

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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THE GOD OF WRATH.

A Merciful Christ the Christian's Apology or Erratum for the Vengeful Jehovah.

Each one of the great religions has had its own god or gods. As many religions, so many gods. These have differed from each other in many ways. These gods have inspired different Bibles, required different sacrifices and ceremonies, and established different priesthoods. But in one thing they have been similar. Each has been a God of wrath. Each has been subject to spells of anger, jealousy and vindictiveness. No religion of mankind has ever imagined or devised a god that was uniformly kind, loving, good-natured and just.

The origin of the gods grew primarily out of the ignorance and fear of mankind. A theory of the existence of a Supreme Being based upon any philosophy, nor upon any revelation, nor upon any discovery, nor upon moral necessity. It was the ignorant world's attempt to account for things. Perhaps man in his childhood no more than in his maturity was able to think of anything without imagining some cause for it. When, therefore, man saw the storm, he thought of some being producing the storm; when he saw the lightning fly athwart the sky, he imagined that God was the cause of it, and said it was Jupiter hurling the thunderbolt; when he saw the sea rise and fall in perpetual motion, rush daily upon the shores and daily recede, he said, "It is a god; Poseidon, the deity of the sea, is doing this thing."

When he saw the storm and heard the wind, he said "there must be another god for that, it is Boreas that has unloosed the 'sightless couriers of the wind'; when he saw, night by night, the stars come up and go down, he said that each one was attended by a deity or spirit that pushed it across the sky; when he saw the fountain rising and flowing away, sometimes leaping above its apparent source, he said, "there is a deity resident in the fountain." When he walked in the forest and listened to the viewless wind and heard it moaning through the tree tops, he said, "the grove is the residence of some spirit." But the aspect of nature was more terrible than kind. There was everywhere about him the marks of disaster; disease, pestilence and famine lay in wait for him. Sickness came upon him and he spent his terrified life in the perpetual presence of death. All these things were caused by gods. There was so much more of suffering and terror than there was of happiness and repose that his idea of God came to be one of a Being of terror, of vindictiveness, of wrath. And, thus, through all the early conceptions of mankind, God was a being of terror. They thought of his wrath. He was powerful, and they stood in fear of him.

They fashioned, from necessity of thought, their gods like themselves. No man can imagine a Being wholly different from himself or his experience. Men always made their gods in the image of themselves. The oriental people, whose dream of happiness was one of perfect rest, who seek oblivion, the people who think that life with its activities and its toils is an affliction and whose utmost dream of eternal bliss is the being absorbed into unthinking existence—these

BY JOHN EMERSON ROBERTS.

people pictured their god as a being of infinite repose—the silent, the oblivious one.

On the other hand, the people who were stirred with the dream of conquest, who loved war and its spoils and plunder, pictured their god as a conqueror, as a consuming fire, as one perpetually in conflict with his enemies, and whose ultimate triumph would result in the overthrow of all that opposed him and his people. But all of the modern gods have been simply imitations. It has been thousands of years since any religion has given to the world a new conception of God. The Christian religion has nothing whatever about it that is original. In all of its ceremonies and in all of its idea and conception of God it is but an imitation. Here, as everywhere, the old law holds that the imitator will copy more nearly the defects and imperfections of his model than he will of its excellences and virtues. The Christian religion took the old conception of God and in order to improve it began the process of elimination. It reduced the number of gods to one and made that one three. The Christian religion copied all of its festivals and ceremonies. It was a blend between the pagan religions, the Jewish religion and the humane and practical religion that was taught by the prophet of Galilee.

The being from which the Christian religion copied its god was the Jehovah of the ancient barbaric Jewish people. These people were essentially barbarians and savage. They did not belong even with the civilized peoples of that day. They had neither art nor manufactures, nor even agriculture. We know them chiefly as they went from their bondage in Egypt, a great company of slaves, with all of the degradation and ignorance that are incident to four centuries of bondage. But they were stern monotheists. They had a vigorous conception of God, and we, as a Christian religion, have copied it exactly. The character of the Jehovah of that ancient people is seen most clearly in the story of the Jewish people of ancient times. The conduct of Jehovah in the garden of Eden is an index of his character. The god that was the author of the scheme was subtle, cunning and unprincipled. Think of a beautiful garden with everything that Nature can produce to awaken the desire, the lust, the thought of pleasure in the breast of man, and two beings, innocent and inexperienced, placed there, and a command given them, without any apparent reason for it, an arbitrary prohibition. There may have been some excuse for it, but the poor innocent pair were not acquainted with the excuse. Simply this, there was the prohibition of a certain tree; of its fruit they were not to eat, and if they ate of it, they should die. Into the garden a subtle tempter was put. He began an argument with the innocents and said: "There's no reason for that prohibition; it's arbitrary; it is the misguided notion of some over-zealous re-

former; the garden's yours, and the fruit of every tree is yours; eat it and be wise." And they ate it and were driven out. If that Jehovah had been a being of principle he would have sat down in the shade with the innocents and explained to them the reason for his prohibition. He made a pair of people, endowed them presumably with reason, and then the first act of that God was to ignore their reason and violate their own intellectual independence and self-respect. Religion has been doing that ever since. From that day until this, one of the primal requirements has been to blind the eyes of reason, stifle inquiry, ask no questions, but believe, blindly believe and be saved. Question, doubt and die.

The character of this Jehovah is further illustrated in the sacrifices that he required. Simply blood—blood—blood, slain beasts, altars dripping with gore, every sacred place like the shambles of a slaughter house. And that was our ancient Jehovah. They used to count the sacrifices—so many hundred or so many thousands of cattle and sheep. But when Solomon dedicated his temple, rich king that he was, and being the king and having the property of all of his subjects at his command, not being under the necessity of working himself, never knowing the ardent toil necessary to care for a herd and have it multiply and increase in value, ignorant of all of that, he sacrificed sheep and oxen until they tired of counting, and the sacred record says that their sacrifices of sheep and oxen could not be counted or numbered. All of this to please Jehovah.

Could anything be more obnoxious to a just and proper God? Could the people possibly have acquired any other idea than that he was a bloody deity and delighted in slaughter and in slaying things? And when he made war he carried out the same idea of slaughter. He said to them: "When you go up against a town, offer it terms of peace, and if it accepts the offer, then all of its people shall be subject unto you." That is, they were to give up their city for slavery; they were to become bondmen forever. "But if the city will not accept the offers of peace, then make siege against it, and I, the Lord, will deliver it into your hands, and ye shall put every male inhabitant to the sword, but the women and the little ones and the cattle, the silver and the gold, and the spoils thereof ye shall take with you for your possession; and when I, the Lord, have given the city into your hands, thou shalt suffer nothing that breatheth to remain alive." That was the command that Jehovah gave his people.

After Joshua had made a successful campaign in the land of Canaan and had destroyed one city after another and subjugated or exterminated one tribe after another, he gathered the people together and recounted to them not what he had done, but what the Lord had done for them. And in that marvelous address he reviewed all their history and spoke not for himself but distinctly said: "I, the Lord thy God"—and then he went on to tell what Jehovah had done. "You

were in Egypt," he said, "and you know what I did in Egypt, how I brought plague and pestilence and death upon your masters until they let you go; and when they followed you, you know how I drowned Pharaoh and his chariots and his horsemen in the sea, and then lest they should follow you, I placed a cloud of darkness between you and them by day and fire by night that they should not come upon you; and when they sought Baalam, a priest of another god, to curse you, I would not hear his curse, and caused him to bless you. And when you came to the land of the Amorites and the Hittites I sent the hornet before you to drive out the people." And after he had recounted all that the Lord had done in the way of war and extermination, he said in his peroration: "And the land for which ye did not labor and the cities that ye did not build ye dwell in and possess, and of the olive yards and of the vineyards that ye planted not do ye eat." That was Jehovah, the god of our Old Testament, the God that we have copied, the God whom they say we must worship and are Infidel or Atheist if we deny that he is God.

The later God is a modification of the ancient Jehovah. I have wondered if there were not reasons for the doctrine of the trinity to be found in the abhorrent character of the ancient God that the Christian religion has never been able to throw aside or deny. If he is a being of wrath and anger and vindictiveness than there surely came a time when the longing heart of man wished another God, a different and a better God. But they were not yet sufficiently strong of intellect and daring to reject the old entirely and make a new one. So they kept the old God, and by way of apology for his harshness, his cruelty, they added the second person of the trinity, the Christ, and I think that the God Christ is the Christian apology for the God Jehovah. But there is on the part of the first God the same thirst for blood, the lust for sacrifice, but now all the sheep and oxen of Solomon could not satisfy that thirst for blood. It must be the blood of his own son.

This has been represented as the glory of the Christian religion. Could anything be more abhorrent? Is it not a time that Infidelity—nay, against such a being Atheism—be given the place of reverence and sanctity, and the religion that exalts and holds forth such a God as the object for our love, our homage and our reverence—that that worship be Atheism and Infidelity? Has not the time come when it is an act of worship to deny that such a being is the God of this universe and all mankind are his children?

But even the Christ they could not quite separate from wrath, for the time will come when he will change; they will transform that gentle, loving Nazarene into a besom of destruction, a consuming fire, a destroying angel, a swift and remorseless judge.

And so they had to conceive the idea of an eternal penitentiary, of a place of endless confinement, where God's enemies might be, and thus came the idea of Hell. Men did not want their enemies to be reconciled with God. The subjects and favorites of a king did not want their king to make terms with their enemies save the terms which brought them into captivity and bondage. Men that professed to love and serve God did not want those that did not to be reconciled with God. They wanted them to be crushed into the frightful eternal imprisonment in Hell. That is where the old doctrine came from. They put the same limitations on their God of wrath that they found within themselves.

The only way to save God to this world is to abandon the gods of the past. There never was an age, never a generation, never a civilization on the globe that was capable of forming an idea and conception of God that is worthy and adequate for the generation that now lives. We know more of the world, we know more of justice, we have wider knowledge than any age that ever lived. We do not go back thousands of years for our idea of political economy or the science of agriculture, or steam navigation; we go to the scientists, the discoverers and the inventors of today. We do not think the wooden plows our fathers used are good enough for us. We take the modern product. Only in religion we think that the older the gods the better; the more barbaric the people that produced theology, the more holy, sacred and civilized it is. We must outgrow the old gods just as we outgrew the wooden plow and the two-wheeled ox cart and the prairie schooner. We must have a modern God, a God without wrath or anger.

Men have juggled with the name of God, and people are afraid, because of that single word, to think, to reason, to speak. The Bible is held as the word of God, and its pages have been let alone for a great many generations, and if a thing there is ascribed to God, it must be believed, and if it seems horrible and out of all harmony with right and justice and goodness, then we must simply say that God's ways are not our ways, they are higher above us than the heavens are higher above the earth; but they are not.

Men are persuaded that it is better to have no God at all than to have a God of wrath and blood. Better to have no God at all than to have one who has to be reconciled. There is a lack of manliness about our religion. The thought of the necessity of mediation is the thought of the coward. To say a ceremony, whatever it may be, is demanded of the Infinite, to say that a priesthood, however ancient it may be, is necessary for a mediatory service, to say that the church has within its keeping and for its administration saving sacraments, is absurd. It makes God little, it shrivels him and reduces him until there is no longer within him attributes of dignity or grandeur or nobility. Under the present dispensation of religion God is a secondary thing. The priest, the ceremony, the church, they are the chief things. They hold the keys of heaven and hell. They are the keepers of the door that leads to life. They are the possessors of the only knowledge of the way of salvation, and while the church and priesthood and the creeds are doing all this, God is somewhere, absent, waiting to see how well they will succeed. He is an absent God administering the affairs of the earth through his agents, his vicegerent, his representatives.

We are advancing. The pathway of mankind is ascending. It does not go down. The time will come when we shall be so religious that we shall no longer need the priests. We shall be independent and superior to all the theologies. We shall not need the church as a means of grace, nor its sacraments, nor its ceremonies, nor its salvation. Science will be the revelation of the new God. The priests will be the teachers of the world, and all that will be required to secure the favor of that universal god will be honor, honesty and service to the world of man.

Mother Dear and Mother Damned.

My mother was a neighbor kind,
For hers a loving heart:
In every plan for doing good
She took an active part.
No pain could live beneath her touch,
And grief she knew to smother;
The troubles quickly were forgot
When spoke my loving mother.

She told about the angels bright
That watched us all with care;
And then I dreamed of heaven high,
Or flying through the air.
Though friend may smiling clasp my hand,
And greet me as a brother,
No friend can ever be so dear
As that encheering mother.

She sang the songs of fairy land,
The birds took up the strain;
A thrill of joy was in the air,
And all was peace again.
Her tone so often cheered my heart—
The voice was like no other;
I hear it yet, and ne'er forget
The sacred name of mother.

(After the poet gets Religion.)

Now mother dear has passed away,
Has gone beyond our sight;
Has gone, the Holy Bible tells,
To dark and lurid night!
Believing not on Jesus Christ,
Though doing all things well,
That mother, once to me so dear,
Is now in burning Hell!

As mother wails in endless woe
Where skeptics all belong,
Then shall I be transmogrified,
And sing a joyful song!
How can I risk my precious soul,
The priest and church defy?
Their gospel is the truth divine—
Unless a black and devilish lie!

CHARLIE CHURCH.

Argument.—Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.—Acts xvi, 31; He that believeth not shall be damned.—Mark xvii, 16; The angels shall . . . cast them into the furnace of fire: there shall be walling and gnashing of teeth.—Matthew xiii, 49-50; The abominable unbelievers . . . shall have their part in the lake of fire and brimstone; and their torment endureth for ever.—Rev. xxi, 8; xiv, 11; I heard a voice from heaven, . . . and they sang a new song.—Rev. xiv, 2-3 [Exult and sing, adore the King: loud ring the bell in praise for Hell!]

CENTENARY OF PAINE'S DEATH.

A Proper Occasion to Celebrate the Summing up of His Fruitful Life

The year 1909 will be a memorable one from the fact that it is a centenary year for the birth of many notable men. Among these may be mentioned Parker Pillsbury, Edgar Allan Poe, Lincoln, Tennyson, Fitzgerald, Charles Darwin, O. W. Holmes, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Gladstone, Cyrus McCormick, Raphael Semmes, Kinglake, Lord Houghton, and General Joseph Johnston.

Centenary exercises will be held in memory of all these men by their friends and admirers. The year 1859 was prolific in the death of men of note and eminence. Among them may be enumerated John Brown of Osawatomie and Harper's Ferry; Thomas B. Macaulay, Alexander von Humboldt, Washington Irving, Henry Hallam, Prescott, Dr. Lardner, Prince Metternich, Leigh Hunt, Senator Broderick, Brunel, Robert Stephenson and Thomas DeQuincey.

It has been said that if five hundred of the leading men of a country were removed suddenly not only would the loss be irreparable, but the country would receive a blow that would be simply disastrous.

Now the year 1809, while it became illustrious through the birth of men who became eminent, at the same time suffered from the death of two men who attained note and great distinction, especially from the death of one who was second to none of those who have been mentioned. This was Thomas Paine, whose death occurred on June 8, 1809.

The other was Sir John Moore, who has been immortalized by the poet Wolfe and caused to be better known than even his own career, meritorious as it was. Now, it is not the custom as a rule to celebrate a man's death, which is the end or culmination of his career; birthdays, which have so much significance for the world, are the periods generally selected to recall the memory of these who had so well enacted their part in the service of humanity.

The life of Paine, however, was so varied, and so many incidents are recalled in his career, that every year or every period is opportune to recall his memory in the service of the world and humanity.

The bicentenary of his birth occurs on January 29, 1937, which is a good way off and will not be witnessed by many of his present friends and admirers. The memory of Paine is growing year by year, the more so since his career has been set right by Conway and others. His political services are now acknowledged by men of fairness and intelligence. His religious opinion and writings are tacitly accepted or acknowledged by a growing body of persons.

The time is coming when general public opinion will do him justice. Even though next year is the centenary of his death, could it not be taken note of as the end of a great life to which fitting justice was not done one hundred years ago? Probably the novelty of the celebration would cause considerable comment, but it could not help but make known to the general public the facts connected with the life of Paine as nothing else could or would. What say the Liberals regarding this proposition? We are confident it can be carried out and should be. When the time comes for the bicentenary of his birth, that too will be celebrated by a much larger body of his admirers than will now celebrate the summing up of his general life history.

HISTORICUS.

Fewer Embryo Parsons.

The phenomenal decrease in the number of theological students, so frequently emphasized in recent religious discussions, is by no means confined to America; it is assuming international proportions in Protestant lands, and nowhere more than in Germany. While in all the other departments of the universities of the Fatherland there has been an increase in the enrollment so marked as to lead to a revival of Bismarck's fear of a "learned proletariat," dangerous to the state and to society, the church of Germany is lamenting the fact that within the last twenty years the number of Protestant theological students has fallen from a total of 4,572 to 2,106 or 54 per cent—a fact all the more significant when it is remembered that the total enrollment at the universities during these same two decades shows an increase of nearly one hundred per cent. —Current Literature.

DUPES OF RUSSIA'S CHURCH.

Unlimited Gold and Gems for the Sanctuary,
Poverty and Disease for the People.

Ida Husted Harper, the brilliant woman suffragist, who is now abroad, is writing interesting letters to the New York Sun. A portion of her letter dated August 8, from St. Petersburg, in Russia, deals with the gold and gem decorated churches of that country in which misery worships. Mrs. Harper says:

Among the upper classes who have been well fed and housed for generations are giants in stature, and one sees on the streets tall and powerful Circassians and Cossacks from the mountainous regions, but the masses are small and inferior, physically and mentally. Nowhere is this so evident as in the churches, which offer the best opportunity for studying the people, and if one feels a deep interest in the welfare of the Russians what he sees there will fill him with despair.

Filth and Faith.

"If you insist on going into those churches," said my friend as I started out one Sunday morning, "put on a pair of gloves that you can throw away when you come out, and don't let anybody touch you, for when a case of black smallpox breaks out in the family all the other members rush to the church to pray to the saints."

The matter of the gloves was easily managed, but I soon found myself in a crowd that was no respecter of persons. The altar is concealed behind lofty doors, and in front of these railings are placed to form a hollow square, or rather oblong, about twelve feet wide and fifty feet long, and around this the people mass themselves, as there are no seats in Russian churches. The whole audience is in constant motion, making the sign of the cross on forehead, breast, and shoulders, and bowing as much as the space available will allow.

Although there is continual incense burning and spraying with holy water I soon fled for my life to a more remote part of the church, where one is scarcely aware that a service is going on, so vast is the interior of the edifice.

Everywhere are the ikons in glass cases, hanging on the walls or resting on supports; Christ, the Madonna, or the saints painted on metal, with only the face and hands visible through the covering of gold plate, and these are always Byzantine, almost black. The ikons are adorned with diamonds, emeralds, rubies and sapphires, and all day long the people fall prostrate before them, press their foreheads on the floor, rise up, kiss the glass over the face and set their lighted candle in front. Mothers lift their delicate little children and press their lips on the spot breathed on by thousands.

Derelicts of Humanity.

Occasionally a richly dressed woman or a smartly attired officer goes through this ceremony, but the masses of the worshipers are the derelicts of humanity, such pitiful specimens, half starved laborers, emaciated mothers with wailing infants, crippled beggars—does their superstition give them a blessed relief or does it help to keep them in the depths of poverty and ignorance?

"When a man has stolen an unusually large amount of money he gilds the domes of a church," is a common saying. No words can describe the magnificence of Petersburg's churches, with their columns of marble, malachite and lapis lazuli, their decorations in bronze, mosaic, paintings, gold, silver and jewels, bought with taxes wrung from starving peasants.

The splendid Church of the Resurrection, a memorial to the royal martyr, is at last finished. Just inside its gorgeous entrance is a carefully protected patch of cobblestones—they are stained with the blood of Alexander II., killed by a bomb in 1881. This church has been in process of construction since that time, built by popular subscription, and the people do not hesitate to say that many times the necessary amount has been subscribed and appropriated by Alexander's sons, the present Grand Dukes.

They have a plain way of speaking, the Russian people who dare, and they do not always respect the royal blood. The memorial of the late Grand Duke Sergius may be seen in his great palace looking out over the Neva in untenanted splendor, while its ducal owner occupies the imperial mausoleum at Moscow. The droschky drivers say with somewhat startling frankness:

"We are so miserably poor because our taxes

go to build palaces for the Grand Duke's mistresses."

When one of these, a ballet dancer, appeared covered with diamonds on the stage of the Grand Opera House soon after the Japanese war the audience cried out: "There is the Russian fleet," and the confusion was so great the Grand Duke was obliged to leave the house.

"We have a feeling of perfect safety here," we said to some Russians.

"Oh yes," was the answer; "in summer there is no one in town whom any one wishes to kill."

A Liberal Monarch Under Ban.

Alexander II. did more for the cause of liberty among his people than any other emperor, and for this reason he has been placed under a ban by the present dynasty. No one is permitted to speak in praise of him in Russia, and it is forbidden to lay flowers on his tomb. We saw it in the fortress church of Sts. Peter and Paul, entirely devoid of decorations except for the tiny lamp that burns on the tombs of all the royalties for the repose of their souls. On and about the others were hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of decorations of bronze, silver and gold.

To a friendly Russian guard we expressed our horror at the thought of political prisoners in the underground dungeons of the fortress. He declared that he knew where the prisoners were confined; that it was not underground, and that they were humanely treated.

Near the fortress is a little cottage built by Peter the Great with his own hands two centuries ago, when he was laying the foundations of the empire. As we entered we were astonished by a blaze of light and sounds of church service.

We found one tiny room transformed into a chapel, the rough walls covered with gold and silver and the trappings of the church, an altar set up, the ikon raised on high, two Greek priests in glittering robes, and as many people as could crowd in the small space that was left—a daily service, it seems. We watched it through the window, as the air inside was stifling, and after it was over all, high and low, pressed around the priest and kissed the gold cross he had.

When one considers the tremendous power of the church in Russia it appears strange that the priests occupy so inferior a position in the community. Their salaries are too small for them to live in common decency, the people have no respect for them, it is considered an ill omen to meet them on the street, and the one who does so often turns and spits three times to change his luck.

They wear a coarse gray or black coat which reaches to the ground and is tied around the waist by a cord, while their dirty, oily hair and beard are often so long they have to be braided. Those who officiate in the large churches have a somewhat better position, but even they are not received socially.

Tsarskoe-Selo is the country residence of the Czar, where he is supposed to have been living much of the time since he left St. Petersburg for his health. The splendid suites of rooms, with walls of amber and mother of pearl, give no sign of having been occupied for the last century, except one that had been newly and richly furnished for the recent marriage of the Prince of Sweden and one of the grand duchesses, which took place here.

We were shown the spacious room where the bride was robed for the wedding, all the toilet appliances being placed on tables of solid gold; the large salon where the Lutheran service was held, with a choir of Swedish singers in the next room, and then the famous royal chapel where the rites of the Russian church were performed. One has a strange, uncanny feeling in this chapel, as if he did not know where he was or how he got there.

No daylight enters, the color tone of the small but lofty room is a deep azure, with gold and precious stones sparkling all about; jeweled lamps shed a soft lustre; a rich canopy hangs over the spot where the Czar stands during divine service. Back of the high altar a door was opened to allow us a glimpse into the splendid holy of holies. No woman is ever allowed to set foot in this sacred spot in Russian churches, and the attendant eyed me suspiciously as I approached and put out his hand as if he saw a look in my face that made him cautious.

In one corner of the chapel is a small entrance for the Czar, but even this is so shrouded in curtains that one could never tell where he came from.

CANADIAN NEWS AND NOTES.

Though there has recently been made a very important amendment in the laws applying to the courts and evidence in this country, to the effect that all those who desire may declare with the uplifted hand, instead of kissing the "tainted" covers and leaves of the "book of Hebrew fairy tales," still many are afraid to avail themselves of the privilege from the strong prejudice still existing in the courts, and the bigoted ideas and opinions held by the judges, who by the way are not elected by popular vote of the people here, as in the United States, but are appointed for life and are very difficult to attack, no matter what outrage or injustice they may commit.

If a witness, no matter how honest his intentions may be, refuses to kiss the "Book," he cannot now, as under the old law, be compelled to do so, or be sent to jail for contempt of court, but a doubt is at once cast on his testimony, and his evidence may even be thrown out both by the judge and jury, because, and for this reason only, that he declines to conform to the Christian superstition of "swearing on the Bible." Since the passing of the new law, however, there is one hopeful sign of sensible advancement in the fact that many law offices are now dispensing with the use of "the book of fairy tales" in the administration of oaths, and that is at least one form of "red tape" which is being gradually dispensed with. It is still, however, the custom for a bailiff or other court official to thrust a copy of the new or old testament or of both combined into the face of the witness, who then either has to accept it without a grimace, for he is closely watched, or else he has to draw unwelcome and dangerous criticism to himself by refusing to kiss the book, and preferring to declare by uplifted hand, as he is now allowed by law to do. The book is generally tied with red tape in the form of a cross, presumably to comply with the punctilious superstitions of the Catholics, but when not so tied the Protestant witness often opens it and kisses the leaves, or pretends to bury his face in its pages. Sometimes the over careful witness who has been perusing something late on the microbe theory, holds the book in a certain way and kisses his thumb instead of the book—this, if adroitly done, may possibly escape the argus-eyed court custodian of Christian ethics, but woe to the poor witness who is discovered in the act! I have seen a luckless witness more than once, almost scared out of his boots, by the stentorian tones of the court crier; and also by the judge, who shouted at him. "Kiss that holy book right, you fool, instead of your thumb, or you will be committed to jail here and now"—and to a burning hell for eternity and a day.

"Amused" is hardly the word which should be used by Secular Thought in its editorial reference to the question whether religious bigotry still prevails in Canada.

The fact is that this question cannot be answered in any other way than the affirmative, and it is not a very "amusing" state of affairs either. It may be "fun for the boys, but it's death to the frogs."

It is "the truth" we want, and "the truth" we shall have, "though the heavens fall." It is entirely unnecessary to draw comparisons between Canada and the United States for there is no doubt bigotry exists in both places, and Secular Thought has certainly felt the effects of it very severely in Canada.

Canada is "not to all intents and purposes a republic." One fact alone will illustrate this which is that the privy council in England is constituted the last court of appeal for all cases originating in Canada. Besides, Canada has no status among the nations and no flag of her own. The governor-general, too, is not a Canadian and is appointed by the king of England and has to be paid a very large salary and an expensive establishment kept for him by the Canadian taxpayers, who have also even to contribute of their hard-earned savings to the established church of England.

Secular Thought has since come out with refreshing boldness about the large and unjust ecclesiastical tax exemptions in the city of Toronto, —and why not, with equal boldness and honesty, admit that religious bigotry, prejudice and intolerance still exist to a deplorable and alarming extent from one end of the dominion to the other? It should combat instead of seek to conceal or condone such an undesirable state of affairs.

H. R. HOLMES.

were in Egypt," he said, "and you know what I did in Egypt, how I brought plague and pestilence and death upon your masters until they let you go; and when they followed you, you know how I drowned Pharaoh and his chariots and his horsemen in the sea, and then lest they should follow you, I placed a cloud of darkness between you and them by day and fire by night that they should not come upon you; and when they sought Baalam, a priest of another god, to curse you, I would not hear his curse, and caused him to bless you. And when you came to the land of the Amorites and the Hittites I sent the hornet before you to drive out the people." And after he had recounted all that the Lord had done in the way of war and extermination, he said in his peroration: "And the land for which ye did not labor and the cities that ye did not build ye dwell in and possess, and of the olive yards and of the vineyards that ye planted not do ye eat." That was Jehovah, the god of our Old Testament, the God that we have copied, the God whom they say we must worship and are Infidel or Atheist if we deny that he is God.

The later God is a modification of the ancient Jehovah. I have wondered if there were not reasons for the doctrine of the trinity to be found in the abhorrent character of the ancient God that the Christian religion has never been able to throw aside or deny. If he is a being of wrath and anger and vindictiveness than there surely came a time when the longing heart of man wished another God, a different and a better God. But they were not yet sufficiently strong of intellect and daring to reject the old entirely and make a new one. So they kept the old God, and by way of apology for his harshness, his cruelty, they added the second person of the trinity, the Christ, and I think that the God Christ is the Christian apology for the God Jehovah. But there is on the part of the first God the same thirst for blood, the lust for sacrifice, but now all the sheep and oxen of Solomon could not satisfy that thirst for blood. It must be the blood of his own son.

This has been represented as the glory of the Christian religion. Could anything be more abhorrent? Is it not a time that Infidelity—nay, against such a being Atheism—be given the place of reverence and sanctity, and the religion that exalts and holds forth such a God as the object for our love, our homage and our reverence—that that worship be Atheism and Infidelity? Has not the time come when it is an act of worship to deny that such a being is the God of this universe and all mankind are his children?

But even the Christ they could not quite separate from wrath, for the time will come when he will change; they will transform that gentle, loving Nazarene into a besom of destruction, a consuming fire, a destroying angel, a swift and remorseless judge.

And so they had to conceive the idea of an eternal penitentiary, of a place of endless confinement, where God's enemies might be, and thus came the idea of Hell. Men did not want their enemies to be reconciled with God. The subjects and favorites of a king did not want their king to make terms with their enemies save the terms which brought them into captivity and bondage. Men that professed to love and serve God did not want those that did not to be reconciled with God. They wanted them to be crushed into the frightful eternal imprisonment in Hell. That is where the old doctrine came from. They put the same limitations on their God of wrath that they found within themselves.

The only way to save God to this world is to abandon the gods of the past. There never was an age, never a generation, never a civilization on the globe that was capable of forming an idea and conception of God that is worthy and adequate for the generation that now lives. We know more of the world, we know more of justice, we have wider knowledge than any age that ever lived. We do not go back thousands of years for our idea of political economy or the science of agriculture, or steam navigation; we go to the scientists, the discoverers and the inventors of today. We do not think the wooden plows our fathers used are good enough for us. We take the modern product. Only in religion we think that the older the gods the better; the more barbaric the people that produced theology, the more holy, sacred and civilized it is. We must outgrow the old gods just as we outgrew the wooden plow and the two-wheeled ox cart and the prairie schooner. We must have a modern God, a God without wrath or anger.

Men have juggled with the name of God, and people are afraid, because of that single word, to think, to reason, to speak. The Bible is held as the word of God, and its pages have been let alone for a great many generations, and if a thing there is ascribed to God, it must be believed, and if it seems horrible and out of all harmony with right and justice and goodness, then we must simply say that God's ways are not our ways, they are higher above us than the heavens are higher above the earth; but they are not.

Men are persuaded that it is better to have no God at all than to have a God of wrath and blood. Better to have no God at all than to have one who has to be reconciled. There is a lack of manliness about our religion. The thought of the necessity of mediation is the thought of the coward. To say a ceremony, whatever it may be, is demanded of the Infinite, to say that a priesthood, however ancient it may be, is necessary for a mediatory service, to say that the church has within its keeping and for its administration saving sacraments, is absurd. It makes God little, it shrivels him and reduces him until there is no longer within him attributes of dignity or grandeur or nobility. Under the present dispensation of religion God is a secondary thing. The priest, the ceremony, the church, they are the chief things. They hold the keys of heaven and hell. They are the keepers of the door that leads to life. They are the possessors of the only knowledge of the way of salvation, and while the church and priesthood and the creeds are doing all this, God is somewhere, absent, waiting to see how well they will succeed. He is an absent God administering the affairs of the earth through his agents, his vicegerent, his representatives.

We are advancing. The pathway of mankind is ascending. It does not go down. The time will come when we shall be so religious that we shall no longer need the priests. We shall be independent and superior to all the theologies. We shall not need the church as a means of grace, nor its sacraments, nor its ceremonies, nor its salvation. Science will be the revelation of the new God. The priests will be the teachers of the world, and all that will be required to secure the favor of that universal god will be honor, honesty and service to the world of man.

Mother Dear and Mother Damned.

My mother was a neighbor kind,
For hers a loving heart;
In every plan for doing good
She took an active part.
No pain could live beneath her touch,
And grief she knew to smother;
The troubles quickly were forgot
When spoke my loving mother.
She told about the angels bright
That watched us all with care;
And then I dreamed of heaven high,
Or flying through the air.
Though friend may smiling clasp my hand,
And greet me as a brother,
No friend can ever be so dear
As that encheering mother.
She sang the songs of fairy land,
The birds took up the strain;
A thrill of joy was in the air,
And all was peace again.
Her tone so often cheered my heart—
The voice was like no other;
I hear it yet, and ne'er forget
The sacred name of mother.

(After the poet gets Religion.)

Now mother dear has passed away,
Has gone beyond our sight;
Has gone, the Holy Bible tells,
To dark and lurid night!
Believing not on Jesus Christ,
Though doing all things well,
That mother, once to me so dear,
Is now in burning Hell!

As mother wails in endless woe
Where skeptics all belong,
Then shall I be transmogrified,
And sing a joyful song!
How can I risk my precious soul,
The priest and church defy?
Their gospel is the truth divine—
Unless a black and devilish lie!

CHARLIE CHURCH.

Argument.—Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.—Acts xvi, 31; He that believeth not shall be damned.—Mark xvii, 16; The angels shall cast them into the furnace of fire: there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.—Matthew xiii, 49-50; The abominable unbelievers . . . shall have their part in the lake of fire and brimstone: and their torment endureth for ever.—Rev. xxi, 8; xiv, 11; I heard a voice from heaven, . . . and they sang a new song.—Rev. xiv, 2-3 [Exult and sing, adore the King: loud ring the bell in praise for Hell!]

CENTENARY OF PAINE'S DEATH.

A Proper Occasion to Celebrate the Summing up of His Fruitful Life

The year 1909 will be a memorable one from the fact that it is a centenary year for the birth of many notable men. Among these may be mentioned Parker Pillsbury, Edgar Allan Poe, Lincoln, Tennyson, Fitzgerald, Charles Darwin, O. W. Holmes, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Gladstone, Cyrus McCormick, Raphael Semmes, Kinglake, Lord Houghton, and General Joseph Johnston.

Centenary exercises will be held in memory of all these men by their friends and admirers. The year 1859 was prolific in the death of men of note and eminence. Among them may be enumerated John Brown of Osawatimie and Harper's Ferry; Thomas B. Macaulay, Alexander von Humboldt, Washington Irving, Henry Hallam, Prescott, Dr. Lardner, Prince Metternich, Leigh Hunt, Senator Broderick, Brunel, Robert Stephenson and Thomas DeQuincey.

It has been said that if five hundred of the leading men of a country were removed suddenly not only would the loss be irreparable, but the country would receive a blow that would be simply disastrous.

Now the year 1809, while it became illustrious through the birth of men who became eminent, at the same time suffered from the death of two men who attained note and great distinction, especially from the death of one who was second to none of those who have been mentioned. This was Thomas Paine, whose death occurred on June 8, 1809.

The other was Sir John Moore, who has been immortalized by the poet Wolfe and caused to be better known than even his own career, meritorious as it was. Now, it is not the custom as a rule to celebrate a man's death, which is the end or culmination of his career; birthdays, which have so much significance for the world, are the periods generally selected to recall the memory of these who had so well enacted their part in the service of humanity.

The life of Paine, however, was so varied, and so many incidents are recalled in his career, that every year or every period is opportune to recall his memory in the service of the world and humanity.

The bicentenary of his birth occurs on January 29, 1937, which is a good way off and will not be witnessed by many of his present friends and admirers. The memory of Paine is growing year by year, the more so since his career has been set right by Conway and others. His political services are now acknowledged by men of fairness and intelligence. His religious opinion and writings are tacitly accepted or acknowledged by a growing body of persons.

The time is coming when general public opinion will do him justice. Even though next year is the centenary of his death, could it not be taken note of as the end of a great life to which fitting justice was not done one hundred years ago? Probably the novelty of the celebration would cause considerable comment, but it could not help but make known to the general public the facts connected with the life of Paine as nothing else could or would. What say the Liberals regarding this proposition? We are confident it can be carried out and should be. When the time comes for the bicentenary of his birth, that too will be celebrated by a much larger body of his admirers than will now celebrate the summing up of his general life history. HISTORICUS.

Fewer Embryo Parsons.

The phenomenal decrease in the number of theological students, so frequently emphasized in recent religious discussions, is by no means confined to America; it is assuming international proportions in Protestant lands, and nowhere more than in Germany. While in all the other departments of the universities of the Fatherland there has been an increase in the enrollment so marked as to lead to a revival of Bismarck's fear of a "learned proletariat," dangerous to the state and to society, the church of Germany is lamenting the fact that within the last twenty years the number of Protestant theological students has fallen from a total of 4,572 to 2,106 or 54 per cent—a fact all the more significant when it is remembered that the total enrollment at the universities during these same two decades shows an increase of nearly one hundred per cent. —Current Literature.

DUPES OF RUSSIA'S CHURCH.

Unlimited Gold and Gems for the Sanctuary,
Poverty and Disease for the People.

Ida Husted Harper, the brilliant woman suffragist, who is now abroad, is writing interesting letters to the New York Sun. A portion of her letter dated August 8, from St. Petersburg, in Russia, deals with the gold and gem decorated churches of that country in which misery worships. Mrs. Harper says:

Among the upper classes who have been well fed and housed for generations are giants in stature, and one sees on the streets tall and powerful Circassians and Cossacks from the mountainous regions, but the masses are small and inferior, physically and mentally. Nowhere is this so evident as in the churches, which offer the best opportunity for studying the people, and if one feels a deep interest in the welfare of the Russians what he sees there will fill him with despair.

Filth and Faith.

"If you insist on going into those churches," said my friend as I started out one Sunday morning, "put on a pair of gloves that you can throw away when you come out, and don't let anybody touch you, for when a case of black smallpox breaks out in the family all the other members rush to the church to pray to the saints."

The matter of the gloves was easily managed, but I soon found myself in a crowd that was no respecter of persons. The altar is concealed behind lofty doors, and in front of these railings are placed to form a hollow square, or rather oblong, about twelve feet wide and fifty feet long, and around this the people mass themselves, as there are no seats in Russian churches. The whole audience is in constant motion, making the sign of the cross on forehead, breast, and shoulders, and bowing as much as the space available will allow.

Although there is continual incense burning and spraying with holy water I soon fled for my life to a more remote part of the church, where one is scarcely aware that a service is going on, so vast is the interior of the edifice.

Everywhere are the ikons in glass cases, hanging on the walls or resting on supports; Christ, the Madonna, or the saints painted on metal, with only the face and hands visible through the covering of gold plate, and these are always Byzantine, almost black. The ikons are adorned with diamonds, emeralds, rubies and sapphires, and all day long the people fall prostrate before them, press their foreheads on the floor, rise up, kiss the glass over the face and set their lighted candle in front. Mothers lift their delicate little children and press their lips on the spot breathed on by thousands.

Derelicts of Humanity.

Occasionally a richly dressed woman or a smartly attired officer goes through this ceremony, but the masses of the worshipers are the derelicts of humanity, such pitiful specimens, half starved laborers, emaciated mothers with wailing infants, crippled beggars—does their superstition give them a blessed relief or does it help to keep them in the depths of poverty and ignorance?

"When a man has stolen an unusually large amount of money he gilds the domes of a church," is a common saying. No words can describe the magnificence of Petersburg's churches, with their columns of marble, malachite and lapis lazuli, their decorations in bronze, mosaic, paintings, gold, silver and jewels, bought with taxes wrung from starving peasants.

The splendid Church of the Resurrection, a memorial to the royal martyr, is at last finished. Just inside its gorgeous entrance is a carefully protected patch of cobblestones—they are stained with the blood of Alexander II., killed by a bomb in 1881. This church has been in process of construction since that time, built by popular subscription, and the people do not hesitate to say that many times the necessary amount has been subscribed and appropriated by Alexander's sons, the present Grand Dukes.

They have a plain way of speaking, the Russian people who dare, and they do not always respect the royal blood. The memorial of the late Grand Duke Sergius may be seen in his great palace looking out over the Neva in untenanted splendor, while its ducal owner occupies the imperial mausoleum at Moscow. The droschky drivers say with somewhat startling frankness:

"We are so miserably poor because our taxes

go to build palaces for the Grand Duke's mistresses."

When one of these, a ballet dancer, appeared covered with diamonds on the stage of the Grand Opera House soon after the Japanese war the audience cried out: "There is the Russian fleet," and the confusion was so great the Grand Duke was obliged to leave the house.

"We have a feeling of perfect safety here," we said to some Russians.

"Oh yes," was the answer; "in summer there is no one in town whom any one wishes to kill."

A Liberal Monarch Under Ban.

Alexander II. did more for the cause of liberty among his people than any other emperor, and for this reason he has been placed under a ban by the present dynasty. No one is permitted to speak in praise of him in Russia, and it is forbidden to lay flowers on his tomb. We saw it in the fortress church of Sts. Peter and Paul, entirely devoid of decorations except for the tiny lamp that burns on the tombs of all the royalties for the repose of their souls. On and about the others were hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of decorations of bronze, silver and gold.

To a friendly Russian guard we expressed our horror at the thought of political prisoners in the underground dungeons of the fortress. He declared that he knew where the prisoners were confined; that it was not underground, and that they were humanely treated.

Near the fortress is a little cottage built by Peter the Great with his own hands two centuries ago, when he was laying the foundations of the empire. As we entered we were astonished by a blaze of light and sounds of church service.

We found one tiny room transformed into a chapel, the rough walls covered with gold and silver and the trappings of the church, an altar set up, the ikon raised on high, two Greek priests in glittering robes, and as many people as could crowd in the small space that was left—a daily service, it seems. We watched it through the window, as the air inside was stifling, and after it was over all, high and low, pressed around the priest and kissed the gold cross he had.

When one considers the tremendous power of the church in Russia it appears strange that the priests occupy so inferior a position in the community. Their salaries are too small for them to live in common decency, the people have no respect for them, it is considered an ill omen to meet them on the street, and the one who does so often turns and spits three times to change his luck.

They wear a coarse gray or black coat which reaches to the ground and is tied around the waist by a cord, while their dirty, oily hair and beard are often so long they have to be braided. Those who officiate in the large churches have a somewhat better position, but even they are not received socially.

Tsarskoe-Selo is the country residence of the Czar, where he is supposed to have been living much of the time since he left St. Petersburg for his health. The splendid suites of rooms, with walls of amber and mother of pearl, give no sign of having been occupied for the last century, except one that had been newly and richly furnished for the recent marriage of the Prince of Sweden and one of the grand duchesses, which took place here.

We were shown the spacious room where the bride was robed for the wedding, all the toilet appliances being placed on tables of solid gold; the large salon where the Lutheran service was held, with a choir of Swedish singers in the next room, and then the famous royal chapel where the rites of the Russian church were performed. One has a strange, uncanny feeling in this chapel, as if he did not know where he was or how he got there.

No daylight enters, the color tone of the small but lofty room is a deep azure, with gold and precious stones sparkling all about; jeweled lamps shed a soft lustre; a rich canopy hangs over the spot where the Czar stands during divine service. Back of the high altar a door was opened to allow us a glimpse into the splendid holy of holies. No woman is ever allowed to set foot in this sacred spot in Russian churches, and the attendant eyed me suspiciously as I approached and put out his hand as if he saw a look in my face that made him cautious.

In one corner of the chapel is a small entrance for the Czar, but even this is so shrouded in curtains that one could never tell where he came from.

CANADIAN NEWS AND NOTES.

Though there has recently been made a very important amendment in the laws applying to the courts and evidence in this country, to the effect that all those who desire may declare with the uplifted hand, instead of kissing the "tainted" covers and leaves of the "book of Hebrew fairy tales," still many are afraid to avail themselves of the privilege from the strong prejudice still existing in the courts, and the bigoted ideas and opinions held by the judges, who by the way are not elected by popular vote of the people here, as in the United States, but are appointed for life and are very difficult to attack, no matter what outrage or injustice they may commit.

If a witness, no matter how honest his intentions may be, refuses to kiss the "Book," he cannot now, as under the old law, be compelled to do so, or be sent to jail for contempt of court, but a doubt is at once cast on his testimony, and his evidence may even be thrown out both by the judge and jury, because, and for this reason only, that he declines to conform to the Christian superstition of "swearing on the Bible." Since the passing of the new law, however, there is one hopeful sign of sensible advancement in the fact that many law offices are now dispensing with the use of "the book of fairy tales" in the administration of oaths, and that is at least one form of "red tape" which is being gradually dispensed with. It is still, however, the custom for a bailiff or other court official to thrust a copy of the new or old testament or of both combined into the face of the witness, who then either has to accept it without a grimace, for he is closely watched, or else he has to draw unwelcome and dangerous criticism to himself by refusing to kiss the book, and preferring to declare by uplifted hand, as he is now allowed by law to do. The book is generally tied with red tape in the form of a cross, presumably to comply with the punctilious superstitions of the Catholics, but when not so tied the Protestant witness often opens it and kisses the leaves, or pretends to bury his face in its pages. Sometimes the over careful witness who has been perusing something late on the microbe theory, holds the book in a certain way and kisses his thumb instead of the book—this, if adroitly done, may possibly escape the argus-eyed court custodian of Christian ethics, but woe to the poor witness who is discovered in the act! I have seen a luckless witness more than once, almost scared out of his boots, by the stentorian tones of the court crier; and also by the judge, who shouted at him. "Kiss that holy book right, you fool, instead of your thumb, or you will be committed to jail here and now"—and to a burning hell for eternity and a day.

"Amused" is hardly the word which should be used by Secular Thought in its editorial reference to the question whether religious bigotry still prevails in Canada.

The fact is that this question cannot be answered in any other way than the affirmative, and it is not a very "amusing" state of affairs either. It may be "fun for the boys, but it's death to the frogs."

It is "the truth" we want, and "the truth" we shall have, "though the heavens fall." It is entirely unnecessary to draw comparisons between Canada and the United States for there is no doubt bigotry exists in both places, and Secular Thought has certainly felt the effects of it very severely in Canada.

Canada is "not to all intents and purposes a republic." One fact alone will illustrate this which is that the privy council in England is constituted the last court of appeal for all cases originating in Canada. Besides, Canada has no status among the nations and no flag of her own. The governor-general, too, is not a Canadian and is appointed by the king of England and has to be paid a very large salary and an expensive establishment kept for him by the Canadian taxpayers, who have also even to contribute of their hard-earned savings to the established church of England.

Secular Thought has since come out with refreshing boldness about the large and unjust ecclesiastical tax exemptions in the city of Toronto,—and why not, with equal boldness and honesty, admit that religious bigotry, prejudice and intolerance still exist to a deplorable and alarming extent from one end of the dominion to the other? It should combat instead of seek to conceal or condone such an undesirable state of affairs.

H. R. HOLMES.

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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.

Bigotry in the Campaign.

The Nashville-Tennessean characterizes as "about the wildest outbreak in the campaign" the following from the Hartford Times:

"It has been evident for some time that these western Epworth Leagues and 'Chautauquas,' which for several years have been paying Mr. Bryan and Mr. La Follette thousands of dollars annually for their harangues, are headquarters of radicalism. Religion has been subordinated to politics in these gatherings and in the addresses to which they have listened to an extent that is not understood in the east, where such 'educational' methods are unknown."

Some color is given to the accusation of the Times by the fact that the secretary of the Epworth League convention declared that the leaguers would never support for President a man who denies the divinity of Jesus Christ. It is silly, however, to call that radicalism. It is orthodoxy gone into politics.

The Epworth Leaguers are not alone in refusing to step across the line to vote for a Unitarian. The Louisville Courier publishes this:

"A special from Danville, Va., says: 'Capt. William H. Robinson, for thirty years a leader in the Republican party here and who is presidential elector from the Fifth district, comes out in a letter to-day repudiating Taft and announcing his intention of supporting Bryan. He gives as his reason for leaving the party that Taft is a Unitarian. He says: "All the money in the world could not induce me to vote for a man for President who does not believe in Jesus Christ."'"

The Taft men are less anxious to vindicate religious liberty than to exculpate their candidate from charges of heresy. The Sacramento Bee, which is a Bryan organ, gets down to fundamental principles, however, when it says:

"Whether or not William Howard Taft believes in the divinity of Christ has absolutely nothing whatever to do with his fitness to be President of the United States; has not the slightest bearing upon the vital problems of the day that press for solution; is not in the remotest degree connected with any political doctrine now before The People or that will come before The People. If in his religious views Taft repudiates Christ, that is his affair alone—a matter between himself, his conscience, and his God—and it most certainly should not be made an issue in the present campaign."

Turning to the Nebraskan, the Bee seems to give assurance that he does not approve of his followers' assault on the religion of his opponent, thus:

"If there is one tenet above all others to which Bryan pins his devotion, it is that every man is entitled to the utmost respect for his views on religion. No prayer that Bryan has daily wafted to the God and to the Christ has ever been tainted with intolerance, and he has no patience with those who think, if they do not assert, that the zealots who declare thus and so are better than those non-conformists who do not."

Mr. Bryan could close the mouths of his bigoted partisans with a word, if he would. Will he speak the word?

The Truth Seeker has asked nothing of the

candidates but that they should give us a rest from the doses of pious emetic they are administering to bring up votes. The New York Sun also appears to be growing weary, and prints this appeal for relief:

"The published itinerary of Mr. Taft's fishing trip contains this detail of campaign decoration.

"He will be in Athens until 3.25 in the afternoon. Then he will leave for Toledo, arriving there at 10 o'clock in the evening. IN ORDER TO AVOID TRAVELING ON SUNDAY Mr. Taft and his party will embark at once for Middle Bass Island."

"Mr. Taft is one of the most sincerely respectful of men toward religious belief and religious observances, but this is the sort of thing which Artemus Ward has described as 2 mutch.

"Spare the hardened old globe-trotter from the ridicule and the rest of us from the nausea of this particular variety of campaign humbug!"

The disgraceful display of bigotry on one side and hypocrisy on both is relieved by occasional utterances like that of the Sacramento Bee, as well as by the reminder more than once recurring in the newspapers that the country has already had two Presidents, Jefferson and Lincoln; one a Democrat, the other a Republican, who were not Christians, and that the father of his country, George Washington, was a Deist in substantial agreement with Thomas Paine.

The difference between a Unitarian like Taft, with a reputation for Agnosticism, and a blue-light Presbyterian like Bryan, with a gift for preaching, is readily grasped by the common garden voter, who probably would not know one's platform from the other's if it were not labeled. Hence the religious racket. And not much else of interest appears to be involved in the battle of bluff called the presidential campaign.

Childish Prevaricators.

The care with which the evidence of children should be received was made manifest by an occurrence growing out of the late airship experiments in Germany. The Count Zeppelin's aerial route had been announced in advance, and many persons had gathered at favorable points to witness the flight. But it happened that on the eve of the ascension the airship was destroyed by fire, and no balloon aviated the heavens. The next day the teacher of a girl's school, at Neunkirchen, not having read the morning newspapers, asked her pupils if any of them had seen the airship, and immediately several girls of twelve and thirteen years arose and described in detail how they had observed the flying-machine, at what height it was sailing, etc., and then proceeded to such other particulars as to convince the teacher that they were telling the truth. Repeatedly questioned, the girls not only persisted in their assertions, but added new decorations to their story. Even when the news came of the destruction of the flying-machine, preventing any ascension at all, the children "stuck to their narratives." All of them are said to be habitually truthful children.

Anyone who has observed with intelligence the working of the child mind will not have to seek far for an explanation of this freak. They had heard and read so much about the famous airship, and had seen it pictured so often in print, that their uncurbed imaginations had no difficulty in projecting it into the upper atmosphere, where they were as honestly sure they saw it as they were sure of a hundred other things they had been accustomed to assent to without actually perceiving them. The child mind does not, until trained to do so, distinguish between what it fancies and what it knows, between what is suggested by question and what really happens. The segregation of fact and fancy comes later, and until it arrives the child is not a liar as are those who consciously and deliberately state untruths.

This incident has its bearings. The stories of children and of the child world lie at the basis of our religion. In France a shrine has

been set up and thousands are visitors at a place where one of these girl "liars" said she saw an apparition of the Virgin Mary, the mother of Jesus Christ. Now the mother of Jesus Christ had succumbed to the elements longer ago and more completely than had Count Zeppelin's balloon, and her appearance at Lourdes was therefore as impossible as the appearance of the airship in the sky at Neunkirchen, but, as in the one instance, so in the other: the actuality was supplied by the imagination. The girl had heard and read so much about the Virgin, and had seen so many pictures of her, that the apparition was present to her mind, though absent from her sight. She told her story, and a church which scented notoriety and profit in accepting the yarn, did the rest; and Lourdes and replicas of Lourdes multiplied like the true cross—all based on the figment of a child's imagination, supplemented by priestly imposture.

All of the narratives that are regarded as "inspired" have a source like the stories of the children who said they saw the Count Zeppelin airship. They originated in the child-mind of the race. Things seen by one in dreams were mistaken for visions, and told to others, who, accepting the actuality of visions, saw them also. One prophet saw the ascension of another in a chariot of fire; some sleepy apostles saw Moses and Elias with Jesus in the clouds. Ascension was in their minds, as it was in the minds of the German school children, or it was in the minds of the narrators of the event, and so naturally an ascension occurred, and still another, as when Jesus "was parted from them and carried up into heaven." Naturally it was as impossible that a human body should make this ascension as that the steel frame of a wrecked balloon should have gone sailing over Prussia and been seen of divers school girls.

We may acquit the narrators of the New Testament ascensions from conscious lying, as we do the German school children; but what excuse have we for believing one set of prevaricators more than the other?

The "Law of Rewards."

A preaching presidential candidate has asserted that "there is a divine law of rewards" for laborers; that "when the creator gave us the earth with its fruitful soil, the sunshine with its warmth, and the rains with their moisture, he proclaimed as clearly as if his voice had thundered from the clouds, 'Go work, and according to your industry and your intelligence shall be your reward.'" The mystery-monger added that "only where might has overthrown, cunning undermined, or government suspended this law, has a different law prevailed." We imagine that agriculturists who have seen the product of their intelligent industry destroyed by drouth or flood or pest will question the universal prevalence of the "divine law." The dwelling industriously and intelligently erected is consumed by flames; droves of cattle are devastated by disease; the stout ship is wrecked by storm; earthquakes wipe out in a moment the life-long accomplishments of brain and hand, of thought and sustained labor. And in the belief of the goddists the same deity who laid down the law has in these ways overthrown, undermined, and suspended it. For its nullification there is needed neither the might nor cunning of man nor the oppression of governments. God is equal to the inconsistency of violating his own statute.

The code where the "divine law of rewards" should be found if it exists does not appear to record it. Being a lawyer, the expounder should have been thorough enough to give us the article, paragraph, or section to which he referred. Practicing before a justice of the peace he would lose his case by failing to prove the ordinance.

What divine law of rewards is set forth in the Bible? There is the proverbial one that the diligent man shall "stand before kings." Often, however, he goes away poorer than he came. It is better to stand perpetually before a constituency of American sovereign voters.

A favorite law of rewards with the preachers is that "the laborer is worthy of his hire." This excuses them for taking the collection. Another, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn." What the ox can pick up as he goes over the threshing-floor is his graft. As Paine said, the priests are willing to be compared with an ox for the sake of the tithes.

In the New Testament rewards are apportioned in a way to suit the monopolists: "For whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance: but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that which he hath." Mr. Rockefeller would regard that passage as specially inspired.

The parable with which the twentieth chapter of Matthew opens delivers a law of rewards, one might say, "as clearly as though thundered from the clouds." It is that he who labors for an hour towards sunset shall be paid the same as he who has borne the heat and burdens of the day—nothing being said about industry and intelligence.

Matthew xxv, 15-30, contains a lesson: There a man who had been intrusted with a piece of money, which he duly returned, is declared to be an unprofitable servant because he had not so turned it as to make 100 per cent. He is cast into outer darkness, and there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth. This, if there be such an enactment, is obviously a divine law of rewards.

And we might instance the law of rewards deduced from Luke xvi. A manager who had dissipated the property of which he had been placed in charge was about to be called upon for an accounting. He went to his principal's creditors and compounded with them for a settlement, which they were glad to make, on a basis representing from fifty to seventy-five per cent of what they owed. This made him "solid" with the wheat and oil merchants whose bills had thus been discounted, so that he would not lack for patrons when he should lose his present position. And the conclusion is: "Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that, when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations."

The rewards offered by the Bible are not those gained by industry and intelligence. In the day of the writers of that book, work was mainly performed by women and slaves, who were expected to feel sufficiently rewarded by board and lodging. If we might infer a divine law from the success of the gentlemen who affirm that there is one, it would be: Go, work your chin, and according to your industry in propagating sanctimonious humbug and your intelligence in abandoning principles that somebody else can handle more ably than yourself, shall your reward be measured. This law is as clear as though stated in a political platform.

Who Gets the Uplift?

The sanitary commission in the Philippines finds religion an obstacle to the education of the natives in right living. The commission reports in the Manila Cablenews-American:

"During the past few years sanitary interference in cholera cases has been noted among the local clergy, who would inform the friends of the unfortunate patient that not only did the disinfectants used seriously injure the chances of recovery but would as well militate against the holy water employed during the burial services.

"The people have become fatalists through religious instruction which engendered such a belief, and consequently resist all attempts to remove pestilential diseases from their midst, believing that they have been sent by God as a divine visitation of wrath on account

of their evil-doing in not attending church services more frequently, or for not donating more of their worldly possessions to the well-being of the church."

In the light of this statement, let us consider the motive of the declaration of Mr. Taft, printed contemporaneously in a Manila newspaper:

"I have been at the head of the Philippines, and I know what I am talking about when I say that the hope of those islands depends upon the development of the power of the churches that are in those islands. Every man, be he Protestant or Catholic, must in his soul hope for the prosperity of the Roman Catholic Church in those islands in order that it may do the work that it ought in uplifting those people."

The Truth Seeker published a while ago extracts from Mr. Taft's own report on the church in the Philippines, the gist of which was that the morals of Filipinos were wrecked by the priests. According to the sanitary commission the priests are also the allies of disease and the worst enemies of health. Mr. Taft has admitted that the church is chargeable with keeping the natives in ignorance. Does he really think that the promotion of disease, immorality, and ignorance is in the nature of an "uplift"? The uplifting of the Filipinos by the church is a fable, but the uplifting of Mr. Taft by the same force may be depended upon if he continues as its advocate before Congress and the people.

Free Thoughts.

Brave men surrender, but cowards run.

Almost every author dips his pen in other men's brains.

Good digestion is better for man than the best religion.

They that can help themselves do not need God's help.

To save the world from sickness is better than to save it from hell.

The more good one does in the world the better the world appears.

A great many people who want liberty do not want others to have it.

A resurrection is not a restoration of life, but an exhibition of a corpse.

A great many persons who talk so much of love mean something else.

If we waited to hear what God wished done, we should never do anything.

If a man is healthy and behaves himself, he does not need to be saved.

A woman who has made a home need not worry about making a name.

It is a higher ambition to be the mother of children than the step-mother of dogs.

In the lifting up of humanity there will always be work for those willing to do it.

Perhaps the grandest struggle in this life is the attempt to get happiness out of poverty.

Religion should begin where it ends. It should give man happiness at the commencement of life, not at its close.

The command to love one another does not mean to run away with your friend's wife or your friend's husband.

The reason that no house was ever made large enough for two families is that the persons in the families were not large enough.

Nothing needs educating more than our schools and colleges, which have been mostly stuffing the heads of the young with stuff.

Every nation is ruled by dead gods. The true emancipation is religious freedom. No people can be great so long as they read dead languages, and worship dead gods.

We need to learn what Nature teaches, and the best way to get this knowledge is to get it from the fields, from the woods, from life, from ourselves and not from books and other men.

A great many moral victories are won by saying nothing. Silence is mightier than speech at times. When it is best to speak, however, strong words should be chosen rather than weak ones.

Men do not get more watches than they want,

or more boots than they need, or more hats than they wear, or more false teeth than are necessary. Why do they get more money than they can use?

How insignificant and tawdry are the miracles of Jesus compared with the achievements of the nineteenth century. Not one of them was along the line of civilization and not one of them has the face and form of rational accomplishment.

A Christian prays to his God and asks for certain favors, and closes his prayer by saying: But if in your judgment, I have asked for what is not best for you to give, don't answer my prayer, or, "not my will, but thine be done." Now, why not leave everything to God and keep your mouth shut? for if God will not give you what you want what sense is there in praying?

Consideration for man is better than love of God. Hospitals are worth more to humanity than are churches. Day-nurseries render a holier service than do prayer-meetings. Homes for working-girls are nobler institutions than nunneries. Teaching boys and girls to swim is higher instruction than to teach them the catechism. True friendship between men is sweeter than communion with God.

L. K. W.

Death has visited again the family of Susan H. Wixon, whose name has been for years so well known to The Truth Seeker circle. On August 17, died Francis H. Wixon, her only surviving brother, leaving herself and his sons the sole relatives to represent the Wixon house. A veteran of the civil war, Mr. Nixon had been for thirty-five years deputy sheriff of Bristol county, Mass. He was in his sixty-seventh year, born in Dennisport and reared to manhood in Fall River, the lifelong home of Susan H. Wixon. He was a member of Richard Borden Post, No. 46, G.A.R., and of the Fall River lodge of Odd-fellows, under whose auspices he was buried.

Our contributor and friend, Dr. W. A. Croffut, has written a book entitled, "Interviews With Famous Men," the first instalment of which will appear in the September number of Putnam's Monthly. As a newspaper man and author of fifty years' experience, who served an apprenticeship in journalism under Horace Greeley, and who has journeyed to the uttermost parts of the earth as interviewer, correspondent, and in other capacities, Dr. Croffut is as well prepared as any living man for the work he has undertaken for Putnam's. The doctor is always especially felicitous when he interviews himself and elicits thoughts on religious subjects.

Mormon missionaries have their articles of faith printed on their visiting and business cards. The card of Elder A. B. Andrus of St. George, Utah, which has been handed us, is so embellished. The first article of the confession runs: "I believe in God the Eternal Father, and His Son, Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost"; and the others are like unto this. Whence could have arisen the false idea that Mormons are not Christians?

The Buckeye Secular Union meets in convention, September 6, at Canal Dover, Ohio, the home of that staunch Liberal, Mr. Samuel Toomey. Attendants will hear addresses by Mr. Toomey and Otto Wettstein, Mrs. Eliza Mowry Bliven of the Materialist Association, and others.

It is evident that the people of many New Jersey towns do not want the Bishops' Sunday law enforced. Shall the people rule? What does Mr. Bryan, who has lately asked that question, have to say about Sunday laws enforced against the will of the people?

IS CANNIBALISM A MYTH?

Practiced Only When Compelled by Hunger or Observed as a Religious Rite.

BY GEORGE C. BARTLETT.

I quote the following paragraph from "The Sketch," London, Sept. 18, 1907:

People who have recently met and enjoyed the cultured conversation of the latest of our foreign guests, the Hon. Arthur Barclay, President of Liberia, may be surprised to learn that he rules over a land which constitutes perhaps the most remarkable blend of enlightenment and savagery now known. The President is the "most remarkable African" Sir Harry Johnston knows; a man self-taught and deeply read. He has brought the finances of Liberia out of chaos to respectable solidity, and kept the colony of emancipated slaves upon the highway of progress. Yet in the interior cannibalism is rampant: it is cannibalism which prompts the many inter-tribal wars by which the land is vexed. Old customs die hard. Luckily evil is not alone persistent. Mr. Durand has recently told us that he has heard a song on the subject of the Virgin Mary sung in a part of Africa which has not been visited by missionaries since the Jesuits were driven forth, two hundred years ago.

Has there ever been, or is there to-day such a custom practiced as cannibalism? I think not, or rarely, as in cases of extreme hunger and then it is just as apt to occur among the whites as the blacks. I have read many accounts in many books of the practice of cannibalism, but in every instance it is the story as seen by another—never by the writer. I have been quite an extensive traveler in what are supposed to be cannibalistic countries, especially in the Feejee Islands. I quote the following from an article I wrote after my visit there, in the year 1891:

I have noticed a number of articles in the daily press recently upon cannibalism. It seems to be a mania, with some writers, to originate—entirely in their own brains—the most fictitious stories about cannibalism, picturing the savages in a wild, ferocious state of madness for human flesh! I have had some experience as a traveler among those termed savage tribes, and on this voyage en route for Australia our vessel, the MacGregor, stopped for the first time at a place called Kandavra, in the Feejee Islands. It was thought by the manager of this line of steamers that it would be profitable to make a landing there each trip, taking on a goodly supply of fine fruits, bananas, oranges, lemons, etc. The experiment, however, proved a failure; for, as we were sailing slowly out, we suddenly ran upon a coral reef. We remained on this reef for about one week, and finally, abandoning the MacGregor, were taken on board another vessel.

While living on the reef I went ashore each day, accompanied by a Feejee, who came down from the city of Levaska to act as guide and interpreter to our captain. We visited a Feejee village, about four miles inland, daily, which afforded us an opportunity to study what would naturally be supposed to be as barbarous a race as inhabited the earth. The interpreter told us that these natives had never seen a white man. They had never in any way received enlightenment from association with people we term civilized. They came aboard our steamer in great numbers, but would not touch our food. A more gentle, loving, peaceable race of people I never met. Their clothing—Adam and Eve-like—consisted of a band of leaves wrapped around their loins. Later I often watched the young girls walking along the hillside, with their arms around each other's waists, and other like indications were noticeable, showing that their natural instincts were affectionate and good; and, strange to say, the women were virtuous, the penalty for unchastity being death. Think of it!

They used a kind of wine, which I think was called guava. Their mode of manufacturing it, which may not be quite as civilized a process as our method of manufacturing gin or beer, was as follows: Imagine a picturesque hut, made of clay, grass, branches and leaves, in the centre of which is placed a large cocoanut bowl, with a half dozen dusky maidens, from twelve to eighteen years of age, sitting around it all busily chewing a root—looking much as our girls do when chewing gum—and expectorating in the bowl. When a sufficient amount is thus produced it is ready for use. It is not exactly an opiate, or a liquor, but rather a cross between the two. It produces sleep, is considered by them a sacred drink, and is used at their native religious ceremonies. As I wish some excuse

for acknowledging that I tasted the beverage, I will say the interpreter told me that they would be much offended if I refused it; and as it is my custom to refuse nothing new (or old) that is offered me to drink, I accepted on this occasion.

An Englishman, who was a Feejee planter, was one of the passengers on our steamer. He had lived in the Feejee Islands a number of years, and knew the different tribes, their history, peculiarities, etc. I expressed to him my surprise to find this Feejee tribe, which I had had the privilege of mingling with, and studying their character, such a pleasing, kind, and moral people, apparently averaging in intelligence with people in general. He told me that the stories about cannibalism were untrue; that they were all exaggerations. I said to him there must be some fire where there is so much smoke. He said yes, that was true, and that through years of study and investigation, and living among these unknown tribes, he had found, he thought, the truth from which came the untruth. He explained it in this way: The different tribes have wars, and it was not unusual during a prolonged fight, when no provisions were at hand, no fruit or fish, to occasionally, under pressure of intense hunger, barbecue and eat the dead body of an enemy, as during the siege at Paris the French ate rats, cats, and dogs, and under similar trying circumstances many white men have also devoured human flesh.

After investigating this subject of cannibalism, looking into it as I have had the opportunity to do, in the Feejee Islands, Africa, and many other countries, I have come to the conclusion that it is mostly mythical.

One of the peculiarities about the Feejee Islands was the absence of animal life. It may be well known to some people, but it was a great surprise to me, that not an animal of any description had ever been seen on the islands. Is it natural, then, that such a people would crave animal food, a people who had never tasted it? They live on fruit and fish. They wrap the fish in leaves, bury it in the earth, build a fire over it, and when it is cooked and the leaves removed it looks as tempting as a fish cooked on Manhattan Island.

Nothing is more vividly impressed upon my mind than the picture of that Feejee village; and although I have visited the principal cities of the world, the little Feejee village, with its simple life and peculiarities, is ever bringing pleasure to my thoughts. It was as though taken back almost to the beginning of the world; and it was wonderful to watch their primitive ways, and to see how they procure such a variety of articles that resemble those used in European countries.

The first Feejee "young gentleman" whom I saw sat in the doorway of a picturesque hut, smoking what looked like a cigarette. He smoked as gracefully as a Spaniard. I found upon inquiry that he was not smoking tobacco, but a leaf which resembles it somewhat, the name of which I have forgotten. They roll this wild cigarette dexterously.

The top of the first hut I entered was covered with bananas, which were hung there to ripen. A young mother was lying on the matted floor. She was rocking the cradle of her little twenty-four-hour old Feejee son. The cradle was made from a single leaf, a heavy vein running through the centre, which enabled it to be rocked with ease. It looked very much like the old-fashioned low cradle of our childhood. The leaf was so shaped as to hold the native babes of the woods—nature's cradle.

Coral necklaces there, as here, adorned the necks of the females. If they wanted a string, either to carry fish, or to use for any other purpose, it seemed as natural for them to go to a little sapling, rip off the bark, and give it a twist, as for us to procure it from a ball of twine. Their cooking utensils and articles used about the huts were interesting, and it was a study to observe how all these different articles corresponded to the same articles used in what we term the civilized or moneyed nations.

They appeared to be very fond of music. One song I well remember. From what they told me I judge it was a national song, and would correspond, I suppose, to our "Star Spangled Banner," or the "Marseillaise" of the French. The little village seemed a miniature world, showing that whatever vibrated in the great communities of

the earth was also there, and that after all there is not a great difference between that little family living in the far away Feejee Islands and the families who live in London or Berlin.

My recollection of the people of that Feejee village is most restful and pleasing. They were nature's happy family. They seemed to have no weariness. There was not a sick person in the village—old age being the only cause of death. Peace and good will prevailed; and, as the twilight fell upon them, it seemed like a benediction from God.

I was impressed with a leading editorial in one of our New York journals, some days since, which read as follows:

After years of toil and the sacrifice of many lives, Central Africa is still completely at the mercy of the Arab slave-traders and the savage native chiefs.

It is military force which subdues barbarism; it is commerce which arms force for that work. The schoolmaster and the missionary can accomplish nothing until the soldier, hired by trade, has prepared the way for them.

Civilized nations have their trading stations already established along the African coasts. Instigated by greed, they will push their frontiers steadily further into the country, in a race with each other for the possession of the fairest provinces. In the interest of trade they will prick back savagery with the bayonet, binding their conquests with lines of roadway. That's the way in which this continent was secured for civilization. The pall of barbarism cannot be lifted. It must be rolled back by advancing trade. If savagery submits it shares the benefits of the conquest. If it refuses to submit it is crushed by the strong hand. It has been so in all ages and countries. It will be so in all ages and countries. It will be so in Africa.

"The Arab slave traders"—are the Arabs as a race such a terrible set of men as Europeans paint them? Has not the Arab race passed as high an examination for bravery, intellect, and religion as other races? One Arab at least will live eternally—Mahomet. How about the slaves whom we have freed? Would not the money have been better spent in educating them—the Africans of our country—than in trying to educate and convert the Africans of Africa? Advocating "military force" to "subdue" barbarism—we hear so much about barbarism, the heathen, the pagans, the idolaters. I have traveled through the Oriental countries, and have tried to study the different races of mankind, and I have come to the conclusion that all humanity is much alike—one family. I believe there is as much civilization in Egypt, China, Japan, and other countries as there is in Europe and America. It is a question whether the foreign soldiers who go to Africa are sent in the interest of morality and religion. It looks as though they went more for gain—for ivory and for gold.

Does it not show a good deal of conceit among Europeans and Americans to be constantly talking and writing of their civilization, religion, and morality? Picking up one of our prominent newspapers, I find the first article with the following headlines: "They call these nobles! eighty aristocratic Englishmen charged with foul crimes.—Lord Arthur Somerset and Lord Ronald Gower among the accused.—They are saved from arrest by the British Home Office and allowed to flee to the Continent.—Henry Labouchere exposes them and calls for their immediate punishment.—A terrible scandal!"

In another column I read that for some wrong or fancied wrong a woman shot five bullets into the body of a citizen of high standing. In other columns I see exposed the different frauds in the city government. In fact, the whole paper is a record of crime and depravity. "Physician, heal thyself."

The Orientals do not build their houses so high as we do; their mode of life is different from ours, but I think if we could speak the language of these "savage chiefs" and commune with them, we would find as kind hearts, as big souls, as much character and integrity, as among their lighter-skinned brethren. Far-away countries have been vilified, and ridiculous and exaggerated stories are continually told about them. I hope some step may be taken soon for a World Congress, so that the West may learn of the East, and the East of the West; and if that time should come [It came; this was written in 1891, and the prophecy has been fulfilled], the amount of Eastern wisdom that would be showered down for the West, in my estimation, would be surprising! The human family ought to mingle and know each other better. Is it not time that the sword was put by, and in its stead arbitration, goodness of soul, and intelligence, rule the world? Are not the real barbarians the soldiers

and the people who sustain them? If we cannot carry what we consider our advantages and our civilization into the heart of Africa save by the sword, by the ravages of war and rum, then I should say leave Africa for her own people.

In conclusion I would say—were I not afraid of offending my Christian brother—that the nearest approach to a cannibal that I have ever witnessed is a communicant in an orthodox church.

THE AMAZING MURPHY CASE.

How the Catholic Church Plays Fast and Loose with Marriage Ties.

BY GEORGE TREBELLS.

I call the special attention of all in any way connected with the Roman Church or who have been connected with it formerly, to the following story voluntarily put before the English public by its Roman Catholic hero. I take the story from my notes of the report of the case which he brought before a court of law, which is given in the Times of London on Thursday July 7, 1898, only ten years ago. The report is on page 14.

In the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division of the High Court, before the Rt. Hon. Sir F. H. Jeune, president, in the case of Murphy v. the Attorney General, it was shown that Charles Oscar Murphy, a native of Ireland, came to Manchester at the age of nineteen, studied medicine, and became a physician. He appears to have been successful and to have maintained so important an establishment as to require a housekeeper. In 1876 he engaged a young woman of 28, named Martha Price, for that position; and four years later he proposed to marry her. He thereupon went to his parish priest, Father Birch, to arrange for his marriage. But Father Birch knew Manchester better than the young Irishman, and he impressed on him that it would be wiser for social reasons to think the matter over seriously.

The mode in which he thought it over seriously was, instead of marrying her as he had intended, he went straight home and immediately took her to himself as his unmarried ammy! He and Miss Price went on their knees in the drawing room and pledged themselves "in the presence of God to look on each other as married." Here, as the immediate result of priestly and worldly-wise advice, this man made this woman the old, transpontine villain's promise and assurance of being married in the sight of God. Nothing is said that the priest suggested this, but the next day when Mr. Charles Oscar Murphy called on him and informed him what he had done, Father Birch assured him it was a valid marriage; and a short while after wrote to him for five pounds (about twenty-four dollars and twenty-five cents) for his share in the event. It must most emphatically be understood that this priest performed no ceremony; the "in the eye of heaven" declaration and the entry into marital relations took place without his knowledge; but were merely the practical outcome of the inference Dr. Murphy drew from his advice. There were no witnesses whatever.

The affair was kept secret for six years—a fact, considering the man was a doctor, which carries with it an implication of more than mere social treachery; but in 1882 a scandal was set about that he was "keeping" his housekeeper. He appealed to the Roman Catholic vicar-general, who thereon issued to him the following bogus certificate, written on ordinary paper in the ordinary manner without any date: "Vicar-General's Office, Diocese of Salford. I hereby certify that Dr. Charles Oscar Murphy of 1166 Oxford Road, Manchester, was married to Martha Price of the same address, on September 15, 1876. In faith of which I hereto append my hand and seal. Canon Sheehan, V. G. By command of my Lord Bishop. W. Hill, Diocesan Secretary."

What he was charged for this is not in my notes. The person called "My Lord Bishop," who is explicitly given as authorizing it, was Herbert Vaughan, afterward Cardinal Vaughan, and the man who countersigned this paper for the Bishop of Salford had the assurance to tell the court that "this was not a certificate in the ordinary sense at all." Nevertheless it was given to this doctor and his mistress to be put before Roman Catholic society in Manchester as a certificate from the bishop himself, and the vicar-general! Vaughan, the bishop, had the audacity, after this, on his oath to assure the

court that "the whole thing was completely new to him; the Roman Catholic church would not recognize that as a proper certificate of marriage. It should never have been given."

Now in 1888, ten years before this declaration of Bishop Herbert Vaughan, Dr. Murphy desired to go to Rome as a pilgrim, and with this lady to be presented to the pope; when, to secure their admission to the pope's reception, a certificate was issued to them, containing the statement that Dr. Charles Oscar Murphy, "moved by filial devotion towards the Holy See, had set out for the Holy City accompanied by his wife in the hope of receiving the apostolic benediction." It was signed "Given at Salford, March 15, 1888. Herbert, Bishop of Salford. Wm. Hill, Secretary."

Cardinal Vaughan's declaration of ignorance after his name had been affixed to a bogus certificate by the diocesan secretary is audacious. He was at that time an active, healthy, and extremely energetic business man—a man who years after rushed up the building of a vast cathedral as his own clerk of the works, in a very few years: far from an invertebrate who would allow his name to be used without his knowledge. Men in even the social position of a physician are scarce among Roman Catholics in Manchester; and the very object of the fraud was to retain Dr. Murphy in good society. It is incredible that Vaughan could have been ignorant of this extraordinary story relating to a man who must have constantly met him and have been on his own visiting list.

It is to be noted that Vaughan did not say he regarded the marriage as invalid, but that the certificate was not a proper one. This case throws an amazing light on the methods of the very highest and most responsible of the popish priesthood. But of all the astounding points which come to the mind in considering it, the most astonishing is that this man—an educated man-of-the-world, living in the city which has given its name to practical and hard and methodical business arrangements, and associating with business men—should have lived in doubt for twenty-two years before he consulted a lawyer. Then there is the fact that these men, instead of keeping quiet this tissue of frauds on society, and imposture, and bogus certificates, and extortion for worthless forgeries—or other worthless nonsense, themselves drag it before the whole world by a preposterous action to endeavor to reverse a fact in English law which every servant girl and errand boy is supposed, and justly supposed, to know thoroughly—that no girl is wedded without "marriage lines"—that is to say, a legal marriage certificate given to the bride before the consummation of the marriage.

The report in the Times is very long and interesting and should be studied carefully by everyone, especially clergymen and lawyers who may be likely to be called on to deal with cases arising from the pope's new marriage decree. Files of the Times are in most public libraries. I have been informed there is an exceptionally good one in the library in Boston.

Turkey and the Jews.

One of the side issues of the granting of a constitution in Turkey will be the effect this is likely to have upon the future development of the Zionist movement, thinks the London correspondent of a New York paper.

The first step toward Zionism's object of founding a legally assured home for the Jewish people in Palestine is the grant of a charter by the Sultan. The late Dr. Herzl had more than one interview with him for the purpose of obtaining this instrument, but the Sultan would assent only to the creation of a number of scattered colonies, and negotiations were dropped.

Now that a constitution is coming into force leading Zionists are of the opinion that the continuance of diplomatic negotiations will be possible, since they will no longer depend solely upon the personal will of the Sultan. A more immediate result of the new regime will probably be that Zionist propaganda will openly be permitted in the Turkish Empire—a development that will be quite as important as the recent promise given by M. Stolypin to the Zionist leader that the movement will no longer be hindered in Russia.

It is also interesting to note that the Zionist organization has just founded the Anglo-Levantine Company to carry on banking business in Constantinople.

SCHOOL BOARD'S APOLOGY.

Why East Aurora Excludes Ingersoll's Works from Its Public Library.

The Board of Education of East Aurora, N. Y., which has charge of the public library of that hamlet, lately declined to accept from Mrs. Marilla M. Ricker a full set of the works of Robert G. Ingersoll. The correspondence relating to the matter was published in The Truth Seeker of August 22. The Board concluded to accept a set of the printed books of Elbert Hubbard, who offered them along with comments on the rejection of Ingersoll. In the acceptance letter the Board endeavors to prove the "Atheism" of Ingersoll not by quoting his own words but by reproducing a quantity of drivel from his maligners—a pious and eminently Christian method. The board (or the clergyman employed to speak for its members) wrote Mr. Hubbard as follows:

We regret that you should have found it necessary, in making your offer, to criticize the action of this board in declining to accept a complete edition of the writings of Robert G. Ingersoll. We stated that we would have been glad to accept the selected works of Ingersoll, but the complete edition was offered us more especially, as was apparent from the letter of Mrs. Ricker, because it included Ingersoll's writings on religious subjects; in other words, his Atheistical writings. We do not place your writings in any respect on the same plane with those of Robert G. Ingersoll. In refusing to accept Ingersoll's Atheistical writings, we did our duty, as we believe, to the children whose education has been placed in our charge by religious parents.

In your letter you say that we "are presuming to sit as censors as to what the people of East Aurora shall read," and that "if Ingersoll's writings were debarred by law from circulation," we "might then well decline to house them"; and that our refusal to accept the Ingersoll writings is "an injustice and a hardship for the community we are supposed to serve." You further say that the village library is not merely a library for school children, but for all of the people in town, yourself included. In reply, we would call your attention to the fact that the State Education Department at Albany furnishes a part of the money for the purchase of books for the library located in the High School building, and that this department must approve of the books purchased by us for the library before it will furnish a part of the money for the payment thereof. This department has already refused to approve the purchase of the writings of Robert G. Ingersoll.

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To prove to you that we have good authority for our opinion of the Atheistical writings of Colonel Ingersoll, we would quote from the opinions of a great American and a great Englishman, the former being the Hon. Jeremiah S. Black, a former Attorney-General of the United States and a former Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of Pennsylvania; the latter being William E. Gladstone, several times Prime Minister and one of the greatest of England's statesmen. They crossed swords with Ingersoll twenty years ago when he was engaged in a vigorous attack on religion, and published answers in the North American Review to Ingersoll's Atheistical articles. The former expressed himself as follows:

"The bad classes of society have always hated the doctrine and discipline which reproached their wickedness and frightened them by threats of punishment in another world. Aforetime they showed their contempt of divine authority only by their actions; but now, under new leadership, their enmity against God breaks out into articulate blasphemy. They assemble themselves together; they hear with passionate admiration the bold harangue which ridicules and defies the maker of the universe; fiercely they rage against the highest, and loudly they laugh, alike at the justice that condemns, and the mercy that offers to pardon them. The orator who relieves them by assurances of impunity, and tells them that no supreme authority has made any law to control them, is applauded to the echo, and paid a high price for his congenial labor; he pockets their money, and flatters himself that he is a great power, profoundly moving 'the world of thought.'"

"The lamentable fact must be admitted that 'a little learning is a dangerous thing' to some persons. The sciolist, with a mere smattering of physical knowledge, is apt to mistake himself for a philosopher, and, swelling with his own importance, he gives out, like Simon Magus, 'that himself is some great one.' His vanity becomes inflamed more and more, until he begins to think he knows all things. He takes every occasion to show his accomplishments by finding fault with the works of creation, and Providence; and this is an exercise in which he cannot long continue without learning to disbelieve in any being greater than himself."

IS CANNIBALISM A MYTH?

Practiced Only When Compelled by Hunger or Observed as a Religious Rite.

BY GEORGE C. BARTLETT.

I quote the following paragraph from "The Sketch," London, Sept. 18, 1907:

People who have recently met and enjoyed the cultured conversation of the latest of our foreign guests, the Hon. Arthur Barclay, President of Liberia, may be surprised to learn that he rules over a land which constitutes perhaps the most remarkable blend of enlightenment and savagery now known. The President is the "most remarkable African" Sir Harry Johnston knows; a man self-taught and deeply read. He has brought the finances of Liberia out of chaos to respectable solidity, and kept the colony of emancipated slaves upon the highway of progress. Yet in the interior cannibalism is rampant; it is cannibalism which prompts the many inter-tribal wars by which the land is vexed. Old customs die hard. Luckily evil is not alone persistent. Mr. Durand has recently told us that he has heard a song on the subject of the Virgin Mary sung in a part of Africa which has not been visited by missionaries since the Jesuits were driven forth, two hundred years ago.

Has there ever been, or is there to-day such a custom practiced as cannibalism? I think not, or rarely, as in cases of extreme hunger and then it is just as apt to occur among the whites as the blacks. I have read many accounts in many books of the practice of cannibalism, but in every instance it is the story as seen by another—never by the writer. I have been quite an extensive traveler in what are supposed to be cannibalistic countries, especially in the Feejee Islands. I quote the following from an article I wrote after my visit there, in the year 1891:

I have noticed a number of articles in the daily press recently upon cannibalism. It seems to be a mania, with some writers, to originate—entirely in their own brains—the most fictitious stories about cannibalism, picturing the savages in a wild, ferocious state of madness for human flesh! I have had some experience as a traveler among those termed savage tribes, and on this voyage en route for Australia our vessel, the MacGregor, stopped for the first time at a place called Kandavra, in the Feejee Islands. It was thought by the manager of this line of steamers that it would be profitable to make a landing there each trip, taking on a goodly supply of fine fruits, bananas, oranges, lemons, etc. The experiment, however, proved a failure; for, as we were sailing slowly out, we suddenly ran upon a coral reef. We remained on this reef for about one week, and finally, abandoning the MacGregor, were taken on board another vessel.

While living on the reef I went ashore each day, accompanied by a Feejee, who came down from the city of Levaska to act as guide and interpreter to our captain. We visited a Feejee village, about four miles inland, daily, which afforded us an opportunity to study what would naturally be supposed to be as barbarous a race as inhabited the earth. The interpreter told us that these natives had never seen a white man. They had never in any way received enlightenment from association with people we term civilized. They came aboard our steamer in great numbers, but would not touch our food. A more gentle, loving, peaceable race of people I never met. Their clothing—Adam and Eve-like—consisted of a band of leaves wrapped around their loins. Later I often watched the young girls walking along the hillside, with their arms around each other's waists, and other like indications were noticeable, showing that their natural instincts were affectionate and good; and, strange to say, the women were virtuous, the penalty for unchastity being death. Think of it!

They used a kind of wine, which I think was called guava. Their mode of manufacturing it, which may not be quite as civilized a process as our method of manufacturing gin or beer, was as follows: Imagine a picturesque hut, made of clay, grass, branches and leaves, in the centre of which is placed a large cocoon bowl, with a half dozen dusky maidens, from twelve to eighteen years of age, sitting around it all busily chewing a root—looking much as our girls do when chewing gum—and expectorating in the bowl. When a sufficient amount is thus produced it is ready for use. It is not exactly an opiate, or a liquor, but rather a cross between the two. It produces sleep, is considered by them a sacred drink, and is used at their native religious ceremonies. As I wish some excuse

for acknowledging that I tasted the beverage, I will say the interpreter told me that they would be much offended if I refused it; and as it is my custom to refuse nothing new (or old) that is offered me to drink, I accepted on this occasion.

An Englishman, who was a Feejee planter, was one of the passengers on our steamer. He had lived in the Feejee Islands a number of years, and knew the different tribes, their history, peculiarities, etc. I expressed to him my surprise to find this Feejee tribe, which I had had the privilege of mingling with, and studying their character, such a pleasing, kind, and moral people, apparently averaging in intelligence with people in general. He told me that the stories about cannibalism were untrue; that they were all exaggerations. I said to him there must be some fire where there is so much smoke. He said yes, that was true, and that through years of study and investigation, and living among these unknown tribes, he had found, he thought, the truth from which came the untruth. He explained it in this way: The different tribes have wars, and it was not unusual during a prolonged fight, when no provisions were at hand, no fruit or fish, to occasionally, under pressure of intense hunger, barbecue and eat the dead body of an enemy, as during the siege at Paris the French ate rats, cats, and dogs, and under similar trying circumstances many white men have also devoured human flesh.

After investigating this subject of cannibalism, looking into it as I have had the opportunity to do, in the Feejee Islands, Africa, and many other countries, I have come to the conclusion that it is mostly mythical.

One of the peculiarities about the Feejee Islands was the absence of animal life. It may be well known to some people, but it was a great surprise to me, that not an animal of any description had ever been seen on the islands. Is it natural, then, that such a people would crave animal food, a people who had never tasted it? They live on fruit and fish. They wrap the fish in leaves, bury it in the earth, build a fire over it, and when it is cooked and the leaves removed it looks as tempting as a fish cooked on Manhattan Island.

Nothing is more vividly impressed upon my mind than the picture of that Feejee village; and although I have visited the principal cities of the world, the little Feejee village, with its simple life and peculiarities, is ever bringing pleasure to my thoughts. It was as though taken back almost to the beginning of the world; and it was wonderful to watch their primitive ways, and to see how they procure such a variety of articles that resemble those used in European countries.

The first Feejee "young gentleman" whom I saw sat in the doorway of a picturesque hut, smoking what looked like a cigarette. He smoked as gracefully as a Spaniard. I found upon inquiry that he was not smoking tobacco, but a leaf which resembles it somewhat, the name of which I have forgotten. They roll this wild cigarette dexterously.

The top of the first hut I entered was covered with bananas, which were hung there to ripen. A young mother was lying on the matted floor. She was rocking the cradle of her little twenty-four-hour old Feejee son. The cradle was made from a single leaf, a heavy vein running through the centre, which enabled it to be rocked with ease. It looked very much like the old-fashioned low cradle of our childhood. The leaf was so shaped as to hold the native babes of the woods—nature's cradle.

Coral necklaces there, as here, adorned the necks of the females. If they wanted a string, either to carry fish, or to use for any other purpose, it seemed as natural for them to go to a little sapling, rip off the bark, and give it a twist, as for us to procure it from a ball of twine. Their cooking utensils and articles used about the huts were interesting, and it was a study to observe how all these different articles corresponded to the same articles used in what we term the civilized or moneyed nations.

They appeared to be very fond of music. One song I well remember. From what they told me I judge it was a national song, and would correspond, I suppose, to our "Star Spangled Banner," or the "Marseillaise" of the French. The little village seemed a miniature world, showing that whatever vibrated in the great communities of

the earth was also there, and that after all there is not a great difference between that little family living in the far away Feejee Islands and the families who live in London or Berlin.

My recollection of the people of that Feejee village is most restful and pleasing. They were nature's happy family. They seemed to have no weariness. There was not a sick person in the village—old age being the only cause of death. Peace and good will prevailed; and, as the twilight fell upon them, it seemed like a benediction from God.

I was impressed with a leading editorial in one of our New York journals, some days since, which read as follows:

After years of toil and the sacrifice of many lives, central Africa is still completely at the mercy of the Arab slave-traders and the savage native chiefs.

It is military force which subdues barbarism; it is commerce which arms force for that work. The school-master and the missionary can accomplish nothing until the soldier, hired by trade, has prepared the way for them.

Civilized nations have their trading stations already established along the African coasts. Instigated by greed, they will push their frontiers steadily further into the country, in a race with each other for the possession of the fairest provinces. In the interest of trade they will prick back savagery with the bayonet, binding their conquests with lines of roadway. That's the way in which this continent was secured for civilization. The pall of barbarism cannot be lifted. It must be rolled back by advancing trade. If savagery submits it shares the benefits of the conquest. If it refuses to submit it is crushed by the strong hand. It has been so in all ages and countries. It will be so in all ages and countries. It will be so in Africa.

"The Arab slave traders"—are the Arabs as a race such a terrible set of men as Europeans paint them? Has not the Arab race passed as high an examination for bravery, intellect, and religion as other races? One Arab at least will live eternally—Mahomet. How about the slaves whom we have freed? Would not the money have been better spent in educating them—the Africans of our country—than in trying to educate and convert the Africans of Africa? Advocating "military force" to "subdue" barbarism—we hear so much about barbarism, the heathen, the pagans, the uncivilized. I have traveled through the Oriental countries, and have tried to study the different races of mankind, and I have come to the conclusion that all humanity is much alike—one family. I believe there is as much civilization in Egypt, China, Japan, and other countries as there is in Europe and America. It is a question whether the foreign soldiers who go to Africa are sent in the interest of morality and religion. It looks as though they went more for gain—for ivory and for gold.

Does it not show a good deal of conceit among Europeans and Americans to be constantly talking and writing of their civilization, religion, and morality? Picking up one of our prominent newspapers, I find the first article with the following headlines: "They call these nobles! eighty aristocratic Englishmen charged with foul crimes.—Lord Arthur Somerset and Lord Ronald Gower among the accused.—They are saved from arrest by the British Home Office and allowed to flee to the Continent.—Henry Labouchere exposes them and calls for their immediate punishment.—A terrible scandal!"

In another column I read that for some wrong or fancied wrong a woman shot five bullets into the body of a citizen of high standing. In other columns I see exposed the different frauds in the city government. In fact, the whole paper is a record of crime and depravity. "Physician, heal thyself."

The Orientals do not build their houses so high as we do; their mode of life is different from ours, but I think if we could speak the language of these "savage chiefs" and commune with them, we would find as kind hearts, as big souls, as much character and integrity, as among their lighter-skinned brethren. Far-away countries have been vilified, and ridiculous and exaggerated stories are continually told about them. I hope some step may be taken soon for a World Congress, so that the West may learn of the East, and the East of the West; and if that time should come [It came; this was written in 1891, and the prophecy has been fulfilled], the amount of Eastern wisdom that would be showered down for the West, in my estimation, would be surprising! The human family ought to mingle and know each other better. Is it not time that the sword was put by, and in its stead arbitration, goodness of soul, and intelligence, rule the world? Are not the real barbarians the soldiers

and the people who sustain them? If we cannot carry what we consider our advantages and our civilization into the heart of Africa save by the sword, by the ravages of war and rum, then I should say leave Africa for her own people.

In conclusion I would say—were I not afraid of offending my Christian brother—that the nearest approach to a cannibal that I have ever witnessed is a communicant in an orthodox church.

THE AMAZING MURPHY CASE.

How the Catholic Church Plays Fast and Loose with Marriage Ties.

BY GEORGE TREBELLS.

I call the special attention of all in any way connected with the Roman Church or who have been connected with it formerly, to the following story voluntarily put before the English public by its Roman Catholic hero. I take the story from my notes of the report of the case which he brought before a court of law, which is given in the Times of London on Thursday July 7, 1898, only ten years ago. The report is on page 14.

In the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division of the High Court, before the Rt. Hon. Sir F. H. Jeune, president, in the case of Murphy v. the Attorney General, it was shown that Charles Oscar Murphy, a native of Ireland, came to Manchester at the age of nineteen, studied medicine, and became a physician. He appears to have been successful and to have maintained so important an establishment as to require a housekeeper. In 1876 he engaged a young woman of 28, named Martha Price, for that position; and four years later he proposed to marry her. He thereupon went to his parish priest, Father Birch, to arrange for his marriage. But Father Birch knew Manchester better than the young Irishman, and he impressed on him that it would be wiser for social reasons to think the matter over seriously.

The mode in which he thought it over seriously was, instead of marrying her as he had intended, he went straight home and immediately took her to himself as his unmarried ammy! He and Miss Price went on their knees in the drawing room and pledged themselves "in the presence of God to look on each other as married." Here, as the immediate result of priestly and worldly-wise advice, this man made this woman the old, transpontine villain's promise and assurance of being married in the sight of God. Nothing is said that the priest suggested this, but the next day when Mr. Charles Oscar Murphy called on him and informed him what he had done, Father Birch assured him it was a valid marriage; and a short while after wrote to him for five pounds (about twenty-four dollars and twenty-five cents) for his share in the event. It must most emphatically be understood that this priest performed no ceremony; the "in the eye of heaven" declaration and the entry into marital relations took place without his knowledge; but were merely the practical outcome of the inference Dr. Murphy drew from his advice. There were no witnesses whatever.

The affair was kept secret for six years—a fact, considering the man was a doctor, which carries with it an implication of more than mere social treachery; but in 1882 a scandal was set about that he was "keeping" his housekeeper. He appealed to the Roman Catholic vicar-general, who thereon issued to him the following bogus certificate, written on ordinary paper in the ordinary manner without any date: "Vicar-General's Office, Diocese of Salford. I hereby certify that Dr. Charles Oscar Murphy of 1166 Oxford Road, Manchester, was married to Martha Price of the same address, on September 15, 1876. In faith of which I hereto append my hand and seal. Canon Sheehan, V. G. By command of my Lord Bishop. W. Hill, Diocesan Secretary."

What he was charged for this is not in my notes. The person called "My Lord Bishop," who is explicitly given as authorizing it, was Herbert Vaughan, afterward Cardinal Vaughan, and the man who countersigned this paper for the Bishop of Salford had the assurance to tell the court that "this was not a certificate in the ordinary sense at all." Nevertheless it was given to this doctor and his mistress to be put before Roman Catholic society in Manchester as a certificate from the bishop himself, and the vicar-general! Vaughan, the bishop, had the audacity, after this, on his oath to assure the

court that "the whole thing was completely new to him; the Roman Catholic church would not recognize that as a proper certificate of marriage. It should never have been given."

Now in 1888, ten years before this declaration of Bishop Herbert Vaughan, Dr. Murphy desired to go to Rome as a pilgrim, and with this lady to be presented to the pope; when, to secure their admission to the pope's reception, a certificate was issued to them, containing the statement that Dr. Charles Oscar Murphy, "moved by filial devotion towards the Holy See, had set out for the Holy City accompanied by his wife in the hope of receiving the apostolic benediction." It was signed "Given at Salford, March 15, 1888. Herbert, Bishop of Salford. Wm. Hill, Secretary."

Cardinal Vaughan's declaration of ignorance after his name had been affixed to a bogus certificate by the diocesan secretary is audacious. He was at that time an active, healthy, and extremely energetic business man—a man who years after rushed up the building of a vast cathedral as his own clerk of the works, in a very few years: far from an invertebrate who would allow his name to be used without his knowledge. Men in even the social position of a physician are scarce among Roman Catholics in Manchester; and the very object of the fraud was to retain Dr. Murphy in good society. It is incredible that Vaughan could have been ignorant of this extraordinary story relating to a man who must have constantly met him and have been on his own visiting list.

It is to be noted that Vaughan did not say he regarded the marriage as invalid, but that the certificate was not a proper one. This case throws an amazing light on the methods of the very highest and most responsible of the popish priesthood. But of all the astounding points which come to the mind in considering it, the most astonishing is that this man—an educated man-of-the-world, living in the city which has given its name to practical and hard and methodical business arrangements, and associating with business men—should have lived in doubt for twenty-two years before he consulted a lawyer. Then there is the fact that these men, instead of keeping quiet this tissue of frauds on society, and imposture, and bogus certificates, and extortion for worthless forgeries—or other worthless nonsense, themselves drag it before the whole world by a preposterous action to endeavor to reverse a fact in English law which every servant girl and errand boy is supposed, and justly supposed, to know thoroughly—that no girl is wedded without "marriage lines"—that is to say, a legal marriage certificate given to the bride before the consummation of the marriage.

The report in the Times is very long and interesting and should be studied carefully by everyone, especially clergymen and lawyers who may be likely to be called on to deal with cases arising from the pope's new marriage decree. Files of the Times are in most public libraries. I have been informed there is an exceptionally good one in the library in Boston.

Turkey and the Jews.

One of the side issues of the granting of a constitution in Turkey will be the effect this is likely to have upon the future development of the Zionist movement, thinks the London correspondent of a New York paper.

The first step toward Zionism's object of founding a legally assured home for the Jewish people in Palestine is the grant of a charter by the Sultan. The late Dr. Herzl had more than one interview with him for the purpose of obtaining this instrument, but the Sultan would assent only to the creation of a number of scattered colonies, and negotiations were dropped.

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"The lamentable fact must be admitted that 'a little learning is a dangerous thing' to some persons. The sciolist, with a mere smattering of physical knowledge, is apt to mistake himself for a philosopher, and, swelling with his own importance, he gives out, like Simon Magus, 'that himself is some great one.' His vanity becomes inflamed more and more, until he begins to think he knows all things. He takes every occasion to show his accomplishments by finding fault with the works of creation, and Providence; and this is an exercise in which he cannot long continue without learning to disbelieve in any being greater than himself."

It was to such a person, and not to the unpretending simpleton, that Solomon applied his often-quoted aphorism, "the fool hath said in his heart, there is no God." These are what Paul refers to as "vain babblings and the opposition of science, falsely so called," but they are perfectly powerless to stop or turn aside the great current of human thought on the subject of Christian theology. That majestic stream, supplied from a thousand unfailling fountains, rolls on and will roll forever."

The latter wrote as follows:

"Colonel Ingersoll writes with a rare and enviable brilliancy, but also with an impetus which he seems unable to control. Denunciation, sarcasm and invective, may in consequence be said to constitute the staple of his work; and, if argument, or some favorable admission here and there, peeps out for a moment, the writer soon leaves the dry and barren heights of careful thought for his favorite and more luxurious galloping-grounds beneath."

In using the phrase, "the religious faith of the American nation," we intended to refer to a religious faith of the American people. We might be presumed to be familiar with the fact that freedom of religion is guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States, but an examination of the last census of the United States, will disclose the fact that the American people cherish a religious faith.

We have no intention of undertaking to interfere with the choice of citizens as to what they would read or as to the form of worship that they prefer. The Village of East Aurora is a church-going community, having at the present time no less than nine churches for a population of less than 3,000 persons, and it is evident that in undertaking to follow the wishes of the parents of the children who attend the East Aurora Union School by declining to receive the Atheistical writings of Robert G. Ingersoll we have made no mistake. Yours very respectfully,

THE BOARD OF EDUCATION OF EAST AURORA HIGH SCHOOL.

TWILIGHT OF REPUBLICANISM.

BY CHARLES B. WAITE.

Second Article.

Of the 22 delegates from the State of Alabama, in the fourteenth Republican National Convention, 13 were Federal office-holders.

Of the 10 delegates from Florida, 7 were Federal office-holders.

Of the 26 delegates from Georgia, 13 were Federal office-holders.

Of the 18 delegates from Louisiana, 9 were Federal office-holders.

Of the 6 delegates from Delaware, 3 were Federal office-holders.

Of the 18 delegates from Arkansas, 8 were Federal office-holders.

Of the 20 delegates from Mississippi, 7 were Federal office-holders.

Of the 24 delegates from North Carolina, 10 were Federal office-holders.

Of the 24 delegates from Tennessee, 8 were Federal office-holders.

Of the 36 delegates from Texas, 12 were Federal office-holders.

Of the 24 delegates from Virginia, 8 were Federal office-holders.

Of the 26 delegates from Kentucky, 8 were Federal office-holders.

Of the 70 delegates from Maryland, Missouri, and South Carolina, 12 were Federal office-holders.

Of the 78 delegates from New York, 16 were Federal office-holders.

Of the 54 delegates from Illinois, 12 were Federal office-holders.

Of the 76 delegates from Ohio and Indiana, 10 were Federal office-holders.

Of the 92 delegates from New Jersey and Pennsylvania, 10 were Federal office-holders.

Of the 38 delegates from Wisconsin, Wyoming and Utah, 11 were Federal office-holders.

Of the 110 delegates from Kansas, Massachusetts, Michigan, Nebraska and Oklahoma, 10—2 from each—were Federal office-holders.

Add 16, 1 each, from California, Connecticut, Idaho, Iowa, Maine, Minnesota, Nevada, New Hampshire, North Dakota, Oregon, Rhode Island, Vermont, Washington, West Virginia, Arizona and Hawaii, and we have the nice little sum of 203 Federal office-holders in the fourteenth Republican National Convention.

One-fourth of them were postmasters. Of the others, a goodly number were in the revenue service, many of them drawing large salaries.

The total salaries of the office-holding delegates aggregated about 750,000 dollars, annually. Here was a corruption fund of three-quarters of a million, which could be drawn upon when necessary, for the purpose of controlling the action of the Convention.

Was not such a Convention a national disgrace? Was it, in any just sense, a delegated Republican Convention? Who selected the dele-

gates? Did the delegates in this convention choose a President, or did a President choose the delegates?

His 203 delegates would, of course, act in a body, and it would only be necessary to get 287 of the other delegates to act with them to make a majority.

If, then, the non-office-holding delegates had been opposed to the nomination of Taft by 200 majority; still, he could have been and would have been nominated over their heads. And this is Republicanism!

Talk about trusts! Here was a huge trust, composed of office-holders and office-seekers, formed for the purpose of controlling all the best places, from the presidency down.

Talk about corporations! Here was a great national corporation, at the head of which was the President of the United States, while the corporate body extended into every State, territory and dependency.

Talk about monopolies! Here was a vast monopoly, formed for the purpose of engrossing and conserving all the offices at the disposal of the administration.

Talk about a square deal! Here was a square deal in the public power and patronage.

No candidate for President, except the President's candidate, had any show whatever; and in a contest, the contesting delegate had no more chance of getting a seat than he had of being struck by lightning, unless it should be considered good political policy to give him a seat.

The President could not have done the people a greater service than to leave them severely alone, in the getting up and management of the National Convention.

On the contrary, however much or little he may have had to do with the selection of the delegates, there was no concealment of the fact that he managed and controlled the Convention completely; that all the proceedings were under his advice, supervision and direction.

If Secretary Taft is elected he will owe it to the President. If he is defeated, the President will be responsible. For the defeat will be, largely, because there were so many office-holders in the convention, with so much money at their disposal, and because Republicans are unwilling to submit to so much political dictation. It will be because they are unwilling to indorse and sanction such manifest imperialism.

Is This a Christian Nation?

A Theocracy means government of a state or nation by direction of God; and what Christians claim to know about God and his supreme authority is in "the Holy Bible which is the Word of God"; and so far as a civil government conforms to their religion it is theocratic. It is true as affirmed "this is a Christian nation"; and that "our government, state and national, is a Theocracy."

Christians are forever appealing to legislative bodies for more laws in the interests of the church, for the support of religion, for appropriations of money, for prohibitive measures, for special privileges, for the bulwarks of legislation. And they have succeeded in gaining many points. If this union of church and state is not theocratic, how else can they make and operate a Theocracy?

George Washington once said the United States government had no connection or alliance with the Christian religion. That was true then, but not true now. Cunning religious leaders have worked it into a Theocracy so gradually that many people do not realize the fact. We can illustrate it by the case of a recently converted colored brother during an experience meeting in Ebenezer Chapel. He said "I've been a sinnah, a heenyus, low-down, contaminated sinnah for lo dese many yeahs; and I never knowed it."

"Don' let dat molest you, Brudder Newcome," spoke up a sympathetically inclined deacon. "De rest of us knowed it all de time."

Many of our intelligent citizens have known for lo these many years that our government is theocratic, in part. There are certain links connecting church and state, such as the recognition of the Christian's God by the motto on our coins—the exemption of church property from taxation, equal to a direct tax laid upon taxpayers for the support of religion—the compulsory observance of the Christian's sacred day Sunday, by force of law—the use of Christian chaplains in the army and navy.

W. J. Bryan is committed to pious whims.

He has said he is more interested in religion than the science of government and would rather talk on it than politics because religion is vital, and the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom. If Mr. Bryan's policy be carried into effect Theocracy will grow some in his administration (if elected); for he says the chaplain is a necessity, and there should be two where there is now but one; so as to have them Protestant and Catholic, that the moral needs of soldiers be met by the recognition of religious preference.

A. H. N.

Brief Contributions.

If there is a bad god in the heavens, do let us, instead of getting on our knees, have enough of the Greek spirit in us to make war on him, if we have to spend a thousand years under Mount Etna for our audacity.

"Resist not evil and it will flee from you." Do the weeds in a garden patch flee if they are let alone? And regarding tolerance, is it not odd that potatoes will tolerate thistles, but that thistles are too aggressive to let potatoes grow?

Horace said that the integrity of his life frightened away the wolf in the Sabine woods, but his subsequent description of the animal shows that he was pretty nearly scared to death. It was probably a little wolf, as much alarmed at Horace as the poet was at the "monster." Had there been a pack of wolves instead of one, the virtuous man might have had occasion to sing another song.

Granting that sex is not necessarily a "wicked" or improper subject for discussion, why should it be dinned into our ears that it is as "God's sky, with the stars in it," and that we are stupid if we can't observe the fact. Love is beautiful and true; the thought of sex is only an incident of it. Is a medical treatise akin unto an epic poem? Does anybody want to turn over a hundred pages or so, in order to find out exactly what John Jones had for breakfast two weeks ago, even though he can supply recommendations to the Quaker Oats Company or write a testimonial for Johnson's Desticated Hay? In other words, why all this Glyn-ness, for goodness sake?

The Catholic who opposes any scheme of economic reform because its adherents do not believe in his religion, is putting up a mighty worthless argument. Have Agnostics always refused to help the Little Sisters of the Poor because the "unbelievers" did not approve of their theology?

A society reporter asserts, I notice, that where two or three women are gathered together, there will be talk of clothes. Interesting class of women "Willie" must have to hang about. If the Pharisee were going up to the temple in these days, maybe he might thank the "Lord" that he did not have to produce a column every day about the doings of "society." And, by the way, what could be more absurd than that the least efficient portion of society should constantly proceed to label itself the whole?

The emotionalism of women, which now finds an outlet in religious zeal, will be lessened when there is a chance to live the active life; and when women themselves are enabled to make useful laws, they will not be so concerned about "holding up the hands of the pastor" as he wages verbal war on greed and fraud. As it is now, church affairs are about the only ones (outside the home) in which a domestic woman may interest herself without bringing upon her head clerical condemnation for neglecting her family and trying to escape her proper "sphere."

The new Christian Socialist play, "The Servant in the House," seems to be drawing large audiences of the orthodox, who (perhaps) will discourse today about the beauty and "sacredness" of this drama, tomorrow will lament that its teaching is impracticable, and next week will quite approve when the police chase off the street such dangerous agitators as think that men willing to work ought not to be starving with abundance on every side of them. As for the Drain Man, I wonder whether he really yearns to attend to drains, or whether he wants to sit on velvet cushions in the church? Not but that he has a perfect right to take his turn at the cushions; but the idea of representing the third or fourth estate as all benevolence! L. D. H.

Minor Editorial Note and Comment.

The letter left by the Rev. Albert Trick, the Presbyterian minister who committed suicide in this city last week, bears the inference that he had not preached his convictions. In that letter he expressed a belief and a joy "in the better day dawning in a world with its superstitions and errors, like all the other religions of man that have passed away." The letter goes on:

"And religion itself, pure and simple—religion that has a passion for truth, justice, love, liberty, purity and humanity—ye gods! What does the church care for these things—for truth? It twists all the facts, philosophy and expressions of history to make them square with the petty traditions and systems of the day. The day will come when the world will know that, sacred as is the place that Jesus holds in the world's esteem, they are no more bound by what he taught, did and thought than they are by the precepts of Robert Ingersoll. I wish I could live and preach this, but I am broken too much and the habit of my long life of self-denial and suffering—always so tragical—forbids it. I do not complain. 'Tis all a destiny. I feared life from infancy and I regret that I did not bravely bear to be my true self and fight out my life as God made me, not as he made the Nazarene, who simply in his time and way bravely lived out his tragical and brief life."

The Rev. Mr. Trick had seen the truth, or at least he saw the error and falsehood of religion and the church, but owing to his failing sight and dependence upon others he could not make the declaration he would have done had he retained his health and the ability to earn a living. So he died by his own hand, full of regrets that he could not take the manly stand. That is the penalty the church reserves for the men who in their youth consent to wear its muzzle and who in their old age cannot afford to throw it off.

Edward M. Schindler of Brooklyn, who suffered oppression at the hands of the court under the Sunday law, seeks recompense, and to that end has sued the three judges, Justices Keady, O'Keefe, and Fleming, of the Court of Special Sessions, for \$10,000 each. Summons and complaint have been served on the defendants. It appears from the complaint that Schindler was running a moving picture show at 2702 Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn, on April 16, 1907, when he was arrested for violating section 265 of the Penal Code, which relates to the Sabbath law. This is a misdemeanor, and the maximum penalty for the first offense is a \$10 fine and imprisonment for five days. Schindler's was a first offense, but the judges fined him \$100, with the option of going to jail for thirty days. His lawyers contend that they have decisions, given in New York law, which hold public officials, including those on the bench, liable to a civil action for acting in excess of their powers, and the contention is emphasized in the complaint that the defense of judicial error cannot be set up, as it was pointed out to Justices Keady, O'Keefe and Fleming at the time that sentence was passed that the penalty they were imposing on Schindler was in excess of that prescribed by law. Surely if contempt of court is punishable in a citizen, contempt for the people and their laws ought to be in a judge.

The Herald of Reynoldsville, Pa., accuses the people of Big Run of failing in their duty in that they permitted the Rev. Mr. Sydow to leave the place without a coat of tar and feathers. The reverend is charged with leading two children astray, the youngest a girl of fifteen. The Herald says: "According to the story that the child has told her lawyer, it was the practice of Rev. Sydow, when his own family could be inveigled out of the way, to kneel with the child in prayer. While the two were upon their knees with their heads bowed and their hands raised in supplication

to God, Rev. Sydow would ask the Almighty to send him a message as to whether or not it would be right for him to carry out his designs upon the child. Over the wireless system Rev. Sydow had of getting messages to and from the Lord, he always managed to get an answer favorable to his purposes, and the trusting child, ignorant of the enormity of the sin she was committing, and guided by this pretending man of God, soon found that she was to become a mother." The preacher was admitted to bail, which he jumped. Some other man of God will take up in Big Run the business of preaching the religion through which his victims were led to ruin.

Disquieting figures for Christians are put in circulation by James B. Murray, presumably a reverend, of Yonkers, N. Y. Mr. Murray, who delivered an address before the Sunday school superintendents' congress at the recent twelfth triennial convention of the International Sunday School Association, asserts that "out of all the Sunday school scholars in the United States and Canada (now numbering 14,000,000) over one-half, under present conditions, go down to death unsaved and without hope." In other words, Mr. Murray would say that not one-half of the young persons who attend Sunday school ever get converted and join the church. According to the statistics he gives, the bulk of the members of the church are converted before the age of twenty years—that is to say, before they are old enough to judge for themselves whether religion has anything authentic in it or not. It is a fact the church ought to be ashamed to disclose.

The death at Portland, Me., August 28, of the Rev. Dr. Donald Sage Mackay, pastor of the Collegiate Church of St. Nicholas, in New York city, removes a Presbyterian preacher against whom charges of heresy were hurled. The Truth Seeker in various numbers of 1905 published statements by Dr. Mackay for the issuing of which it was proposed to light a fire under him. One of his heresies was saying that he had no patience with theology which demanded that "a godly husband shall say amen to the damnation of his wife; the godly parents shall sing hallelujah at the passing of the sentence of death against their only child; the godly child shall approve the damnation of his wicked parents, the father who begot him and the mother who bore him." His repudiation of "crude and pitiless theology," as he denominated Calvinism, showed the influence of Ingersoll on the minds of the Presbyterian clergy.

The Nebraska minister is not forgotten who made so powerful a plea to his congregation to confess and repent that a woman was moved to make public acknowledgment of her intimacy with himself and her contrition therefor—to his immediate and utter undoing. Preacher John Hutchinson of St. Louis was even more unfortunate than the brother further west. The other night at the close of the religious exercises which Hutchinson was conducting at the Union Mission, and when he had urged his comrades to come to the mourners' bench and lay their sins on the altar, Cora Thompson, a girl of twenty years, responded. Going forward, Miss Thompson laid a tiny baby at the preacher's feet and said, "Here is your little burden of sin." The meeting broke up with Hutchinson's confession of his fall from grace.

A discussion of the Sunday question is maintained in the Evening Record of Hackensack, N. J. Isaac Goldman of the Hackensack Liberal Club advocates the liberal and historical view with credit. Mr. Goldman challenges any doctor of

divinity to produce a particle of credible evidence tending to establish the existence of the Christian Sabbath prior to the beginning of the fourth century. The history of the Christian Sabbath proves that it was introduced by the half-pagan Emperor Constantine, who adopted the day which was by the heathen devoted to the worship of the Sun—whence it derived its name. The doctors of divinity are not so likely to answer Mr. Goldman's facts as they are to boycott the Evening Record for printing them.

One of the evening papers speaks of F. P. Earle and his wife, whose conduct brought the theory of affinities into contempt, as "the pair of Freethinkers." Possibly the reporter meant Freelothers, but they do not seem to be even that. Mr. Earle's course has been that which is marked out in the scriptures: "When a man hath taken a wife, and marries her, and it come to pass that she find no favor in his eyes . . . then let him write her a bill of divorcement, and give it in her hand, and send her out of his house" (Deut. xxiv. 1). That line of conduct was not deduced from the principles of Freethought.

When the Rev. Benjamin F. Graff was dropped from the pulpit of the Ridge-wood Baptist church of Joliet, Ill., under the accusation of shooting craps, it looked as if his congregation was over-particular. But the congregation may have known more than was charged. The Rev. Graff, who has been working in the Law and Order cause in Van Buren county, Mich., collecting evidence against the keepers of "blind pigs," is reported to be under arrest at the instance of his wife. Mrs. Graff says he has deserted her, withdrawn his support, and taken up with another woman. If these preachers do not reform soon we shall lose confidence in them as moral guides.

A clergyman has published his protest against a "certain novel of a dangerous class" in which a minister of the gospel is painted as villain. "How easy," he pleads, "for the author to have portrayed in natural and unforced manner his villain as perhaps a newspaper or theatrical man, professions notoriously loose and of wanton tendencies." The clergy have never attacked the theatrical profession as immoral without getting as good as they sent, including a reminder of their own shortcomings. With so many clerical scandals to keep track of, what time does the newspaper man find in which to cut loose and be wanton?

The Evening World moralizes on the "altered moral standards" which have raised the lid at Asbury Park and Ocean Grove and turned those camp-meeting resorts into places of worldly amusement. The World thinks the inroads made on orthodox traditions may well arouse the concern of the directors of these places. We think the directors are the last persons who will be worried. Have not the New Jersey courts decided that as religious corporations their property cannot be taxed?

"Does it sound like separation of church and state when we read of Governor Fort of New Jersey calling on the troops to enforce the Bishops' Sunday law, and the governor of Missouri threatening Sabbath-breakers with the militia? We sacrifice nothing for liberty, but everything for the maintenance of a Sunday law that is worth absolutely nothing to the people, and from which nobody profits except at the expense of others.

The eightieth birthday of Count Tolstoy occurred on Aug. 28 and found the aged philosopher dangerously ill. As this most eminent of Russia's humanitarian reformers and literary men was not reconciled to the church, the people of Russia were forbidden to celebrate the anniversary.

THE WORSHIP OF AUGUSTUS CÆSAR

Derived from a Study of Monuments, Coins, Calendars, Aeras, Astronomical and Astronomical Cycles, Etc.

BY ALEX. DEL MAR,

Formerly Director of the U. S. Bureau of Commerce, Navigation and Statistics.

This great work, now in its eighth year of popularity, is in fact a Date-book or Encyclopedia of Messiahs, of whom it gives the dates and lives of over 500, with every detail of birth, miracles, sacraments, sufferings, expiation and death. Some of these the author traces back by reliable indications to nearly 2000 B. C., finding them in Babylonia, Judea, Egypt, Greece, Rome and even distant Mexico, Guatemala and Peru. The work concludes with the Apotheosis of Augustus Caesar, A. D. 1, and his universal worship as the Son of God and Savior of the World, throughout the entire Roman empire.—Cambridge Encyclopedia.

Thanks to Mr. Del Mar the key to the Roman syncretism is now in our hands to open the Past and view the Future. . . . "The Worship of Augustus Caesar" does not avowedly touch upon the great Question, but it lays the broad foundation of knowledge necessary for its intelligent solution. A significant and important work.—Thaddeus B. Wake-man, President of the Liberal University.

To criticize Del Mar's great work, "The Worship of Augustus," demands a very thorough knowledge of ancient writings and inscriptions down to the time when christianity replaced paganism as the State religion of Rome. We shall therefore not attempt to criticize, but to describe it. The book is of such absorbing interest and unfolds such a little dreamed-of vista of possibilities that it were churlish not to invite others to read and enjoy it as we have done.—J. W. Hart, Editor of the Bookseller, News-dealer and Stationer.

The learning displayed in these pages entitles the work to a high place in American literature. It analyzes and exposes the false story of religion, dismisses it with polite contempt and substitutes the truth of history. The work is a revelation.—Dr. G. W. Brown in the Progressive Thinker.

The attitude of the author is that of a sincere Christian who nevertheless examines the foundations of religion with the acumen and philosophy of a Volney. The chapters on the ten months' year, the Cross Quarter Days, the Worship of Jupiter, and afterwards of the Roman Messiah (Augustus), are especially graphic. The alterations of the calendar by Augustus and his successors shed an entirely new light upon the history of the past.—London Chronicle.

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The Mangasarian-Crapsey Debate

Resolved, That the Jesus of the New Testament is a Historical Personage

Affirmative

REV. A. S. CRAPSEY, D.D.

Negative

M. M. MANGASARIAN.

The debate was held in Orchestra Hall, Chicago.

Dr. Crapsey is the Episcopal clergyman deposed from a pulpit in Rochester, N. Y., for heresy.

Mr. Mangasarian is the permanent speaker for the Independent (Rationalist) Religious Society of Chicago.

Price of the Debate, 25 cents per copy.

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LETTERS OF FRIENDS.

Readers desirous of communicating with the writers of the letters in this department may address them in care of The Truth Seeker, 62 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y., and the letters will be read-dressed and forwarded.

FREETHOUGHT AND TEMPERANCE.

From F. D. Patterson, M. D., Colorado.
E. M. Macdonald—Dear Sir:

Inclosed find subscription for The Truth Seeker. I am here in an unco-guid community, and need something to liven me up a little.

Being in a community where there is a strong temperance sentiment and an aggressive W.C.T.U., my thoughts have sometimes been directed toward the meaning of all this; and the thought occurred to me that if everybody was a Freethinker, the need of all this agitation would have vanished, for everybody from the least to the greatest would be a total abstainer. No drunkard is a Freethinker in the truest sense of the term, for through drink he has lost his power of distinction between an Infidel and a Freethinker. As far as certain ideas are concerned, an orthodox bigot is a bigoted believer, while an Infidel may be a bigoted unbeliever. On the other hand, a Freethinker does what the name implies and thinks. He uses his brains and seeks truth from whatever source it may be found. One who thinks knows enough not to run the least risk of becoming a drunkard. When, therefore, people become educated in the right sort of way, the liquor traffic will itself die a natural death. From the standpoint of a physician who tries to keep up with the times, I can positively testify that, even in medicine, alcohol is not absolutely necessary, for in every indication for alcohol some non-habit-forming drug would do just as well if not much better; and a physician who habitually prescribes liquor can usually be set down as a back number who sometimes likes to take a nip himself.

The teaching in the public schools of the effects of alcohol is in accordance with common sense, and if the temperance question could only be taken out of politics and out of religion, real practical temperance would be greatly hastened. It should by good rights be considered a secular question and be dealt with in a secular way the same as capital and labor and other questions of the day. Public-spirited citizens should consider the proposition of weeding out the saloons in much the same manner that they do in trying to get a railroad or a factory. It is an effort to better the general condition of the place. Having thus outlined the temperance question as a whole, I will take the liberty to discuss two great obstacles placed in its way by its would-be friends. These are the Prohibition party and W.C.T.U.

The Prohibition party never has amounted to much, and never will, as many ardent temperance advocates vote the Republican, Democratic, and Socialistic tickets, it being impossible for the great majority to agree with this little handful as to the best method of bringing about this great reform.

As to the Women's Christian Temperance Union, I have often wondered how a Christian temperance union could be possible. All of the real practical temperance passages of the Bible are in the Old Testament, antedating Christ by several centuries, and hence are not Christian. As to Christ, what has he to offer to help the temperance cause? He is accused of turning water into wine. Of course that was physically impossible. However, being possessed of wonderful psychic ability, it is very likely that he succeeded in hypnotizing the crowd so that by mental suggestion they experienced the physiological effects of wine and were accordingly quite hilarious. At this time, his mother spoke to him and

he answered her very abruptly. Here was a physical feat requiring all of his subconscious mental activity, and in order to insure success in this undertaking, he had to quickly banish that distraction. To return to the subject, I fail to see what temperance lesson could be derived from this act on his part. He evidently did not condemn drinking. Again he is spoken of as a "winebibber, the friend of publicans and sinners." As that statement was uttered by Christ's enemies, it would, however, require corroborative evidence; nevertheless, at the close of his ministry, he blessed the wine-cup and told his followers to drink of it in memory of him. Though Christ without question lived up to the highest ideals of his time, yet there is no comparison in civilization between the first century and the twentieth. In this advance in civilization, we would expect, among other things, that the temperance question would be considered in a more intelligent manner than it was nearly two thousand years ago.

Seeing the results have been so meagre, considering the millions of agonizing prayers that have ascended to the throne of grace, either heaven must be deaf or hard of hearing or else this question has been dealt with in a very impractical manner. Let us therefore cease to antagonize people's political and religious notions on this subject, make it a purely secular matter, and go in for results.

AN INFIDEL-SMASHER.

From F. S., Blue Rapids, Kan.

E. M. Macdonald—Dear Sir:

One of the men who has endeavored to answer Ingersoll is John P. D. John. He is yet traveling extensively and delivering his lecture entitled "Did Man Make God or Did God Make Man?" It was my privilege to hear this lecture at a Chautauqua. Dr. John seems to handle the subject in a spirit of fairness. He stated that he does not believe in answering Infidels with insults, and that epithets are not arguments. This is fair. It is a hint as to what the usual Christian practice is. The common Christian attitude toward Infidels is such as to justify Dr. John in stating that his is an exception. He further stated that the substance of his lecture was sent to Ingersoll and that the great Agnostic made no reply to it, although he is said to have acknowledged receipt of it in a courteous letter written to Dr. John. After listening to the lecture it became evident to me that Dr. John was one of the many little men whom Ingersoll very justly ignored. Ingersoll met and vanquished far abler exponents of Christianity than Dr. John, among whom was one who is considered even by the Christians to have been the ablest advocate on their side, Wm. E. Gladstone.

Dr. John excused the crimes of Jehovah on the ground that they were intended to and did serve a beneficent purpose, just as the sick may be operated upon for the purpose of producing a cure, not merely to inflict pain upon the patient. The questions which naturally suggested themselves by this assertion were not answered or discussed.

The lecturer asked Infidels how man can presume to understand the infinite when he cannot comprehend the finite. That sounds fair, but it is a question which Christians ought to consider. They claim to have some understanding of the infinite, believing that it contains a being or is a God, who listens to their prayers, wants their praise, and has prepared a heaven for the few that believe on his son, and has made a hell for the many that think.

Much of the lecture was a misrepresentation of the Freethinkers' point of view. I am inclined to think that it was a result of misunderstanding rather than

or wilful perversion that the Agnostic's views were not accurately defined. It may be that if any man once fully comprehends the Infidel's point of view and his reasons for Agnosticism, he will necessarily become a Freethinker himself.

FILIPINOS NEED THE LIGHT.

From Romeo T. Perry, Manila, P. I.
Dear Mr. Macdonald:

Thought I'd drop you a line and let you know that the cause of truth has a convert or so over here. Since the American occupation the "other" branch of religious fanatics have gained a foothold here, and as each branch requires the right and the Christian prerogative of calling the other those gentle but "vile and appropriate" names, we truth seekers naturally get an inning. Mr. Bardsley, one of your subscribers, and myself have made a few converts, and I hope a small number of subscribers for your paper. If there ever was a country on earth that needed the light of reason it is this land of priest-ridden Googooos. As evidence of it I send you a few clippings from the Manila papers. May nature be kind to you.

THE GOSPEL BANDWAGON.

From C. W. Clark, Iowa.

E. M. Macdonald—Dear Sir:

The church is certainly in politics with both feet, if not "all fours." She aims to control legislation and force her own measures upon the people in spite of constitutions or by-laws, by terrorizing politicians (office-seekers) and statesmen (office-holders) with lavish display of her big stick—odium theologium. This is apparent everywhere in our country, and our "Allerton Chautauqua" just closed had some features showing its effects. The politicians are tumbling over themselves in their eagerness to get into the gospel bandwagon, and in the line of making profession of unlimited fatuous faith in all the dogma, tradition and legend with which the church is loaded, they have the preachers beat to a pulp.

Brother Bryan, once esteemed an Infidel, and denounced as a blasphemer by his opponents, saw the handwriting on the wall long ago and by several years steady work with his "Prince of Peace" lecture has wormed his way into the hearts of all the moss-grown, orthodox Protestant sects, but in Governor Hoch of Kansas, who was one of the speakers at our late assembly, we have a man who can out-Herod Herod and then some. He declared himself a firm believer in everything in the Bible "from kiver to kiver," as he expressed it, calling especial attention to the Jonah yarn as the toughest in the bunch, but only a trifling morsel for a trained swallower such as he. He saw a whale once so durned big that he considered it a miracle if such a monster could ever find it out that Jonah was in the deal at all, etc., etc. To the honor of the Allerton Chautauquans be it said that these mouldy sentiments got scant applause. As probably not one in five hundred of his hearers believed as he professed to believe, they could only sit "dumfoundered" like the "Laird o' Cockpen." He had doubtless sung that pious song everywhere in Kansas during his campaigns and got it off here from sheer force of habit.

The preachers everywhere seem to have gotten nearly entire control of the Chautauqua business and proceed to overload the thing with pious slush. Nearly all the speakers here are invariably preachers, or men known to be capable of beating the most credulous, stand-pat preacher at his own game. Two years ago our platform manager made the assertion that the Chautauqua movement was started primarily as a religious one. I gave him proof that on the contrary it was purely educational and that religion was not even mentioned in the original plan. He investigated,

found I was right, and was honest enough to read my proofs from the platform and acknowledge his error. But, as is usual with preachers, they continue to ignore this fact and turn each recurring assembly more and more into a camp meeting.

One of the speakers, a Chautauquan "profesh," said that he did not believe there was an Infidel in Allerton—he had seen one once, though, on an ocean liner. This amused many for the reason that there are here within call from two score up of Infidels, "uttered or unexpressed." Some thought he would be safer to call for a showdown before raking in the pot. Some said he would have been nearer right to guess that there were no orthodox Christians here—measured by the standard of fifty years ago. This same spellbinder boasted of the great spiritual uplift he got from a visit to the Pope—"the Holy father," he called him. The holy one, it seemed, wanted to excuse our hero from kissing a ring he wore because he was a Protestant, i. e., heretic, and infidel to the true faith, but so filled with devotion and reverence was the sycophantic visitor that "in spite of him" and his struggles to escape contamination, he held fast and succeeded in planting a holy smack on the sacred fetich. In justice to the American people, though, I must state that the chief actor in this patriotic farce is an Englishman—a typical hero-worshipping, tuft-hunting Johnny Bull. The same speaker also boasted of having been on such intimate terms with Parson N. D. Hillis, Geo. Francis Train, etc., that he was liable at any time of day to trot into their kitchens or dressing rooms with all the insouciance and familiarity of a house cat. He also claimed to have been the editor of a New York paper with a circulation of over 500,000. All the same he talked glibly of our Columbian River, and Julius Verne, and he mispronounced dozens of words that any high school girl could handle. Many of these professional Chautauqua lecturers are bluffers—four-flushers of this sort. McNutt of New York, once a Presbyterian preacher, gave the only address I heard free from cant and pious guff. And yet, a parson who overtook me on the way home said: "That was a good sermon." "Yes," said I, "if that is what you call it. It was straight from the heart, full of good common sense, but utterly bare of religion. Not much," said I, "like Brother Hoch and Billy Sunday." Poor Billy! he will never get to Allerton again unless he pays his own expenses, for all seem disgusted with him. He may pass muster in country towns like Bloomington or Dixon over in Illinois, but Iowa has outgrown him. An old lifelong church member said to me: "I knew that Sunday was a crude, uneducated sort of savage, but was surprised at his very inferior appearance." I replied that if he had read as much of his hell-fired output as I, he would not have been a bit surprised. Yet people flock here from a hundred miles away just to see Billy Sunday and Carrie Nation just as they would to a circus.

I hear from good authority that the Rev. E. L. Eaton, late a Baptist heavy-weight in this section, who went about trying to reconcile Christianity and Evolution, has thrown up the sponge and come out a full-fledged rationalist. And also that Ed Amherst Ott, another of our lecturers who was a Rev. and Prof. in Drake University (Campbellite) in Des Moines has also cut loose from superstition. I jolly myself with the thought that perhaps I, myself, gave Brother Eaton a boost on his way to freedom. About three years ago after a lecture on Evolution he invited "questions," and I propounded a few that seemed to stagger him. These were reported to and published by The Truth Seeker.

No, the church is in the saddle. The Evangelical Alliance is circulating millions of a pamphlet denouncing Taft as a Unitarian or Agnostic; the Catholics are rallying to his support, and a holy war impends—with ballots, boycotts and buncombe as weapons. Funny that two Infidel Presidents could have been elected without a fight. Does the world really move?

Philosophy of Consumption Cure.

BY S. R. SHEPHERD, M. D.

While your readers are deploring our midsummer heat and treating it as an enemy to health, allow me to suggest that it is their best friend after all, and properly utilized, their most potent restorer to a normal condition of health.

My theory of disease and cure is based upon the idea of unity and simplicity instead of multiplicity and complexity as in existing theories. It goes back to first principles, to the root of things, and, so to speak, "unifies the multiplex."

In place of a legion of distinct diseases, each with a specific remedy, I hold that there is primarily but one disease—congestion or cold—all so-called diseases being secondary manifestations—effects—symptoms. Congestion the trunk—consumption, cancer, insanity, the branches. Destroy the trunk and the branches fall—remove the cause and the effect disappears.

Congestion, being the universal cause of all abnormal manifestations, suggests one universal curative process, revealed or disclosed by nature in the sneeze and its attendant sweat which is her first effort to break up or melt incipient congestion; the remedy to be intensified or prolonged in proportion to advanced chronic conditions and stubbornness of resistance.

Natural cure is the application of that universal solvent, heat (which is a form of electricity and life) and water by way of potations, hot baths and sweats, eliminating poisonous and dead accumulations, weakening the patient, and bringing every torpid, paralyzed nerve back to the acute sensation and functional activity of infancy—a sort of recreative process—going back to nature, back to living, vital union or vibration with the quickening, pulsating forces of organic life.

I claim that consumption and cancer, for instance, are basically the same—branches of one trunk—developed from a common cause or condition—congestion, cold, stoppage of assimilation and elimination and cessation of the fine, delicate nerve functions of life—and call for the same remedy—the breaking up of torpid, dead conditions as the heat and water of spring melt and break up the congelation or congestion of winter and start life anew.

The union of heat, water, air and light with earth (the body) produces life. The remedy can be applied by water, steam, or dry air bath, increasing the heat about five degrees each daily application until the deathly stubborn congestion of torpor is melted down, 175 degrees or more being sometimes necessary; the weakened patient to be then nourished and built up as if an infant.

I define disease as primarily that congested or torpid condition of the nerves of assimilation and elimination which is the cause of all morbid actions and abnormal effects, and cure as that process sufficiently active and fundamental to break up those conditions, the idea being, by some vigorous but harmless and natural process or shock, to remove all forms of abnormality by simply breaking up the inciting cause or foundation upon which they rest, thus restoring sensation, circulation, and functional life and activity.

The cause of congestion being low vitality from ill-nutrition, exposure, over-exertion, dissipation or other transgression of hygienic law, common sense suggests that having broken up the congestion, the next step is to elevate the vital forces with tonics (taken at meals), nutritious food, rest, and the cessation of wrongdoing.

The heat of midsummer nights might be utilized for curative purposes if people only knew what a wonderful remedial agent heat really is. Without question it is the one great universal solvent of abnormality—disease—morbid conditions.

Midsummer is nature's Turkish bath, her purgatorial "sweat box" so to speak, for the remission or expiation of physical sin.

Consumption is congestion or nerve torpidity—a condition rather than a disease. The muscular system has robbed the nervous system of its share of vital energy, and the nerves of assimilation and elimination can no more perform their functions than benumbed fingers can pick up pins. His digestion is muscular only, like that of a coffee mill. He starves to death with his stomach full of food.

Nature is utilitarian, exact in accounts, and does not give gratuities. We get only what we idealize and work for. The biggest, the most potential word in the lexicon of health and longevity is "positivity." For all good things, including health and old age, come to him who is positive and persistent and who knows and feels himself master of the situation. Another good word to conjure with is the word "sensation." Not shallow, surface sensation, but deep sensation, that reaches in and wakes up the vital center of the solar plexus and echoes back a quick and full response.

The umbilical nerve ganglion is the wireless 'phone that keeps one in living vibration with the great etheric life energy—in "oneness" with the electrical, rhythmical forces of nature. And hence the importance of cultivating sensation at the center of life. It is a fatal mistake to allow that to become torpid and atrophied. Our "civilization" tends too much to externalism, outwardism, objectivism, and too little to internalism and subjectivism. From disuse of that function too many become negative, weak, and unresponsive if not practically dead at the center, thus inviting cold, congestion, disease, and death.

Heat and water are the two best "drugs" in all "materia medica," and cost nothing. Supplemented with courage, persistence, and an intelligent faith in nature, they are invincible. There is no cure so good and permanent as self-cure.

Consumption is a product of false civilization in a temperate zone. There is no consumption in the torrid zone, as its heat promotes nerve life and dissolves morbid conditions. But here with warm houses and clothing, a careful avoidance of extremes, hardships and discomforts, an enfeebling sameness of experience and environment with absence of action and reaction, it is little wonder that the vital forces run down low and are unable to resist disease or kick up a rebellion and throw off the conditions of death.

It is eminently respectable as well as comfortable for a consumptive to die by the usual medical treatment, but if his life is of more importance than fashion or convention just hustle him into a spring wagon and drive six or eight miles an hour over rough country roads, despite his protests, fourteen hours a day for three days and then put him to bed and bring him up on a diet of rich milk.

Of course every resuscitated nerve will begin crying out with pain on the second day, for the "treatment" is literally torturing him back to life, but however much he may indulge in profanity it is far better to suffer than it is to die. I have often prescribed this treatment but only once was it tried—a young man scheduled by doctors to die in three months—and the cure was rapid and permanent. There is no better tonic and remedial agent than pain.

But sure it is that midsummer heat is a blessing in disguise. It is necessary to nerve life, and going north to escape it is simply putting off getting square on the books with nature.

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(Continued on page 573.)

CHILDREN'S CORNER FOR BOYS AND GIRLS OLD AND YOUNG

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."

The Children.

Oh, what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood—

That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

—Longfellow.

The Man Who "Saved the Constitution."

The state of Massachusetts and county of Berkshire, on August 20, honored the memory of Jonathan Smith, a farmer who in 1788 by a speech addressed to "My fellow plough joggers" carried the Massachusetts convention in favor of ratifying the national Constitution.

A boulder of flint bearing a marker was unveiled in Lanesboro, a little hamlet in the hills near Pittsfield, by Walcott Coit Treat, a descendant of Jonathan Smith. Lieut. Gov. Eben S. Draper of Boston brought the greetings of the state to the occasion. The historical address was made by former Attorney-General of Massachusetts Herbert Parker of Boston.

Jonathan Smith's display of horse sense at a critical time did much to weld the victorious American states into a harmonious union. The Constitution which was to form the basis of the new nation met with little favor in Massachusetts and the fight for its adoption was really the turning point in the affairs of the struggling republic. It was a speech by Jonathan Smith that carried the Massachusetts convention in its favor.

The situation in Massachusetts was critical when the convention met in September, 1787. The economic distress which the country suffered was particularly keen in that state. The summer before Daniel Shay had led his armed mobs against the courts and the rebellion which followed had been suppressed only a few months previously. The malcontents were recruited chiefly from the farming class and the chief objects of their hatred were the lawyers and officials, about the only persons in the commonwealth who were at all prosperous.

When the convention met public feeling against the official class ran high. It was declared that the adoption of the Constitution would provoke more calamities. Gov. John Hancock was president of the convention and Samuel Adams and most of the prominent men of the day were among the delegates. Jonathan Smith, who was a farmer from Lanesborough—it is Lanesboro now—was one of the delegates from the Berkshire region, where most of the discontent had been shown.

The opposition to the Constitution had a large following, including seventeen participants in Shay's rebellion, who

didn't want any general government. It was sought to kill the Constitution by tacking to it a mass of amendments. Jonathan Smith declared:

"Our security is that the common interest is our common defense. Stop trying to make amendments to this Constitution lest some tyrant steal in and set himself over us."

This was a long speech for Jonathan Smith. But later on when the prophets of disaster had had their say he was aroused to eloquence. History has preserved that speech. He said in part:

"Mr. President: I am a plain man and get my living by the plough. I am not used to speak in public, but I beg your leave to say a few words to my brother plough joggers in this house. I have lived in a part of the country where I have known the worth of good government by the want of it. There was a black cloud that rose in the East last winter and spread over the West. (He referred to Shay's rebellion.)

"The cloud rose and burst upon us and produced a dreadful effect. People that used to live peacefully and were before good neighbors got distracted and took up arms against government.

"Now, Mr. President, when I saw this Constitution I found that it was a cure for these disorders, it was just such a thing as we wanted. I got a copy of it and read it over and over. I had been a member of the convention to form our own state constitution, and had learned something of the checks and balances of power, and I found them all here.

"I did not go to any lawyer to ask his opinion. We have no lawyer in our town, and we do well enough without. I formed my own opinion and was pleased with this Constitution. Some gentlemen think that our liberty and property are not safe in the hands of moneyed men and men of learning. I am not of that mind."

The speech had such an effect upon the farmer delegates that it checked those who had been trying to frighten them by predictions of disaster. The Constitution was adopted by a scant majority of nineteen. It was sufficient. Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Georgia and Connecticut had already adopted it, and when Massachusetts spoke the other seven states got into line. Jonathan Smith had saved the Constitution.

The memorial to mark this service is a twenty-ton boulder set up in the village square of Lanesboro. It bears a bronze tablet with an inscription written by President Eliot of Harvard. The inscription reads:

"In memory of Jonathan Smith. A plain farmer of Lanesborough, who by a speech full of good sense and good feeling carried the Massachusetts convention, September, 1787-February, 1788, by a vote of 187 to 168 in favor of ratification of the Federal Constitution."

An extract from Smith's speech in the constitutional convention is engraved on the tablet.

His Mother Knew.

I dried my hair and washt the dirt
An' huckleberry off my shirt;
I let my feet get dusty brown
Before I came back home to town;
I waited till my hands had lost
That wivvered up like look; I lost
My hat in air and tried to be
As innercent ez I could be—
But, don't you know, my Muvver knew
I'd been in swimmin'; certain true.
—Baltimore Sun.

A Good Kind of Philosophy.

A wholesome scorn of physical ills is a good thing, according to the philosophy of a boy in the State School for Dependent Children, who wrote his father thus: "Dear Papa: We children are having a good time here now. Mr. Sager broke his leg and can't work. We went on a picnic and it rained and we all got wet. Many children here are sick with mumps. Mr. Higgins fell off the wagon and broke his rib, but he can work a little. The man that is digging the deep well whipped us boys with his buggy whip, because we threw sand in his machine,

and made black and blue marks on us. Ernest cut his finger badly. We are all happy."—The Delineator.

Nature's Hired Man.

Diggin' in the earth,
Helpin' things to grow,
Foolin' with a rake,
Flirtin' with a hoe.

Waterin' the plants,
Pullin' up the weeds,
Gatherin' the stones,
Puttin' in the seeds.

On your face an' hands
Pilin' up a tan;
That's the job for me—
Nature's hired man.

Wages best of all,
Better far than wealth,
Paid in good fresh air,
And a lot o' health.

Never any chance
Of your gettin' fired,
And when night comes on
Knowin' why your tired.

Nature's hired man—
That's the job for me.
With the birds and flowers
For society.

Let the other feller
For the dollar scratch—
I am quite contented
In the garden patch.

—John Kendrick Bangs.

Education Saving Lives.

There has been a remarkable falling off in the death rate in New York during the last few weeks, and this at a season of the year in which one would naturally expect a large mortality. The enlightening of the tenement house mother on matters pertaining to the care of babies—the result of a recent conference for that purpose—is to be credited with the improvement.

The conference seeking to educate the mothers of the tenements was held June 1, and as soon as possible after that

On July 25 the record showed that for the week preceding only 424 children died, whereas for the corresponding week last year the number was 550. The week ended August 1 showed only 398 deaths, while for the corresponding week last year there were 576. The week ended August 8 the number had dropped to 328, as compared with 486 for the like period last year.

"You see the efforts of the nurses are beginning to tell," says Dr. Baker of the Board of Health, who has made a study of the situation. "The city was divided into districts under the direction of the board and nurses were sent into each district.

"The most important thing about it is the work of prevention, and at the same time it is harder for the nurses to get the uneducated women of the tenements properly to appreciate the value of an ounce of prevention.

"The mothers had to be told just how to dress their children and how to feed them, in many instances antagonizing the traditions of generations. They had to be made to understand that impure milk was the worst enemy of the young child and that milk that had been allowed to reach a temperature higher than 50 degrees was dangerous.

"A good many persons have profited by a little invention of Dr. Hess of the department of bacteriology—a home made refrigerator. It is easily constructed and inexpensive. The only things necessary are two pails, one larger than the other, a good box and some excelsior.

"The larger pail is placed inside the goods box and packed about with the excelsior. The smaller pail is then placed inside the larger, and when covered with a blanket the cooler is ready for immediate service. The air space between the two pails prevents the radiation of the cold air in the smaller pail when ice has been placed within it, and a five cent piece of ice can be kept for twenty-four hours.

"The nurses have found that when they make their first calls on the young mothers they are met with glances of suspicion, and it is often several days before they can gain the confidence of the women they are seeking to assist. Each day the birth certificates as registered at the Health Department are sent to the nurses, so that they are constantly in touch with the location of new arrivals.

"Aside from the difficulty of overcoming prejudice the nurses have to contend with grandmothers and busy neighbors, all telling the young mother just what she should do, in most cases the wrong thing. There is a tremendous amount of detail, but the most important rules for the care of babies are set forth in a circular.

"This circular impresses on the mother the importance of absolute cleanliness of all utensils used in the preparation of the child's food, of the necessity of a daily tubbing for the little one, in addition to frequent sponge baths and the necessity of pure air and quiet and sleep. Finally it contains the addresses of milk depots where good milk may be obtained.

"The decrease in the general death rate is the result of education, most of it, and of persons sleeping with their windows open and observing other laws of health that even the doctors did not know about a few years ago."

Conundrums and Answers.

When is a newspaper like a delicate child? When it appears weekly.

Why is the Fourth of July like an oyster? Because we cannot enjoy it without crackers.

What tree is of the greatest importance in history? The date.

Why does a man's hair turn gray sooner than his mustache? Because it is about twenty-one years older.

Why is Sunday the strongest day in the week? Because it is the only one not a week day.

What is always behind time? The back of the clock.

What melancholy fact is there about a calendar? There is no time when its days are not numbered.

On what day of the year do women talk the least? The shortest day.

Why is music cheaper on Sunday than during the week? Because during the week you get it by the piece, and on Sunday you get it by the choir.

Why is a washerwoman like Saturday? Because she brings in the close (clothes) of the week.

What is that which occurs twice in a moment, and not once in a thousand years? The letter "m."

Why is a watchdog larger by night than by day? Because at night he is let out and by day he is taken in.

Born presumably before the world, destined to live about as long as the world, and yet never five weeks old? The moon.

An Obedient Pupil.

A father, going into his stable one day recently, found his little son astride one of the horses, with a slate and pencil in his hand.

"Why, Harry!" he exclaimed, "what are you doing?"

"Writing a composition," was the reply.

"Well, why don't you write it in the house?" asked the father.

"Because," answered the little fellow, "the teacher told me to write a composition on a horse."—Exchange.

Enough for Two.

One umbrella, and two little girls,
That's how we sit out in the sun.
We snuggle up close to keep in the shade,
But that makes it all the better fun
For Bettie Louise and me.

One umbrella, and two little girls,
That's how we come home through the rain.
We snuggle up close to keep out of the wet,
And tell our secrets. We think it is plain
That's what storms are for, you see.

Rain or sunshine, we don't care which,
We two with one umbrella above.
'Most anything's big enough to share
If you snuggle up close, with lots of love,
Like Bettie Louise and me.

—Kate W. Hamilton.

Freethought Books.

(Continued from page 571.)

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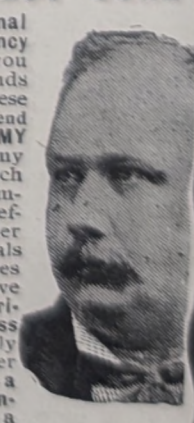
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In nature there is no origin, either of mode or material.—Xenophanes.

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One has only to love a single creature with all one's heart, and the whole world at once looks lovely.—Goethe.

My faith in perfection is very weak when I look at others; it is extinguished altogether when I look at myself.—Mark Guy Pearse.

Do you despise any opportunity because it seems small? The way to make an opportunity grow is to take hold of it and use it.—Bacon.

So loath to suffer mute,
 We, peopling the air,
 Make gods to whom impute
 The ills we ought to bear.
 —Lucretius.

Do not get between the four walls of a denomination, and close all the windows and ventilators, and lock the doors, and die from all human use to the chant of priests.—Horace L. Traubel.

Religious people who warn you most solemnly that man, who is a worm, cannot possibly compass in his puny understanding the attributes of the divine being, will yet tell you all about him, as if he were the man who lives in the next street.—John Morley.

The men whom I have seen succeed best in life have always been cheerful and hopeful men, who went about their business with a smile on their faces, and took the changes and chances of this mortal life like men, facing rough and smooth alike as it came.—Charles Kingsley.

What greater thing is there for two human souls than to feel that they are joined for life—to strengthen each other in all labor, to rest in each other in all sorrow, to minister to each other in all pain, to be one with each other in silent, unspeakable memories at the moment of the last parting.—George Eliot.

Not one holy day, but seven;
 Worshipping, not at the call of a bell, but at the call of my soul;
 Singing, not at the baton's sway, but to the rhythm in my heart;
 Loving because I must;
 Giving because I cannot keep;
 Doing for the joy of it.
 —Muriel Strode.

All advancement is by ideas, and not by brute force or mechanic force. * * * The largest thought and the widest love are born to victory, and must prevail. * * * In the thought of tomorrow, there is power to upheave all thy creed, all the creeds, all the literature of the nations, and marshal thee to a heaven which no epic dream has yet depicted.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Forget not, I pray you, the right of personal freedom. Self-government is the foundation of all our political and social institutions, and it is by self-government alone that the law of temperance can be forced. Seek not to enforce upon your brother by legislative enactment that virtue which he can possess only by the dictates of his own conscience and the energy of his own free will.—John Quincy Adams.

To call themselves "miserable sinners" is with many people a kind of religious good manners.

In no respect has man taken greater advantage of his position than in labeling as feminine a large number of the less attractive weaknesses which are common to humanity.

Nearly all white lies are the inventions of women, and nearly all the great falsities the inventions of men.

Genius arises when the imagination of the woman is added to the intellect of the man. The man of genius is supreme over woman in the feminine qualities.

One marries a girl and lives with a woman. I think I know something about girls, but I am sure I know nothing about women.

The prig is he who renders unto God the things that are Caesar's.

Cynicism, as often as not, is a kind of collective modesty. There are people who think it as immodest to claim virtue for humanity as to claim it for themselves.
 Bagehot,

Not for Parsons.

Have a Care.—"My mission in life," said the satirist, "is to put the dunce cap on the heads of other people."

"Be careful," replied his friend, "that you don't catch cold."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

All Bound.—A citizen of culture and poetic taste went to a public library and asked for Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound."

He was rather taken aback when the librarian replied:

"We don't keep any unbound books in this library."

Sanctum Secrets.—"You didn't use my manuscript," said the visitor severely.

"It was not adapted to our purposes. We couldn't use it."

"How about the stamp that was inclosed?"

"Oh, that was all right. We used it."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Spiritually Advanced.—Two girls returning from Sunday school in the country were discussing their progress in the Shorter Catechism.

"I'm past original sin," said one.

The other immediately responded: "Oh, I am farther on than you, for I'm past redemption."—London Tit-Bits.

A Typographical Error.—The novelist wrote: "She turned down the coverlet, gently shook up the bolster, lay her fair head upon her pillow and was soon in soft slumber." But the printer made a slight transposition, and the anguish of the author may be imagined when he read: "She turned down the coverlet, gently shook up the lobster," etc.—San Francisco Star.

She Knew the Place.—The elderly matron with the bundles, who was journeying to a point in Wisconsin, and occupied a seat near the middle of the car, had fallen asleep. On the seat in front of her sat a little boy. The brakeman opened the door of the car and called out the name of the station the train was approaching. The elderly woman roused herself with a jerk.

"Where are we, Bobby?" she asked.

"I don't know, grandma," answered the boy.

"Didn't the brakeman say something just now?"

"No. He just stuck his head inside the door and sneezed."

"Help me with these things, Bobby!" she exclaimed, hurriedly. "This is Oshkosh. It's where we get off."—Youth's Companion.

Not on the Program.—Two stout old Germans were enjoying their pipes and placidly listening to the strains of the summer-garden orchestra. One of them in tipping his chair back stepped on a parlor match, which exploded with a bang.

"Dot vas not on de program," he said, turning to his companion.

"Vat was not?"

"Vy, dot match."

"Vat match?"

"De match I walked on."

"Vell, I didn't see no match; vat about it?"

"Vy, I walked on a match and it went bang, and I said it was not on de program."

The other picked up his program and read it through very carefully. "I don't see it on the program," he said.

"Vell, I said it vas not on the program, didn't I?"

"Vell, vat has it got to do mit the program, anyway? Egsplain yourself."—Ladies' Home Journal.

THE TURKISH WOMEN.

[The Turkish women are now permitted to go about the streets without their veils.—News Item.]

What's this? The women of Turkey

Are showing their faces

In all public places;

Maids fair, fat, or perky,

Some sad and some merry,

With lips like the cherry,

Exposing their features for all men to see!

Mercy me!

Can it be?

What's this? Do the girls of the harem,

With all of their graces

Now show us their faces?

And veils—no more wear 'em?

Man may look at their noses,

Their cheeks like the roses,

And liken their ears to the shells from

the sea—

Mercy me!

Can it be?

—Detroit Free Press.

News of the Week.

New Orleans had a \$1,500,000 fire last Sunday.

Tony Pastor, the aged actor-manager, died Aug. 26 at Elmhurst, L. I. He was 76 years old.

Baron Hermann Speck von Sternburg, German ambassador to the United States, died at Heidelberg, Germany, Aug. 23.

True bills against seventy-eight participants in the late race riots in Springfield, Ill., have been returned by a special grand jury.

Former Senator William F. Vilas of Wisconsin, who was Postmaster-General under Cleveland, died in Madison, Wis., on Aug. 27, at the age of 67 years.

Antoine Becquerel, the French scientist who discovered the invisible uranium rays, which were named after him, died in Paris on Aug. 25, aged 56 years.

The American fleet left Sydney, N. S. W., Aug. 27. Its next port was Melbourne, Aust., where it arrived on the 29th. Tokio, Japan, is making preparations to receive the fleet in October.

Twenty-six miners are known to be dead and eight more have probably perished as the result of the explosion of a barrel of oil in the Hailey mine, No. 1, Haileyville, Okla., Aug. 26.

Beginning October 1, the postage rate applicable to letters mailed in the United States for delivery at any place in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland will be two cents an ounce or fraction of an ounce.

A chance inspection of the municipal register of Frankfurt-on-Main, Germany, has shown that the original entry of the birth of Goethe has been cut out by some vandal. The register has been open to inspection by all comers for a small fee.

Georgia and the Carolinas were flooded August 26. Practically all the streets of Augusta were under water. The financial loss of the city is large. The loss of many lives is reported from Eastern Georgia and Western South Carolina.

President Roosevelt broke the Fourth Commandment last Sunday by toiling industriously from 9 to 11 in the evening. It was the pressure of "campaign" business that caused him to do so. He had conformed to the popular error by worshipping in the morning.

Twenty-three persons are known to be dead and scores are missing as the result of a cloudburst which sent a wall of water eight feet deep down upon Folsom, N. M., a mining camp of 3,500 people, at the foot of Mount Capulin, forty miles south of the Colorado line, Aug. 28. Raton, N. M., also suffered severe loss, many homes being washed away.

While the Rev. E. O. Butler knelt in prayer with a score of converts at a revival held in a gospel tent, near Dexter, Mo., Aug. 24, Joseph N. Horton, aged 19, whom the church people had considered "under conviction," quietly left his seat, went outside, and probably fatally stabbed Oscar Leathers. He then returned, knelt with the congregation and continued his devotions.

Monsignor Bidwell has come from Rome to Washington with a pontifical letter to Cardinal Gibbons sanctioning the establishment of a mission house at Washington, D. C., which is to be devoted to the conversion of non-Catholics. It will be the business of the mission to get in touch with congressmen from all states and show them how it would be to their advantage to favor the Catholic church in all proposed legislation.

The estate of Russell Sage, who died on July 22, 1906, has been appraised officially at \$66,753,801 gross and \$64,153,800 net. The transfer tax on the estate will be \$667,538. Mrs. Sage, to whom her husband left almost everything absolutely, inherits \$63,778,800. There are twenty-nine lesser legatees whose inheritances aggregate \$650,000. Charles A. Gardiner, attorney for the executors, says that the estate consisted roughly of \$3,000,000 in real property, \$30,000,000 in securities and \$30,000,000 in time and call loans.

The Rev. Albert H. Trick, a retired Presbyterian clergyman, who once attracted the attention of his whole church by his vigorous defense of the higher criticism of the Bible, delivered before the general assembly of the Presbyterian church in 1893, before which the Rev. Charles A. Briggs had laid his appeal from the action of the New York Presbytery expelling him from the church for heresy, killed himself with a revolver in a room of Mills Hotel No. 3,

at Thirty-seventh street and Seventh avenue, Aug. 23.

The Nebraska Methodists are busy in politics. In all the churches of that state a letter was read from the pulpit last Sunday denouncing Joseph Cannon, speaker of the House of Representatives, for his attitude toward temperance legislation and for snubbing a committee from the General Conference that called on him at Washington in the interest of such legislation. The letter recites that all of the Republican congressmen from Nebraska favor the legislation desired, and urges that all Methodists insist upon pledges from them that they will not vote to reelect Cannon.

About fifty converts to Mormonism are held by the immigration authorities in Boston. Some of them are young women who the authorities fear are destined for polygamy. The Mormon elders in charge speak confidently of appealing to Washington and getting the ban removed. Their confidence is thus explained: "There will be a presidential election in November, and the Mormon church is not without political experience and power in several debatable states. Is it within reason to believe that these facts have some influence in establishing the more than hopeful mental attitude of the Mormon elders?"

City Attorney Long has given to the San Francisco Board of Education an opinion dealing with the admissibility of native born Chinese children to the public schools other than schools established for them. He holds that the question of nativity has no bearing on the matter and that Chinese children are Mongolians without respect to birthplace, but that if special schools of equal standing are not provided for them they are entitled to attend any school. The opinion is given in response to a query from the board with reference to three native born Chinese girls who wanted to attend schools other than Oriental schools.

Announcement was made Aug. 28 by the acting secretary of the interior that the President had signed the proclamation throwing open to settlement on October 5 certain lands in the Rosebud Indian Agency of South Dakota, most of which lie in Tripp county, aggregating about 800,000 acres. It is expected that there will be a rush of 100,000 people for claims, as some of the claims are said to be worth as much as \$20,000, and nearly all of the land is valuable for agriculture. Registration for the drawing will begin October 5 at Dallas, Gregory, Presho, and Chamberlain, S. D., and Valentine and O'Neill, Neb. The drawing will take place at Dallas, S. D., October 19.

Upon the return of Prof. James R. Sterrett, head of the department of Greek at Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., a detailed report of the findings of the exploring expedition sent out by Cornell University to Asia Minor and the Assyro-Babylonian Orient will be submitted to the archeological experts and will then be made public. One of the most important explorations conducted by the Cornell party was in and around Bozazkeni, the capital of the Hittite empire, whose history has only become known in the last decade and whose language is still undecipherable. Although the Cornell explorers are not prepared to say that they will be able to give a complete key to the Hittite tongue, they report that many hitherto undecipherable inscriptions were read and that they believe they have made a start toward the discovery of a new language.

The Rev. Emil Hagen, the New York parson who pleaded guilty to "borrowing" a suit of clothes to wear while preaching, but who forgot to notify the man to whom the clothes belonged, has been released on suspended sentence. The Rev. Hagen took a suit of clothes belonging to his roommate when he went to preach trial sermons at Dutch Reformed churches in Newark and Bayonne. He explained in court that he was away longer than he anticipated, and was then ashamed to go back with the suit he had "borrowed." But what is a little thing like a suit of clothes when a preacher needs them? Why should he blush to borrow, or be particular about bringing the property back? The gospel does not say that the donkey borrowed to make an impressive entry into Jerusalem was ever returned.

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