moment's relief! And all this was done in the name of religion (save the mark!), in defense of a horrible nightmare, conceived in the minds of the child-races of the earth, nurtured by the vile arts of black magic and sorcery, and fondled and caressed by the teachings of a

Church founded on the pure and simple precepts of the humble Galilean! The Church came to regard the dogma of witchcraft as one of the *essentials*, and indispensable to her existence. "No Devil no Christ," was the cry. It is even defended as the prime and chief dogma of the entire creed. Even in our own country, only a couple of centuries ago, a commission is sent from England to investigate the Salem allegations. Cotton Mather, a learned preacher, a great scholar, and otherwise a noble gentleman, throws his whole heart into the damnable business and kills the weak and accused on every hand to rid the land of witches. A convention of Christian preachers assembles to express thanks for the bloody and most Christ-like work, and to extol the heroisms of their blood-bespattered leader.

Wesley cries out in defense of witchcraft, that if this dogma is overthrown the Bible goes with it, and that the antagonists of the dogma well know this fact.

Glamil writes in defense of the doctrine, asserting that the whole system of Christianity rests upon its verity, and if it is overthrown the whole of Christendom falls with it.

And why all this hot-headed defense of the bloody and malicious, and the fear of denying a dogma at which all of us to-day laugh in our merriment? Because, presumably, the Bible declared its truthfulness, inasmuch as the Bible mentioned laws against sorcery and witchcraft.

But beyond this, on what maddening general belief did this atrocious perversion of the truth rest? Alone on a belief in a Personal Devil. It must not be forgotten that though the persecution of witches was a most pernicious and barbarous procedure, nevertheless there had grown up a truly vicious institution which tended somewhat to palliate the atrocities of the persecutions. This institution, or cult, was the creation of the Church herself, and rivalled her very authority and usefulness, as well as threatened the continuity and integrity of her existence. Says Keary, "Witchcraft was not only a form of belief, but likewise to some extent a form of worship." That is, the idea had become common that compacts could be made with the devil, and whoever sold himself to his irate majesty could gratify to all its loathsome extent the full demand of passion, lust, hate, and every evil impulse. God and the Church could be defied, and hell and Satan gloriously adored. What a boomerang this was indeed!

The Church, in order to emphasize the authority of its God and its own authority as his especial agent and vicegerent on earth, inculcated the notion of a rival King of Evil—of almost equal powers with the God of Goodness—that by his terrors and threatenings men might be driven through fear into a worship of the true and holy Jehovah.

The duped masses greedily accept the doctrine, but then, as though Satan had indeed possessed them, inspired by a strong but venomous sense of poetic justice, they turn on their God, as much as to say: "Aha! you teach us you are not supreme and omnipotent—there is another who is your rival, and who will encourage us in our submission to natural proclivities; then farewell to you forever—we will follow him and him only who gives us the most pleasure, gratification, and hilarious happiness."

Out of such a notion grew the cult and worship of Satan, and the horrors of *Walpurgis Nacht*, or the Brocken Sabbath, when the multitudinous *worshippers of Satan* (for such they really were) gathered with the witches on the mountain height and made the forests resound with their obstreperous ceremonies. Says Francis Power Cobb: "Just as the Barons and Knights assembled round the King and swore fealty to him, so the sorcerers were believed to assemble at the Sabbath on the Brocken and to swear allegiance to Satan. The ceremonies of the Church were travestied and the Pater Noster repeated backward to worship the Devil. * * There *was* such a sin as demonolatry, although no demon existed to receive the worship. The enormous mischief of the popular belief lay in the fact that * * love, jealousy, hate, covetousness, ambition, were naturally excited to madness by the idea that their complete gratification was always possible; and the wretched being who imagined he had 'sold his soul,' of course from that hour became desperate and irreclaimable."

C. F. Keary remarks on this phase of the witchcraft craze: "This mystery is known as the witches' Sabbath. It would be a mistake to think of the celebration as a purely imaginary one, created by popular superstition, and existing only in the minds of brain-sick old women, who *fancied* they had attended it. The *Walpurgis Nacht* meeting on the Brocken may have been fancy, but if so it was only the imaginary consummation of a hundred, a thousand, a *hundred thousand* Sabbaths which were *really* celebrated in different parts of Europe. * * Priests even went

celebrating the white mass in the morning, and the black mass at night" [*i. e.* swearing allegiance to God by day, and to the Devil by night].

But, let it not be forgotten, if this terrible cult and craft did develop (a tremendous secret organization bent on nothing but evil), the Church had none but herself to blame for its existence and exercise.

The Church created a Devil, and it was but natural he should soon number his followers by the thousands. Therefore, when the Church began her systematized persecutions against these poor, deluded and unhappy ones, she herself assumed the attitude of an incarnate demon, who having first driven myriads of his duped and deluded followers into an insane asylum, then proceeds deliberately to set fire to the building and allow their spirits to escape with the ascending flames. Suffice it to say, had not the Church created the fictitious being known as the Devil, the above pitiful, heart-rending and most dismal chapter of history had never been recorded. Therefore, if we can succeed in brushing away what lurking fears, inspired by this superstition, still exist in the present age, certainly it would be a boon to the race.

(To be Continued.)

SPIRITUALISM No. II.—NEW SERIES.

By LYMAN C. HOWE.

SOME twenty years ago I witnessed phenomena with Dr. Slade, in Rochester, N. Y., which appeared impossible to explain as trick. Holding an accordeon under a light, plain table with one hand, the other resting on the table in plain sight, a tune was played, and the top of the instrument flung on top of the table in a manner that did not appear possible without some occult aid, which, though dependent upon the medium's presence, and probably evolved from his organism, indicated more than could be explained by any hypothesis based upon known physical or psychological laws. In this seance names were written upon the slate while thus held, and there was an accompanying manifestation of electro-psychic power not apparent in the medium's

ordinary state, nor attributable to the known laws and power of electricity. Nevertheless, with no further evidence, I should remain in doubt. Because we observe minor facts and credit them as corroborative testimony, it must not be presumed that we have nothing more.

A few irresistible experiences, presenting facts readily accounted for upon the spiritual hypothesis, and not explainable in any other way, become a center of evidence. When a thousand lines of kindred testimony all converge at this center, presenting an indefinite range of differences, and all in harmony with the pivotal facts, the evidence becomes irresistible. Admitting that some of them may be fraudulent, others illusive, while a portion may be explained as psychological, or due to some occult force in nature, there remain the few, with which all the rest agree, that resist all theories and all interpretations outside the Spiritual Philosophy. With this nucleus for a starting-point, we may, with logical propriety, claim the less pronounced and less certain facts as consistent support and cumulative evidence in the direction they all point. Thus far I have used pivotal facts. The phenomena chronicled in my first series admit of no explanation as tricks, illusions, electric freaks, or earthly psychology. The ludicrous objections and assumptions conjured from the imaginations and credulous incredulity of my reviewers, bear strong testimony for Spiritualism. In reading Watson's reply to Thomas Paine, more infidels were made, perhaps, than by reading the "Age of Reason." Honest thinkers said: "If that is the best answer that can be made, the infidel must be right." The puerile attempts to explain or evade the stern logic of facts, as presented in Spiritual mediumship, carry conviction to candid minds in its favor. The quibbles and evasions presented in this Magazine against the unanswerable testimony of facts, supported by witnesses that cannot be impeached, illustrate the dilemma in which dogmatic negationists find themselves when they attempt to confront Spiritualism. Those so wedded to their idols as to repudiate all testimony that does not corroborate their creed, of course are incorrigible. There is no hope for such except in growth, which time is sure to induce. It may be questionable if such would accept their own testimony if it defeated their prejudices. Whoever assumes that "all men are liars"

who do not corroborate the wisdom of *his* folly, would be likely to distrust his own moral integrity.

Heretofore I have confined my evidences chiefly to one or two phases of mediumship, and chronicled the experiences of others, in whose veracity and capabilities I have confidence, and whose testimony would not be questioned in the courts. The specific phenomenon of independent slate-writing constitutes one of a series of pivotal manifestations. On this I have dwelt, because it seemed best suited to lay the foundation of my argument. But I only used the experiences of others. Now, I propose to testify of what I have seen and *do know*. For causes that may not be clear, I was unfortunate in getting the evidence first hand. But this did not invalidate the testimony of others. I have seen scores of slates covered with writing which the parties owning them assured me were thus filled while closed and securely tied, and held in their own hands. I had seen agnostics and rank materialists converted by this kind of evidence. There was no apparent motive for misrepresentation, but in some cases it would seem there might be motives for concealing or denying conviction. Skeptics often asked me if I had shared these experiences myself, under clearly fraud-proof conditions, and I was obliged to answer in the negative. Yet I had faithfully *sought* the evidence. Perhaps I might have received it with Dr. Slade, if I had been "wise as a serpent." But he seemed to misinterpret my motives, and instead of giving me the opportunity I sought, treated me in a manner that, had I not been previously sure of the reality of his mediumship and of the *truth* of spirit communion, I should have unhesitatingly set him down as a fraud.

For years I failed to get the direct evidence with slate mediums. I had sittings with Mansfield, Reid and the Bangs Sisters. All were failures. But this did not disturb my faith in human testimony. Others got the proof; perhaps I would sometime. There might be some psycho-physiological condition which I brought to the seance that was unfavorable. I knew that many others had similarly failed. I knew that all persons carry certain conditions that are tangible to sensitives, and some repel while others attract. If the psychic emanations of the medium are used as the agent for phenomena, every person sitting for manifestations may have a sphere of personal aura that coöperates to aid the demonstra-

tions, or antagonizes, and, therefore, may defeat the desired results. Perhaps I carry a neutralizing influence, unfavorable to that phase. If so, it will require stronger and more positive mediumship to overcome it. By repeated efforts the obstacle might be overcome. So I did not despair, nor pronounce the mediums frauds and all the witnesses liars, because I did not get what they did. I read many reports of remarkable exhibits through the psychic powers of P. L. O. Keeler, among them one reported by A. B. Richmond, who scored the Seybert Commissioners after his conversion. But I had seen Mr. Keeler and his partner denounced as a "brace of swindlers." Knowing, however, that no medium escapes such charges, I did not rest the evidence there. While in Washington, D. C., in April, 1890, I enjoyed the hospitality of Prof. D. C. Chapman, who is employed in the United States Government Coast Survey; and he assured me that Mr. Keeler was a remarkable medium. Mrs. Chapman had been converted from cold, dark materialism by his medium powers.

And this was the way it was done. Her father had been in the land of souls some years, I think, and had left a sealed letter with his daughter, the contents of which were unknown to any person on earth. She prepared two slates, marked them so as to preclude any possible changing for prepared slates, tied them securely together and went for a sitting. Without letting them go out of her hands, Mr. Keeler holding one side and she the other, a message was written and signed by her father. It purported to be the contents of the sealed letter, the nature of which she had no idea. On opening the letter written and sealed by her father, she found the writing on her slates to be the same. Believing her statement, and that of her husband, and many others who had received slates full while holding them in their own hands, I still doubted that I should receive any such favor. Repeated failures caused me to expect them. But I procured two new slates, washed them, wrote my name in ink in several places on the frames, and proceeded to Keeler's. The slates were not out of my reach an instant. At the medium's suggestion I tied my handkerchief around them; but, before doing so, I opened and examined them to assure myself that nothing had got on them while they lay on the stand—most of the time with my hand on them. I found they were still clean as when I first put

them together. I tied them firmly and held them tightly in my grasp—Mr. Keeler holding the opposite side. We sat thus, I presume, ten minutes before anything occurred. At last I felt the slates vibrate, and heard the pencil writing within. When done, Mr. Keeler loosed his hold, sat back in his chair, and requested me to open the slates. I did so, and found one of them *completely covered with writing*, in three distinct styles, all addressing me with answers to questions I had propounded, of which Mr. Keeler could have known nothing, by the ordinary means of the senses. The writing, too, was in plain style, as accurately written as if on ruled paper. On that one slate there were one hundred and ninety-two words; and in the time occupied in the writing I do not think I could have written over twenty or twenty-five words with a free pencil and open slate. Now, this was my first success in getting independent slate-writing, under absolutely fraud-proof conditions. No juggler living can duplicate this experiment by trick under the same conditions. But this psychic power may be the inheritance of any juggler, and likely does play a part in some of their feats. If so it proves nothing against the genuineness of mediumship or the spiritual origin of these phenomena. If magicians can duplicate any phases of mediumship by mechanical art and ingenious deception, they can teach others to do the same, and explain the *modus operandi*. But if they depend on the laws of mediumship for any part of their performance, that part they cannot teach to others nor explain without confessing the truth; and the truth will sustain the claims of Spiritualism every time. My testimony, of course, is of no greater value than that of hundreds of others who have had like experiences. Those who insist that "no amount of testimony can make it reasonable to believe" what their Agnostic creed has labeled impossible, will, of course, dispose of my statements the same as they do all others, and still assert, by inference, at least, that their ignorance is the oracle by which all knowledge must be estimated; their experience and belief the boundary of all possibilities.

WE desire to say, especially to our Spiritual friends, that Mr. Howe's articles on Spiritualism will appear in each number through the year. And we will send the ten numbers to any one address for \$1.00.—PUBLISHER.

SHALL THE BIBLE BE READ IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS?

BY RICHARD B. WESTBROOK, M. D.

(Continued.)

WE should not read the Bible in our State schools:
V. *Because the moral is so mixed up with the immoral that there is great danger of contamination by contact.*

Some portions of the Old Testament contain beautiful stories and sound moral maxims, but right in the same connection we often have (without condemnation) stories of uncleanness, fornications, adulteries, and incests that the *Police Gazette* would not dare publish. Jael meanly murders Sisera, and is praised for it, while the deceit and treachery of Rahab are commended in the New Testament. The story of Boaz and Ruth is only fit for a dime novel. Solomon's Song is full of lasciviousness. Abram lies. Moses gets mad. David commits adultery, and murders Uriah. Jacob is deceitful, and a trickster,—and so on to the end. Polygamy is shown to have been the rule, and not the exception, among Jehovah's favorites. War is everywhere tacitly justified, and slavery is practiced, and not an abolitionist opens his mouth. We go to the New Testament, and he who is called the "perfect one" curses a fig-tree for not bearing fruit out of season, drives out with small cords men engaged in legitimate business, upsets their tables, and uses the most violent and reproachful language towards them. He shows want of respect for his mother, and is ambiguous and evasive in conversation with the woman of Canaan; says he does not know whether he is going to the feast at Jerusalem or not, and then straightway sets out for the Holy City, and makes believe by his actions that he is going to one place, when he is actually going to another.

VI. We might just as well go one step further and say that *we object to the reading of the Bible in our State schools because of its defective morality.*

We are asked, Is there anything that is defective in the morality of the *Sermon on the Mount*? I admit the excellence of the "golden rule,"—but it was not new or original in that discourse. In Leviticus xix. 18, we read, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," which implies the same principle, and was

doubtless learned by the Jews in Babylon. Rabbi Hillel habitually used the maxims quoted in the *Sermon on the Mount* a generation before Jesus is said to have lived, and Isocrates said, 338 years before, "Act towards others as you would have them act towards you," and Aristotle, 380 years before the Christian era, used almost precisely the same words, and so did Sextus, a Greek poet. Everybody ought to know that Confucius, nearly 500 years B. C., in his 24th Maxim, gave the "golden rule" in both its positive and negative form. Pittacus, a Greek philosopher, used almost precisely the same words 600 years B. C., and Thales, his countryman, said, 640 years B. C., "Avoid doing what you would blame others for doing." Buckle says, in his *History of Civilization*, "To assert that Christianity communicated to men moral truths previously unknown, argues on the part of the asserter gross ignorance or willful fraud." (Vol. i., p. 129.) Even the Lord's Prayer is older than Jesus. It is found substantially in the Jewish Kadish, and was in use among that people for many years B. C.; and the expression, "Our Father who art in the Heavens" is used in all pagan religions. We have reason for thinking that what is called the "Lord's Prayer" was originally "a prayer to Saturn," and that many of the Psalms were first addressed to *the sun*.

The Sermon on the Mount, in its composition and construction, shows that it is not a connected discourse, but that it is a compilation of well-known and familiar maxims in common use in that day.

In many of these sayings we see nothing wise or *moral*. "Lay not up for yourself treasures on earth" is not good advice and has never been practiced. "Take no thought for to-morrow" is improvident, even with the unauthorized interpolation of the word "anxious." Turning of the other cheek to the smiter, the lending to every borrower, and absolute non-resistance are about as foolish as indiscriminate alms-giving, and could be uttered only by one who believed that the end of the world was at hand and would surely come with that generation. Only a partial keeping of the commands of the *Sermon on the Mount* would upset every industry and turn the people into a crowd of tramps and vagabonds.

We want something for our State schools that is more practical, and better adapted to this commercial age. We want a *higher*

morality than is taught in the New Testament. We want higher and more noble conceptions, than are given in the parable of the "Unjust Judge," and more just and equitable principles than are taught in the parable of the "Unjust Steward," or the "Laborers in the Vineyard," or the "Ten Talents." We want a *morality* that relates to *this* life rather than to the *next*. We do not want the possession of property held up as a crime, and poverty represented as a virtue entitling one to a seat in the future kingdom. We want good homes to live in *now*, rather than "mansions in the skies." We do not want a morality that appeals to selfishness only, that discriminates in favor of celibacy, and that only tolerates marriages as a remedy for lust, as taught in the seventh chapter of I. Corinthians. I repeat, that we want a *higher morality* than the morality of the New Testament.

(To be concluded.)

THE SAMARITAN ON 'CHANGE.

By MONCURE D. CONWAY.

IN a London public school examination a poor little girl is reported to have got somewhat mixed up in reciting from memory the parable of the good Samaritan. "He give 'im tuppence, 'n said, whatsumdever more you spendest when I come again I'll repay thee; this he said knowing that he would see 'is face no more." One may feel glad to believe that this little dame of the slums could associate such shrewd Samaritanism with "tuppence." But there appears to be a tendency in the silly Samaritanism of our time to develop a counterpart, of the self-seeking variety, which may ultimately corrupt the whole humanitarian movement. Now and then a philanthropic humbug is impaled, but that is of little advantage unless he is understood. The soul-saving wave is now succeeded by a body-saving wave. We are tolerably familiar with the frauds floated on the former. There is now serving a life-sentence for forgery on the Bank of England, an American named Bidwell, who long pursued his frauds in Chicago and other western places, at the same time that he was followed as an eloquent revivalist. He converted small bank checks into large ones, and sinners into saints, with great success. Many a good church member to-day owes his awakening to this Rev. Mr. Bidwell, who might have been still redeeming

the week's forgeries with Sabbath soul-savings, had he not deserted his mistress in London. We are now informed that crows are following the exhortation of a convicted murderer in the West. How can common preachers compete with a miracle of grace who has killed half a dozen of his fellow-creatures? But these phenomena of a dogma that despised human merits are now found chiefly on the remote frontiers of civilization, and are becoming rare even there. In the centers of culture we are prepared for the wolf in sheep's clothing, so long as he only prays and preaches about salvation in the future life.

But now a great ethical and humanitarian spirit has come upon Protestant Christendom. It has floated the creeds and churches, which, if not moved by sympathy, are driven by competition for popularity to help save mankind from the actual satans of pauperism and despair going about seeking whom they may devour. Last year it was announced that even the Salvation Army itself was to enter on a new departure, and combat these actual satans in England, instead of the fictitious devil of the dark ages. "Gen." Booth's book appeared: he made a literary reputation by it as well as a goodly sum of money. Wealthy men said: We have misunderstood this man; he is more intelligent than we supposed, and more in earnest, as well as practical. Beside his copyrights, near half a million dollars were contributed to his scheme. But it is now charged that he did not write the book, and had not the ability to write it. A denial by his son is reported, but not as yet from himself; and only filial piety can suppose that a charge personally substantiated by the writer of the book can be so disproved.* "Gen." Booth implicitly

*"The secret of the authorship of 'In Darkest England,'" says the *London Times*, "is now a matter of common knowledge. Charitable hypothesis, combined with the fact that a facsimile of some ten lines of manuscript in Mr. Booth's handwriting has appeared in one of the Salvation journals assigns to Mr. Booth, the credit of having written at least two chapters of the book. His own explanation of the affair is that he supplied a professional writer with the materials for writing a book and that 'In Darkest England' was the result. The question whether, under these circumstances, Mr. Booth was justified in letting the book appear as if it had been written by him, is one of the literary ethics, and into such a question we have no right to expect Mr. Booth to enter. 'But,' it may be said, 'the ideas which the book contains were the ideas of Mr. Booth.' There is strong reason for believing that the truth lies in the opposite direction—in fact it is believed that when the whole story comes to be known it will be found that the ideas of the substantial parts of the scheme—that is to say, of the city colony and the farm colony—had their origin in the mind of Mr. Frank Smith, and that these ideas were accepted most reluctantly by Mr. Booth."

admits the charge in claiming (though this too is denied) that he supplied the data. But that he knew the value of the literary repute is proved by the publication, in one of his army's papers, of the facsimile of some sentences of the book which were written by himself. Thus the charitable scheme seems to have been floated by an agent, as a new stock might be on 'Change. Had it been a purely pious stock, contemplating erection of churches, circulation of tracts, or converting the heathen, we should be prepared for it. But it is, apparently, a remarkably ignorant and vulgar orthodoxy availing itself of the humanitarian enthusiasm born of rational and secular thought, and availing itself of this surreptitiously. The contributions have all gone to a hand whose trustworthiness is shown by inscribing its name on work it did not do. Nor does the "General" appear to have been much damaged, among his pious adherents, by his imposture.

The ease with which all this was done is the significant thing. Even if "General" Booth should clear himself of the grave personal charge, that he has gained fame and confidence by false pretence, it would remain that the thing can be done. A man has only to make an eloquent and fervent appeal in the name of suffering humanity for money to flow into his hands at once, inquiry coming afterwards. This is not the only sign of the approach of imposture in the guise of Samaritanism. The Tolstoi cult appears to be something of the same kind. I met with a Baroness in Europe who had long enjoyed intimacy with the Tolstoi family, and who gave me a lively account of her recent joyous sojourn in their luxurious castle. When I asked how all that was consistent with the Count's gospel, that we must sell all we have and give it to the poor, and take our place with the manual laborers, the Baroness smiled at my simplicity. I know young men in England and America who, partly by his influence, are practicing something like what is preached by Tolstoi from his comfortable study in his castle. They are suffering, as I think vainly, while his undiminished income is swelled by the sale of his self-denying sermons. The inconsistency attracted attention in London, and a plea was put forward that the wealth was secured by the management of the Countess Tolstoi. We have heard that kind of thing as far back as the garden of Eden. The woman gave me and I ate. Oh, of course! But no one familiar with the position of wives anywhere, and especially in

Russia, can suppose that Count Tolstoi is suffering the moral martyrdom of living in luxury because of his wife. At present the real Tolstoi gospel seems to be, "Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor, and labor beside them; but the kingdom of Christ must accommodate itself to Counts."

A similar peril besets the ethical enthusiasm. There is hardly any imposture that may not find intrenchment in the moral sentiment. There despotism survives in the lands of democracy. We see sixty millions of people content that a psalm-singing postmaster-general shall determine what books may or may not pass in the mails, providing he makes a pretext of preserving morality. The said postmaster may be pirating English encyclopædias, photographically counterfeited, at the moment he is damning books not on sale in his establishment; he has only to touch the moral nerve to paralyze that liberty of printing which is a chief corner-stone of all liberty. The teachings of Jesus, of Socrates, of others, who founded higher morality, seemed immoral to the orthodox of their time. There can be no profound ethical culture if thinkers who grapple with great problems,—those of sex and marriage, especially,—are liable to suppression by ignorant officials, who confuse their own vulgarity with virtue.

It would appear necessary that we should comprehend the fact that every movement must have such camp-followers. No sooner does any thought or truth take hold on the popular heart than there will mingle with the honest multitude those who are after the loaves and fishes. As it was with Jesus, so has it been with the movements of Luther, of Wickliff, of Wesley. We cannot expect that the ethical and humanitarian movements will prove exceptions. It is necessary that there shall be a close and rigid criticism of those who profess to lead these new movements. They must possess and prove the courage of their opinions. They are dealing with matters of life and death to millions, they are shaping the destinies of our best-hearted youth, and must be held personally responsible for their utterances.

When Thomas Paine was grappling with the "tories" of Philadelphia, three months before the Declaration of Independence, he wrote to their leader: "To be nobly wrong is more manly than to be meanly right. Only let the error be disinterested—let it not wear the mask but the mark of principle—and 'tis pardonable. It is on this large and liberal ground that we

distinguish between men and their tenets, and generously preserve our friendship for the one, while we combat with every prejudice of the other." Himself reared a Quaker, Paine's pen was sharpest on the lamb-like Friends whose peaceful texts were directed to the invaded, never to the invader; he counselled resistance, then shouldered his musket and shared the deprivations and dangers of the struggle. That "Crisis," whose opening sentence, "These are the times that try men's souls," was the watchword at Trenton, was written by camp-fires. The suffering soldiers were inspired by that which came from a comrade. Words may be half-battles; wedded to deeds, they are victories.

Sincerity is in the soul of eloquence. I remember once, in Boston, at a meeting when the possibility of rescuing a fugitive slave from his prison was considered, Theodore Parker arose and simply said, "I am not willing to advise a risk I am unwilling to share." That was all he said, but I have remembered it, coming from that courageous man, as a mandate from the new moral Sinai. Our kid-gloved socialists are in danger of becoming successors to the clergymen who used to frighten ignorant women and children with pictures of hell, while their smiling apathy during the week proved their disbelief in any such perils. When Dr. Channing's father was returning from church with his little son, the latter terrified with the sermon he had heard, he remarked to his wife that he hoped the dinner would not be cold. "Father," said the boy, "if we are all going to hell what matters it about the dinner?" The father whistled. The Unitarian movement was born anew in that little breast. Channing grew up to hold New England thought and scholarship to a moral standard. The scholar of to-day must hold the ethical and social reformer to that same standard. Paine is right. Even that man who faithfully follows an error serves men more than he who utters truth with a double tongue.

I close this little admonition with an extract from a letter received from Emerson, in reply to one written when I was nineteen, a Methodist itinerant in Maryland:

"I believe what interests both you and me, and whether we know it or not, is the morals of intellect; in other words, that no man is worth his room in the world who is not commanded by a legitimate object of thought. The earth is full of frivolous people, who are

bending their whole force and the force of nations on trifles, and these are baptized with every grand and holy name, remaining, of course, totally inadequate to occupy any mind ; and so skeptics are made. A true soul will disdain to be moved except by what natively commands it, though it should go sad and solitary in search of its master a thousand years. The few superior persons in each community are so by their steadiness to reality and their neglect of appearances. This is the rue and euphrasy that purge the intellect and insure insight. Its full rewards are slow but sure ; and yet I think it has its rewards on the instant, inasmuch as simplicity and grandeur are always better than dapperness."—*The Open Court*.

THE PRIZE AWARDED.

MORE than a year ago, a prize of one thousand dollars (\$1,000) was offered by the American Secular Union "for the best essay, treatise or manual adapted to aid and assist teachers in our free public schools and in the Girard College for orphans, and other public and charitable institutions professing to be unsectarian, to thoroughly instruct children and youth in the purest principles of morality, without inculcating religious doctrines, thus recognizing the legal right, under our Federal Constitution, of all our citizens, Jews and Gentiles, Catholics and Protestants, Liberals and Agnostics, and all other classes, whether believers or disbelievers, to have their children instructed in all the branches of a common secular education in our State schools, without having their tender minds biased for or against any sect or party whatever.

Nearly twelve months were allowed for the preparation of this manual, which was to contain not less than sixty thousand, nor more than one hundred thousand, words. More than fifty persons of all classes, but mostly professional, sent in elaborate manuscripts. The committee, appointed by the subscribers to the fund to examine the papers, consisted of R. B. Westbrook, Chairman ; Professor Felix Adler, A. M., of the Ethical Culture Society ; Professor Daniel G. Brinton, M. D., of the University of Pennsylvania ; Professor Frances Emily White, M. D., of the Women's Medical College of Pennsylvania ; and Ida C. Craddock, Secretary. The work of examining so many manuscripts

by so large a committee was simply immense. The task is at last completed. The committee decided that no one manuscript presented fully met the conditions of the offer, but that two of them together did, clearly showing that morality *can* be taught without teaching theology, and *how* to do it. The One Thousand Dollar Prize was ordered to be equally divided between two gentlemen. They have accepted the award, and the essays will be published in one volume.

The successful contestants are Nicholas Paine Gilman, A. M., editor of the *Literary World*, Boston, and author of a most popular book on "Profit-Sharing"; and Edward Payson Jackson, A. M., Master and Professor of Physical Science in the celebrated Latin School, of Boston, and author of several successful books. It is believed that these essays cannot fail to meet the views of the most conservative as well as of the most radical students.

The committee sincerely sympathize with the large number of disappointed contestants. Several of the essays were of a very high order—some of them too high for our purpose. A number of them are to be published by the writers. However, all of the contestants have been personally profited by the labor of writing, and a most important question has occupied the best thoughts of the most thoughtful and intelligent persons in the community. We extend our hearty thanks to all who have so kindly written, not so much for the prize as for the cause.

The title of Mr. Gilman's work is: "The Laws of Daily Conduct; a Manual of Practical Morals for Teachers and Parents." The title of Mr. Jackson's work is: "Dr. Don's Morning Talks; a Colloquy on Good Morals." The book will appear on or about September 1st, 1891. R. B. WESTBROOK, Prest. A. S. U.

IDA C. CRADDOCK, Cor. Sec'y, A. S. U.

PHILADELPHIA, March 2, 1891.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—The friends of Secular education will look with much interest for the appearance of this book. Dr. Westbrook and the generous Liberals who contributed the \$1,000 prize are each entitled to much credit for the grand work, which is, in our opinion, the most important achievement that the Union has accomplished. If the book is what may be expected, its value to Liberal thought will be inestimable.—EDITOR.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

THE DIRGE OF THE SEA.

BY VOLTAIRINE DECLEVE.

Come ! Come ! I have waited long !
My love is old,
My arms are strong ;
My heart is bold ;
I would woo thee, now,
With the wave-kiss cold
On thy pallid brow ;
Thou art mine, thou art mine ! **My very own !**
Thine ears shall hear
My eternal moan ;
Always near
Thou'lt feel my lips,
And the bathing tear
Where my sorrow drips.
Thou, my king forever, behold thy throne !
Reign in thy majesty, all alone.

None ! None wept for thee,
Nearing the verge
Of eternity !
I, thy solemn dirge
Will chant for aye
Wide as the wave-merge
Into sky.

I love thee ! Thou art my chosen own !
Thy heart, like mine,
Was cold as stone,
Thine eyes could shine
Like my blue waves fair ;
Thy lips, like wine,
Curved to kisses rare !
Hard as my waves were the eyes that shone,
And the wine as deadly ! **Come, love, alone !**

Float ! Float, on the swelling wave !
Long is the hearse,
Wide the grave ;
Thy pall is a curse
From the fading shore
A broken verse
From a heart wrung sore !
“ Life’s stream’s wreck-strown ! ” Ah, like my own !
The words are low
As a dying groan ;
The voice thrills so,
It might rouse thy breast
With pity’s glow,
Wert thou like the rest !
But thou, my hero, wert never known
To feel as a human ; thou stoodst, alone.
Down ! Down ! Behold the wrecks !
I strew the deep
With these human specks !
No faith I keep
With their mortal trust ;
See how I heap
Their crumbling dust !
I sneered in their faces, my own, my own,
As they knelt to pray
When the ships went down ;
I flung my spray
In their dying eyes,
And laughed at the way
It drowned their cries !
On the shore they heard the exultant tone,
And said : “ The Sea laughs. ” Ah, I laughed alone.
Now ! Now, we twain shall go,
Love-locked,
Laughing so !
The fools ye mocked
With your tender eyes,
The trusts ye rocked
With your cradling lies,
E’en like these wretches, my own, my own,
Shall rot in clay
Or crumbled bone,
Thou shalt hold thy way,
Day-kissed and fair,
Where the wild waves play
In the sun-thick air !
My arms, my kiss, my tears, my moan,
Ye shall know for aye, where we wander lone.

Love! Love! Thou wert like to me!
Thy luring gaze
Rolled restlessly!
The marsh-light blaze
To some human soul,
Down the dark'ning maze
To Ruin's goal!
Ah, how ye crushed them, my beautiful own!
Like whistled leaves
Around thee strown,
Whirled the dead beliefs
Of each long-mourned life!
Here, no one grieves:
Neither tears nor strife
Appeal to the Sea, where its wrecks are thrown!
Thou shalt stand in their midst, and smile, alone!

Laugh! Laugh! O, form of light!
Death hides
Thy faithless sight!
The flowing tides
Of thy heart are still;
Yet are wrecks thy brides,
For it is my will
That that which on earth made thy heaven, my own,
May strew around
Thy eternal throne!
The gurgling sound
Of the dying cry,
The gushing wound
Of heart-agony,
Were thy joy in life! Now the Sea makes known
Thy realm in death! Thy heaven, alone!

Years! Years, ye shall mix with me!
Ye shall grow a part
Of the laughing Sea;
Of the moaning heart
Of the glittered wave
Of the sun-gleam's dart
In the ocean-grave.
Fair, cold, and faithless wert thou, my own!
For that I love
Thy heart of stone!
From the heights above
To the depths below,
Where dread things move,
There is naught can show
A life so trustless! Proud be thy crown!
Ruthless, like none, save the Sea, alone!

"A FIRST CAUSE"—WHAT CAUSED IT TO CAUSE A UNIVERSE 6,000 YEARS, AND NOT 60,000,000 YEARS AGO?

THERE is no "First Cause," there never was a "First Cause." Within an eternal self-existent universe, the evolving process is eternal. It never began—it can never end. A single particle of matter cannot be created, neither can it be annihilated. Consequently the universe, being composed of eternal existing particles, is eternal. And each particle representing energy and force—*being energy and force*—has ever been active to perpetuate the evolutionary processes of finite forms, beings and bodies; but these, by virtue of their own potencies being destined to final destruction and disintegration, tend, in infinite variation and transformation, to perpetuate the process forever.

All attempts to solve the riddle of cosmic existence by postulating a "First Cause," or "God," existing prior and exterior of the universe, must and will ever remain efforts of childish reasoning and a lamentable failure. It positively explains nothing. It simply divests the visible everything of and invests an invisible nothing with potencies or power to cause all phenomena. But after this cunning *coup d'état*, the identical mysteries which first prompted such a solution still stare us in the face, even in augmented degree.

A "First Cause," or "God," implies an infinite something—of which, however, we know absolutely nothing—possessing attributes and powers superior to those existing in nature, and amply sufficient to cause to spring into existence miraculously, from pre-existing nothing, an infinite universe.

A "First Cause," or "God," must possess within itself transcendent qualities of self-existence, and all the necessary attributes, to exist uncaused and eternal as a "First Cause," and without again necessitating, in turn, another cause to cause it.

It implies that such "First Cause," or "God," prior to the (imaginary) "beginning," was not a cause, but eternally inactive, latent, non-productive, dead—an absolute condition of negation, or nothing.

That such "First Cause," during all the infinite cycles of ages, preceding such "beginning," did not produce a single effect.

It implies that after being eternally dead or inactive, and cause of absolutely nothing at all, during all the ages of beginningless time, it did, suddenly and miraculously, so stupendously change its nature as to create a universe!

And last, though not least, it presents to thinking men and women the following grotesque proposition: The universe exists, consequently a "God," or "First Cause," must have preceded it. This "First Cause" is eternal, never was created and never needed a "Creator." It of course is eternal, and as such existed from all time. Six thousand years ago, according to Bible chronology, this "First Cause" caused the universe. No other cause or thing existed with or beside it prior to that time. It monopolized all space and all time. During all the ages of beginningless time, it did not cause a solitary thing—not a world, sun, moon, star, or even a single atom. Eternal darkness reigned supreme, and infinite vacuum was monopolized solely by this "First Cause."

This is a correct representation of things, existing during the eternity, prior to 6,000 years ago, when the universe, according to the Christian mythology, "began!"

But now the question arises, *what caused* the "First Cause," after an eternity of death or non-activity, to create the universe? Here certainly is a magnificent, imposing effect (if true). The Theist's "God," or "First Cause," certainly didn't cause it, for what these would not do or cause to be done during the vast eternity preceding this (imaginary) creation, they, of course, would never do. This "First cause" is supposed to be omniscient, omnipresent, and unchangeable, consequently what this "First Cause" could or would not do during 9,999,909,999,999,999,—continued *ad infinitum*,—years preceding the "beginning," it, of course, would never do.

What, then, caused the universe, or caused the "First Cause," or "God," to create it, after an eternity of non-existence? There is no effect without a cause. But for an eternity all existing causes had not produced a universe; what in the name of reason, then, *was the cause* which caused the "First Cause" to create the universe when it did? But I need go no further—a cause being needed to cause the "First Cause" to cause or to precede the "First Cause" of the Theist. If we keep on in our crucial test of "First Causes," we will, no doubt, need another "First Cause," and another, and another, *ad infinitum*.

Thus we see that all argument predicating a "First Cause," a "God," a "Creation," or a "Beginning," does not explain, but infinitely mystifies, existing problems, and that the only rational assumption is the eternal existence of all matter, which, possessing within itself all the necessary attributes of self-existence and self-formation (not creation), needs no "Creator," or "First Cause" to create, or manipulate it.

Existing to-day, absolutely proves that in its elementary form it has always existed, and so will always exist. Furthermore, assuming harmony and order to-day, and evolving worlds, suns, systems, trees, flowers and men, proves it has ever evolved such forms, and that, consequently there never was a *first* world, sun, tree or man; but all such phenomena are but repetitions of similar phenomena having been evolved forever.

Because it is plain that any particular *first* world, sun or system, would again imply an eternity of time preceding the formation of such *first* phenomena, but which, if true, would absolutely have prevented such *first* world, sun or system, at any time. It is either eternal standstill or eternal activity—both cannot be true.

Which, then, I ask, is the most reasonable, that a "First Cause," of which we know absolutely nothing, can exist uncaused, and then from nothing create an infinite universe, or that the latter, which to-day exists in august splendor—self-evident and real—is self-existent and eternal?

OTTO WETTSTEIN.

ROCHELLE, ILL.

TRAVAILS IN FAITH.

Editor Freethinkers' Magazine:

I have been a subscriber to your very excellent, well-printed and well-gotten-up Magazine, for quite a number of years. In fact, I was the first from this district who had the pleasure of reading the highly instructive, elevating and liberalizing articles of your eminent contributors. If you will allow me, I will give you a few reminiscences of my travails in faith, before I came across your valuable journal.

I was confirmed as a member of the Lutheran Church in my younger days, and freely accepted the teachings of canonical scripture, and the Augsburg Confession, as the sole and sufficient rule of faith, and correct exhibition of doctrine. I was a semi-annual partaker of its sacraments, and filled the church offices from deacon to elder. I was originally of an investigative disposition, in secular matters, at least, but the thought never occurred to me, in my younger days, that the venerable Rev. Father Ulrich, my pastor, might unintentionally or unknowingly misinform the members in doctrinal matters, and I was satisfied in my mind that what he did not know about heaven, the angels, the devil, hell and eternal punishment, soul, etc., was not worth knowing. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher once said that every one had his own individual conception of, and worshipped an ideal God.

In verification of this idea of Mr. Beecher's, I confess that I pictured, or perceived, my God, in the likeness and similitude of the *saint-like*, *semi-omniscient*, much-idolized and respected Father Ulrich.

Such was the enthusiasm of my belief in the general Christian teaching, that in my profession as teacher of common schools,—where the Bible was read as a daily exercise,—that in order to be quite correct, I got a commentary on the Bible, so that I could more truly and intelligently expound its teachings to the pupils. Continuing in this course for quite a number of years, observing how commentators were trying to harmonize conflicting passages, very often, as I thought, quibblingly (as an advocate or counselor at law will defend his client for money, right or wrong), and in making comparison of this metaphorical speculation with demonstrable scientific truth, I reluctantly became a Doubting Thomas.

The longer I tried to explain away palpable contradictions, and to harmonize conflicting theories of dogmatical teachings, the more skeptical I became.

My first serious doubts originated with me when I learned the manner in which the Hebrew word *nephesh-khayah* was translated into "living soul," when applied to human beings, and in all other cases, when the same word is applied to other living, moving creatures, beasts, fishes, birds, etc., it is simply translated "life," which latter translation I think is the only honest and proper one when applied to man or beast. It is the latter view Solomon takes in Eccl. iii: 19, in which he plainly says, that "man and beasts all have one breath; as the one dieth, so dieth the other; that there is no pre-eminence of man over beasts."

I learned that the Greek *hades* and the Hebrew *sheol* are identical, meaning simply the abode of the dead—the grave. Notwithstanding the thunderings, threatenings, and holy disquisitions of pulpit oratory on a real fiery hell, it did not terrify nor frighten me any longer; and I further concluded that the entrancing, alluring and didactic (?) description of an elysian heaven, was simply a mythical conception. No intelligent minister, who has any self-respect, will at present affirm the reality of a firmament of heaven.

It was, in my opinion, simply an erroneous conception of the ancients, based on an optical delusion, and is even to-day similarly interpreted by the ignorant or unscientific. In the study of comparative religious beliefs, I found similar teachings in all the old religions. A cloud was frequently used as a convenient vehicle for a Jehovah to come down from high heaven, simply by lowering the heavens—the clouded heavens—and latterly, a Christ used the same conveyance—a cloud—to ascend thereto.

I had some smattering on astronomy and physical science, which gave me the conception that space was infinite, and that the heavens of the ancients—which they conceived to be the clouded region, and which they so taught us through their inspired (?) writings—was not a reality. In further confirmation of my incredulity on the subject matter, I learned from a balloonist, by personal interview, that he had passed through a clouded mass of about three thousand feet in thickness, and ascended way above this cloud-mist in his heavenly flight, but never came across a personal God, or a firmament of heaven. From these investigations and musings, I deduced, that even the so-called teachings of Christ on this subject, in his reference to the "heavens falling," etc., and the record of his personal ascension to this heavenly abode in a cloud, was legendary, possibly a redaction from some sacred Buddhist literature.

I could never quite understand why a personal devil should only possess the idiotic, lunatic and epileptic, and why such imps are not now found in the inmates of our lunatic asylums. I often wondered why a merciful God should punish the children for the iniquities of the fathers. Why not give merit and demerit according to behavior, as we do in school? But I am told that God's ways are not our ways. If that is so, then his justice and mercy is also something different from the definition we attach to those words.

I was solemnly instructed to keep the Sabbath day holy, not to work on it, but to go regularly to church on it. Well, no one here obeys this divine (?) command, not even the minister. The command should read: *Remember the Sunday*—in conformity with Constantine's edict, who legally instituted the same.

No one in the church seems to know what the founders of the Lutheran Church said in regard to this subject. For the information of the members I will state that Martin Luther said, "As regards the Sabbath, or Sunday, there is no necessity of keeping it. The Sabbath in no way pertained to the Gentiles. It was not commanded to them nor observed by them. Even Paul and the Apostles, after the Gospel began to be preached and spread over the world, clearly released the people from the observance of the Sabbath. If anywhere the day is made holy for the mere day's sake, . . . or set on a Jewish

foundation, then I order you to work, dance, ride or feast on it, or do anything that shall reprove this encroachment on the Christian spirit of liberty."

Melancthon, Zwingli, and John Calvin, were equally strong in their denouncement. The latter called it a "shadowy commandment," and admonished Christians to "have nothing to do with a superstitious observance of *so-called holy days*." There are only two solutions to this Sabbath question; either the Church is right and the Fathers of the Reformation are all wrong, or the latter are right and the former wrong. Which?

I herewith send you a club of seven subscribers,—two old and five new ones. They are all intelligent young men of investigative disposition. They see that a new light is dawning upon this generation, and that the devil of ignorance and superstition is sure to take the hindmost.

William R. Ibach, a noted astronomer, is making the yearly astronomical calculations for the almanacs of the Three Americas. He is a son of Lawrence J. Ibach, now deceased, who was the father of Freethought of this section,—a much respected and honorable man. Hoping you will excuse me for trespassing on your space so much, and wishing you every prosperity in your good work, I remain, yours cordially,

RICHARD LECHNER.

SHERIDAN, Pa., Feb. 28, 1891.

DOUBT.

IN the New York *Observer* recently appeared an article from the pen of Rev. Talbot W. Chambers, D. D., entitled "Religious Doubt, and the Remedy."

The thought that first occurred to my mind, in reading the article, was, why seek a "remedy" for doubt, any more than for any other function of the brain? Certainly no Protestant (Dr. Chambers, for example) can, with any consistency, seek for a remedy for the privilege of doubting, unless he denies (as does the Roman Catholic Church) the right of private judgment; which right Protestants have ever claimed as the main and most distinguishing feature of the difference between their and the Romish Church.

What is embraced in the exercise of the right of private judgment? Certainly the right to doubt is, for you cannot be said to exercise the right of private judgment without doubting whatever your private judgment thinks proper to question.

The Romish Church is perfectly consistent and honest, and the Protestant Church inconsistent and dishonest, on this question.

The dilemma in which the Protestant Church finds itself may be illustrated by quoting from Rev. George Armstrong, of the Church of England, viz.:

"If I deny the right of private judgment, the Church calls me a Romanist; if I acknowledge it, she brands me as a heretic."

What would be the effect if Dr. Chambers should succeed in finding a remedy for doubt? Why, all progress in the realm of thought would be arrested.

What has doubt done for religion? Had it not been for the doubt of Luther, there had been no Protestant Church. Had it not been for the doubt of Christ, there had been no Christianity.

What ought to be thought of a religion, the first lesson in which is that you must not doubt?

Dr. Chambers does not practice what he preaches. He was a member of the commission which brought the new version of the Bible into being. What suggested this new version, if not the doubt of Dr. C. and his associates as to the incorrectness of the King James version?

But why this clerical war upon doubt—upon religious doubt? Simply because doubt is the beginning of reason, and because reason is certain annihilation to theology. See what these small beginnings of doubt are doing in all Protestant Churches. Is it anything but reason, induced by doubt, that is making such inroads into the creeds and beliefs of the hitherto Orthodox Churches?

The religious beliefs of to-day are totally different from what they were a generation ago. Who (excepting Spurgeon, De Witt Talmage and Col. Elliot F. Shepard) believes, now, in a literal hell? Who believes in the six days, of twenty-four hours each, story of creation; in the "fall of man" (now that science has demonstrated the *rise* of man from lower orders of beings)? Who believes, literally, in the stories of Jonah, of Joshua, of Elisha, etc.? What, but *doubt*, has wrought this change? What, but the workings of doubt in the minds of ecclesiastics themselves, has induced the liberal thought which we now so frequently hear from the clergy? Read the utterances of Rev. Dr. Briggs, in his recent address before the students of the Union Theological Seminary; every liberal saying in which was applauded to the echo. "I rejoice at this age of rationalism, with all its wonderful achievements in philosophy," says Dr. Briggs.

Rev. Phillips Brooks says: "The minister should be the model of tolerance of what is honest doubt."

Rev. Dr. Rylance says he regards "doubt as a rational thing; a fact to be dealt with rationally, not professionally or by anathema. . . . The rationalist, agnostic and materialist, have done good, and have reacted on theology in a healthful way."

Archbishop Leighton has said: "Never be afraid to doubt. . . . Doubt, in order that you may end in believing."

And what has doubt done for science? Has it not instituted a truer system of thought? Has it not given us Copernicus, Bruno, Newton, Kepler, Humboldt, Darwin and Haeckel; whose brilliant discoveries would have been hid from the world had doubt been silenced?

It is doubt that has done the intelligent and beneficial service of transforming alchemy into chemistry; astrology into astronomy; fiat strata into geology; the biblical origin of man into biology; the confusion of tongues into philology; superstition into philosophy; tradition into history; myth into reality; legend into verity; fable into truth; arrogant dogmatism into unpretentious agnosticism; comatose credulity into vitalized thought; unquestioning faith into the spirit of inquiry; demoniacal possession into dementia; a personal devil into an impersonal evil influence; the capricious gods of old into the immutable laws of nature; creation into evolution.

"Doubt is the first step to mental liberty."

"From the first doubt, man has continued to advance."—(Ingersoll.)

"The act of doubting is the necessary antecedent to all progress."—(Buckle.)

"Doubt is the mother of inquiry."

"A man's doubts are the children of his brain."—(H. O. Pentecost.) They are the offspring of mental activity; would it not be unnatural to devitalize the progeny?

"Each one's prerogative 't is to doubt :

'How do you know?' is truth's own scout."

"With knowledge, doubt increases."—(Goethe.)

"If thou hast honest doubts,

Conceal them not ;

For doubt is better than dishonesty."—(Shakespeare.)

"There lives more faith in honest doubt

(Believe me), than in half the creeds."—(Tennyson.)

Doubt of what we do not know to be truth, is the promptings of our highest intellectual and moral nature.

Doubt is a sentinel on the watch-tower of the brain, charged with the duty of sounding an alarm, whenever its enemies—superstition, falsehood, ignorance and unreason—attempt to invade the citadel of truth.

Doubt is the herald of progress; the genius of reason; the pathway to truth; the advance guard in the contest with intellectual darkness.

AGNOSTICUS.

LETTER FROM PARKER PILLSBURY.

Editor Freethinkers' Magazine :

Your last number contains account of an interview with Mr. Moody, the missionary revivalist, some ten years ago. I sought one about that time, but his employer and patron saint, Lawyer Durant, of Boston, stood in his stead. Our talk drew about us most of the people in the church, and other voices were not continued. It was a kind of mutual inquiry conference, the more public exercises having closed.

So many had approached and were respectfully listening, that I raised my voice to be more easily heard. This did not please Mr. Durant, and he checked me, not rudely, but quite serenely. Our interview came to nothing, but in manner it was every way rational and respectable. Whether at Mr. Moody's direction or not, cannot now be told, but the gas was suddenly off, and so were the congregation.

But it is with Moody to-day in Boston, that his opponents (I trust not his enemies) are concerned. For his influence and power, especially in and around Boston, are ten-fold greater than ten years ago. Whether for good or evil, the Moody craze in Boston is fully as phenomenal as the Messiah craze among the Sioux Indians. And it extends to all classes alike; rich and poor, learned

and rude, teetotally temperate, and the besottedly intemperate. Just now the attention seems turned specially to the latter class. The London Salvation Army is not more devoutly zealous than is Mr. Moody and his helpers. And some of the largest and best of the secular newspapers give him liberal report and support. His labors have already extended away to Newburyport, more than forty miles, where the once famous George Whitefield closed his remarkable revival career; and beneath one of whose pulpits, in an open casket, always visible since 1770, repose his bones! More than three hundred people are reported converted in and near Boston, and more than fifty churches are holding revival meetings to-day.

One of Mr. Moody's coadjutors is John G. Wooley, a reformed and converted drunkard of most desperate cast, from the West. The saloon became his home, leaving wife and friends; a lawyer without clients, though formerly with a large practice, wandering, he said, from city to city, trying in his own strength to reform and be clean; so was he for three years, till he "*surrendered himself to the keeping of Christ.*" Two or three hundred drunkards from the Rescue Missions were brought to the immense meeting, and seated directly before him in a body.

Listening were not only Mr. Moody, but a large number of the most noted clergy of Boston and vicinity, with a crowd of the wealthy and most cultured men and women of the city and suburbs. The impression produced was too intense for description. . . . One evening the meeting was for men only. That, too, like all the meetings, whatever the weather, was thronged.

Describing it, Mr. Moody himself said: The last Sunday night meeting for men was the most remarkable of his life. When he gave the invitation for prayer, so many responded that he thought they did not understand him. So he told them he only asked those to rise who really wanted to find Christ, and are willing to be talked with, and over three hundred were thus willing. And he added there was breaking down and weeping all over the room, and he and his helpers remained with them till after eleven o'clock.

And the meeting next day was equally affecting. The great congregation was intensely moved while Mr. Moody was speaking. Men who had handkerchiefs wiped their eyes, and those who had none substituted their coat-sleeves. There were few in the immense audience who were not affected.

These excerpts are from a single column of the *Boston Traveller* of Saturday, the 14th inst. The very words used as reported.

And the strange work seems only begun.

In the Temperance Reform everybody is interested, or should be. Though Moody frankly tells his converts that "mere temperance, even teetotal abstinence, will not save one of them, unless they are washed in the atoning blood of Christ," and all the evangelical ministers that throng his congregations seem to say amen to the sentiment.

But the Christ who is preached is as much a Man of War as was Admiral Porter or General Sherman!

And the American churches and clergy, Catholic and Protestant, in all our Indian wars, the Mexican war, and the War of the Rebellion, were just as

ready to furnish chaplains to pray for success in the bloody butcheries of the battle-field, as they are now to send helpers along with their prayers to aid evangelist Moody in his mysterious work !

And yet, I dare to say to Moody and all his converts, and all his auxiliaries, church and clergy included, that taking the life, preaching, teaching and death of their Christ, as they themselves have given them to the world, at only a reasonable and right interpretation, and every word of Moody to his converted drunkards about their salvation through temperance alone, must apply to Moody himself, and all his helpers, churches, clergy and all !

Their conversion and character have no relation nor resemblance to the life, word, nor death, of the hero victim of Mount Calvary.

PARKER PILLSBURY.

A CAUSTIC DENUNCIATION OF BROTHER "J. C. W.'s" LATE COMMUNICATION.

Editor Freethinkers' Magazine :

The March number of your excellent publication came to hand this morning, finding me at home. On its immediate receipt I turned to the Editorial Department, which itself alone is well worth the full price paid for the Magazine. Allow me to say it—the Editorial Department is just *immense*. The biography of Mrs M. A. Freeman was read with very much interest, and I believe it will be thus perused by all her admiring friends,—how she came to be an unbeliever of the world's pet system of religion, which, in my honest opinion, is the very worst form of religious fanaticism that ever cursed humanity. We are sometimes accused of being too radical, too very outspoken, upon the Christian doctrines, too uncompromising when speaking or writing upon this contemptible, cruel farce, cheat and lie ; but, in the language of the lamented Bennett, when we do attack it, we, to do absolute justice to both ourselves and the human race, cannot strike it too hard. Were we still more uncompromising, iconoclastic, and ever more tenaciously aggressive towards the world's great religious humbug, we would not have cause to painfully, regretfully read from the pen of a professed Freethinker, such an appalling milk-and-water "Plea for Falsehood," as published on the consecutive pages of the Editorial Department, over the initial signature, "J. C. W." Your condemnation of such hybrid liberalism is highly commendable, and will have the hearty approbation of every loyal and true Freethinker worthy of the name, and identified as such. "With malice toward none, and with charity for all," yet we deprecate the fact that a professed Freethinker should proclaim such an apology for the perpetuity, embellishment and solidarity of an admitted crystallized falsehood, as we, in all sincerity, believe the Christian religion to be. This apologist certainly cannot remain unblushingly within the ranks of undaunted Freethinkers, but should be unceremoniously relegated to the category of other Christian apologists, who have figured conspicuously during the middle ages, in bolstering up a decaying system of faith that never could stand

the light of investigation, and attestation of modern scientific research. This modern Christian apologist claims to be "incidentally assisting in furthering the progress" of Freethought. In the same breath he can just as consistently claim to be miraculously riding two dromedaries at once, traveling in two directly opposite directions. For, if there ever was a defense for Christianity, to the disparagement of Freethought, the article in question surely is one. The gentleman has a perfect right to express his opinion, give expression to his thoughts—this is what Freethought implies, and we cheerfully grant him this privilege—and a Freethought journal has published his opinions; but what right has he to claim himself a Freethinker, and "incidentally assisting in furthering the progress of Freethought?"

We have no confidence in such Freethinkers; they are too much of the wolf-in-sheep's-clothing order; too much of the good-God-and-good-devil stripe. Still, it may be that his intelligence forbids him to believe the Christian absurdities, yet, like thousands of others, dare not openly, independently come forth redeemed, regenerated, proclaiming himself out of the pale of the Christian faith, into a new and better mental atmosphere, for fear of loss of friends, loss of property, and social ostracism, and to still retain these he reluctantly palliates the Christian myth, her dogmas, barbarities and incongruities, at the expense of the assassination of Truth, Personal Liberty, and Mental Freedom. If this be true, we greatly commiserate his condition, with a hope uppermost that he may have more dignity and personal independence, "think a little *freer*, look a little *deeper*, examine a little *closer* into the wants of humanity, and learn the great fact that, instead of the creeds being a *consolation* to the people, that they are what has produced the most misery."

L. DE WITT GRISWOLD.

ELMHURST, March 2, 1891.

DO THE DEAD RETURN?

LETTER NO. 1.

Editor Freethinkers' Magazine:

The Detroit *Free Press* has asked the question: "Do the dead return?" I have never taken much stock in ghosts, nor in materialized spirits, but I have seen some strange things, and I will give the facts in one case, and you can do with them as you like. Some two years since, about three o'clock A. M., I had the nightmare, and my wife hearing me, came in from an adjoining room, and after shaking me I came out of it with a jump. I mention this, so that you may know that after I came out of it I was wide awake. I had no desire nor time to go to sleep again, for my wife had scarcely left my room, when I saw a little child standing on my bed.

The child was well dressed and seemed to be six or seven years old. She held one thumb in the corner of her mouth, and leaned well backwards, as if she feared that I would reach out and get hold of her. Without stirring a muscle, she stood earnestly gazing at me, and I gazed at her, looking each other square in the face for some one or two minutes, and as our faces were not more than some five feet apart, and the illumination so arranged that I saw her as plain as I ever saw a child in my life, I am sure that I could not have been mistaken.

Her skin and looks were so life-like, that not for one moment did I suspect that she was not a living child, who had come in with my wife and climbed on the bed to look at me. But wondering why she should so stare at me, I asked her: "What are you doing here?" But she made no reply. Thinking that she was timid, I thought I would reach out and get hold of her, and see if we could not get better acquainted; but she seemed to understand my motive, for it was then, for the first time, her eyes began to wink and snap and flash, as I never saw eyes flash before. Her eyes at first flashed like diamonds, then her eye-balls were balls of fire, and when consumed I could look through the empty sockets and see that the inside of her head was all one bright blaze of fire. Seeing this, I became excited and resolved that I would push her off of the bed, but as I partly arose on my knees, and was just ready to make the push, she began to fade, rapid at first, then a stop, so that I could see her dim form for a little while, and then it went out like a flash.

Now, as all this happened in from three to five minutes after my wife left my room, I could not have been dreaming. I was not only awake, but I remained awake until morning, watching all the time to see if my little visitor would re-appear. When I got up and told what I had seen and said, my wife said that after she returned to her room she heard me ask, "What are you doing here?" but she didn't know what I was talking about. But why should the child call on me, and represent herself as being consumed by fire?

I had not been dreaming, nor thinking of any little child, and it was several months before I could satisfy myself that I had ever seen the child; but after a long time I remembered that some twenty or twenty-five years ago, while visiting my cousin at St. Louis, a little girl, in appearance like the one I saw, holding one thumb in the corner of her mouth, used to come into the parlor and gaze at me very earnestly for a little while, and then without saying anything turn and go away. She was feeble-minded, the result of her father having been murdered, and was being cared for by my cousin and his good wife, as an act of charity and humanity. Not long after I received a letter from my cousin, saying their house had been burned, and the poor, pitiable little child was consumed in the fire.

Now, if I saw anything,—and I think I did,—if I didn't see the child that was burned in the fire, why did she represent herself as being burned? And if, as it seems to me, I did see her, it is proof that sometimes the dead do return.

LETTER NO. 2.

Dear Sir—You write that you will find a place for my short article, "Do the Dead Return?" in the April Magazine. I did not send it for publication, but as you had known me for many years as a materialist, I thought to surprise you. I do not object to its publication, and if I shall ever see God, ghost or the devil, I ought to have the manhood and the courage to say so. I shall not feel unkindly towards you if you do not believe me, for at the time when I saw you last, had you told me what I have told you, I would not have believed you. I have written of the child, and now will write of the father.

Some ten years since, having a chance to test a medium's ability to see and tell things of which she knew nothing, I joined the circle, and after closing her eyes the medium soon began to say, "John Brown, John Brown, does any one know John Brown?" No one said anything, but she insisted that some one of us knew him. After a while I asked, "What disease did he die of?" Most emphatically she said, "He didn't die that way. I see somebody strike or stab him, and he fell right over backwards." For the purpose of testing the medium, I asked the question so that she

might infer that he died of some disease, but I failed to catch her in the trap, for she insisted that he was murdered.

Now, I had a cousin John Brown, who some thirty years ago was murdered in Missouri by a man who got mad and struck him with a spade, and when struck it is likely that he fell right over backwards. I should not mention this, only for the reason that my cousin John Brown was the father of the little child who was burned to death in the fire, and who, as it seems to me, I saw standing on my bed, looking me square in the face. Now, as to me the medium was a stranger; unless she did see John Brown, how and where did she get her information? You see both the father and the child died unnatural deaths, and, as it seems, I have heard from the one, and seen the other.

Soon after seeing the child, I wrote an account of the occurrence which was published in the New York *Truth Seeker*, and had I at the time of seeing dreamed of my cousin's little child, in writing the account I could not have forgotten her. But as I did not, nor could not think of her, I thought she must have been a little child who had died a few days before, and my opinion was so given in the *Truth Seeker*, and I speak of this as proof that my dreaming had nothing to do with the case. But afterwards I wondered why a child who had died a natural death should represent herself as being consumed by fire, and after a long time, perhaps for the first time in the last ten years, I thought of my cousin's poor, pitiable little child, who, with the house, was consumed in the fire.

M. BABCOCK.

SR. JOHNS, MICH.

MISS GARDENER, AND "IS THIS YOUR SON, MY LORD?" FROM AN ENGLISHMAN'S STAND-POINT.

MISS HELEN H. GARDENER is a writer of whom our brother heretics on the other side of the Atlantic are justly proud, and her reputation here in England among the Agnostics and Secularists is becoming higher year by year, resting principally upon "Men, Women and Gods," an anti-Christian volume of no ordinary merit. Last year we noticed Miss Gardener's "A Thoughtless Yes," which gave promise of possibilities in the realm of fiction. That promise has been amply fulfilled in "Is This Your Son, My Lord?"—a novel with a purpose, and a set and serious one—merciless exposure of the weak points and wicked points in our domestic and social system. From her portrait facing her title-page, Miss Gardener looks a gentle and cultured lady of refined tastes and delicate sensibilities, and you would never dream, from looking at her counterfeit presentment, that, as the enemy of sham, hypocrisy, and wrong, the placid gentlewoman could blaze up into an Amazon, and wield a pen more savage than a red Indian's scalping knife. The revolting confession of young Preston to the doctor, in chapter twelve, is one of the most realistic things we have ever met in fiction or outside of it, and makes us regret that, in order to stab vice, it is necessary to unveil it. We fear that, in this expression of regret, Miss Gardener will descry in us only Amos Waters' "Christless Calvinist," and mutter to herself, "Scratch Saladin, the Agnostic, and you will find W. Stewart Ross, the Presbyterian;" but she will leave us in possession of our opinions as to what is legitimate in fiction and what is not. She, in this chapter, introduces an episode of debauchery which only the desperate earnestness of her purpose can justify, if, indeed, justification be possible. The book is written with grace and vigor, the situations are picturesque, the construction dramatic, and the earnestness of moral purpose vividly, even luridly, apparent.—SALADIN in the *London Agnostic*.

DEATH OF HON. WARREN CHASE.

HON. WARREN CHASE, well known as one of the earliest and ablest advocates of Spiritualism, died at his home in Cobden, Ill., February 25th, at the age of 78.

Mr. Chase was more radical and went further in rejecting the Christian theology, than any other prominent Spiritualist. He always insisted that he was an infidel. His lectures and writings were devoted more to the exposure of the superstitions of Christianity than to an exposition of the "Harmonial philosophy." Mr. Chase was a man of commanding ability, and did good work in the field, both of political and religious reform.

He was a member of the convention that framed the Constitution of Wisconsin, was a member of the Senate of that State, and was prominent and influential in its early Legislature. He was also for some three years a State Senator of California. He was a contributor to the *Investigator* during the first two or three years of its publication, and occasionally during the following half century.

He was a strong reasoner, an effective speaker, and a good writer. Personally he was respected for his sincerity, integrity and loyalty to his convictions. He and Mr. Seaver were warm friends, and his lectures at Paine Hall were always well received.

By his special request, made long before his death, B. F. Underwood gave an address at his funeral, which was attended by a large concourse of people, mostly his personal acquaintances and friends. He wanted Mr. Underwood to give the address at the funeral, because, he said, he had been acquainted with Mr. Underwood many years, and because he knew him to be an honest, independent thinker, and a fair-minded man.

Mr. Chase left a widow, two sons, a daughter, and several grandchildren, a number of whom are prominent in their professions.—*Boston Investigator*.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

J. Francis Ruggles, Bronson, Mich.:

The FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE is a very creditable publication, and reflects much honor upon its publisher, and I trust is meeting with a generous support. The portraits are a grand feature, and I cannot understand how any friend to the cause should object to having his intelligent phiz grace its handsome pages, and occupy a welcome niche in so magnificent an innovator's pantheon. [We are pleased to have the Magazine so heartily indorsed by this distinguished bibliophile.—ED.]

Mary B. French, Clearwater, Neb.:

I have read the last two numbers of the Magazine, and thank you heartily for them. The Magazine is an honor to Liberalism. It is so clean and free from everything that might be considered objectionable. I hope you will succeed. I was particularly pleased with the January number, containing the portrait and biographical sketch of Moses Harman. He is a noble-looking man, who is being persecuted and tried for the expression of his honest opinion. The course the Kansas courts are pur-

suing in this instance, will immortalize Mr. Harman. [As to Mr. Harman and his course, our opinion was expressed in the said biographical sketch. We think he was *very* injudicious, but are sure he meant well, and that he had no *criminal intent*.—ED.]

Voltaire De Cleyre, Enterprise, Kas.:

MRS. COLMAN'S BOOK is a series of pictures drawn with a free hand, devoid of useless embellishment, and without any false coloring. Nothing is brought into the foreground to serve an undue prominence, and nothing cast into the shadow because the effect on the beholder would be more pleasant. There is a certain characteristic nervousness of style, which keeps the reader on the raw edge of expectancy; the more so that the truth he feels to be coming is coming *barb* first. When the book is finished one draws a long breath, it is all so terribly real. I would advise every one who cares to catch the every-day spirit of the men and women prominent in the abolition movement to read this book. [We have a few more copies of this book left, that any of our readers can have for one dollar.—ED.]

Stephen Brewer, Ithaca, N. Y.:

The Magazine is able, interesting and useful. It seems to be following the law of evolution, that is, growing better with the lapse of time. I inclose my this year's subscription. [We are always glad to hear from Judge Brewer, who, some thirty years ago was expelled from the Presbyterian Church in Cortland, N. Y., for listening to lectures by Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Emerson, Pillsbury, Theodore Parker, and others, in behalf of humanity. But then he ought to be thankful that the Church set him at liberty, for he has been growing ever since. How well we remember the great excitement there was caused by his trial and conviction and expulsion. We heard a small-brained clergyman pronounce the terrible decree of the Church. We have forgotten his name, and there are not, probably, five men in Cortland who remember him.—ED.]

J. C. Watkins, Kanawha Falls, W. Va.:

For the rapid dissemination of Liberal ideas, more Freethought works are needed. I have just read Helen Gardener's "Is this your Son, my Lord?" and while it is especially directed against masculine immorality, it is also a strong plea for Freethought. People will read fiction, and if an unpopular idea is to be inculcated, it can be best done through an interesting story. I do not like continued stories in monthly publications, or I would suggest that you keep a Freethought serial running all the time in the Magazine. But we could not spare the space. However, such stories should be published in book form, and in cheap editions, so that they will be within the reach of the masses. Freethought must find its greatest strength among the educated, thinking people first,—then the masses will follow. [It is those who are known as the "common people," as a general thing, who first accept truth,—often the uneducated in school lore, but who have a good amount of "common sense," or more properly *real* sense. In the light of modern science, what fools all the great theologians were! Wise and learned men! who promulgated the doctrine of the Trinity. Three Gods in one, and each one of these gods equal to the whole three,—God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost; and then greater than all these, was the personage whom Theodore Parker called the fourth person of the Trinity, a roaring, raving, personal devil. And "unto this day" every orthodox creed contains all this abominable stuff.—ED.]

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE BIBLE.

THERE is no other book that has so large a circulation in this country as the Christian Bible. One or more copies may be found in nearly every home in the United States. In nearly every room in all our public houses a copy is placed for the use of the guests. Copies are provided for the use of the inmates of our prisons, penitentiaries and asylums. This book has a place on the desk of all our courts of justice. Chapters are read from it at the opening of most of our public schools; lessons are learned from it each week by the seventy-five thousand Sunday-school children in America, and the sixty-five thousand clergymen take their texts from it, from which they preach every Sunday. There are thousands of dollars expended every year to publish and circulate it, and large salaries paid to hundreds of agents to distribute copies everywhere.

For years past, copies have been placed in nearly all the passenger cars on the railroads, for the use of travelers; but we notice that these copies are disappearing, and, instead, we see an ax and a saw provided to be used in case of an accident. The railroad officials seem to think that these tools will be much more useful in case of a fire than a Testament. The Testament is to save the passengers from fire in the next world, the ax and the saw from fire in this world.

But notwithstanding the general circulation of the Bible, we are sure there is no other book that the people have so little knowledge of; and it is encouraging to know that this book is now being examined and investigated as it never has been before. That some of the leading clergymen of this country—such distinguished preachers as Rev. John W. Chadwick, Rev. M. J. Savage, Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton, and many others of equal intelligence, are subjecting the Bible to the analysis of the human reason, and bravely rejecting those portions that are unreasonable, and accepting only that which commends itself to

their judgment. That is the position that every true Free-thinker must take.

And now we propose, in this article, to give the reader a few selections from the Bible, that no intelligent, thoughtful person, can accept as truth, inspired or uninspired.

And first, what account does the Bible give of the creation of the Universe? In Genesis, chapt. 1, we read :

FIRST DAY'S WORK.

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said let there be light and there was light. And God saw the light, that it was good; and God divided the light from the darkness. And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day."

SECOND DAY'S WORK.

"And God said, let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters; and let it divide the waters from the waters. And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament, and it was so. And God called the firmament Heaven. And the evening and the morning were the second day."

THIRD DAY'S WORK.

"And God said, let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear, and it was so. And God called the dry land earth; and the gathering together of the waters called he seas; and God saw that it was good. And God said, let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth; and it was so. And the earth brought forth grass, and the herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself, after his kind; and God saw that it was good. And the evening and the morning were the third day."

FOURTH DAY'S WORK.

"And God said, let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven, to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days and years. And let them be for lights in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth; and it was so. And God made two great lights: the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night; he made the stars also. And God set them in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth, and to rule over the day and over the night, and to divide the light from the darkness; and saw that it was good. And the evening and the morning were the fourth day."

FIFTH DAY'S WORK.

"And God said, let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creatures that have life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven. And God created great whales, and every living creature that moveth, which the waters brought forth abundantly, after their kind, and every minged fowl after his kind; and God saw that it was good. And God blessed them, saying: be fruitful and multiply, and fill the waters in the seas, and let fowl multiply in the earth. And the evening and the morning were the fifth day."

SIXTH DAY'S WORK.

"And God said, let the earth bring forth the living creatures after his kind, cattle and creeping things, and beasts of the earth after his kind; and it was so. And God made the beasts of the earth after his kind, and cattle after their kind, and everything that creepeth upon the earth after his kind; and God saw that it was good. And God said, let us make man in our own image, after our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth. So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him, male and female created he them. * * * And God saw everything that he had made; and beheld that it was very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day."

This chapter is a plain, concise statement of how God created the Universe, giving the portion of labor that he performed each day, and the number of days that he was engaged in it. But since the fact has been established by science, that this world has been growing for millions of years, and is being "created" to-day as much as it ever was, the theologians have been laboring to prove that the above account in Genesis *perfectly* harmonizes with the most recent scientific theory of creation.

THE SONS OF GOD.

The reader will find a strange account in the 6th chapter of Genesis, 2d verse:

"That the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose,"

No theologian has yet been able to inform us where these sons of God came from.

GOD REPENTS.

We find that notwithstanding God pronounced his work "very good," after he got it finished, that in the 6th verse of the 6th chapter of Genesis we read:

"And it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart."

A GREAT FALL.

It seems that God's work did not turn out as well as he expected. He created Adam and Eve *perfect*, but, notwithstanding, they fell into sin at the very first temptation, and they, and all their posterity, are in the "broad road to hell." And what was

THE REMEDY

God decided upon in this emergency? Here it is, and we submit it to the consideration of parents who have disobedient children:

"And the Lord said, I will destroy man, whom I have created, from the face of the earth, both man and beast, and the creeping things, and the fowls of the air, for it repenteth me that I have made them."

He evidently saw he had made a mistake, a curious thing for a God of infinite wisdom to do. But why did he decide to destroy the beasts, creeping things and fowls of the air? They had not eaten of the forbidden fruit. But since science has demonstrated that such a flood as is recorded in the Bible is an impossibility,* the theologians have been at the work of "construing" this flood story. They now contend that it was but a small affair, covering only the then known portion of the earth; but let us see what the Bible says on the subject.

THE FLOOD.

We read in chapter 7 of Genesis as follows:

"And the flood was forty days upon the earth, and the waters increased, and bore up the ark, and it was lifted up above the earth. And the waters prevailed, and were increased greatly upon the earth, and the ark went upon the face of the waters. And the waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth, and all the high hills that were under the whole heaven were covered. Fifteen cubits did the waters prevail, and the mountains were covered. And all flesh died that moved upon the earth, both of fowl, and of cattle, and of beast, and of every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth, and every man. And every living substance was destroyed which was upon the ground, both man and cattle, and the creeping things, and the fowls of heaven; and they were destroyed from the earth, and Noah only remained alive, and they that were with him in the ark."

We should judge from the above account that it was a pretty general flood, something more than a wet season.

THE TOWER OF BABEL.

And another very strange story we find in the book of Genesis. In the 11th chapter we read:

"And they (the people) said, go to, let us build us a city, and a tower whose top may reach unto heaven. And the Lord came down to see the city and the tower which the children of men builded. And the Lord said, the people is one and they have all one language, and this they begin to do, and now nothing will be restrained from them which they have imagined to do. Let us go down and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech. So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth."

* See the "Myth of the Great Deluge," by James M. McCann, published at this office. Price 15 cents.

It appears from this account that the Lord was fearful that the people would become so wise that he could not control them, and so he "confounded" their language. The trouble was, this Jewish God was a "jealous God," as we read in many places in the Bible, and in fact his name was jealous. For we read in Exodus, 34th chapter and 14th verse:

"For thou shalt worship no other God, for the Lord, *whose name is jealous*, is a jealous God."

And then by this account it would seem he is not everywhere present at the same time, for we read:

"And the Lord *came down* to see the city and the tower."

THE LORD SHAVES WITH A RAZOR.

And some of our readers may be surprised to learn that the Lord was ever in the barbering business, but he was, for we read in the 7th chapter of Isaiah, the 20th verse:

"In the same day shall the Lord shave with a razor that is hired."

We would be pleased to have some theologian explain this passage. And then we can prove from the Bible that the Lord God was at one time in

THE TAILORING BUSINESS.

For we read in the 3d chapter of Genesis, 21st verse:

"Unto Adam also and to his wife did the Lord God make coats of skins and clothed them."

And to have obtained these skins he must have done a little hunting, and then a little tanning, for we can hardly suppose he made these clothes up of the raw hides. They were probably made up in the latest style, for old Mother Eve was a woman that generally moved in the best society. And then we read in Exodus, 4th chapter and 24th verse, a strange account of

AN AFFRAY AT AN INN,

That the Lord got into with the son of Moses, whom he met there. It reads:

"And it came to pass, by the way in the inn, that the Lord met him, and sought to kill him."

Who believes that such statements are the inspired words of the God of the Universe? And, reader, if you allow your own judgment to decide the truthfulness of these statements, you are a Freethinker, and on the way to what the Church calls "Infidelity."

HOW TO GOVERN CHILDREN.

Very few persons can be found who will indorse the following Bible directions for governing children. They can be found in the 21st chapter of Deuteronomy.

"If a man have a stubborn and rebellious son, who will not obey the voice of his father or the voice of his mother, and when they have chastised him, will not hearken unto them, then shall his father and his mother lay hold of him and bring him out unto the elders of his city and unto the gate of the place. And they shall say unto the elders of the city, 'This, our son, is stubborn and rebellious, he will not obey our voice, he is a glutton and a drunkard. And all the men of the city shall stone him with stones, that he die.'"

HOW TO CONDUCT WAR.

There is no country in the world to-day so brutal as to carry on war in the manner the Lord directed in the days of Moses. Here is one of the commands we find in the 32d chapter of Exodus:

"Thus saith the Lord God of Israel. Put every man his sword by his side and go in and out from gate to gate through the camp, and slay every man his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbor, and there fell that day about three thousand."

HOW TO TREAT PRISONERS.

And these are the directions that Moses, the mouthpiece of the Lord, gave for the treatment of prisoners. The reader will find them in the 31st chapter of Numbers, 15th and 17th verses:

"And Moses said unto them, have you saved all the women alive? Now, therefore, kill every male among the little ones, and kill every woman that hath known a man by lying with him, but all the women children that have not known a man by lying with him keep alive for yourselves."

The above is hardly proper to publish, but we do so to show the reader what cruel and inhuman teachings are to be found in this book, referred to by thousands as "the word of God."

SLAVERY INDORSED.

In the great antislavery conflict in this country, on every hand the clergy preached from the pulpit, that slavery was a divine

institution, and that the Bible sustained it. And the following authority, among many others, was often quoted in defense of their position. In Exodus, 21st chapter, we find the following instructions:

"If thou buy a Hebrew servant, six years shall he serve and in the seventh he shall go out free for nothing. If his master hath given him a wife and she hath borne him a son or daughter, the wife and children shall be her masters, and he shall go out by himself. And if a man smite his servant or his maid with a rod and he die under his hand he shall be surely punished. Notwithstanding if he continue a day or two he shall not be punished, *for he is his money.*"

WITCHCRAFT INDORSED.

Everybody now condemns our New England ancestors for hanging witches. But in doing so, they were carrying out a Bible doctrine, for we read in the 22d chapter of Exodus, 18th verse:

"Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."

SUNDAY REGULATIONS.

There is considerable fault found by many with the Sunday Prohibition laws of the New York State code. How would the people like to live under the Sabbath laws that the Lord gave to Moses? The following is a selection from them, to be found in the 31st chapter or Exodus:

"And the Lord spake unto Moses saying, six days may work be done, but in the seventh is the Sabbath of rest holy to the Lord, whosoever doeth any work in the Sabbath day, he shall surely be put to death."

MOSES APPEASING THE LORD'S ANGER.

The reader will find a very interesting account of how Moses used to labor with the Lord when his "wrath waxed hot," in the 32d chapter of Exodus. It is as follows:

"And the Lord said unto Moses, I have seen this people (the children of Israel) and behold it is a stiff-necked people. Now, therefore, let me alone, that my wrath may wax hot against them, and that I may consume them, and I will make of thee a great nation. And Moses besought the Lord his God and said, 'Lord, why doth thy wrath wax hot against thy people which thou hast brought forth out of the land of Egypt with great power and with a mighty hand? Turn from thy fierce wrath and repent of this evil against thy people. Remember Abraham, Isaac and Israel, thy servants, to whom thou swearest by thy own self and saidst unto them, I will multiply your seed as the stars of heaven, and all this land that I have spoken of will I give unto your seed, and they shall inherit it forever.'

"And the Lord repented of the evil which he thought to do unto his people."

So it seems that Moses persuaded him to "turn from his fierce wrath, and "repent of this evil" he was about to do. This is the second time we find him "repenting."

THE SCAPE-GOAT STORY.

The Christian atonement, now preached in all the orthodox churches, was probably taken from the following scape-goat story found in chapter 16 of Leviticus. It reads as follows:

"And Aaron shall lay both his hands on the head of the live goat and confess over him all the iniquities of the children of Israel, and all their transgressions in all their sins, putting them upon the head of the goat, and shall send him away by the hand of a fit man into the wilderness. And the goat shall bear upon him all their iniquities unto a land not inhabited, and he shall let go the goat in the wilderness."

The theory is now, that in place of loading our sins on a goat's back, we load them onto Jesus. We make Christ the scape-goat, and the Christian sings:

"Our sins on Christ were laid,
He bore the mighty load;
Our ransom price he fully paid
In groans, and tears, and blood."

NOTE.—If ten of our friends will notify us by postal card, immediately, that they will take fifty copies, at \$1.00, we will put the above article into tract form, as a missionary document.—EDITOR.

P O E T R Y.

THERE are probably twelve or fifteen persons in this country who are entitled to be called poets, then there are twelve or fifteen thousand who think they are poets, and this army who "think they are poets," are able to cause themselves and the rest of mankind a great deal of misery—especially editors. The only good we can think of, that they do in this world, is to give employment to "kids," as office boys, to empty waste-baskets. Now, for the relief of humanity, let us suggest to all our good friends who think of writing to this Magazine, that before they attempt to put their ideas into blank verse or rhyme, they ascertain, by consulting the best authorities on the subject, whether or not they belong to the twelve or fifteen persons first above mentioned in these comments. And if they find that they are not one of the divine company, then we implore them to put their thoughts into plain prose. If they possess any poetical genius it can be expressed as well in this manner,—as witness Col. Ingersoll's writings.

These observations have no reference whatever to the following verses. The author, Mr. Henry Severance, has been for many years one of our most highly esteemed personal friends. He is an earnest, intelligent, worthy Liberal and citizen, who is

always glad to contribute, so far as he is able, to aid the cause of Humanity. For the eight or nine years that we, as Secretary, were in charge of the New York State Freethinkers' Association, each year, though not attending the annual conventions himself, he invariably sent us his contribution, and ever since we commenced the publication of this Magazine he has constantly given it his generous support. Mr. Severance is now eighty-three years of age, and the best mentally and physically preserved person we ever knew. He is as spry and bright as are many at the age of fifty, and we never knew a person who seemed to better enjoy life. He makes everybody happy around him, notwithstanding he is one of those "wicked infidels," and has no expectation of a pair of wings or a crown of glory when he leaves this mundane sphere. He is *in Heaven* NOW, and has been there through a long and eventful life. *His* heaven consists in making others happy *here* and *now*. If there should happen to be a future existence we know of no one who is better prepared to enjoy it than Brother Severance. Having been an inhabitant of heaven here so long, he will naturally be at home in any other heaven that he may hereafter enter, and we are inclined to believe that if he should, as his orthodox neighbors predict, turn up in the other locality, so familiar to our orthodox Christian friends, that he would in a very short time much improve the society there. As hell is full of Scientists, Reformers and Freethinkers, we are not sure but he would prefer that country to the one where nearly all the great criminals go, and where the principal business is to stand around a great white throne and play on harps and continually cry, "Glory, Glory to the Lamb of God!"

The other day our good friend sent us the following verses. He said he wrote them for diversion only, and not for the press, and sent them to us for our private perusal. But we like them so much that we are going to publish them for the benefit of our readers. Here they are :

How fast along the ages roll ;
A single age, how short the whole !
But there have been vouchsafed to me,
Of years, in number, eighty-three.
Of those when born, how very few
May hope to pass successful through
So many years (Job's speech we borrow)
Without a large amount of sorrow.

But fiercest sorrow, as we know,
Will fade and from remembrance go ;
'Twas so in Job's day, and the powers
That ruled in his day rules in ours.

In " Looking Backward " to old days ;
Contrasting them with present ways,
We must be looking wide askance,
Should we not note a marked advance.

'Tis eighty-three years since, one morn,
In a *log-cabin* I was born,
'Mid forest dense and drear and wild ;
All these to greet a helpless child.

Want's hideous form, in various guise,
Was what first met my infant eyes ;
Inclement skies of winter drear
Were present at my advent here.

When young—how young I cannot name—
I often wondered whence I came ;
But learned, alas, beneath the rod,
That I was a "lost child of God."

Was made to feel that I was mean,
And "born unholy and unclean,"
Was poisoned through before my birth,
Then sent vindictively to earth.

Was told that God held me as chaff,
At my calamity would laugh ;
The only chance held out to me,
Was burning through eternity.

But in the straight and narrow way,
A chosen few, so they would say,
In heaven would sing, devoid of care,
For my fierce writhing in despair.

Sending aloft my screams and cries,
To the Jehovah in the skies,
And those in heaven would shout with
joy,
While God was roasting such a boy.

All this is true, as well I know,
And taught some seventy years ago ;
I being brought up on the lines
Of certain "Westminster Divines."

I then was told, if I'd believe
A certain doctrine I'd receive
A pardon and a crown, how odd,
From a creator, so-called God.

Again was told the way we're made
We owe a debt that must be paid,
And hell was hot and all aglow,
Ere man was made so long ago,

To burn all those who missed the chance
Of an election in advance ;
And Heaven took no blame upon her,
If I proved a vessel of dishonor.

We give all thanks to Thomas Paine,
The *giant Fear* will soon be slain ;
The clergy now much milder strive,
Can only *lead*, they dare not drive.

Religion, I, with faith, avow,
Relates alone, to Here and Now ;
Of the hereafter, we suppose,
The wisest man just nothing knows.

A Revelation is on high,
'Tis blazoned all athwart the sky,
And he who reads it truly, must
Shake off the accumulated dust

Of ages which, since time began,
Has settled on the mind of man.
These clouds are breaking, and the day
Seems dawning for a milder sway.

No one will now sit in the cold
To hear a priest his tale unfold,
And hurl denunciations dire,
In a cold church without a fire.

The clergy teach somewhat this shape—
Confess to us, and thus escape
The perils we pronounce, so dire,
Of roasting in eternal fire.

Good sense says, on the other side,
That though ten thousand Christs had
died,
We are not absolved from wrongs we do,
By sufferings others may go through.

Our duty is to search and scan
The true position held by man,
And try to utilize the power
Before which we've been taught to cower.

We thus a safe conclusion draw,
The Universe is ruled by Law,
And he who has a conscience clear
Has little cause for future fear.

So here we rest, will leave the sharks
(clergy),
To made their own profound remarks ;
Work their machine as heretofore,
While we plod on through eighty-four.

HENRY SEVERANCE.

DUNKIRK, N. Y.

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BOOK REVIEW.

THE SOUL OF MAN. BY PAUL CARUS.
ILLUSTRATED. Open Court Publishing
Co. Pp. 480. Price \$3.00 For sale at
this office.

The "Soul of Man" treats of the most salient psychological problems, presenting them in their connection with philosophy, physical science, including mechanics, physiology, experimental psychology, (hypnotism, etc.), religion and ethics. The physiological chapters of the book are profusely illustrated, so as to economize the time and save the patience of the reader, who will find the most important facts and results of scientific investigation that have reference to the activity of the human soul, collected and systematically arranged in a comparatively small space and handy shape.

Psychology is a study too much neglected; it is indispensable for every one who has to deal with people; and who has not? the physician, the employer of labor, the officer in the army, the professor, the merchant, the banker, almost every one has to deal with people, and, above all, the lawyer. Self-knowledge is not sufficient to make us free, it must be self-knowledge *and* the knowledge of other people; it must be self-knowledge in the broadest sense, knowledge of the mind (here designated soul), of the motives that work upon and can be employed to affect man's sentiments. It is only knowledge that can make us free; and knowledge will make us free. And

because it makes us free, knowledge, and chiefly so psychological knowledge, is power.

Like all the Open Court publications, this book is gotten up in the most beautiful modern style of typography. The illustrations are worth twice the price of the book. They are beautiful, instructive and suggestive. Every thinker, educator and learner ought to possess a copy. No more valuable book, in our estimation, has been published during the last decade.

"THE CHICAGO LIBERAL" improves with every number. Mrs. M. A. Freeman, the editor, seems to know how to make an interesting paper. The subscription price is only *twenty-five cents*. We advise each one of our readers to become a subscriber for a year, *at once*, before the price is raised. It is well worth a dollar. Address *Chicago Liberal*, Chicago.

"THE FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE, VOL. VIII," well bound, makes a most beautiful book. We hope our subscribers will generally get this last volume, at least, bound. They will see that, as a keepsake, it is well worth *ten dollars*, containing, as it does, *sixteen* interesting pictures and portraits, and so much valuable reading matter. It contains *six hundred and sixty pages*, finely printed on heavy tinted paper, in the latest and most approved typographical style. We have a few of these bound volumes, that we will send to any address for \$3.00, and 25 cents to pay postage.

"THE AMERICAN SECULAR UNION."—Miss Ida C. Craddock, the efficient Secretary of the American Secular Union, has just published an eight-page pamphlet with the above title for general circulation. The object of it, we judge, is to arouse a more general interest in the cause of State Secularization. And it is most admirably adapted to that purpose. We advise each of our readers to send a small contribution to the Union and ask for a few of these pamphlets, which will be sent, we have no doubt, gratuitously. The first page is adorned with a picture of the American flag, under which we read :

Forever float that standard sheet !

Where breathes the foe but falls before us,

With freedom's soil beneath our feet,

And freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

O say, does the Star Spangled Banner yet wave

O'er the land of the FREE ?

The following are the contents of the second page:

Question yourself : 1. Are you a patriot? 2. Are you opposed to the union of Church and State? 3. Are you in favor of protecting and upholding the Constitution of the United States? 4. Are you opposed to any violation of American laws? 5. Are you opposed to all attempts to use our public funds for any sectarian purpose? 6. Are you opposed to ecclesiastical interference, directly or indirectly, in the affairs of our government? 7. Are you in favor of maintaining and perpetuating our public school system intact?

If you can answer the above questions in the affirmative, then you are in exact accord with the principles and objects of the American Secular Union. Therefore, why not make application for membership? Or why not join one of our local auxiliary societies? Or, if there be none in your town, why not organize one, and assist in carrying out your belief in protecting and perpetuating our free institutions? For further information, address Ida C. Craddock, Corresponding Secretary American Secular Union.

Office, southeast corner Broad and Columbia Avenue, Philadelphia.

"BRADLEY'S AMERICAN FARMER," for 1891 is a most beautiful, fifty-page, illustrated annual, that every farmer ought to have, and it will much interest those who are not farmers. It is sent free of charge on application. Address Bradley Fertilizer Company, 27 Kilby Street, Boston.

"THE CANDLE FROM UNDER THE BUSHEL" has been heretofore mentioned a number of times in this Magazine. As before stated, it is a two hundred and thirty page pamphlet, containing *thirteen hundred and six questions to the clergy*—questions very difficult for them to answer, but very pertinent. Every Liberal should own a copy as a text-book. The price is fifty cents.

"FREETHOUGHT," we regret to learn, is in danger of being discontinued. Mr. George E. Macdonald, one of the editors, has resigned the position, and this leaves Mr. Samuel P. Putnam sole editor. In making this announcement, Mr. Putnam says: "If the friends of *Freethought* rally about me, I shall stay, but if they do not, I myself must resign all connection with this paper at the end of three months." It is greatly to be desired that *Freethought* may be sustained, as it is the only distinctive Freethought journal on the Pacific coast.

"THE TRUTH SEEKER'S ANNUAL AND FREETHINKERS' ALMANAC FOR 1791" is out. The following are the contents: "Calendar for 1891"; "Freethought in the United States"; "Story of the Year Abroad"; "Some Alaskan Myths," by Ida C. Craddock; "Anent Spooks: Where are They?" by Thaddeus B. Wakeman; "Where the Catholics got a Litany"; "Side Lights on South Sea Missions," by Alec Campbell, illustrated; "Disadvantages of Specialism in the Advocacy of Reform," by A. B. Bradford; "Shouting Joe," by Watson Heston, illustrated; "Gaining Ground in England." Price twenty-five cents. For sale at this office.

"AN APPEAL TO THE WOMEN OF AMERICA" is a fifteen-page pamphlet by C. L. James, and published by Moses Harmon. Mr. James is a very forcible radical writer, of extreme views, but what he says is worthy of consideration. If you desire the pamphlet send *ten cents* to Moses Harmon, Topeka, Kansas, for one.

ALMOST PERSUADED. BY WILL N. HARLEM. New York Minerva Publishing Company. Pp. 316. Price fifty cents.

THE GENIUS OF GALILEE: AN HISTORICAL NOVEL. BY ANSON URIEL HANCOCK. Chicago; Charles H. Kerr & Co., 1891. Pp. 507. Price \$1.00.

Liberal novels seem to be all the rage just now, and we are glad to learn the fact. Sound Liberalism will be taken down by orthodox people when inculcated in an interesting fiction, when they would not accept it in any other form. For years our best writers of romance have held to Freethought views, and all of their writings have been tinged more or less with Infidelity. Dickens, Oliver Wendell Holmes and even Harriet Beecher Stowe, in all their writings, have inculcated Freethought doctrines. But it was done as Andrew D. White describes the conflict between science and religion—under cover of Christianity, or, in other words, as Mr. White puts it, for the benefit of genuine religion. But these later writers, like Helen Gardener, do not pose as Christians, while dealing the Christian Church heavy blows. The two books above named are of this latter school. Their "Infidelity" is apparent on nearly every page, and it appears that the books that are the most decidedly on the side of Freethought, and the most skeptical in their teachings, are the most eagerly sought after. If Colonel Ingersoll would only write a novel it would have a larger sale than any book ever published in this country. Suppose we all request the noted heretic to do so?

"THE POPULAR RELIGIONS, AND WHAT SHALL BE INSTEAD?" This is a discourse by a well-known "Gospel" preacher who stands outside of the Christian Church—who would not be admitted if he desired to be, and would not enter if permitted to. The name of this lay preacher is PARKER PILLSBURY. We wish this sermon could be read in every home in America, especially every orthodox home. We hope each one of our readers will purchase a copy, and hope many will send \$1.00 for twelve copies. Do not send to this office, but direct: "Parker Pillsbury, Concord, N. H." Price ten cents, twelve copies for \$1.00.

"THE HORACE SEEVER MEMORIAL NUMBER" of this Magazine is a very valuable publication. We have a hundred or so still on hand. It contains Colonel Ingersoll's address delivered at Mr. Seaver's funeral; "James Parton's estimate of Horace Seaver"; "Lessons from Seaver's Life," by T. B. Wakeman; "Horace Seaver," by Susan H. Wixon; "The Great Champion of Mental Liberty," by Harry Hoover; "An Estimate of Mr. Seaver," by Dr. R. P. Westbrook; the poem sung at Mr. Seaver's funeral, and much other interesting matter. For sale at this office. Price twenty cents.

"THE MORALIST" is another new Liberal monthly paper, published at Barre, Mass., and edited by that well-known Liberal writer, Ella E. Gibson. The paper is to be the organ of the society known as "The Brotherhood of Moralists," and if each member of that society subscribes for it, and takes an interest in its circulation, it ought to be self-supporting from the start. We are glad to see that the *Moralist* denies that the Brotherhood is an exclusive, illiberal society, as has been charged, and as we are sure some of its earlier circulars seemed to indicate. We know of nothing more *immoral* than a *bigoted* Liberal. And we are sorry to say, there are a few such.

A I L S O R T S.

—The portrait and life-sketch of Josephine Cables Aldrich will appear in the May Magazine.

—In our estimation, the next number of the Magazine will be the most valuable one we ever published.

—Can't you get five or six, more or less, of your neighbors to subscribe for the Magazine for the balance of the year, commencing with this number, for \$1.00? Try it.

—Hand a short advertisement of the Magazine to the editor of your leading secular journal and pay for its insertion. It will cost you something, but it will help the Magazine.

—Will you please read our editorial entitled, "The Bible;" then inform us by postal card if you will take *fifty copies*, at \$1.00, if we will put it into tract form, as a missionary document. *Please notify us at once.*

—"Johnny," said the Sunday-school teacher, "do you know where the little boys go who fish on Sunday?"

"Why, of course I knows where they go. Want to go with me?"—*St. Joseph News.*

—Reader, this Magazine *will live and prosper*, but it will require your aid to do so. How much will that be? Will you do half as much as you did for superstition when you was a Church member? We hope so.

—Send one dollar for ten copies of the latest number of the Magazine, hand them to your news agent, and tell him you will give him fifty per cent. on what he sells, and you will take back what he does not sell. Do that for a number of months, and you will get quite a sale established.

—The following is from the *New York World*: Susan H. Wixon, of the Fall River School Committee, says she will

urge the establishing of school kitchens in the Fall River public schools. She thinks the ability to translate Horace is a prettier accomplishment if accompanied by the knowledge how to bake bread and fry potatoes.

—Parker Pillsbury, in a private letter, writes: "We may hear something drop soon. Old creeds are surely doomed. Old parties, too, must fall. Also, old systems of social and domestic life. And your capital Monthly is grandly helping on the work. It is always clean and serene; brave and good-tempered. None better. May prosperity attend you!"

—Prof. Tyndall, now in his seventieth year, spent his birthday in his Swiss chalet, among the glaciers upon which so much of his thought was spent more than a quarter of a century ago. His gaunt and wiry frame is still equal to the fatigues of Alpine climbing. It is thirty years since his "Glaciers of the Alps" was published, since when Prof. Tyndall has entertained a warm affection for Switzerland.

—Sunday-school teacher—"All things were made out of nothing." Johnny—"And what was the nothing made out of?"—*Harper's Bazaar.*

That is good orthodox doctrine, but like most orthodox teachings there is no truth in it. God himself, if there be such a being, could not create a thing out of nothing. "Nothing," as Col. Ingersoll says, as a raw material, is of little value."

—Moncure D. Conway, in *The Nation*, shows conclusively that Thomas Paine was the first real Abolitionist in this country, and that if his admonitions had been heeded, slavery would never have been established here, and the late bloody war would not have darkened our national history. This valuable article will doubtless constitute a chapter in Mr. Conway's forthcoming life of Paine.

—Mr. Charles Watts intends making a brief lecturing tour in Iowa and other places west of Chicago, the latter part of April and during May next. Friends in the above districts wishing lectures from Mr. Watts at that time, should at once apply to his agent, Mr. Franklin Steiner, Box 332, Des Moines, Iowa, who has the entire management of the tour.

—Miss Ida C. Craddock, Secretary of the American Secular Union, is a member of a Philadelphia church.—*Vice-thought*. We do not understand why this announcement was made. It may be that Miss Craddock is a member of the Unitarian Church, but that is exclusively her own concern. We hope there is no professed *Liberal* who would proscriber a person on account of any honest opinion he or she may hold. Proscribers belong to the orthodox side, whatever they may call themselves.

—B. F. Underwood's article, entitled "A Western Philosopher's Contribution to Knowledge," which appeared originally in the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE, has been re-printed in several journals of high character, including the *North American Practitioner*, for December, 1890, in which it is re-produced, with this remark by the editor: "This article is of such interest that it merits re-publication in medical literature. It was originally contributed to the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE, Buffalo, N. Y., 1888."

—W. H. Herndon, for thirty years the law partner of Abraham Lincoln, died on the 15th of March. He always declared that Mr. Lincoln was not a Christian. Lincoln held to about the same views as Thomas Paine. Herndon says Lincoln once wrote a book much like Paine's "Age of Reason," but his friends destroyed it. And these two men, Thomas Paine and Abraham Lincoln, were two of the best friends this country ever had, and if orthodoxy be true, they are both in hell. But no sensible man really be-

lieves the orthodox creed to day. Mr. Herndon was a grand good man, and always an outspoken Freethinker. Peace to his ashes.

—Helen Gardener, the author of "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" corrects the impression that would naturally follow the reading of her frank story, that it had been prompted by Tolstoi's "Kreutzer Sonata." The manuscript for her story, it would seem, was in the hands of the Arena Publishing Company long before the first English version of the Russian book appeared, and was first intended as a serial story for *The Arena* magazine. "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" is enjoying a phenomenal sale. Although less than four months have elapsed since it was brought out by the Arena Publishing Company, four editions of five thousand copies each have been issued.

—At the funeral of Gen. Sheridan, Senator Carlisle and Gen. Sherman walked arm in arm out of the church, and waited on the pavement in front for the procession to form. Senator Carlisle remarked: "I expect we will have to wait here some time." "I suppose so," replied Gen. Sherman, and added: "I am not going to have any of this nonsense at my funeral." "How do you know?" responded Senator Carlisle; "you will be there, but helpless." The Gen. replied: "I have already made all the arrangements for my funeral, and if they are not obeyed to the letter, I will do some tall kicking, dead or not dead."—*Courier-Journal*.

—It is a singular sight to see so able a man as W. E. Gladstone defending the foolish bible story about the devils and the swine that were driven into the sea. In replying to Prof. Huxley, he says: "But the personal action of our Lord is the basis of the Christian revelation, and to impugn it successfully, in any part, is to pierce the innermost heart of every Christian." That is, we must swallow every story, even the devils and swine story, however inconsistent, for fear of piercing

the innermost heart of the dear Christians. Who ever heard that the "Christians," whose professed motto is, "Love your enemies," were ever so regardful of the feelings of heretics? Our demand is: *Let the truth be spoken without regard to any one's feelings.*

—Before us lies a printed discourse by Rev. H. M. Simmons, of Minneapolis, entitled "What the Church Owes to the Agnostic and Skeptic Spirit." After citing the wicked and barbarous practices of the Church in the middle ages for the propagation of the faith, as related by historians like Motley and Lecky, Mr. Simmons says: "I beg your pardon for repeating these things; but I wish you to see clearly what Christianity came to when left without skepticism to criticise it, what faith did when left without the agnostic spirit to temper it. A little agnosticism would have saved all those innumerable lives, prevented all that suffering and been infinitely more honorable to God. Even atheism would have been a more reverent religion; for, as has been said by wise men from Plutarch to Bacon, to deny God honors him more than to teach doctrines that disgrace him."

—*The New York Journal* says: The tender spot and open purse that John D. Rockefeller, the millionaire oil king, always has for religious and charitable projects, especially if they are connected with the Baptist faith, keeps a swarm of begging ministers at his door most of the day.

A witty Methodist minister called upon the millionaire Friday night, and, after explaining his visit, said in a seductive way:

"Now, how much may I put your name down for, sir, in this worthy cause?"

"But," said the rich man, "I am not of your church."

"That doesn't matter," said the minister, "your money is orthodox." Yes, the millionaires and money kings are all followers of "the meek and lowly Jesus." There are are no infidels among them,

and the clergy know it, and, as a general thing, govern themselves accordingly. And this reminds us of an anecdote we heard of "Bob" Ingersoll. When he lived in Washington, some Christian asked him what he thought of Jesus. His reply was: "I think if he should come to this city, I would be about the only man who would lend him five dollars." Col. Ingersoll probably never said it; nevertheless, it was very near the truth.

—We desire to call the reader's especial attention to Mr. Otto Wettstein's new advertisement in this number. As Mr. Wettstein is so well known to the Liberals of the United States, it is unnecessary to inform them who he is. All know that he is an *honest atheist*, which our orthodox friends would claim is something like a *white blackbird*. That is what they might *claim*, but they *know* better. In our opinion, as a class, the atheists of this country, as to character, will compare favorably with any class of citizens, and we are sure will *stand ahead of any other class in downright honesty*. No dishonest man, whatever may be his opinions, will announce publicly that he is an atheist, for *it does not pay* to do so. Therefore we can assure our readers that whatever Mr. Wettstein may say to them they can depend upon. We have been dealing with him a number of years, and have found him to be a reliable, straight-forward business man, and we can, therefore, recommend him to the Liberal public. We know that Liberals, as a general thing, are poor, and do not purchase many diamonds or much jewelry, but most of them occasionally desire something in Brother Wettstein's line. To those we say, *be sure and patronize our Infidel friend.*

—D. B., the London correspondent of *The Nation*, writes of Charles Bradlaugh:

I knew little of Mr. Bradlaugh until I sat beside him in the House of Commons. My dominant feeling in connection with his name was shame that our Irish members had taken such an unworthy part together with the illiberal majority which

for so long did their utmost to exclude him from Parliament. The more I saw of him, the more I admired and respected him, the more profoundly I was impressed by his largeness of nature and his conscientious dedication of his great powers to the side of right and truth on every question that came before us for discussion. His whole demeanor was marked by intensity and directness. He was seldom seen in the library or reading-rooms, or chatting in the lobby. His only relaxation, apparently, was chess in the smoking-room. He had thoroughly mastered the forms and rules of the House, and his abilities enabled him to make the best use of his knowledge. To the people of India and to all subject races under British rule, he is a supreme loss. At the grave-side a Parsee remarked to me that perhaps no Englishman was ever so sincerely regretted by a larger number of his fellow-subjects. Every trick and artifice had been tried to keep him out of the House. He had been dragged by police from the table and thrown exhausted and with torn habiliments into Palace Yard. Once conceded his rights, he was as jealous as any member could be of the respect due to the Chair, of the dignity of the House, and of all its forms and usages. He seemed incapable of pettiness or meanness. In nothing did he more show his magnanimity than in his steady adherence to the cause of Ireland, after the part her representatives had taken against him. I recall his wonderful voice, ringing like a clarion through the House, his commanding figure, clad in sombre black, the towering forehead, the white hair brushed back. No member was listened to with greater respect, or had more completely captured the ear of the House. "I used to hate that man," said a good Catholic to me; "but as I sat beside him I could not but grow to like him." It was hardly a face to inspire love; there was too much of the bull-dog about it. It was graven with the strife and endurance of a long Ishmael life of poverty and trial. It was the countenance of one who, against overwhelming difficulties, had forced his way to recognition and respect. There was little space left for lines of tenderness, yet the man had an acutely sensitive and loving heart.

—Holyoake's article on Bradlaugh, that commences in this number, will run through the May and June numbers and then be put into a fine pamphlet. The price will be 15 cents; 10 copies for \$1.00. Please send in your orders.

—August 22, 1878, the first annual Convention of the New York State Free-thinkers met at Watkins, N. Y., and was in session four days. The report of the proceedings says: "It was addressed by the following named speakers: Hon. Geo. W. Julian, of Indiana; Judge E. P. Hurlburt, of Albany, N. Y.; Courtlandt Palmer, of New York City; Giles B. Stebbins, of Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. R. P. Lawrence, of Pennsylvania; Elder F. W. Evans and Elder C. A. Loomis, of Lebanon, N. Y.; W. S. Bell, of Boston; Mrs. Laura Kendrick, of Boston; Rev. J. S. Alcott, a Congregational clergyman of Ohio; John W. Truesdall, of Syracuse, N. Y.; Rev. W. E. Copeland, of Nebraska; D. M. Bennett, of New York; G. L. Henderson, of New York; Prof. J. H. W. Toohey, of Boston; Mrs. Matilda Joslyn Gage, of Syracuse; Dr. J. M. Peebles, of New Jersey; Hon. Elizur Wright, of Boston; T. C. Leland, of New York; C. D. B. Mills, of Syracuse; T. B. Wakeman, of New York; Mrs. Clara Neyman, of New York; Horace Seaver and J. P. Mendum, of Boston; Prof. N. L. Rawson, of New York; James Parton, the historian, of Newburyport Mass.; Lucy N. Colman, of Syracuse; Mrs. Mary E. Tillotson, of New Jersey; Amy Post, of Rochester; Rev. J. H. Harter, of Auburn; Dr. T. P. Taylor, of Chicago; Mrs. Ella E. Gibson, of Boston; Mrs. A. C. Bristol, of New Jersey; J. S. Verity, of Boston, and Rev. E. W. Abbey, Presbyterian minister, from Terre Haute, Ind. Was there ever a convention convened in this country that contained more talent than that one? We must admit that the editor of this Magazine feels a little proud, when he remembers that by days of hard labor he succeeded in getting together, for the first time in this country, such a magnificent body of Liberal people. How much we would like to attend another such convention in this country. But it is sad to reflect how many of these noble personages have passed away.

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