

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A Freethought and Agnostic Newspaper.

BELIEVE EVERYTHING THAT IS TRUE, AND NOTHING MORE. PROVE ALL THINGS.
AND YE SHALL KNOW THE TRUTH, AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE

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A SQUARE DEAL.

Justice for the Man who Roosevelt Still Insists Is a "Filthy Little Atheist."

In the "Life of Gouverneur Morris," by Theodore Roosevelt, on page two hundred and eighty-nine is the statement that Thomas Paine was a "filthy little Atheist." This was written in eighteen hundred and ninety-six, and in the last edition of the book, printed in nineteen hundred and six, the soft orthodox impeachment still remains, although Mr. Roosevelt has been repeatedly reminded, since the work was first issued, of his indelicacy.

When we cannot answer a man's arguments, all is not lost, we can still call him vile names. The fishwives supply us plenty of precedent, and the traditions of Billingsgate still survive. Roosevelt is a Presbyterian—Paine was something else. Paine criticised the faith of John Knox and John Calvin, so Roosevelt, who believes in the religion of John Knox and John Calvin, calls Paine "little" also "filthy"; and other savory epithets, which I dare not reproduce, are applied to those who reverence the memory of men who lived and labored to make other men free.

Paine was not "little," mentally or physically. In height he was five feet ten, and the man who brings against him the damning indictment of being little is five feet five. Only in girth does Roosevelt surpass Paine.

As for being "filthy," Paine was ascetic in his manner of life and had the Englishman's passion for his "tub," to such a degree that he was ridiculed for his cold water habit by his soldier comrades.

The third charge, that of being an "Atheist," not being a matter of physique or bodily habit, is more easily controverted. Seven times in the "Age of Reason" Paine says, "I believe in one God." The closing paragraph of the book says, "The creation we behold is the ever existing word of God."

And yet Mr. Roosevelt still insists that Thomas Paine did not believe in God, and, moreover, adds the gratuity that the man was little, also filthy.

In this book the author backs himself up by references to a certain "Isaac Roosevelt." Neither Bancroft, Greene, the Encyclopedia Britannica, Appleton's nor the Century Dictionary mentions Isaac Roosevelt. He is evidently a mythical Mrs. Harris or Ol' Bill Jones, conjured forth in a psychic moment as a happy thought by the versatile author. Of course the writer might have referred to Thomas Jefferson or Benjamin Franklin, both of whom paid high tribute to the genius of Paine, but instead he rings in Isaac who has no parts nor dimensions, being neither little nor filthy, whom no one knows or even heard of, who wrote nothing and said nothing, being but a wraith of the figment of Theodore's pigment. To such extremities does a religion of hate and prejudice often drive even very excellent men.

Let us look in the dictionary for the mean-

From the Phillistine for September.

BY MARILLA M. RICKER.



ing of the word Atheist. An Atheist denies the existence of a god.

A Deist believes in a god but denies the fact or possibility of a special revelation. Thomas Paine was a Deist, and no one can read his writings and his life by Rev. Moncure D. Conway without thinking that the man who wrote the "Age of Reason," and said, "The world is my country, and to do good, is my religion," was a great and good man.

"Tom" Paine was a straw man made by frightened orthodoxy to save its religion. This uncanny effigy was set up in churches to terrify the timid and weak minded. But it has had its day. This scarecrow has been picked to pieces by the fingers of invisible air. The last rag is gone; the last straw is dust, and the cross-sticks on which this scarecrow hung would not be purchased by a Roman Catholic junk dealer in religious relics. And so today let us exclaim, "Tom Paine is dead. Long live Thomas Paine."

The only thing that ever came back from the grave that we know of was a lie. The lies which professed followers of the gentle Christ told of Paine were killed and buried hundreds of times, but they break the bonds of death now and then and appear in their ghastly robes in the pulpits just as though they were the white garments of truth. But a lie about an Infidel no longer receives credit as an argument in favor of Christianity. Had Thomas Paine been as cruel as John Calvin, as wicked and vile as some of the popes, as merciless as Jonathan Edwards, instead of being one of the greatest and noblest of mankind, the doctrine of vicarious atonement would be just as immoral, the dogma of endless punishment just as barbarous, and a hell for unbelievers just as hideous a thought. It is unnecessary for an honest man to ever again misrepresent Thomas Paine. Moncure D. Con-

way's "Life of Thomas Paine" has made it possible for us to know what manner of man he was.

The time has been when the person who defended the author of the "Age of Reason" offered himself as a target for religious abuse, but the time has come when to refuse to defend Thomas Paine is to confess that one is a coward, a knave, or grossly ignorant. A just man is applauded, a generous man is loved, but a man who can give himself, all he has, and all he can do for the good of his race, deserves immortality in human hearts.

I have looked over the names of those men who left their native land to cast their lot with that band of pilgrims who sought these shores that they might have freedom to worship their god and persecute their fellow man, and also the list of those who cast their lot with the descendants of that band of pilgrims, and I say now and here that the most valuable emigrant that ever came to America was Thomas Paine. He did more for our country than every priest and every parson that has touched our soil. He left his home to help make a home for the oppressed of all the world. He came at the right time, he spoke the right word, he had the right spirit. I have no faith in divinely guided stars, in angels who direct human affairs or in what is called "Providence." Providence to me is good luck, a happy accident, as there is as much bad luck as good in this wayward world of ours; any theory of Providence makes God partial and whimsical. But if fortuitous circumstances ever furnished a foundation for faith in divine interpretation, surely those attending the triumphant career of Thomas Paine must be regarded as notable examples.

No one knows what power plants in the human mind the seeds of greatness. We like to think that great sons had great mothers, and that loving hearts endowed their offspring with their own rare natures. But there have been children of the world who surpassed fathers and mothers, who contradicted heredity and environment, and who in their bold undertakings turned away from all instruction and defied all authority.

In seventeen hundred and seventy-four Paine was living in England; he was a man of humble parentage, a man poor and unknown who had acted no brilliant part on the stage of life, a man whose experience had not fitted him to grasp great political principles or to solve important political problems, but who, within one year, contributed to the world the greatest work on human liberty and human government that had come from the human brain. It is not too much to say that Paine's "Common Sense" made a Nation and that nation today the greatest on earth. From being one of the most obscure men on the globe in seventeen hundred and seventy-four, Thomas Paine became one of the most influential in seventeen hundred and seventy-five. The world delights in martial heroes, in



THE HOUSE WHERE PAINE WAS BORN (Thetford).
The House is the Second One on the Left.

deadly weapons, and we yet see the stream of destiny following the tide of war; but on the canvas of history I can see a man with a pen in his hand who was a grander hero than ever led a charge on the field of battle.

Ink has made more fate than has blood, and the boldness of Thomas Paine in denouncing tyranny and wrong makes a picture of bravery which outshines in heroic splendor all the deeds of rifle and sword. The man who one hundred years ago dared to speak the truth, faced not only poverty and disgrace, but in many instances death as well. To defy the king was more dangerous than to defy God, and when Paine characterized George the Third as that "Royal British Brute" he made a haïter for his neck, had the Colonies not won independence.

I cannot open the book of this man's life with cold indifferent hands, nor read his burning words without my blood answering to his. To me Thomas Paine has been not only a man of destiny, but a man who made destiny. Nothing could induce him to cut one inch from the stature of his manhood. A conviction was as sacred to him as an idol to its worshipers. He protected his thought with all the chivalry of a knight of old who fought for the hand of the woman he loved; as a mother watches over her crippled child, so Paine was devoted to what he believed to be right.

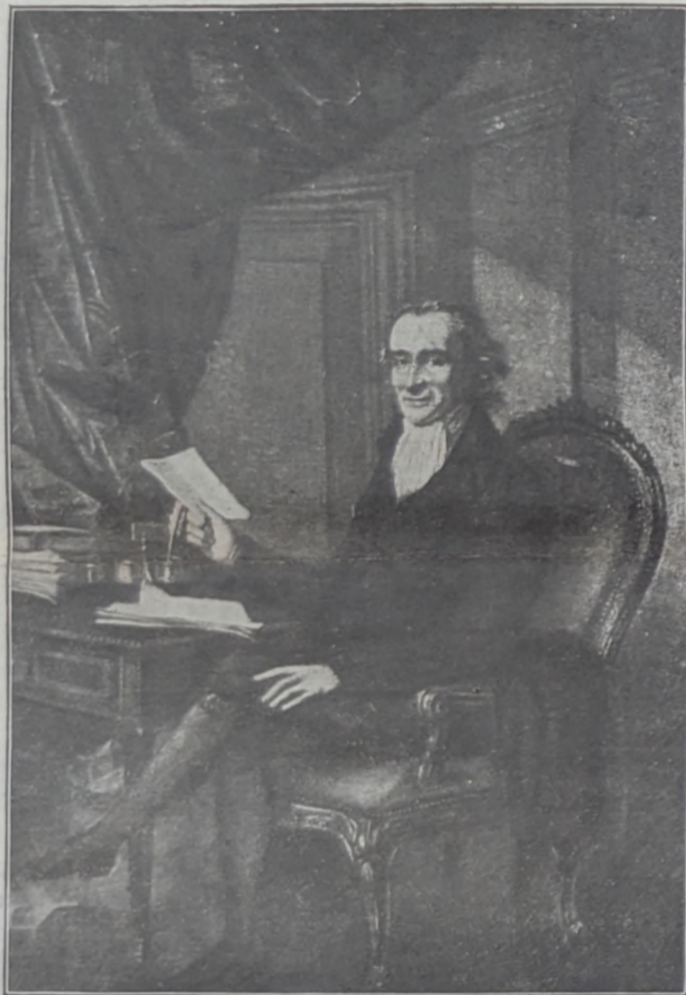
Thomas Paine did not ask a man about his nationality, his color, or his religion; to him a black face was not a mark of slavery, nor an honest belief a badge of degradation. He knew no rank higher than manhood. Titles were deceptions. Every king was an impostor, every noble a person obtaining honor under false pretenses. He was as democratic as nature, as impartial as rain or sunshine. He wanted a government where those who held office should be no higher than those they served. He wanted every man who was elected to position high or low, to represent the people, to stand for the people, and to work for the people. He wanted to strike the bauble from the head of every monarch on earth, and say:

If manhood be not written across your brow, you deserve no respect from honest men. Every throne has robbed the world, every altar has enslaved it, and Thomas Paine knew that any government which fostered superstition or allowed tyranny would trample upon human rights and lead reason to the gallows. He looked upon the world with pity for the poor and lowly, with sympathy for the toilers, but with hatred for the thrones of power. I know of no one who has placed duty to mankind higher than did he. In whatever he did he obliterated self. He sought for no advantage over others, and if a man was endowed by nature with superior ability, he saw in such power only a greater opportunity to bless his race. He never entered the wild race for money; never prostituted the power of his mighty brain; never sold his influence.

Thomas Paine was never a traitor to himself. What did this man hate? Falsehood, wrong, tyranny. What did he love? Justice, truth, right and liberty. The dominating inspiration

of Paine's mind was love of freedom. He cried out wherever he went, "Liberty, Liberty and yet again Liberty!" In the land where he was born there was no such thing taught as the equality of mankind. All the springs of freedom in Great Britain were dry. The birds could sing of liberty, but man was dumb.

Thomas Paine dreamed the most glorious dream of human freedom that ever enchanted the mind of man; fairer and sweeter than lay under the broken marbles of Greece; brighter and better than was buried with the dead eagles of Rome. We know not what gave birth to this dream in his soul. The atmosphere of his early life has faded from the sky. The key to his youth is lost. He had seen and heard little of the world. He had lived mostly in the hidden realm of thought. How the hope of freedom for all mankind gained entrance to his mind no one can tell; what rivers fed it, what suns nourished it, what stars looked down upon it by night can never be learned. He was a genius of solitude. His mind nursed sustenance from the heart of the universe. The wrongs he read of made him long for justice; the falsehoods he heard turned his heart to truth, the oppression about him kindled liberty within him. His great dream for mankind came from his love of man. He looked upon



THOMAS PAINE (about 1793).

the king of England as his personal enemy, and hence as the enemy of all humanity. It was the taking of all the wrongs and sufferings of his fellow beings to himself that made him touch to life those "Truths that wake to perish never." Paine lived in a land where justice was in the grave, where right was led to the scaffold, where liberty had never been born; in a land where honesty went barefoot; and where vice held all the trumps. And yet in this dismal environment, Paine saw a vision of human equality, a country where a king was not wanted, and a pope was not needed; a country where the people were their own rulers, and where manhood was the brightest crown. He saw in America the land of his dream. In October, seventeen hundred and seventy-four, he sailed for these shores and, "By his vision splendid was on his way attended," Thomas Paine did not come to America to look upon some wonderful picture painted by a famous artist, or to see some marvelous figure wrought from a marble block by a sculptor's genius, or to gaze upon some spot sacred to religious faith, but he came to see if in the American Colonies an altar of freedom could be raised, and if there were a possibility of establishing a government which would protect human rights. He came here to find what he could not find in England, what he could not find in Europe, what he could not find in the Old World—a land which would give to man the liberty to be a man and which

would respect manhood more than titles and coronets. He came here to find a new world, to found a new government, to help make a country where all men should be equal, to help found a nation which would be the monarch of the earth, as the eagle is of the air.

When Paine reached our shores he found the people in rebellion against the King. The yeast of discontent was working and the land was preparing to resist oppression. The clay was ready for the hand of the potter. One of the first efforts of Paine was an essay condemning negro slavery and advocating the emancipation of the slave. Before Lexington Green was stained by patriot blood the first American Anti-slavery Society was formed in Philadelphia. Had Paine's counsel been heeded, there would have been no slaves in the United States, and civil war would not have dug a grave in our soil or broken a heart in our homes. The independence of the American Colonies was not sought by the men who emptied British tea into the waters of Boston harbor, nor was that the purpose of the minute men who faced the red-coats in the Concord fight, nor did the hope of independence win the victory of Bunker Hill. Only a few men in seventeen hundred and seventy-five believed that separation from England was probable and no one publicly advocated it.

It was at this time that Thomas Paine set to work to show the American people that the hour had come for them to rid the land of monarchy. The bold argument of Paine for national independence could not be answered, and within a few months it had converted a continent. On the fourth of July following its publication the Colonies proclaimed their "Declaration of Independence." "Common Sense" flashed across the political sky of the New World with a brilliancy that won admiration and wonder from all. No true estimate can be made of the mighty influence which the ideas in this pamphlet have had, and are destined to have upon the human race.

Paine stands between two epochs: the epoch of Kings and the epoch of Man. To the King he said, "The night is coming." To Man he said, "The day is dawning; tyranny must leave the earth, freedom and equality will possess it." Paine did not say to Men, fall upon your knees and implore God's help, but, stand upon your feet and help yourselves. Muskets did better execution during the revolutionary war than did prayers. Paine did not say, "Thus saith the Lord," for he had something better to say than was ever said by the Lord. He cried to his fellow men out of his mighty passion for liberty to rise and drive British oppression back over the seas. One has only to read the writings



FRIENDS MEETING HOUSE, THETFORD.
The Building in the Foreground With Arched Doors is an Ancient Jail.



THE ROOM IN WHICH PAINE WAS BORN.

of Paine to learn that the man who wields a big pen does humanity a nobler service than a man who wields a big stick. Reverence has chained the mind of antiquity, and the lips of eulogy have bestowed the highest praise upon the ancients, but Plato and Socrates, Seneca and Epictetus, Paul and Jesus combined did not do for the human life on earth so much as did Thomas Paine. I know that my words sound extravagant to the popular ear, but the philosophy which made the Athens of Pericles and Aspasia is as dead as its sculptured gods; the morals which built up the Rome of the Caesars are embalmed in a few rose jars of literature; and the gospel which conquered Egypt and Syria is powerless before the truths of modern science; while in the words of Paine sleep giants that will yet vanquish every foe of man.

A nation is no stronger than its citizens. Thomas Paine's work was to build man strong and great that the nation might be strong and great. The rights of man are to be defended, not the word of God. When men have been corrupt, governments have decayed. The salvation of the race is not in gods or saviors, or bibles or churches, but in the perpetuation of freedom and equality among men and women.

The tree of liberty had blossomed a thousand times, and the perfume of its flowers filled the air with the glad promise of its ripened fruit, but not until the stars and stripes waved over America's soil was political freedom a fact. Thomas Paine did more than any other man to put the stars on our flag and to give that flag to the breeze. And what he did was done without expectation of pay. When he had finished "Common Sense," he did not ask the Colonies to buy it. His strongest convictions were in that work, his dearest hopes had been written into its words, and these convictions and those hopes were too precious to be bartered for money.

Paine had no love of freedom to sell. This man who started out to give his life to freedom presented to the Colonies all his rights in his pamphlets and not less than fifty thousand dollars were realized from the sales. Let us draw the picture of this man in January, seventeen hundred and seventy-five: A self-exiled Englishman living in Philadelphia with only a few acquaintances, receiving a salary of two hundred and fifty dollars a year for editing a magazine. He had a head full of good ideas and a heart full of good feeling. Under his arm he carried the manuscript of his first book. He had read portions of his work to the few friends who urged him to publish his thoughts. This man who had spent months in the preparation of his work took it to a printer without thought of personal gain. He only wished that the people would read his book and carry its principles to the heights of victory. Thomas Paine in writing and giving "Common Sense" to the Colonies made the noblest and best contribution to the cause of freedom in America. During the seven years' war which the revolutionists waged against Great Britain, Paine contributed from time to time thirteen numbers of his "Crisis." The first which was printed in December, seventeen hundred and seventy-six,

commenced with this memorable sentence, "These are the times that try men's souls," and the last which appeared on April nineteenth, seventeen hundred and eighty-three, opened with these words "The times that try men's souls are over." Paine's words put strength into men's arms and courage into their hearts, but not a dollar into his own pocket. All he wrote in



PAINE'S RESIDENCE IN LEWES.

The house is in the middle of the picture. That in the foreground was formerly a Quaker meeting house, now a Unitarian chapel.

America was given for her freedom. He gave his services as the night gives its dew, as the flower gives its perfume, as the sun gives its light.

In seventeen hundred and eighty-seven, Paine sailed for England, intending to be absent about one year. It was fifteen years before he again saw the land of his dream. He was intensely interested in the struggle for liberty which was going on in France and studied its every phase. Soon the struggle became a revolution, and the eyes of the civilized world were watching for the outcome.

In seventeen hundred and ninety, Edmund Burke, the foremost orator of England, published his reflections on the "Revolution in France." It was a foul blow struck at every attempt of man to overthrow despotism. Although Burke had uttered noble words of sympathy for Americans in their war for freedom, and although he had been the warm friend of Paine, as soon as his pamphlet reached the public, Paine answered it. He never allowed friendship to turn him from the path of right, or to wreath his lips with a lie. In a short time the first volume of the "Rights of Man" appeared. Paine dedicated this work to George Washington and gave the

proceeds from its sales to the "Society for Constitutional Information." The second volume was issued a year later. The work created the greatest enthusiasm, both in England and France. It made Paine an outlaw from his native land, and gained him a seat in the French Convention.

Paine was a great power in France, but his humane principles were not appreciated by men who could talk suavely, but act like beasts. He was honored by the best and hated by the worst of men. The Revolution, which opened the Bastille that had held within its gloomy walls so many of the brightest minds and truest hearts of France, was hurried from a desire for liberty to a demand for blood. When Louis XVI fled from Paris, the cry for his execution went up from the frenzied mob. It was then that Paine rose to the sublimest heights of humanity. While he would trample the crown of Louis under foot, he would not vote for his death, and said to the infuriated assembly, "Kill the King but not the Man." When Paine asked that the life of Louis be spared, he saw his own face in the mirror of death, but he did not take back his words. The King went to the scaffold and Paine went to prison.

While daily expecting to be carried to the guillotine, Paine wrote his "Age of Reason." He dedicated this work to his fellow citizens of the United States in these words: "I put the following work under your protection. It contains my opinion upon religion. You will do me the justice to remember that I have always strenuously supported the right of every man to his opinion, however different that opinion might be to mine. He who denies to another this right makes a slave of himself to his present opinion, because he precludes himself the right of changing it. The most formidable weapon against errors of every kind is reason. I have never used any other and I trust I never shall."

In this book Paine told the straight truth about the Christian Bible. He was the voice of honesty in the wilderness of hypocrisy. Thomas Paine for forty years battled for truth, for right, for liberty, for reason. He had the only religion fit for a civilized person to profess or practice. He did not say, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved," but he said, "To do good is my religion," and, "The true theology of man is happiness of mind."

Without Thomas Paine the battle of Bunker Hill would have been fought in vain, and the sun of liberty would have gone down in the darkness of Valley Forge. Without Thomas Paine the light of political independence would not have followed the night of oppression, and America would still be addressing petitions across the sea to England's diminutive monarch. Without Thomas Paine there would not have been liberty enough in this land to allow the publication of The Philistine Magazine.

"Thou Shalt Not Kill."

God created this universe, the foundation law of which is to take life, the stronger ever living upon the weaker, as expressed in the "Light of Asia," as follows:

"All things spoke peace and plenty, and the Prince Saw and rejoiced. But, looking deep, Buddha saw The thorns which grow upon this rose of life: How the swart peasant sweated for his wage, Toiling for leave to live; and how he urged The great-eyed oxen through the flaming hours, Goading their velvet flanks; then marked he too, How lizard fed on ant, and snake on him, And kite on both; and how the fish-hawk robbed The fish-tiger of that which it had seized; The shriek chasing the bulbul, which did chase The jewelled butterflies; till everywhere Each slew a slayer and in turn was slain, Life living upon death. So the fair show Velled one vast, savage, grim conspiracy Of mutual murder, from the worm to man, Who himself kills his fellow. How salt with sweat the peasant's bread! how hard The oxen's service! in the brake how fierce The war of weak and strong! i' th' air what plots! No refuge e'en in water."

Certainly, from a finite standpoint, it seems a terrible system. After God has instigated this apparently cruel system, does he mean it as a cynical joke when he writes a commandment on stone and hands it to Moses to deliver, which reads:

"Thou shalt not kill"? GEO. C. BARTLETT.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.—We shall be obliged to our readers if they will send us the name and address of any Freethinker who is not a regular subscriber.

The Pilgrims and the Puritans.

For the nicest historical accuracy we should not look to the occasional speeches of our worthy President, Mr. Roosevelt. The President was at Provincetown, Mass., on August 20, at the laying of the cornerstone of the monument to commemorate the landing of the Pilgrims, which took place in 1620. In his speech he said nothing about the Pilgrim Fathers, but began talking about the Puritans in his second sentence, continuing them as his theme until he had shifted to the topic of federal control of business.

The failure to differentiate the Pilgrims who came in 1620 from the Puritans who came afterwards shows that Mr. Roosevelt identifies the two classes. But there is a distinction which should be observed. The Puritans were the class who, adhering to the church of England, endeavored to mould it to their own views. The Pilgrims belonged to a group called Independents, who insisted on a separate organization. They came to America by way of Holland, whence they had emigrated to avoid persecution.

The Pilgrims were Congregationalists. Dr. H. K. Carroll, in his American Church History, says: "The first church of the Congregational faith and order in the United States came over the sea to Plymouth, Mass., in the Mayflower, in 1620."

The Puritans, on the other hand, were allied with the Presbyterians by a "solemn league and covenant." Both churches were and are Calvinistic (and so is the President's Dutch Reformed church), but they are not identical, and the Pilgrims are not to be charged with all the bigotry of the Puritans who followed them to America.

Roger Williams was an Independent. He denied the right of the magistrates to punish a breach of the Sabbath, and was guilty of entertaining "divers singular opinions," for which the Puritans drove him into banishment. If the germ of religious liberty existed anywhere in New England, it was to be found among the Independents, and not the Puritans; but we find in President Roosevelt's address this passage:

"The Puritan's task was to conquer a continent; not

merely to overrun it, but to settle it, to till it, to build upon it a high industrial and social life; and, while engaged in the rough work of taming the shaggy wilderness, at that very time also to lay deep the immovable foundations of our whole American system of civil, political and religious liberty achieved through the orderly process of law."

We are sorry that the Puritans did not perform the task assigned to them, that of laying the foundations of religious liberty, but the disagreeable truth is that they never attempted it. Their chosen work of a civil and religious nature was that of establishing the Mosaic code as the law of the colonies; they not only punished Sabbath-breaking severely, but made membership in the church a condition of the exercise of the political franchise, and they supported the churches with money raised by tax levies. The church of the Puritans was not formally disestablished in Connecticut until 1816, nor in Massachusetts until 1833, when other influences than those of Puritanism were at work in New England.

Mr. Roosevelt said again:

"The Puritan was no Laodicean, no laissez-faire theorist. When he saw conduct which was in violation of his rights—of the rights of man, the rights of God, as he understood them—he attempted to regulate such conduct with instant, unquestioning promptness and effectiveness. If there was no other way to secure conformity with the rule of right, then he smote down the transgressor with the iron of his wrath. The spirit of the Puritan was a spirit which never shrank from regulation of conduct if such regulation was necessary for the public weal."

The picture of the Puritan smiting the "transgressor" is a more faithful one than any attempting to represent him as laying the foundations of religious liberty, which he never dreamed of doing. The "public weal" he identified with the weal of his narrow church, and he "regulated" accordingly. He provided that "if any man refuse to paye meete proportion (for the ministers' 'meintenance') that then hee bee rated by authority, in some just and equal way; and if after this, any man withhold or delay due payment, the civill power to be exercised as in other just debts." Probably Mr. Roosevelt could see the sarcasm in the use of the word "just" in this connection.

The Puritan went so far in the way of "regulation" that non-attendance on public worship was subjected to a fine; going out on Sunday for any other purpose than attending divine worship incurred the same penalty; failure to pay such fines was punished by the workhouse. They regulated the amount of wine and tobacco a person might take; what day he might not sail his ship; and how much of his time he might devote to leisure. They smote him with whips upon the "naked body" if he told a lie against the "publique weal" as they saw it (though perhaps they would except a pious presidential historian writing of an unbeliever); if a servant left his master's employ he could be brought back at the public charge "by force of armes." If a man worshiped any god but the Lord God, the "capitall lawes" provided that he should be put to death. The same with one who "consulteth with a familiar spirritt." An ecclesiastical regulation set forth that if any man bore himself contemptuously toward the word preached, or the messengers (ministers) that are called to dispense the same in any congregation, either by interrupting them in their preaching, or by charging them with error, he could be put in the stocks and labeled "an open and obstinate contemner of God's holy ordinances." One would judge from their laws that the Puritans had not much time for anything else than regulating the conduct of their fellow men.

On the Puritan's fad for regulating everything the President based an argument for such regu-

lation of business as he contemplates in the carrying out of his policies. Some of his hearers must have smiled, despite his august presence, to recollect that the interference of the "administration," personified then in the king of Britain, was the one thing the Puritans would not stand. "The king appointed a commissioner to govern these colonies, but the colonial authorities refused to permit them to exercise their powers, and trouble ensued, with anger and rebukes on the part of the king." The slight clash of authority at present between state and federal courts is reminiscent of the colonial times when "federal" intermeddling was resented. The grievances enumerated in the Declaration of Independence seem to have arisen largely from "regulation" imposed from without upon the colonies which subsequently became states. This spirit of opposition to external control was not among the virtues of the Puritans praised by Mr. Roosevelt.

The Shortage of Good Preachers.

There is an admitted shortage of candidates for the ministry. The reason most frequently given for the reluctance of young men to take up the clerical calling is that it does not pay as well as other professions; yet it pays as well as teaching, while involving less hard work, and the teaching profession is well supplied.

We have supposed that our educated youth were side-stepping the pulpit because they do not believe what the creeds prescribe and what the boards of examiners insist that they shall profess to believe before ordination. The Rev. James J. Burrell, Presbyterian, pastor of the Marble Collegiate church of this city (said to have been founded in 1628 and thus the oldest church in America) asserts that the opposite is the truth; that not the young men but the churches are unbelievers. Of the "bright young man" asked to enter the ministry, Dr. Burrell says:

"Put yourself in his place. With life before you, presenting its various avenues of usefulness, you would be likely to reason thus: 'I am urged to go into the ministry. What for? "To seek and save the lost"? But they say there are no "lost." To preach the truth? What truth? A personal God? They say there is no God but law, energy, a "something, not ourselves, that maketh for righteousness." The supernatural? They say the miraculous is played out, and all things are to be accounted for by natural law. A divine Christ? His virgin birth is denied, and he is affirmed to have been a mere, excellent man. The atonement? The idea that sin requires expiation is pronounced unphilosophical and therefore untrue. Justification by faith? Justification from what and by faith in what? In the New Theology faith has no object and justification no ground. Well, then, since all the doctrines once regarded as fundamental are explained away, suppose I devote my life to the preaching of ethics? But where shall I find my ethics? In the Bible? Pooh, pooh! The Bible is merely one of the many volumes of the world's literature and by no means the truest of them. In the Decalog? The Decalog is declared to have no more authority back of it than any other portion of the discredited book. Is there, then, no ultimate authority for truth and morals? Only in the inner consciousness of the individual. The question of entering the ministry, then, resolves itself into this: Shall I invest the assets of my life in a profession which has no end but to persuade a man to believe what pleases him, be what he would like to be and do what, in his opinion, without any reference to "authority," he ought to do? And, that being so, is the game worth the candle?"

"If he is a really 'smart' young man he will be sure to answer, no. He knows that he has only one life to live in this world, and it behooves him to make the most of it. He would be a fool to put all his eggs in such a basket as the ministry of 'the New Theology.' It isn't worth while. The man who chops wood to help people keep warm and bake their bread is a contributor to the general good, but the man who preaches when he has nothing to say is a non-producer. His profession ought to fail for want of candidates, because there is nothing in it."

That is the Rev. Dr. Burrell's syllabus, and like the pope's, it reveals some enlightening truths in aiming to set forth a list of errors.

Whatever the pulpit may preach, it will be found when the occupants are privately and confidentially interviewed that the dogmas are not accepted by them in their ancient meanings.

There are indeed no "lost," since the Garden of Eden story is a myth. The being who is addressed in prayer as though he were a personal God is found not to have any of the characteristics of a person. He is, as Haeckel says, a gaseous vertebrate. Miracles are explained in such a way that there is nothing miraculous about them. Even the incarnation is defended by citing the fact of parthenogenesis or asexual reproduction in animalcules. All of the old terms have new definitions, understood by the clergy but not by the laity. Inspiration no longer means that God selected certain men as his amanuenses and dictated the Bible to them; but only that the Bible writers were the most inspired of all men and were more developed spiritually, or something like that, and their narratives are but the vehicle for "religious truths."

It would not be because he had nothing to say that a young man of integrity and intelligence hesitated to enter the pulpit under present conditions, but because of the duplicity he would be obliged to practice. The late Judge Gary of Chicago, seemingly an unbeliever in orthodox Christianity, warned the young women of his family against marrying a parson on this very ground of difference between what an educated minister can believe and what he must profess. Judge Gary expressed the opinion that a well-informed man who was enough of a hypocrite to subscribe to a creed now known to be false would make a very undesirable husband.

An evolution that must naturally have something to do with the backwardness of young men as regards entering the pulpit is the development of intellectual honesty. Only in the past century or so has truth-telling become a virtue, and the legitimacy of lying for the glory of God or for the astonishment of the reader or hearer been questioned. The myth-makers, the gospel-makers, even the history makers, a few generations back, lied and were unashamed. The definition of liar when the Bible was translated into the English of the accepted version was not one who misrepresented facts, but one who preached heresy. "Who is a liar," inquires John, "but he that denieth that Jesus is the Christ?" The men who related the miracle stories of the Bible, who invented the lives of the saints, who wrote the marvelous narratives that pass for religious history, knew they were not telling the truth as we now define it—viz., a correspondence between the subjective order of thought and the objective order of phenomena—but they did not recognize themselves as liars, being engaged in holy work. They must have seen the inconsistency of their using the word liar to describe one who merely deviated from fact. Science, teaching justification by observation and not by faith, brought truth-telling into vogue. Young men, unless they are born rascals, insist on the truth with a candor and bluntness that shames and perplexes their sophisticated elders; and we believe that the inability of the elders to give straightforward answers to their questions keeps the normally honest ones from studying for the ministry.

Could the church permit the truth to be preached, and still live, there would be no more lack of candidates for the ministry than of candidates for the position of teacher or professor in colleges where academic freedom is upheld.

The Thetford and Lewes scenes printed with Mrs. Ricker's article on Thomas Paine are forwarded to us by Dr. Moncure D. Conway. In Lewes and Thetford the Paine views are utilized now as "picture postals." The portrait of Paine is from a photogravure of a painting by Laurent Dabos of Toulouse, France.

Free Thoughts.

How God does love needs!
 What is home without a Teddy bear?
 The mind of Rome is still in a baby carriage.
 Vice is a game at which a man beats himself.
 Someone ought to tell Jesus to get off the track.
 When a man loses his mind, where does it go to?
 Lots of men would be worse, if it did not cost so much.
 Rome has not yet learned what France hit her with.
 Bruno, dead, is a greater power in Italy than Pious X, living.
 A woman dresses for the man she loves, and for the woman she hates.

Jesus said: Call no man master. The Christian church says: Call Jesus your master.
 If Romanism keeps on sending her murderers to heaven, decent people will have to go to hell for safety.

A man who really believes that the Bible is the word of God is not worth a dollar a day to civilization.

We see that the Pope is mad because the twentieth century refuses to regard the ancient lies of superstition as holy.

All are not fools who disagree with our opinions. They may be differently wise. One fool differeth from another fool in foolishness, and one wise man does not know it all.

The ones who are in favor of dividing up the property of the world are those who want to get more. The man with a home does not care to split it up into roosts or to give a part of it to a loafer.

We saw a woman board a street car the other day. She had a large hand bag, two large packages, a dog in one hand and an umbrella under one arm, and this woman climbed over three persons to get a seat. Our inward comment was: There are other kinds of hogs besides endseat ones. L. K. W.

Something Just as Good.

In his return attack on the "nature fakirs" President Roosevelt stamps with his disapproval a story in which "a wolf is portrayed as guiding home some lost children, in a spirit of thoughtful kindness."

Doubtless here is one of those "deliberate perversions of fact" which merit a shorter and uglier name. But if President Roosevelt is dissatisfied with the yarn, we can offer him another which is just as good, and which he will scarcely have the hardihood to question. It occurs in the seventeenth chapter of the first book of Kings, and is as follows:

"And Elijah the Tishbite . . . went and dwelt by the brook of Cherith, that is before Jordan. And the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening; and he drank of the brook."

It is not in the nature of things any more incredible that children should get out of the woods by following a wolf than that crows, in a spirit of thoughtful kindness, should bring meat sandwiches twice a day to a preacher; but we ask Mr. Roosevelt to suspend judgment until the people who are sure that the latter story is true can produce their affidavits. We ourselves have seen a picture of the incident described, and the same is doubtless to be found in the Roosevelt family Bible.

We shall not deem it kind in Mr. Roosevelt to adopt the explanation of the destructive critic

Cheyne, that seeing Elijah was in the extreme south of Palestine a reference to Arabians instead of ravens would gain considerable plausibility. We are sure that the biscuit shooters in the picture are birds and not Arabs; the text says ravens, and doesn't Mr. Roosevelt's great and good friend the pope stake his reputation for infallibility on the statement that the Holy Ghost gave the Bible writers supernatural power in the choice of terms, so that the true meaning of the sacred scriptures is "expressed in apt words and with infallible truth"?

If the birds in the scripture story were Arabians, then the wolf of the nature-fakir was a Siwash, and all criticism is off.

A California friend, Mr. George W. Neill, writes us cheerily as follows:

"To the Editor of The Truth Seeker—Dear Sir: You will find inclosed a money order for \$20, sent to you by John Clarke, one of the biggest-hearted men in the country, and one who has no fear of the future. I hope others will remember you with a donation at this time, 'between grass and hay.' Mr. Clarke says 'Tell them to publish this, and somebody else may take heart and loosen up.' Mr. Clarke has most of the Bible on the end of his tongue, and has committed to memory a great deal of Freethought poetry. It is his delight to argue with the self-styled sanctified. He is close to eighty years old."

We acknowledge obligation and gratitude to friends Neill and Clarke. The Truth Seeker is greatly helped by these material expressions of good will, which it accepts with thanks and without hesitation. All reform work is necessarily something more than a business proposition. It requires contributions and gratuities to meet the prejudice which it must encounter and which is more slowly overcome in the case of a Freethought publication than any other. Advertisers fight shy of an "Infidel" paper, and newsdealers hesitate to jeopard their trade by exposing such a paper for sale. This percentage against the publisher has to be made up by the friends of the paper doing a little more than fulfilling the pecuniary obligation they assume in subscribing for the Freethought journal. Many do this; if they failed we should not be here. Friends who follow the example of Mr. Clarke of California may do so in the assurance that they are supporting a cause that could not live without them.

The proposal to open the Jamestown Exposition on Sundays, with all of the places of amusement closed, and with religious services in the auditorium, thus turning the exposition into an imposition on one day of the week, has little to recommend it. But the World's Fair at Chicago was half-opened on Sunday, and as we have the assurance from religious sources that this action by the directors "gave a great impulse to general Sabbath desecration," the Jamestown opening as proposed might not be altogether without results in the way of reproving, as Martin Luther said, "this encroachment on the Christian spirit of liberty." The obstacle in the way of opening on Sunday is the resolution tacked on to the government concession (by Senator Tillman, we believe) that the gates should remain closed on Sunday "during the whole duration" of the fair. A request for permission to open up in Jamestown has been submitted to Mr. Cortelyou, secretary of the treasury. Were we in the place of the secretary we would grant the request, provided all the concessions, including places of amusement, were allowed to do business; and we would suggest that the Sunday receipts be devoted to paying off the Exposition's debt to the government which it has so far been unable to discharge.

THE CHRIST.

A Critical Review and Analysis of the Evidences of His Existence.

BY JOHN E. REMSBURG.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

The Epistles of Paul.

Of the fourteen epistles ascribed to Paul, seven—Ephesians, Colossians, Second Thessalonians, First and Second Timothy, Titus, and Hebrews—are conceded by nearly all critics to be spurious, while three others—Philippians, First Thessalonians, and Philemon—are generally classed as doubtful.

The general verdict concerning the first seven is thus expressed by the Rev. Dr. Hooykaas: "Fourteen epistles are said to be Paul's; but we must at once strike off one, namely, that to the Hebrews, which does not bear his name at all. . . . The two letters to Timothy and the letter to Titus were certainly composed long after the death of Paul. . . . It is more than possible that the letters to the Ephesians and Colossians are also unauthentic, and the same suspicion rests, perhaps, on the first, but certainly on the second of the Epistles to the Thessalonians" (Bible for Learners, Vol. III, p. 23).

The author of Second Thessalonians, whose epistle is a self-evident forgery, declares First Thessalonians to be a forgery. Baur and the Tubingen school reject both Epistles. Baur also rejects Philippians: "The Epistles to the Colossians and to the Philippians . . . are spurious, and were written by the Catholic school near the end of the second century, to heal the strife between the Jew and the Gentile factions" (Paulus). Dr. Kuenen and the other Dutch critics admit that Philippians and Philemon, as well as First Thessalonians, are doubtful.

That the Pastoral Epistles are forgeries is now conceded by all critics. According to the German critics they belong to the second century. Hebrews does not purport to be a Pauline document. Luther says: "The Epistle to the Hebrews is not by St. Paul, nor, indeed, by any apostle" (Standing Preface to Luther's N. T.).

Four Epistles—Romans, First and Second Corinthians, and Galatians—while rejected by a few critics, are generally admitted to be the genuine writings of Paul. These books were written, it is claimed, about a quarter of a century after the death of Christ. They are the only books of the New Testament whose authenticity can be maintained.

Admitting the authenticity of these books, however, is not admitting the historical existence of Christ and the divine origin of Christianity. Paul was not a witness of the alleged events upon which Christianity rests. He did not become a convert to Christianity until many years after the death of Christ. He did not see Christ (save in a vision); he did not listen to his teachings; he did not learn from his disciples. "The Gospel which was preached of me is not after man, for I neither receive it of man, neither was I taught it" (Gal. i, 11, 12). Paul accepted only to a very small extent the religion of Christ's disciples. He professed to derive his knowledge from supernatural sources—from trances and visions. Regarding the value of such testimony the author of "Supernatural Religion" (p. 970) says: "No one can deny, and medical and psychological annals prove, that many men have been subject to visions and hallucinations which have never been seriously attributed to supernatural causes. There is not one single valid reason removing the ecstatic visions and trances of the Apostle Paul from this class."

The corporeal existence of the Christ of the Evangelists receives slight confirmation in the writings of Paul. His Christ was not the incarnate Word of John, nor the demi-god of Matthew and Luke. Of the immaculate conception of Jesus he knew nothing. To him Christ was the son of God in a spiritual rather than in a physical sense. "His son Jesus Christ our Lord, which was made of the seed of David according to the flesh; and declared to be the son of God with power, according to the spirit of holiness, by the resurrection from the dead" (Rom. i, 3, 4). "God sent forth his son, made of a woman [but

not of a virgin], made under the law" (Gal. iv, 4).

With the Evangelists the proofs of Christ's divinity are his miracles. Their books teem with accounts of these. But Paul evidently knows nothing of these miracles. With him the evidences of Christ's divine mission are his resurrection and the spiritual gifts conferred on those who accept him.

The Evangelists teach a material resurrection. When the women visited his tomb "they entered in and found not the body of Jesus" (Luke xxiv, 3). The divine messengers said to them, "He is not here, but is risen" (6). "He sat at meat with his disciples; he took bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them" (30). "Then he said to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side" (John xx, 27). This is entirely at variance with the teachings of Paul. "But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead" (1 Cor. xv, 20, 21). "But some man will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come? Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die; and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be" (35-37). "It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body" (44). "Now this I say brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God" (50).

The Christ that Paul saw in a vision was a spiritual being—an apparition; and this appearance he considers of exactly the same character as the post mortem appearances of Christ to his disciples. "He was seen of Cephas, then of the twelve; after that he was seen of above five hundred brethren at once; . . . after that, he was seen of James; then of all the Apostles. And last of all, he was seen of me also" (1 Cor. xv, 5-8).

CLERICAL BEGGING IN ENGLAND.

Robbery of the Small Holder Through Collection of Tithes for the Church.

Primitive savages, such as the Zulus, writes Gracchus in Reynolds's Newspaper, invariably regard the first tax collector who appears among them as a highway robber—and act accordingly. Records of travelers do not disclose how primitive communities deal with the robber who puts one hand into their pockets (or what corresponds to that article) and uses the other to flourish the Bible before their eyes. But there is a vast number of small holders and agriculturalists and others in England, who feel strongly on the injustice of the present tithe system.

When the Small Holdings Bill comes into operation all over the country, the injustice which the payment of tithes involves will grow and extend to occupying holders. It is time, therefore, that this aspect of the land question should be drawn attention to. It is not merely a sectarian question. It is a question which goes to the root of the subject of land reform, for it affects the nation irrespective of church, religion, sect, or anything else.

In England, tithe is nothing but a relic of the barbarous notions of the thieves and the pirates who established the feudal system. Professional exponents of Christianity, of course, prate of the divine or biblical origin of the tax. No amount of jesuitical ingenuity can alter the fact that it is an impost thrust by Parliament upon the toilers who have to wring some sort of livelihood out of the land; and many of those toilers are men to whom the doctrines and beliefs of the church into whose coffers the tithe goes are repugnant to the highest degree.

From time to time appeals are issued by different societies for subscriptions to relieve the poverty of the clergy here—the clergy of the wealthiest and most powerful religious organization that the world has almost ever seen. The income of the state church here is enormous—in tithe alone, apart from endowments and offerings, it is enough to make one's mouth water. Bishops, in their splendid palaces, their gorgeous

equipages, and in the receipt of their enormous salaries; deans, in their cosy deaneries, and their cosier sinecures; archdeacons, canons, and prebendaries—all the grades of this clerical hierarchy, wallowing in material comforts and riding in their carriages, and sometimes even with postillions. The representatives of him who had nowhere to lay his head!

Of course, there are poor clerics among the curates and the worst-paid incumbents, but not more so than in other religious denominations. And whilst the bishops and deans and the archdeacons and the canons and the prebendaries are drawing their thousands and thousands a year—thousands derived in the form of imposts on the fruit and labor of others—appeals are issued from time to time to help the needy curate or the incumbent with too large a family. The appeals are directed not to the double-chinned, heavy-paunched princes of the church who draw their thousands a year, but to the laity, the people who toil for their living.

The unequal distribution of wealth in the state finds itself reproduced in the unequal distribution of wealth in the state church. The few who have will not share with the many who have not, and hence the complaints that arise from the grievances of the many. Not a man but sympathizes with the over-worked curate, and with a large family who feel the pinch of poverty, or with any other man, layman or ordained, who finds himself in a similar position. But the cure for the poverty of such should be sought, not in contemptible appeals to charity, but in the reform of the revenues of the church, which are at present the monopoly of a favored class. That religious body is rich enough to relieve all the poverty within the ranks of the clergy out of its own funds. Why is this not done?

Originally tithe was the tenth part of the produce of a man's toil on the land, and it went towards the maintenance of the man's spiritual adviser. The exaction arose from the primitive conditions in which man dwelt at that early period of his history. The conditions that gave rise to the payment disappeared centuries ago. But, with the tenacity which the professional Christian always displays in clinging to the shekels, the church adheres to a system which the altered conditions of existence have rendered obsolete. Indeed, with characteristic selfishness, it has improved upon it. For in 1836 the Tithe Commutation act was passed, whereby the tenth part of the produce was commuted into money, and the value of the produce was estimated according to the high prices that prevailed then. Somewhere in the eighties the Welsh farmers arose in revolt at the payment of tithe. In the name of Christianity, the religion of "peace and goodwill on earth towards men," soldiers with guns and bayonets, and policemen with their batons, enforced the payment of tithe in the Welsh hills, and skulls were cracked and blood shed—all in the name of Christianity. Then, to cure this farcical state of things, the late Lord Salisbury passed a statute shifting the payment of tithe from the shoulders of the tenant farmer to his landlord's. Of course, this was but a trick. The farmer continues to pay it—in the form of higher rent.

And now, with the produce calculated on the prices that prevailed in 1835, the tithe amounts to far more than the tenth. The instances are very striking. A has bought fourteen acres for its development as building sites. His schemes went awry, and he has lost money, and health, and hope. He cultivates only a few square yards, and the rest of the fourteen acres grows thistles and weeds. Every year he pays £3 in tithe. If he paid the tenth part of his actual produce, it would amount to a few coppers a year! B, a civil clerk, bought two acres and took to the simple life. When he can get works he earns his living as a farm laborer. When out of work he tills his own ground—grows a few potatoes and cabbages, on which he has to pay tithe, the amount of which was fixed in 1832! He really wants parish relief! C rents a small farm at \$3 per acre, but of that \$3, \$2.60 is charged for tithe. According to the tithe system, \$2.60 is the tenth part of \$3! D rents a farm at 85 cents per acre rent and \$1.75 per acre tithe—\$2.60 in all. Thus \$1.75 is the tenth part of \$2.60! The arithmetic of these clerics is almost as curious as their notions of justice!

FUNERAL OF GEN. WM. BIRNEY.

Tributes by President J. J. Shirley and Hyland C. Kirk of the Washington Secular League.

The funeral of Gen. William Birney, who died on August 14 in Washington, D. C., at the age of 88 years, was held on Saturday, August 17, under the auspices of the Washington Secular League, of which he was for many years a member. The Washington Post of the 18th inst., said: Many members of that organization attended. Among others who attended the simple ceremony were representatives of Pentalpha Lodge, F. A. A. M.; the school board, and the local bar. Dr. J. J. Shirley, president of the Secular League, paid a glowing tribute to the character of the late general.

Mr. Kirk gave an account of General Birney's views on immortality. He said:

"To one who accepts traditions without considering their import, death's universality seems to indicate its inevitableness with all classes of beings. Yet the higher the scale of development, the longer the period of life. This and numerous other facts have led some to believe that life must ultimately triumph over death. The doctrine of evolution, especially, affords rational ground for this conclusion.

"About a year ago, General Birney, whom I have known as a friend for some twenty years, called on me, and we spent the afternoon discussing this very subject, taking into account chiefly three varieties of immortality:

"That of the Agnostic Materialist, of remaining influences.

"Though admitting this as the only positive outcome he could see, he did not regard this form as at all satisfactory.

"Of spiritual existence as a finality, the General said he had never found anything convincing in the experimental tests, and besides, where mind develops coincidentally with brain and nerves and are apparently dependent upon them, he could not see how it could exist when brain and nerves were entirely destroyed.

"I called his attention to the theory of Leibnitz, that at death one cell or monad swells out and takes the form of its possessor, though too tenuous to be perceived by the ordinary eye. He thought this was a pleasant fancy, but could see no rational ground for it.

"We then discussed the vibratory theory, that each individual has an inner set of vibrations, resulting from cosmic, terrestrial, and personal forces, which constitutes him an individual different from every other, and that at death, though the entire body is destroyed, these vibrations are preserved in the ether. This view, the General said, appeared to have a rational basis, but thought these disembodied vibrations would have to be restored to some form of body again.

"We considered the chances of physical continuance on this earth, and he said this appealed to him greatly if he could only see a way to accomplish it.

"Now that he has passed over, it seems to me that he affords varieties of that immortality—so far as it may prove true—that we then discussed.

"Certainly few can exert greater influence on the race than he has done by his acts and words; whatever is true of the spiritual he has now realized, and his long life of eighty-eight years is an interesting and valuable effort in the direction of what we believe the race must ultimately realize—physical immortality."

After the services the body was cremated, according to Gen. Birney's wishes.

Dr. Shirley's Address.

My friends: In accordance with the expressed wish of the deceased, we, the members of the Secular League, have met today to pay the last sad tribute of respect to our departed friend. General Birney lived a long, a useful and a laborious life, and at the ripe old age of eighty-eight he lays his burden down.

Surrounded by those he loved and who loved him, who tenderly ministered to his every want, he quietly and peacefully folded his hands and fell into that dreamless sleep that mortals call death.

The funeral rite is a natural sacrament which has been observed in some form by all people, even barbarians, from the earliest periods of the world's history; and we are assembled here today in accordance with an impulse as universal as the human race, as enduring as love and sympathy, to perform the last earthly duty toward him who now lies in the stillness of death before us.

For him life's fitful dream on earth is over, with its joys and its sorrows, its hopes and its disappointments.

He derived his being from nature, the bountiful mother of us all, and he returns to earth's capacious bosom.

He basked in life's sunshine and battled with its storms and has passed into the shadowy vale which separates this breathing world from the vast beyond. General William Birney was born at Huntsville, Ala., May 28, 1819. His father was twice the free soil nominee for the presidency of the United States, in 1840, and again in 1844.

The son attended school in his native town and later graduated from Yale College, after which he studied law and practiced in Cincinnati. At the outbreak of the Civil War young Birney, although of southern birth, eagerly responded to the nation's call to arms, and served with distinction throughout the great conflict, having been promoted from the rank of captain in the beginning of the war to that of brigadier general and a brevet major general at the conclusion of hostilities.

In 1874 he came to this city to practice law and has been a resident here ever since. He held several offices of public trust in this city, all of which he filled with rare fidelity and ability.

General Birney was a member of the Secular League for many years; was its president several times, and was vice-president of the organization at his death.

Of a kind and genial disposition, he was ever fair and courteous in debate, never indulging in personalities; he discussed and criticised principles and systems rather than individuals.

He was an investigator, an original thinker. He sought for truth. His motto was, "Truth for authority, not authority for truth." He always sought for light. His object was to know, to find a reason for his faith, a fact on which to build. If, in the course of his investigations, he came to reject what others reverently believed to be true, it was because he was true to his convictions and refused to believe where the evidence appeared to him insufficient. Reason was his only guide, and whether right or wrong, his conclusions were his own. He wore no mask. He was sincere. He was absolutely true to himself.

If he came to have more confidence in the revelations of science than in those of St. John, if he accepted the teachings and conclusions of the men of science, of men like Humboldt, and Huxley, and Haeckel, of Darwin, and Tyndall, and Spencer, rather than in the prophets of old, it is because the former appeared to him more reasonable than the latter. To him it was not only a duty but a pleasure to be an independent thinker on all the great questions pertaining to the welfare of the human race, and whatever conclusions he reached were a source of infinite happiness to him. He knew the limitations of the mind and that the wisest and best can at most know but little of the wondrous universe about us. He knew that in all the by-gone generations man has stood before the mysterious veil which separates the present from the future, with his feeble torch, anxiously inquiring what form of existence, if any, shall succeed this earthly life. Poets, philosophers and priests have painted this curtain with their dreams; making the picture brilliant or dark, according as the sky above them was cheerful or gloomy. Upon this great question of immortality, a question that has engaged the minds of the ablest and the best, both in the ancient and the modern world, he did not dogmatize. He was honest enough to say he did not know. Gen. Birney lived and died a consistent Agnostic. He believed with Ingersoll that, "The idea of immortality which, like a sea has ebbed and flowed in the human heart with its countless waves

of hope and fear beating against the rocks and shores of time and fate, was not born of any creed or of any book or of any religion. It was born of human affection and it will continue to flow beneath the mists and clouds of doubt and darkness as long as love kisses the lips of death. It is the rainbow Hope shining upon the tears of grief."

All wish for happiness beyond this life. All hope to meet again the loved ones who have passed away. And the best credentials to another world is to live up to one's best and highest ideals here. This was General Birney's creed. With this he was content to live and die.

He believed with all his soul, his heart, his mind, in beauty, in justice, in liberty, in the religion of humanity, in keeping his word, in living an upright, honest, conscientious life. He too had a religion. "Help for the living and hope for the dead."

He who lies here clothed in the perfect peace of death, was a kind and loving husband, a good father, a generous neighbor, a true and loyal citizen; and these words build a monument of glory over the humblest grave.

He obeyed the injunction of the poet, "So live that when thy summons comes to join the innumerable caravan that moves to that mysterious realm where each shall take his chamber in the silent halls of death, thou go not like the quarry slave, scourged to his dungeon, but approach thy grave like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

We of the Secular League will miss the accustomed form so often seen at its councils. We shall see no more that noble presence, that dignified and manly bearing, shall see no more that sunny, happy smile, nor hear again the many words of wisdom as they fell from the lips now forever closed in death. But as death is inevitable, as it must come to us all, we must bear our loss with philosophic fortitude.

"When the angel of Death—the masked and voiceless—enters the door of home, there come with her all the daughters of Compassion, and of these, Love and Hope remain forever."

The Deity of George B. Shaw.

An extraordinary article by George Bernard Shaw entitled "A New Conception of God," has just appeared in the daily press, and upon reading it one is immediately struck with the enormous strides recently made in the matter of the freedom of thought-expression.

Here is an article, almost avowedly Atheistic, appearing in a combination of daily papers with probably two million readers, and a Sunday edition at that! Surely the pillars of the orthodox church must regret those good old days when immersion in boiling oil would have been voted a mild punishment for such a heinous crime as being the author of such a reasonable and sensible article.

At the same time, however, I cannot reconcile my reason with Mr. Shaw's ideas in the final conclusions at which he arrives, although I am inclined to think that he has made some concessions, either to his own superstitious scruples, or else to public opinion, which even at this late date has not been long enough released from the enthrallment of religious witchcraft to follow with unbiased footsteps the sacred path of Truth.

The point to which I refer is the necessity for the introduction of any god at all, which introduction to an Atheist would seem to be a nullification of the powerful arguments which precede this damning self-defeating statement.

Mr. Shaw artistically strips the Christian faith of every vestige of its superstitiously manufactured deity, and immediately proceeds to fashion another, or rather, supply the place of the one he has skilfully dethroned by saying that God lives in us!

To quote his own words, "When you are asked, 'Where is God? Who is God?' stand up and say, 'Here is God, I am God—not as yet complete but still advancing towards completion just in so much as I am working for the

Universe, for the whole of Society, and for all the world."

Here is the point on which Mr. Shaw and myself differ. We have seen the effacement of the Christian god ably accomplished in the article by an excellent chain of deductive reasoning. But why attempt to replace him with an explanation which is as difficult of proof as the six thousand year old creation theory? Why, when we are asked, "Where is God?" are we to say, "Here he is! Look at me and behold him!" Is it possible that a man so capable as Mr. Shaw gets frightened at having accomplished so much, and attempts to propitiate some mysterious, unknown power by reconstructing a shadowy something to take the place of the dethroned monarch of superstition? It sounds too much like, "Le Roi est mort: Vive le Roi!" Is it necessary to recreate that which we have satisfied ourselves does not exist? Let us face the issue squarely. Is there a God or is there none? If there is, the Christian religion will do as well as any other web of superstition to give an Omnipotent Being that measure of finite worship, esteem and pleasure that an Infinite Being so inexplicably craves. And if there is not, why adopt halfway measures? Just the same, Mr. Shaw's article is a powerful note in the blast of Freedom's call, and its wide publication, which cannot fortunately be punished by the burning out of eyes or amputation of tongues, is another evidence of the growing spirit of disbelief in sorcery, witchcraft, and the ridiculously impossible.

KENNETH A. MILLICAN.

Berkeley, Cal.

Believe If You Can.

"For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish."

"Whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire."

"The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin."
"He that believeth not shall be damned."

"Whosoever will, let him come and partake of the water of life freely."

"Strait is the gate and narrow the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."

"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

"Depart from me, ye cursed, into the everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels."

"If any man preach any other gospel than that we have received, let him be accursed."

"God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them."

"If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be accursed in the day of the Lord."

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

"Go not into the way of the Gentiles, and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not."

"Many are called, but few are chosen."

Books Received.

Capital Punishment. When Man Becomes Degenerate Is Woman Then to Blame? By Franklin Parker, P. O. Box 2808, Boston, Mass. The writer says: "To wilfully condemn a soul to death meaneth premeditated murder against the spirit of God within the soul of that individual, and as God giveth the life, none can intelligently take it away." Fudge. Price 10 cents.

The American Esperanto Book. A Compendium of the international Language Esperanto. Compiled and edited by Arthur Baker, A. E. A., editor of "Amerika Esperantisto," Chicago. (Chas. H. Kerr & Co.) This book of 316 pages contains the Esperanto alphabet, grammar, and vocabulary or dictionary, and tells all about the new language which is having such a vogue. It should sell for seventy-five cents or a dollar.

Revolution and Counter-Revolution; or, Germany in 1848. Articles by Karl Marx in 1851-1852 and edited by Eleanor Marx Aveling are printed by Kerr & Co. of Chicago. The letters appeared in the New York Tribune, being written at the request of Charles A. Dana, who was then on the Tribune's staff as managing editor. They attracted wide attention at the time of their publication, so Mr. Dana wrote to Marx (see their correspondence).

THAT CUP.

BY G. W. FOOTE.

And let me the canakin clink, clink;
And let me the canakin clink.
—"Othello."

Jesus had a last supper with his twelve apostles, including Judas; and there was evidently a big dish in the middle of the table, into which each of the thirteen dipped his hand, as the spirit of hunger moved him, and fished out what suited his appetite. There was also bread to the supper—and wine; and both these parts of the repast have given rise to bitter and endless discussion.

Let us take "Matthew's" account of the bread and wine portion of the menu:

"26 And as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said, Take, eat; this is my body."

27 And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it:

28 For this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins."

This is my body—This is my blood. On these two sentences the Catholic church bases its doctrine of transubstantiation. When a Catholic takes the holy wafer into his mouth, his church teaches him that, by an invisible miracle, it has been transformed into the very body of Christ; so that in Catholic countries, as Browning puts it, they "see God made and eaten every day." Similarly, the eucharistic wine is miraculously transformed into the very blood of Christ; but this holy fluid is too precious to be wasted on laymen, and is entirely monopolized by the priests. Thus the laymen eat Christ's body, and the priests both eat his body and drink his blood. Protestants, however, refuse to take Christ's words literally; they say that the bread and wine are symbolic of the body and blood of Christ—which is a perfectly foolish attempt to rationalize an ancient superstition.

Considering the poverty of Jesus and his apostles—a poverty so great that the fish trick had to be resorted to in order to raise half-a-crown for the Roman tax-gatherer, and the "Master" was "sold" to his enemies by Cashier Judas for the inclusive price of three pounds fifteen shillings—it is probable that the cup in which the wine was handed round to that last-supper party was a cheap, plebeian article. It might have been metal, it might have been horn, it might have been glass; but we may be sure that it was worth extremely little. A Scotch second-hand dealer would want half-a-dozen of them for the proverbial "saxpunce."

According to the Glastonbury legend, that cup was brought to Britain after the crucifixion. This is a monstrous absurdity, and the legend was clearly an afterthought; for there were no Christians in Britain then, nor for long ages afterwards. Of course the story of the cup was part of the general story of Christian relics. During the Dark Ages all sorts of impostures were palmed off upon the silly "sheep" of the flock of Christ. Splinters of his cross were numerous enough to build a ship with, if they had been solid wood; his swaddling clothes were exhibited, with a bottle of mother's milk and the portion of his anatomy amputated at his circumcision. And doubtless the holy cup was as authentic as the holy baby-linen, the holy suckling-mixture, and the holy prepuce.

Will it be believed, then, that the holy cup of the Last Supper has turned up in Protestant England? Such, we are assured, is the fact. A certain Mr. Tudor Pole (significant name!) has got possession of the identical article, which he keeps in a room set apart for it in his house. According to a long report of the affair in the Daily Express, the room is draped in white, and the cup "reposes in a casket on the table, and lighted candles are kept in the room." So that, if it is not the real cup, it ought to be.

Mr. Tudor Pole (oh that name!) found it in the well at Glastonbury, where it was placed ten years ago by Dr. Goodchild, who bought it for £6 in a second-hand shop at Bordigherra in 1885. Dr. Goodchild and Mr. Tudor Pole know each other, but they never had any conversation about that cup. Never! Strange voices told Dr. Goodchild to place it in the Glaston-

bury well, and Mr. Tudor Pole was informed of its whereabouts in a trance. And this sweet, pretty story is actually engaging the attention of persons like Lord Halifax, Lord Hugh Cecil, the American Ambassador, and the Rev. R. J. Campbell. Of course the great Professor Crookes is in the inquiry—he is never out of any "occult" adventure, and the great Sir Oliver Lodge is also hanging round.

Mr. Tudor Pole (we wish he would change his name!) stands up for his cup. He once saw it fill a dim room with glorious light. The "mysterious vessel" is predominantly blue, but there ought to be some green in it—and there is. It is beautifully and cunningly inlaid with silver leaf, and is altogether a fascinating and valuable curio. The wonder is that Judas did not make off with it when he transacted his last bit of business in connection with the first Salvation Army. We hope Mr. Tudor Pole (that name again!) will keep it safely. When it is certified by Professor Crookes, and Sir Oliver Lodge, and the Rev. R. J. Campbell, it will be worth more than a king's ransom. Mr. Tudor Pole may turn himself into a limited liability company, with a thousand millions capital; and Carnegie and Rockefeller will have to take back seats.

At present, the evidence seems rather defective. Dr. Goodchild bought the cup as a curio in 1885; he regarded it simply as such until 1896, when he fell into a trance at Paris, and a figure appeared before him and told him that it was the "Cup of Our Lord" used at the Last Supper. That is all. Dr. Goodchild's information obtained in that "trance" is the only link connecting that cup with Jesus Christ. It would be laughed at, of course, in a legal investigation; but it may be quite good enough in a religious inquiry. Many a hoax has been imposed upon mankind with no greater plausibility. We see no reason why this hoax should not be a screaming success. For the very fact that it commands two columns in a newspaper, and the grave attention of "leading" men, shows that the "dear public" is silly enough for anything.—The Freethinker (London).

So He Went Fishing.

A farmer living in Kansas rode to the county attorney's home a few Sundays ago and demanded the arrest of some men who were working the roads, thereby "violating the Sabbath." The county attorney was busy pulling weeds in the garden. He stopped long enough, however, to advise the farmer to go before the justice of the peace. But the justice was out fixing the windmill. He was then asked to telephone the sheriff, but that official was loading cattle at the stock yards. Thoroughly indignant, the man determined to saddle a horse and ride for a constable. But his wife who was canning fruit, told him that the boys had driven the horses to town, where they had gone to attend a baseball game. The girls, she said, had gone to a picnic. Whereupon the farmer gave it up, and filling a jug with hard cider he went fishing.—Kansas City Post.

A miracle of grace is alluded to in the London Freethinker. A lady was staying with a friend whose brother was an Infidel. One day she went for a bicycle ride, and on nearing her house on her return, the Lord threw her off her machine, and pitched her into the neighbor's flower-garden, with the result that her knee was so badly injured as probably to cause her life-long trouble. For a day and a night and part of another day, the pain was excruciating. But all of a sudden it dawned upon her that the author of the accident was God, and at once she gave him fervent thanks. The same moment she felt God touching her knee, and in the twinkling of an eye it was healed. She jumped out of the bed, and skipped from room to room, shouting, "I have had a distinct touch from the Lord, and I am quite healed." The account says that the Infidel was converted, which may or may not be true; nevertheless before believing it we should prefer to make his acquaintance, and learn from his own lips whether he believes that the touch distinguished by the lady upon the knee was in his opinion of supernatural origin or the work of human hands.

Minor Editorial Note and Comment.

Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton, the insanity expert, having interviewed Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, pronounces her sane and capable of taking care of her property. He hasn't given his opinion of her followers.

The pope has consented to allow pilgrimages in connection with his jubilee festivities. Previously he had announced that the pilgrimages would be suppressed for fear of anti-clerical outrages. It was a bluff on the part of Pius, intended to stimulate government action in his behalf.

A decree from Rome modifies Catholic marriage regulations so that a couple may be married, where there is no priest, by expressing mutual consent in the presence of two witnesses. It is a concession forced from the church by the Catholics of some Latin countries taking wives without any formality at all.

A deputy state inspector of factories descended upon the Roycrofters at East Aurora, N. Y., last week and ordered the immediate discharge of a dozen girls and boys employed by Elbert Hubbard during their school vacation. It appears to be against the law of the state for children under fourteen years of age to make themselves useful.

The ballot executes the freeman's will, but lightning does the will of God. A thunderstorm prevailed in Pennsylvania a few days ago, and the lightning which accompanied it hit with damaging results, the Methodist churches at Pottsville and Millville, and the Catholic church at New Freedom. The haunts of wickedness were left unscorched.

Missionary Societies, the New York Sun notes, are "using the medical branch of their service more and more as convincing proof of their helpfulness and humanity and as a practical foundation upon which to develop their special work." And all that the medical missionary accomplishes by his science is passed to the credit of superstition.

The "next friends" have done wisely in dropping the suit to test the business competency of Mrs. Eddy. Any sane person, contemplating the accumulations of the mother of Christian Science, must conclude that in whatever way she may be incompetent, it is not as a business woman. As well go to the expense of proving the commercial inebecity of John D. Rockefeller. It is the people who contribute to Mrs. Eddy's prosperity that need the attention of a lunacy commission.

Ten years ago "Father John of Cronstadt" enjoyed the reputation of being the holiest man in Russia, and his graft was in proportion, for every mail brought him gifts of money, and Cronstadt became the Russian Mecca. Like Dowie, he has now fallen, and although still alive he is broken in health and complains that he has to live on "porridge and pearl barley soup with tea." Other matters than patronizing holy fakirs now engage the attention of the people of Russia.

Five dollars or no funeral are the terms of the Ministers' Union just organized in Coffeyville, Kansas. Lately a retired minister of that place was called to a small town about fifteen miles away to preach a funeral sermon. He had to pay his own carfare, then hired a livery team, and had to buy his supper after he got back to the village. His expenses aggregated \$3. Coming back a loser, he called a meeting of the local ministerial association, which at once formed itself into a trade union and adopted the above schedule. Hereafter the citizen of Coffeyville who has not saved up \$5 for his funeral sermon must die beyond his means.

It is all in the religious day's work. Sixteen-year-old Maud Wright of Cleveland, Ohio, suffering from pneumonia complicated with a belief in the prayer-cure, was taken from her bed by her attendants when dying, seated in a chair by the window, and her bosom pounded to drive out the devils which religion teaches are the cause of disease. In the court of Common Sense, her parents could be convicted of faith in the first degree, and that is always insanity.

Ten years and six months is the sentence of the mean thief who stole the money which Miss Elizabeth Erlich brought from Berlin, Minn., to publish the first edition of a book by her mother, entitled "What Is He? Who Is He? Christ?" The man, who was a chance acquaintance of the young woman, took the young lady to a hotel, and when he left her money went with him, thus jeopardizing the publication of the book. Fortunately the rascal was arrested and the money recovered, so that the world may yet know "What Is He? Who Is He? Christ?"

A trusting husband is Charles W. Moffet of Brooklyn, whose young wife Anna went away for a brief vacation with her spiritual adviser, the Rev. Asbury S. Wheedon. Mrs. Moffet, who was formerly a member of the Salvation Army and is still deeply religious, left a note saying that God had communicated to her that she must go away and that she would return when God instructed her to do so. She and the preacher were absent three days. Now that she is back, and reconciled, the husband issues the statement that "nothing immoral" is suspected by him. It is very kind in Mr. Moffet to say so.

The Blue Grass Fair was opened at Lexington, Ky., with a speech by Col. Henry Watterson that came near arraigning the whole of Christendom. He said: "I protest against that religion which sands the sugar, and waters the milk before it goes to prayers. I protest against that morality which poses as a saint in public to do as it pleases in private." The religion and morality against which Colonel Watterson protests, may be recognized as that which is practiced by the clergy and by those Christian men to whose hands God in his wisdom has intrusted the business interests of the country.

Last February the miraculous blood of St. Pelligrino was stolen from the Church of Our Lady of Assumption at Altavilla Irpina, near Naples, in Italy. Search for the "relic" has discovered that the thieves are members of the Mafia band of Naples and vicinity called the Camorra, who, venerating the blood as an infallible charm against molestation by the police, stole it in order that they might the more conveniently invoke heavenly aid in their criminal enterprises. The assassins, it is presumed, see nothing irreconcilable between piety and murder, and it might indeed be difficult to demonstrate that any conflict necessarily exists.

The unwisdom of putting all your eggs in one basket must now be plain to a young man of Atchison, Kan. Several years ago, as related in the Atchison Globe, this young man became engaged to a local girl. Both worked, and both saved, and the girl was chosen as a banker. Every Saturday night the young man gave her part of his weekly salary. Now the girl has not less than \$400 of the young man's money. He wants to break away, as he has met another girl who looks better to him, but his first love won't release him. She tells him he can go if he wants to, but refuses to part with the \$400, which is in her name in the bank. The eugenists will hold

that to get free from a girl like that at a loss of only \$400 is cheap, as compared with marrying her.

Peter Peterson and Anne Peterson, his wife, members of the sect of Holy Rollers, were locked up last week by the authorities of Stapleton, Staten Island, for permitting their child of fifteen months to die without administering medicine. The faith of the couple is absolute, but they are an Ananias and Sapphira for deceit. They called a physician for the law's sake, and then threw his prescription away. The poor ignorant victims of superstition are to be commiserated, and scarcely merit punishment. Not so the scoundrelly preachers who live by peddling the superstition which has cost the couple the life of their child. Proofs are added daily that religion is what the late Samuel P. Putnam called it—a curse, a disease, and a lie.

The power of charming snakes and rendering them harmless is predicated of the Rev. William Grabb, pastor of the church of the First Born, Nashville, Ind. The papers say he is adding hundreds to his flock by his demonstrations in this line. He declares that nothing can bring harm to true worshipers and says he can handle any kind of snakes under divine protection without injury. To prove his faith rattlesnakes caught in the woods a few days ago were taken to the church; the preacher took them out of the box, wrapped them about his neck, and thus adorned exhorted his hearers. Many sinners went to the mourners' bench after the demonstration. If this is not a newspaper yarn, there is a prospect of an Indiana preacher getting bitten; nevertheless, the faith of the Rev. Mr. Grabb puts to shame the other members of his profession who have never tested the truth of the promise that they shall "take up serpents."

What's this—a church scandal in Asbury Park, founded by a deacon, named for a bishop, and a seat and center of Methodism. The papers say that "Miss Ida Ackerman, 16 years old, has brought suit for \$20,000 damages against Gilbert Van Clef of Bay Head, for betrayal. Van Clef was arrested, held in \$3,000 bail, and locked up in the Ocean County jail. The defendant was a Sunday school teacher, and Miss Ackerman was a member of his class. She charges that Van Clef made love to her, although he was a married man, gained her affection, and then persuaded her to elope with him. Van Clef left his wife and two children penniless, and with his Sunday school pupil went west to Leavenworth, Kan. After a time the two came back to Philadelphia, where Van Clef deserted the young woman and returned to his wife." For the betrayal of young women, the Sunday school is an efficient annex of the pulpit.

New York is invaded by a band of fanatics who express their religious feelings by leaping and dancing. They are called Holy Jumpers. In performing their rites of worship standing, they differ from the Holy Rollers, who lie down and kick when the notion seizes them. Dancing is of religious origin, according to the commentators, and was indulged in by those Bedouins whom we know of as the early Israelites. The holy men worked themselves up to the point of prophesying by leaping and gyrating. David's solo before Yahweh was such an orthodox proceeding that the remonstrance of his wife Michal is not understood. Dancing to celebrate false gods was the only limit. The exercise seems to be as much a part of religious celebration as singing, as there has been no system that did not practice it. The rite is out of fashion nowadays, but has the most respectable authority for surviving. The Holy Jumpers would have been called prophets in Judea. They belong to the cult of the women who did the danse du ventre on the Midway at Chicago and were suppressed as immoral.

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CHRISTIAN EVIDENCE METHODS.

From James B. Elliott, Philadelphia.

Dear Truth Seeker: Last Sunday the Rev. Mr. Smith, a divinity doctor of the Swedenborg persuasion, a man of large proportions physically—with a big head full of imagination—an itinerant preacher who fills vacant pulpits where the regular pastor is at camp meetings or in search of his health abroad, thinking he would catch the secretary of the Paine Memorial Association napping or at the seashore, decided to attack the "Age of Reason." He has successfully, in his own opinion, met and demolished Charles Watts of London and Rabbi Levy in debate as well as other infidel debaters. He takes great pride in relating his conquests, to enlighten his congregation and enlarge his own importance.

When he was preaching in Raleigh, N. C., on Thomas Paine's ignorance of the Bible, and exposing the fallacies of his "Age of Reason," he asserts that at the close of his lecture Judge Settle of the U. S. Supreme Court came up and congratulated him upon the light he gave him upon the question raised by Tom Paine, and on Sunday night following he brought to hear him a number of his law students who also were equally enlightened.

A number of old persons of both sexes accompanied him to cheer him up and give him courage. He said that with God everything was possible; that Paine had lost sight of this passage; that while Moses might have written about his own death, the science of "physiology" taught that God could so inspire Moses to write about that which he himself did not know, and that revelation might be made to one person and written down and communicated to any number afterward by the art of printing; that while Paine was not an Atheist in the strict sense of the word, his god of Nature was just as cruel as the God of the Bible, etc.

But the real animus of his discourse was left for the last when he produced Stephen Grellett's diary and said that Paine did not believe what he had written and died deserted, dirty, and filthy in New York calling upon Jesus to save him, etc.

Mr. Perrott, a distinguished graduate from Yale, who once upon a time occupied a large suite of offices in the Drexel Building, stated that the discourse showed great literary research into the history of the Bible and was unanswerable by Paine proselytes.

Mr. J. C. Hannon was asked if he had been converted. He said he was not, but was disgusted in hearing a dead man's reputation and character attacked and his arguments in the "Age of Reason" unnoticed—a book like the "Age of Reason," which had inspired Stephen Girard to found a college where 1,600 orphan boys were educated; and that the great constitutional lawyer Daniel Webster admitted this fact, and his argument so pleased the pious, that the Sunday School Union printed and circulated it as an antidote against the "Age of Reason" and commended the perusal of the "Age of Reason" and Webster's speech to the congregation. He was sorry for Mr. Perrott's memory and equally so for the reputation of the high standing of Philadelphia lawyers. When they indorsed such school boy arguments he would move back to Jersey.

I was given five minutes to reply to a lecture of an hour and made the best of my time by stating that the learned doc-

tor represented a man who was born on the same day and year that Thomas Paine was born whose "Age of Reason" had lived a century after his death and was still being printed and read, while Swedenborg's "Conjugal Love" was neglected and forgotten; and that in the British museum there were thirty-three replies to the "Age of Reason" catalogued; two of the greatest theologians of the day, Bishops Watson and Paley, made futile attempts to answer Paine's arguments. But that the learned doctor tried to shatter the arguments by discrediting his own witness. First by admitting that the "Age of Reason" had no arguments against the Bible and then admitting that when Paine died he recanted and said he regretted he had written the book. Having recanted he became a subject for him to defend in all his foulness as he was washed in the blood of the lamb and was white as wool. I recommended him to the New York Observer, which needed a competent clergyman capable of earning a salary of \$1,000 to hunt up the evidence of Paine's recantation and a competent editor to criticise the "Age of Reason" and to revise the statements made by Dr. Francis in Old New York and Valentine's History of New York.

MESSAGES BY TELEPATH.

From Mary Eeals.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker: In the interest of science Mrs. Annie Besant should write out her telepathic messages as soon as received and show them to her friends. Then when said messages were confirmed by letter or telegram or newspaper she could have the pleasure of saying "I told you so." Thereupon, unless her friends differ from mine, she would be informed that she is "positively uncanny."

Isn't it a bit amusing that some, well informed people are driven to spook theories to account for a phenomenon that is certainly as easy to account for as the fact that two tuning forks of the same pitch will vibrate in unison when only one is struck? There would be plenty of excuse for Annie Besant's grandfather—or ours—to fall back on spooks to account even for wireless telegraphy. But for us of the present generation it proves unpardonable muddle-headedness. Do we not know that messages can be flashed from continent to continent without steamships, stage-coaches or cables? And is not the human brain as delicate and sensitive a mechanism as any devised by Marconi? Telepams are no more uncanny than telegrams.

Let me give one or two instances from my own experience.

Last November, two or three days before Thanksgiving, I was, as usual, troubled by insomnia. I turned on the lights at last and sat down by the open fire to write. I did not know when I began writing what the story would be beyond the first few lines. A few weeks later I met the heroine of the story—this sounds melodramatic, but I merely mean that I had described the girl both by name and appearance. I had described her friends and had written down her very words and her unspoken thoughts. When we met through a letter of introduction given me by a chance acquaintance, a Western acquaintance, who was sure I'd like her, we took to each other at once and before long, a half hour or so, I began telling her about the story. We were in the office of the territorial secretary of the Socialist party of Oklahoma and Indian Territory, J. E. Snyder. I do not know where he is now, but you may find his address, I think, by inquiring of Upton Sinclair or the Rand school in New York. He did not jeer as mere men usually do, but listened with interest while we told each other about the people she had met in the flesh and I had

met telepathically. It was only one of many with me. If you like I will send you the story just as I wrote it before I met her. Also other instances and references.

SOME LIBELS OF DEITY.

From Peter F. Shumaker, Louisiana.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker—Dear Sir: I am an isolated Freethinker, living among wilfully ignorant churchmen who refuse to be enlightened. They hold to the doctrine that where ignorance is bliss it is folly to be wise. I have no truth seekers here to associate with, and these ignorant churchmen are very uninteresting society for me. I can only communicate with the Freethinkers through the columns of The Truth Seeker. I have given much time to the study of the Bible and so-called Christian theology. My conclusions are that the Bible is a collection of fables, allegories, mystical fictions, etc., which were borrowed from older books and traditions, and somewhat modified by the Catholic church. These books have no known authors. The clergy have made a god out of nothing and attribute the authorship of these absurd fictions to him. I regard it as a base libel of deity to call the Bible the word of god. We never had any talking god except fictitious, man made gods. And these gods received their inspiration from men, their creators.

The Bible is the inspired words of a fictitious man-made god, who was inspired to talk by his creators. Christian theology is theories and concepts of physics, conjectural philosophy, and very erroneous. John William Draper says: "The vital force which pervades the universe is what the illiterate call God." We are all cognizant of a vital force pervading the universe but we call it by different names. The Bible is not the word of that vital force. It never talks and no man's eyes ever saw it. The whole so-called Christian theology is a base libel of that vital force.

The doctrine of the fall of man and original sin is a libel of deity, but it is worth \$10,000,000 a year to the Catholic clergy as they charge \$1 a head for washing Adam's sin off the babies.

The doctrine of the atonement is a libel of deity. It makes the innocent suffer for the guilty and saves the wrong class of people. It sends the Voltaires, Paines, and Ingersolls to hell and saves the Harry Orchards, the McParlands, and the licentious clergymen.

The doctrine of salvation by faith and baptism is a libel of deity. It makes god a fool. I have more sense than that myself.

The doctrine of eternal punishment is another base libel of deity. It makes him a fool and a fiend, but it is worth hundreds of millions of dollars to the clergy.

IT WILL BE SO ISSUED.

From Dr. J. C. Leonard, Idaho.

To the Editor of the Truth Seeker: I just arrived here (Challis) and got my mail and three Truth Seekers. In the July 13, number, I notice a letter from J. S. Martin, Washington, commenting on Croffut's two articles, the Christ myth, or "The One Who Was Not," requesting The Truth Seeker to reproduce them in pamphlet form. The suggestion is a good one. The matter should be in the hands of every Freethinker because it knocks out beyond the shadow of a doubt, the very foundation of the Christian religion, and furnishes Freethinkers with the authorities on the subject. What will our Christian friends do should they wake up on the other side and find out that there never was a Jesus Christ?

They will also find out that there never was an Adam and Eve, and no devil.

Take the devil from religion
And the fabric is a shell;
No temptation of first parents
So no heaven and no hell!

If Freethinkers would adopt my method they would keep a scrapbook and paste therein all important matters on the subject. I have kept the record for thirty years, and I find it very useful. I clip from The Truth Seeker and all other papers that have articles on the subject.

THE LATE DR. WOOD.

By A. M. Lafayette, M. D., Syracuse, N. Y.
The death at Syracuse, N. Y., on Aug. 12, 1907, of Dr. Eben A. Wood, removed one of our most ardent advocates of Freethought.

Born at Carthage, N. Y., Feb. 23, 1853, he received his elementary education at the High School in that place, later taking a scientific course at Union College.

He began the study of medicine in the fall of 1871, with Dr. Geo. Hubbard, of his native town, and graduated from the Albany Medical College, Dec. 28, 1875.

He moved to Syracuse about 1880, where he practiced medicine till within five months of his death.

He was married in 1895 to Miss Cora Fenton, by whom he had one daughter, Viola.

His wife died in 1905, the shock of which he keenly felt and seemed never to have fully recovered from the loss.

He with others organized the Syracuse Secular Society, becoming its first president, and both in and out of the office he was considered the moving spirit in the organization.

A large number of friends enjoyed his hospitality and were always greeted with a familiar and cheerful salutation. His office outside of business hours was a rendezvous for Liberals, and for years meetings were held there every Sunday afternoon, when rational and scientific subjects were enthusiastically discussed.

Although never definitely asserting himself, he was at heart politically a philosophical Anarchist, considering no one law sufficiently broad to apply to all persons without tyrannizing some.

He was widely known but little understood and seldom fully appreciated. He was unfortunate in this respect as are all others similarly constituted. Apparently cold and austere on first approach it only required a knowledge of his family relations with the great affection he bore those close of kin to unmask the outer man and disclose the true, thoughtful and generous man within.

Probably his most wonderful characteristic was his clear and powerful mind. His pure rationalism and firm convictions carried with his conversation disclosures of intense interest and an intellectual treat was always in store for those who were interested in the serious questions of life.

Next to his family and friends stood his library, a rare collection of scientific and rational literature, and under its influence his mind rose to a high intellectual plane.

He was one of the pioneers of correct thought in the locality and was known and greatly appreciated by some of our greatest Freethinkers.

Dr. Wood was the most fearless and uncompromising opponent of illogical thought and religious bigotry that I have ever met, and his position was always entrenched behind the most overwhelming evidence produced by the work of our great scientific masters. He was absolutely indifferent to the criticisms of the politic crowd, but jealous of the judgment of a liberal friend.

He inherited a wonderful constitution and splendid physique, but close confinement to his profession and other studies developed chronic liver trouble, which ultimately, with other complications, terminated fatally. Almost his final instruction was that no clergyman be allowed to officiate in any capacity and that no religious ceremony whatever be permitted at his funeral.

THIRD REPLY TO A DISHONEST ARGUMENT.

From C. C. Gates, Illinois.

Mr. Editor: Here are some definitions to begin with: Dishonest: "characterized by fraud." Fraud: "deception deliberately practiced." Incompetent: "incapable, unfit," to which add critic, and his name.

"July 14, 1906: For, set a free mass in motion in a circle, and it will move in a circle forever." The Editor of The Truth Seeker never saw that statement until I realized that I had unintentionally made a mistake. Of this fact, Mr. W. P. Lawrence would have learned had he allowed a silly pride to commit suicide, had he written to me, as I requested Sept. 8, and by special request to Mr. Lawrence, March 9, 1907. I explained then my reason for wishing to hear from Mr. Lawrence. My reply, written in November, was never published, lost in transit to The Truth Seeker. Mr. Lawrence can readily see, of course, why I do not write to him. In view of such a rankly bitter letter as the one appearing in Truth Seeker, August 10, a letter from me to Mr. Lawrence would appear as an insult to him.

As to the above mistake, as Mr. Lawrence himself points out, I corrected it Sept. 22, 1906. In view of this fact, Mr. Lawrence's comments are coarse and indelicate, and WHOLLY beside the point, which is, to Mr. Lawrence, to prove my hypothesis to be false.

Mr. Lawrence is quite right when he says "any comment would be too much" on statements of mine that he has quoted from my second article, July 28, 1906. To him they are mud. To any one understanding them they are jewels. Which does not mean they must be accepted as true, but that they are, to my hypothesis, consistent explanations. It is impossible to make Mr. Lawrence understand them, hence I will make no attempt to explain further the meaning of the two statements and how they are and must be consistent one with the other.

As to the mistake of Sept. 8, 1906, Mr. Lawrence again fails to understand. The statement is false, it is true. But as to why I made it I will leave Mr. Lawrence to puzzle his good brain. One clue I will give. I never claimed anything more definite than that inertia is the only force, that no possible original attraction and repulsion exist, that motion is the only energy, that potential energy is a self-evident contradiction, that motion is measured only by momentum, and that momentum is maintained by inertia only. If Mr. Lawrence will read my pamphlet (no part of which as written, has every appeared in The Truth Seeker), I do not doubt that he will have a slightly clearer comprehension of my hypothesis, which is a better one, I should say, than the one by Graham. As to the charge that I know nothing of competitive hypotheses, I must say it is wholly false. The mistake referred to above was corrected Sept. 22. Why Mr. Lawrence sips off the dregs of my hypothesis is a total mystery to me.

Mr. Lawrence will find his questions answered in my pamphlet, part nine, page 14. Or he may cast aside pride and write to me. He may be sure of a courteous answer at least. I judge Mr. Lawrence by what he has written, as he must judge me by what I have written. It shows wrong in a critic to project his private bitterness in the face of disinterested readers. In only one letter have I shown unseemly bitterness; but action and reaction are equal and opposite. I reflect the bitterness of my critics.

When I wrote of the fusing of matter, Sept. 8, my ideas of my hypothesis were not so clear as they are now, of which I wrote, Jan. 12, that my hypothesis is a matter of "growth." Even then (Sept. 8) I did not mean adhesion, cohesion, or any other kind of "hesion" in the sense of attraction or pull of matter, when I spoke of its fusing. Superficially, no phenomena can be changed by my hypothesis, of course. The fact that Mr. Lawrence cannot see my hypothesis as I see it is proof that he is not a competent critic. No one but a competent critic should dare criticize.

As to Mr. Lawrence's comments upon my question as to why extreme cold makes matter brittle, I have something to say, further on, in which I will present my hypothesis in an entirely new point of view, not given either in The Truth Seeker or in my pamphlet.

Of one thing I am convinced. A critic should write out, in his own words, the hypothesis to be criticized. It would then be instantly evident whether or not he understood the hypothesis.

I have a perfect right to reason from any point of view that I wish if by so doing I can prove an idea to be false, or my own to be true. A reader must be terribly dense if he does not know what the assumed point of view is, and what the real. Let Mr. Lawrence read this, and then my letter of March 9. I then reasoned from two distinct points of view. I stated that "my authority for the statement that nothing but distance decreases attraction is an approved and standard one; I had not the valuable information of Mr. Lawrence that attraction may be reduced by the medium through which it passes. Then why the wild statement that I am stupid, when I merely stated what is understood by all first-class physicists and astronomers who understand gravitation to be a pull or attraction?"

Now, attention, Mr. Lawrence, for I will distinctly show you wherein your argument is palpably dishonest. In this connection, let the reader carefully reread my impulsive letter of April 27.

On page 27, Jan. 12 Truth Seeker, in next to the last paragraph of first column of page, is my argument from the point of view (not my own, of course), of that "standard authority" (referred to in quotation above from letter of March 9) wherein gravitation is an attraction or pull, not interrupted by any medium whatever, but decreasing by space or distance gauge. Mr. Lawrence did not refute, or even attack that argument. He attacked that "standard authority," wherein no medium reduces the attraction or pull of gravitation. He attacks the premise, and not the logic of that paragraph. For reasoning from that premise, "glaringly stupid" he accuses me, Feb. 16.

Though aware of the crudity and dishonesty of calling me stupid, for using a premise (a standard one at that), aware of this, I wrote my reply of March 9, which I wish the reader to especially note. However, I made that argument stronger. I took Mr. Lawrence's supposition (my use of the word "may" in the sentence quoted from letter of March 9, proves how I regarded Mr. Lawrence's premise) in exactly the same light that he did and made my argument perfect.

On March 30, Mr. Lawrence thinks he has "nailed an absurdity." He is as slippery as an eel—a bluffer. He will not maintain his supposition for a single moment. Yet I am "stupid" for not allowing a premise, which I did not need to allow, since I possessed the "standard authority," from which I reasoned Jan. 12, and Mr. Lawrence's premise was so new to me that it astounded me at the time. I remember thinking what an easy mark was Mr. Lawrence to put such a supposition in the face of the accepted explanation of gravitative decreasing attraction or pull. No wonder he would not maintain the supposition for a moment. It matters not whether a thing is a possibility or not, if it does not affect an argument. Mr. Lawrence's "possible" medium-reduced gravitative attraction or pull did not in any way affect my argument of Jan. 12. For Mr. Lawrence to accuse me of stupidity is to prove that he was bluffing; that he was not honest; that he wished to win the argument and prove his superior qualification as a judge of the cause of gravitation, it mattered not by what means.

All of which is palpable dishonesty, as any intelligent reader will decide. The latter part of the fifth paragraph of Mr. Lawrence's letter, Feb. 16, second column, contains the most skillful sophistry that I ever read.

In letter, August 10, Mr. Lawrence says: "It strikes me as a little absurd to be so emphatic about how a force would act if that force does not exist." Can Mr. Lawrence be stupid? That sentence comes dangerously near proving stupidity. A quibble, then. Quibbling is dishonest. Can he not see how I have argued from a point of view not my own? He is quite stupid if he does not see that I aim to prove my hypothesis by showing the poverty of argument against it. Again, Mr. Lawrence jibes at me childishly in reference to the "engine pulling a train." He should be old enough to see the babyishness of such a jibe. He does not understand that attraction must be a constant source of energy, just as the engine is with an absolute difference as to where the energy comes from.

It is false to speak of a constant surface (face of earth) intercepting four times as many rays of attraction when half as close to the sun as the earth is now placed. For the reason that the earth would have the same surface and occupy the same relative amount of space. No, whatever argument is offered

must fall flat in consideration of the fact, that it is not the same everywhere between two bodies. But, Mr. Lawrence, that is the best argument you have offered; more of them please, arguments you will stick to. The pressure of either would be and is four times as great one-half as close to the sun. But attraction could not be.

Mr. Lawrence ends his letter with four quotations. Why there should be more than one kind of attraction is a reasonable objection to any kind of attraction. If Newton was responsible for the idea, he was silly, more silly, most silly. I will do Newton the justice he deserves, by writing that attraction was not his idea, as it is popularly understood. I was not aware of this fact when I wrote the articles of Sept. 8, and Sept. 22, 1906. The quotation from March 9, 1907, confirms what I have written. Also the fourth one. What next, Mr. Lawrence? If you cannot understand plain sentences, is that my fault? Surely, surely not.

Mr. Lawrence intimates that he has a superior scientific knowledge. That may be true, too. It is true I have only a high school education (academic), and might have had the best college education in the world had I not been so well satisfied and indolent with what I have. Of what college are you a graduate, Mr. Lawrence? Oxford, I presume, from your learned criticisms.

An idea, of which I have not written, will clear up any objection to my hypothesis upon a basis of crystallized matter such as Mr. Lawrence makes, August 10.

Matter, whether gaseous, liquid, or solid, is composed of one element, as explained clearly in my pamphlet, which is no new idea, of course. But here is one I hope is new.

This matter or ether is in constant motion (energy), (which is maintained by no other means than inertia) vibrating in undulations, in many directions and forms, perhaps. Now, the simplest knowledge of undulations will acquaint one with the myriad symmetrical or nearly symmetrical forms, that combinations of waves produce. Now, since a crystal is undoubtedly the result of some kind or form of pressure, and as a wave is, too—the regular forms of undulation and of crystals (solids) prove to me, at least, that crystals are determined by the undulations constantly present in every conceivable form of matter; and by which undulatory motion of matter equilibrium of motion is obtained in those forms of matter known as liquids and solids. Extreme cold but helps this undulation, in the form of crystals, until the motion comes to absolute rest (absolute zero), when the substance or solid would go to pieces in finer particles than the finest dust; disintegrate into original one element ether. Elements, so-called, are but the varying forms of undulation, at varying speeds or velocities. Now, this undulatory explanation of crystals, I trust, is an entirely new idea under the sun.

Mr. Lawrence, excepted, though. He may prove me wrong, in that great library of his.

Orthodoxy.

A Consideration of the Congregational Creed.

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

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CHILDREN'S CORNER FOR Boys and Girls, YOUNG AND OLD.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON,
Fall River, Mass.

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Watermelon Time.

When the Summer days are heavy with
the sun's unending heat;
When the rustic lad makes footprints of
his bare and sunburned feet
In the inch of dust, like flour, down the
shaded country road;
When the sky's a splendid setting for an
amethystine ode;
When the leaves are hung like lacework
from the listless limbs and boughs,
And like pendulums in motion go the
tails of grazing cows;
When the youngster risks his garments
at a stealthy crawl and climb,
Underneath a barbed wire fence, I know
it's watermelon time.

When the fields are ripe for harvest and
from green are turning gold,
When the cornstalks, tall and yellow,
stand like sentinels of old,
When the scarecrow's empty garments
hang quite still the livelong day
And have not a flapping sleeve the once
to scare the birds away;
When the urchin leaves the beaten path
and by the rail fence goes
To gaze in where they lie so thick on
rows and rows and rows;
With eyes alight and watering mouth and
lagging steps, 'tis then
I know that watermelon time has come
around again.

When the nights are long in coming and
the golden harvest moon
For the predatory youngster times its
rising quite too soon;
When the bulldog's deep-mouthed growling
wakes the husbandman from sleep,
And suspicious shadows flicker where the
melon vines may creep;
When the pattering of footfalls sounds
upon the dusty road
And a breathless lad goes bearing off a
round and striped load,
When piratical excursions are discussed
all through the day,
Then I know that watermelon time is
not so far away.

When at night, begowned, beslippered,
Mother searches for the draught
That shall cure the hasty colic and with
splendid handicraft
Mixes up a soothing potion that shall
quiet Jim or Jack,
Who is full of writhing torments from
his swollen front to back;
When, awakened from his slumber in the
middle of the night,
Mother's youngster begs for medicine
and loudly cries for light,
When hot-water bags are carried up the
stairs, 'tis then that I'm
Quite assured it is the heyday of the
watermelon time.

—J. W. Foley.

Two Clever Boys.

Atlanta, Georgia, boasts of some ingenious and ambitious boys, since two lads of that place, the older but fourteen and the younger eleven, have designed and constructed a clock that is a wonder of painstaking work.

It contains over three hundred pieces of wood, all of them cut from boards with a small foot-power scroll-saw, and afterward sandpapered and put together with screws and mucilage.

The clock represents a cathedral, from the dome of which a bell peals forth the hours of the day. Inside the building the columns and statuary of a cathedral are reproduced in wood.

The clock is fifty-one inches high and twenty-one inches wide at the base, and the contrast in colors is decidedly pretty, the wood used being maple, white holly and walnut.

The figures on the dial were cut from walnut with a pocketknife, and look attractive on the white holly.

Notwithstanding the simplicity of the

tools used, the boys have succeeded in producing a timepiece of which they may justly be proud. It represents their leisure time after school hours, for other work was not neglected during its construction.—The Boys' World.

About Ants.

Americans are aware in a general way of the immense amount of damage done the growing and stored crops of this country by rats and insects, but the farmers of America know no such destructive foes as those which constantly wage warfare on the planters of India. Writing recently from Calcutta, United States Consul-General Michael stated that the tea planters had suffered severely of late from the attacks of many insects which did heavy damage to the tea bushes. The four most destructive foes of the tea growers are the bark eating borer, the mosquito, the sandwich caterpillar and the white ant. The mosquito causes a blight which does much damage to the budding bush and the bark eating borer and the caterpillar likewise cause heavy loss, but none of them is in a class with the white ant.

Of all the pests with which India is afflicted none is more remarkable and few more destructive than this small but industrious and ever hungry insect. When Mr. W. Ant goes a calling in some planter's tea field he starts very systematically at the roots of a bush and eats his way slowly upward, destroying all the wood and leaving only the bark. Often his presence is not suspected till the hollow branches collapse under the weight of the leaves and the bush falls to the ground, destroyed utterly.

The ant, although partial to growing tea bushes, will eat any other kind of wood except sandal, being particularly fond of white wood, which it will reduce to powder in a remarkably short space of time. The white ant has one weakness, it cannot attack in the light—like many other criminals—but keeps closely hidden and works from underneath, always leaving a shell, no thicker than paper generally, between itself and the deadly light of day. In some way known only to itself the ant will get inside a gilded or veneered picture frame. The outward appearance of that frame will not change, but day by day the ant will be at work under the protection of veneered covering. Then at a chance touch the seemingly strong frame will crumble and nothing will remain, but a small amount of white dust, the ant having eaten most of the wood. It is not uncommon, Consul Michael states, to find small round holes bored in the sheetiron bottom of a trunk, marking the spot where the ant began his exploration to see what choice of food that mysterious box might contain.

The following story must be accepted as fact unless we are to suspect a trusted representative of the government of "nature faking." Mr. Michael declares that an acquaintance of his was absent from his India home for several months. Before departing he covered all the furniture carefully and as best he could with a mere human intellect baffled the anticipated attacks on the white ants. When the months of his absence had passed and he was once more in his residence he looked over his furniture and congratulated himself that it was intact and that for once he had outwitted the insects. Still smiling at his fancied victory he lighted a cigar and sat down in a favorite chair to read the paper. Now, when he had departed that was a large, strong chair, but now it crumbled under the weight of his body as though made of cardboard.

The surprised man picked himself up, brushed off the dust, about all that remained of the woodwork of the chair, and made a "post-mortem" examination. He had not baffled the ants after all; on

the contrary they had eaten practically every bit of the wood except the outer covering of lacquer, leaving only the hollow mockery of a seat for the owner to "take a tumble" with.

The white ants will attack and destroy books, but they are not, as Mr. Michael remarks, particularly fond of literature. He has a book, he states, through which a white ant drilled a hole from front to back cover, much as if a needle had been driven through the volume. However, although the ants do not believe in wasting any time in getting to the end of a novel they do not consider literature a thing to be avoided, especially if the books are encountered in the course of a trip through a dwelling. It is on record that a white ant has bored a hole through an entire row of books without deviating a fraction of an inch from the straight.

These ants, as may be surmised, are the curse of India, and thus far man has come out second best in his efforts to exterminate them. No parasite that has ever been discovered is equal to the job, and all other efforts have failed ingloriously. It is presumed that in nature's original plan the white ant had a use, but the people of India are skeptical on that point.

But there are shrewd ants in other lands than India. In various warm countries there are several species, such as the agricultural ants of Texas, which harvest and store grain. Nicaraguan and Brazilian ants line the walls of their homes with bits of leaves on which a fungus is planted or grows, the fungus assuring them a square meal every day until summer comes again. Another remarkable member of the ant family is the driver ant of Africa, which is nearly half an inch long and is blind. These go about at night in armies and eat every small creature they come upon. When an army of drivers invades a native village the human population immediately takes to the woods and leads an *al fresco* life until the invaders move on.

"It is said that these ants lead a nomadic life, having no fixed abode, crossing rivers by clinging to one another in a living chain or bridge over which the others pass. When aroused by a flood they gather into a spherical mass and float with the stream until they drift ashore." One African traveler, Wilson, writing of the drivers, states: "When about to cross a well trodden path where they are likely to be disturbed the soldier ants weave themselves into a complete arch, extending across the whole width of the path, under which the females and the laborers bearing larvae pass without the least exposure. I have frequently put the end of my cane under the arch and raised it fully five feet from the ground without letting a single ant fall." Truly, Africa is a strange country.

The foraging ant of Central America is another remarkable member of the versatile family. They march about in large armies, their columns being three or four yards wide, with smaller or scouting parties thrown out on the sides or in advance to flush their prey, the innumerable insects of the tropical forests.—Chicago Evening Post.

Difficult.

A teacher in a certain Eastern school asked her class to draw a picture of that which they wished to be when they grew up. The pupils went diligently to work with paper and pencil, some drawing pictures of soldiers, policemen, and fine ladies, etc. They all worked hard, but one little girl, who sat quietly holding her pad and pencil in hand.

"Don't you know what you want to be when you grow up, Anna?"

"Yes, I know," replied the little girl. "I know I want to be married, but I don't know how to draw it."—Harper's Weekly,

edition. Fourteenth thousand. Paper, 35 cents.

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TYPOGRAPHICAL.

From C. Severance, Los Angeles, Cal.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker: After noting the mistakes in articles published by you, I am led to inquire if your proofreader uses bottled beer when at work and gets to nodding over his duties. What was the matter with him? I wrote "our civilization is nothing but refined [venerated in MS.—Ed. T. S.] barbarism." He allowed it to read "renewed." I said "we are still fiends in warfare," and he permits the compositor to say "friends." I quoted Napoleon the third, and he is referred to as the "Wizzard"; why and what for? I said "the doctrine of hell is held in reserve," and for the word "held" the word "hell" is used, destroying all meaning. I would suggest that he wake up and tend to business, or let some one take his place who will. Meanwhile, please say to him, in the words of Francis Murphy, "God bless you, my dear fellow," whatever they mean.

From John E. Remsburg, Oak Mills, Kansas.

Dear Gene: Was pleased to see "The Christ" make his appearance. There may be a few corrections to make as we go along, before the work is electrotyped. A good proofreader read the first chapter; but one error, and this may be in the copy.

From W. A. Croffut, Saratoga.

Dear Macdonald: I have received the revise (of "The One Who Was Not") you sent me last week, and, strangely enough, I find no errors. What proofreaders you must have. I salaam before them.

[With The Truth Seeker "on the machines" in a shop where a half dozen other papers, daily, weekly, and monthly, are printed, it is not so easy to secure perfect accuracy as when the printing office was attached to the editorial room. Nevertheless, the case of Mr. Severance is exceptional, and arose from a "rush" in which the matter complained of got into extraneous and incompetent hands. Where mistakes occur in the regular course of events bottled beer is not indicated, the "reader" being a young lady with a character for alertness and sobriety. Mr. Remsburg and Dr. Croffut are appreciative of typographical accuracy. A Populist paper once advertised Mr. Remsburg as the president of the "American Sexual Union." Dr. Croffut wrote of the "hosts" which in the future would throng the temple of Reason, and the printer read it hobos. Mr. Severance has our profoundest sympathy.—Ed. T. S.]

A NEW READER.

From Lyman M. Jones, Iowa.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker—Dear Sir: I am happy to be able to inclose to you my subscription for one year for our fearless and able exponent of common sense and reason, The Truth Seeker. I have been a reader for only a few months, but find it the most consistent and outspoken expression of natural truth of any of our Liberal and Freethought publications. As one of your correspondents stated in a late number, I am of the conviction that it is best to call a spade a spade, and not to pat ecclesiasticism on the back and commiserate its failing policies. I am the author of "Temperance and the Christian Religion," published by you in April.

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From William Donald, New Hampshire

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The drying up of a single tear has more
Of honest fame than shedding seas of
gore.

—Byron.

And he who will not form a link
Of new conditions soon to be,
Ere long must stand aghast to see,
Old systems toppling down the brink.

They cannot and they shall not last.
The broader impulse of the day
Will gain and grow and sweep away
The rank injustice of the past.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

For fifteen centuries the pilot of the
church lured our forefathers to a whirl-
pool of mental and physical degeneration,
till the storm of the Protestant revolt
enabled them to break the spell of the fal-
tal eddies, and, like a swimmer saving
his naked life, mankind has struggled
back to the rescuing rocks of our moth-
er earth. Lured by the twinkle of reflect-
ed stars, we have plunged into the
maelstrom of Antinaturalism, and after
regaining the shore, by utmost efforts, it
seems now time to estimate the ex-
penses of the adventure.—Felix L. Os-
wald's Bible of Nature.

A Springtime Love.

Oh, Morning skies were fair and blue in
spring's sweet singing season,
And happiness we idly sought with all
youth's fond unreason;
In gardens gay our joy we met, and found
in flowerful closes
The love that came with the daffodils—
and went away with the roses.

For soon the joyous springtime passed
and left our dream Elysian
Only a fancy unfulfilled, only a fleeting
vision;
And dead beneath the immortelles of
Memory reposes
The love that came with the daffodils—
and went away with the roses.

—Carolyn Wells.

On finding in another advanced society
that the seats of highest culture are
seats of discipline in barbarism, where
the test of manhood is the giving and
taking of wounds in fights arising from
trivial causes or none at all, and where
last year, a single day witnessed twenty-
one such encounters in one university,
we are reminded more of North Ameri-
can Indians, among whom tortures con-
stitute the initiation of young men, than
of civilized people taught for a thousand
years to do good even to enemies. Or
when we see, as lately in a nation akin
to the last, that an officer who declined
to break at once the law of his country
and the law of his religion by fighting a
duel, was expelled from the army, we
are obliged to admit that profession of
a creed which forbids revenge, by those
whose deeds emphatically assert revenge
to be a duty (almost as emphatically as
do the lowest races of men), presents
humanity under an aspect not at all of
the kind which we look for in "the ador-
able Great Being." Not reverence, not
admiration, scarcely even respect, is
caused by the sight of a hundred million
pagans masquerading as Christians.—
Spencer.

For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit.
'Twas Presbyterian true blue;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true church militant;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun,
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks;
Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
A godly, thorough reformation,
Which always must be carried on,
And still be doing, never done;
As if religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended—
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd, perverse antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss;
More peevish, cross, splenetic,
Than dog distract or monkey sick;
That with more care keep holiday
The wrong, than others the right way;
Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to;
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshiped God for spite;
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for.—Butler.

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Not the Patient.—Dentist (prodding a patient's gum in search of a fragment of root): "Funny, I don't seem to feel it." Patient (ironical in spite of pain): "You're in luck!"

Conscientious.—Mrs. Goodheart.—"So you won't chop the wood?"

The Hobo.—"No, lady. I'm a kleptomaniac. I'm afraid I might steal some of it."—Harper's Weekly.

Driven to Despair.—"Poor fellow!" said a benevolent lady, kindly, "what has brought you to this destitute condition?"

"My wife, mum."

"Your wife! How is that?"

"Well, you see, mum, I've found her three good jobs, and blessed if she ain't lost every one of 'em!"

The Veracious Verger.—"In the far corner lies William the Conker; behind the organ, where you can't see 'em, are the tooms of Guy Fox, Robin 'Ood, and Cardinal Wolsey. Now, does that guide-book, as I see you 'ave in your 'and, tell you who is lyin' here, sir?"

The Skeptical Tourist. "No; but I can guess."

Another Chance.—One day the office boy went to the editor of the Soaring Eagle and said:

"There is a tramp at the door, and he says he has had nothing to eat for six days."

"Fetch him in," said the editor. "If we can find out how he does it we can run the paper for another week!"

His Business.—A Boston lawyer, who brought his wit from his native Dublin, while cross-examining the plaintiff in a divorce trial, brought forth the following:

"You wish to divorce this woman because she drinks?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you drink yourself?"

"That's my business!"—angrily.

Whereupon the unmoved lawyer asked:

"Have you any other business?"—Everybody's.

Just as He Was.—A Richmond minister not long ago was asked to perform a marriage ceremony by a young negro couple. As he had employed the groom for a year or two, he consented, knowing what prestige would come to the couple by reason of having been married by a white minister. At the appointed time the happy pair arrived, and the ceremony proceeded.

"Do you take this man for better or for worse?" the minister asked.

For all her shyness, the bride spoke up bravely.

"No, sah; ah don't," she said. "Ah'll take him jest like he is. If he was ter get any better I's 'fraid he'd die; an' if he was ter get any wuss, ah'd kill him myself!"—Harper's Weekly.

Why He Was Happy.—"My good man," said the professor of sociology, "you seem to be happy; would you mind telling me the reason of your happiness?"

"Oi wud not, sor," said the Irishman.

"I hov just done three good deeds, and anny man who has performed three good deeds has raisin to be happy."

"Indeed he has," said the professor; "and may I ask what three good deeds you have performed?"

"Well, as Oi was coming past the cathedral this morning, I saw a wumman wid a wee bit infant in her arms, cryin' thot hard it would melt the heart av a shtone. I asked her phat could be the matter. She answered thot for the want av five shillin's to pay the fees she could not get the doctor and medicine for the child, an' it was a sickly child at thot, an' liable to die soon. I felt thot bad for her I pulled out the only sovereign I had, and tould her to go and get the child what she needed and bring me the change. She went inside rejoicin', and soon returned wid her face all smiles, give me my change, and went away hapin' blessin's on my head. Now ain't thot enough?"

"That's good," said the professor; "now, what were the others?"

"Others?" said the Irishman; "that's all."

"I understood you to say you had performed three good deeds."

"And so I did, don't you see? I dried the widow's tears—thot's one; I saved the child's life—thot's two; and, lastly, I got fifteen good shillin's for a bad sovereign, and if thot wouldn't make you happy thin you are hard to please."—London Tit-Bits.

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News of the Week.

Four thousand Japanese have come to Canada since Jan. 1 of this year.

Former Mayor of Louisville, Ky., Paul C. Barth, deposed, committed suicide Aug. 21.

Rudyard Kipling has been designated as the winner of the Nobel literary prize this year.

The Labor day parade, Sept. 2, is expected to be the largest on record in New York.

The striking telegraphers are going back to work, but the strike has not been declared off.

Secretary of State Elihu Root is recuperating in Muldoon's sanitarium near White Plains in this state, where nervous wrecks are reorganized.

President Sylvester J. Small of the Commercial Telegraphers' Union, is in New York. He tells the men who are out that the strike must go on.

The first child ever born in the executive mansion at Albany, this state, is the daughter and fourth child of Governor Hughes. The event occurred Aug. 19.

John Burroughs, naturalist and author and next friend of Mr. Roosevelt, expresses regret that the President has again jumped into the fray with the nature-fakirs.

The city of Butte, Mont., is tied up with labor strikers. The machinists have nearly put the mines out of business, and sympathetic strikes cripple the telephone, telegraph and mail service.

John D. Rockefeller has asked Uncle Sam for the witness fee and railroad mileage earned July 6, when he testified before Judge Landis in Chicago as to his ignorance of Standard Oil affairs. The amount due is \$73.95.

The czar of Russia is expected to attend on Sept. 1 the inauguration of the church built at the place where Alexander II was assassinated. This will be his first official visit to St. Petersburg since the opening of the first Duma.

Gen. Lewis Cass Fry, who led the Commonwealthers from the Pacific Coast to Washington at the height of the hard times of 1894, is dead at Brice, Mo. At the time of his death he was in the employ of the Mississippi Valley Trust Company.

Mrs. Andrew Goetz, Sunday school teacher, treasurer, and sustaining pillar of St. John's Lutheran Church, West New York, is a fugitive from justice and is wanted by the police and the trustees of the church for the embezzlement of about \$1,000 of the church's funds.

In his speech at Provincetown, Mass., on Aug. 20, President Roosevelt explained the financial depression as caused by a plot of malefactors of great wealth who wish to discredit the administration and secure a reversal of its policies so that they may enjoy the fruits of their evildoing.

The old established house of E. C. Hazard & Co., of 117 Hudson street, this city, one of the half dozen biggest wholesale firms dealing in high class groceries in this country, has been forced to the wall by the stringency of the money market. The firm's liabilities are \$260,000; assets \$460,000.

The Buck's Stove and Range Company of St. Louis has begun suit in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia to restrain the American Federation of Labor from boycotting its goods. This is the first time that the Federation itself has been attacked in the courts on account of the "boycott system."

The Socialist Congress at Stuttgart approved a motion declaring in favor of woman suffrage. Editor Quelch of "Justice," an English Socialist journal, was ordered expelled from Wurtemberg, of which kingdom Stuttgart is the capital, for saying at the congress that the Hague Peace Conference was a "thieves' supper."

This item may be kept standing, subject to change of names and places: "New Haven, Aug. 25.—Suit for divorce was brought today against the Rev. John H. Presby, for years pastor of the Webster Street Methodist church. His wife names as corespondent, 'Jane Doe,' and says the young woman is a prominent member of her husband's church."

After a prolonged and animated debate the House of Lords, Aug. 20, passed the second reading of the Deceased Wife's Sister bill by 111 votes to 79. The minority included every one of the seventeen bishops who are members of the House, who hold that the bill legalizes incest. The bill is now sure to become a law.

The Supreme Court of California decided that Mayor Schmitz was ousted legally and has no right to draw his salary from the city of San Francisco. The four police commissioners who held office under Mayor Schmitz have been notified by Mayor Taylor to vacate their offices. As was expected, they have declined to obey the order.

Wilbur Glen Voliva, who succeeded John Alexander Dowle as head of the Christian Catholic Church, and a party of loyal followers are in Las Vegas, N. M., to found a new colony in that section. They have purchased 5,000 acres of fertile land near Las Vegas, and expect within a few weeks to have 2,000 colonists there.

Christian Science was first heard of in England fifteen years ago. Now it has a temple nearing completion in London that will accommodate a congregation of 1,700. Half the building, accommodating about 700 or 800, has been in use for a considerable time, and has usually been so thronged that overflow meetings have been necessary.

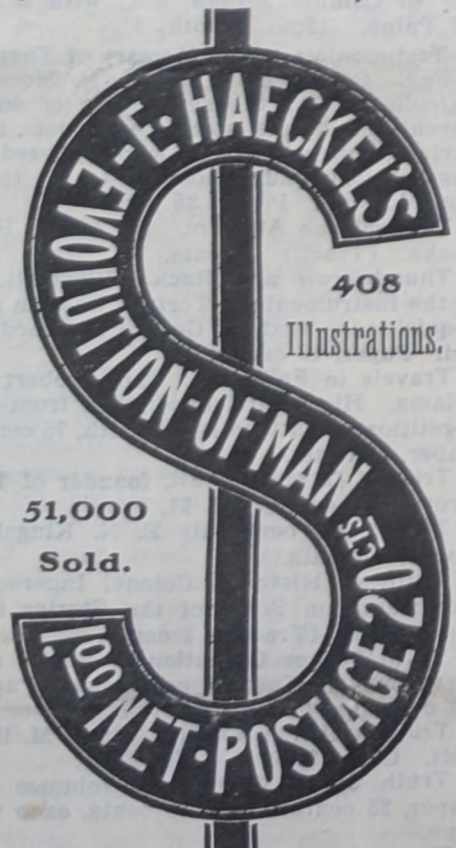
Count Boni de Castellane continues his efforts to effect a reconciliation with his former wife, Anna Gould, daughter of Jay. Evidently he finds it hard to meet expenses without his wife, who was his meal ticket. Madam Gould will have nothing more to do with him. She lives near Paris with her three children, and is still engaged in settling Boni's debts.

Secretary of War Taft who is a candidate for the Republican nomination for President next year, has opened his canvass with a speech delivered at Columbus, O., Aug. 19. The sentiments which Mr. Taft expressed are those of Mr. Roosevelt. He asserted that the President's policy of business regulation had been framed with the object of forestalling and suppressing Socialism.

A fine of \$20,000 has been imposed upon the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha Railway Company and its former general freight agent, Hiram M. Pearce, is ordered to pay a \$2,000 fine by Judge Page Morris in the United States District Court in Minneapolis. The Omaha road, jointly with its former general freight agent, was convicted in the same court on April 11 for granting rebates to the Spencer Grain Company.

In his annual report, just made public, Brig-Gen. Albert L. Myer, commanding the department of Texas, says that the disturbances which took place at Fort Brown and Brownsville Aug. 13-14, 1906, is still shrouded in mystery. The only facts established in justification of the discharge without honor of two com-

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whales, which were very like clouds, off the coast of Maine, hunted swordfish, loafed among the Bluenoses, went down to the "vexed Bermoothes," saw pink pigs in the blue sea around Cuba, made himself familiar with the people and their religion, found out how the Mexicans live, and why, found out about their habits, and tried to find their morals, rakes up Spanish misdeeds for God's sake; describes the peons, and a trip over the Andes; wandered up among the Toltec ruins, investigated the land system of Mexico, and discovered that Eden was once at the North Pole. There is, besides, a great deal of information concerning Mexico. The whole book is the witty, wise and cynical journal of one who is not deceived by outward show, but accepts it all as a part of the entertainment, with inanimate good nature and a desire to see more.

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panies are that on the night in question a few enlisted men of the first battalion of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, then garrisoning Fort Brown, did go armed into Brownsville and do some promiscuous firing, resulting in the death of one civilian, one horse, and the wounding of one policeman.

On August 19 Rear Admiral Brownson, acting secretary of the navy, approved the finding of the court-martial in the case of Chaplain Harry W. Jones, U. S. N., who was tried at Norfolk on charges of issuing worthless checks and falsehood. He was found guilty and sentenced to dismissal from the navy. Admiral Brownson approved the verdict. On Aug. 21, attired in the white uniform and bearing the insignia of his office, Chaplain Jones appeared in the corporation court and gave \$500 bond for his appearance at the October term of court for trial under the indictment charging grand larceny in uttering a check which he had no funds to meet. On Aug. 22 President Roosevelt signed an order dismissing Jones from the navy.

TRACTS REPRINTED.

The following tracts have been for a time out of print, but new editions have been struck off, and they may now be had at the prices indicated:

WHAT IS RELIGION? By Robert G. Ingersoll. His last public lecture, containing the poem, the "Declaration of the Free." 5 cents.

WAS JESUS CHRIST A MYTH? By Dr. W. A. Croffut. 5 cents.

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