

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The Review is well got up and cleverly written.—N.Z. Times.

An exceedingly well written periodical, devoted to the literature of Freethought, now hails from Wanganui. It is called "The Freethought Review," and is published by Mr. A. D. Willis, of Victoria Avenue.—Taranaki News.

... "Men are naturally religious—superstitious, if our friends will have it so—they seek an object to worship—it is a human instinct distinguishing our race from the lower creation, which neither makes to itself a god nor sets up an idol; and freethought fails to satisfy their instinct: it makes no revelations, rears no altar, indites no psalm."—Wairarapa Standard.

We cannot say that we welcome our newly-fledged contemporary into the ranks of literature, for we regard its aims as being distinctly pernicious to the welfare of society. The whole object of its articles seems to us to sap the faith of men in the Bible, and by this means to destroy Christianity, for take away men's belief in the Bible as an inspired work, and the very foundations of religion must immediately collapse. The writers pretend to be actuated by philanthropy, but instead of being the friends of mankind they are its deadly enemies.—Rangitikei Advocate.

The Freethought journal, the Echo, hitherto the only one published in the colony, has now a contemporary in its own line—The Freethought Review, published at Wanganui, of which we have received the first number. It is a well got up foolscap folio of 16 pages. The tone of the opening article is moderate, and the conductors claim that the existence of their journal is due to a growing want on the part of the non-sectarian class of an organ in which they may ventilate their opinions with the freedom denied by ordinary journals.—Southland Times.

The first issue of the Freethought Review, a monthly newspaper published by Mr. A. D. Willis, of Wanganui, has reached us. As a specimen of typography, it is certainly very creditable; but we are inclined to doubt whether there are enough people on the Coast belonging to what is at present regarded as the "advanced school" to support such a large publication, consisting as it does, of sixteen pages, similar in size to the New Zealand Tablet—a journal of very opposite opinions. As might have been expected from its title, Biblical subjects are freely criticised in the pages of the Review. Amongst the local contributions we notice one from Dr Curl on the "Antiquity of the Races of Men."—Egmont Courier.

The Freethought Review is the latest addition to the press of New Zealand. It is a neatly printed paper of sixteen foolscap pages, and issued from the office of Mr. A. D. Willis, Wanganui. According to the introductory article, the aim of the paper is the happiness of mankind in this life, and, therefore, whatsoever may tend to hinder advancement towards this ideal it will be the duty of the editor to assail. The paper is started for the purpose of diffusing Freethought principles, and will therefore from time to time "illustrate the positive side of the system, as illuminated by knowledge and science." The articles are well written, and show considerable erudition. Mr. John Gilmour is the New Plymouth agent.—Taranaki Herald.

This is the first number of a new monthly of sixteen pages, and we are agreeably surprised at its contents. We do not think we are stating anything more than the simple truth, when we say that there has not yet appeared in all Australasia an abler Freethought paper. The notes are vigorously written, the articles are broad and able, and the extracts given are such as must interest all who are engaged in the struggle for freedom. There are three short reviews of books, science notes, notes and queries, besides local news of the doings of Freethought societies. We hope that having such a magazine Freethinkers will be ready to aid it, and to make it a financial success. Its literary ability is undoubted; what is wanted is a big circulation.—Dunedin Echo.

And still they come! The small army of newspapers and periodicals already existing in the enlightened Colony of New Zealand has received another recruit within its ranks. We allude to The Freethought Review, the first number of which has reached us. This new journal appears in Wanganui and will be issued monthly. Its title reveals its aims and objects, and a perusal of the pages before us leaves no doubt upon our mind, that our new contemporary will make his mark among the adherents to the cause which he advocates. We may add that the paper is carefully and neatly printed, and that its literary contents are well worth perusing, no matter what creed the reader may belong to.—Inangahua Herald, Reefton.

The first number of "The Freethought Review," a sixteen-page publication issued by Mr A. D. Willis is now before us. Into the controversial element, which forms the mainstay of the literary department, we do not intend to enter, but the original contributions are marked by a fairness and moderation of tone to which the public are quite unaccustomed in the productions of modern Freethinkers. It is positively refreshing to take up a Freethought newspaper in which the reign of pure reason is not ushered in by flippant jocularity or coarse ribaldry. There is nothing of either in Mr Willis's Review, and there is, on the contrary, a good deal of information which cannot but be useful, however we may detest the conclusions erroneously drawn from it. The various departments of the journal are well compiled, and it is printed and got up in a style in which it has few rivals in the Australasian colonies. Mr Willis has, at any rate, done his part of the work very well.—Wanganui Chronicle.

Evangelist Barns, after bribing a policeman to get inside of the House of Commons, writes home an account of how cleverly he managed it, signing himself "Ever in Jesus."

In Memoriam.

WILLIAM DENTON.

The news of the untimely death of the distinguished geologist and lecturer, Professor Denton, will be received by all Freethinkers with profound regret. Not only by them, but we believe also by the thousands of Christians who followed him in his masterly exposition of the principles of Geology and changes which have taken place in the crust of Mother Earth. Professor Denton was as indefatigable in the pursuit of his favourite science as he was bold and fearless in his generalisations and conclusions. Implicitly accepting the law of Evolution, though differing from its great exponent, Charles Darwin, in some of his speculations, he was able to trace out the successions of life and forms as exhibited in fossil remains, in so clear and convincing a manner that it was difficult for the most orthodox or stubborn to reject his teaching. And he never for a moment subordinated the strict scientific aspect of a question to the craving for sensation or effect. All seemed natural, depending on what had gone before, and bound firmly together by the principle of continuity. It will be difficult to replace such a teacher. Professor Denton was a writer of no mean ability, both in prose and poetry, inspired chiefly by his earnest desire to see humanity raised to a higher plane of existence on the earth. He was a Freethinker, and avowed his opinions boldly; and he was a man whose life would have adorned any cause. When shall the time come when a monument worthy of his memory shall be erected over his grave in the strange land into the thick darkness of which he had thought to penetrate? Professor Denton died of fever on the 26th August, in New Guinea, while engaged as the scientific member of an exploring expedition sent out at the cost of the Melbourne Argus, and led by Captain Armitt.

CAUTION

In the morning's light advancing,
Forward bounds a gallant steed,
Decked with beauty's goodly housing,
Shod with Youth, Health, Strength, and Speed.
Who will mount the fearless courser?
Who can ride him to the goal,
With the spur of Emulation,
And the check of Self-control,
Perseverance's solid saddle,
Prudence's trusty bridle-rein.
Enterprise's elastic stirrup,
And Experience's curb of pain?
Who will mount the gallant courser?
Who can ride him to the goal—
Through the paths of life uneven
To the temple of the soul?
But be wary! ah, be wary!
Long the road, the time unknown!
And at morn, the rein is wanting,
And at eve, the spur is flown.
And, ere noon arrives, the rider
Oft so far has gone astray,
That, when evening's deepens,
He has not recalled the way.
Then be cautious at the starting,
Tho' the path be smooth and clear,
For the time—the time of spurring—
Is when home and night are near.

Ernest Jones.

Speaking of Mr. Beecher's 70th birthday, an old New Yorker said: "I like Beecher. He has done more to cool off Hades than any other man that ever lived." A New Yorker would like any man who would do that.—Boston Post.

A minister of the name of Sparks, whose pastorate lay in the north, was the father of thirteen children. At the baptism of the thirteenth an aged brother divine, desirous to choose what seemed to him an appropriate description of the life of a man, called on the congregation to join in singing the fifth paraphrase, beginning with the line, "As sparks in quick succession rise." So unconscious was he that he could not understand the people's titter, until, when he descended from the pulpit, his pun was explained to him.